Summary

When Merle Dixon is sentenced to life in prison for murder, his brother Daryl is left to bravely fight the odds in the streets of Atlanta, alone and homeless, trying everything to collect enough money for a good lawyer.
... and finds someone along the way, who is fully aware of the 1000 little things he needs, craves and never had but always missed

Notes

'Dominant: (n) /damenent/ one who guides and protects another'
I am the dirt you created

Eugene grabbed his Gatorade, slurping soundly through the straw, when a new picture of his favorite Atlanta leather man popped up in his news feed. "That's undeniably very attractive." He told the screen of his computer, already typing a heartfelt reply.

Eugene Porter @smartypants84  Jan 8

This is undeniably very attractive. @Negan #leather #jacket #ATLeagle #hotlanta #sexonlegs

He took another sip, while reading the comments of all the other people daring to answer to the post. Everyone was swooning over the fact, that Negan wore his trademark leather jacket wide open with nothing underneath but his perfectly toned, hairy chest, and Eugene wanted to kill them all for looking at his secret husband.

He saved the image, making it the new background picture, for his gaming computer, laptop, iPad and phone, before he wrote another comment, remembering the one time, a year back, when his dream man had actually liked one of his tweets. Okay, it was more a re-tweet from one of Atlanta's leather bars, advertising an upcoming event, but it counted.

Eugene Porter @smartypants84  Jan 8

Please say hello. It is almost my birthday and I am your biggest fan. @Negan #thankyouinadvance

He stared at the screen for six minutes but nothing happened.

Eugene Porter @smartypants84  Jan 8

Please notice me. I would appreciate it very much. @Negan

He waited another three minutes.

Eugene Porter @smartypants84  Jan 8

Can you notice me please? @Negan

"You know, instead of stalking this creep online, you could just grow some balls for a change, and go out to meet a real man in real life." Rosita looked nauseated at her brother and grabbed the stapler from his desk. "Honestly Eugene, you are so pathetic."

He didn't take his eyes off the screen. "Said man is not a fictional character. He is the current and past Mister leather Atlanta for the third year in row. Also Mister Mid-Atlantic leather 2015. Also International Mister Leather 2016. Also the owner and CEO of the worldwide successfully operating Leather Factory. Also swimming instructor at Apex Swimming for seven years. Also coach at the Atlanta table tennis academy for nine years. He uses the social media to promote his business and to stay in contact with his loyal supporters. To categorize said man or the social media as not real is incorrect and has no basis in fact."

Rosita rolled her eyes, poured the bottle of Gatorade over the keyboard and left the room.
Eugene unplugged it and got up, taking his 'Atlanta Braves' baseball cap off the hook. If he wanted to buy a new keyboard in time, before the new ‘Game of Thrones' episode aired tonight, he would have to hurry.

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Daryl ducked down behind a dumpster and watched when the backdoor of Varasano's Pizzeria opened. A young man in dirty apron juggled three full trash bags outside, throwing them vaguely in the direction of the garbage container, cleaned his hands on his trousers and vanished back inside when his name was called in a strong Italian accent.

Daryl waited a minute before he crawled out of his hiding place, immediately ripping one of the trash bags open, digging into the contents. He was so hungry, he would eat anything.

An empty package of pasta flew back over his shoulder, along with a dented can of cooking spray. But a bit of wilted carrot greens was the only thing looking remotely like food in the whole bag. Daryl put it into his mouth, tossing the torn garbage bag away with a curse.

"Hey, asshole!" The backdoor flew open again and a huge guy in stained wife beater stepped outside. "I told you before, get lost or I will call the police!"

Daryl hesitated a second, wanting to take one of the other trash bags with him, but decided against it, when the angry man grabbed a metal pipe and came in his direction. He jumped up the dumpster, over the fence and ran off, down the street, around a corner - bumping hard into another person.

"Please don't kill me! You can take everything in my possession!" Eugene dropped the box with his new keyboard and a full bag of McDonald's food, covering his eyes in horror, when he realized that his worst nightmare came true, and he was actually robbed in the dangerous streets of Atlanta, in the middle of the night. "It is the razer b-black widow tournament edition chroma p-portable gaming keyboard." He stuttered, trembling in fear, as he peeked through his fingers, seeing a wild looking criminal, in leather vest and longish hair. "You can have my m-money as well, it is in my back pocket! I won't tell anyone!"

Daryl rubbed his hurting shoulder, breathing hard, stepping back in slight confusion.

Eugene blinked through his fingers again. "W-will you rape me?" It was truly the most horrid night of his life and he would likely end up in a dumpster, stark naked, with a cut throat or broken neck.

Daryl squinted at the tall stranger, sniffing his nose, not sure what to do. He looked down, quickly grabbing the paper bag with the yellow M and ran across the street, vanishing into a dark alley.

"Are you gone?" Eugene wasn't entirely sure and needed a moment before he took his shaking hands down, looking around suspiciously. "Hello?" He saw no one and collected the slightly damaged box with his new keyboard off the ground, turning around to go back to McDonald's. If he would hurry, he could still make it to buy new food and walk back home, in time for his weekly TV ritual.

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Daryl ran. Not stopping, not looking back, just ran for almost ten minutes, until his lungs hurt. Then he looked around, not familiar with the part of the town at all, and sat down behind a chain-link fence, hugging the warm paper bag close to his chest, while he tried to catch his breath.

He had stolen before. Tomatoes out of unattended gardens, chocolate and cigarettes from the store, liquor from his father, a car with Merle, a DVD player out of the neighbors house while they had
been on vacation. But he never took something directly out of another person's hands.

He opened the bag, and any feeling of guilt instantly left his mind, when he saw the jackpot he just hit. Five different burgers, plenty of fries to go with it and a hot apple pie in green package. His stomach clenched, growling in anticipation, when he ripped the paper off the first burger, stuffing it hungrily into his mouth. The warm, salty taste spreading around his tongue was so relieving after four days without any real food, he had to close his eyes for a second, counting his blessings for the unexpected treat. Even if it was a stolen one.

He devoured the first three burgers and half of the fries in under five minutes, briefly thinking about Merle, and how he would make fun of him, for stealing a bag of burgers from a scared guy in the middle of the night, instead of robbing a damn Chick-fil-A at gunpoint.

Daryl rolled a small fry between his fingers for a moment, staring into the night, wishing he could save some of the food for his brother. He closed the bag, crumpling the paper, getting up from the dirty ground. He had to find a place to sleep.

The area looked like an industrial park, with a lot of empty parking space, warehouses and a large factory building, surrounded by a high chain-link fence. It seemed abandoned, no light anywhere, not one car around.

Daryl went closer, touching the fence, banging against it to make some noise, but no guard or dog appeared. He stepped back, throwing his food bag to the other side, before he took a running jump at the fence, climbing up and above in under ten seconds, barely making any noise. He gathered his bag and jogged off, looking around for any people or watch dogs, but no one came.

The building was huge and high, with three large smoke stacks on the roof, and an exterior staircase in the front. Daryl walked around the corner, finding several roofed-over loading docks. He jumped up the second, testing the roll-up door, but it didn't move.

"They are all closed."

Daryl spun around, dropping his food bag, instantly going in defense mode.

"Easy." A long haired man, in black leather coat and a knit beanie smiled apologetically, holding his hands up. "I just wanted to share my knowledge of the place."

Daryl looked him up and down suspiciously. "You work here?"

"I wouldn't call it working." The man smirked, hopping smoothly onto the loading ramp, sitting down on the edge, letting his feet dangle. "But I come here often." He looked back over his shoulder. "Is that food in your bag? Care to share?"

Daryl hesitated, but sat down next to the stranger after a moment, fishing a burger out of his bag. He divided it in half, holding a piece out.

"Thanks a lot." The other man took it, seeming honestly thankful. "I'm Paul by the way. But my friends call me Jesus."

Daryl shot him a quick side glance, mumbling a quiet, "Daryl." before he took a small bite of his burger half, imagining Merle laughing his ass off, meeting a guy with beard and long hair, calling himself Jesus.

Jesus nodded, eating his half, licking his lips after each bite. "You look like you've been out here for a while. You know, on the streets."
"Hm." Daryl shrugged, knowing it had been exactly 68 days. 68 days since Merle got imprisoned.
68 days alone on the streets.

"There's this guy, Morgan, he's a great social worker. I could introduce you to him, if you want."

"I'm good." Daryl moved an inch away from the other man, not sure what all the small talk was
about.

"Hey, no offense!" Jesus sat up straight, smiling reassuringly. "I'm just making conversation, buddy."
Daryl shifted on his butt, sniffing his nose. "Safe to sleep here?"

"Oh yes, absolutely." Jesus jumped off the ramp, dusting his coat off. "That's the factory. The owner
is out of town for a week." He put his hands deep into his pockets, strolling off. "See you around,
Daryl. Thanks for the dinner."

Daryl looked after him, wishing he had that damn coat to cover up at night. He sighed, deciding to
keep the rest of the food for breakfast, and selected a place in the back of the loading dock to lie
down and sleep.

It was hard and cold, just like every night, no matter where he found a spot to sleep in this town. He
curled up, resting his head on one arm, hugging his food bag with the other. It wasn't warm any
longer. He stared into the darkness, hearing a helicopter somewhere above and a wailing siren in
great distance, wondering if Merle was asleep already and how his cell would look like. Wondering
if he felt alone and sad as well.

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"DID YOU TAKE MY LAST BAGEL, LITTLE ASSHOLE?"

Daryl flinched when his father grabbed him by the back of the neck, furiously shaking him.

"WHO GAVE YOU PERMISSION TO EAT MY FOOD!"

He knew it was the best to just be quiet, until it was over. Every word of defense or explanation
would just make it worse and more painful.

"IF YOU WANT A DAMN FINE BAGEL, GO AND EARN YOUR OWN FUCKING MONEY!"

Daryl fell hard on the floor, hitting his chin and nose, tasting blood immediately, curling up when a
shoe hit his back, once, twice and a third time, pushing the air out of his lungs.

"Fucking worthless piece of shit." Will Dixon stumbled, momentarily loosing balance in his drunk
state. He looked up as if he had forgotten what he wanted to do next and then just walked off,
leaving his seven year old son on the floor.

Daryl got up, dizzy and shaking, running outside as fast as his hurting body would allow him to. He
ran. Not stopping, not looking back, just ran for almost ten minutes, until his lungs hurt.

He stopped in the middle of the woods, wiping his bloody nose into his dirty sleeve, crouching down
behind a tree, hugging his knees to his chest, crying silently, still feeling awfully hungry because one
bagel wasn't enough after three days of starving.

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The loud beeping of a garbage truck pulled Daryl out of a light sleep at barely sunrise.
He sat up, feeling cold to the bones, his back and hipbones aching from the hard surface. He ate the rest of his food, saving the apple pie roll for last, smiling slightly at the wonderful sweet taste, then licked his fingers clean and hopped off the loading dock.

Stretching his arms, he looked around and up the high factory building, remembering what the stranger told him last night, about the owner being out of town for a week.

It didn't make sense to him, why a whole factory should be abandoned just because the owner wasn't present, but since the whole compound seemed deserted, he decided it couldn't hurt to sneak inside to maybe find a more comfortable sleeping place for the next night.

He pulled his bandana over his nose and mouth, covering most of his face, and walked around the building, checking out every door and possible entry, cautiously looking around for anyone who might watch him.

On the backside, he found a door that looked different. It was made of heavy steel, but painted dark red and had a black, studded rubber doormat in front, along with a green pot plant that looked very healthy.

Daryl hesitantly grabbed the picklock in his pocket, knowing he could open the door without any problem. He had watched Merle do it several times, in and out in under three minutes.

It didn't seem as if the building had much of a security system, the door had not even a camera. But the black rubber of the doormat was slightly covered in dog hair, so he decided against it in the end and walked past the red door, sneaking around three garbage containers, looking into an empty garage, peeking around a corner, where it looked completely different.

This side of the building had three large shop windows, secured by iron roller shutters, with a huge, red sign above, showing a bloody baseball bat, wrapped in barbed wire, next to the words 'Leather Factory', written in big, bold, black letters.

Daryl sniffed his nose under the bandana, shielding his eyes with one hand, as he peered through the iron shutters. "What the hell?" There was indeed leather shown in the display of the windows, but more in form of bullwhips and chaps, instead of car seat covers or shoes.

Next to the shopping windows was a basement entrance, eleven stairs, leading to a heavy, black iron, double door. The brick walls left and right to the stairs were plastered in colorful signs and placards, most torn and partly covered by newer ones, announcing events of all sorts. Mister Leather Atlanta 2016, InCOCKnito, XXL Night, Battue, STRICT! - Daryl thought it sounded all stupid.

He decided to not go downstairs, and instead walked around another corner, finding a further basement entrance, only three stairs down, leading to a plain iron door with black handle.

Daryl looked around and sneaked downstairs, pulling the picklock out of his pocket. He heard the small 'click' after ten seconds, looked up the stairs and carefully pulled the door open, slipping through the door crack, not making any noise when he closed the door behind him.

It was dark and smelled like beer. He pulled his lighter out, looking in all directions. It was a storage room with several high shelves, full with boxes of peanuts and pretzels. Beer crates, liquors, soft drinks on one wall, three large refrigerators on another. He opened one and found nothing but olive jars. He closed it, slightly disappointed and went into the next room, which was empty, walked through a neat looking corridor with pictures at the walls, and stopped by another room, where the door was open.
Daryl made a step inside, moving his lighter from left to right and eventually switched the light on. It was an office, with dark red walls, a heavy desk and a light grey sofa, with a collection of riding crops hanging on the wall above it.

He pulled the bandana off his face, walking around the room, leaving dirty footprints on the carpet.

The room had no windows, just several wall lights and smelled clean, with a slight waft of scotch. He found the source on a side table, along with a tray of six spotless glasses.

He opened the bottle, sniffing before he took a swig, grimacing when the sharp taste invaded his mouth.

In front of the sofa stood an expensive looking photo camera, mounted on a tripod, together with all sorts of equipment for lighting. He touched it briefly and then went to the desk, sitting down in the chair, bobbing up and down twice in surprise of how comfortable the seat was.

There was nothing on the desk, apart from a pen and an empty notepad. Daryl pulled the right drawer out, finding some more pens, keys and a couple of protein bars. He took one, stuffed it into his pocket and pulled out the drawer on the other side. It was full of papers, a well used notebook and underneath a silver metal cash box.

It was heavy and locked. Daryl felt his heart pound. This could be the wonder he was hoping for, to help Merle. On the other hand, stealing money wasn't a small thing.

He held the box in his hands, shaking it a little and finally decided the risk was worth it. He tried all the keys from the first drawer, and then the pick lock from his pocket, when none of them fit.

It took him almost six minutes, until the security lock gave up and the box opened. There were just some receipts in a removable part on top, but when he took it out, a thick wad of money lay within some coins and a key that looked like it belonged to a car.

Daryl felt his hands get sweaty when he took the money out, quickly counting the bills. He stopped after the tenth $100 bill, and hastily stuffed the bundle into the inner pocket of his vest, before he closed the cash box and put it back on its place in the desk drawer.

He got up, switching off the lights, and made his way back out of the building, feeling like his legs weren't fast enough. He carefully closed the door behind him and looked around, but as before, no one was to be seen. A weird feeling of excitement spread through his stomach as he climbed over the chain-link fence and ran off in the fresh of the morning, through the streets of Atlanta.

"Can I help you?" The young man behind the desk of 'Blake and Partner' looked disgusted over his computer screen, when a man in dirty clothes and questionable body hygiene stepped through the front door.

Daryl tried not to look anywhere in the posh office, where everything was white and gold and just an example of a place where someone like him shouldn't be. He took the bundle of money from his pocket, putting it defiantly next to a silly looking plant on the secretary's desk. "I need a lawyer."

"Well," Milton grimaced, moving the money out of his personal space, trying not to touch it too much. "Mister Blake is in a meeting right now. Maybe you want to come back another day."

Daryl grabbed his money, trying his best for a confident posture. "I'll wait." He turned around, feeling the desk guy's eyes following him with each step, as he examined a group of white leather
chairs with golden arm rests, and sat down on the middle one, biting his finger nail.

Milton scrunched up his nose, the smell of unwashed skin and dirty clothes getting more prominent in the room. He tried to concentrate on his work again, typing a few words, but couldn't help to glance up every few seconds at the individual contaminating a $800 Italian leather chair.

After twenty five minutes, a door opened and Mister Blake shook his clients hand. "I will call you as soon as I know more, Warren. Try not to worry too much." He patted his back, smiling friendly, practically shoving his client to the exit.

"Mister Blake, Sir?" Milton raised his hand nervously, "There is a ..." glancing to the waiting area, trying to keep his voice down. "There is someone waiting for you, I am not sure if you-"

Mister Blake gave the unkempt man a quick look and gestured for his assistant to be quiet. "It's ok, Milton. Send him in, in five minutes."

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Daryl felt like being on show, sitting in front of the elegant desk, judging eyes on him.

"Well, Mister Dixon," The lawyer said, leaning back in his chair, folding his hands in front of the chest. "You came to the right address. I am the best defense attorney for capital murder in the state. However- " He tilted his head to the side, "I am not sure how your brother could afford my service."

"How much is it?" Daryl felt humbled and had a hard time to keep his eyes up.

"At Blake and Partner, the defendant pays a retainer fee up front, before I begin my work on a case. My rate is $420 per hour. Your brother will have to pay for twenty hours of my time up front, and of course for every hour I additionally work on his case."

Daryl felt his heart sink. He had no idea a good lawyer would be this expensive.

"Maybe you want to think it over, or ask someone else for-"

"No," Daryl got up and put the money he had on the man's desk. "I will bring the rest."

Philip Blake nodded with a faint smile. "Okay. Good choice."

Daryl nodded as well, giving the attorney a quick look before he left the office, ignoring that the assistant at the front desk discretely covered his nose as he walked by.

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In the late afternoon, Daryl couldn't ignore his rumbling stomach any longer, and pulled the stolen protein bar from his pocket, taking small bites as he walked down the street.

What should he do? Rob a bank? A jewelry store? At his luck, he would end up in jail himself and need money for two lawyers. He kicked an empty can of coke, taking another bite of his stolen snack.

"What's with the long face?" A man in black leather duster nudged his shoulder, walking next to him as if they were old friends. "How was the night at the factory?"

Daryl gave Jesus a quick side glance, wondering why he looked so damn clean and happy. "Hm."

"I was hoping to see you again." Paul turned around, walking backwards, to see the other man's
face. He smiled at him. "You treated me to dinner last night. I want to return the favor."

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An hour later, two men were sitting on the roof of Atlanta's Greenbriar Mall, eating fried chicken while watching the sunset.

"You know," Jesus said, throwing a chicken bone back over his shoulder. "The fastest way to get money, is a job."

"Yeah right." Daryl huffed a laugh, pulling the crispy skin off his meat, to eat it separately. "Who'd give me a job."

"Hm." Jesus shrugged, "I know someone who is looking for new cleaning staff. I'm sure she would give you a chance."

Daryl said nothing for a while, looking at his piece of chicken, before he turned to the other man. "Why are you doing this?"

Jesus looked at him, shrugging again. "We free people have to stick together, right? And you seem like a good guy."

The stolen $1600, out of a stranger's desk popped up instantly in Daryl's mind, making his stomach feel hot and heavy. He knew he wasn't a good guy. He was scum. But he needed a way to get money for his brother, and until he didn't find the courage to rob a money transporter, a job was the only option.

He nibbled at an almost clean bone, trying to get the last remains of meat off, mumbling quietly. "And where is that job?"

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"Here we are." Jesus smiled happily, spreading his arms widely in front of the entry of the Atlanta Eagle, the most popular leather bar in town.

Daryl squinted his eyes, looking up sceptically at the rainbow flag hanging over the door.

"So what do you think?" Jesus put an arm around Daryl's shoulders, seeming almost proud.

Daryl couldn't help but feel a little uncomfortable, when a chubby man in full leather outfit passed them, winking at Jesus. "How'd you know this place?"

"It's my favorite bar to hang out and dance." Jesus pulled the door open, gesturing for Daryl to step in. "And one of my Dads is a regular."

Before Daryl could do the math how many fathers Paul might have, the smell of booze, slight sweat and something mysteriously sweet hit his nostrils.

It was warm, kind of dim lighted and the ground throbbed beneath his feet, with a hard bass that he could feel in his chest. The club was crowded by men of any age, shape and form, sporting adventurous outfits in leather, rubber or with just one half of their body covered in tight clothes.

"Good music, right?" Jesus practically shouted, bobbing his head to the rhythm, shoving a stiff Daryl through the packed room, greeting several men with a nod or high five. "Is Carol already here?" He leaned over the bar counter, talking to a scantily dressed barkeeper, who nodded his head and
pointed to the stairs at the other end of the room. "Thanks!" Jesus yelled over the loud music, pushing Daryl through the crowd again, patting his back encouragingly.

They had to walk slaloms between all the men standing on the stairs, dancing with a drink in hand, chatting or making out.

Daryl raised his fist and spun around, when a tall man in leather pants and bare chest grabbed his butt, with a predatory, "Hello sweetheart."

"All good!" Jesus intervened, slipping gracefully between the two men. "We are all friends here, right?" He smiled apologetically to the intrusive stranger, dragging an enraged Daryl up the stairs. "Don't take it too seriously. Most guys here actually like to be groped."

He guided him along some leather seats and small tables, scattered around the room on the first floor. It was more quiet and not as crowded as downstairs. People chilled in the lounge area or stood at another large bar to have a drink. Some flat screens hung at the walls, showing music videos.

Daryl tried not to look around too much, his fists still clenched at his sides. Each small group of armchairs and tables was on three sides surrounded by waist-high steel railings, which some guests used as additional seats, while one man had his companion handcuffed to it, as if it was the most common thing ever.

"There she is!" Jesus pointed to a slender woman, in plain jeans and grey button down shirt, sporting a very short haircut. She stood in the back, talking to a huge guy with a fiery red handlebar mustache. "Come on, I'll introduce you."

Daryl followed him through the room, feeling nauseous, when he remembered his dirty clothes and since weeks unwashed hair. He knew exactly how new people looked at him, and could imagine what they thought. He hated it and suddenly the idea of a bank robbery sounded far better than trying to get a silly job.

He could feel his palms getting sweaty and rubbed his fingers nervously together, quickly lowering his head when the woman and mustache-man looked in his direction.

"Hi Carol." Paul smiled at her in the most friendly way, giving her a warm embrace. "How are you?"

She hugged him back, returning the smile for a second, before she squinted her eyes suspiciously at Daryl. "Who's he? Doesn't seem much like your type."

Jesus put a hand on Daryl's shoulder, pushing him a step forward. "That's my friend Daryl. Told him you are looking for new cleaning staff."

Carol looked at the stranger with the most serious expression, tilting her head a little to the side. "Where do you live?"

Daryl wanted to turn around and leave immediately. This woman would never give him a job and he didn't want to work here anyway. He didn't need help from any friendly guy who bought him chicken. And he didn't need anyone to give him a job. He could take care of himself alone, perfectly fine.

"He lives here in Atlanta." Jesus offered with a smirk. "Free like the wind."

"I see." Carol held her hand out after a moment. "You came at the right moment. I am just instructing our new doorman. Now I don't have to explain everything twice."
Daryl glanced up, wiping his own hand halfheartedly at his pants before he took Carol's, shaking it awkwardly. "Hm."
"You're a quiet one, aren't you." The woman pursed her lips, not commenting on the much too long, dirty finger nails.
"He is a bit overwhelmed. It's his first time at a fine location like yours." Jesus winked at her, nudging Daryl's shoulder, and then looked the muscular red head up and down. "Hi, I'm Paul."
"Easy, princess." Mister Ford stood up straight, making himself appear about 30 inches higher, than he actually was. "I'm into pussy."
"See, that's not a very customer-friendly way of conversation." Carol pointed out. "You'll have to work on that."

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Thirty minutes later, Jesus danced away on the floor downstairs, having his eyes closed, smiling happily, because his favorite song was played...

... while Daryl followed a short haired lady and a huge muscle man through the different rooms of Atlanta's number one leather bar.

"And this is the backroom of our cruising area." Carol said flatly. "You will have to mop the ground regularly and empty the condom disposals."

"Good gracious." Abraham mumbled, grimacing at the sight of two thin guys, one half-bald, the other with glasses, making out in a dark corner. He earned a hard nudge into the side from his new boss.

"Just go in when it's not very crowded." She instructed a very quiet Daryl and walked to the next room. "Here is the locker room. Some guests don't want to arrive in their fetish outfits and change here. It has to be cleaned once a day."

Abraham bit back a 'bunch of pussies' comment, at such little courage, and followed Carol to the front door.

"You will work this door. On nights with strict dress code you don't let in any casual dressed guests. If there's any trouble inside, the staff will contact you. Don't be rude to our guests." Carol looked up to her new bouncer, making herself very clearly. "In fact, I expect you to be very nice to all of our customers. We have an important event the upcoming weekend. The door has to run smoothly."

"Yes Ma'am." Mister Ford told her with a slight smile, liking her attitude.

"Good." She turned around to Daryl, looking him straight in the eye. "And you come back tomorrow, six PM, in clean clothes. Our Dwight will break you in."

Abraham huffed a laugh. "Yeah, I bet he will."

Carol shot him an icy look, pointing a finger into his face. "Watch your mouth, buddy." She disappeared inside without a look back. "See you both tomorrow."

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Daryl had waited for a few minutes in front of the door for Jesus, not daring to go back in alone. But
Jesus didn't come, so he left, not sure whether he should be happy or terrified. He never had a job before and according to Merle that was a good thing. No rules to follow, no ass to kiss.

The image of Merle alone in his cell popped up in his head, together with the thought of a posh office and a fucking expensive lawyer. He wiped his nose into the dirty sleeve of his shirt. He really had no choice. He had to take this job, if he wanted to get Merle out somehow.

He stopped, looking around, and then jogged across the street when he saw the silhouette of a huge factory building in the dark, with a high chain-link fence around.

At least he knew where he would spend the night.
Daryl jerked awake in a small puddle of his own spit, almost falling off the couch. It had been the best night in ages. Warm, safe and immensely comfortable.

He had sneaked into the basement of the factory building at night, went through a whole bag of pretzels and a bottle of lemonade, and then fell asleep in the same room where he just had stolen 1600 dollar.

It was a strange feeling at first, but as soon as his tired body stretched out on the cushioning of the light grey sofa, he honestly didn't care anymore.

He looked around, sat up and switched the light on. His dirty shoes had left brown marks on the grey fabric, but it wasn't that bad. He rubbed with his hand over it for a moment but couldn't notice a difference. Then the expensive looking photo camera equipment caught his attention. He could sell it and get the money he needed much faster. Maybe he wouldn't have to work at all at that silly club, if he would get enough for it.

He rubbed his chin, not sure what to do. The truth was, he had stolen already. Also broken in. And ruined a designer sofa. It wouldn't make the situation much worse, if he'd take the camera as well. The owner probably wouldn't even notice that it's gone.

And even if, he could most certainly afford a new one.

"Hey, hey, hey!" The bald, black man behind the counter of T-Dog's pawn shop, raised his hands defensively. "You wanna say Theodore Douglas is a dishonest guy? Come on, man! I'm making you a really good price here!"

Daryl squinted his eyes at the man who just offered him $900 for all the camera equipment on the counter. He couldn't believe it. That wasn't nearly enough to pay that fucking attorney.

"1100." T-Dog said. "But that's really my final offer. Take it or leave it, buddy. Maybe you get more on Ebay."

Daryl chewed his lip. He knew what Ebay was, but had never really used a computer, so that wasn't an option. And $ 1100 was better than nothing. At least he wouldn't have to work that much for the rest. "Alright." He waved his hand with a sigh. Maybe he could just go back to the factory and find something else to give in pawn. Plus something clean to wear for work.

By now, Daryl knew the fastest way through town to the large factory building and needed less than two minutes to climb over the high chain-link fence and disappear unnoticed through his chosen basement entry.

He pulled the bandana off his face, grabbed a handful of peanuts from the storage room and made his way through the neat corridor, passing the familiar door to his night-quarters. He tried two other doors, but found them locked. The third opened and led him into a plain staircase.

He looked up. It was high, empty and very quiet. He walked close to the wall, trying to not make any noise, when he made his way upstairs.
On the ground floor was a dark red door, probably leading outside. On the first floor, the door was grey, heavy and unlocked. Daryl peeked through the door crack before he went in, finding himself on a high gallery, overlooking a vast industrial hall.

He walked up to the railing to look down, but what he saw was nothing anyone would expect inside a factory. There was no machinery, no conveyor belts, no fork lifters.

Instead a long bar counter, some tables, black couches, steel girders, tubes and lots of brushed metal, stainless steel and concrete. Cold and raw, with a faint smell of booze and cigars. It looked like a nightclub.

Daryl made a mental note to come back later, to search for the stereo equipment.

He went back into the staircase, walking further upstairs, but the next four levels had no door at all. The first he found again, was on the top floor, looking more like the entry to an apartment. Dark wood, silver handle, dark red doormat and a green pot plant to the right.

Daryl felt his heart pound. What if the owner was home after all? He squatted down, noticing some dog hair on the doormat, and held his ear to the door, listening carefully. It was quiet. He knocked against the door frame and tapped his fingertips on the wooden door. Nothing. No barking, dog sniffing or approaching paws. He got up, pulling the pick lock from his pocket and heard the small "click" after 41 seconds. Holding his breath, he opened and slipped through the door crack, closing the door quietly behind himself.

This was definitely a used living space. It was much brighter, warm and smelled different. He looked around in the entrance room, seeing nothing but male belongings. Shoes for men, coats for men, a plain black umbrella and heavy, dark furniture.

With quiet steps, he went into the next room, a wide open, loft-like space, with high windows and masculine interior decor.

In front of a big, black leather sofa, was a coffee table and on top, a dark wooden bowl, filled with fruit of all kind. Daryl's eyes lit up. He stuffed two apples and a banana into his pockets, before he took a huge bite of a peach. It was soft and juicy and made him groan in delight.

He walked around, liking the apartment very much. He had never seen anything like it, where he came from. Everything here was clean and tidy, not posh like the silly lawyers office, but simple and classy.

There was a kitchen unit in the very back of the wide room and Daryl pulled all of the cabinets open, before he went through the fridge, stuffing some cheese cubes into his mouth and taking a big gulp out of a milk container.

On the left was another door. He wiped his milk-wet mouth into his sleeve and cautiously opened it, stepping on rustic wooden floor. It was a bedroom with directly connected bathroom, partly separated only through a half glass, half concrete wall. It smelled wonderful like fresh, clean bed linens and soap.

Daryl moved a grey folding door, finding a built-in wardrobe behind, and then froze in horror, when he heard the front door and a female voice.

----

"Come on, please don't be so stubborn!" Olivia pulled with all the strength she could muster on the leash, trying to convince a large German shepherd to come inside.
The dog growled at her and then bolted through the open door, right past her, pulling the leash out of her hands in the process, running around the apartment, sniffing in certain spots, licking some drops of peach juice off the floor in between.

Olivia closed the door, wiping beads of sweat and a stray black strand of hair out of her forehead. Why oh why did she agree to this job.

It was one thing to take care of this guy's household, do his laundry and go twice a week to the local farmers market to buy organic vegetables. But taking care of a wild animal was beyond her capabilities.

She closed her eyes for a moment, took a deep breath to collect herself, and then clapped her hands, trying for a cheerful tone. "Tiger, come on buddy, how about nice fresh water." She went after the dog, finding him in the bedroom, sniffing like a maniac at the foldable wardrobe door. "No, no, sweetheart." Olivia said, unbuckling the leash. "I know you miss him, but he is not back yet." She grabbed the dog by the collar and pulled him out of the room, almost dropping her glasses in the process. Oh, how she hated this job.

----

Daryl didn't breathe or blink. He could hear the bedroom door being closed, but didn't dare to come out of the closet.

He couldn't believe that he was stupid enough to actually break in an apartment. Now it was just a matter of time until he was found and the police was called. He would end up in jail and Merle would never get out. Merle would die because of him.

He sat down underneath the hanging clothes, hugging his knees close to his chest, feeling like crying. But he didn't.

----

When Will Dixon came home drunk, yelling and throwing things around, Daryl knew it was best to run or hide. If there wasn't enough time to run, hiding was the only option.

Under the bed, behind the door or in the bedroom closet. It was the only closet in the house, the clothes inside smelled musty and most had mildew stains. But it was dark and warm and no one had ever found him here.

So, on Tuesday, when his father came home completely drunk, Daryl ran to the closet, crawled inside and pulled the door shut, feeling pretty clever and relieved that he had made it in time.

He listened to the noises outside, heard his father yell around and blabber things that made no sense at all. He heard something shatter and a chair falling. He heard Merle shouting and the front door being slammed.

Then it was quiet for a while.

Then someone entered the bedroom. Some slurred words. And a hard thud, when Will Dixon fell on the stained, old carpet, right in front of the wardrobe, knocked out by a bottle of cheap vodka.

After ten minutes, Daryl pushed against the door, but it barely moved.

After an hour he stemmed against it with both feet, trying to get free somehow, but the unconscious body of his father blocked the wardrobe doors like a bag of cement.
He gave up after the third hour, hoping that Merle would come back soon.

After six hours he peed his pants for the first time and his back started to hurt in the cramped up space.

After eight and a half hours, when night came, it got pitch-black inside the shabby closet. The wet fabric of his trousers stuck to his sore thighs and butt. He was thirsty and his stomach rumbled. He was scared and missed Merle. He had to pee again and hugged his knees close to his chest, feeling like crying. But he didn't.

----

Daryl had no idea how many hours had passed when he woke up, startled for a moment, until he remembered where he was.

It seemed quiet when he opened the wardrobe a tiny bit, peeking outside. The large bed was empty, no one was in the room. Daryl climbed out of his hiding place, collecting an apple that had fallen out of his pocket.

He listened at the door, and when he couldn't hear anything, slipped outside. There was no sign of a woman, a dog, or anyone else. He was alone and relieved as never before. No police. No prison. He could just walk out and all would be good.

On his way to the front door, he looked down at his dirty shoes, remembering what the bar-lady had told him, and he turned around, going back to the bedroom.

The clock on the nightstand said 4:56 PM. He had an hour to find something clean to wear and get to work.

----

25 minutes later, Daryl had used the toilet, a black comb, a wash cloth and half a bottle of liquid soap. The floor was wet, the sink was splattered with brownish water drops and a dirt-stained, formerly white towel lay over the bed, along with half of the wardrobe contents.

Daryl looked down on himself, not sure about his outfit. Whoever lived here, was obviously much taller than him.

The plain, black shirt was too long, the sleeves covering his fingers up to the second knuckle. The pair of grey jeans fit around the waist, but the legs were far too long. All the shoes were much too big, so he put on his own, only wiped them down a bit with the towel.

At least everything was clean, nobody said that he was supposed to look good.

He stuffed his bandana into his back pocket, put his leather vest on, making sure the camera money was still there, and left the apartment through the front door, as quietly as he could, devouring his stolen banana.

----

"There you are." Paul jumped from the brick wall he was waiting on, dusting his coat off. "Wasn't sure if you'd come."

"Hm." Daryl felt uncomfortable in his stolen clothes, but he had to admit they smelled better than anything that had ever touched his body.
"You look different." Jesus smiled, tilting his head to the side. "Sweet."

Daryl wiped his nose with the half covered back of his hand, studying the gravel on the ground.

Jesus smirked and tugged some hair behind his left ear. "Come on, let's go in and find the boss."

---

The Eagle was still closed and the only people around were some guys from staff, wiping down the bar counter and adjusting the sound system.

Mrs. Peletier squinted an eye, examining her new employee closely. "You didn't wash your hair."

Daryl wanted to say that he combed it and that she didn't say shit about washing anything. But he stayed quiet.

She walked once around him, looking him up and down, tugging at his vest. "You can leave that in the staff room. It's filthy."

"Hm." Daryl wanted to flip her the finger and walk out, but he needed the fucking money.

"Dwight." Carol pushed Daryl to the storeroom, where a blond guy rummaged with the cleaning utensils. "Give Daryl a mop and show him how I want the locker room cleaned."

Loud music started to blare over the speakers and Carol turned around, seeing Jesus skanking happily, all alone on the dance floor, his long leather coat hanging over a barstool.

She rolled her eyes, walking off to inspect her new doorman and his hopefully improved manners towards the gay community.

---

Until ten in the evening, Daryl Dixon had spent the first four hours of his work life, with the thorough clean-up of a very manly locker room, the preparation of a really scary cruising area with condoms, lube and paper towels, he had washed three dozen beer glasses, two windows, twelve tables and now stood a little helpless in the corner, watching the first guests passing Mister Ford's radical face check.

"That's my song! Come dance with me for a while!" Jesus yelled over the music, some strands of his long hair already sweaty. "Carol won't mind!" He pulled Daryl's arm.

Daryl looked down, shaking his head. He had never danced before and Merle would call him Darlina for the rest of his life, if he started now, and at a gay leather club of all places.

Jesus shrugged with a friendly smile, patting Daryl's shoulder. "Maybe later." He danced off through the other people, greeting two of them with a handshake.

Daryl watched him a moment and then went upstairs to search his boss and ask for the next task.

---

At half past eleven at night, a man in tight jeans and cowboy boots, went into a more quiet corner of the Eagle's first floor and covered one ear with two fingers, while holding his phone to the other. "Hel... hello? Who is this?" He wrinkled his nose and squinted his eyes when a female voice sobbed into his ear. "Olivia?"
"Yes, it's me!" She exclaimed, wiping her wet eyes underneath her glasses. "Remember the job you got me?"

Rick turned around, completely facing the wall, to hopefully hear better. "Yeah of course, what's wrong?"

"Everything!" She shrieked, gesturing to the messed up bed- and bathroom of her boss, as if the guy on the other end of the line could see it too. "The apartment was robbed!" She sat down on the large bed, covering her eyes with one arm. "It is a nightmare!"

Rick bit his thumb nail, grimacing. "Really? Robbed? Man... that's...man." Bad news. Negan would most likely lose his shit.

"He will kill me!" Olivia cried into the phone, seeing the stained towel next to her on the bed.

"Olivia." Rick said calmly. "Don't be silly. He won't kill you." Of course he would totally kill her. Rick rubbed the back of his neck, chewing his lip, when he heard her sobbing through the phone. "He is a very reasonable man once you get to know him." No, he wasn't. But it probably wasn't the right time to tell her that. "Look, just don't touch anything. I will contact him and call you back."

"Okay." She wailed, blowing her nose into a handkerchief.

"Good." Rick pushed the red button on his seven year old flip phone and walked up to his partner, who was sitting in one of the leather seats, talking to an obviously new waiter. "Shane!" He shouted over a much too loud song of the Scissor Sisters. "I'm going outside for a moment, have to make a call!"

Shane gestured an 'okay' over his shoulder, not taking his eyes of his newest prey. "Is this your first day?"

Daryl shrugged, looking at his feet. Carol had asked him to bring a glass of beer to the guest on table four. She didn't say anything about entertaining him.

"What's your name?" Shane leaned back in his chair, spreading his legs a bit more.

Daryl rubbed his thumb and forefinger together, peering through his long bangs. "Daryl." It was a roughly mumbled answer, that made the other man chuckle.

Shane nodded amused, grabbing his crotch. "Want to sit with me for a while, Daryl?"

Daryl didn't want to and looked back to Carol, but she was busy with another customer. "I should work." He said quietly, avoiding to look at the guest, and turned around to search Jesus, feeling the eyes of the man and his smug grin follow him until he was out of sight.

----

Rick had gone outside and walked a few steps. He dialed the right number, clearing his throat, trying to compose himself. It took 35 long seconds until the call was answered.

"RICK!" Negan said happily, showing his phone to the other men in the room. "Look everybody, it's Rick!"

"Yeah, hi." Rick grimaced at the loud voice blaring into his ear, "Listen, there's a little problem with your-"
Negan's voice dropped immediately to a frosty tone. "What fucking problem, Rick?"

"Well, Olivia just called me. Apparently your apartment was robbed."

There was a pause and then a dangerous, deep voice. "But that can't be, right? Because if I remember correctly, you made me hire that fat lady to take care of my shit while I'm gone!"

Rick scratched the back of his head, pacing on the sidewalk. "No, that's not what-"

"So, she sucks at her fucking job! Is that what you're trying to tell me, Rick?"

"No." Rick closed his eyes, gritting his teeth. "I'm very sure she did the best she could. It's not her fault that you live like Willy Wonka. How can she possibly watch your whole compound on her own."

"Careful, Rick." Negan growled through the phone. "Careful how you're talking to me."

Rick stopped, looking up into the dark sky, taking a deep breath. "Look, let's not overreact here. Do you want police involved or should we wait until you're back?"

"Don't fucking touch anything. I'm on my way."

Rick closed his phone when the connection was ended, cursing silently, ignoring the snarky comment about his boots from the new doorman, when he went back inside to tell Shane that he had to leave.

----

In the very early morning, Daryl's first day of work was over and he felt tired but really good, when he walked back through town, to the huge factory building.

It hadn't been as bad as he thought it would be. Carol had payed him cash for eight hours of work, he got two cigarettes from Jesus and some pretty good tip from some of the guests.

He wondered if Merle would be proud of him. A little bit.
At almost eight in the morning, Olivia stood in the door frame, sobbing bitterly, watching with puffed, teary eyes as a tall man in leather jacket and red scarf walked silently through his bedroom, shoving a pile of dirty clothes around with his shoe. They lay on the ground, between some of his own shirts and pants, next to a gnawed off peach stone.

"I-I really I don't know how-"

He raised his hand, "Don't care." and went to the directly connected bathroom, swiping his finger through some of the brown water droplets on the sink. An almost empty bottle of liquid soap had fallen over, it was covered in smudgy fingerprints all around. He picked it up, putting it back in its place. "Where have you been while all this happened?" His voice was cold and even, when he collected a pair of more than dirty underpants, laying on the floor next to the toilet.

"Out." Olivia sniveled, wiping her nose with a used tissue. "I-I was for a w-walk with Tiger in... in the park." It was the truth. She just didn't mention how she went for ice cream after that, to her friend Denise's house, where they also watched two episodes of Gilmore Girls.

"For how long?" Negan walked past her, dropping the smelly briefs by her feet. He looked around in the living room area, picked up a few things and put them back down, before he went into the kitchen.

"Well I ..." Olivia glanced to Rick nervously, "I guess maybe two hours?" Or maybe exactly four.

"You." Negan raised his brows skeptically at the trembling woman, "Walking for two hours." gesturing at her chubby form.

The comment made her cry again. She turned around, covering her face.

Rick shot Negan a reproachful look, tilting his head.

He ignored it, opened the fridge, sighed in annoyance and slammed it shut. "Look, Olivia my dear," he said, coming back to her. "THIS. Is really disappointing. And at the end of the day? It was your responsibility to take care of my shit."

"It's not her fault!" Rick intervened, putting a protecting hand on Olivia's shoulder. "We can work this out!"

"Oh yes we can! And I'm going to." Negan told him, shoving his hand off, before he forced the woman to turn around, stepping very close to her face. "This was your job. You screwed up. I will not pay you a fucking dime until all this mess is gone and I have my entire stuff back. If you can't get it back?" He came another inch closer. "You work off the dept! As well as the amount worth my last three days of well deserved vacation, that I had to cut short because of your unreliable behavior! Understood?"

She sobbed quietly, nodding.

"Good." He growled, almost nose to nose with her. "Tomorrow, eight AM, on fucking time. I will have a list ready with all the things missing, thanks to you." He didn't break eye contact when he pointed to the front door, his face dark and dead serious.

She nodded again, ducking her head as she tried to escape his daunting presence.
"I will take her home." Rick said, guiding her out. "Call you later."

Negan watched them leave and grabbed the baseball bat leaning against the wall. He put it over his shoulder, patting his thigh twice, "Heel!" A large German shepherd came running, following him quietly out of the apartment and down the staircase.

---

Daryl had been a light sleeper all his life, never allowed himself to drift completely off and give up control. He had to protect his body, because no one else ever did. And since he was without Merle, alone in the streets of Atlanta, most times on very hard surface, cold and unsheltered from the weather or anyone walking by, the habit of sleeping with one eye open had become even stronger.

The past two nights had been a rare exception. Even though he was in an absolute unfamiliar place, he had felt safe. It was dark, but just because he wanted it to be dark, not because the sun was gone. There were no lights from cars or buildings, no noise either. Nothing. Just peace and quietness, in the basement office, on this comfortable couch, that didn't make his back hurt and didn't make him cold to the bones. For the first time, he really fell asleep, for hours. Deep, restful sleep.

And after his first eight hours of work, the soft cushions of the sofa felt even better underneath his tired body. He had noticed himself drifting off after just a couple of minutes, and he was okay with it and let it happen, snuggling deeper into the backrest of the sofa, burying his face into the fabric. Not moving or dreaming or thinking anything, just resting his body, sleeping as deep as never before.

He could hear something strange, like a sniffing or breathing, before it registered with his brain. His eyes moved underneath his lids, and then cracked open when they hurt with sudden brightness. His relaxed body jolting awake, tensing in panic, when he couldn't breathe any longer and loud noise filled his ears. His hands shot up, trying to pull the tightness off his throat. His cloudy eyes looking up, trying to make sense out of the close face and dark eyes. And then he was pulled off the couch, onto his feet, slammed hard into a wall, face first, held by the back of his neck like a rag doll, an angry dog barking at him, baring its white teeth. He tried to fight, he struggled and kicked, but his arms were pulled behind his back before he even understood what happened.

"Oh MY! Look what we found!" Negan held the stranger's wrists in a vice like grip, pinning him in place with his whole body weight, squishing him into the wall. "The little thieving magpie in his nest!" He snapped his fingers and the dog sat down, being quiet immediately. "That's Tiger." He hissed next to Daryl's ear. "Try to run off or do something funny and he tears your fucking throat out!"

Daryl tried to move, but was helplessly caught between the solid wall and a tall, superior body.

"You have a weapon?" Negan searched the man's pockets, patting him down, throwing everything he found on the floor after short inspection. Two cigarettes, a dirty bandana, some change, a tiny green dinosaur, the empty package of a protein bar, a lot of paper money and a pick lock. He huffed a cold laugh at the last two items, shaking his head. "You little shit."

Daryl tried to free his arms, grunting and breathing heavily, his mind racing but not coming up with a useful thought.

Negan pushed his knee painfully hard into the back of Daryl's thigh, growling dangerously. "I'll take my hands off now. You have one fucking chance to sit down on that couch and answer my questions." He waited a few seconds, before he loosened his grip and then took his fingers off completely, stepping back. "Sit. Now."
Daryl didn't turn around. The brief thought of running or fighting crossed his mind, but then he scrapped that plan right away, when he saw the large dog sitting in front of the door, blocking the only escape path.

"I said, sit the fuck down!" Negan repeated angrily, grabbing the other man's vest, pulling him roughly to the couch, making him stumble.

Daryl jerked his arm free, sitting down reluctantly.

Negan watched him a moment, rubbing his beard with thumb and forefinger. Then shook his head in disbelief when he recognized the stranger's outfit, hanging much too big on a slightly trembling body. "Well, okay." He went behind his desk, sat down and grabbed a pen. "What did you steal besides my awesome clothing?"

Daryl didn't answer, just stared on a certain spot on the carpet through his tousled hair, knowing it was over. Done. In an hour he would sit in some police department with black ink on his finger tips. Merle would not get free. Merle would die, executed by lethal injection. Because of him.

Negan pointed with his pen briefly to the right. "My camera?" He wrote it down, then opened his drawer, lifting some of the papers, seeing his cash box unlocked. He gestured to the money, scattered on the floor. "That's mine then, I suppose."

Daryl sniffed his nose, not daring to look up. He wanted to say no. He wanted to say it was from the pawn shop and his payment for his first day of work. But he stayed quiet.

Negan licked his lower lip, leaning back. "Anything else?"

Daryl didn't want to cry, but it got harder and harder to hold the tears back. He wanted to punch this man, he wanted to yell and take this stupid room apart. He wanted to just close his eyes and be gone forever. Just vanished. Not there anymore. There wasn't any proper term he knew, to describe how much he hated his stupid, messed up life.

"Well?" Negan raised his brows and his voice, growing impatient. "I am waiting!"

"Two apples." It was a quietly murmured answer in rough voice. "A banana and a peach." Daryl felt his throat get tight and slumped deeper into the couch cushioning. "'n that." He didn't know what i was called, but it had been tasty. "From your desk."

Negan pulled the other drawer out, seeing a single protein bar left. He shook his head, sighing soundless, starting to write the food items on the list, but after half a word, put his pen down, getting up from his desk. "So let me get this straight," He picked up his baseball bat from the carpet, putting it over his shoulder while he walked through the room, rubbing his chin. "You break into my home, you eat my food, you steal my money, you steal my precious belongings, you vandalize my bathroom AND-" He stopped right in front of Daryl, bending down a little, pushing the tip of his bat in the man's shoulder. "You turn my fantastic couch into a dirty piece of bulk trash?" He pushed again, harder this time, making Daryl flinch. "And then you fucking sleep here, resting your rotten ass in my office, not caring at all that I have to cut my fucking vacation short. The only week of FUCKING vacation I have this year!" He yelled, tilting his head, trying to look into Daryl's lowered face. "And NOW? I'm forced to deal with all this fucking CRAP and will most certainly suffer a SIGNIFICANT EMOTIONAL TRAUMA caused by your ruthless invasion of my fucking beautiful, safe home! RIGHT?"

Daryl ducked his head, pulling his shoulders up when he felt his lower lip starting to tremble. He closed his eyes, breathing heavily through his nose, waiting for the wooden bat to make contact with
his kneecaps or skull.

It did, but only brushed his ear, before it was back over Negan's shoulder.

"You know, as I see it, this whole thing can go two ways." He started pacing through the room again, back and forth in front of the dirty, grey sofa. "Either I call the police and have them handle it. OR-" He turned around, walking in the other direction. "You sign a formal statement of what you did and then work your fucking ASS OFF to get my shit back!"

Daryl did a small nod of his head, shielding his face with his arm. He was used to this. Being yelled to, people talking down on him, someone being in a much better position while he was as worthless as the dirt on the ground. And as always, he couldn't do shit about it, but to sit there and wait until it was over. Until the truth about him was spoken and he was reminded what a piece of shit he really was.

"So, what will it be?" Negan put his bat down, making Daryl flinch again. "You should know, there is no third option." He had to wait long for an answer, and when it came it was so quiet, he put a hand to his ear, bending down to hear better. "What was that? I didn't quite catch that. You'll have to speak up."

"'m workin' my ass off." Daryl repeated truthfully, half a tone louder, hating how he was mocked.

Negan nodded, watching him a moment, "Good." and then went back to his desk, turning to a fresh page in his notepad. He started to write in silence for a while, and then paused, not looking up. "Your name?"

Daryl shifted around, not wanting to speak, but answered anyway after a moment. "Daryl."

Negan wrote it down. "Last name. Date of birth. Address."

Daryl raised his shoulder, rubbing his ear against it. "Dixon." He huffed a breath, counting soundless, looking at his fingers.

Negan saw it, but didn't comment on it.

"Nineteen hundred eighteen-" Daryl shook his head, pulling his fingers nervously. "Eighty five."

"Nineteen hundred eighty five." Negan repeated, writing it down. "What month?"

"May." Daryl was almost sure. "Twelfth or eleventh."

Negan sighed, rubbing his temple. "And where do you live?"

Daryl shrugged, remembering what Jesus had told Carol. "Atlanta."

"Of course." Negan mumbled, finishing his text in silence and then waved two fingers, getting up from his chair. "Come over here. Read it, think about it, sign it if you agree. I'm back in an hour." He gestured with his hand again when Daryl hesitated to get up and come closer. "Chop, chop, some of us have work to do." He pulled the chair back a bit, signaling the other man to sit down.

Daryl felt horrible and tried to just use the left side of the chair, because a tall man with very intimidating body language stood on the right side, leaning partly over him, pointing with one hand on the paper, laying on the desk.

"You understand what I want you to do?" Negan spoke loud and clear, looking directly at the man.
who was hunching in his leather chair, trying anything in his power to avoid his gaze. He waited for
an answer, but just got a small nod, "Good." and patted the self made document twice with flat hand,
before he went to leave the room, making a big step over the items on the floor. "Pick that shit up
while I'm gone." The dog followed him outside and he let the door wide open, hollering a loud,
"Don't even think about leaving that room!" from the corridor.

Daryl blinked through his long bangs, trying to process what just happened. The door was open, the
money was still on the floor, the man was gone, the dog as well. He should run. He knew the way
out. He wouldn't need more than two minutes to be over the high fence and in freedom.

He bit his lip, grabbing the paper from the desk. It had his name on it, written in even, clear
handwriting.

I, Daryl Dixon, born May, 12th, 1985, hereby declare that I am guilty of burglary, home invasion,
malicious mischief and robbery to the detriment of Leather Factory Inc., 1660 Peachtree St NE
Atlanta, GA 30309.

I understand that my actions have been wrong and illegal and therefore I will have to face the
consequences. I intend to pay compensation in full amount of the financial damage I have caused.
(as listed below)

- Professional photo camera and equipment: $2100
- Money in cash: $1600
- Upholstering fabric: $1000
- Cleaning service, bathroom: $120
- Food and clothes: /

$4820

In agreement with the aggrieved party, I hand over half of each paycheck I receive, on the day of
payment, until I have worked off my entire debt.

I understand that this formal statement will be handed over to the local authorities immediately,
should I violate the agreement.

Atlanta, January the 10th, 2017

X

He needed a long time to read all the unfamiliar words and didn't fully understand some of them, but
one in particular made his face flush with heat and his stomach turn in sickness.

He was furious with the man who wrote all that about him. He was disgusted with himself, because
he knew it all was the truth.

He was more than guilty. And even though he needed the money so badly, this offer was probably
the easiest way out of trouble for him.

He could try to run now, but if he would be caught, he would end up in jail for sure. And just not signing the agreement would lead to the same result. He had no choice. He had to sign and hope that there was still enough time to collect the money for the expensive lawyer, with just half of his daily wage.

----

Negan leaned against his car, watching his dog run up to the high chain-link fence, fetch the tennis ball and come back to him. He took the ball and threw it again, shaking his head to his friend on the phone, as he didn't share his opinion. "No, he's not. Didn't even have a pocketknife."

Simon, on the other end of the line, took a sip of his coffee. "Dangerous or not, you should call the police. He'll just run around, doing it again at the next chance, if he doesn't face any consequences."

"Well, you know what I think of the police." Negan mused, throwing the ball for his dog again. "I can handle it better."

"Oh yes, you can." Simon grinned knowingly, putting his legs up. "Indeed you can my friend." He loved when Negan took matters into his own hands. It was always very entertaining.

----

When Negan went back inside, the floor was cleared, Daryl sat on the outer side of the dirty grey sofa and the confession was signed, in scrawly, elementary school - handwriting.

He wasn't surprised. It was exactly the scene he expected to find. He gave a hand signal for Tiger to lay down on the carpet, leaned his baseball bat against the wall and took the document, giving it a closer look. "You understand that I get half of your fucking money, every day, every week, until your debt is payed off?"

Daryl nodded, eyeing the dog, who looked back at him a bit sleepy.

"How are you planning to earn my half of the money? Do you need help to find a job?"

Daryl looked up, shaking his head, speaking quietly. "No. I have a job."

Negan gave him a questioning look. "Really. Where do you work."

"Some bar." Daryl shrugged, looking down on the man's biker boots. Merle had the same, just older and in poorer shape.

Negan crossed his arms. "Which bar."

"Eagle or somethin'" Daryl sniffed his nose, wiping it into his sleeve. He wanted to leave and hide behind some wall or dumpster where no one looked at him or asked silly questions.

"Is that true..." Negan looked at him in a mixture of surprise and slight amusement. "Since when?"

Daryl didn't answer. If he said since yesterday, it certainly wouldn't make the best impression.

"Well, whatever. Get up." Negan sighed, waving with two fingers.

Daryl stood up hesitantly, not moving a single inch away from the couch, curling his hands to fists at his sides, not sure what was about to happen.
"What did you need the money for? Drugs?" Negan walked up to him, grabbing one of his arms, pulling his sleeve up, inspecting the bare skin underneath, but found no bruises or puncture marks. "Gambling addict?" He ignored Daryl's defensive grunting and struggling, doing the same to the other arm, finding it spotless as well. "Whatever the fucking reason," he released the man, stepping another inch closer, ruthlessly invading his private space, scowling down at him. "Don't think you hit the jackpot just because I didn't call the cops yet!"

There was no chance for Daryl to move away, even though he tried desperately to avoid his eyes. He could feel the other man's breath on his face and could smell the leather of his black jacket.

"I am your worst nightmare if you fuck me over another time!" Negan told him in a deadly tone. "You can't run or hide, I am everywhere in this town! So don't forget, the fucking half of every cent you own is mine. I don't care if it's earned, found on the street, or your grandma gives you ten bucks for your birthday in May! Half of that shit is mine and you hand it over the minute you receive it, is that understood." The answer didn't follow immediately, so he yelled right in Daryl's face, "IS THAT UNDERSTOOD, I ASKED!"

Daryl flinched and nodded, feeling his face muscles tremble, when he lost control over his pretend confidence.

"GOOD!" Negan gave an angry nod and moved back a step, gesturing to the door. "Now go and start working! Earn for me."

Daryl hunched his shoulders, bringing a hand up to his head protectively, when he passed the tall, angry man, noticing how his arms were shaking as he walked to the door. He stopped with his back to Negan, wiping the side of his trembling hand over his wet eyes. "Can I have my stuff?" He heard his own voice, weirdly high pitched, rough and broken, and he felt so sick with himself, he wanted to vomit. But he couldn't lose the last three things he owned. The last three things his brother had given to him. "Please." He wiped his eyes again, lowering his head.

The voice Negan answered with, was much calmer. Not loud anymore. Just even and neutral. "Yes." He gestured to his desk, where Daryl had placed all the items earlier. "I don't take other people's belongings. I am not a thief. That's you."

The words hit Daryl's insides like a hard punch. Guilt and shame flooding his chest, making it difficult to breathe and move. But he did, slowly turning around, walking through the room, knowing he was watched and judged. He collected the dirty bandana, the pick lock and the small green dinosaur with shaking fingers, feeling a tear run down his nose and angrily wiped it off with the back of his hand.

"Take the change and fifty bucks. I'll accept the rest as deposit."

Daryl did, stuffing it awkwardly into the pocket of his stolen pants, before he walked out, not looking left or right.

He knew the way out of the basement and this time didn't have to climb over the high chain-link fence, because a gate stood slightly open. He slipped through it, leaving the huge factory building, vanishing into the busy streets of Atlanta, to find a place to hide until it was time to work.

He didn't want to think about Merle. Knowing his brother would not even bother to comment on his pathetic little brother today.
On May 12th, 1994, Daryl woke up in the morning with a brief feeling of excitement, but then everything was as usual. There was no breakfast in the dirty kitchen and no cake on the old coffee table, just an overflowing ashtray and several empty bottles. His father wasn’t there. Merle wasn’t there. No one was there.

Since no one ever cared whether he attended school or not, he didn’t go most of the time. But today he wanted to. Maybe the other children would remember his birthday. Maybe the teacher would say, “Let’s all wish Daryl a fantastic day!” like she had done last month, on Clara’s birthday.

He went through his messy dresser, searching for fresh clothes, and found a red sweater. It was a bit short and had a small hole, but otherwise it looked still fine. He put it on, together with the pair of jeans that had belonged to Merle when he was his age. He loved wearing them. There was no comb in the bathroom, but his hair didn’t look that bad.

The way to school wasn’t long. 10 minutes by bus. But he hated the bus, and the jerks that never let him sit anywhere. So he ran the whole way, and needed not much longer than the bus, because he was really fast.

He had butterflies in his stomach when he walked through the corridor and he smiled brightly when he entered his classroom.

But no one smiled back at him. No one looked. His name wasn’t on the chalkboard and there was no cupcake on his place with a small candle on top. There was nothing. Just the black sharpie marks, from when Alex Sanders had written ‘RETARD’ on his table, last week.

He sat down, trying to ignore the feeling of shame and sadness, floating through his belly, killing all the butterflies.

His ninth birthday didn’t exist, just like all the other ones. No gift, no cake, no birthday song. No kid asking for an invitation to his fantastic party. No balloons on the mailbox.

Just a group of boys following him home, blowing spitballs at his back, because his red sweater was far too small and revealed a part of his belly, every time he moved.

He sat behind the house in the evening, drawing lines in the dirt with his finger, listening to his father yelling around inside, calling his brother a useless sack of shit.

Then the back door flew open and Merle came out, sporting a fresh black eye, but pretending that it wasn’t there and he couldn’t care less, as always. He walked up to Daryl, nudging his shoe. “What’s up with you pansy, did you cry again?”

Daryl understood the words, but all he heard was the calm, almost friendly tone they were spoken with. He glanced up at his brother, showing him a straight face, no tears, no red eyes. He wasn’t a pansy.

Merle tousled the hair on the top of his head, sitting down next to him with a sigh. Very close, sharing some of his comforting body heat.

Daryl rested his head on Merle’s upper arm, closing his eyes, wanting to say that it was his birthday. That he was nine now. Almost old enough to run away with Merle. But he didn’t say it. He didn’t have to.

When he opened his eyes, his brother held a small, dark-green dinosaur figurine in front of his face, saying “Happy birthday you annoying little shit.” in a very nice voice.
It was the only gift Daryl had ever received, and it was by far his most precious possession.

---

At half past three in the morning, Daryl had finished to wash three dozen beer glasses and stood in the darkest corner he could find, on the Eagle's first floor, watching a group of older men smoking cigars in the lounge area, while holding a conversation. He liked their deep voices and calm behavior. A younger man knelt next to one of them, his eyes closed, just resting his head on the man's thigh, while his hair was absentely stroked.

It was one of the weirdest things Daryl had ever seen, but he had rarely felt so jealous. The young man looked very much loved and invisible to the rest of the world, at the same time.

"Hey, all okay? You seem a bit down today." Jesus poked him into the side with one finger, obviously ready to call it a night, because he wore his leather coat and beanie hat.

Daryl shrugged, "Yeah." He wasn't down today. He had hit rock bottom.

"Want me to wait for you? I know a really good place to spend the night." Paul offered, along with a piece of pink bubble gum from his coat pocket.

"No." Daryl shook his head to both. He really didn't feel like talking tonight and was too shy to accept the gum.

"Okay." Paul winked at him, turning to leave. "But you're missing out." He put his headphones on, waving over his shoulder. "See you tomorrow, Daryl!"

Daryl looked after him and then down at his shoes, until Carol came thirty minutes later to tell him that his shift was over and that he really needed to wash his hair until the next day.

---

It was almost five in the morning when the huge silhouette of a factory building appeared on the other side of the street. Daryl had walked slowly, his stomach feeling ill the entire way.

And now that he arrived, he didn't know what to do. Climb over the fence? Ring the doorbell? Put the money on the doorstep?

In the end, he did climb over the fence, because the gate was closed and locked, and the fear of not handing over the money was bigger than the fear of being caught trespassing again.

He walked around the building, finding the red door, but wasn't entirely sure if it really was the door to the guy's apartment. It had no mailbox, no doorbell, no name, just a rubber doormat and a green pot plant.

He felt tired and wished Merle was there to tell him what to do. But there was no Merle. He was alone and no one told him anything. So he sat down, cross legged, on the black rubber door mat, wrapping his arms around his chest, waiting for morning to come and the tall, angry guy to show up, so he could give him half of his money.
Daryl startled awake, hitting his head hard on the concrete wall, when a large dog barked right into his face.

Negan snapped his fingers, then held one up, making Tiger sit down in silence by his feet immediately. "What the fuck are you doing on my property again!"

Daryl blinked up, wiping some strands of hair out of his face, looking back and forth between the dog and its angry owner, his foggy brain trying to comprehend the situation.

Negan bent down a little, overtowering the guy who obviously spent the night right next to his door. "Do you really not understand the concept of a fence and locked gate! This is no fucking hotel!"

Daryl tried to get up from the ground, sliding with his back up the cold wall, fishing the crumpled one hundred dollar bill and some coins out of his pocket. He held it out with shaky fingers, avoiding his gaze.

Negan didn't take it. "You earned 200 bucks in one night?"

"No." Daryl's voice was low and rough when he tried again, stretching his arm out an inch more. "'s all I got."

"Hh." Negan scrutinized the other man a moment, rolling his tongue behind closed lips, then took the money and unlocked the red door, holding it open. "Get in, wait on the stairs. I'm back in twenty minutes."

Daryl rubbed his shoulder, looking unsure.

"I'll change your money, but Tiger needs a walk first. Wait on the stairs." Negan gestured inside, waiting patiently until Daryl's distrusting mind had pondered enough and allowed him to actually go inside, keeping as much distance as possible. "Sit." He pointed a finger downward, when the man just stood at the foot of the stairs like a cornered animal. "Twenty minutes."

Daryl warily sat down on the first stair, close to the wall, watching as the red door fell shut. He was still awfully tired, his back and butt ached from sleeping in a sitting position on hard surface, and his head hurt like hell from bumping it accidentally into the concrete wall. He was hungry and had to piss. And what he was still doing here, he really didn't know. Why would he wait twenty minutes in a strangers house, who would most likely come back with the police. He eyed the closed door and pulled his fingers nervously, sniffing his runny nose. Merle would have never waited here. He would have never signed that silly agreement, either. He would have gone into a fist fight with the tall, angry man, hoping for the best. Then he would have looked at Daryl with bloody nose and knocked out teeth, still grinning, and he would have told him that only pussies go down without a real fight.

Daryl leaned his throbbing head against the wall, picking at his fingernails. He hoped Merle had put all the other inmates in their place by now. He hoped he would be the king of that fucking jail and rule it with a snarky grin and a big stash of booze, cigarettes and chocolate underneath his bunk bed. He hoped Merle would be okay.

----
Exactly twenty minutes later, the door clicked and a tall man in red scarf and black leather jacket held it open, so his large dog could enter. "Good boy!" He patted Tiger's head, shooting a half smirk in Daryl's direction, and then made his way upstairs, whistling vigorously after three seconds. "Chop chop! I'm sure you remember the way, Mister pickpocket!"

Daryl got up, rubbing his aching backside, looking after the other man, and hesitantly followed him in silence.

When he reached the top floor, the brown wooden door was already open. Daryl gave it a little push, not sure if he was supposed to go in.

Negan pulled the door fully open for him, "Take your shoes off." then put his leather jacket on the coat rack and disappeared into the living room.

Daryl wanted to say something. That he didn't want to stay here and that he certainly wouldn't take his fucking shoes off. But he stood alone in the spacious entrance room, surrounded by shoes and jackets and a black umbrella. So he sat down and tried to untie his old shoelaces.

When he was finished, a pair of dirty shoes lay in the middle of the floor, and Daryl padded with even dirtier, naked feet into the wide open, loft-like room that he had liked so much when he saw it the first time. And he wished the wonderful, spotless hardwood floor would open up and swallow him, along with his smelly feet and disgusting, much too long, untrimmed toe nails.

Negan sat at the short end of a long dining table, sipping something green out of a large glass, while reading the content of a blue paper folder. "Give me my wallet, it's over there." He didn't look up, just pointed vaguely with his glass into the direction of a heavy wooden dresser.

Daryl saw it. It was black and made of leather, laying in a flat metal bowl, with some coins, two keys and small folded piece of paper. He took it cautiously and brought it to this man, who just sat there, and didn't seem to be worried that a criminal walked around his apartment.

Negan put his green juice and documents down on the table, glancing at Daryl's bare feet when he grabbed the wallet and pulled a fifty dollar bill out. "Shit, you're really not a master thief. Stealing peaches and pants but no socks?" He held the money out, but didn't let go of it when Daryl tried to take it. "Thank you for bringing it right after work. Next time come a bit later, please. I'm asleep until 6:30."

"Hm." Daryl nodded slightly and looked away when the other man tried to catch his gaze.

Negan let go of the money, watching as it was awkwardly stuffed into his stolen pants. He looked at the greasy, tousled hair, almost shoulder length, saw the dirty face underneath, the nervously darting eyes and didn't say anything when a runny nose was wiped into the long sleeve of his former shirt. "Hh." He gave Daryl a long stare, sucking air through his teeth, making a sizzling sound, before he patted the table, twice. "Sit for a moment. I have work for you." He got up and pulled one of the other chairs out, then left, walking into the bedroom.

Daryl didn't want to sit. He wanted shoes on his feet and be out on the streets, to find a place to hide until he had to work again. But he sat down anyway, peering at the green juice through his long bangs. He was thirsty.

When Negan came back, he put a notepad and a pencil on the table. Leaning from behind over Daryl's shoulder, he drew a middle line on the paper, writing 'debt' on the left and 'paid-up' on the right.
Daryl froze on his chair, holding his breath, not daring to blink. The other man was so close, that his beard rubbed against the side of his head. He could hear him breathe, could smell his skin, and when the man started to speak, the deep, rumbling voice sent vibrations through his whole torso.

"This is what you owe me." Negan said, writing a few numbers under 'debt'. "You write here what you paid back already. Start with the 50 bucks from today. Don't forget the money I accepted as deposit." He put the pencil on the paper and then went to the front door, when someone knocked, very quietly.

Negan chuckled as he opened. "Well, look at that!" He bend in his knees, leaning back with a bright smile. "Dead. On. Time. Good for you!"

Olivia ducked her head, blushing a little when she entered the apartment, wishing her boss a shy, "Good morning, Sir."

"Funny that you say that." Negan told her, putting an arm around her shoulder, walking her into the living room, where he gestured to the man at the table. "Because it really is a good morning for you! My pants found their way back home, imagine that."

"Is that the criminal?" She whispered, being squished by a strong arm against Negan's side.

"It is." Negan whispered back, smiling. "And that means, Olivia my dear, all you have to do is clean all the mess in my bathroom and pay off my missing three days of vacation, and you are officially out of trouble."

"Y-yes." She nodded, glancing up nervously at her happy boss.

He nodded back, patting her arm. "Good!" He released her, watching satisfied as she hurried off to put her bag down, changing into her apron and yellow rubber gloves. ----

Fifteen minutes later, Daryl huffed a stressed breath, curling his fingers into the long strands of his tousled hair, his legs fidgeting under the table. He was never good at math, or writing or any other school related activity. His written numbers looked ridiculous next to the clear handwriting on the left side of the paper and he hated how that man made him not only write numbers, but also add them up, to see how much he had to still pay off. It was mockery and not necessary at all. He got it, it was a lot of fucking money and it would take years until he would be done paying off this debt, and actually earn enough to pay the lawyer. Until then it would probably be too late for Merle. He figured that much out alone. No need to see it in writing.

"You need to subtract the 1146 from 4820." Negan said casually, sitting with one foot over his thigh, finishing the rest of his breakfast smoothie. He put the glass down, gesturing for Daryl to give him the pencil. "This is the whole amount of debt." He leaned over a little, underlining the 4820 for Daryl to see. "But you put this amount in deposit already, so you have to subtract it.

"3674." Negan explained, glancing at a dirty face, hidden by long strands of hair. "Then you also brought $50 today." He wrote the number down. "So, 3624 is the rest." At the sight of Daryl's crushed expression, he smiled faintly, giving a quiet sigh. "How many days do you work per week? From Monday to Sunday?"

Daryl shrugged, having no idea. He didn't ask and no one had told him.
"If you work the whole week and pay off $50 per day," Negan wrote down some new numbers, underlining one in the end, shoving the paper back under Daryl's nose. "You are done in 74 days. That's long before your birthday in May, Mister Dixon." He raised his brows, giving an encouraging nod, and then patted Daryl's upper arm when he got up to bring his empty glass into the kitchen, hollering back over his shoulder, "Start a new page, draw 75 squares on it."

Daryl turned around to look after him, confused by the task, angry that he was treated like a schoolchild, and a little bit happy as well, because 74 days sounded much better than a few years. He wiped a strand of hair out of his face, flicking his head to the side when it fell right back into his eyes, as he leaned over the paper, drawing the first square.

Negan took a red cup out of the cupboard, filling it with water and brought it to the table, placing it right next to the paper sheet. He watched a moment from above how Daryl tried his best to make all the squares in the same size, fully aware that the nervous sigh he heard came because of him standing so close. He rubbed a certain spot on Daryl's back with the knuckle of his finger, up and down, just for a second, and then left the room and his apartment without a comment.

Daryl heard the front door click when it closed, feeling the small area of his back tingle where he had been touched. He looked up from his task, eyeing the red cup, wondering if it was for him. He turned around and blinked. Then took it and drank. It tasted better than any water he ever had, and before he could stop himself the cup was empty. He wiped his wet mouth into a much too long sleeve and drew square number seven, silently wishing he could tell Merle that he would be done paying his debt off and be able to help him, before his birthday in May.

---

Negan jogged down the stairwell and went outside, walked around the building, finding the door to his leather store open. He entered, grinning at the man behind the counter. "You're early."

Rick took a knife, opening a box with 200 leather ankle cuffs, before he looked at his boss, granting him a sarcastic smile. "I guess I missed you."

"Now, that's something I like to hear!" Negan leaned across the counter, grabbing a bunch of unopened letters, flipping through them.

"What happened to the little thief you found in the cellar?" Rick started to unpack the delivery. "Did you bury him in the flowerbeds or is he still breathing?"

Negan opened one of the envelopes, pulled the letter out and started to read it. "He's upstairs, doing some homework like a good boy."

Rick sighed, putting three cuffs on the counter, shooting the other man an accusing look. "Oh, come on. Is that one of your little projects again, like last year with the mail man?"

"Don't be ridiculous." Negan crumbled the letter up, throwing it into the trash, followed by the envelope. "The mail man was a one night stand, and not a very good one."

"Really." Rick started unpacking again. "Because he is still asking about you at every chance he gets."

"Well, I'm awesome." Negan said, absolutely straight-faced. "And not interested in a second round with the mail man."

"And what are you keeping the thief for?"
Negan scowled at his employee, not appreciating his curiosity. "Maybe I like him. Maybe he has guts and isn't a little bitch like someone I know." He held the warning stare a moment longer, and then opened another letter. "Or I just want my fucking shit back."

Rick looked at him, squinting his eyes, before he decided to change the subject. "It's 'Edge' tonight at the Eagle. Want to go?"

Negan made a small ball out of the letter, throwing it in the direction of the trash bin, but missed. "Eagle sounds like a great plan." He patted Rick's cheek and left the store.

Five minutes later, he threw his keys back into the metal bowl on the dresser in his apartment, and immediately disappeared into the bedroom.

Daryl sat over his sheet of paper with 75 squares, feeling weird. He turned around, not sure if he was supposed to leave, because he was done already. He rubbed his bare feet together, really needing to take a piss by now. He heard the tall, angry man talk to a woman about streak-free mirrors. And then his stomach got kind of numb, when the conversation stopped and the man came back out and directly up to him, leaning over him again from behind, one hand firm on the table, studying the paper.

"Did you count them?"

"Mmhm." Daryl couldn't speak. The man was all around him and everywhere. He could feel him brush against his back and next to his head, saw the strong arm right in font of his face, leaning on the table, veins standing out and dark hair all over, ending in a large hand with spread fingers. And then the other hand came from the right, taking the pencil out of his fingers, writing 'Cross one out each day' on top of the paper.

"Well done." Negan leaned closer to Daryl's ear for the small praise, having no sign of arrogance or mockery in his voice at all. "Put your cup into the sink please." He grabbed the piece of paper, leaving to the kitchen.

Daryl moved his chair back, making a loud scraping noise, followed by the padding of naked feet on wooden floor, when he walked across the room. He flicked his head to see past his longish hair, nervously looking at the other man for confirmation, before he placed the empty red cup into the kitchen sink.

"Thank you." Negan said, waving his fingers. "Come here." He pinned the paper sheet with four small, round magnets to the fridge, holding up a blue marker. "Every day you payed off your 50 fucking bucks, you cross one square out. Starting now." He tapped on the first square, handing Daryl the pen, and left into the bedroom.

Daryl looked after him and then at the fridge, feeling embarrassed. Was this so everyone could see what he had done? Or that he wasn't able to keep track of his payments himself? Or that he was bad at math? He pulled the cap off the marker, drawing a cross on the first square with too much pressure, making the pen squeak. Suddenly 74 days didn't seem like such a short time anymore.

"Here." Negan came back and took the pen, holding out a pair of black socks. "Now buy yourself a nice breakfast and a fucking fresh shirt with your half of the money."

"Mh." Daryl avoided his gaze when he took the socks, immediately being distracted because they felt so soft.

"You may go now."
Daryl glanced up for a second, wanting to say thank you for the socks, but the words didn't come out and he just went to the door.

"Daryl! Where can't you sleep tonight?"

He stopped but didn't turn around, just his head to some extent, mumbling his answer defiantly. "On your property."

"That's a good boy!" Negan said approvingly, "Don't forget your shoes!" and disappeared into his bedroom again, to see if Olivia had mastered the streak-free cleaning technique he preferred.

---

On his third day of school, Daryl Dixon came home, feeling really proud.

Miss Greene had put a 'well done' sticker on his drawing and said, "That's a fantastic picture, Daryl! I'm sure your dad will put it on the fridge so everyone can see it!"

On the sidewalk in front of the house, Daryl looked at his drawing another time. It showed his dad in the woods, hunting a huge deer with antlers. He smiled brightly, feeling all excited. Miss Greene had given him her big box of crayons, because he had only four crayons himself and none of them was brown. But with Miss Greene's crayons, the picture had all sorts of colors and even a real black gun with bullets.

Daryl held the picture in one hand, jumping over a stick laying on the ground, and ran up the small way to his house, calling for his father as soon as he entered. He looked in all three rooms but no one was there. Maybe his father was in the woods hunting a deer for real? Probably together with Merle. Daryl grinned at the fantastic thought and decided that they would be really happy if he would surprise them with his drawing.

He pulled out one of the drawers of the old cabinet, rummaging a moment until he found the yellow tube of glue. He put the drawing on the floor, smearing a big amount of glue on the backside, spreading it out evenly with his fingers, and in the end stuck his wonderful surprise drawing to the fridge door.

He smiled at his work, feeling his belly flip and jump with happiness. He couldn't wait for his dad to come home!

---

Daryl Dixon did not go to his fourth day of school. He was underneath his bed, not going anywhere. His back hurt, his face was swollen and all that was left of his fantastic drawing, was a small pile of shredded paper on the dirty floor.

His father hadn't been out hunting. He was out drinking. And when he came home he wasn't happy and didn't smile at Daryl's surprise picture. He ripped it off the fridge, wanting to know why his son was so disrespectful to make fun of him and make him look like a toothless gnome. He wanted an answer and he wanted a good one. He also wanted to know if Daryl was a billionaire, so he could afford to buy a new fridge, since he ruined the one they had with the disgusting mockery of his father and a whole tube of glue.

Daryl couldn't answer any of the questions. Not one.

The only thing he knew was that his father wasn't happy and wasn't proud and that there would never again be a picture on the fridge for everyone to see.
In the afternoon Daryl sat in front of one of the upscale stores on Lenox Square, watching the people walking by with full shopping bags, happily chatting on their phones or with each other. It was the best place in town to be invisible. No one ever noticed him here, apart from angry shop owners, chasing him away from their doors and windows, because he could scare the customers. But the normal people didn't waste a minute of their time to actually have a look at him and his filthy appearance.

That's why he could sit here, spying on his favorite garbage can, totally unimpeded. And every time someone would throw their half eaten pizza slice or posh super food salad away, he would get up and fish it out of the trash. It was a nice way to fill a starving stomach.

"Hey!" A happy guy with long hair and leather duster jumped up in front of him, the ice cubes in his $5 Starbucks beverage making a sloshing sound. "Where have you been? I was looking for you." He held his disposable cup in Daryl's direction, waiting for him to take it.

Daryl was too thirsty to be hesitant, taking a few big gulps through the straw. "Where'd you got this?"

"Took a stroll with one of my dads." Jesus grinned, seeming very pleased with himself and the world. "Helped him to shop for a new suit. He looked spiffy."

"Hm." Daryl handed the cup back, still not sure how many fathers Paul could possibly have, but didn't care enough to ask.

"Why are you not wearing these?" Jesus gestured to the fine pair of black Hugo Boss socks in Daryl's hand. "They look nice."

They did. And they felt even better. But Daryl couldn't put them on his feet like this. "They're clean." He mumbled. "Don't wanna ruin them."

"Well, come on then!" Paul offered him a hand, to help him up, smiling his most friendly smile. "I know the best public bath in town."

----

"What's this." Daryl looked distrustingly at the white building, smelling strongly like chlorine.

"Atlanta's number one swim academy!" Jesus explained, spreading his arms wide to emphasize the awesomeness of the place. "One of my dads is a swim teacher here."

Daryl squinted his eyes at Paul, imagining him with ten fathers at a long table, eating soup. Jesus smirked, tugging a strand of hair behind his ear. "Come on, you'll like it."

Daryl did like it. He liked that there were only two people around. He liked the half empty bottle of soap that Jesus found in one of the shower stalls. He liked the clear water running over his body for almost fifteen minutes until his fingers got all wrinkly. He liked how nice his skin smelled afterwards. And most of all he liked to put the wonderful soft socks on really clean feet.

Maybe this place was the secret of Paul's always clean and groomed appearance.

He took a glance through a window at the large indoor pool, fascinated by the man swimming in high-speed through the water.

"You like swimming?" Jesus wanted to know, eating a handful of gummy bears that a child had just
shared with the friendly young man.

"Hm." Daryl shrugged. He didn't know, because no one had taught him how to swim.

Jesus nudged him into the shoulder on their way out. "I'll introduce you to one of my dads some time. He can show you."

----

The night at the Atlanta Eagle started half an hour earlier than usual, on January 11th, because it was EDGE!, a special event for the more serious members of the local BDSM community.

Daryl sat a bit clueless on his chair, while Carol held her staff meeting, explaining all the things that she considered important for the evening.

He bit his fingernail, flicking his head when a still damp strand of hair fell into his eyes, and then looked up because Carol addressed him.

"I don't need you in cleaning tonight. Can you serve the first floor?"

Daryl didn't like to serve drinks to guests or to refill their snack bowls, because most of them tried to talk to him. He liked cleaning better. Nobody wanted to speak with a guy holding a mop. But he needed the money, so he nodded and shrugged at the same time.

Carol nodded back, making a mental note to speak with her quiet new staff member in private later.

"I want you all to be extra nice tonight, make the guests feel welcome!" She shot a warning glance at her doorman. "Negan booked the cigar lounge for the whole evening. He draws audience, and audience brings cash."

"Who's Negan?" Abraham couldn't be any less impressed, slumping with wide spread legs on his chair, cleaning his fingernails with the tip of his Swiss army knife.

Carol put a hand on her hip, squinting her eyes. "He is the most recognized, well respected Dom in the scene. When he says the night was great, and he will come again, the common leather folk will follow and bring us their hard earned money."

"Pfft." Mister Ford shoved his knife back into his pocket. "As long as he keeps his wiener out of my buns, he can smoke his cigars all he wants."

Carol sighed, gesturing for her staff to get up and back to work. All but one. "Daryl, wait a second please." She went up to him, examining his cleaner but unkempt hair and stained outfit. "That's the same stuff you wore last night. It's sweaty and your sleeves are dirty." She tugged at his leather vest. "And I told you, you can't wear this for work, it is filthy."

He scowled at her from underneath his damp hair. He had clean socks on and washed himself, wasn't that enough?

"It's the last time I'm telling you." She said, pointing a finger in his face. "Be clean from head to toe tomorrow, if you want to keep your job. Including your clothes." She left to the bar counter, instructing her staff to fill the bowls with wasabi nuts instead of simple peanuts tonight.

Daryl looked after her, biting his thumb nail, feeling angry and ashamed. He hated when people talked to him like that. And he hated it even more, when it was in situations, where he couldn't just flip them the finger and leave. He needed this job and she knew it.
He spit a tiny piece of fingernail onto the floor, making his way to the staff room to put his filthy vest down for the night.

---

Until eleven p.m., the special event didn't much differ from other nights at the Eagle. The music was a bit darker maybe, and the audience heavier on the leather side, but for Daryl it didn't make much of a difference. He had cleaned some tables, served a few glasses of wine instead of beer and a man with black leather pants and beer belly had invited him to some brown liquor that had tasted like turpentine.

He stood at the railing, looking down on the dance floor. It was very crowded already, red lights flickering over the moving bodies. He could feel the heavy beat of the loud music boom through his chest, making the ground and steel railing vibrate underneath his feet and hands. The flat screens at the walls showed weird scenes of half naked men, wearing leather masks and black boots, beating each others bare asses with riding crops.

Daryl watched it for a moment and then stared in the direction of the main door, when a new group of people entered the building. Jesus with his hair in a bun, wearing super tight black jeans underneath his leather duster. He walked in, holding another man's hand. Older than him, with slicked back curly hair and grey beard, wearing cowboy boots to his dark grey outfit and grim expression.

Two other guys walked behind them, one tall and slender, grinning widely underneath his mustache. The second, muscular with buzz cut and camouflage pants, and a much too tight olive green shirt over his bulky torso. Daryl knew him. It was the man hitting on him the other night.

The heavy entry door opened again and a bolt of heat shot through Daryl's stomach, making his heart stop for a moment, when a tall man made his way through the crowd as if he owned the place, wearing a red scarf to his black leather jacket and biker boots. It was the angry man from the factory. The one who had made him draw silly squares. The one who had given him the most comfortable socks in the universe. He wore leather gloves now and his black hair was neatly tamed back. But it was clearly him, striding towards the stairs, his shoulders and neck upright and strong, his head high, his dark eyes looking straight ahead, taking in the room with control and confidence, conveying the strength and power he had with ease and comfort.

Daryl blinked underneath his long bangs, nervously looking for a way out, when the group of men walked up the stairs to the first floor. He went to the bar counter and then quickly changed his mind, rather standing in a dark corner, with his face to the wall, kneading and pulling his fingers.

This was it, he knew it. The angry man would tell Carol and Jesus what he had done. He would get fired and never be able to pay back his debt or the fee for the expensive lawyer. He felt like crying, not daring to look left or right or turn around. He just wanted to escape somehow, run out and disappear, where no one could see and judge him.

"What are you doing here?" Carol came up from behind, trying to keep her voice down. "We are full and the guests are thirsty, go do your work, I don't pay you for standing around!" She took hold of his snot stained, much too long sleeve, dragging him as discretely as she could towards the bar.

He was sent to table number seven with two glasses of champagne. He was ordered to refill the snacks at table nine. He was told to bring the cigar cutter to lounge number one. He wanted to die.

His stomach felt ill, his hands were sweaty and all he could see were his own shoes on the dark red carpeting of the Eagle's first floor, as he slowly walked up to the dreaded group of leather arm chairs,
occupied by people he knew.

He didn't look up, but heard them talking, holding a conversation about food and Prague. With shaky fingers, he held the small silver tool out to no one in particular and after half a second decided to place it on the table, next to the wasabi nuts, and turned around to leave.

"Hey, you don't wanna cut it?" The man with the cowboy boots hollered after him, his voice sounding cheerful. "What kind of service is that?"

Daryl felt his throat tighten up. The sound of people laughing filled his ears and he was sure it was directed at him. He came back, heat flushing his face, as he bend down to grab the silver cutter from the table. He wanted to say that he had no idea how to use it and initially was just hired to clean the toilets here. But he looked up at the person with the cowboy boots, seeing him sitting there with a friendly smile in the heavy black chair, and just took the long, brown cigar he held in hand, not sure what to do with it.

"Daryl, right?" The man with the buzz cut said. "You're the new guy."

"Hm." Daryl nodded, fumbling around with the cigar, trying to figure out what part would need a cut.

"Don't handle that thing so roughly, Daryl, it's sensitive." Shane wagged his eyebrows at the new waiter, spreading his thighs a bit wider.

"Man, don't tease the boy!" The guy with the mustache said, sitting up straight, holding out a hand in Daryl's direction. "Come over here I show you. I spent a lot of time in Havana." He grinned and the other men laughed loudly.

All but the tall, angry man.

He sat there, using all the space the leather chair could possibly offer, one arm laying on the armrest, one leg being casually stretched out, the tip of his thumb resting on the side of his mouth, his closed lips slightly curled into a faint smile. He didn't say anything, just looked at Daryl, as if he waited for something, in the most relaxed way.

Daryl glanced up at him for a moment, feeling his guts making a strange flip. A part of him wanted to say hello, but the word never came out, and he lowered his gaze again, bravely walking up to the mustache man, handing him the cigar. He watched through his long bangs how the very tip was inserted into the tool, and cut off with a quick snap.

"See?" Simon grinned, "A very clean cut." giving the cigar back.

Daryl took it, mumbling something inaudible that was supposed to be a 'thank you', and then brought it to Rick, along with the cigar cutter, quickly leaving lounge number one in the direction of the restroom, before anyone could ask him to do anything else.

----

"Oh hey!" Jesus looked up a bit surprised, shaking the water off his hands over the sink and turned off the tap, when Daryl entered the Eagle's men's room with a slightly crushed expression. "I was looking for you, I want to introduce you to one of my dads."

Daryl shook his head, mumbling a rough sounding "No thanks." and vanished into one of the toilet stalls.
Jesus furrowed his brows, holding an ear to the closed door. "All okay, buddy? You seem a bit upset."

Daryl didn't answer, hoping that Paul would leave already and this whole night would end.

---

"Sorry, my new waiter is a bit... flakey." Carol smiled apologetically to the group of alpha men sitting in the cigar lounge, as she had to serve a tray full of drinks herself.

"I think he just feels unwell." Paul got up from his seat, helping her to hand out the full glasses. "I saw him in the restroom."

"He's not unwell, he is a rude shit." Shane said, getting up with a sigh, adjusting his pants, before he headed downstairs to see what the cruising area offered today. "You coming, Rick?"

"No, I'm good." Rick declined, accepting a glass from Jesus, looking back at his phone to check his e-mails.

"I'm coming!" Simon sighed with a stretch of his arms, feeling a bit bored by this whole evening.

"Well, let me know if you need anything else." Carol said sweetly, but cursed under her breath as soon as she turned around, leaving with her empty tray.

Jesus put the last drink on the table in front of Negan. "I go check on my buddy."

"You sit." Negan gave Paul's arm a rough tug and pointed to the free chair next to Rick, getting up himself.

He didn't have to go very far, or all the way to the rest room. Daryl stood in a dark corner, wiping his nose into a much too long sleeve.

"You know what's funny?" Negan's voice was dark and low, when he came closer, stopping a step away from the other man. "I take the evening off and come all the way through town to spend the night in this wanna-be scene club, just to see with my own eyes where you earn my money." He rubbed his bearded chin, giving a cold, low chuckle. "And then you disappoint me with this pathetic work ethic. Standing around in the corner, having your fucking boss serve me?" He shook his head, massaging his temple with two leather clad fingers. "I mean you don't even have the decency to greet me, right?" His face darkened when Daryl just stared down, with slightly trembling shoulders. "RIGHT?" He grabbed Daryl's chin, tilting it up, forcing eye contact. "Do you really expect anyone to pay you for that shit!"

Daryl felt his eyes well up as he looked into the angry face, hearing the harsh words, knowing they were true. He pulled halfheartedly at Negan's wrist, wanting him to release his chin, but the vice like fingers didn't move.

"I asked you a question." Negan hissed, moving closer to Daryl's face. "And I expect an answer." He yanked the man's head up again when Daryl squeezed his eyes shut and tried to get away somehow. "Is that how you plan to earn money for me, or can you do better than that!"

Daryl tried his best to nod, not because he really thought that he could do any better, but because he hoped the accusing words would stop. He pulled again at Negan's wrist, and when the strong fingers actually let go of him and the firm grip stopped, he pushed angrily against the tall man's chest with a desperate grunt, blinking up at him through wet eyes.
Negan stumbled half a step back but didn't do anything about it, just watched Daryl attentively, watched his chin and lower lip tremble, watched him putting a defensive arm across his chest, watched him wipe his runny nose into his much too long sleeve.

He tilted his head, pulling one of his leather gloves off, finger by finger, all the while staring into Daryl's face. He put the glove into his jacket pocket and instead pulled a tissue out. "I told you to use your money for breakfast and a fresh shirt." He said in a serious tone, stepping closer to Daryl, reaching out with one hand, sliding it along the side of a surprisingly clean face, underneath long strands of hair.

Daryl froze when leather clad fingers curled around the back of his neck, holding him securely in place, while a fresh white paper tissue was held to his nose. It smelled like leather and kind of soapy, and made him instinctively move back and try to duck away, but a firm, clear, "No." stopped him, making him stand still.

"Go on." Negan arched his brows, locking eyes. "Blow your fucking nose."

Daryl did, cautiously, feeling embarrassment flooding his chest.

"Again." Negan demanded, squeezing Daryl's nose a bit, having not even the slightest sign of amusement on his face when his order was followed through. He folded the tissue once, then wiped it again underneath Daryl's nose. Twice. And with the other side over his damp eyes, before he tugged it into his leather jacket, releasing Daryl's neck. "Ask for a tissue if you don't have one. Don't wipe your fucking snot into my shirt please."

Daryl looked down, raising one shoulder to rub his ear against, "Hm."

"Now back to your job." Negan put his second glove back on, while studying Daryl's much calmer expression. "I'm here to watch you work. So show me how good you are." He pinched Daryl's chin for the split of a second and turned around, going back to his place.

Daryl looked after him through long strands of hair, withholding the need to sniff his nose.

----

At almost one in the morning, the Eagle was filled to the max, loud songs with hard bass and pounding beats made the people move to the music on and off the dance floor.

Daryl felt tired. His head and feet hurt. But he didn't sit down, or go into his dark corner. He went to serve drinks, refilled glasses and snack bowls, wiped down tables and emptied ashtrays.

A couple of times he had even answered questions, for the way to the toilet and whether or not he had a boyfriend. He had answered the first question with a pointing finger in the right direction, and the second with a shake of his head and a bewildered expression.

Around midnight, Carol had given him a thumbs up from behind the bar counter. And half an hour later, the tip in his pocket cracked the thirty dollar mark. Technically the sixty dollar mark, but half of it belonged to the tall man in the cigar lounge who had watched him the whole evening with hawks eyes.

His name was Negan. Daryl knew that now, because countless men talked about him, on the dance floor, at the other tables, in the restroom, everyone seemed to know him, and the ones that didn't knew him yet, wanted to meet him as soon as possible.

Daryl held a bowl of pretzels up, wiping table number five, hearing how the three young men sitting
around it, swooned over Negan's perfectly trimmed beard and the way he smiled so charmingly, complete with dimples in his cheeks. Daryl put the pretzels back down with a thud, eating one himself, totally judging these three guys for their stupidity. If they thought this Negan was so perfect, they should try to sleep in front of his door for a night.

He walked over to the railing, looking down to the other bar and the dance floor, trying to find Jesus, but couldn't see him anywhere. Instead he saw a man on all fours, with black leather collar around his neck, being paraded through the crowd by another guy, holding him by a leash, like a dog. Daryl thought how silly that was, wiping a strand of hair out of his face, wanting to wipe his runny nose as well, but in the last second put his arm down, just sniffing his nose instead.

"Good job." A dark voice told him from behind, warm breath brushing his ear.

Daryl turned around, startled, finding Negan right in front of him, smelling of Scotch and leather, his black jacket open, revealing a plain white shirt. The red scarf was gone, both leather gloves as well. Daryl blinked and blushed, immediately avoiding his gaze, having no option to get away, with the waist high railing in his back and a much too close body in the front of him, almost touching his chest.

"We leave now." Negan told him, putting his hands on the railing, to the left and right of Daryl's body. "I liked very much how hard you worked. Very nice. And extra points for no more snot on my shirt."

Daryl nodded, looking away, wishing the man wouldn't stand so close.

"I'm sure you want to say good night, since you totally fucked up your chance to greet me properly today. Right?"

Daryl held his breath and then let it out with a stressed sigh, not sure what to do. He flicked his head to get a long strand of hair out of his eye and then mumbled a small, "Night." to the empty spot to his left.

He heard a low chuckle in response. "One more try, puppy."

Daryl clenched his fists at his sides, his chest heaving in nervous breathing, when he first looked at Negan's shoulder and eventually glanced up at his face, defiantly and insecure at the same time. "G'night." It was rough and not very loud, but the most he could do before he had to look away again, feeling heat crawl up his face.

Negan didn't move for a while, just watched from above how Daryl fought with himself and the situation. And then he bend down, just slightly, speaking very close to the other man's ear. "We will have to work on that, right?" He waited for the small nod, that he knew would come, and spoke again. "No sleeping on my property. Don't come before seven."

And then he was gone, just walked back to his friends, gathering his stuff, patting the mustache guy's back, grinning about something the boots-man said, drank the rest of his Scotch and then left, down the stairs, through the crowd, as imposing as his entrance had been, turning heads as if he were some kind of mysterious king or celebrity.

Daryl watched from above, sniffing his runny nose, feeling strange somewhere deep inside his chest.

----

He worked until the last possible minute, blowing his nose three times into a napkin he had found on one of the tables. And when it was time to leave and Carol locked the door behind him, he felt cold
and very much alone, pulling his thin leather vest tight around his body, as he walked through town, searching for a place to spend the hours until seven AM.

At almost sunrise, a homeless man sat on the ground, leaning against a high chain-link fence, outside of a large factory compound, trying very hard not to fall asleep.
Even on Sunday mornings, Negan got up at 6:30 precisely, went to take a shower in his industrial-design bathroom, prepared breakfast in his pale grey, multifunctional kitchen unit, and left his loft-style apartment at seven o'clock, to take his well trained dog for a twenty minute-walk.

On Sunday, January the 12th, when he slipped into his leather jacket, glancing out of the thirteen-foot factory windows to check the weather... his formerly well rested features darkened noticeably, at the sight of a scruffy young man, holding with one hand on to a high chain-link fence, while vomiting his guts out. Right in front of the gate to his property.

"What the shit..." Negan scrunched up his face and patted his thigh angrily, ordering his dog to follow him outside.

---

Daryl was pretty sure that he wouldn't survive the next hour. His stomach cramped and hurt, he couldn't stop throwing up and despite the cold sweat running down his neck and face, it was clear that he would experience a heatstroke at any moment.

He retched up another thin stream of yellowish fluid, panting hard with the pain in his throat, weakly looking to the left when a large, barking dog ran in his direction. He wiped his wet mouth into the sleeve of his stained shirt and didn't even flinch. He was on the other side of the fence and felt too miserable to care, even if that dog would eat him alive.

"Sst." A tall man in leather jacket snapped his fingers, making the dog sit down quietly. "You're really doing a fucking piss poor job treating my property respectfully." He watched Daryl a moment through the fence, clearly displeased, and then shook his head as he unlocked the gate. "Did you blow all your money for booze?"

Daryl wanted to say no, but then bent over, dry heaving soundly.

"Meth?" Negan sounded calm and neutral when he walked up to Daryl, grabbing his shoulder to push him in an upright position, examining his pale face. "Crack? Pills?" He didn't get any answer and searched through the inner pockets of a filthy leather vest, finding a pick lock, a small dinosaur figurine and the whole wage of last night's work, plus tip.

Daryl shoved the man's arm off, grunting angrily.

Negan ignored the defiant demeanor, took him by the scruff of his neck and walked him through the open gate, towards the building. "Go."

Daryl tried to escape his hold, panting with rage and frustration. He hadn't broken any rule, he had waited outside and did not sleep on the property, he had the requested money and just wanted to
make his stupid blue cross on square number two. He really didn't know why this guy was so angry again.

"Stop." Negan told him calmly, letting go of him in front of the white basement door. "You wait in my office on the couch." He held a key out, and then let it fall to the ground with a shrug, when Daryl didn't take it but looked defiantly in the other direction. "I am back in twenty minutes." He whistled for his dog and left, letting Daryl alone in front of the closed door.

----

Rick blinked and rolled over in bed, having trouble to keep his eyes open as he pushed the button on his annoyingly ringing phone. "Yes?"

"Tell me Rick, did you dream of me?" A dark, sultry voice purred into his ear. "Is your dick hard?"

"What?" Rick sat up, squinting irritated. "Who is that?"

Negan chuckled into his phone, looking left and right, then patted his thigh, before he crossed the street with Tiger. "You sound tired. You should go to bed earlier."

Rick rolled his eyes and lay back down again, feeling highly frustrated when he glanced at his watch. "It is Sunday. Not even half past seven. Why are you calling."

Negan gave his dog a hand signal, as he reached an empty parking area, letting him ran free. "I am calling, Rick, because you have a certain somebody that needs to be my certain somebody for today."

"Today?" Rick looked to the right, where a sleeping Jesus was draped partly over a stark naked Shane. "I don't know, we had plans." He scratched his temple. "Can't you ask Olivia?"

"I have. She seems to be visiting her grandmother today." Negan threw a stick for Tiger. "Be good and send Paul. Eight would be fantastic."

Rick sighed. "Fine. Eight then."

"Great!" Negan slipped the phone into his pocket, whistling for his dog to come back.

"Yes, great." Rick shut his flip phone and tapped on his boy's shoulder. "Paul, get up, Negan needs your service today."

----

Daryl wasn't outside anymore when Negan came back after twenty minutes. He was in the office, huddling on the grey couch, lying on his side, fumbling with the key of the basement door.

Negan switched the lights on, putting his phone and leather jacket on the desk.

Daryl sat up a bit startled, wiping sweaty hair out of his face.

"Do you have to throw up again?" Negan took the key out of Daryl's hands, stroking the side of his forefinger for a second with his thumb. He got a small shrug for an answer and fished the wastebasket out from under the desk, putting it in front of the couch, "Lie back down. Try to sleep a while." then put his jacket over the other man, switched the lights back off and left.

Daryl held his breath. Everything was dark and quiet again, soft cushions underneath and a heavy leather jacket on top of him. He was allowed to stay and rest. He wasn't yelled at. He could just turn
around and sleep for a moment, not on the streets, on the asphalt, but here where it was safe and warm and comfortable.

He moved a bit, his hands brushing against the soft inner lining of the leather jacket, as he curled up under his new cover, making himself as small as possible. He inhaled deeply. The leathery, musky scent made something in his stomach flutter. He closed his eyes, feeling comfortable warmth spreading through his body. It was the best blanket he ever had.

----

Paul Rovia arrived at the factory at 7:54, with slightly tousled hair and a bright smile firmly in place.

"Good morning." He kissed Negan on the cheek, hugging him almost shyly. "I didn't expect to see you today."

Negan gestured for him to come in. "Shoes off, boy."

"Yes, Sir." Paul smirked and did as ordered, putting his polished Doc Martens neatly next to the coat rack. "So, what can I do for you?" He walked into the living room, finding the other man sitting on the black leather sofa, crooking one finger, beckoning him over.

"Sit." Negan pointed on the floor and waited until his guest had gracefully crouched down, sitting with crossed legs in front of him.

"Foot massage?" Jesus guessed, smiling up at Negan.

"No. Tell me about Daryl."

Paul seemed honestly surprised by the unexpected request. "Uhm... sure? What do you want to know?"

Negan leaned forward, folding his hands over his slightly spread knees. "Where do you know him from."

"The streets. He shared his dinner with me." Jesus tugged a strand of hair behind his ear, smiling sheepishly. "Actually here, on one of your loading docks, while you were out of town. He was searching for a place to sleep."

Negan didn't return the smile. "He's homeless?"

"Free like the wind." Paul nodded, fully aware that the older man didn't agree with his philosophy of free life.

"You got him the job at the Eagle?"

"I did." Jesus smiled, tilting his head. "He really needed money."

Negan sighed, massaging his forehead with thumb and forefinger. "Is he an addict?"

Paul shook his head, hesitating a moment before he answered. "He tries to get enough money for a lawyer, because his brother is in prison."

"Hm." Negan looked to the windows, saying nothing for a while. Then got up and walked to the kitchen, slapping the side of Paul's head on the way. "Stop sleeping on the fucking streets."

Jesus grinned, and turned his head to look after him, staying in his crossed legged position on the
floor. "That's it? No other service today?"

"Keep dreaming." Negan grabbed a bucket out of his kitchen cabinet. "There's a sweet puddle of vomit in front of my door with your name on it."

----

Daryl yawned, rubbing his ear. Then blinked his eyes open and raised his head a little, because it wasn't dark anymore in the room. He wasn't alone either. The tall, angry man sat at the desk, with an open laptop, writing something he saw on the screen into a notebook. The pen made scribbling noises on the paper. Daryl watched him from his warm, comfy place, half hidden underneath a heavy leather jacket, and sniffed his nose.

"Do you need a tissue?" Negan didn't look up from his work.

Daryl needed one. He had a runny nose. But he didn't want to speak or move.

Negan wrote another sentence, then put his pen down and got up. "You know it's really very simple." He walked over to the couch, squatting down in front of Daryl, raising his brows. "I ask you a question? You fucking answer."

Daryl backed away an inch, not comfortable with the other man looking at him from such a close distance.

"Do you need a tissue?"

The possibility of saying no crossed Daryl's mind for a second, but he felt the wetness underneath his nose. "Yes." His answer was rough and low, muffled by the jacket collar covering his mouth.

Negan pulled a paper tissue out of his pocket. "Yes please, sounds so much better."

Daryl nodded slightly, needing a moment to understand that he was supposed to repeat it. "Yes please." The words were even quieter than before and the jacket slipped almost on the floor when he worked an arm out underneath his cover to take the offered tissue.

"Very nice." Negan said praisingly, putting the jacket back over Daryl, tugging it behind his back a bit to prevent it from slipping down again. Then he got up and left the room when Daryl cautiously blew his nose, hollering back over his shoulder, "And once more!"

Embarrassment shot through Daryl's upper chest, but he inhaled deeply and blew his nose again, with more effort this time, feeling strangely proud when he heard a praising, "Good boy!" from the corridor.

----

Jesus had his headphones on, dancing happily in front of the high factory windows to his current favorite song, when a tall, angry man appeared suddenly in his field of vision, scaring the living daylights out of him.

"What the fuck are you doing!"

"Skanking?" Paul offered a bit meekly, taking his headphones off, tugging a strand of long hair behind his ear.

"I thought I have given you chores." Negan slapped the back of the other man's head playfully,
"All done." Jesus promised, pointing to the kitchen, where he had prepared a tray with camomile tea and toast. "Want me to bring it to him?"

"I want you to skank into the fucking bathroom to scrub my shower." Negan told him unambiguously, pointing a finger.

"Yes, Sir." Jesus smirked, getting on his tip toes to kiss Negan's cheek. He liked when his dads got all grumpy.

---

On a day in February, Daryl Dixon was sent home from school.

The teacher had told him that he would infect other children with his sneezing and coughing and that he had to stay home in bed until he was better.

Daryl wiped his snotty nose into his sleeve and left. Mike Snider sat in front of the school building, waiting for the bus. He told Daryl that it was awesome to be sick. Because one would get new comic books from the store, and was allowed to watch cartoons on TV all day long. And everyone would be extra nice and bring tea and soup and toast with the crust cut off.

Daryl hadn't known that. But he hurried home, to tell his father that he was sick. He wondered what kind of comic book he would get. Hopefully Mickey Mouse, like Cindy Cooper had.

But his father didn't listen. He was busy playing cards with his friends and told Daryl to be fucking quiet or fuck off, when he had to cough extra loud by mistake. And when Daryl went to bed all by himself, no one brought him tea or soup or toast with the crust cut off. He also got no comic and his sleeve was all wet and soggy from his runny nose.

He turned around, facing the wall, pulling the thin blanket over his head, wishing that Merle would come and tell him something nice. Or just something. Maybe like the one time when he had stroked his hair, and said "Sleep now, you little shit. Maybe we run off one day to live in the fucking woods."

---

Daryl sat on the couch with a heavy leather jacket hanging over his shoulders, a plate on his lap with a slice of buttered toast on it, and a cup with hot liquid in hand. He didn't know what it was, but it tasted horribly.

"It's camomile tea." Negan looked up from his laptop when he heard a loud slurping sound, seeing the other man's disgusted expression. "Drink it. It's good for your stomach." He focused on his work again, opening a new document. "And don't fucking slurp. We aren't in Japan."

Daryl wrinkled his nose over the red cup, doubting that this stuff would keep him from throwing up again. But he took another sip, trying to do it as soundless as possible.

"Much better." Negan said, copying a section he needed into the new document. "Now the toast."

Daryl took a cautious bite and then devoured the whole piece in ten seconds, gulping the rest of the tea down with it. He looked around for a place to put the empty dishes and then just held on to it, feeling very uneasy.

"We go upstairs in a minute, then you put it into the sink." Negan glanced up briefly, before he
turned a page in his notebook, writing down some names and numbers.

"Hm." Daryl didn't want to go upstairs. He wasn't in any hurry to make the silly blue cross on square number two, because after that he would have to leave and be on the streets again. And today he really didn't feel like sitting on cold asphalt in public. He watched from underneath his long hair what the man at the desk was doing, wondering if he was a professor or scientist because he looked so intelligent and could write so fast.

"So," Negan closed his laptop, moving back with his chair, grabbing his phone and keys. "Let's go." He waited for Daryl to get up and held the door open for him, switching off the lights.

They walked upstairs in silence, Negan holding a hand behind Daryl's back without touching him.

The brown wooden door on the top floor was already open when they arrived.

"Take your shoes off, please." Negan took the leather jacket off Daryl's shoulders, hanging it on the coat rack, leaving the other man cold and yearning in the middle of the entrance room.

Daryl crouched down, putting the plate and red cup on the floor and started to untie his shoe laces.

"How are you feeling?" Jesus appeared, taking his leather duster off the hook, as if it was the most normal thing in the world, that they saw each other here.

Daryl looked up and froze, an immediate scowl covering his surprise and insecurity. Did Jesus live here? Had he tricked him the whole time? Had he seen the paper sheet at the fridge? He wanted to punch him. He wanted to throw a shoe at his face. He wanted to run out of that stupid brown door and never come back.

"Daryl, take your shoes off." Negan's voice was calm and reassuring, as he walked up from behind, brushing his fingertips over the top of Daryl's head. And he kept his hand in contact with long strands of hair, while he reached out with the other to pull Jesus closer, pecking his lips. "Very nice service, boy. Tell Rick I said thank you."

"Anytime, Sir." Jesus smiled faintly, opening the door. "Bye Daryl. I hope you feel better soon."

Daryl held his head down, not saying anything. He didn't understand what was going on and he didn't like it.

Negan watched the door fall shut. "Shoes off, then put your dishes into the sink." He stroked Daryl's cheek with his thumb and left the room.

Daryl sniffed his nose, feeling angry and ashamed. He wanted to leave. But he hadn't handed over the money yet. And he couldn't give Negan his money and make a cross at the fridge if he had shoes on. So he put them off, with gritted teeth, threw them somewhere near the coat rack and got up, carrying the empty plate and red cup through the living room, to the kitchen.

"Good job." Negan said in the most serious tone, when Daryl put his dishes carefully into the sink. "Now let's see how much you earned last night." He patted the kitchen counter, waiting for the other man to empty his pockets.

A one hundred dollar note and 62 dollar in coins and one-dollar bills.

"Not bad!" Negan said, rubbing Daryl's back for a second. "Somebody did a damn great job, right?"

"Hm." Daryl couldn't help but to feel a little bit proud and a tiny hint of a smile ghosted over his face.
"You keep that." Negan put the hundred dollar note to the side, pointing to the pile of change. "Count out 50 for me. I always need change at the store."

Daryl flicked a strand of hair from his eyes, speaking quietly. "But that's not half."

"Half is what I say it is. 50 bucks a day. Keep that up and we are good. Don't forget your second square." Negan put the blue marker next to the money and left for the bedroom.

It took Daryl Dixon almost eight minutes to count exact fifty dollar of change and put it on the side for Negan. But he did it, stuffed his own money back into his pocket and finally crossed out a square with a blue marker. It felt good.

He looked around, wondering if he was supposed to leave now. There was water running somewhere, and he walked over to the bedroom door, peeking into the room.

"Are you done?" Negan sat on the brim of the bathtub, holding his hand under the running water to check the temperature.

"Hm." Daryl nodded, immediately embarrassed to disturb the other man in his bathroom. "Can I go?"

"May you leave?" Negan corrected, shaking the water off his hand, as he got up, walking towards Daryl. "No, you may not leave. You may take a bath." He smirked when Daryl shook his head, with wide eyes and panic on his slightly dirty face.

"No thank you." Daryl mumbled, turning to leave.

"Yes definitely." Negan insisted, pulling him into the room. "Undress and go in. I am back in ten minutes." He left, closing the door.

Daryl gave the door a defiant stare. He wouldn't undress or sit in any stupid bathtub.

But something smelled good and the warm, steamy air was nice. So he walked through the bedroom, past the glass wall and looked around.

The bath section of the room was tiled in grey stone. It had a large bathtub, next to a walk-in shower on one side and a sink and toilet on the other. He brushed his fingers over a white towel, hanging folded on the wall over a stainless steel towel warmer, looking like some kind of ladder.

The noise of the running water was loud in the high room. Daryl watched it come out of the tap, transparently, just to magically turn green once it mixed with the water in the half filled tub. It smelled like herbs and soap and had white foam on top.

Daryl dipped his finger in and swirled it around for a moment. He had never used a bathtub, because they didn't have one at home. But undressing here and using a strangers bathtub was absolutely out of question. And he had washed just yesterday at the swim academy.

The bedroom door opened and a tall man came in, not angry but obviously not very happy either. He shook his head as he stepped behind the glass wall. "You are sick. I want you to relax in a nice warm bath. It will help against your fucking sniffles." He turned the water off. "Undress and go in. Five minutes."

Daryl watched him leave, sniffing his runny nose.

And after brief respite, put his vest off. Then his pants, and finally his snot stained shirt. The floor
was cool underneath his bare feet when he pulled his socks off and quickly hid them underneath his vest, because he really didn’t want to lose them. He looked through the glass wall to the bedroom door and listened for any noise, before he slipped his underwear off and stepped into the green, foamy water. It was much warmer than expected. He inhaled and held his breath when he climbed fully into the tub, crouching down, squeezing his eyes shut. It was really hot, burning all over his skin.

He didn't move until the door opened again and Negan came in, shoving the scattered clothes on the ground all on one pile with his foot.

"Hot, right?" He sat down on the brim of the tub. "It's supposed to be. It's good for your health."

Daryl opened his eyes, blinking through his long bangs at the other man. He put one hand over his crotch, wiping damp hair out of his face with the other. Why was that man sitting here, looking at him? He wanted him to leave.

Negan chuckled at his miserable expression, handing him a washcloth. "Go on, lie back, try to relax." He got up and went back into the bedroom, opening his wardrobe. "Do you like Paul?" He pulled a fresh black shirt from the upper shelf, and after a moment of silence, spoke a bit louder. "I told you how it works. I ask, you reply! Very simple." He got another shirt out, dark blue and long sleeved. He unfolded it and held it open to examine the size.

Daryl really had a hard time relaxing, lying stretched out in the hot water, up to the neck, trying to cover his groin with both hands. He had heard the question but he wasn’t sure about the answer. He had liked Paul. Now probably not anymore. He betrayed him, played silly games or whatever. Daryl could feel his anger rise just thinking about it.

He turned his head when Negan came back and put some clothes on the sink. The warm water embraced the side of his face, soaking his hair. It was nice.

Negan sighed, putting a bottle of shampoo down next to Daryl, sitting on the brim of the tub again. "Answer my question. Do you like Paul?"

Daryl shrugged, slipping just an inch deeper into the water, tilting his head, so his chin was covered by water and foam.

"He is one of my boys." Negan told him, holding a hand out, gesturing for the washcloth. "He comes to serve me once in a while."

Daryl stared back at the man with a suspicious frown, having no idea what he talked about. He handed him the dripping cloth, immediately covering his crotch again.

Negan squeezed the water out, moving closer to Daryl, washing his face. "He likes you, don't be rude to him."

Daryl squeezed his mouth and eyes shut, trying to turn his head to the side and when that didn't help, grabbed Negan's wrist to pull his hand off. Unsuccessfully.

"No." Negan held him firmly in place, cleaning the inner corners of his eyes, dipped the cloth into the water, rinsed it out and repeated his work, this time focusing on flushed cheeks and pale ears. "Do you want to call in sick today at work?"

Daryl held still, clenching his fists under water, not caring about his nudity anymore. When the other man arched his brows at him, obviously waiting for an answer, he mumbled a defiant, "No." He surely wouldn't call anywhere. He didn't even have a phone.
"You want me to call for you?" Negan washed the man's neck, scrubbing off a smudge of black dirt underneath his ear. "You are ill."

"No, I'll go." Daryl growled, touching the spot of sore skin, where Negan had just cleaned him. "I'm good."

Negan looked at him from above, a faint smile on his lips. "My Tiger is seven now." He rinsed the washcloth out, wiping it again over Daryl's face, much gentler this time. "But when he was still a puppy and didn't know any better..." he stroked wet hair out of a pale forehead with the cloth, cocking an eyebrow at Daryl. "... he ate out of a trashcan and had an upset stomach for two days. Vomited all over the place, that little shit. Ruined my couch and my carpet." He fished Daryl's hand out of the water, washing blue marker off his fingers, ignoring the man's defiant attitude. "That crap was fucking expensive. I should've been really pissed, right?"

Daryl shrugged, feeling embarrassed, because he always ate out of trashcans.

"Well, I wasn't." Negan explained, rubbing the washcloth up and down the other man's arm, and with a little more emphasis over his dirty elbow. "In fact it was all my fault." He tugged Daryl's arm, gesturing for him to move. "Sit up."

Daryl sniffed his runny nose and sat up, rubbing a drop of water out of his eye.

"Do you know why it wasn't Tiger's fault that he ate out of a fucking trash can and got sick?" Negan dipped the washcloth into the water, starting to wash Daryl's back. He stopped for a second when he saw the deep scars all over his skin, but didn't comment on it. They fit in the picture.

"No." Daryl mumbled his answer quietly, imagining a baby dog puking on the angry man's carpet.

Negan put a supporting hand on Daryl's shoulder, rubbing the wash cloth none too gently up and down his back, certain that it had never seen such a treatment before. "Because I'm the owner. He is my puppy, it's my job to take care of him." He noticed how Daryl first arched his back and then leaned into the touch, obviously enjoying the pressure on his spine. "If I fuck up and don't keep him from doing unhealthy things, it is surely not his fault. Puppies need supervision." He patted the man's back, "Right?" and got up, holding the washcloth out.

"Mhm." Daryl nodded and looked up, taking the cloth, feeling the skin of his back burn and tingle in a really good way.

"Right." Negan nodded as well. "You finish cleaning yourself, then you dry off and dress." He pointed to the pile of fresh clothes laying neatly folded next to the sink, along with a towel and nail scissors. "I am holding a seminar downstairs in ten minutes. It's the door on the first floor. Come and let me know when you leave for work."

Daryl nodded again, wiping his nose with the back of his hand.

"Good. Don't forget to wash your hair and cut your nails." He rubbed the back of Daryl's head with his fingertips for a second and left, closing the bedroom door.

Daryl looked after him, sniffing his nose, rolling his shoulders, missing the strong hands on his back.

---

One hour and eleven minutes later, a big puddle was in front of the bathtub, clipped off finger-, and toenails were scattered all over, a wet towel hung over the sink, and Daryl sat on the floor in the bedroom, putting on a fresh pair of socks. Dark blue this time, matching the blue shirt and blue
underwear he had received. The pants were too long, bunching up weirdly around his ankles when he got up and looked down on himself. He didn't care because everything smelled like washing powder and the tall, angry man that had rubbed his back in the most fantastic way.

He gathered his leather vest from the floor, checking that all his belongings and the money were still there, before he put it on and opened the door, peeking outside. There was no one, not even the dog. But a new plate waited on the kitchen counter, with a slice of buttered toast, along with the red cup, filled with stinking tea. It wasn't hot anymore, not even really lukewarm, but Daryl drank it anyway, while he stuffed the bread into his mouth, mixing both together before he swallowed it and wiped his lips with the back of his hand.

He put the cup and plate into the sink, wishing Negan had seen him doing it.

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'Responsible dominance and ownership of your submissive' was just one of the many seminars and workshops, the Leather Factory offered. Some held by Negan himself, some by employees, some by guest tutors. All of them were booked out most of the time, by BDSM interested people from all over the country, sometimes even from abroad.

"SOME might argue, that such training is more like a mind-fuck." Negan said loud and clear, striding slowly back and forth in front of the group of men, sitting on chairs in the back of the room, that was usually used for fetish events. They all paid close attention, writing down notes in between. "But that couldn't be further from the truth." He looked at his audience, adjusting his trade mark leather jacket. "A mind-fuck is taking their preconceived views on life and reality, and pulling the rug out. Much like breaking the mental game board – that's what interrogation is all about, or the psychological conditioning in the armed forces." He tilted his head, making a short pause. "Responsible training of a submissive on the other hand, is the complete opposite – its building a new game board, one square at a time." He pinched his nose, walking slowly to the left. "We do not break their sense of reality. We restructure. We put things into a different context to establish a new framework from which we operate." He gestured with his hand, then put both behind his back, walking in the other direction. "In the beginning this might be done through greeting rituals, changes to language, changes to position or posture while walking, sitting or kneeling. Maybe management of wardrobe, oversight of priorities, primary services-

An older man in first row raised his pencil, looking a little nervous when Negan stopped his speech and looked in his direction.

"Yes. Gregory." Negan had little patience with this guy, who kept attending workshops and events, but always failed after just a couple of weeks to keep a sub by his side. Mainly because he had as much charisma and authority as a hand-held vacuum cleaner.

"I was just wondering, what should I do when my submissive keeps ehm... how should I put it." Gregory fumbled with his pen, searching for the right words. "If my submissive keeps showing signs of resistance towards me and my ... erm... well my training?"

"Well, Gregory, nobody follows a smurf without backbone, right?" Negan made his statement in an absolute serious tone, but some of the other men in the audience chuckled quietly or held back a laugh. "Skillful dominance requires confidence and sensitivity. Your sub needs to know that you have him and that you are in charge, one hundred percent, no matter fucking what. If you are only 99% present? He will sense it and won't feel safe enough to open. You can't waver. Be a 100% solid rock at all times." Negan sent a strict look through the room. "I mean, if YOU don't know the way?" He offered a small grin. "Don't expect others to follow. Always be one fucking step ahead. A boy that feels safe and valued, that knows you take him seriously, won't have a hard time to surrender.
Make him understand that you're always paying attention, to everything he does." He didn't look up to the gallery, but raised his voice. "Isn't that right, puppy?"

Daryl blinked and moved a step back from the railing, lowering his head immediately. He hadn't been sure if this was where he was supposed to come and now that he was here and watched, he had no idea what to think. Everyone looked up at him and he didn't like it. But Negan's voice was deep and soft. There was no anger or tease, just a sense of comfort in his words.

"Come down here." Negan looked at his audience when he gave the small order and was still sure that the right person would hear him and follow. "The bottom line is, dear Gregory..." He gestured towards the man who initially had asked a question. "Some of us are meant to lead. Some of us are meant to follow... and some of us, well." He smirked with a squint of his eyes. "Some should just go out of the way. Right?"

Gregory took some notes, silently repeating the words he was just told while he wrote them down, before he looked up with an enthusiastic smile. "That is one of these motivational quotes, right? Very clever, I like it!"

Negan sighed, and turned away as he rolled his eyes in annoyance, rubbing his forehead.

Daryl had slowly walked down the metal stairs, close to the wall, keeping his head down when he approached Negan, wishing he could be invisible. He heard that some of the other men whispered and chuckled, and he was sure it was because of him.

"Good job." Negan turned towards him, keeping his voice low. He brushed some long, damp strands of hair out of Daryl's forehead, giving him a closer look. "You clean up nicely, boy. I'm predicting a lot of fucking tip for you tonight." The corner of his mouth curled up into a smile and he pulled a package of paper tissues out of his leather jacket. "If you use these, and don't wipe your snot into my awesome shirt, of course." He held it out for Daryl to take, raising his brows. "Right?"

"Mhm." Daryl nodded, rubbing the side of his face against his shoulder.

"Seven o'clock. No sleeping on the streets."

Daryl nodded again, instantly wondering whether sleeping on the bench in front of the mall counted as street-sleeping as well.

Negan leaned in, whispering next to the man's ear. "You want to wish me a good night before you leave?"

Daryl nodded a third time after a moment of hesitation and after another moment, turned his head to look at Negan, trying to hold eye contact for a few seconds. "Good night." It sounded rough and more angry than friendly, but he was glad that the words were out.

Negan watched him in silence, rolling his tongue behind closed lips, and then leaned close to his ear again. "Very nice. I will think of that when I go to bed later."

Weird bubbles of heat popped inside of Daryl's stomach, sending tingles up his tight throat, when he listened to the deep voice whispering into his ear, along with warm breath brushing his skin and hair.

Negan smirked, "You may leave." and watched Daryl turn around and walk away, a pocket-pack of tissues in hand, before he addressed his audience again, "Gentlemen! Where were we?"
The Eagle wasn’t very crowded on Sundays and Carol seemed to be very lenient with her new staff member, who had showed up at work in an exceptional clean state, but also with feverish flushed face and runny nose.

She didn’t say anything when he disappeared for the third time in the restroom to throw up. She stayed calm when he spent half an hour in the corner, leaning with closed eyes against the wall. She ignored all the used tissues laying around, and tried to look in the other direction when he actually slumped down in one of the leather arm chairs, dozing off, despite the loud music and several guests around.

But when the first drunk man snuggled up next to him and actually took a selfie while licking his adorable red-fever-cheek, the mother in Carol Peletier came through and drew a line, putting an end to Daryl’s work day.

"Do you have a place to spend the night?" She looked a little worried at the sleepy figure that she was just about to kick out into the night.

"Mhm." Daryl nodded, burying his hands as deep as possible into the pockets of his borrowed pants.

"Don't come back before you feel better." Carol watched as he trotted off on the sidewalk, sniffing his nose soundly.

----

It was not even one in the morning when the huge silhouette of a factory appeared on the other side of the street. Daryl had the 50 dollar. But he knew there was no way that he could stay awake in front of the chain-link fence until seven in the morning.

He wanted to sleep on the grey couch so badly. In the quiet, dark room, safe and comfortable. Underneath a heavy leather jacket.

He pulled an already used tissue out of his pocket, blew his nose into it and tugged it back in. Then crossed the street, between two cars, earning a furious middle finger from one of the drivers.

And he tried to just sit outside of the fence. Thinking of bad ass Merle and how he would call him a pansy for crying around just because of a runny nose and a night on the street. But after an hour he was cold to the bones and so tired that his head hurt.

He sniffed his nose, put his dirty bandana up to cover half of his face, and climbed over the fence like the criminal he was.

The white basement door was locked. The red door as well. He had the pick lock already in hand, but wasn’t criminal enough to actually use it again.

An hour later, he was asleep, huddled up against the white basement door, holding the last clean paper tissue against the side of his face, because it smelled faintly like a heavy, safe leather jacket.
At 6:45 on Monday morning, on his way to work, Eugene stopped in the middle of the sidewalk, holding his smartphone an inch closer to his face, when he saw the new pictures of his all time favorite leather man on tumblr.

They were from Saturday's event at the Atlanta Eagle. They were gorgeous. Breathtaking. Hot like hell. And absolutely not acceptable in Eugene Porter's own little world, where he was practically married to the one and only, truly godlike, Negan.

There he was, tall and glorious, standing in all his beauty at the balustrade of the nightclub, holding on to the railing, his trade mark leather jacket hanging casually open. And right in front of him, between his arms, a stranger. A guy with a shy attitude and longish hair, looking up at Negan as if he was worshiping him.

That was Eugene's facial expression. Reserved for him alone and the day of their secret marriage. How dare this guy gave Negan the smolder!

Eugene made an especially disapproving humming noise to express his heartache to the world and slowly continued his way to bus stop number 119, not looking up from his phone. He had important things to do. No one messed with Doctor Smartypants. He was in stealth mode from now on, until he had revealed the identity of this man-stealing meany.

He had his contacts. He would stalk him down and send him an indignant e-mail.

The woman with the stroller in front of him, took a bite from her donut, and didn't realize when her child waved the hand-knitted sloth toy around, finally dropping it on the asphalt. She disappeared around the corner.

Eugene picked it up and put it into his coat pocket. "I'm calling it a Gremblygunk."

He arrived at the bus stop, sitting down on the bench, scrolling undeterred through the google search results for 'Negan, boyfriend, Atlanta Eagle'.

This wouldn't end well for Mister Smoldering-looks.

He had called formally dibs on Negan. And dibs was dibs.

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Tiger was used to the stranger's scent by now and didn't bark when he found the curled up man in front of the cellar door. He sniffed at his shoes, sniffed at his belly and finally licked his ear, once, before he was called back by snapping fingers.

"Get up." Negan's voice was as cold as the expression on his face, when he nudged the tip of his shoe into Daryl's leg.

Daryl jerked awake, sitting up instantly, trying to wake up faster than his brain could handle. He pulled the bandana off his face, squinting up at the tall man in leather jacket, the bright morning sun
"GET UP I SAID!"

Daryl flinched and took his arms up in defense, when a strong hand grabbed him by the back of his vest, pulled him on his feet and dragged him around the building, making him stumble because his feet just wouldn't cooperate.

Negan unlocked the red door to the staircase, pushing Daryl inside. "Sit."

Daryl stayed defiantly on his feet, glancing nervously through his long bangs, ready to fight if necessary.

Negan didn't yell again. He didn't say anything. He walked up, positioning himself in closest proximity, standing at maximum height, his head tilted forward slightly, and he stared directly into Daryl's face. Unflinching. Straight in the eye. Following Daryl's gaze relentlessly whenever he tried to turn away, stepping another inch closer, not tolerating any back out.

Daryl tried to hold his head up, tried to ignore his rapid heartbeat and the heat spreading through his upper body. But after sixteen seconds he exhaled, defeated, and finally sat on the first step, at the bottom of the stairs, looking at the floor. It was grey, polished concrete.

Negan glared down at him for another moment, before he slowly turned around and left.

The red door fell shut with a click and Daryl pulled his legs up to his chest, hugging his knees. He sniffed his nose and let it run, because he couldn't wipe it into the blue shirt and all his tissues were gone.

---

Rick had just put a cup of coffee down on the counter and unlocked the cash register, when the phone rang, which was odd at this early hour. "Leather factory, tough by nature, you're speaking to Rick Grimes."

"Oh, I LIKE the way you answer my phone!" Negan pushed the door to his leather store open, entering with a satisfied smile, a phone by his ear and a large German shepherd following at heel.

Rick rolled his eyes in annoyance, returning the receiver to its cradle. "Why are you calling when you're just about to see me?"

"Wanted to make sure that my best little worker bee is already busy producing for me." Negan grinned over the counter, slipping his phone into his pocket. "And I have to say, you deserve a gold star!"

"Shut up." Rick glared at him with a squint of his eyes, before he took a sip of his coffee, almost spilling it over his fresh shirt, when his boss unexpectedly slapped the counter right in front of him. Loud.

"FIRST! Would everyone stop that fucking slurping around me?" They were not in Japan after all. "And secondly: I need you to go and buy me a phone. Today."

Rick scrunched up his nose, as he put his cup down. "Why. You have a phone." This man really tested his patience.

"And I want another one." Negan stated, pulling his credit card out of his wallet. "A nice one. Not
something out of the fucking stone age, like you carry around. Or that apple crap." He held the card out for Rick to take.

"Of course." Rick gave him a sarcastic smile. "Anything else I can do for you?"

"Yes. Break up with your fucking G.I. Joe." Negan answered in all honesty. "I hate having him around my boy."

Rick sighed, slipping the credit card into his own wallet. "Not that again, man. Shane is alright."

Negan squinted at the other man, not saying anything.

"He is!" Rick repeated defensively. "And he's good with Paul."

"He better be." Negan patted his thigh and turned to leave, holding the door open for Tiger. "Bring my phone till noon. I'll be upstairs today."

---

When the door clicked again and Negan came in, followed by his dog, Daryl didn't look up but saw out of the corner of his eye how Tiger obediently sat down, after a finger snap.

He heard the crinkling of a plastic wrapper, and then the scent of leather filled his nose, when Negan crouched down in front of him, brushing long bangs out of his forehead with one hand, while holding a fresh paper tissue to his nose with the other. There was no command to blow his nose, but Daryl did it anyway, and after a moment, a second time and a third.

Negan folded the tissue and wiped underneath the man's nose before he tugged it away, got up and snapped his fingers, expecting both, Tiger and Daryl to follow him upstairs.

They did. Tiger a bit more enthusiastic, but both arrived at the top floor.

Negan held the door open. "Shoes." It was all he said, before he put his jacket on the coat rack and went into the living room.

Daryl waited thirty seconds before he sat down on the floor and untied his shoe laces. Then put his shoes next to the black umbrella, at the wall, neatly, side by side.

When he peeked into the living room, flicking his head to get a long strand of hair out of his eyes, Negan pointed at a chair. It was one from the dining table, but was placed in the middle of the room.

"Sit."

Daryl wanted to contradict, but then didn't, after a glance at the other man's serious face. He sat down with hunched shoulders, fumbling nervously with the fabric of his shirt, not sure what this was all about.

"Sit up straight." Negan poked two fingers between Daryl's shoulder blades and after a moment rubbed the nape of his neck rewardingly with his thumb, when the man straightened back and shoulders. "Much better." He held the back of his hand to Daryl's forehead, checking the temperature. "Did you have to throw up again?"

Daryl just shrugged, backing away from the touch. He really wanted to hand over the money and make the stupid cross so he could leave.

Negan inhaled, sucking his lips in, licking the lower one. "Look. In my house, you either follow the
rules, or you end up on the bad boy's chair." He bend down, trying to catch Daryl's gaze. "In case you are wondering? That's the thing you just parked your sweet ass on."

Daryl looked to the side, crossing an arm over his chest, not liking this conversation.

"Having to sit on this chair, means you broke a rule and therefore have to think about your bad behavior." Negan walked to the kitchen, getting the red cup out of the upper cupboard. "When you're done thinking," he filled it with water from the tap, "you report your failure and apologize." and brought it back to Daryl. "Drink."

Daryl didn't hesitate long before he took the cup and gulped the water down. He was very thirsty.

Negan took it back and put it onto the kitchen counter. "Since this is your first time AND you're sick, I will be so kind and do the thinking for you." He smiled at Daryl, arching his brows. "So here it goes, pay attention."

Daryl frowned, wrapping the blue fabric of his shirt around his finger, when the other man started to walk back and forth in front of him.

"You think it's cool to just shrug or grunt at me whenever I ask you a question." Negan stopped, shaking his head at Daryl. "Not cool. Not cool at all. If I ask you a fucking question I want a real answer, OR," he tilted his head, "I won't bother to talk to you anymore. Right?"

Daryl blinked, feeling ashamed and angry. "Hm."

Negan gritted his teeth, staring down at the other man.

Daryl looked on his knees, pulling his finger out of the shirt wrapping. "Yes."

"That's better!" Negan told him loud and clear, starting to stride back and forth again. "Also, I asked you specifically to not sleep on the streets anymore OR on my fucking property! You are ill! I am kind enough to invest my time, my tea, my toast, my tissues AND my FUCKING BATHWATER in your fucking health and you my friend," He stopped again, tilting his head with a gesture of his hand. "You couldn't care less! You treat my generosity with contempt and just sleep in the fucking cold! Again! And NOW?" He walked to the right, hands behind his back, shaking his head. "NOW you're of course too sick to go to work and earn the money you owe me! Right?"

Daryl felt his throat tighten up painfully, heat spreading over his cheeks and ears.

"RIGHT?"

He nodded and quickly added a mumbled, "Yes." It was quiet and sounded as guilty as he was.

"Right!" Negan confirmed. "And I know what you're thinking, boy! 'Oh this big old asshole doesn't know shit! Where should I sleep other than the fucking streets!'" He walked in the other direction and then stopped again. "Isn't that right, boy?"

Daryl shook his head. He didn't think that. Maybe a little bit, for half a second, but he didn't think the word asshole.

Negan squinted one eye at the miserable figure on the chair and squatted down in front of him, placing both of his hands on the man's knees. "A motel. A fucking cheap hostel. The homeless shelters. Ask a friend. Talk to your boss." He counted off on his fingers, looking up into Daryl's bashful face. "Ask. me. While I'm awake and the door is open."
Daryl sniffed his nose, feeling his eyes well up, wishing the man wouldn't sit there and look at him.

"It ends. Right fucking now." Negan hissed dangerously. "You never ever, not once, sleep outside anymore. Not on the streets, not in front of my door, not at any place that doesn't have four walls and a fucking roof! Is that understood."

Daryl was so angry. How could anyone judge him and order him around like that, setting silly rules and boundaries. He hated it. And at the same time he wanted it all to stop so badly. He didn't want to sleep on the streets anymore. He didn't want to worry anymore. He wanted to follow the silly rule even if it meant that he had to sit on a chair for bad boys for the rest of his life.

"Tell me if you understand what I just told you." Negan demanded, nudging Daryl's hand with his own.

Daryl nodded and after a moment said a quiet, rough sounding, "Yes."

"You will call in sick today at work." Negan patted the man's knee and got up, gathering the red cup to fill it again in the kitchen. "You drink that now." He handed the fresh water over. "Then you apologize. Then you go and take a nap until it's time for lunch."

Daryl looked up through his tousled hair, while he was drinking, a bit slower this time.

Negan held a hand out to take the empty cup back. "You want to apologize now?"

Daryl didn't lower his head, but his eyes flickered insecurely when he mumbled a small "'m sorry.", that came out more croaky than he intended.

"Good job, looking up at me." Negan praised, his voice deep and steady. "Very nice." He stroked some long strands of hair behind Daryl's ear and bend down to kiss the top of his head. "Bring the chair to the table and come back to me, please."

A cloud of fluffy heat swirled through Daryl's stomach when he got up and awkwardly picked the chair up to carry it across the room. He felt strange and proud and was glad that he had the 50 dollar for the tall, angry man, who already waited at the kitchen counter when he came back from the dining table.

"Show what you got."

Daryl actually smiled a little, or at least his face felt that way, when he put the requested fifty dollar on the counter.

"Is that my half or all you got?"

Daryl nodded to both and then added a quiet, "Yes."

Negan put the money into his wallet and handed Daryl a blue marker. "Why did you not earn more, did your boss send you home?"

"Mhm." Daryl nodded again, touching his own forehead as an explanation. "'said I'm too hot."

The left corner of Negan's mouth curled up into a smirk, at the sight of Daryl's serious face. "Well, boy, she seems to be an awfully smart lady." He cocked an eyebrow and tugged Daryl's shirt. "You're way too hot."
At lunch break, Eugene's world was shattered. In ruins.

This was a nightmare in unprecedented scale all over the internet!

Not only tumblr, but also facebook, twitter, Instagram and even a short, blurry iPhone-clip on Youtube. The ugly evidence of this unholy love affair was everywhere, hashtagged with things like #Negansnewfavorite #relationshipgoals #iwanttobehim and #hotcouple.

The sheer magnitude of this unfortunate incident made Eugene feel nauseous. He had to lie down and needed his calmative. Or a pickle.

"Hey Haircut!" His colleague appeared in the door, "Coming to lunch with us?"

"Adequate and sufficient dietary intake is of secondary importance in times of crisis." Eugene didn't look up from his computer screen as he tried to chat with seven people at the same time, all of them claiming to have valid background information to his new enemy.

The gossip ranged from 'He is the new waiter at the Eagle', over 'He is just an optical illusion evoked by the synergy of the laser lights and fog machine' to 'He is Negan's husband and they are secretly married for three years'. In other words, Eugene was about to solve the case shortly.

"Ookayy..." Laura rolled her eyes at the whimsical co-worker and left with a group of three other guys to have lunch at the new Chinese restaurant, that had opened just a week ago right in the heart of Atlanta's Gay district, across the street from the town's most popular leather bar.

----

Daryl was sent to bed at 8:06 AM on Monday morning, after a chair-punishment and the third blue cross on the paper sheet.

Negan had led him into the bath section of his bedroom, had cleaned his face, told him to pee and wash his hands, and made him take his vest, socks and pants off.

Never before in his life, had Daryl used a bed as comfy as this one. It was large and smelled good, with different pillows, some soft, some more firm, and a heavy, thick blanket. The bed sheet had no holes or stains or crumbs on it, and Daryl rubbed his bare legs over the smooth, slightly cool fabric, underneath the warm, thick blanket, pulled up to his chin.

He sniffed once, and immediately wiped his nose into the paper tissue that Negan had put in his hand, with the serious threat of introducing him to his leather belt if he should dare to leave snot stains on his 100% Egyptian cotton sheets.

It was dark in the room and Daryl could hear the muffled noises from outside. When the cleaning lady arrived twenty minutes too late, and cried, because Negan gave her a lecture about questionable work ethic. The sound of dog paws running on hard wood floor. The clanking of dishes when the dishwasher was unloaded. And the last thing that Daryl heard before he drifted off into deep sleep, was the sound of the vacuum cleaner.

----

He slept for more than four hours and woke up to the faint smell of cooked meat, the noise of more clanking dishes, running water and the crying of the cleaning lady, when Negan congratulated her on overcooking his fucking vegetables and having successfully destroyed all the happy little nutrients.

Daryl sat up in bed, blowing his nose into the already used tissue and got up, searching the way to
the door in the dark room. The bright daylight made him squint his eyes when he opened the door and stepped outside, with tousled hair and bare legs and feet, only wearing his shirt and underwear.

"Oh god!" Olivia gasped startled when she turned around with a bowl of boiled potatoes and almost bumped into a half naked stranger. "I'm sorry...I'm I-

"Bad Puppy," Negan said from his place at the dining table, pulling a chair out for Daryl. "Come here. Don't scare the servants."

Daryl padded slowly through the room, wrapping an arm across his chest. He wanted to go back and put his pants on, but Negan kept beckoning him over with a crooked finger. He eyed the offered chair suspiciously, only hesitantly sitting down.

"Don't worry, that's not the evil chair." Negan said, reading something on his phone and then gestured with it to the other side of the table. "It's that one over there." He scrolled some more through his e-mails before he put the phone down and looked at Daryl, touching his forehead briefly. "Did you sleep well?"

"Mhm." Daryl nodded slightly, putting both of his hands between his thighs, feeling more than uncomfortable when Olivia came from behind to serve the food.

Negan snapped his fingers in front of Daryl's face, demanding attention. "I asked, did you fucking sleep well!"

Daryl nodded again, adding a hoarsely mumbled, "Yes."

"That's better." Negan held the stern look for another moment, and put some food on his own plate, before he did the same for Daryl. Meat, potatoes and overcooked green beans.

Daryl's stomach rumbled as he stared at the hot food, and then glanced at Negan, searching for confirmation before he grabbed the fork.

"Yes, eat." Negan seemed to expect exactly that degree of table manners and reached out to touch Daryl's back, correcting his hunched shoulders. "Sit up straight."

Olivia hurried from the kitchen to the entrance room, wiping her wet hands into her apron, when someone knocked at the front door. "I'll get it!"

"It's Rick." Negan told her casually, putting a piece of meat into his mouth.

"Ehm... I-it's Rick." Olivia announced a minute later, politely walking the guest into the living room.

"Oh please!" Rick sighed, gesturing to the man sitting in underwear at the dining table. "You have a trick over while poor Olivia is here?"

Negan looked up from his plate, scowling at his employee. "Careful, Rick. I am sure you remember Daryl. You made him cut your fucking cigar."

Daryl stopped eating, glancing nervously at the man who just arrived.

Rick squinted his eyes. "Sure, Daryl." He had no idea who he was. "Nice ... uhm, legs."

"Keep eating." Negan put a piece of potato on the fork, handed it to Daryl, and then pulled the chair at the other side of the table out. "Olivia! We're gonna need another setting."

Daryl chewed his potato, watching from underneath his long bangs how the cowboy-boots guy sat
down across from him, got a fresh plate and started to eat, while inspecting a brand new Samsung Galaxy phone, together with the tall, angry man. Who wasn't so angry at the moment, but kept reminding him to eat more slowly, chew properly and sit straight.

Daryl tried his best, but the tasty meat was gone in under a minute. There was more on a platter in the middle of the table, but he wasn't sure if it was allowed to take it, and he couldn't ask because the other men held a conversation.

"A minute, Rick." Negan got up and grabbed Daryl's still full water glass, bringing it to the kitchen. He came back with a full, red cup and placed it next to Daryl's plate, leaning from behind over his shoulder. "You can have more meat after you finished your vegetables."

Feeling caught and embarrassed, Daryl ducked his head and held his breath when a rough beard brushed the side of his face for a second, before Negan's whole body weight pressed into his back, when the man reached across the table, fishing for the box with the new smartphone.

"That's the operating manual." Negan said, putting a black and white booklet on the table for Daryl to see. "You finish your food, drink your water and then you go back to bed and read this whole fucking thing, twice."

Rick scraped the last three beans off his plate, chuckling without looking up.

Daryl felt his face flush and anger rise. He was pretty sure they made fun of him.

A low comforting voice spoke right next to his ear. "Don't mind him. He's just jealous because his phone is a hundred years old."

Rick scowled at his boss. "It is in perfect condition, why would I replace it."

"This is yours." Negan told Daryl, tapping on the Samsung packaging. "Read it, try it out. In bed. I'm going to the store with Rick." He squeezed the back of Daryl's neck twice and stepped back, snapping his fingers, expecting both, Tiger and Rick to follow him.

"Stop doing that." Rick growled, but got up and followed anyway. "I'm not your fucking pet."

Negan put an arm around his employee's shoulder on their way out. "Oh come on now, Rick, don't be disappointed! Who knows, maybe one day you'll get your chance."

The door fell shut and Daryl sat in silence over his plate with green beans, looking back over his shoulder, seeing the cleaning lady shyly adjusting her glasses.

"H-he is a very nice guy." It sounded more like a question than a fact and she quickly turned away to busy herself with the cleaning of dishes.

"Mhm." Daryl nodded slightly, turning back to his dreaded vegetables, when all he wanted was more of the tasty meat.

----

"Screw that." At around 4 PM in the afternoon, Daryl threw the silly piece of technology to the bottom end of a large bed and slumped down frustrated in the mountain of pillows that Negan kept for ultimate comfort.

He had read the English part of the manual twice, but that didn't mean that he had learned anything useful from it. He had found the charger and managed to plug it in. The phone had greeted him with
a polite "WELCOME" and offered a tour. After step three, Daryl couldn't follow anymore. He hated phones and really didn't see a reason why he should learn about them.

The bedroom door opened and a shamefaced cleaning lady rushed in, trying not to look anywhere. "I just have to... t-the towels." She explained with a small, nervous laugh and took some folded, white towels into the bath section of the room, before she rushed out again, closing the door with an apology.

Daryl sniffed his nose, wiped it into a paper tissue and then squinted warily to the end of the bed, when something beeped. Twice.

He fished the phone out of the heap of thick blankets and stared at the display. It told him that he had one new message. He tipped his finger on the little speech bubble picture and watched as the screen changed and something new opened.

NEGAN

+358 40 7767 480
That's my number. Don't give it to anyone or I'll spank you

13/01/2017, 4:11 PM

Daryl wasn't sure what to do with the information and almost dropped the phone when it beeped again, in his hand.

NEGAN

There is a grey field underneath my message. Type a message in it and send it to me.

13/01/2017, 4:13 PM

Uncomfortable heat spread through Daryl's upper body. He had never done that and would surely fuck up and embarrass himself.

He saw the grey thing and inside it said 'type a text message'. He wasn't sure who told him that. Negan or the phone or someone else? Could anyone hear him or see him? The manual said an awful lot about cameras and other scary stuff.

After a moment of consideration he put the phone on the mattress, shoved it good 40 inches away, lying down on the pillow, biting the side of his finger, feeling horrible. Even more so, when the beeping came again. It made his stomach clench.

Two minutes later he pulled it closer with one finger and cautiously tapped on the speech bubble symbol.

NEGAN

You want to be good for me and try it?

13/01/2017, 4:18 PM

Daryl bit his fingernail and nodded into the big soft, pillow. Then sat up and heard himself exhale
soundly when he tapped on the grey text field. A keyboard popped open. Daryl felt his earlobes get hot and his stomach clench even more. But he tried and held his fingertip on the Y. It made a small clicking noise and the letter appeared inside of the text field. He held his breath and did it again, with the E this time, and after that with the S. Then he didn't know what to do anymore. Was he finished? Did he do it right?

He wiped long hair out of his forehead, rubbed his ear and grabbed the manual again, reading 'How to compose a text message'. There was a picture of a crooked arrow for 'sending'. Daryl looked on the phone. The keyboard had the same arrow picture. He touched it, it clicked again and his grey field magically turned into a green one, right underneath Negan's. It said YES. He nibbled on the tip of his thumb, feeling a bit ill from all the stress.

It beeped again after a minute. Daryl heard it, he looked on the screen and a bubble of warmth and happiness instantly popped inside his belly, letting the corners of his mouth twitch into a very faint smile.

NEGAN

Such a good boy for me, Daryl! Well done!

13/01/2017, 4:22 PM

Daryl wasn't finished to stare at the last message when another one appeared.

NEGAN

I am back in two hours. Sleep some more now.

13/01/2017, 4:23 PM

Daryl Dixon fell asleep 31 minutes later, in a heap of pillows and thick blankets, holding a silly mobile phone in hand.

----

The door wasn't fully closed and flickering, dim light fell through the door crack. Daryl could hear muffled voices, music and hands clapping. His sleepy mind figured it was the TV. He sat up, searching for the phone, and found it underneath a small pillow. The screen lit up as he touched it, and revealed the time in large numbers. 9:18 PM. His chest got too tight to breathe. He had missed work. He would be fired. He wouldn't get the money for Merle. And Negan.

He crawled off the mattress, walked through the dark room and pushed the door open. It was dark outside, the only light in the room really came from the TV, faintly illuminating the big black leather sofa and the man, sitting on it, absolutely relaxed, wearing a plain white shirt and jeans, one arm on the back rest, one leg stretched out. Tiger lying by his feet.

Daryl stayed in the door frame, wiping some long strands of hair out of his face. "I have to work." His words weren't loud or clear, but Negan understood them.

"You don't work today. I called your boss." He gestured with his head. "Come over here."

Daryl wiped his nose with the knuckles of his fingers, hesitating a moment, before he walked through the room, with bare feet over the spotless wooden floor. He stopped in front of the couch, wrapping an arm across his chest, wishing he would wear his pants.
"Sit." Negan pointed a finger downwards. "We will have a little talk."

Daryl flicked some hair out of his eyes and crouched down to the floor, in a half kneel- half sitting position, laying the phone down next to him.

Negan nodded and switched off the sound of the TV. "Are you feeling better?"

"Hm." Daryl shrugged, then nodded, then added a small, "Yes." when the other man shot him a stern look.

"Good. You remember what I told you this morning, when you had to sit on the chair?"

Daryl's eyes darted nervously around while he pulled the index finger of his right hand, his mind racing, trying to remember everything.

"I said, you can't sleep outside anymore. I said it stops immediately."

"Hm." Daryl looked to the side and then down. He remembered that.

"Did you think about where you want to sleep from now on?"

On the grey couch, was the first thing coming to Daryl's mind. But he couldn't say that and instead shook his head, sniffing his nose. "No."

Negan nodded, pursing his lips. "Well, I like how you stick to our agreement. You work, you hand over half of your money, always on fucking time..." He got up and walked to his wooden dresser, taking a package of paper tissues out of the drawer. "I respect that a lot." He opened it and handed one to Daryl, then sat back down on the couch, folding his hands over slightly spread knees. "Especially since your situation is not the best. I can tell you have a hard time right now."

Daryl unfolded the tissue and wiped his nose with it. He didn't like the conversation. He didn't want to talk about his failures and his situation, while he was sitting on this wonderful wooden floor in an apartment that was a fucking castle compared to anything that he had ever lived in.

Negan rubbed his beard, scrutinizing the crouching man in front of him. "I feel you deserve a little bonus for all the effort you put into the redemption of your mistake."

Daryl looked down, fumbling with the tissue, wishing he could be at work right now, cleaning tables.

"I have a spare room downstairs. It's nothing fancy, but warm and dry."

Daryl rubbed his knee, raising his head a little.

"You can have it for as long as you pay off my debt. BUT-" Negan snapped his fingers and waited for Daryl to look at him. "You will have to live by my rules. No bullshit. No trying to fuck me over."

Daryl blinked through his long bangs, not saying anything.

"You can eat, drink and use what I own, just ask before you take anything and help a bit around the house when you have time."

"Hm." Daryl nodded, avoiding his eyes. He could clean the floors, he was good at that.

Negan pointed to the phone on the floor. "I also got you this, so you can contact me at any time, for whatever reason. I expect you to use it. Don't climb over fences and sleep in front of fucking doors."
Give me a call."

Daryl looked up, scowling. "Why."

Negan looked back at him, his expression changing from serious to slightly angry. "BECAUSE I don't want you cold and lonely on the streets! I don't want you sick from eating garbage! I don't want you fucking stabbed to death by some psycho while you sleep under a god damn bridge! That's fucking why! Give me a call and ask for help!"

Daryl tried to hold his defiant stare for another moment, but failed. Guilt flooded his chest along with a strange feeling of hope, that it might be a little bit true and someone actually cared about him and his shitty life.

"You sleep here tonight. Tomorrow I show you the room downstairs. Think about my offer until then." Negan got up and went into the kitchen. He came back with a banana and a red cup filled with water. He handed the cup to Daryl, "Drink." and peeled the banana himself, taking a bite when he sat back down on the couch, switching the sound of the TV back on.

Daryl emptied his cup and put it on the floor.

"Sst." Negan shook his head disapprovingly.

Daryl blinked warily and picked it up to carry it into the kitchen. He put it into the sink, not sure if he was supposed to come back or go to bed now. After a minute of consideration he went back.

"Come here. Sit." Negan watched Daryl coming closer, watched him ponder insecurely where to sit exactly, and when he crouched down on the floor, right next to his leg, instead of the couch, he praised him instantly. "Very nice." His tone was low but firm, dripping with encouragement. He held the banana in front of Daryl's mouth, making him take a bite.

Daryl chewed, silently looking up at the other man.

"You like banana?"

"Mhm." Daryl nodded and raised his shoulder to rub his ear against. He really liked it.

Negan took a big bite himself, cocking an eyebrow. "You might want to ask for more before it's all gone."

Daryl's eyes followed the banana to Negan's mouth, and then watched him take another bite and chew.

Negan shrugged, smiling faintly.

Daryl lowered his head, pointing vaguely at the rest of the fruit. "Can I ...from that."

"May I have another bite." Negan corrected and held the banana to Daryl's lips, letting him bite a piece off. "And how about a thank you."

"Thank you." Daryl spoke with full mouth and very quietly, but he meant it.

"So much better." Negan stroked some hair behind Daryl's ear, then traced the outline of his jaw with his thumb, up and down. "Time for bed. Sick puppies need to rest a lot."

Daryl tilted his head a little, leaning into the touch of strong fingers, sniffing his nose.
Negan examined the pale face carefully, offering more contact with his whole palm, stroking Daryl's cheek and the side of his head. "You want to wish me a good night?"

Daryl felt his heartbeat speed up and the skin of his neck tingle strangely. The firm, warm hand felt so good, he never wanted it to leave again. He nodded, trying not to move too much. It wasn't true anyway, he didn't want to say good night right now.

A smirk flickered over Negan's features, from his lips up to his dark eyes, making them sparkle. He arched his brows, waiting, combing his fingers slowly through long strands of hair, pulling them gently. "Well?"

"Good night." The words were quiet, hoarse and didn't sound especially friendly, but they were spoken with shy eye contact, held for three seconds.

"Very nice!" Negan praised in all sincerity and bend down, pulling Daryl very close, brushing his nose and lips over flushed skin and the corner of Daryl's mouth. "Trying to be so good for me. I love that." He didn't kiss, just enjoyed the unsteady huffs of warm breath coming out between pale lips, watching blue eyes flutter shut, dark blond eyelashes, and a small noise, something between a sigh and moan. He rubbed his beard against Daryl's cheek, speaking into his ear, low and deep. "Sleep well, boy. Think about my offer."

Daryl couldn't think anything when the close contact was suddenly gone, the strong hand, the scent of Negan's skin, the tickling breath, the rough beard. His stomach felt numb and upside down. He heard himself say, "Yes." and didn't know why. He got up awkwardly from the floor, carrying his phone towards the bedroom, feeling like he was on another planet.

He didn't fall asleep for a very long time, just listened to the sounds of the TV from the other room, heard Negan's voice as he talked to his dog, heard him walk across the room to the kitchen, to throw a banana peel into the trash.

He thought about the offer and that there was nothing to think about because he wanted it so very much.

Merle crossed his mind, and the snarky comments he would make if he could see him now, in this bed, holding on to a silly mobile phone with wonderful praising words inside.

And he buried his face deeper into the pillow, sniffing his nose, touching his hair, trying to stroke it the same way Negan had done it and never anyone before.
"Rise 'n shine puppy!"

Daryl curled up into a ball like a startled hedgehog, when the wonderful thick blanket was pulled off him abruptly, and a loud, cheerful voice filled the suddenly much too bright room.

"Dawn is breaking! Time to brush your toothy-pegs!"

Daryl looked up, wrinkling his nose underneath his tousled hair.

A tall man in underwear walked past the bed and disappeared into the bath section of the room, clapping his hands energetically, "Chop, chop, boy!"

By the time Daryl had stumbled out of bed and into the bathroom, the shower was running already. He rubbed his ear and scratched his shoulder.

"Brush your teeth."

The voice came out of the shower stall.

"There's a toothbrush on the sink for you."

Daryl saw it. It was dark blue with a stripe of pink. A clear upgrade to the index finger he used usually.

"Three minutes! Clock is ticking!"

Daryl took the toothbrush and reluctantly started to brush it over his teeth, watching himself in the mirror for a second, and then quickly looked away when he got reminded what he actually looked like.

The glass door of the shower opened and a dripping wet, stark naked man stepped out, grabbing a towel off the towel warmer at the wall. He wiped his face off, rubbed his ears dry, and then wrapped the towel around his waist, walking up behind Daryl, standing almost flush to the man's back.

Daryl's hand froze, stopping to move his toothbrush. He stared into the mirror, seeing the wet man standing very close, feeling water drops soaking the shirt at his back.

Negan didn't look into the mirror. He leaned from behind over Daryl's shoulder and rubbed his wet beard against a warm cheek. "You look pretty in the morning."

Daryl cast his eyes down, sure that he was made fun of.

Negan pressed his nose into the skin right behind Daryl's ear, inhaling soundly. "You smell fucking good, too."
Daryl raised his shoulder, flinching away because he felt embarrassed.

Negan stood up straight. "Turn around." He waited patiently until the other man had turned towards him, looking everywhere but at his bare, wet chest. Negan took the toothbrush out of Daryl's hand, wetting it underneath the tap, before he spread some toothpaste on it. "You want to be extra good for me?" He handed the toothbrush back and grasped Daryl's chin, tilting it up to create eye contact. "Will you brush your teeth for three minutes while I'm out with Tiger?"

It didn't sound like teasing or mocking, and Daryl tried to nod in Negan's firm hold. "Hm."

Dark eyes gave him a stern look.

"Yeah." Daryl sniffed his nose, while he shifted nervously on his feet.

"Will you also take a shower while I'm gone?"

Daryl tried to nod again, "Yes."

"For how long will I be gone?"

Daryl knew the right answer instantly, but in the next second wasn't so sure anymore, and hesitated to say it out loud.

"Tell."

He cast his eyes down, stepping with his left foot on his right. "Twenty minutes." It was a quiet reply without any confidence.

But Negan praised him effusively. "Very good answer!" He pinched Daryl's chin and released it. "I'll put some fresh clothes for you on the bed. We eat breakfast when I'm back."

"Mh." Daryl nodded, looking down at his bare feet but a tiny smile flashed over his face for the split of a second. He had known a right answer.

Negan briefly combed his fingers through the other man's hair and left to the wardrobe. "Start brushing your teeth."

----

A very alert dog sat next to Daryl's chair, observing each and every crumb falling to the floor.

"Is it good?" Negan mixed some blueberries into his unsweetened organic whole milk yogurt, watching out of the corner of his eye how Daryl devoured a gluten free multi-seed bagel with smoked salmon and cotton cheese, from the Good Karma Coffee House. He liked to treat his boys for good behavior, as long as it fit into his vision of healthy eating.

"Mhm." Daryl wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, nodding enthusiastically. He had no idea what it was that Negan had brought back from his twenty-minute dog walk, but it sure tasted awesome. "Thank you." He took another big bite and almost at the same time, licked the cottage cheese off his thumb.

"You're welcome." Negan put the red cup closer to Daryl's plate. "Don't forget to drink."

Daryl did, not bothering to swallow the mouthful of bagel first.

Negan didn't comment on it. It was a discussion for another day. "Do you like your phone?"
Daryl put the cup down, wiping his wet mouth into his fresh sleeve as he looked at Negan. He shook his head, answering honestly. "No."

"Why not?" Negan took the object in question and switched it on, flipping through the pre-installed apps and content.

Daryl shrugged, ducking his head a little. "Jus' don't like it. 's all." It wasn't the whole truth. Because he liked the one wonderful message in the green speech bubble, that was somewhere inside that silly thing.

Negan didn't answer, just nudged Daryl's foot underneath the table, "Keep eating." while he tipped some names, words and numbers into the phone, scrolled around and opened different pages.

After almost ten minutes, he handed it back to Daryl. "Now you like it better."

The blue screen looked suddenly different. It still had the time and current day and date, but it all was displayed on the image of a tall man in leather jacket and red scarf, holding a baseball bat over the shoulder, while the other hand was casually in his pocket. He didn't smile in the picture, but didn't look angry either. He looked very nice and confident and serious, like nobody would ever dare to mess with him.

Daryl stared at the phone, then at Negan and back at the phone again.

"It's from my last photo shoot for the factory." Negan said, smirking. "Like it?"

"Mhm." Daryl did like it very much and stared at the small screen until it went black.

Negan got up from his chair and leaned from behind over Daryl's shoulder, smelling like clean skin and musky cologne. It made Daryl's stomach flip. The other man's head was right next to his, a rough beard brushed his cheek, and a strong arm wrapped around his upper chest, almost in front of his neck.

"Look, here, that's your phone book." Negan tapped with his finger on the screen a few times. "The number of your work place, my work place, my office, my private number, emergency call, and this is Paul's number."

"Mh." Daryl tilted his head down a little, feeling his chin touch the hairy skin of Negan's forearm. He exhaled silently, feeling his heartbeat in his chest.

"Here is a calculator. An alarm clock. This is a calendar, you can write notes for specific days and it will remind you on time. Like here." Negan tapped on January 19th. "It's Paul's birthday."

"Yeah." Daryl wasn't sure why everything in this phone had to be about Jesus. He held his breath and bravely tilted his head a bit more, until his lower lip touched the warm skin of Negan's arm.

"This is a game." Negan explained, tapping on the Jewels Icon. "You can play it if you have nothing else to do." He closed it, switching to another one. "Youtube. You know what that is?"

Daryl shrugged, having no idea. He watched as Negan typed the words Minions and banana into a text field, and then tapped on a picture. A video started with music in the background and strange yellow creatures with goggles and blue overalls, fighting over a banana. They talked in a weird language and in the end the banana slipped out of its peel, shot through the air and landed in a deep hole. It was funny.

Negan felt a small chuckle vibrate against his bare arm. "You can watch it after you are done with all
"Yes." Daryl nodded while he watched attentively how Negan's finger was moving over the screen, tapping on a blue square with camera symbol. A white-blue page opened, with a lot of photos on it, some showing pieces of leather clothing or fetish items, but most were of Negan. Negan with bare chest and tight leather pants, holding a bullwhip, Negan wearing a black suit, smiling casually, Negan on a motorcycle, Negan with Tiger. Daryl was in awe.

"It's my Instagram." Negan purred right next to Daryl's ear, making his skin tingle. "You can look at it when you miss me."

Daryl's eyes flickered nervously when he felt warm lips brushing his ear.

"You like your phone better now, boy?"

"Yes." It was a small answer, followed by a huff of shaky breath when sparks of electricity swirled through Daryl's lower abdomen, making his toes curl.

"Yes you do." Negan confirmed in low voice and nudged his nose into long strands of hair, before he stepped back and sat down on his chair again, eating his yogurt.

Daryl held his head down, squeezing his thighs together.

"Finish your bagel."

----

After breakfast, Daryl followed the tall, angry man down the stairwell. Actually he wasn't angry at all today. He was pretty friendly and had given Daryl a new pack of paper tissues.

They went all the stairs down to the first floor and Negan opened the heavy iron door there, leading the way through it, over the gallery and down the metal stairs, to the large room where the seminar had been.

"This is the club. I host regular events here, sometimes workshops."

Daryl looked around as they walked through the room. It wasn't that much different from the Eagle. Just bigger and with more steel and metal.

Negan went all the way to the other end, through a door frame without door. Instead it had a curtain made of thick, black rubber strips. He held them to the side, for Daryl to pass. "This is the Sanctuary. It's the play area."

Daryl ducked his head warily, walking in underneath Negan's arm. He made two steps and then stopped in shock. The whole room was black leather and silver steel. Large X-shaped crosses along the wall, two heavy cages, big enough for a bear or lion, leather covered benches and tables with chains and cuffs and strange objects everywhere. Daryl turned around to leave, grunting angrily at Negan, not knowing what else to do.

Negan shook his head with a serious face, grabbing Daryl's arm, and then took him firmly by the hand, walking the defiant man through the room. "I am sceneing in here. For my own pleasure or for education, to show others how it's done properly." He spoke in a calm, clear tone, rubbing Daryl's hand with his thumb. "Do you know what a scene is?"

Daryl didn't know and didn't answer, eyeing one of the leather covered tables with anger. It had
shackles and cuffs and broad leather belts to tie someone down. He tried to pull his fingers out of Negan's hand, growling again.

"That's not to keep you from running." Negan squeezed the other man's hand in a warning and didn't let go of it. "It's to make you feel good and safe." He pulled a leather belt attached to the table, and then walked with Daryl to one of the cages at the other end of the room. "Same as this. What happens if I allow you to be in here?" He opened the door of the cage a bit, looking at Daryl, and after a moment arched his brows with a tilt of his head when he got no answer.

"I'm trapped." Daryl mumbled defiantly, tugging his arm.

Negan nodded in agreement, "Well, you would be trapped if I were a fucking jailer." before a faint smile curled up the corners of his mouth. "But I'm not. I could allow you to go in here, and I would lock the door behind you." He walked Daryl slowly around the large steel cage, letting him see it from each side. "You wouldn't be scared because you know that I have the key. You know I give you food and really good water, right?" He cocked a brow at the other man. "In your very own cup. You wouldn't be fucking trapped, you would be very safe in here. Right?"

Daryl eyed the solid bars of the cage from underneath his long bangs, saw the thick, black leather cushioning at the bottom of the cell and imagined a red cup standing in there. It could maybe be safe somehow but he would for sure never admit that, or actually put a foot inside that thing.

Negan leaned in close when, again, he didn't receive an answer, speaking low and dark right next to Daryl's ear. "Nothing to worry about a simple cage, my boy. But if I were you, I would start to worry about an ear deafening silent treatment, should you keep denying me a damn fucking reply." He moved another inch closer, brushing his nose against the long hair above Daryl's ear. "I told you, if you don't answer my questions, I won't fucking bother to speak to you at all." He made a pause and hissed the last words sternly. "Is that what you want, boy?"

Daryl shook his head immediately, because he really didn't want that, and then flinched when the other man yelled right into his face.

"I FUCKING ASKED, IS THAT WHAT YOU WANT, BOY!"

"No!" The small words came out loud and croaky and strangely high pitched. "I don'."

"Good." Negan stared at him from the side. "Remember that, please. I would hate to punish you."

"Mhm." Daryl nodded, sniffed his nose and exhaled shakily. He hated talking. He hated questions. He hated his own voice. But he really wanted to remember Negan's rule.

"Silly puppy." Negan turned around to leave, patting his thigh. "Come now, I'll show you your room."

Daryl instantly missed the safe hand around his own, but followed the tall, angry man out, through the rubber strips-curtain, around a corner, along two closed doors, a small coffee kitchen, a locker room, to another door, that Negan unlocked for him.

"It's usually used for out of town guests."

It was a small room without window. It had a simple bed, a dresser, a chair and a very small desk with just one drawer. Daryl looked around, wishing he could just sleep on the grey couch.

Negan held a key out for him. "What do you say, Mister Dixon? Will you accept my offer?"
He got a nod as an answer, with lowered head and averted eyes, before a polite, "Yes, thank you." was added. It sounded sad and miserable.

Negan sighed and stuffed the key into Daryl's pocket. Then stroked the long bangs out of his forehead, stroked the side of his head and smiled faintly when Daryl nuzzled into the touch. "You're not a prisoner here. You can go where you want and do what you like, as long as you play by the rules and sleep in this bed at night, instead of the fucking streets. Right?"

Daryl sniffed his nose and looked up at him, saying a quiet, "Right."

"Good boy." Negan pulled him in, kissing his forehead, rubbing his ear with a firm thumb. "You want to work a bit outside for me now until it's time for lunch?"

----

The huge, black SUV shone impressively in the sun, behind a high chain-link fence, where a man crouched on the ground to soak his chenille microfibre premium wash mitt in a bucket with soap water, to clean the wheels.

"I'm impressed." Jesus appeared out of nowhere, sliding his headphones down around his neck. "You're allowed to touch the Tahoe?"

Daryl glared at the 20-inch chrome wheel, not turning around while he wiped the dripping wash mitt over a spot of dust.

"You're angry." It wasn't a question, Paul knew he was right. He sighed, grabbing a lambswool cloth and squatted down at the front wheel, starting to soak it. "I didn't mean to be secretive or anything. I really had no idea that you and him would ever meet."

Daryl sniffed his nose and rinsed his mitt in the bucket.

"I'm sorry." Jesus looked at the other man in honest regret.

Daryl glanced at him for a split second before he proceeded with his task. "'s he your boyfriend or somethin'?" It was a grumpy, mumbled question, and he was surprised himself that he had actually asked it.

Jesus soaked his cloth and cleaned the tire a second time, shaking his head. "No. It's a sort of undefined, loose affiliation, I guess?" He smiled, knowing that Negan hated to be called a 'Daddy'. "He is just one of the special people in my life."

Daryl wiped his forehead with his sleeve, not sure why his stomach felt so weird.

"You like him, don't you?"

"No." It was a defiant, roughly spoken reply and presumably a big fat lie.

Jesus shrugged with a slight smirk, giving the front wheel a finishing wipe over. "Well, I can tell that he likes you?"

Daryl didn't say anything, just kept washing the already very shiny chrome wheel.

"I mean he lets you touch his car. The last time I tried that, I ended up in a two hour time-out." Which had been really bad, because a time-out didn't include music, books, or anything else to prevent dying from boredom.
"BOY!" A strident voice called over the extensive premises of the Leather Factory, as a tall man in biker boots, grey denims and white shirt came closer in an angry pace. "Is there a fucking problem with your long term memory or why do you think you are allowed to touch that car!" He brushed his fingers soothingly over Daryl's head, despite his harsh tone, making sure the man knew that he wasn't target of this sudden burst of anger. "HANDS OFF!"

The dripping lambswool wash cloth landed with a splash on the asphalt, when Jesus held his hands up like he was caught in a robbery, looking guiltily up at the other half of his undefined, loose affiliation. "I'm sorry, Sir."

"Oh you will be fucking sorry!" Negan grasped him by the ear, pulled him up to his feet and dragged him towards the red door. "For how many fucking scratch repairs do I have to fucking pay before you learn to keep your FUCKING FINGERS off my shit! GOD DAMMIT!"

Daryl looked after them, blinking, and slowly dipped the wash mitt back into the soap water, wondering if Jesus would have to sit on the bad boy's chair now.

----

Until early evening, Daryl hadn't seen much of the tall, very angry man.

He had received several chores, like cleaning the stairwell, replacing a light bulb and checking the olives in the fridge, for jars that were already beyond their expiration date.

Four times he was sent to the kitchen, to ask Olivia for food. First for a healthy snack of blueberries and apple, then for lunch with Jesus, in the afternoon for a snack again, and at 6:00 PM for a chicken salad-sandwich, that he was supposed to take to work, along with a bottle of organic protein unsweetened vanilla almond milk.

Between 1 PM and 2:30 PM he had been told to go to his new room for a nap, and at 5:00 PM his phone beeped and a text message ordered him to the bathroom in Negan's apartment, with specific instructions, to take a shower, brush teeth, and dress in a fresh shirt and underwear.

It was really exhausting, but one of the best days Daryl had ever had.

Just as he tried to figure out how he should transport the milk and sandwich all across the town to work, his mobile phone beeped again.

NEGAN

Come to my office before you leave.

14/01/2017 6:17 PM

He raised his left shoulder to rub his jaw against and sniffed his nose. He would surely be asked to wish Negan a good night. Maybe Negan would say that he did good. Something inside his belly got warm as he thought about it.

He grabbed his milk and sandwich, and walked downstairs, close to the wall, stopping once when he had to sneeze. He put his dinner on one of the stairs, pulled a tissue out of his pocket and wiped his nose, then went the rest of the way down to the first floor. Through the heavy door, over the gallery, down the broad iron stairs and across the club area, to a back door. He knew his way through the inner structure of the factory by now, at least the fastest way to Negan's office.

He couldn't hear anything when he walked along the neat corridor and didn't knock at the door,
because it wasn't fully closed. It was bright inside, Negan sat at his desk, busy writing something down. But Daryl stopped in the doorway, his eyes quickly darting to the side and then down to the floor, when a bolt of heat hit the insides of his chest.

Jesus was in the office. Kneeling upright next to Negan's chair, his arms behind his back, his head lowered submissively. Without his leather duster, without a shirt, just with bare chest and a pair of jeans.

When he sensed Daryl coming in, he raised his head just a little bit, smirking for a second, but was instantly corrected by two of Negan's fingers, nudging his upper arm.

Daryl turned away, blinking rapidly in discomfiture and shame.

"Come here. Sit on the couch for a moment." Negan looked up briefly, waving his hand.

Daryl didn't want to. He wanted to leave the room, the building and the town. But Negan just concentrated back on his work, obviously expecting him to follow the order. So he went and sat down, on the very end of the grey couch, where the fabric was still brown from his dirty shoes. He held his food and milk on his lap, trying not to move or blink or look anywhere other than the label of his almond milk.

Negan got up, running his fingers through the long hair at the back of Paul's head for a second, and walked up to Daryl, squatting down in front of him.

"You know what we talked about this morning, right? Remember the rule, please." He took the milk bottle and placed it on the floor. "What is Paul doing?"

Daryl exhaled soundly through his nose, fighting with the urge to get up, throw the silly sandwich across the room and storm out. He didn't want to answer. He didn't want to say anything. But after a long moment of staring a hole into a specific spot on his knee, he murmured a hoarse, "don' know."

"Good job." Negan didn't touch him, and the praise wasn't very loud, but full of comfort. "He is kneeling to show his respect towards me. He likes it. He knows it pleases me when he does it."

Daryl picked a small hole into the wrapping of his sandwich.

"You want to please me as well?"

"No." Daryl didn't look up for his defiantly spat answer.

Negan got up with a sigh, standing tall and so close that his legs bumped against the other man's knees. He reached down, combing his fingers lovingly through long strands of hair. "But you did all day. Cleaning my car, brushing your teeth, following all my orders like a champion." He ruffled the hair at the back of Daryl's neck, just to pull it back out straight a moment later. "Right?"

"Hm." Daryl nodded, liking how the strong hands felt in his hair. "Yes."

"IN FACT, boy, you did such a great job today," Negan stepped away from him, speaking louder as he left the room for a moment. "that I want you to work here every day. Fat Joey can really use some help getting shit done." He came back with a black backpack, snapping his fingers when he heard Jesus chuckle at his comment. "He is the worst damn janitor ever, I can tell you." He squatted back down in front of Daryl, packing the bottle and sandwich into the backpack. "But somehow I grew attached to the obese bastard." He put the bag on the floor, looking up, trying to catch Daryl's gaze. "If you want, you can work for me a couple of hours during the day. I pay you for it."
Daryl looked warily through his long bangs, not sure what he was supposed to work, but he nodded anyway.

"You want?"

"Mhm. Okay."

"Good." Negan patted Daryl's knees and got up again. "Speak to your boss, tell her you have another job and that you want to work just from seven to midnight at the Eagle."

Daryl shook his head in surprise. "No, 's okay I can do both."

"I know you can." Negan smirked at him. "But I don't want you all night out there. I'd miss you."

Jesus smirked as well on his place next to the desk chair and then cleared his throat and tried his very best to relax his face, when Negan turned in his direction.

"YOU SWALLOWED A DAMN CLOWN FOR BREAKFAST TODAY? WHAT'S SO FUCKING FUNNY, BOY?"

Paul lowered his head. "Nothing Sir. I'm sorry."

"I have a hard time believing that." Negan grabbed a bunch of keys from the desk and waved for Daryl. "Come. Time to go."

-----

Daryl sat silently in the passenger seat, clutching the backpack on his lap.

He had never been in a car like this. Huge, black and all shiny from the outside, and like a living room made of black leather on the inside. The seat was so big and comfortable, it was like sitting in a spaceship on wheels.

He looked to the side as Negan shifted his long legs, driving with a wrist hanging loosely over the steering wheel, one hand resting on his thigh.

"What, puppy." Negan didn't take his eyes off the street, but the corner of his mouth curled up into a smirk. "Never had a fucking hot guy taking you to work?"

Daryl hugged the backpack closer to his chest, shaking his head, embarrassed. "No."

But Negan's tone wasn't mocking. "It's your reward. You did great today." He glanced into the side mirror, changing lanes. "If you work hard and don't snot into my shirt, I'll pick you up as well." He winked at Daryl, slowing the car down, stopping at red light. "And don't forget to talk to your boss. You work until midnight, not one fucking minute more. Right?"

"Mhm." Daryl nodded and then added a quick, "Yes." when he remembered the rule.

"Good job, Daryl."

-----

Carol stood with a suspicious squint in front of her newest staff member. "I just hired you, I need you full time."

Daryl backed away when she sniffed at his shirt.
"You took a shower. Good for you." She stopped right in front of him. "Go to the staff room, Dwight will give you your outfit for tonight."

It was underwear night at the Eagle, and since Carol Peletier had to fight for every guest and nickel, with all the fierce business competition in Atlanta's gay district, she figured it wouldn't hurt to let her staff display the theme of the night.

Daryl should've smelled the rat, the minute he saw the barkeeper dancing around behind his bar counter, wearing nothing but a red Man Candy jockstrap and a cut off, belly free shirt, saying 'I do very bad things - and I do them well'.

"What are you wearing? A 30? 32?" Dwight went through a pile of colorful briefs, pulling a plain white Rufskin piece out, that looked almost pure and chaste in the front, but lacked a lot of fabric in the back.

"I'm not wearing that." Daryl grunted, slapping the blond man's arm off when he held the underwear in front of his crotch to check the size.

"Yeah, you're probably right." Dwight shook his head, throwing the much too tame thing back on the pile. "You're not the virgin type." He found blue briefs with a NASTYPIG logo centered on the front, "Hm!" and put it to the side, reserving it for himself. "Ah, that's perfect." He pulled another one out of the pile, gathered a couple of other items out of his magic box and thrust it all into Daryl's hands. "Should fit. You can change here."

----

"Where is Daryl!" At half past eleven, Carol leaned over the bar counter, shouting to drown out the loud music. "The backroom needs a clean up!" The cruising area was always especially busy on underwear night.

The barkeeper of the Eagle's first floor shrugged his shoulders at her and then pointed to one of the dark corners behind the private lounges. "Maybe over there!"

"Dammit." Carol gritted her teeth, trying for a sweet smile when she made her way through the crowd and spied the missing staff member standing in the corner in front of the rest room, wearing 14-hole mid calf combat boots over a pair of long soccer socks, together with a black leather harness on bare chest, and a black jockstrap, featuring the bold word PUMP! on the broad, white waistband. "What are you doing here again, go and do your job!" She dug her sharp nails into Daryl's upper arm, dragging him along for a couple of steps and then gave him a little push. "The back room needs a desperate clean up!"

Daryl stumbled into the open guest area and instantly felt a hundred eyes on him again. Looking him up and down, checking him out, judging him. He felt like every laugh and grin in the building was directed at him.

"Can I get you something?" A bald, beefy guy in leather pants nuzzled Daryl's ear from behind, rubbing his bare chest against his back. "Anything you like, honey."

Daryl ducked away and shook his head, wrapping an arm across his bare chest when he made his way downstairs, trying to keep his head down and ignore the catcalls and hands groping his sparsely clad butt.

To walk through the moving bodies on the dance floor was a nightmare and the closer he came to the cruising area and backroom, the more horrible it got. Strangers fingers touching him everywhere, a
wet mouth, smelling like a liquor store, trying to kiss him, fingers pointing at him.

He closed his eyes when he reached the small room with the cleaning utensils, not sure if he wanted to punch each and every face out there, or needed to cry. The tightness in his throat felt more like the latter. He sniffed his nose but didn't need a tissue. Then grabbed his mop and went out again, to the back room to clean the floor, wearing not more than boots and underwear.

---

"Little shit." At half past midnight, a tall, fuming man in red scarf and leather jacket, hit the steering wheel, jumped out of his car, slammed the door shut and stormed past the red haired doorman, ignoring his protest.

"Hi Abe." Jesus smiled apologetically, as he followed Negan inside, wearing his leather duster, but liked tonight's dress code a lot, after a quick glance through the crowd. "Oh right, it's Tuesday."


---

Daryl walked around another corner inside the dimly lit backroom, reaching for the small rubbish bag inside the condom bin, trying not to look at the man who was on his knees and made strange noises while he sucked off another guy.

"Who are you..." A sweaty hand touched his shoulder, stroking the bare skin there. "I've never seen you here."

Daryl turned around with his trash bag, attempting to walk past the stranger. "Work here."

"Ah, a professional." The other man purred, effectively blocking the way in the narrow room. "And such a pretty one, too." He stroked his fingers over Daryl's cheek. "How much are you charging, little slut?"

"Le'me through." Daryl jerked his head to the side, trying to push the man off.

"You like it rough, hu?" The stranger grinned broadly, spinning Daryl around, face first into the wall, wantonly eyeing the deep scars on his bare back. "I can see that..."

Daryl struggled, lashing out with a grunt, before his arm was painfully twisted and pinned above his head. "Get off me!"

"Yes. Get off him." A low, dark voice repeated, right next to the stranger's ear. "Now."

"Fuck off, we're busy."

"Hands off him or I will be busy practicing sailor's knots with your fucking ball sack!"

The stranger turned around to argue, greeted by a tall man with cold expression and icy stare.

"Daryl. Wait over there." Negan didn't take his eyes off his target, just pointed to the left. "At the door. Go."

Daryl rubbed his aching arm, picked up his trash bag and left, with a short glance back over his shoulder, not sure why the tall, angry man was suddenly at his work place.

He walked out of the backroom, waiting next to the door frame, with his back to the cold wall,
listening to two young men in pink and blue underwear, how they speculated over the fact that someone had seen the one and only Negan entering the Eagle's cruising area.

"No really, Andrew saw him!" Mister pink trunks said, placing a hand on his pale chest, because his heart rate got pretty high. "He is picking a new scene partner! Andrew told me!"

"Shut up, bitch! No way!" Mister blue trunks covered his mouth in awe. "I am so volunteering!"

Mr pink trunks slapped his friend's shoulder, feather light, with the tips of his fingers. "Beat me to it, whore."

"Bet on it, girl." Mr blue trunks replied, before his jaw dropped when a tall, handsome man stepped out of the depths of the back room, wearing a red scarf, black leather jacket and the most sexy beard and sparkly dark eyes to his confident, slightly angry expression.

"Puppy! Move it!" Negan slapped the door frame next to Daryl's head and then grabbed his hand, dragging him off through the crowd, really having enough of this place and all the bullshit.

"Oh my LORD!" Mister pink trunks fanned himself, short from a heart attack. "It was him!"

"I know!" Mister blue trunks clutched his friend's arm and then jumped excitedly up and down. "Did you smell him?"

Mister pink trunks nodded, craning his neck to catch a last glimpse, before Negan disappeared in the crowd. "Oh, I totally smelled him!"

----

It was the same loud music, flickering purple and blue lights, hard pounding beats vibrating through the floor into every part of the body. Moving people, pointing fingers and a hundred eyes on him.

But walking over the dance floor, through all the men, up the crowded stairs, was completely different now, because he was walking behind Negan, securely held and guided by a big, strong hand, wrapped like a vice around his fingers. No one dared to touch him, no one groped his butt, no one whistled or called him dirty little names. It was like walking in a safe bubble, or being in invisible armor, and all he had to look at and care for was a pair of black biker boots, leading the way.

Negan walked through the seats and tables on the first floor, ignoring everyone sitting there, until he reached the private lounge in the back, where a young man in leather duster waited in one of the arm chairs, cross legged, bobbing his head to the music.

"Hot." He smiled up at Daryl and his new outfit.

Negan released Daryl's hand and instead grasped his arm, checking it roughly for any damage. "He hurt you?"

Daryl jerked his arm free, wrapping it around his bare chest. "No." It wasn't true, it hurt like hell, but that was his own problem.

"Did you speak to your boss about working hours?" Negan unzipped his leather jacket and threw his red scarf at Jesus, who happily wrapped it around his own neck.

Daryl scowled at the floor, scratching his upper arm. "Hm." A pair of warning fingers instantly snapped in front of his nose, reminding him to answer. "'said no."
Negan put his jacket off, furrowing his brows. "Your boss told you no?"

A man walked by, stating an appreciative "Niiice." Daryl glared at him.

"You fucking sit here and wait until I'm back." Negan put the jacket over Daryl's shoulders, shoving him to one of the arm chairs. "Both of you!"

"Yes, Sir." Jesus smiled and reached out to stop the heavy leather jacket from slipping off Daryl's shoulders as he sat down. "Tell Carol I said hi."

Negan shot him a warning glare and left to have a talk with the woman in charge.

"Do you know this band?" Jesus pointed randomly up in the air when a new song started.

Daryl awkwardly slipped his arms into the sleeves of Negan's jacket, shaking his head.

"Sweet stuff." Paul told him, closing his eyes, bobbing his head to the beat.

----

Mrs Peletier's office was the size of a compact car, but since a tall, very angry man had filled the room with his intimidating presence, it felt more like a shoe box.

"It is a work outfit." She still tried to stand her ground, crossing her arms defiantly. "There's nothing wrong with it."

Negan honored her statement with an amused laugh, throwing his head back, slowly striding back and forth in front of Carol's desk. "Well, I have to admit you're ABSOLUTELY right. Nothing wrong with that fucking outfit." He shook his head, massaging the bridge of his nose. "BUT, putting that outfit on an insecure submissive, in a fucking room full of drunk, horny guys, while not providing any form of security... well that," The smile on his lips didn't match the cold expression in his eyes as he bend down over her desk. "THAT, Mrs Peletier, is wrong in SO many ways."

She squinted, moving an inch back in her chair. "Pff. Until now we had never any problems."

"Oh, yeah?" He raised his brows and his voice. "Well, you will have a fucking ASS LOAD of problems if anyone in this building ever tries to cross the line with that boy again!"

She kept her arms crossed in front of her chest, but looked to the side. Casually, not cowed at all. "He can look out for himself."

Negan stood up straight, rolling his tongue behind his teeth, before giving her a cold stared once over. "He is doing a great job for you. You will meet your responsibilities as his direct supervisor. He will wear what he feels comfortable in. He won't be harassed by anyone. You, personally, will make sure of that." He turned around to leave. "And he will work from seven to midnight, not a minute longer. If you need someone for the rest of the night, hire another guy."

"Wait." A slight smirk played around her lips, when he was about to open the door. "Since you're so fond of my staff, why don't you come by more often? You're very beneficial for business."

"I know." He smirked back. "That's why mine is far more successful than yours."

----

It rained on the way back.
Daryl sat quietly on the backseat, in his underwear-night uniform and a heavy leather jacket, staring out of the window into the blurry dark.

A pickup passed them, with a motorbike loaded on the back. He couldn't make out what brand it was, because the water running down the pane made it impossible to see details. They drove by a gas station, a motel and a Burger King. Then stopped at red lights. The rhythmic noise of the windshield wipers and the rain drumming on the roof filled the car.

Daryl glanced to the front. Jesus was sleeping in the passenger seat. He sniffed his nose, hating him a little for sitting there. Or very much. Too much to look at him any longer.

As his eyes darted around, wandering from the windshield, over the small lights of the dashboard, to the rear-view mirror, something hot shot through his belly, because Negan looked at him, quietly, watching him through the mirror with a serious face.

Daryl pulled his shoulders up and lowered his head. But after a moment looked back up again and held the silent stare.

It made his heart pound fast and his stomach feel light.

And when the lights turned green, Negan mouthed a voiceless, "Good boy." for no one to hear or see, but Daryl alone. It replaced the lightness in his stomach with warmth and pride and the ache for a firm, secure hand around his own.

He leaned his head against the window, it felt cold and damp and the drumming rain was even louder like this. But the leather jacket, hugging his bare chest like a blanket, was warm and smelled nice. Like the tall, safe man who sat right in front of him. He stretched his arm out and touched the back of Negan's seat. Secretly.

----

Daryl woke up when the car stopped at the factory. The passenger seat was empty and Negan got out to unlock the red door, then opened the backdoor of the car, "Wait upstairs."

It was cold as Daryl climbed out of the car and went into the stairwell, carrying the black backpack in one hand and his normal day clothes in the other.

On the third floor, a shoe slipped out of his hand and rolled two steps back down again. Daryl considered to just leave it behind because he was so tired. But then he picked it up anyway and walked the rest upstairs to the top floor, waiting with his back leaning against the wall. He listened to the red door downstairs, as it was opened again and then made a click when it fell shut. He heard Negan's steps coming closer and lowered his gaze when he arrived with a key in hand, quietly unlocking the door. Daryl walked in after him, instantly putting all his stuff on the floor, sitting down to untie the laces of his 14-hole combat boots.

Negan brushed three fingers over the top of his head. "Bag into the kitchen, clothes into the bedroom, money on the counter. Make your cross, then sit down at the table, please."

Daryl put his right shoe off, nodding, "Yes." He had another word with three letters at the tip of his tongue, feeling ashamed that it almost slipped out.

Negan stood in the kitchen, barefoot, in shirt and jeans, drinking a glass of water, adding some things to the grocery list for Olivia, when Daryl stowed his clothes away, put the money on the kitchen counter and made a squeaking blue cross on the paper sheet at the fridge. He put the black backpack on the floor and walked to the dining table, making a scraping noise on the hardwood floor, when he
pulled the chair out and sat down, looking to the side where Tiger slept soundly on his huge, grey pillow.

"Why did you not eat."

Daryl turned around, seeing Negan pulling a bottle of almond milk and a sandwich out of the backpack.

He wiped some strands of long hair out of his forehead. He had totally forgotten about the food. "I forgot." The answer sounded tired and guilty.

Negan threw both into the trash and went to the table. He leaned from behind over the other man’s shoulder, putting his phone in front of his nose, tapping and scrolling a bit. "This opens a notepad. Each night before you go to bed, you write one of these and send it to me."

"Hm." Daryl stared on the small screen, trying his best to follow the instructions. He tilted his head half an inch to the side, so his cheek would brush against a rough beard on purpose.

"Two things you did well that day, two things you fucked up." Negan leaned his temple against Daryl's hair. "You also write a thing you liked, one you didn't like and one thing you would like to change. That's it. Each fucking night. Don't forget it."

"Why."

Negan kissed the top of Daryl's head and stepped back, walking to the couch. "Because It makes me happy. I want to know about your day." He switched the TV on, putting his legs on the coffee table. "Now start. Two things you did well today."

Daryl leaned over his phone, sighing, rubbing his ear. That was a hard task.

He typed every letter with his index finger and needed almost thirty minutes until he was finished. the tissu, the light, the answer, the job. bluberies. angry. speaking.

He sighed again, leaning his forehead on his hand, because he didn't know how to send it.

"Come here. Give me your phone."

Daryl got up, scraping his chair soundly over the floor, and brought his phone to Negan, turning around a bit to see the TV. There was a motorcycle being chased by a police car.

"Let me read it. Go brush your teeth."

Daryl didn't move, staring stonily at the screen.

"Boy!" Negan snapped his fingers. "Teeth!"

Daryl blinked, rubbing the side of his head, tousling his hair in the process, "Yes." and left, looking twice back over his shoulder to the TV.

----

He came back after eleven minutes, with a smudge of white toothpaste on his bare chest, holding a heavy leather jacket in hand.

Negan took it, throwing it to the other end of the couch. "Come here." He took his legs off the coffee table, leaning forward, spreading his knees. "Sit." He pointed at the floor, to the free space between his legs. Daryl didn't come on his own, so he held an arm out, offering his hand, dragging him closer
and down to the floor, his lips curling up into a smile when Daryl let out a shaky breath, glanced by accident at a very near, openly presented crotch and immediately lowered his head. "It's the best place in the house, boy. Do you not like it?" He cupped the side of Daryl's face, stroking his hair and ear.

Daryl nodded slightly, not sure if he meant yes or no, but nuzzled into the comforting touch.

"Well, you look for sure damn good down there, puppy." Negan gave a pale cheek a last stroke and took his hand off. "Here." He waited until Daryl looked up to him and then held his phone up. "I've read your report and changed it, so it's easier to read."

Daryl stared at the small display.

**Good:**
- I used a tissue
- I changed a light bulb

**Bad:**
- I did not answer Negan's question
- I fucked up at work

**I was a rude shit and didn't eat my fucking dinner**

**Like:** eating blueberries

**Hate:**
- when Negan got angry with me
- when Negan had to correct me

**Change:** I am shy. I would like to speak more confidently.

"Can you do it like that for me?" Negan handed him the phone.

"Mhm. Yes." Daryl nodded, instantly feeling embarrassed when he read the word 'shy'.

"Thank you. You did great with your first one. You want to tell me good night now?"

Daryl nodded again, but it was much more difficult to look up into dark eyes, while sitting so close, surrounded by long legs. He tried his best anyway, glancing briefly up. "Good night."

A very faint smile slid over Negan's face. "You want to kiss me good night, Daryl?"

Heat shot through Daryl's insides, making it impossible to breathe for a moment. He fumbled with his phone, his eyes darting nervously underneath long bangs. "No."

The faint smile grew into a broad one, as Negan bent down, sliding a hand underneath long strands of hair, to the back of Daryl's neck. "Well, no kiss then." He pulled him closer, inhaling deeply when his nose made contact with the warm skin of his cheek. He placed a soft kiss on Daryl's left cheekbone and another one on the other side, brushing his beard over the side of Daryl's face. "Sleep well, boy. Sweet dreams." He moved back, leaned casually into the backrest of his leather couch and watched how Daryl awkwardly got up to his feet, with flushed face and slightly parted lips, carrying his phone towards the front door.

"Boy."

Daryl rubbed his ear and turned around, looking anywhere but into Negan's eyes.

"You look exceptionally awesome in this outfit. But from now on you wear only what I give you."

"Yes." Daryl nodded and went out, without shoes, just in his soccer socks, one hanging already dangerously low above his ankle.

Negan heard the door fall shut and got up, vanishing into his bedroom.

Daryl sniffed his nose, feeling cold outside of the brown wooden door, in the empty stairwell. He
couldn't find the light switch, but that was okay, because he didn't want to find the way anyway. He didn't want to go down there and sleep all alone in the small room. He wanted to spend the night curled up to a small ball, on the floor, between Negan's legs. He wanted to hear the TV and feel strong fingers in his hair. He wanted to kiss Negan good night.

But he couldn't. He stood alone in the dark staircase in his club outfit, and the spotless hardwood floor was on another planet.

He sniffed again and rubbed a bare arm over his face, flinching startled when the door opened and the light was witched on.

A barefoot tall man in jeans and t-shirt came out, not angry, just quiet.

He carried a spare grey shirt over his shoulder and stepped in front of Daryl, looking him straight in the face, while he fumbled with the black leather harness, unbuckling it, taking it off a freckled, bare chest with practiced fingers.

He smiled just a little as he took the spare shirt off his shoulder and pulled it over Daryl's head, slipping his arms through.

He rolled his tongue, licking his lower lip with a glint in his dark eyes, and slowly wrapped an arm around Daryl's side, across his back, firmly pulling him as close as possible. Chest to chest, standing with the full length of his body flush with the other man, walking him into the solid wall, watching him hold his breath in shock.

Negan took his time to examine the pale face, letting his eyes roam from nervous blue eyes to slightly parted lips, while a broad, claiming hand stroked up and down the side of Daryl's chest and then deeper to cup a firm ass cheek.

He bend down, grazing his lips over a pale mouth, letting his tongue dart out for a taste, licking once, twice, and when he heard a small moan and a huff of shaky breath brushed his skin, he angled his head, wrapped his arms even tighter around the tense body and fully covered Daryl's mouth with his own, kissing him slowly.

He squeezed an underwear clad butt cheek, pushing his own crotch confidently against Daryl's middle, when he flicked his tongue for just a moment into the warmth of a shy mouth, feeling the overwhelmed man in his hold tremble and whimper.

He released Daryl's ass and instead brushed his fingers through long strands of hair, as he pulled back, kissing the wet mouth a last time, then a flushed cheek, before he spoke against warm skin. "Good night, puppy."

Daryl lay in his simple bed, in the darkness of a small room, in the basement of a huge factory, staring against a wall that he couldn't even see.

He tried to think of Merle in prison, the money and the lawyer.

But the grey shirt on his skin smelled like Negan, his guts tingled strangely and every time he closed his eyes, he had to hold his breath because he remembered how he was kissed. Not on the cheek, not on the forehead, not for fun. A real kiss on his mouth, tasting like a tall, safe man.

No one had ever kissed him before and he had never wished for it. Kissing was for normal people. Pretty people. For the rest of the world but not for Daryl Dixon.
He touched his lower lip and closed his eyes again, feeling his face flush and his stomach clench. Wishing strong fingers would stroke his hair.

It beeped, somewhere underneath the blanket.

Daryl fished the phone out and touched the message icon on the screen.

There was a tiny picture of a puppy, a picture with three blue \( \text{Z z z} \), and the word NOW

He stared at it for another moment, liking the warm feeling spreading through his chest, before he closed his eyes, hugging the silly mobile phone like the most precious treasure.
"Fat Joseph!" A tall man in leather jacket pointed the tip of his baseball bat reproachfully to the abundancy of weeds, growing happily up through the cracks in the factory's concrete driveway. "Are you planning to turn my fucking fantastic fetish fuck facility into a flower shop for bridesmaids, or will you actually go on your fucking knees one day to pull that crap out!"

"Ah, no Sir?" The corpulent janitor looked nervously at his frightening boss. "I mean, yes Sir. I will." When the other man just kept staring at him, he crouched laboriously down on the pavement, pulling out a single blade of grass, and held it up, questioningly.

Negan inhaled deeply, flaring his nostrils, and bend forward to be closer to his employee's face, for a fitting comment in ear deafening volume. "DO YOU WANT A FUCKING FRUITCAKE NOW?! KEEP WORKING!" He stormed off, cursing about all the incompetent people in his life, and pushed the red door to his stairwell open, banging his baseball bat against the metal banisters, making them resound within the empty walls like a giant church bell. "OLIVIA!"

Olivia appeared after twenty seconds, at the top of the stairs, nervously adjusting her glasses, when she called down to her boss. "Y-yes Sir?"

"WHAT IS DARYL DOING?"

"Ehm... he eats his eggs, Sir?" Until now she wasn't sure what the criminal's name was.

"SEND HIM DOWN TO THE STORE WHEN HE'S DONE!" Negan left the building and ignored the slightly trembling, heavily sweating janitor on the pavement, pulling out every piece of green separately, collecting them all in his free hand. He went around the corner and pushed the door to his leather store open. "RICK!"

"A beautiful good morning to you too!" The man behind the counter smiled sarcastically, as he went through a big pile of bills. "Paul was home pretty late last night."

"Oh, I'm sorry! Did he wake you up, old man?" Negan put his bat down and leaned over the counter, in mock compassion.

Rick squinted at him, tilting his head to the side. "We are the same age."

"Yes, we are." Negan moved closer to his employee's face, wagging his eyebrows. "But look how I pull it off."

Rick had no apposite answer to this statement, scrunched up his nose, and simply busied himself with the mail again. "Just take him home earlier next time. We lock the door by midnight, you know that."

"Oh yes, I know that." Negan took the invoice for 250 containers of 'Elbow Grease- Fisting lube' out of Rick's hand and scanned the numbers himself. "Will you do something for his birthday?"

"Yes... actually we have a little get-together at our place. 3 PM." Rick frowned as he looked through the entrance door, where a man stood with helpless expression, nibbling the side of his finger, while reading the big Leather Factory sign above the door. "Isn't that the trick you had over for lunch the other day?"
Negan glanced up from the letter and then put it down, to open the door, gesturing for Daryl to come in. "Rick, you remember Daryl?"

"Sure." Rick looked the guy up and down. "I see you found some pants today."

Daryl wanted to leave. The whole store was full of black leather in all shapes and sizes, from simple leather pants, to black dog masks, complete with ears and everything.

He looked warily around, eyeing a large cardboard standup of Negan, in tight black leather pants and a pair of leather suspenders over his impressive bare chest. Cardboard Negan held a 4 foot signal whip in both hands, wearing a threatening expression on his face.

"It's our best selling single tail." Rick advertised with a grin from behind the counter. "It's called 'the Boss'. I'm giving you a 10% discount if you're interested."

Daryl didn't answer but clenched his fists at his sides, staring to the floor, from underneath his long bangs.

"Did you put your cup into the sink?" Negan grasped Daryl's chin, tilting his head up, to wipe a smudge of milk off his mouth.

"Yes."

"Good." Negan handed him a bunch of keys. "Wait in the car for me. You help me run some errands."

Both men watched as Daryl turned around and left the store, looking back over his shoulder once, to get a reassuring nod from Negan.

Rick squinted one eye when the door fell shut. "Is that guy wearing your pants?"

----

The East Atlanta Copy Center was their first stop. Daryl was instructed to stay in the car, and watched how a tall, not so angry man, walked over the parking lot, pulled his sunglasses off, hung them from the collar of his shirt, and disappeared inside the building.

Eleven minutes later, a tall, very angry man, came out again, cursing and swearing, when he walked around the car, carrying a white box with some sort of paper inside. He yanked the door open, jumped in and threw the box on Daryl's lap, angrily putting his sunglasses back on, before he started the car.

"Look at that fucking shit!" He reversed the car, putting an arm on Daryl's backrest as he looked back over his shoulder, "I ordered high quality in fucking matte! Does that look matte to you?" He turned around, both hands on the steering wheel, driving back on the street. "It's fucking glossy like a polished lubed-up virgin ass!"

Daryl peeked into the box. There were posters inside for an event. THRESHOLD - a gay fetish S&M party at the Leather Factory - Saturday the 18th of January. The poster had a nice picture of Negan, with his back to the camera, a baseball bat over the shoulder, looking tall and mighty in his leather jacket and biker boots.

"Fucking shitty, right?"

Daryl stared at the picture, shaking his head, adding a small but honest, "No." after half a minute.
Another thirty seconds later, a strong hand left the steering wheel to pat Daryl's thigh.

---

They stopped next at the shopping mall on Lenox Square, an area that Daryl Dixon was familiar with. He knew every trash can here and all the real good spots, to find abandoned food residues.

The building was crowded, with people standing in the way, people walking in the opposite direction, people carrying huge bags, or pushing babies around in strollers. Daryl looked to the left, seeing a father yell at his son in front of a toy store. He looked to the right, seeing a young woman with shaved head and a pet rat on the shoulder. He wiped a strand of hair out of his face, looking straight ahead and saw only strangers, no tall man in leather jacket. He turned around, looking in every direction, but Negan was gone.

"Daryl."

The familiar voice was followed by a short whistle. Daryl scanned the crowd and saw a tall man, standing there just a few steps away with a faint smile, looking at him.

He lowered his head a little, elbowing his way through the people until a pair of black biker boots appeared right in front of him on the ground.

"Good job looking for me." Negan praised, next to Daryl's ear, caressing the side of his head for a moment. "You want to stay real close from now on, right?"

Daryl wanted to and nodded, before he added a quiet, "Yes."

Negan turned to and nodded, before he added a quiet, "Yes."

Daryl followed, staring on the floor at first and after a few steps at the hand that was signaling just for him. It stayed still as long as he walked in the right distance, was patted on grey denims whenever he was supposed to pay attention, because the pace or direction changed, fingers were snapped if he fell too far back.

In front of the J.Crew Men's shop, Negan stopped, greeting a guy with glasses and three shopping bags. He snapped his fingers and pointed one down. Daryl stopped quietly behind him, so close that he could smell the leather of a heavy jacket. He waited for both men to finish the conversation, first patient, then bored. He looked around, watching a lady with two large dogs, and smiled as one of them sniffed at a left-behind pizza crust on the floor and then ate it.

"Sst." After four minutes, Negan snapped his fingers and patted his thigh.

Daryl looked up and followed Negan, as he continued his way through the people. Along a fountain, a Macy's, the Apple store and Pottery Barn, to American Eagle Outfitters, where they stopped and went in.

The store had carpeting and smelled different. Daryl didn't like it.

Negan walked straight up the counter, where a girl with long, blonde hair was busy to store a bunch of plastic hangers away.

"Amber." He read from her name tag, "That's a beautiful name." and leaned over the counter, generously offering a whiff of his cologne and the tip of his tongue, peeking out sexily between his lips for a second. "Would you be so kind and show us some nice pants in his size? We are a bit in a hurry." He gestured at the man behind him, who looked around warily from underneath his long
bangs, stepping a disgusted step to the side, when a group of giggling young women in a cloud of sweet smelling perfume walked past him, gossiping about a bitch named Rosita.

"Of course." Amber flashed an enchanted smile, tugging a strand of hair behind her ear, while her cheeks flushed in an amorous shade of pink. "Please follow me."

"Go ahead, boy." Negan waved his hand at Daryl, leaning back against the counter with a satisfied grin. "Please follow her."

Thirty-five minutes later, Daryl felt humiliated and proud at the same time, as he stood at the checkout, watching a tall, very charming man in leather jacket and red scarf, pay for three perfectly fitting pair of jeans and two cargo pants in his chosen colors.

He had never bought pants at a store before and wasn't even aware that he needed some, and trying them on in a narrow changing booth with a smitten blonde girl and approvingly nodding Negan, watching the whole process, had been literally hell on earth.

But then, as they walked up to the cash desk to pay, Negan had rubbed two firm fingers up and down along his spine, telling him a low, "Very well done, you deserve a reward."

It made something inside his belly tingle and he felt like he had grown about an inch or two, when he was leaving the store, carrying a paper bag, following the hand signal made just for him.

They walked along eleven stores and a pizza parlor, until Negan snapped his fingers, pointing one down, and stopped at the counter of Planet Smoothie, ordering a drink made of strawberries, bananas, frozen yogurt, nonfat vanilla milk and 12 grams of added protein.

He took the white-yellow cup, sipping through the thick straw as he went a couple of steps to the side, to stand with his back to a large shop window, pulling Daryl a bit closer, so he wouldn't be in the way when other people walked by.

"Try." He held the cup to Daryl's lips. "It's good."

First, Daryl wanted to shake his head. But he was thirsty and really wanted to try, so he opened his lips hesitantly, just enough for the straw to fit through, and drank. It tasted fantastic.

After the fourth sip, Negan took the cup away, drinking himself, pulling the other man another inch closer when a mother with two children almost bumped into him. "I need a gift for Paul's birthday. What should I get him."

"Hm." Daryl shrugged, watching yearningly how the pink straw disappeared between Negan's lips. He really wanted more of that awesome juice. "Dunno."

"What do you think he would like?" Negan took another long sip, then held the cup in front of his chest.

Daryl stared at it, flicking a long strand of hair out of his eyes. "Cake." That's what he had always wanted for his birthday. And balloons. And a candle.

Negan squinted slightly, poking the tip of his tongue out at the corner of his mouth.

"Or music." Daryl added grumpily, looking down and then to the side. He really didn't want to think about Jesus all the time.

"That's a really great idea." Negan held the cup at his side and tugged at the front of Daryl's shirt,
pulling him closer once more. "You want a reward now for being so good today?"

Daryl tensed and shook his head with his eyes down, feeling embarrassed.

"But you deserve one." Negan told him in encouraging, low voice, speaking against his forehead. "You did so good at the store just now and followed me along like a fucking champ, right?"

"Hm." Daryl sniffed his nose quietly, staring at the black leather jacket right in front of his nose, almost close enough to bury his face in. "Yes."

"See?" Negan put a wrist up on Daryl's shoulder, brushing the hair on his forehead with his lips. "Now you even answer me so nicely and have such great ideas for my other boy." He caressed the back of Daryl's neck with his fingertips. "I love that."

Daryl exhaled soundless, watching his own hand touch the silver zipper of Negan's jacket, just an inch away.

"Look at me."

Daryl exhaled again, because his stomach got instantly hot and tingly, along with his throat and all things below his navel. But he raised his head as told, and before his nervous eyes could focus on anything, or his mind was able to process, a warm mouth was on his own, a rough beard rubbed against his skin, and everything tasted like Negan and the awesome cold juice.

He inhaled and held his breath, his eyes darting insecurely to the side, when it all stopped after just two seconds and Negan pulled back, praising him quietly, in a deep comforting tone.

"Good boy." Negan planted a kiss on the other man's forehead, creating more space between them, holding the cup up. "You want to ask for more?"

Daryl shook his head and said a rough little, "No." without taking the time to actually think about it. He regretted it instantly, when the question wasn't asked again and Negan just pinched his chin and continued the shopping tour through the busy crowds of Atlanta's biggest mall.

Along the Forum athletic club, past Auntie Anne's Pretzels, Williams-Sonoma, and a Prada store.

Daryl didn't fall behind, didn't look at other people, but eyed the white cup in Negan's hand the whole time, almost six minutes, before he built up enough courage to tap from behind against Negan's arm, with just one finger, asking "Can I from yours." It sounded more like a defiant statement than a polite question.

But the tall, angry man wasn't angry at all and stopped amidst the crowd, turned around, arching his brows as he held the straw to Daryl's lips, with a correcting, "May I have a sip of your drink, please."

Daryl didn't care that he wasn't allowed to hold the cup, or that a hundred people were around them, he drank until it was empty, blinking up at Negan through his long bangs, and even mumbled a quiet "Thank you." in the end.

"Very nice." Negan sounded very pleased, observing him closely with a serious expression. "Look at you being so good."

Daryl rubbed his nose with his knuckles, looking down at a pair of black biker boots, while warmth and pride swirled through his entire chest.

----
Already on the ride back home, Negan's phone didn't stop ringing. Back at the factory he spoke to several people, pacing up and down the driveway, with his phone held between ear and shoulder, while unloading stuff from the car at the same time.

Daryl was supposed to help a big, sweaty man to pull weeds out in the parking area in front of the store. He received a bucket for his task and a bottle of water.

He needed almost two hours and was pretty sweaty himself, when the job was finished and he went back inside, to Negan's basement office.

"Are you done?" Negan looked up briefly from his desk.

"Yes."

"Good. Go upstairs, wash your hands and eat lunch." He held up a CD for the other man to take. "And tell Olivia to wrap this nicely."

"Hm." It was the CD from the mall. Negan had told him to pick it out. For Jesus. "Okay." He took it grudgingly and went to leave.

"Daryl."

He turned around again, standing already in the door frame.

"You want to be extra good for me?"

Daryl meant to say no, but then he just looked to the floor and his head did something similar to a nod all by itself.

Negan took a mint out of his desk drawer, popped it into his mouth and went back to work, opening a new document on his laptop. "Send Paul a message while you have lunch. Tell him hello."

----

Olivia had made a huge pot of chicken coconut curry, and at least half of it was on Daryl's plate. She smiled with red cheeks, feeling flattered, when the criminal at the dining table shoveled her home cooked meal in his mouth like a starving man. Grunting and slurping, wiping his mouth in between into his sleeve.

"I'm glad you like it." She said, putting a plate of gluten free bread on the table. "There's more if you want."

"Mhm." He nodded two inches above the plate, soundly swallowing down a big spoonful.

Negan came in, talking to someone on the phone. He went to the table, poking Daryl between the shoulder blades to make him sit straight up, "No, reschedule that. I will be in fucking New York the second week of June." then took the full glass of water from next to Daryl's plate and carried it to the kitchen, replacing it with a red cup. "No, that's the Folsom week. July is better." He put the cup on Daryl's place, stroking the back of his neck for a second.

Daryl took the cup, gulping down the cool water. When he bend forward again, his hair hanging almost in the plate, with his elbows broad on the table, holding his spoon like a shovel, slurping in a big mouthful, without seeing the need to chew - Negan pulled the chair out next to him and sat down, phone on his ear.
"You can fit two demos in and a workshop for that day." He took the spoon out of Daryl's hand, "Sit up straight." dipped it into the chicken curry and put it to Daryl's lips. "Not you, I'm just feeding my puppy." He didn't grin or sound mockingly, just pushed the tip of the spoon demandingly against a tightly shut mouth.

Daryl straightened his back, but turned his head to the side, feeling heat crawl up his face.

"Great, call me back when you talked to her." Negan put his phone down. "Open up." He watched how the other man tried to duck away, tilting his head back, first with a frown, then with a scowl, but after 16 seconds opened reluctantly his mouth to accept the food. "You want to chew. Ten times."

Daryl glared at the man and defiantly wiped his mouth into his shirt sleeve with a grunt. Then he did as told and chewed a few times before he swallowed.

"That wasn't ten. You can do better." Negan ignored the angry look he was given, filled another spoon and held it up. Persistently, for almost a minute, until the offered food was taken and chewed ten times. "Much better, do that again for me." He repeated his action a third and fourth time, watching the resistance melt. The fifth time he dipped the spoon into the food on the plate, Daryl's mouth was already wide open, awaiting to be fed. "Very NICE! Good job." He did it a sixth time and then handed the spoon back to Daryl. "Show me how it's done properly."

Daryl glanced at the other man hesitantly, put a piece of chicken on his spoon and ate it, chewing ten times, all the time being watched closely.

"Sit up straight and it's perfect."

Daryl straightened his back and concentrated on his task, trying to not get too much food on the spoon before he balanced it to his mouth.

Negan nodded, got up and nuzzled Daryl's ear, speaking quietly. "Good boy. You want to keep that up for me and send Paul a nice message?" He waited for a nod and mumbled, "Yes." before he planted a kiss on long strands of hair and left to sit on the couch, to make another call.

Daryl turned around, looking over his shoulder at the tall, angry man who smelled so good, and then kept on eating, with a straight back, counting silently to ten before he swallowed.

----

"ENOUGH!" Shane slapped the table hard, making the dishes clutter, when the young man next to him didn't stop to drum the beat of 'Jump', with his fork, against his glass of ice cold peach tea.

Jesus looked up sheepishly, "Sorry." shifted on his chair, and took a bite of his calzone, when his phone beeped. "Do you mind?" He glanced at the man to his right for permission to open the message.

Rick sighed, but waved his hand. "Go ahead, maybe it's important."

Jesus leaned back with a smile, reading the text.

Daryl

hello

15/01/2017 1:13 PM
"It's Daryl." he stated and typed a reply.

**Jesus**

*Hey there buddy, what are you doing?*

*15/01/2017  1:14 PM*

The answer came after three minutes.

**Daryl**

*lunch*

*15/01/2017  1:17 PM*

Paul winced, remembering the last time he was sent to bed without dessert, after he had practically inhaled a huge bowl of spaghetti next to Negan.

**Jesus**

*man, better don't forget to chew properly.*

*15/01/2017  1:17 PM*

"You eat now!" Shane glared over the table, holding his hand out for the phone, when Jesus tipped his chair backwards on two legs, almost falling over.

The young man cleared his throat, positioned his chair correctly, handed his mobile phone over with a sigh and proceeded eating.

Shane nodded with a warning stare. "Yeah, give me a sigh again and you can fish that thing out of the shitter."

"Yes, Sir. I'm sorry." Jesus lowered his eyes submissively, taking a small bite of his calzone. He didn't mind grumpy dads. It usually meant more fun in the evening.

----

After Daryl had finished his lunch, he was sent to the bathroom to take a shower, by a busy Negan speaking on the phone about new software for accounting.

By the time he was done and walked clean and dripping wet into the bedroom, the tall, angry man stood at the open wardrobe, getting fresh clothes out.

He handed Daryl white trunks. "Did you send Paul a message?"

"Mhm." Daryl put the underwear on. It was soft and tight and felt good on his skin. "Yes."

Negan turned around, putting socks and a shirt on the end of the bed, along with one of the new pants they had bought at the mall. "You want to show me?"

Daryl nodded, giving the other man his phone. He had even sent two messages.

Negan tapped on the small screen, sucking his lips in soundly as he read the text, "Look. at. that." He handed it back, with an appreciative nod. "You know what happens now?"
Daryl shook his head mistrustingly, stepping half a foot backwards.

"YOU!" Negan exclaimed, pulling the heavy blanket on his bed back, "Got to nap in my very own bed until it's time for work." He grinned broadly, wagging his eyebrows at Daryl, "Hop in, puppy."

Daryl climbed up the mattress, from the opposite side of the bed, lying down warily, watching quietly how Negan covered him up with the blanket and sat down next to him.

"I'm holding a seminar downstairs in an hour. You come and tell me good bye before you leave for work. Right?"

Daryl nodded, sniffing his nose. "Yes."

Negan looked down at him squinting an eye, sliding the tip of his tongue between his back teeth. "You know why you are allowed to be in my bed?"

"Yes." Daryl wasn't entirely sure but he had an idea.

"Tell."

"Sent a message."

Negan rolled his tongue, nodding. "That's fucking right. Makes me real happy when you talk nicely to him." He bend down, speaking very close to Daryl's face, looking directly into nervous blue eyes. "You're a fucking good boy today. Right?"

Daryl pushed his head back, deeper into the pillow, with the other man staring at him from such a near distance. "Mhm." He nodded slightly.

Negan nodded as well. "Say it. You're a fucking good boy for me."

Daryl exhaled through his nose, feeling his heart pound in his chest, up to his throat.

"Tell me." Negan insisted in a low tone, tapping their foreheads together.

"I'm good." It was mumbled and almost inaudible, but it let the corner of Negan's mouth twitch.

"Yes you are." Negan confirmed, inhaling deeply from Daryl's forehead, to his temple, through his hair, until he reached a pale ear and kissed it. "For me. Isn't that right?"

Daryl curled his fingers underneath the blanket and closed his eyes when something inside his lower belly tingled. "Yes."

Negan growled low in his throat, "Good puppy." rubbing his beard against the other man's cheek for a second, before he pulled back and got up."Sleep now." He left, switching the lights off, closing the door...

...leaving Daryl alone with a strange warm sensation swirling around through his body, from his toes, to his belly up to his head, where he could hear his heartbeat pulse in his ears.

----

"CONTROL." Negan poked his tongue to the inside of his lips, putting both hands behind his back, as he strode slowly in front of his listeners. "Gentlemen, submissives love to be controlled and have firmly established boundaries. It makes them feel safe, secure and protected. It makes them feel comfortable. It allows them to let go, and open up." He gestured, walking into the other direction. "It
almost doesn’t matter what you are doing as long as you maintain a steady flow of control and confidence.” He stopped right in front of a shy man in his early thirties who fidgeted on his chair, clearly uncomfortable. “People read our body language on levels we’re not even conscious of.” He spoke loud and clear. “When you are relaxed and self-assured, it will subliminally communicate to your sub that you fucking know what you're doing, and that whatever you fucking want to do, is the right thing, and he can relax and go with the flow.” He grinned, licking his lower lip. "It's not something you can fake, Gentleman." There was a chuckle going through the audience and Negan shook his head, going back to walking slowly back and forth in front of the people. "It all is really more about the attention to detail, the enforcement, than demanding the compliance of your sub.” He paused a moment, thinking. "You see, control is the product of attention and care. It's earned through action... not through pretty word play.” He looked at the twelve men, sitting in two rows in front of him, listening attentively to every word. "Dominants must know the needs and concerns of their sub, in order to understand and properly control them. It is an art.” He paused a moment, pinching his nose. "At times it is subtle and at other times it is overt. A good Dom knows the fucking difference and knows when each type of control is necessary." He glanced to the side, where a young man nibbled at the tip of his thumb, standing nervously at the foot of broad metal stairs. "Right boy?"

Daryl lowered his head immediately, hating how everyone looked in his direction.

"Gentlemen, a minute." Negan went over to him, touched his shoulder to turn him around and checked the black backpack he was wearing. "You want to eat that today. Right?" There was an egg salad sandwich and a bottle of unsweetened chocolate almond milk inside, along with a pack of tissues and a mobile phone.

Daryl was sure everyone in the room stared at him. "Yes."

"Very good. Send me a hello at ten PM. Go home at midnight." He turned him around again, speaking face to face.

Daryl nodded, not sure if he was supposed to say good night now. He looked up, wiping a strand of hair out of his face, opened his mouth to say something, but in the last second averted his eyes and lowered his head.

"You tell me good night when you are back and sent your report.” Negan leaned in and spoke low into the other man's ear. "If you're good, I might put you to bed."

Daryl blinked underneath his long bangs and sniffed his nose.

"You may leave now."

----

It was a boring night at the Eagle. Somewhere in town was a big concert and one of the other gay clubs hosted a small fetish party, so there weren't more than thirty people at the Eagle, most of them sitting at the bar for a quiet talk with friends.

It was fine with Daryl, because he could actually take his twenty minute-break at 9:50 PM.

"What, your mother packed you a lunchbox, man?" Dwight slumped down at the small table in the staff room, gesturing with his cigarette to the bottle of almond milk in Daryl's hand.

Daryl scowled at him, wiping his mouth clean with his sleeve.

"What's that?" Dwight took the other man's sandwich. "Looks gross."
Daryl yanked it out of his hands, "Fuck off." It wasn't gross. It tasted fantastic.

Dwight laughed, putting the cigarette between his lips as he got up. "No offense, princess. Give Mama my best regards!" He left, bumping into a young guy in leather duster as he went through the door. "Watch it, asshole!"

Jesus held his hands up with a placating smile, pressing himself with his back against the door frame to make room, before he turned and grinned at Daryl. "What's up? Seems like a quiet night."

"Hm." Daryl took a sip of his milk, to his mouthful of sandwich, gulping both down.

Paul took the seat next to him, nudging his arm. "Mind if I have a swig?"

Daryl didn't mind, at least not very much and handed the bottle over.

"Sweet." Jesus drank and gave it back. "I love all his fancy organic super healthy food. Rick is more the canned food type of guy, you know."

Daryl didn't know. But he had to admit that he liked Negan's food as well. It was far better than left-behind tuna pizza out of the trash can.

"Will you come to my birthday? It's this Sunday."

Daryl shrugged, while pictures of balloons and clowns popped up in his head. He was never before invited to a birthday.

Jesus nudged his arm again. "I mean he brings you along anyway, I guess. But I wanted to ask you in person."

"Hm." Daryl pulled a shoulder up, rubbing his cheek against, and then nodded. Maybe he could go there. Maybe there would be cake.

Paul craned his neck, holding still for a moment as he listened to the muffled music from outside and then jumped up. "Sorry, buddy, the Offspring is calling." He patted Daryl's back and jogged out to storm the dance floor.

Daryl sniffed his nose and took another bite of his sandwich. It was 9:59 PM. He grabbed his phone and opened the page with the speech bubbles, sending a 'hello' to the tall, angry man, wishing he could show Merle how good he was at all the phone stuff, with the writing and everything. But then again, Merle had always told him that only fags and girls would run around with these stupid beeping shit.

The phone on the table beeped and let Daryl's belly tingle strangely, like both were connected somehow.

Negan

*Good boy. What did you do until now?*

15/01/2017 10 PM

Daryl huffed a frustrated breath when he leaned over the phone, holding the long strands of hair out of his forehead, typing the answer with one finger. *cleaning, bringing beer, peanuts, eating, with jesus*

He sighed soundly and sent it, staring on the small screen.
The answer came after a minute.

_Negan_

_Very proud of you._

15/01/2017 10:06 PM

The phone beeped again after just a few seconds, but it wasn't a written message. It was a photo. A photo of a beautiful, broad hand, with long fingers, dark hair and bulging veins. Daryl felt his stomach getting light and warm. It was Negan's hand. The safe one. He held the phone up, close to his face, feeling so very happy.

The rest of his egg salad sandwich was eaten slowly, with small bites, each one chewed carefully ten times.

----

Carol had let him out ten minutes earlier because it really wasn't much to do.

Daryl had packed his backpack and ran extra fast through the dark streets of Atlanta, while holding an inner dialogue with his brother, telling Merle everything about his day, how good he had been, about the new pants from the store and that he was invited to a birthday. He imagined how proud Merle would be and then in May the lawyer would get him free and they could drive around with the motorbike again.

Daryl felt really good when the huge silhouette of the factory appeared on the other side of the street. Now he could make another blue cross and tell the tall, angry man good night.

He crossed the street, went through the gate, unlocked the basement door with the key and peeked into Negan's office, but it was dark and empty. He made his way through the neat corridor, around the corner, through the huge club area and then slowed down, when he heard strange noises from the other end of the room. Where the weird room was. The one with the rubber strips curtain. There were lights on.

He went closer, holding his breath as he pulled two of the black rubber strips to the side and looked into the room. Instantly feeling cold and ill and dizzy.

There was Negan, wearing tight leather pants, heavy black boots and black leather gloves, but no jacket or shirt or scarf. He stood there with his bare chest, intensely staring down another man who was on his knees. A very pretty man, wearing nothing but underwear and a collar around his neck. He looked up at Negan with a mix of fear and pure adoration.

Daryl couldn't breathe or think, when the tall, angry man started to speak, in a clear, stern tone, giving calm orders.

"No. Don't get up. I said come towards me, on your knees."

The man with the collar started moving, sliding towards Negan on his knees, stopping in polite distance, lowering his head submissively.

Negan offered his hand, the wonderful safe hand, letting him sniff his fingers, and then stroked the man's ear. "Well done, Marc." His voice was nice and comforting.

A very big, very heavy, very hot stone fell inside Daryl's stomach, making him want to puke.
He let go of the rubber strips, turned around and didn't know where to go for a moment, before he just made a few steps and stopped in a corner in front of a board with fire regulations, putting an arm up to cover his face.

He heard the rubber curtain move, he heard Negan come closer, he heard his words loud and clear.

"Daryl. Wait upstairs for me. Brush your teeth, cross your square out, money on the counter, then write your report and send it."

Daryl breathed heavily. He felt his chest heave and heard his own breath against the very close wall. He clenched his fists at his sides. He could feel the other man standing close behind his back.

"Don't make me repeat myself."

The second a leather clad hand touched his shoulder, Daryl spun around, slapping Negan's arm off with a furious grunt.

Negan didn't move, not even a millimeter. He looked down at Daryl with a serious face. "Go upstairs and do your chores."

Daryl really tried to hold eye contact, but he had to look away after just a moment and felt his chin starting to quiver when his throat got tight. He rubbed his hand over his face, gesturing with his arm. "AIN'T DOIN' SHIT YOU SAY!" He heard himself, that his voice sounded croaky and strange and not angry and bad ass like he wanted it to. And he pushed against Negan's bare chest, halfheartedly, staring at the floor, sniffing his nose loudly.

Negan blinked slowly, stepping an inch closer in front of Daryl, straight and tall. "You do NOT talk back to me! You get your ass upstairs and do as told!" When the other man didn't move, he raised his voice, not angry, but firm and assertive. "NOW BOY! CHOP CHOP!"

Daryl pulled his shoulders up, huffing a desperate breath, fighting with his anger and shame.

He didn't want to go, but he went. Through the huge club area, up the metal stairs, over the gallery, into the stairwell and all the way to the top floor. He used the key to go in. He put his shoes off, he sniffed his nose and wiped the back of his hand over his face. He put all the money he had on the counter and crossed a square out with the squeaking blue pen. He went to brush his teeth and was disgusted with the man in the mirror. He spit a mouthful of toothpaste at the ugly face looking back at him.

Negan came back after 56 minutes. Tiger lay on the floor right next to Daryl's chair. Daryl leaned over the table, his head on his hands, over a mobile phone with an almost empty notepad.

He brushed the top of Daryl's head with his fingertips and took the phone, reading the little that was written.

*Good:*        -

*Bad:*        - toothpaste

*Like:*    juice

*Hate:*    hand

*Change:*    D

"Get up. Wait on the couch." He patted Daryl's upper arm and went into the bedroom, taking the phone along.
Three minutes later, Daryl could hear the shower running. He looked to the front door, considering to leave. Not just the apartment, but the whole building. He could just run and never come back. But he didn't.

He moved the chair with a scraping noise over the spotless hardwood floor and walked to the big black leather sofa. Not sitting on it, but on the floor in front of it, watching as Tiger slowly followed and slumped down, right next to him, tiredly wagging his tail, twice.

When Negan came back into the living room, his hair was wet, he smelled like soap and he wore plain grey pajama bottoms, with a white shirt. He handed Daryl his phone back and put a red cup, filled with water, on the coffee table.

"Read. Drink." He sat down with a sigh, shifting his legs and spreading them, so Daryl sat between his thighs. "You hate the photo I sent you?"

Daryl shook his head, staring on the small screen, feeling a lump form in his throat.

Good: - I worked my ass off all day long
    - I was willing to learn new things, and I succeeded like a fucking rock star
Bad:   - toothpaste I was overwhelmed by my feelings and behaved badly when I didn't mean to
    - I back talked
Like:  I liked drinking juice
Hate:  hand
Change:  Daryl I would like to change myself. But Negan would be very sad if I did, because he thinks Daryl is fucking awesome

"Why did you write that you hate a hand?" Negan ran his fingers through long strands of hair, feeling Daryl tense. "Turn around. I'm talking to you."

Daryl didn't want to turn around and knew he couldn't look. But he moved anyway, rubbing his fingers together, staring on his knees.

"Hey." Negan grasped his chin, tilting it up. "Am I good to you?"

Daryl huffed a breath, avoiding his gaze. After a while he said a very small, "Yes." Because it was the truth. For the first time in his life someone really was good to him.

"Yes, I am!" Negan yanked Daryl's chin another inch up, squeezing it a little. "And what I do with other people is none of your concern. It doesn't change how I treat you. It doesn't change what I offer you. It doesn't change what I expect from you." He released the man's chin, instead pushed his head down on the seat of the couch, between his spread thighs, soothingly stroking his hair. "I told you I scene with people. That's just how it is. It doesn't mean that I value anything you do for me less." He tugged a strand of hair behind a pale ear. "I don't know what lying assholes you've been dealing with boy, but everything I tell you is the truth, one hundred percent, at all times." He caressed the side of Daryl's face, tracing lines down his jaw, to his neck. "You sit in my bathtub, because I want you to. I feed you awesome food, because I want it that way. I spend half of my day with you at the god damn shopping center, because I fucking feel like spending time with my Daryl." He paused a moment, arching his brows. "Do you see ten other guys here waiting in line for me to put them to bed?"

Daryl listened and held his breath. Then listened and exhaled. Then listened and sniffed his nose. But he didn't want to speak.

"What did I do to Marc. Tell me."
Daryl sniffed his nose again, enjoying the firm fingers stroking through his hair. He shrugged and then closed his eyes when something inside his chest hurt.

"Tell me. What was so bad about it, that you go all fucking Rambo on me after being such a good boy the whole day."

Daryl buried his face into the inner side of Negan's thigh, wrapping five fingers into the soft fabric of grey pajama bottoms. He wanted to say it. That he thought that Negan liked him maybe. That he thought the nice words and safe hand were for him. But he couldn't say any of it. Instead he moved a hand up and placed it on Negan's thigh, open, with the palm up.

Negan smiled faintly, stroking Daryl's wrist for a moment before he took the hand tightly in his. "He is right now home with his girlfriend. You are here at almost two in the morning, working your fucking charm on my god damn dog." He glanced down at his normally very loyal German shepherd, who rested his nose comfortably against Daryl's leg. "You're a clever puppy. You can figure out what that means."

Daryl sighed hot breath against the thin fabric of Negan's pajama bottoms, loving the smell of fresh laundry and warm skin.

"I'm sorry that I made you feel bad. You really made me fucking proud today." Negan moved his thigh a bit, cutting the contact as he grabbed the other man's chin to guide his head up, creating eye contact. He looked serious at him. "But I will punish you next time you raise your hand against me, or talk back like a rude little shit." He lifted his brows, tilting his head down a bit. "Understood?"

Daryl glanced through his long bangs, nodding once.

Dark eyes stared at him.

"Yes."

"That's better." Negan moved his leg over Daryl's head, got up and walked to the bedroom. "Drink your water, put your cup into the sink, come to bed. I want you to sleep here tonight."

Daryl sat quietly on the mattress, one arm wrapped tightly across his bare chest, as he peered through the half concrete, half glass wall, watching a tall, angry man brush his teeth, and then quickly looked away, embarrassed, when he heard the sound of pee splattering into the toilet bowl.

A minute later, Negan came back out, with freshly washed hands, walking around to Daryl's side of the bed, crooking his finger, gesturing for the other man to kneel up higher. "Come here. Tell me good night."

Daryl blinked, flicking his head to the side to get a strand of hair out of his eyes. He looked up at Negan and held his breath as he raised up slowly, not sure what to do next.

Negan smirked at him. "Say it."

"Good night."

Negan nodded and grabbed his head with both hands, bending down for a small kiss. "Good night to you too, silly puppy."

He pulled back slightly, examining Daryl's face, seeing him smack his lips, looking truly astonished. It made him smile and lean back in for another kiss, a real one this time.
He wrapped his hand around the back of Daryl's neck and an arm tightly around his back, pulling him up a little more and firmly against his chest, hearing him whimper in response, as he slid his tongue into a warm mouth and deepened the kiss with a low groan.

Daryl's heart was racing. A demanding tongue was touching his own and the taste of Negan's mouth and minty toothpaste invaded his senses. He kissed back shyly after a moment, digging the tips of his fingers into Negan's upper arms.

"Good boy." Negan purred against pale, wet lips, kissing them again and then licked the tip of Daryl's tongue when it darted out. "Kissing me so nicely. Very good." He nuzzled a flushed cheek, brushing his fingernails up and down Daryl's ass. "You want to sleep now next to me like a real good boy?"

He got a nod for an answer, followed by a hoarse little, "Yes." He chuckled low in his throat, kissed Daryl's shoulder and pulled back, standing tall and straight in front of the bed. "Can you kneel for me? To the wall. Sit on your ankles."

Daryl rubbed his ear and blinked twice, but knelt obediently down on the mattress, facing the head end of the bed.

"Spread your legs a little."

Daryl's heart lost a beat, before it pulsed up all the way to the lump in his throat. He looked down on his thighs, spreading them.

"Now lean forward and lie down." Negan placed a firm hand between Daryl's shoulder blades, slowly pushing him chest down on the mattress, head on the pillow.

"You want to sleep like that for me, Daryl? Presenting your pretty ass all night?" He ran his fingers up and down the man's back and then deeper, brushing his underwear and the crack underneath teasingly with sharp nails. "Like a real good puppy, right?"

Daryl felt goosebumps break out all over his skin, while a strange gush of electricity pulsed through his lower abdomen, spreading to his butt and the insides of his thighs.

"You want that?" Negan leaned down, kissing the side of Daryl's face, waiting for a small nod and nervous "Yes." It made him smile and he let one finger run deeper, over a hidden hole and clad balls, just for a second, enjoying how Daryl's breath hitched and dark blond eyelashes fluttered in surprise. "Yes you do. For me. All night." He kissed the corner of Daryl's mouth and then just covered him with the thick blanket, went to switch the lights off, and went to bed himself, on the other side of the mattress.

Daryl blinked into the darkness, felt the mattress move for a moment, smelled warm, clean skin, very close, felt his stomach ache and his entire insides tingle, and didn't know what to think or how to stop his racing mind... until after three minutes a large, strong hand reached out, wrapping like a vice around his own, right in front of his nose on the soft pillow.

"Sleep."
Daryl flinched and crawled underneath the table, screaming in panic, when his ankle was grabbed and he was dragged out again immediately in one swift motion. "I'M SORRY!" He screeched, trying to protect his face with shaking arms. "I'M SORRY DADDY!" He cried and screamed in agony, as the broad leather belt cracked down on him, again and again, while his furious father spit out every insult he could think of, for his rotten bastard of a son.

The sharp leather cut into pale skin, leaving deep, bloody marks, until the screams of pain and fear got hoarse, and finally dimmed down to low weeping and quiet sobbing.

----

Daryl jerked awake up, drenched in sweat, bolting out of the narrow bed in his basement room. He hunched down in the corner with his back to the wall, panting heavily, until he realized that he had been dreaming, and that he was a grown man now, not an eight year old little pansy.

He wiped some damp strands of hair out of his face, angry, because his heart was still hammering in his chest, and opened the door, walking through the empty club area of the Leather Factory, barefoot, in his underwear.

The office wasn't locked, the lights were on, and a tall man sat at his desk, busy with some online work. "Good morning." Negan finished the e-mail he was working on, and sent it out, before he looked up. A frown moved instantly over his face, when he saw the half naked man in the door frame.

He pushed his laptop a couple of inches over the desk and leaned back in his chair, holding out a hand. "Come here."

Daryl did, with a blank expression, not bothering to put up any resistance when Negan grabbed his wrist and pulled him down into a crouching position on the floor.

"What's wrong?" Negan held a hand to Daryl's sweaty forehead, studying his pale face.

Daryl sniffed, shrugging one shoulder. "Nothin"

Negan gave him a long look, smiling faintly after a moment. "Liar, liar pants on fire." He winked and grabbed his phone, dialing number 4, silently stroking the back of Daryl's neck until his call was answered. "Olivia, be a lamb and bring some breakfast to my office. And a shirt and pair of socks." He put the phone back down, pulling his laptop closer again, one-handedly typing a web address. "That's a new layout. What do you think?" He slid back with his chair and turned his laptop, so Daryl could see the screen.

It was the website for the Leather Factory online store, mostly white, with some black elements and red font in brushwork-style.

Daryl knelt up higher and stared at the screen, reading the advertisement for the brand new T-Shirt out of the LF collection. It was tight, black and featured the bold statement 'Taking it like a champ!'
on the front. The model had wicked blue eyes and pure mischief written all over his pretty face. It was Jesus.

"Do you like it?"

Daryl liked it very much, but he wasn't sure why Jesus had to be on Negan's computer screen. "Yes."

"What do you like about it?"

He thought a moment about it and then pointed to a black silhouette of Negan, with a baseball bat over the shoulder, on the side of the page.

"Aww, now aren't you a sweetheart." Negan tilted his head, grinning broadly. "I might just put you in some snug leather gear and have you as my new cover boy."

Daryl shook his head in bewilderment, looking very uncomfortable with the other man's suggestion.

Negan chuckled, ruffling long strands of hair and then got up when Olivia entered the room, slightly out of breath, carrying some clothes underneath her arm and a full tray of food in both hands.

"What's that." He pointed to a small piece of pastry, that looked suspiciously like a sugar-containing muffin.

"Ehm... apple caramel crumble? I made them myself." She blinked nervously behind her glasses. "I thought the crimin- I mean, I thought Daryl would maybe enjoy them?"

"DARYL, will enjoy a long, healthy life without diabetes and heart diseases!" Negan clarified unmistakably. "Make it gluten and sugar free and I will consider to add it to his diet! Maybe." He threw the clothes on the grey couch and took the tray out of her hands, nodding to the evil treat. "Take it."

"Of course, Sir. I-I will look into some ehm... better recipes." She grabbed the muffin with shaking fingers, glanced up to her boss and left quickly.

Negan put the food on his desk and sat back down, nudging Daryl. "Socks and shirt." He read a message on his phone, answered it and watched out of the corner of his eye as the other man went to the couch and pulled a brown shirt awkwardly over his head, needing a moment to slip the arms into the sleeves, before he sat down and put the socks on, with a confused look back over his shoulder, because there were no pants on the couch.

"You don't need pants right now. I'm busy here for at least another hour. You keep me company." He crooked his finger. "Come here. Breakfast."

"Hm." Daryl complied, keeping a blank face, as he walked back to Negan and knelt on the carpet. On his ankles, rubbing his ear. He accepted the slice of apple he was given and nibbled on it in silence, while staring at a random spot in the room, absorbed in thoughts.

After five minutes, Negan glanced up from his screen, reaching out to snap his fingers. "What are you doing? Take a real bite."

Daryl snapped out of his apathy, flinching away from the sudden hand movement. He looked up a bit startled and bit into the piece of apple, even though his jolting heart made his throat too tight to swallow.
Negan didn't comment on it. He tugged a strand of hair behind Daryl's ear and pinched his chin. Then slid back with the chair and spread his legs, snapping his fingers again, pointing two down. "Come here, boy."

Daryl hesitated before he moved forward over the carpet, crouching between Negan's legs, hunched, with his eyes down, half hidden underneath the solid wooden desk.

Negan stroked the top of his head and slid the chair closer to the desk again, just enough to reach the keyboard comfortably, narrowing the space for Daryl, forcing him to rest against his leg. He pushed the man's head down on his thigh, stroking the side of his face, and kept working. He read two e-mails, went through several invoices, ordered a set of new leather cushions for the Sanctuary and checked his social media pages.

After the twelfth minute, squished in the strange position underneath the desk, listening to the quiet tapping sounds of the keyboard, holding on to the small piece of apple in his hand, Daryl huffed a shaky breath and gave in. He wrapped his arm around Negan's calf and buried his nose into the fabric of Negan's pants, sinking against long legs and into the soft carpet, all tension leaving his body.

Negan ran his fingers soothingly through long strands of hair. "I have to buy a lot of shit for the club later. You want to come with me?"

Daryl moved a bit closer, nuzzling his face into grey denims, dangerously close to a warm crotch. He didn't want to go anywhere. He wanted to stay hidden underneath this desk for the rest of his days, between strong, safe legs, where everything smelled like clean clothes and Negan.

Negan glanced down, tickling the nape of Daryl's neck. "You want to be good for me and help?" He shifted in his chair, spreading his thighs a bit more, smiling when hot breath soaked through the fabric of his pants.

Daryl nodded slightly, feeling tingles running down his spine, all the way to his lower abdomen.

"You want to answer." Negan rubbed small circles on the back of Daryl's head, using just enough pressure to push him half an inch closer towards his groin. "Would you like to be good for me and help?"

"Yes." A heavy pulse throbbed up through Daryl's throat, spreading heat everywhere around his body. His fingers curled into Negan's trouser leg and the thick carpet, as he raised his head a little bit, peeking through his long bangs, seeing a notable bulge right in front of his nose.

"Good boy!" Negan praised, not just for the spoken answer. He wrapped his hand into long strands of hair, pulling gently. "Look how nicely you are doing, finding your way all by yourself. No help needed, right?" He watched satisfied how Daryl huffed a silent breath and shifted around in his crouching position, finally gathering up enough courage to shyly brush his face against the button-front of his pants.

He leaned back in his chair, one hand on Daryl's head, one hand on the keyboard, opening a new e-mail. He read it and and answered, took a sip of his tea, enjoying innocent breath warming his crotch, as Daryl nuzzled his face into it. "So much better now, isn't it." He traced the form of a pale ear with his thumb, then tugged some hair behind it, smiling when Daryl closed his eyes.

Daryl sighed, and didn't move, wishing he could stay here like that forever, safe and a little bit dizzy. Feeling his own heartbeat pounding in his chest and Negan's secure hand resting on his head, like a protective cover, not allowing any of the bad memories or horrible images back into his brain, and
instead filling it with nothing but comfortable silence.

He inhaled, taking in the scent of the intimate place he was so close to, liking Negan's body heat underneath his face, listening to all the small, quiet things happening around him, typing, drinking, a pen writing on paper, everything in strange distance like he wasn't even really there, like he was in a magic bubble created just for him alone. He heard a phone ring and felt Negan shift as he answered the call, his deep voice sending vibrations through his whole body. It was comforting and made his stomach tingle at the same time.

"Yes, be here in an hour. We can have a little test run afterwards." Negan put the phone down, brushed his fingers through long strands of hair and then grabbed Daryl's chin, guiding his head up. "You eat your breakfast now, then you go upstairs to brush your teeth, wash and dress. Wait for me at the car. We start at 10." He arched his brows when Daryl only blinked at him with dazed blue eyes, obviously not happy with the sudden interruption. "You want to be good and do that for me?"

"Hm." Daryl wanted to say no. His brain and body desperately protesting against the break of contact. But he nodded anyway and even added a small "Yes." after half a minute because he wanted to be good for Negan.

"Thank you. I have to check something at the store now." Negan stroked the other man's chin with thumb and index finger, liking how the pale, anxious looking face from earlier that morning, had transformed into relaxed features with flushed cheeks and almost pink lips. "You want to kiss me before I leave?" He watched as blue eyes went from shock, over complete insecurity, to nervous flickering, before an awkward kiss was placed on his belly, right above his belt buckle. "Very nice." He smiled, kissing the top of Daryl's head. "We continue this later, puppy."

----

Simon hopped onto the passenger seat, looking back over his shoulder, "You should've told me it's 'take your boy to work' day."

"Why?" Negan started the car, throwing a quick glance through the rear view mirror, checking on his puppy on the backseat. "You have a boy to bring?"

"Oh you know," Simon mused. "Maybe that cute doctor from the other night." He snapped his fingers, trying to come up with a name. "Homer or something. He was actually not bad."

"Harlan." Negan put his sunglasses on, one-handedly. "I didn't know you took him home."

"Sure did. Wrapped me all around his pointy finger." Simon shrugged, holding up his index finger. "Only a doc knows how to give a perfect prostate massage."

Daryl blinked on the backseat, warily glancing at the mustache man who just stole the best place in the car, and then quickly looked away when the man turned around with a big grin.

"Hey, boy! Do you like ice cream?" He wagged his eyebrows in excitement. "I know a place where they make the best cardamom Gelato!"

----

General Wholesale on Marietta Boulevard, wasn't especially busy on Friday mornings, but Daryl had nonetheless difficulties to follow the two tall men in leather jackets through the aisles, because he got constantly distracted.

The shelves were full of food and beverages in giant-size versions. Bulk packs of Italian sausages,
mega boxes of coffee whitener, a whole bucket with pink cake frosting and jumbo packages of paper napkins in all colors of the rainbow.

In the aisle with sweets and snacks, Daryl stopped in front of beer case-sized boxes of chocolate chip cookies, each box for just $31. It were the exact same cookies that Ms Greene had brought to school, that one day when she explained to her class what maternity leave means. Daryl had cried and she had given him twelve cookies. One for each week that she would be gone.

Daryl touched one of the boxes with his fingertips, and then spun around startled when his name was yelled by a deep, angry voice.

"What the fuck are you doing! You are here to help, not to waste my time, playing fucking hide n seek!" Negan held his left hand up and pointed to it with his right. "I expect you to pay attention, boy!" He went past Daryl, slapping the back of his head, and after a couple of steps snapped his fingers and patted his thigh. "SIMON! You know which ones!"

Daryl followed Negan out of the snack aisle, glancing back over his shoulder to see the mustache guy throwing a huge pack of gluten free cookies into the cart, with a wink in his direction.

"BOY! Chop chop!"

For the next 32 minutes, Daryl concentrated on any signal he was given, and loaded the cart with huge jars of pickles and olives, 12 bottles of unsweetened almond milk, beer, several cans of sugar free lemonade powder, seven giant containers of roasted nuts, a mountain of toilet paper and a gigantic sack of high quality dog food for large breeds.

In aisle thirteen, he was made to blow his nose into a paper tissue that smelled wonderfully like the inside of a heavy leather jacket. In aisle nineteen, in front of a large freezer with bulk packs of pork and beefsteak, Negan snapped his fingers and pointed one down, making Daryl stop and wait, when two young man approached him, almost hyperventilating as they asked for a selfie with the current and past Mister Leather Atlanta. Negan gave them both a quick hug before he patted his thigh again, signaling for Daryl to follow.

Daryl did, shooting daggers at the young men when he passed them, because they giggled and blushed and told each other how much they were in love with Negan and how unbelievably sexy and attractive he was. Daryl imagined them dead and rotten, all the way to the checkout and then got distracted, because they had to wait in line behind a lady with a cart full of lemons, and the tall angry man suddenly tugged him at the front of his shirt, with a "Sst." and kissed him. Just like that. On the mouth. In the middle of the store where everyone could see it. Making his stomach tingle and his knees strangely weak.

"Good boy." Negan stroked a leather clad hand over Daryl's right butt cheek and gave it a firm squeeze. "Following me so nicely." He pulled the other man closer, grinding their hips together as he kissed him again. "You definitely deserve a reward for that." He licked broad and wet over Daryl's lips before he spoke against them. "Right puppy?"

Daryl felt numb and dizzy, the sudden fog of hot electricity invading every inch of his body making it impossible to think, so he just nodded weakly.

"Yes you do." Negan nodded as well, kissing again, a bit longer and deeper this time, before he pulled back, just enough to speak. "What would you like, tell me." He gave Daryl's ass another squeeze, as he pushed his hips forward. "Should I feed you one of those cookies?" Warm huffs of breath hit his skin, making him smirk. "Or would you like to sit on my lap for an hour, feeling my dick against your pretty ass." Blue eyes fluttered shut, while a nice shade of red made Daryl's cheeks
flush. "You would like that, don't you boy." Negan studied the long, dark blond eyelashes on pale skin adoringly and then closed his eyes, wrapping a strong hand around the back of Daryl's neck for another deep kiss, because he really felt like it.

The lady in front of them in line, turned around with a shocked expression, muttering a scandalized, "Unbelievable!" loud enough for the men to hear.

"He bonds with his new puppy. That's really important. You have to do it while they are young and influenceable." Simon shrugged apologetically and then spread his arms wide. "But I am free if you like? Have a lot of love to give." He looked kind of disappointed when the lemon-lady gasped in shock and left the queue, pushing her cart out of sight as fast as she could. "No?" He craned his neck, but she was gone. "Well, that's a let down."

Daryl felt like crying on the way back home on the backseat of a black, shiny Tahoe. He didn't know how to sit. Everything felt weird and wrong and uncomfortable and the ache in his chest was so overwhelming, it was almost painful. He squeezed his thighs together and tried to press his knuckles into the hardness in his pants, but that just made it worse. He sniffed his nose, swallowing through his much too tight throat, and looked out of the window, fidgeting on his butt, feeling it pulse slightly. He blinked rapidly as his eyes started to well up, and nibbled at the side of his forefinger, trying to hold his head down.

"Daryl." Negan looked through the rear view mirror, speaking clear and comforting. "Take your phone, open Youtube."

Daryl glanced back at him, miserably wiggling his toes in his shoes, sniffing his nose again when his chin started to tremble. But he took his phone and did as ordered, wiping the back of his hand over his eyes.

"Type my name in, click on searching." Negan checked the mirrors and changed lanes. "Read the first three results for me."

Daryl tapped the letters of Negan's name with his index finger and clicked on the small search symbol. A long list of pictures popped up, all with the tall angry man.

"Read. The first three."

"Mister leather contest." Daryl read quietly, hunching his shoulders. "Basic ankle to thigh r-resting." He wiped a strand of hair out of his eye, huffing a nervous sigh.

"Ankle to thigh restraint." Negan corrected. "What's the third one?"

"Negan atting- attending Folsom San Fr-francisco two zero one four." "Two thousand fourteen. That's the year I was there." Negan stopped at red light, looking at Daryl through the mirror again. "Good boy. Watch the second one."

Daryl knew how that worked. He had to touch the picture and then the video would start. There was music for a few seconds and then the tall angry man spoke in a bright room with a black leather table, similar to the ones in the weird room at the factory. Another man was there, wearing a shirt and very short pants. Negan told him to lie back on the table and then demonstrated with a red 25 foot rope how to knot the thigh to the lower leg. He looked and spoke to the camera, practically ignoring his test object. Daryl liked that. He also liked the calm, friendly voice and Negan's smile and that he said "Go on, try to kick me." to the table man, but the kicking didn't work because of the awesome
knot with all the tight red rope.

Negan glanced at the mirror when he started the car again, seeing the corner of Daryl's mouth twitch into a tiny smile, - and then slammed on the brakes, stopping with a curse at the side of the road. "What the fucking shit!" He looked out of the window, at the young man, sleeping soundly on the seats of a bus stop, covered up with his black leather duster.

He jumped out of the car, not bothering to close the door, and came back a minute later, dragging a confused guy behind him. "NOT ONE WORD, BOY!" He yanked the back door open, throwing Paul next to Daryl on the backseat, and slammed the door shut behind him, before he walked around the car and jumped back behind the wheel.

"Hi buddy." Jesus adjusted his knitted beanie, giving the other man an embarrassed smile. "I was just-

"OH. NO." Negan growled threateningly, turning in his seat to give Paul a cold stare. "Don't even fucking start. You don't look at him, you don't talk to him! You buckle up and enjoy the ride home because once we arrive I will WIPE THAT FUCKING GRIN OFF YOUR FACE!"

Paul lowered his head immediately, knowing this wasn't a game or playful teasing. "Yes, Sir."

Negan stared him down a few seconds longer and then looked at Daryl, changing into a calmer tone. "Watch it three more times. At home you may unload the car for me."

"Hm." Daryl nodded watching unsure how the tall, very angry man started the car and drove back on the road, while the mustache guy didn't seem to be affected at all by the sudden wrath, and just kept on typing messages into his phone.

Jesus sat very ruefully behind the passenger seat, his hands on his lap, his eyes down. Daryl felt a little bit bad for him. And worried.

Hopefully he wouldn't have to sit on the bad boy's chair for what ever he did wrong.

----

The mustache man had helped to unload the car, told Daryl where to put things and tried to start a conversation, but Daryl hadn't answered with more than shrugs and small nods.

When they were done, Daryl wanted to go upstairs, but the mustache man had told him to stay in the basement, because Negan was busy with private things. Daryl didn't like that. It made him angry. He knew Paul was upstairs as well and he didn't want them to do secret things.

He sat down at the bottom of the stairs and waited for almost an hour. Then the mustache man came and ruffled his hair, telling him that Negan wanted to see him now. Daryl ducked his head to the side, not wanting to be touched, and got up to walk upstairs. He put his shoes off when he arrived at the top floor and knocked because the door was closed. He could hear Tiger's paws on the other side, and then footsteps.

"Are you done with everything?" Negan opened for him, seeming normal and friendly.

"Mhm." Daryl walked in, sniffing his nose, wanting to say that he was done an hour ago already, but he didn't. "Yes."

"Thank you. Time for lunch."
Daryl put his shoes down and froze when he entered the living room. There was a chair from the
dining table in the middle of the room and Jesus stood behind it, holding on to the backrest, with his
eyes lowered.

"Paul prefers to stand right now." Negan carried two bowls of Miso soup to the table. "We don't
wanna disrupt his thinking. Go sit down."

Daryl did. But he gave Jesus a suspicious glance over the shoulder, wondering why he didn't smirk
or at least whispered something funny.

"Do you know why he is punished?" Negan took the spoon out of Daryl's hands, showing him how
to hold it correctly, and then gave it back.

"No." Daryl tried to fill his spoon just a little bit with soup, before he slurped it down soundly. It
looked like dirty river water but it tasted really good.

"He broke the rules and slept on the fucking streets, even though I told him not to." Negan grabbed
Daryl's spoon again, filled it half and held it up. "Open your mouth."

Daryl moved his head back with a scowl, but then opened his mouth anyway, swallowing the soup
almost soundless.

"Much better! Don't slurp please." Negan said sternly, handing the spoon back. "Tell me, why
should he not sleep outside."

Daryl thought about it, carefully balancing the spoon to his open mouth, trying not to make any
noise. He wiped his lips with the back of his hand and mumbled his answer, shrugging. "Cause you
don' wan' it."

Negan gave him a surprised look, followed by an appreciative nod. "Did you fucking hear that,
Paul? You can't sleep out in the open because I don't fucking want it!" He smirked at Daryl. "You
get an A plus for that answer, boy!"

After lunch, Daryl knelt next to a large German shepherd, in front of the black leather sofa, watching
warily how a tall, angry man walked circles around Jesus and the bad boy's chair. "So you think I am
restricting your precious freedom if I keep you from sleeping on the fucking streets like a vagrant."

Paul stared straight ahead. "Yes Sir. That's how it feels to me."

Negan sucked his lips in, nodding. "Then we have a damn fucking problem, because it's a non
negotiable matter. As long as you're mine you don't sleep on the streets."

Paul didn't like the direction this conversation was heading. He lost his defiant attitude, turning
around, in search for eye contact. "Negan I-"

He was cut off immediately, by a low, stern voice. "It is my job to keep you safe and healthy. You
don't play by the rules, you don't follow my orders. You keep me from doing my job properly. That's
not how it works, Paul."

Jesus wanted to say something, but a raised finger let him lower his head instead.

"You know I am worried every time you sleep out there! But you do it anyway, giving a crap about
my feelings!"
"No." Paul shook his head, his voice getting weak.

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN FUCKING NO, I JUST FOUND YOU SLEEPING ON THE STREET, BOY! GIVING A CRAP ABOUT MY ORDER AND THE RULES!"

Paul curled his fingers around the top of the chair's backrest, his knuckles turning white. "I'm sorry, Sir." He whispered his apology, feeling his eyes well up. "Sometimes I just have to. I don't do it to act out."

"You don't do it again if you want to be with me." Negan said calm but strict, standing close behind him. "That's fucking final."

"I won't." Jesus nodded, turning around, resting his forehead against Negan's chest. "I am sorry for worrying you. I never meant to."

"I know." Negan kissed the top of his head. "Take the chair back to the table and eat some soup."

----

Daryl was instructed to take a nap in his room until it was time for work, and then come to see Negan for a good bye in the club area.

After just one hour of sleep, he woke up, hearing strange banging noises, like from fireworks or gunshots. He sat up in bed, rubbing his ear with a frown. People started laughing and then the banging noise came again.

He got up and walked to the door, opening slowly. There was another loud bang and a deep voice saying "Holy shit, man!". He wrapped an arm around his bare chest, hesitantly walking closer and then stopped, when he saw the tall, angry man, with a happy grin, swinging a black, ten foot bullwhip over his head, lashing it out in a massive crack.

The mustache man did the same at the other end of the room, with a brown whip, trying to copy the movement, first slow to practice and then with force, cracking the whip successfully. He smiled broadly at the result, wrapping the long leather piece up in loops, and gestured with it for Negan. "Careful, with your next swing."

Negan put his whip down, mid swing, and turned around to the half naked man with tousled hair and worried expression. "Why are you not in bed as I told you?"

Daryl made a step back, raising his chin defiantly as he saw himself confronted with the threatening piece of leather. "Heard a noise."

"The only fucking noise you have to pay attention to is my voice."

"And probably the fire alarm." Simon piped in with a shrug, angling his arm again for another swing. "Just sayin'."

Negan sighed, waving Daryl closer with two leather clad fingers. "Come here."

Daryl sniffed his nose, avoiding his eyes as he walked across the room and then flinched when Simon cracked the whip, laughing loudly at the result.

Negan pulled him the last steps in, putting a hand on his bare shoulder. "You want to sleep upstairs in my bed?"
Daryl shook his head, glancing past the tall angry man, to see what Simon was doing. "No."

"Look at me when I'm fucking talking to you." Negan snapped his fingers sternly. "Go dress yourself and then come back and sit with Paul." He gestured to the side, where Jesus sat cross legged close to the wall, not paying much attention because he listened to the Scissor Sisters over his headphones. "Quietly."

"Hm." Daryl nodded, wrapping his arm tighter around his chest, "Okay." and turned to leave.

Simon watched the door fall shut and frowned, walking up to Negan, leaning in to speak in private. "Looks like he had deep acquaintance with a whip, that boy."

Negan shook his head and turned around, widening his stance for another swing. "Get your eyes checked. Those are fucking belt marks."

Fifty minutes later, Daryl sat with his back to the wall, watching mesmerized how the two men worked their whips, in all kinds of different movements, making them sound more fiercely or hitting specific spots precisely. He liked it. Very much. Secretly he wanted to try it himself. He could hunt rabbits and squirrels with it for Merle, once he was out of prison. Then they wouldn't have to spend money on bullets anymore.

"Paul, come here!" Negan waved his hand. "Stand over there, Simon gives you a straw."

"Man, really?" Jesus pulled a face as he got up. "You know I hate that."

"Yes I know." Negan smirked, wagging his eyebrows, as the young man got into position, standing in a distance of ten feet, holding an arm out to the side.

Simon handed him a paper straw with a happy smile and got out of the way. "Hold it out nicely, boy, you don't want to lose a finger."

Jesus squeezed his eyes shut and wrinkled his nose when Negan lashed out, cracking the whip in his direction. He winced and jerked his arm back in the last second.

"BOY!" Negan threw his hands up. "Can you try not to be a fucking huge vagina for a moment and hold that god damn straw?! When did I ever hit you!"

Paul smirked with a tilt of his head. "Before lunch?"

Negan smirked back. "With a whip, smart ass."

Paul shook his head, smiling sweetly. "Never, Sir."

Negan nodded, returning the smile for a second, before his features got serious again. "Then fucking hold your arm out. You don't want to be a pussy in front of Daryl." He got in position, angling his arm, "Right puppy?" and lashed out for a low, wide swing. The long thong and fall of the whip wrapped tightly around Paul's legs in the split of a second, bringing him to fall with one firm tug.

Daryl sat up straight, surprised by the sudden change of the situation, and smiled broadly. He had never seen something that funny.

"Fuck you." Jesus winced, rubbing his already sore backside.

"Keep dreaming, boy." Negan rolled his whip up in loops, turning to Daryl, liking the unusual happy
expression on his face. "You want to try it, puppy?"

Daryl rubbed the back of his hand over his nose and nodded. He really wanted to. "Okay."

Negan gave him an impressed nod, gesturing for him to go ahead. "Well then, take the straw, Mister Dixon."

"Good luck." Jesus handed it over and hobbled off to the safe sidelines, rubbing his butt.

"Two more steps back." Negan went in position, looking at Daryl with a serious face. "Hold your arm out like that. Don't move, or you get hurt. Right? This thing cuts like a fucking knife." He arched his brows, making sure his order was understood. "Two for warm up. Nothing happens." He swung the whip twice, cracking it loud, right in front of Daryl's face, watching his reaction closely. "Good boy!" Seeing that there wasn't much of a flinch, he positioned himself again, angling his arm. "Now hold the straw out, nice and steady." He waited a moment, holding eye contact, then aimed, swinging the whip sharply, whacking the straw right out of Daryl's fingers with a loud crack. "WELL DONE!"

A tiny smile moved over Daryl's face, while he grew two inches, standing up straight, flicking his head to get that stupid hair out of his eyes.

"You don't scare easy, right boy?" Negan cracked the whip on the floor with a smirk and then gestured for the other man to stand still. "Eyes on me, hold your head up." He approached Daryl slowly, holding firm eye contact, and lashed the whip out sideways, letting it wrap tightly around the man's neck. He gave it a quick pull and dragged him closer, "Like a puppy on a leash."

Daryl wasn't sure whether he liked that trick and brought a hand up to loosen the leather around his neck.

"You don't wanna touch my whip without permission, boy." Negan took it off and leaned in closely, rubbing his beard against Daryl's cheek, speaking quietly into his ear. "Thank you for participating, Mister Dixon."

Daryl lowered his head, tapping his finger against Negan's wrist. "Can I your whip." He mumbled his question in very low voice, but he was understood anyway.

"May you use my fucking whip?" Negan moved a step back, honestly surprised.

"Let the boy try!" Simon rooted from the other end of the room. "You have to train them while they're young!"

"Well, then, turn around." Negan stood flush behind Daryl's back, giving him the handle of the whip, holding him by the right wrist, to move both of their arms together. "You swing it up like that, then roll your wrist out. Pump. And your hand comes out over your head. Right?" He stepped back, showing it once in slow motion. "Timing is important when you pull it back from behind, or you'll nip your ear."

"Mhm." Daryl took it back, copying the position of Negan's feet, then swung the whip like he was told to, cracking it successfully and because it felt so good, did it again right away, with more force, and then a third time, even faster.

"DAMN!" Negan bent in his knees and leaned backwards, laughing genuinely impressed. "Look at my awesome boy!"

"Like father like son!" Simon clapped his hands and took a bow. "He taught you well young
Daryl smiled, looking proudly at the black leather in his hand and went two steps forward to swing it again, making the fierce crack resound loudly through the huge club area of the factory.

----

Ten minutes before midnight, Daryl's phone beeped. He was already in the staff room to get ready to leave.

*Negan*

*I am taking Paul home. You’ll be good, brush your teeth and write your report. Money on the counter. Don’t forget your square. I will come and say good night.*

17/01/2017 11:50 PM

Daryl felt his heart sink. He was hoping it was another hand photo or the 'good boy' - nice words. Instead he was told that Paul had spent the whole evening with Negan. Probably alone. Probably doing secret things again, where others had to wait on the stairs.

He shouldered his backpack and left, mumbling a small "Night." to Abraham on his way out. He didn't bother to run, because there wouldn't be anyone waiting for him anyway. Instead Jesus was certainly sitting on the passenger seat of the shiny, black car and Negan called him good boy all the time. Most likely.

Daryl kicked an empty cigarette package across the sidewalk and imagined Merle laughing at him, calling him Darlina.

After 45 minutes, he unlocked the red door and went up the stairs, not bothering to switch the lights on. He took his shoes off and went into the apartment, surprised that Tiger sat in the entrance room. He patted his head and went straight to the bathroom to brush his teeth, trying to ignore his reflection in the mirror. He hated his hair and his face. Always had.

He took his pants off, pulling all the money out of the pocket, and went to the kitchen to put it on the counter and make a blue cross on one of the squares. The pen squeaked and a part of his finger got blue.

As he walked through the living room to write his report, he saw a cup on the table. A red cup. The one he always used, because Negan gave it to him with water inside.

It was half full, on the table, and he knew why.

The cup flew across the room, spilling water in every direction before it clanked against the wall and fell to the floor.

He didn't switch the lights off before he went downstairs to his room. But after ten minutes on his narrow bed in the dark, he pulled his phone out underneath the blanket and typed his report.

*Good:    - whip
 - help
Bad:     - cokies
 - water
Like:    desk
Hate:    cup*
Change: Jesus

It took him almost thirty minutes until it was sent out and he decided that he didn't want to see any answer to it. He didn't want to see anything anymore. He didn't even want a good night. So he slid the phone underneath his pillow and quickly closed his eyes, hoping to fall asleep before any tall angry men could come in to ask him to be nice to Paul.

And it worked. His phone didn't beep with a message and he dozed off into light sleep. Until the door opened, at 1:05 in the morning.

"That's not how I taught you to sleep." Negan came in, switching the lamp on the small desk on, before he sat down on the edge of Daryl's bed. He held a red cup in hand, held it up with a nod for Daryl to see, and placed it on the desk.

Daryl blinked his sleepy eyes and squinted. It was his cup. Red, made of plastic, with a handle at the side. And now it had letters in the front.

P U P P Y. Handwritten with a blue permanent marker.

"Sit." Negan nudged Daryl's blanket and handed him his phone. "I've made some changes."

Daryl sat up and wiped some tousled strands of hair out of his eyes, but they fell right back. He took the phone and stared on the small screen.

Good: - I cracked the bullwhip like a pro and made Negan proud as hell
       - I helped Negan at the store and at home
Bad:   - cookies I got distracted and will pay more attention from now on
       - water I acted out and will apologize
Like:  I liked to feel good and safe in my place
Hate:  I like my cup and I am angry when others use it, but Negan took care of the problem

Change: Jesus I am scared, but I don't have to, because nobody can take my place

Negan nudged him again. "Apologize. Water on a wooden floor is not nice and throwing stuff around in my apartment is fucking rude."

Daryl tried again to get the stubborn strands of hair out of his face and flicked his head, with a sniff of his nose. "I'm sorry."

"You better be." Negan took his phone back, slipped it into his pocket and reached out to comb his fingers through the tousled mess on Daryl's head, tugging some strands behind his ears. "You want to tell me good night now?"

Daryl didn't say anything. He didn't want to say good night yet and be all alone in his room until next morning.

"You want to have your reward for being so good at the store?"

Daryl nodded and then felt embarrassed when he remembered the kiss at the checkout and the horrible ride home afterwards. He looked away, to the wall, and then down on his bed, tugging at his blanket with two fingers. "Yes."

"What do you want, the cookie or sitting with me?" Negan said it in a complete neutral tone, making it the serious matter it was and not a game. "You want to come upstairs with me?" He received a nod for an answer and decided to let it slip, as he knew the answer anyway. He got up and switched the
light off. "Don't forget your cup, puppy."

---

When Daryl arrived at the top floor, the door was open, the heavy leather jacket hung on the coat rack and Negan sat on the black sofa, in shirt and pants and socks, sipping beer right out of the bottle. The TV was on, illuminating the otherwise dark apartment with flickering, dim light.

Daryl closed the door and carried his cup to the coffee table.

"No, give it to me." Negan held his hand out and took it, pouring some of his beer into it. "Try. It's from Belgium."

Daryl emptied it in one big gulp. He was thirsty.

"Good?"

"Mhm." He wiped his wet mouth into the sleeve of his shirt. "Thank you." It was really very good.

"You're welcome." Negan leaned back and put an arm on the backrest. "Come here." When Daryl made an attempt to sit down on the floor, he shook his head. "Here, on the couch, next to me."

Daryl put his cup on the coffee table and felt suddenly very ashamed for not wearing pants, as he sat down stiffly on the black leather cushioning, holding a safe distance to Negan's leg.

"No." Negan wrapped his arm instantly around tense shoulders and pulled the other man closer, flush against his side. "I want to snuggle with my puppy."

Daryl held his breath, squished against the tall, warm body, surrounded by the smell of beer and Negan. He stared at the TV, where a man in suit and glasses made jokes about the President-elect. He heard a deep chuckle and felt it vibrating through the other man's chest. The firm hand on his upper arm slid up for a moment, three fingers stroking absently the side of his face, and then it slid down again, wrapping around his upper arm, pulling him another inch closer. He glanced to the side, seeing Negan taking a swig of the beer, resting the bottle on his thigh as he was done.

After three minutes, he pointed a shy finger to the bottle. "Can I from your beer." His voice sounded rough and not very friendly, but it was meant as a polite question.

Negan turned his head, holding the bottle to the other man's lips. "Please may I drink from your beer." He granted two sips, before he pulled the bottle off and turned his attention back to the TV, but pushed Daryl's head to the side, making it rest against his chest.

Daryl froze as his cheek made contact with the soft t-shirt, a broad hand holding him in place, two fingers stroking his ear and hair and the side of his face. Every now and then a kiss was planted to the top of his head and then a bearded chin rubbed slowly on his hair. He heard Negan clear his throat, he felt his chest raise and fall with the even rhythm of breathing, he listened to him swallow another sip of beer. And then he heard his own quiet sigh, when he took a deep breath and turned around a bit, to snuggle deeper into the wonderful t-shirt and the warm skin underneath, enjoying the protective arm around his back and the secure hand that wasn't leaving his head.

He felt his heartbeat speed up, when his fingers started all by themselves to nestle with the fabric of Negan's shirt, secretly, down by his left side, right above his belt. He tugged it and wrapped it around his finger and then stopped in shock when his hand accidentally brushed against bare skin.

Negan didn't seem to mind, and kept stroking the side of his face, up and down, over his cheekbone,
along his jaw, to his neck and chin.

"Sst." Negan grasped the other man's chin and tilted it up, creating eye contact, making sure he had full attention. He cocked an eyebrow and took a small sip of beer, then bend down for a kiss, sliding his tongue between pale lips, holding Daryl firmly by neck and jaw as he shared some beer from Belgium, mouth to mouth. He felt Daryl tense and swallow, immediately rewarding him with a deep, slow kiss and a moan of approval. "Good boy, not spilling a drop." He pulled back with a last peck on shiny lips and held the bottle up. "Put it on the table please."

Daryl needed a moment to understand, looking back at Negan with dazed eyes, rubbing his ear and then got up, awkwardly, putting the bottle on the coffee table with a small clank, before he was left standing a bit helpless in front of the couch, not sure what to do.

Negan reached out to grab his wrist, pulling him down again, guiding Daryl's left leg over his lap, making him sit on him, face to face.

Daryl tensed instantly, trying to back away, highly uncomfortable with his spread legs over the other man's crotch and the much too close contact.

Negan ignored it, putting his feet up on the coffee table, as he wrapped a firm arm around Daryl's back, pulling him in close against his chest, making his head rest on his shoulder. "Stop fidgeting, I want to watch that."

Daryl didn't breathe and didn't dare to move a finger. His arms were squished between Negan's chest and his own, his face was pushed into the crook of Negan's neck and as much as he tried to keep at least an inch distance between his underwear clad butt and Negan's lap, he could still feel the rough fabric of grey denims against the inside of his thighs.

"If you don't tell me which reward you want, I have to pick one."

Daryl could feel the deep rumbling of each of Negan's words against his chest, buzzing right through his insides.

"So now you sit on my fucking lap for an hour, while I watch the newest reports about our beautiful, doomed nation. Right?"

Daryl listened attentively, liking very much how Negan's low, steady voice sounded from such a close distance, with an ear right on his shoulder. "Mh."

Negan slapped a bare upper thigh with his flat hand, sharply. "Right!"

Daryl nodded, adding a very quiet. "Yes."

"Better." Negan rubbed the spot he just hit soothingly and turned to kiss Daryl's head. "You want to be good now and enjoy your reward?"

"Mh." Daryl nodded. He really wanted that, preferably not just for an hour, but for the rest of the night. "Yes." He curled three fingers into Negan's shirt, in the hidden privacy between both of their chests, and added an almost inaudible. "Sir." to his answer, instantly feeling proud and horribly ashamed at the same time.

"Good boy, Daryl!" Negan nuzzled the side of a flushed face, praising in a low tone, "Look at you, being so fucking clever." He slid his hand up Daryl's thigh, letting two fingers vanish beneath the rim of tight underwear. "Picking up such good behavior all on your own, right?"
"Yes." Daryl answered without even understanding the question, huffing warm breath against the skin of Negan's neck, closing his eyes as his body went limp against the man's chest, with all the nice words and touching and musky scent all over and around him.

He arched his back when a broad hand slipped underneath his shirt, and then leaned into it because it was stroking up and down his spine, then deeper to his butt, cupping a firm cheek with a squeeze. He felt the ache in his lower belly start again, spreading heat and tingles of electricity all through his body, making everything feel good and terribly wrong simultaneously.

He whimpered, and raised his pelvis, just to push it down again against Negan's groin a second later, desperately, when he felt the pulsing sensation again and his penis hardening and throbbing in his pants. He wanted to hide. He wanted to run away. He wanted to apologize. He wanted to crawl inside the tall, angry man to be as close as possible.

Negan felt the other man fighting and trying to back off, and he wrapped his arm like a vice around the tense body, circling the back of Daryl's neck with secure fingers, turning his head to kiss a pale face and warm neck, licking the flushed skin, providing a steady hand on Daryl's ass, holding it in place, while he moved his own hips slightly, letting the other man feel what effect he had on him. "You're hard because I made you hard." He spoke against Daryl's cheekbone and then licked it. "I made you hard because I like you that way. I want to see how much you like me, puppy." He heard Daryl pant unsteadily and felt him squirm and sob quietly as he got overwhelmed by his bodily reactions. "Feel that?" He thrust his bulge against Daryl's middle. "Seeing you like this makes me rock hard myself." He slid his hand beneath the waistband of tight underwear, firmly massaging Daryl's bare ass, while he licked the corner of a trembling mouth with a broad, wet tongue. "You're doing such a great job. I want you to come for me, boy. Show me how much you like me." He licked Daryl's lower lip and then slid his tongue past it, deep into a hot mouth, kissing slow but demanding, wrapping his fingers tighter around the man's neck.

Daryl felt panic rising, with Negan's hardness grinding against him, making his insides pulse and tingle and flip. He flexed his muscles helplessly, when hot liquid pooled somewhere deep and low in his abdomen and then sobbed into Negan's mouth, going completely still and tense, as something shattered and a shock wave shot through his body, letting his thighs tremble uncontrollably and his vision fade to black.

Negan moaned against wet lips, enjoying the uneven huffs of breath coming out between them, and the muscular spasms traveling through the limp body on his lap. "Good boy, doing so well for me." He caressed Daryl's bare ass, stroking gently up and down. "Coming for me so nicely." He kissed the side of Daryl's face, letting him rest his head on his shoulder, combing three fingers soothingly through long strands of hair.

Daryl blinked slowly, rubbing his ear against Negan's shoulder, feeling his pulsing heartbeat from the soles of his feet, over his butt, up to his ears. He didn't know what to think and felt like every bone in his body had just melted like a candle in bright sunlight.

Someone on TV made a joke and people laughed and applauded. Then a phone rang and Negan reached his arm out and answered it, sending deep rumbling vibrations through Daryl's chest with each word he said. It was a long conversation, and Daryl tried to follow, but the secure hand on his head, absentmindedly playing with a strand of hair, made his eyelids feel heavy. The last thing he heard was, "No, I'm sitting here with my boy." spoken by a dark, soft voice, before he drifted off to sleep, on Negan's lap, with nothing on his mind but peace and safety.
Chapter End Notes

Coming up next: Threshold
Daryl woke up on his belly, with his butt in the air and his face squished against the warm leather of a black couch, a small puddle of spit making his cheek wet and sticky.

He blinked his eyes open, seeing an empty bottle of Belgian beer and a red cup on the coffee table. A red cup with blue marker in the front.

He knelt up, wiping the back of his hand over his spit-wet mouth, and looked around. It was very early, barely sunrise, the TV was off and he was all alone in the living room except for Tiger, who slept on his grey pillow near the dining table.

Daryl got up, walked over the blanket that had slipped off him at night, and went to the bedroom, cautiously pushing the door open.

The tall, angry man was in bed, lying on his side, half covered by a thin, white sheet, breathing evenly.

Daryl rubbed his nose with the knuckles of his hand, hesitating a moment, and then went to the free side of the bed, sitting down on the mattress.

"No. Only by invitation."

Daryl flinched startled, jumping to his feet instantly.

"Come here." Negan hadn't moved. He was lying with his back to Daryl, but spoke loud and clear.

Daryl wiped some hair out of his eyes and walked around the bed to the other side.

Negan pointed to the alarm clock on his night stand. "Tell me the fucking time."

Daryl sniffed his nose with a flick of his head. "Five fifty-five."

"Right. And I get up at six thirty. Before six thirty I fucking sleep."

Daryl turned around to leave, dejected.

"No." Negan shifted on the mattress, trying to get comfortable again. "Kneel and wait." He pointed to the floor, right in front of his nightstand. "Quietly."

Daryl didn't want to. He wanted to go to the black couch again and wait for the servant lady to make sugar free breakfast. But Negan snapped his fingers, expecting his order to be followed. So he
crouched down, kneeling on the wooden floor.

"Sit on your ankles. Straight back." Negan watched as the position was clumsily corrected. "You want to spread your knees for me."

Daryl stared at the man in bed through his long bangs, in a mixture of embarrassment and defiance, for twenty silent seconds, before he spread his knees apart, exposing his underwear and the dried cum stains, prominent in the front.

"That's right. You want to show me everything." Negan watched a pink blush crawl over a freckled chest and two hands trying to cover up as much as possible of the bare skin. "Can you put your hands behind your back?"

Daryl looked unsure but he did what the deep, soft voice told him.

"Good boy." A glint shimmered in Negan's dark eyes, looking the other man up and down. "I want to see all of pretty Daryl when I wake up." He smiled and turned around, offering Daryl not more than his bare back.

It was easy to hold the position for the first six minutes. Then it started to get uncomfortable. Daryl rolled his neck and sighed quietly. Then he wiggled his nose because something tickled and he tried to rub it against his right shoulder, unsuccessfully. He flicked his head in minute twelve and sighed again, shifting on his knees. In minute twenty, the soft, warm bed right in front of him looked like heaven on earth. He gazed longingly at the tall man lying there, completely still, wishing he would move already and sit up and say it is time for breakfast. He huffed a breath and flexed his shoulders, then rolled them. His back started to hurt. He looked at the clock and then around the room, back to Negan and finally to the door when he heard Tiger walk around in the living room. He wondered if he could whistle real quietly, to make the dog come and sit with him. Then he froze and held his breath, when the tall, angry man sighed, loud and theatrically.

Negan rolled onto his back, rubbed his face and reached out to push the button of his alarm clock, at 6:29 AM. Then looked to Daryl, in a mixture of amusement and annoyance. "Fidgety like a fucking five year old on a sugar rush, aren't you boy."

Daryl wasn't sure what to say and blinked nervously through his tousled hair before he lowered his gaze, mumbling a quiet, "No." Hoping it was the right answer.

Negan sighed again and got up, adjusting his red briefs as he opened the wardrobe to get some fresh clothes out. He threw them on the bed, rummaged in the top drawer of his dresser, left the bedroom and came back three minutes later, throwing a belt to the pile of clothes on the mattress, before he walked up to Daryl and stopped right in front of him. Barefoot, wearing not more than his underwear. He didn't say anything, and got another step closer, moving his presence well into Daryl's private space, looking down at him as if he waited for something.

Daryl held his head sideways, his eyes flickering, while his heart stumbled in his chest. He didn't know what he was supposed to do, with the almost naked man right in front of his nose, and after a moment just leaned forward, attempting to rest against Negan's bare thigh.

"No."

The loud snap of fingers next to his ear stopped him instantly, causing him to kneel upright again.

Negan waited a few seconds and then turned his arm slightly, to offer the inside of his wrist, close to the other man's face. He watched as Daryl peeked up briefly, insecure and clearly confused by the
unexplained procedure, ducked his head to back away, and after another warning snap of fingers, bumped his nose clumsily against the offered wrist.

Negan observed silently from above how Daryl huffed a shaky breath against his pulse, rubbed the tip of his nose against it and then closed his eyes when he got rewarded by the cup of a broad palm, to hide his face in.

Daryl inhaled the smell of Negan's hand and almost instantly poked his tongue out to taste the warm skin. It was salty, and all gone after just a short moment, when the comforting palm was pulled off and instead guided him to the front of tight briefs.

Negan stroked the side of Daryl's face with his fingertips, and just stood there, patiently watching how Daryl blinked through his long bangs, shyly glanced at the openly presented bulge, and finally moved an inch closer to nudge his nose against the red fabric of warm underwear. His bravery got instantly rewarded by a strong hand on the back of his head, combing through tousled hair.

Daryl exhaled with a small sigh as the scent of hot skin, soap and tall, safe Negan reached his senses. He rubbed his nose against the man's crotch and timidly brushed his lips over the outline of a flaccid cock, inhaling deeply.

"That's right, boy." Negan encouraged Daryl's response, stroking his hair gently, as he surveyed the submissive action. "Learn my scent. You'll get a fucking lot of it, should I decide to keep you around." He allowed the intimate touch for another moment and then stepped back, snapping his fingers. "Now go wash and brush your teeth, you're coming with me and Tiger today."

----

"You want to hold the leash, puppy?" Negan handed Daryl the brown leather leash of his large German shepherd, and zipped up his jacket as the red door fell shut behind them. It was a pretty cold morning for Atlanta.

Much to the dismay of janitor Joseph, who was supposed to clean the Leather Factory's entire outside area with a broom.

"Watch that." Negan whispered to Daryl and then strolled innocently up to his shivering employee. "How's the job going for you, Joseph?" He patted the man's shoulder. "All okay? You have everything you need?"

"Ehm... yes, Sir? Thank you?" Joey showed a small, uncomfortable smile. "Maybe a pair of mittens would be-"

"ANYWAYS. Joseph. I have very good news for you!" Negan interrupted because he really didn't care. "According to the Center for Disease Control and Prevention, it's my job as your supervisor, to create a supportive, healthy workplace." He gestured to the huge, grey concrete block that was the Leather Factory, for illustration. "Vitality, energy and strength, dear Joseph, are the characteristics of a happy, healthy employee! And healthy employees are more productive." He leaned in to Joey, speaking low, with an excited grin. "Which kinda plays directly into my hands."

Janitor Joseph wasn't really sure what his Boss was talking about, but decided for a happy grin as response.

"So!" Negan stood up straight, speaking like a staff-sergeant. "We will knock you into shape, my friend, with some regular physical exercise! Hands behind your head, bend at your knees!"

Joseph chuckled at the early morning joke, glad that his Boss was in such a good mood today...
before his smile slipped and his forehead furrowed in confusion, when Negan kept staring at him in serious anticipation. He let go of the broom, making it fall to the ground with a clank, and raised his arms slowly behind his head.

"Well?" Negan arched his brows, waiting. "Bend those stems!"

Joseph winced, as he carefully bend in his knees, coming one and a half inches closer to the ground.

"Atta boy!" Negan patted his back, hard, "Twenty reps! Will warm you up real good!" and turned to leave, snapping his fingers. "Let's go puppies!"

----

Daryl walked proudly behind the tall man in leather jacket, because holding Tiger's leash felt really nice.

The large dog walked slowly next to him, stopped at the street when he asked him to, and in between looked up at him, wagging his tail like he was really happy to spend time with Daryl.

Negan snapped his fingers in front of the Good Karma Coffee house, and signaled for his dog and Daryl to stop and wait. "I'm back in a minute."

Daryl watched him walk through the wide open door, towards the shiny, clean counter filled with bread, rolls, cake and pastries. The mouth watering aroma of sweet cupcakes and crispy croissants reached his nose, making his empty stomach rumble.

"Karen," Negan went right to business. "My eldest boy's birthday is coming up. Is there a chance that you whisk me up something nice until tomorrow?"

The lady behind the counter blushed slightly, at the sight of her most favorite, and by far most handsome customer. "Of course, that's no problem. Let me show you some samples." She hurried in the back, speaking louder while she looked through some plastic folders with photos. "Is he more into racing cars or super heroes right now? We also have all the Disney characters." She came back with a pile of cards and brochures, shoving them over the counter. "Everything in here is gluten, sugar and dairy free."

"Good." Negan nodded, flipping through the pages, as he went to the open door. "Sst." He snapped his fingers. "Daryl, come take a look. Pick a birthday cake for Paul."

Daryl fumbled with the leash in his hands, glancing warily through his long bangs. "Why."

"Because, boy, it's his birthday tomorrow and you suggested that he should have a cake." Negan held the brochure underneath Daryl's nose. "So here you go, pick a fucking cake for him."

Daryl meant to be grumpy, but all the cakes looked so awesome. They were colorful, some with pictures on top, some shaped like cars or numbers, some very big and high, some with sprinkles and confetti. He wanted all of them.

Negan turned the page, revealing a pink cake looking like a pig, a round cake with rainbow frosting and a green Brachiosaurus - dinosaur cake, with grass and rocks underneath its feet. Daryl's eyes widened.

Negan noticed. "You want that one?"
"Mh." Daryl shrugged, rubbing his cheek against his shoulder, "Okay." and then watched as Negan went inside again, back to the counter, to order a huge gluten- sugar- dairy free dinosaur birthday cake for Paul Rovia, while he stood on the sidewalk, holding Tiger's leash, and a horde of excited butterflies invaded his stomach.

---

Back home, Negan threw his keys into the metal bowl on the dresser. "Shoes off, come to the kitchen." He brushed the top of Daryl's head with three fingers as he sat down to untie his shoelaces, and then went to make himself a nutritious breakfast smoothie.

Daryl put his shoes down, went to the kitchen and watched as a huge load of spinach, kale and banana were stuffed into the Vitamix.

"You like mango?" Negan filled the blender with two cups of water and held a fruit up for the other man to see.

Daryl shrugged. He had never eaten anything like that before and wasn't sure if he wanted to try.

Negan shrugged as well, pushed the button of his $900 kitchen gadget, "No answer, no mango." and went to get his wallet. He pulled 250 Dollar out and handed them to Daryl. "It's what you earned this week, working for me."

Daryl took it, not sure what to do. He didn't know that he was earning extra money. And sure as hell not that much. He glanced up at Negan and then at the money in his hand. He put it on the counter and counted it, making two piles, giving one to Negan. "Now a square?"

Negan gave it back, shaking his head. "It's yours. You give me my $50 tonight after work, then you may cross out a square."

A small smile of happiness moved over Daryl's face. He gathered all the banknotes, crumbled them up and stuffed it into the pockets of his pants. "Thank you."

Negan squinted at him, as he switched his blender off and filled a glass and a red cup. "You sure have a lot of money by now. What are you doing with it?"

Daryl didn't answer, pushing his chest and chin out in defiance, giving a slight shrug.

"Second strike for today." Negan leaned in to speak next to a pale ear. "A third time without answer means punishment. Right?"

Guilt shot instantly through Daryl's empty stomach. "Yes."

"Good." Negan handed him the glass and cup. "Breakfast. Sit down at the table."

Daryl walked slowly through the living room, trying not to spill anything. His chair made scraping noises on the spotless hardwood floor, as he pulled it out and sat down, hunching his shoulders, when he sipped at the strange thick drink in his cup. It tasted like grass with banana. He drank again and wiped his mouth into his fresh sleeve.

A finger poked between his shoulder blades. "Sit up straight." Negan sat down himself, putting a notepad on the table, next to Daryl's hand, along with a pencil. "What do you collect a shit load of money for. Write it down."

Daryl rubbed the back of his hand over his face, scowling at Negan. He wanted to shake his head,
but didn't. He lowered his eyes, pulling his fingers underneath the table. The request wasn't asked again. But the other man stared at him, waiting. And after almost two minutes, he grabbed the pencil truculently and wrote down the answer.

Negan took a sip of his smoothie, pulling the notepad over the table to read it. It was one word, written in the handwriting of a third grader.

**LAYER**

He scribbled down an answer, giving the pad back.

*You need a lawyer?*

Daryl read it, biting his lip. He huffed a breath and leaned his head into a hand as he started writing.

**MY BROTHER**

Negan pulled the notepad back.

*I didn't know you have a brother. What's his name?*

He noticed how Daryl's face relaxed when he read the question and wrote down his answer, mouthing the words along silently.

**MERLE DIXON**

Negan smiled when he glanced at the crooked pencil written words and nudged Daryl's hand, "Good job, don't forget your breakfast." He wrote a reply and watched out of the corner of his eye as Daryl drank and wiped his green mouth into his sleeve, twice.

*Is Merle in trouble? Why does he need a lawyer?*

He waited until Daryl put his cup down and gave the notepad and pencil back, drinking his own smoothie.

Daryl hesitated to write. He looked at Negan and then down, shifting his legs underneath the table.

**FOR GETING OUT OF PRISON HE GETS KILLED IN PRISON**

He needed long to write it and didn't want to give the paper back. But Negan reached out and tugged a long strand of hair behind his ear, saying "You want to show me?" in his nice, friendly, deep voice, that's why he nodded and slid the notepad over the table.

Negan read it without comment, sucking his lips in while he wrote an answer.

*Merle is in prison, waiting for execution? Did he do something bad?*

When Negan pushed the thin notepad back, he put his foot on top of Daryl's underneath the table, wriggling his toes once.

It felt like a gut punch when Daryl saw the elegant written words on the white paper. He didn't want to see it. He didn't want to think of it. He didn't want to be reminded how ugly his life actually was outside of this apartment with the spotless wooden floor. He stared to the window, curling his toes underneath Negan's foot and after three minutes of trying to keep his chin from trembling, wrote an angry, small word on the paper.
The answer didn't take long.

Sit up straight please
Drink your juice :)
What bad thing did you do, puppy? Tell me.

Daryl slid up in his chair, took a large gulp of his banana grass breakfast and glanced at the tall angry man as he wiped his mouth clean, feeling the top of his foot being caressed by Negan's toes. He took a shaky breath and started to write, his chest getting tight and hot as he remembered the horrible day in the woods, when he and Merle had a fight and all the truth came out.

TOLD MERLE ABOUT DAD

Negan thought a moment about the scribbled words, sipping from his glass.

You told your brother about your dad? Was it a secret that you told him?

He gave the notepad back and Daryl nodded immediately as he read the question, so Negan pulled the paper back, writing another question.

You want to tell me the secret?

Daryl stared at Negan through his tousled hair, feeling his eyes well up and shame spread to every nook of his body. He lowered his head, seeing the pencil in his hand getting blurry. He wiped his sleeve over his face, angry, biting the insides of his cheeks, as he wrote an answer.

WHAT DAD DID WHEN HE WASNT THER

Negan took the notepad back, brushing Daryl's finger when he took the pencil from his hand.

Your dad hurt you when Merle wasn't there?

He wasn't sure if he wanted to know the answer to that and felt his anger rise, as he handed the paper back.

Daryl didn't look up and didn't write anything. He nodded so faintly that Negan could hardly tell. And then lifted his left butt cheek off the chair, barely perceptible, gesturing with two fingers into the small gap he created.

Negan watched him, his expression hardening, and then closed-up as recognition dawned on him. He pulled the notepad back, using a bit too much pressure when he wrote his next words.

What did your brother do to your dad? Is that why he is in prison now?

Daryl sniffed his nose and nodded, then wrote a crooked answer.

his head split opn

Negan's jaw tightened as he read the answer, rubbing his foot over Daryl's underneath the table and then pulled it back.

You didn't do anything bad. Not you, not your brother. Monday I will speak to your lawyer.

Now finish your breakfast and wait on the couch, I have a job for you.
He handed the notepad back, got up and kissed the top of Daryl's head, longer than usual, before he took his still half-full glass to the sink and poured it into the drain, closing his eyes for a second.

Daryl touched the wonderful nice words on the white paper, wanting them to be true so badly. He emptied his cup, wiped his mouth clean and made a scraping noise on the hardwood floor when he moved his chair back to get up.

As he placed his cup into the sink, Negan nudged his arm. "Get your phone, you need it."

Daryl nodded and added a quiet, "Yes." glancing warily at the tall angry man, who had a strange expression in his eyes, that he hadn't seen before. But it lasted just for a second, and was replaced by an encouraging smile.

"Chop chop, with your phone on the couch."

----

Daryl waited for eleven minutes with his phone on the black leather couch, sitting just on the very edge, because he wasn't sure if he had understood the order correctly, or if he actually should sit on the floor.

But Negan didn't say anything when he sat down next to him, very close, immediately wrapping an arm around his shoulders. "Time to learn something, boy." He held the phone together with Daryl, showing him a symbol on the screen. "That's the camera. You open it, and. look what happens." He moved the phone from left to right.

"You can make a video, or a photo." Negan focused on the end of the dining table and tapped on the screen. It made a clicking noise. "THAT my boy is a photo of the bad boy's chair. You like it?" He rubbed his beard against Daryl's cheek with a smirk.

Daryl shook his head, "No." and leaned into the comforting touch of rough beard and warm skin.

"Good. You're supposed to hate it." Negan deleted the photo and opened the camera again. "Here, try." He leaned back, giving Daryl a slight push. "Take a picture of the dog."

Daryl got up, carrying the phone carefully around, confused by the moving picture on the screen. For a moment he could even see his own feet walking around. He stopped in front of Tiger, who opened his eyes and looked up, tiredly wagging his tail. Daryl tapped on the screen, like Negan had done it, and it made the clicking noise.

"Good job, come here, show me." Negan held his arm out and pulled Daryl down next to him again, observing the photo. It was a bit blurry and not from the best angle, but he squeezed Daryl's thigh anyway. "Look at that! Well done." He scrolled and tapped a bit around, sending the photo to his own phone.

A minute later, he held it in front of Daryl's nose, the photo of Tiger proudly posted to his Instagram account, with the title, 'One of the puppies' and the hashtag #spreadsomepuppylove

"Here, hold it. I'm going down to the club for a while. You sit here and read what people write about the awesome picture you just took." He got up, stroking the back of Daryl's head for a second. "Right?"
"Yes." Daryl stared at the small screen, fascinated by the words and hearts and tiny yellow faces popping up next to Tiger.

"Good boy." Negan nodded and left. Downstairs to his club. Straight to the large bar, pouring himself a double scotch. He gulped it down and stared into the huge, dark room for seven silent minutes, before he threw the empty glass against one of the solid steel posts.

Chapter End Notes

part two in about 6 hours
At half past eleven in the evening, Carol Peletier leaned against the polished bar counter, pouting at the yawning void of her fantastic gay leather bar. "Crap."

"Well, it's Threshold at the Leather Factory." The barkeeper shrugged, already preparing to leave. "Mind if I call it a day? Patrick and I would like to-"

Carol waved her hand. "Spare me the details. Just go."

He kissed her cheek with a smile. "You can't blame them, Negan is fucking hot."

She watched him walk to the stairs, gritting her teeth. "Neegan." Oh, this charismatic, handsome, business damaging fucker.

"I'm out too, alright?" Dwight nudged her shoulder. "It's not like there will be anything to do tonight. And you still have him over there." He gestured to the young man, standing in a dark corner, busy playing Jewels on his silly smart phone.

Carol threw daggers at his blond head as he jogged downstairs, before she switched the lights at the bar off and clapped her hands. "Daryl. We're closing early. Go home to your..." She waved her fingers, searching for the right term. "...whatever he is."

----

Twenty minutes later, Mrs Peletier's old Fiat 600 stopped in front of a huge factory building.

"Thank you." Daryl clutched his backpack close to his chest as he climbed out of the small vehicle, almost hitting his head. He closed the door and watched as his boss drove off, the exhaust making strange chugging noises.

The front of the factory was especially illuminated today, with white and red lights, and the loud beats of the music resounded easily all the way up to the street. Daryl shouldered his backpack and tried not to look anywhere, as he made his way to the basement club entry.

Several men in tight rubber outfit or leather gear occupied the eleven steps downstairs, queuing in front of a heavy black double steel door.

Daryl pushed past them, holding his head down, but just as he was about to slip through the entry, a broad hand on his chest stopped him.

"Sorry, not without a brief face check today. We want to keep the audience on a smoking hot level." Simon grinned down at the shy young man with tousled hair. "Hey, wait aren't you the cigar puppy?"

Daryl slapped the man's arm off with a grunt, moving a step back.
"Well, in that case..." Simon pulled a folded note out of the breast pocket of his shirt, clearing his throat. "The boss gave me some instructions for you." He read, holding a finger up. "Go upstairs, shoes off, money on the counter, cross a square out, brush your teeth-"

The men waiting in line started to chuckle behind Daryl.

"Do you mind? This is important!" Simon held his hand out in a warning, before he raised the note an inch closer to his eyes. "Man, I think I need glasses." He squinted and smiled as he deciphered the last two sentences. "Ah! Report and go to bed like a good boy." He folded the note and put it back into his pocket. "Now, that's a good way to end the day, being allowed to sleep in the big bed, right boy!" He patted Daryl's shoulder. "Ain't gonna lie, I'm kinda jealous." And then leaned in, lowering his voice. "If I were you, I would gobble down some cheez doodles and watch a grown up movie." He wagged his eyebrows, giving Daryl a push to make him go upstairs. "But nothing too gruesome!"

The waiting guests laughed as Daryl walked by, one man in full leather outfit, complete with hat and riding boots, touched Daryl's arm. "Aww, don't worry, maybe Daddy's gonna let you play with the big boys next time!" He smiled broadly to his own comment and then stumbled hard into the wall when a fist knocked his front teeth out with one furious swing.

Daryl stared down at the bloody face, breathing heavily, before he shouldered his bag and stormed the last steps up in silence.

"Uhh," Simon winced in sympathy, gesturing to the corner of his mouth. "He got you there a little bit, buddy."

----

At half past midnight, Daryl had still his shoes on, his teeth weren't brushed and a black backpack lay in the middle of the entrance room. He had put the money on the counter and started to write a report, but stopped after just one word because he couldn't think of anything he had done good that day.

He sat on the floor in the bedroom, listening to the muffled music, thumping through the building, and then looked up when someone knocked at the front door.

He didn't open, and obviously that wasn't necessary, because thirty seconds later, a young man with long hair and leather duster peeked into the bedroom.

"Hey there, buddy. Mind if I stay here for a while? It's kinda boring downstairs." He slumped down, next to Daryl on the floor, pulling a huge bag of gummy bears out of his coat pocket. "It's okay, they're sugar free." He smiled, and to his surprise, Daryl took one, looked at it, and popped it into his mouth, but didn't say anything.

After a while in silence, Jesus nudged the other man's arm. "He means well, you know? He is worried that you might not be comfortable at the club. And he's really busy all night."

Daryl hugged his knees close to his chest and brushed his lips against the fabric of his pants, mumbling quietly. "What's he doin'?"

Paul glanced at him, not sure whether he should talk about it or not. "Socializing, talking to a lot of people. And last time I saw him he held a fisting demo." When Daryl didn't show any reaction to the last part, he figured it couldn't hurt to go more into detail. "You know what fisting is?"

Daryl shook his head, hiding his chin and mouth behind his knees, feeling silly.
Jesus stretched his arm out, pulling his coat sleeve back, to reveal bare skin. "It's basically where he sticks his hand up your butt." He moved his fingers in demonstration, forming a fist in the end.

Daryl knitted his brows, looking at the other man in utter confusion. "Why?"

Jesus smirked with a tilt of his head. "Sounds weird but it feels really, really good. Especially when he's doing it." He had trouble to hide his excitement and tugged a strand of long hair behind his ear. "Believe me, he is the absolute God of fistng. No one does it better. He makes you fly to the moon. Guys from Sweden and Germany came tonight, just to see the demo and learn his technique."

Daryl blinked behind his long bangs, hunching his shoulders. He liked how nicely Paul spoke about the tall, angry man. But at the same time a pang of real pain shot through his guts when he imagined that Negan was touching other people in a way that made them feel so awesome.

Jesus nudged him again. "I was jealous in the beginning, but once you see it, you know there's really no reason."

Daryl pulled his arms tighter around his knees, shifting his feet. "I'm not jealous." It just hurt and made him want to knock more teeth out.

Paul decided to change the subject, pulling more gummy bears and his mobile phone out of his coat pocket. "Mind if I report real quick?"

Daryl glanced at him, shaking his head slightly. He didn't know that Jesus had to report as well.

Paul lifted his phone while he typed with both thumbs, staring at the screen. "Have to write at least one page in essay form. Rick is very particular about these things." He sighed, writing about his breakfast, "But it makes him happy, so I do it." and then smirked when Daryl pulled his own phone out to type slowly with one finger.

```
Good:    - photo
         - cake
Bad:     - morning
         - answers
Like:    dog
Hate:    bed
Change:  prison
```

When Daryl was done, he peeked over at Paul's phone and felt proud because he was done first. He quickly sent it, imagining how the tall, angry man had to pull his hand out of Mark's butt now, because his phone was beeping.

The answer came very fast, making Daryl's stomach tingle and Jesus look up from his task.

"Negan just texted you?" Paul seemed surprised.

"Mh." Daryl nodded, the corners of his mouth twitching up into a tiny smile. ...which fell right off his face again when he read the message.

NEGAN

Well hello there pretty Daryl. Did you miss me all evening?

19/01/2017  0:48 AM
He would have gotten his third strike now if Negan was in the same room, because there was no way that he would dare to answer the question with a spoken word. Even typing the three small letters with his finger seemed horribly difficult, but he did it. YES

He felt his face heat up when he clicked on sending and wondered why it took almost three minutes until the phone beeped again.

NEGAN

Good boy, telling me the truth.

You want to see me for an hour, or would you like to sleep?

19/01/2017 0:51 AM

Daryl looked at Jesus, seeking for help, and nudged his arm, holding his phone up.

Paul finished the word he was typing and glanced at the screen. His face lit up instantly. "Yes! Let's go downstairs."

Daryl flicked his head to get some hair out of his eyes and tapped his finger on the screen. see you

NEGAN

On the gallery. Fully dressed. One hour.

19/01/2017 0:54 AM

----

Daryl felt strange as they walked downstairs through the empty staircase. The loud music boomed through the walls, he was nervous, and his hair looked weird, because Jesus had used some sticky product out of a small, round container, to drape some stubborn strands in other directions. Sideways across his forehead, curved towards his cheekbones, and some tips randomly pointing out for a wilder look. Paul had been very proud of his masterpiece, claiming that he would become a hairdresser in his next life.

"It looks really great." He smiled encouragingly at Daryl, jumped the last two stairs down and pulled the heavy, white steel door open, instantly filling the stairwell with the sound of a busy nightclub.

The gallery was empty, except for one tall man, standing at the railing to overlook his partying crowd. He looked handsome and confident as always, holding his head up straight, scanning the room with dark eyes.

"Sir." Jesus approached him from behind, smiling when the man turned around with a tilt of his head.

Negan slid the tip of his tongue between his back teeth, smirking. "There you are." He tugged Paul's shirt, pulling him close, "It's past midnight. Happy birthday, bugger." and leaned in for a kiss.

It was a long kiss, with closed eyes and roaming hands. And it made Daryl's stomach clench. He looked away and then down, wanting to go back through the heavy, white door and run all the stairs back up. But a leather clad finger reached out, blindly pointing down, signaling for him to stay put.

So he did. Until Negan planted a last small kiss on Paul's forehead and told him to go and sit with Rick and the others.
"Come here."

Daryl looked up with a slight scowl, but went closer anyway, noticing some butterflies poking around in his chest as soon as his nose picked up the scent of leather, musky cologne and warm skin.

"Look at you..." Negan examined Daryl's somewhat different hairstyle appreciatively. "Showing off your fucking pretty face like that." He grasped the man's chin when he immediately lowered his head, and tilted it up for eye contact. "Have you been good? Is the money on the counter?"

"Hm." Daryl tried to look past Negan, when he clearly heard a whipping noise over the loud music. "Yes."

"Look at me, boy."

Daryl did, the deep, rumbling voice sounding especially stern.

"Did you brush your teeth?"

"Yes." The small word was out before he could really think about it and caused blue eyes to flicker nervously to the side.

"Hh." Negan brushed the tip of his tongue along his upper lip. "Open up. Show me."

Daryl blinked and huffed a breath, nestling with his fingers at the fabric of his pants.

Negan arched his brows. "Do I speak Chinese?"

Daryl tried his best to avoid his gaze, anger mixing with shame and guilt, as he whispered a meek reply. "No."

Negan yanked the other man's chin, changing his voice into a firmer, more authoritative tone. "Did you brush your fucking teeth or did you lie to me!" He stared Daryl down for almost a minute before a weak answer was mumbled, along with a faint nod.

"Lied." Instantly, a leather clad hand came down sharply on Daryl's ass, the slap and brief stinging pain making him flinch and feel overwhelmed. He didn't know where to look or what to say, just grabbed on to the heavy leather of Negan's jacket sleeve in search for help.

"Lying is disrespectful and NOT acceptable!" Negan let him, but didn't change his tone. "I expect a fucking apology, boy!"

Daryl curled his toes inside his shoes, staring at the short, silver zipper, parting the end of Negan's jacket sleeve, exposing his wrist. "I'm sorry."

"No. You want to look at me."

Daryl shifted on his feet and glanced up, trying his best to look for a second at the stern face. "I'm sorry."

Negan stared at him for another moment, then nodded and released his chin, pulling him close against his chest, placing a hand on the back of Daryl's head. "Have you been upset because you weren't allowed to be with me?"

Daryl melted against the broad chest, listening to the deep words vibrating inside and murmured a quiet answer. "Yes."
Negan rubbed Daryl's back and moved deeper to caress the spot where he had slapped the man. "I'm in charge. My word is final. If I ask you to do something, I have my reasons and expect you to obey. Right?"

Daryl nodded, gathering up enough courage to wrap his arms around Negan's waist. "Yes." He buried his face into warm leather and added an almost soundless, "Sir." causing heat and tingles to crawl up his entire skin.

"That's my clever boy." Negan kissed the top of his head. "Now you sit with me for an hour. Then you go upstairs, do your chores and write five fucking reasons why it's important to brush your teeth." He stroked the tips of his fingers up and down Daryl's ass, right above his hidden crack. "Then you go to bed and present that pretty ass, as I taught you, so I'll have something nice to look at when I come back. Right?" He pushed his hips into Daryl's middle when he felt the man's cock twitch. "Good job, liking me so much..."

Daryl's insides flipped upside down, as a firm hand grasped the back of his neck and pulled him up into a warm, wet, open mouthed kiss, while strong fingers kneaded his ass, almost lifting him off his feet.

Negan shoved their hips together, rhythmically grinding his hardness against Daryl's crotch. The other man's willingness and innocent mouth, driving him crazy. He pulled back with a curse and low chuckle, licking and sucking Daryl's neck instead. "Damn you, fucking gorgeous puppy." He grabbed Daryl's hand and put it on his bulge, rubbing it up and down, making him feel the outline of his cock. "Did you do that?" He licked his way up to a pale ear. "Hm, boy... did you make me so fucking hard all by yourself?"

"Yes." Daryl nodded because he wanted to agree to whatever the wonderful deep voice told him. He panted against Negan's shoulder, blinking with dazed eyes over the railing at the party crowd, feeling the hardness underneath tight pants, aching for much more but wasn't sure what exactly.

"Hell, yes you did." Negan grasped Daryl's jaw, squeezing it roughly as he spoke against pale lips. "And now you kneel for me in front of all those horny fuckers and show them what it's like to be a special puppy." He offered a last kiss, before he released the other man and adjusted his pants, walking off, just like that, with a snap of his fingers. "Eyes on me, boy."

----

Spencer Monroe had prepared for this moment since the online tickets for the January Threshold went on sale.

His excellent bottoming skills were well known in the leather community of Atlanta and he could proudly look back on a long list of Doms, Dads and Masters he had served on his knees.

But tonight, Negan, the ultimate Boss of all Alphas alive, the Gay God himself, would be the high point of his cock sucking career. The crowning achievement. The damn fucking apotheosis!

"Oh yes!" He gave his splendid reflection an encouraging wink, brushed his perfect blow-dry hairstyle a last time into form, and left the Leather Factory's restroom, marching straight up through the crowd to the target of his deepest desires. ...after a short stop at the bar, of course, because a hook up was always easier with some alcohol and an appropriate hospitality gift.

It wasn't difficult to spot the man himself. He sat midst the lounge area, surrounded by his entourage, admired by a dozen of submissives gathering near by.
Spencer swallowed the last sip of his liquor, clanked the empty glass on some table he just happened to walk by, and cleared his throat, at the breathtaking sight of his holiness. There he was, sitting all relaxed and charming, one leg stretched out, one arm on the backrest of his leather seat, five long fingers rubbing absently through a perfectly trimmed beard, while he listened attentively to one of his close friends, nodding now and then, oozing confidence, superiority and charisma.

A younger guy was kneeling by his feet. But that was okay. He seemed fidgety, shy and kind of awkward. No match for Spencer Monroe, the cock sucking prince of the Universe.

He rolled his neck and flexed his shoulders, pumping himself up a last time, as he made the last steps into the inner circle, fully aware that suddenly all eyes were on him. Enviors. All of them.

"Hello." Spencer positioned himself right in front of Negan, standing tall and proud, "We haven't officially met. I am Spencer Monroe." before he sunk down, gracefully on one knee, holding out a glass of whiskey. "I hope I am allowed to offer you this, as an act of courtesy."

"Good Lord." Rick sighed and rolled his eyes, annoyed by the seventh guy in the last hour to disrupt a conversation.

"At least this one brings a beverage." Simon had always been a friend of the good old fire-water.

Negan gave the young man a long, intense stare and accepted the drink without a comment, taking a sip. "Aren't you the public bootlicker from last years DomCon?"

Spencer smiled, lowering his head another inch. "Oh, so you have heard of me, Sir."

Negan closed his eyes for half a second with a smirk, nudging Spencer with his foot. "Get up, I am not the fucking Queen of England." He gave Jesus a stern side glance when he chuckled. "Did I say something funny, boy?"

Jesus cleared his throat, burying his hand deeper into his bag of gummy bears. "No Sir. I'm sorry."

Negan slapped the back of Paul's head playfully and took another sip, watching how Spencer got on his feet again, seeming a bit out of concept. "So. Spencer. Thank you for the drink. Keep up the good work."

Spencer blinked, looking taken aback for a second and tried to ignore the beefy man with buzz cut, sitting to his right, who unashamedly imitated the sound of a crashing plane.

But Spencer Monroe wasn't one to surrender without a fight. Or actually that was exactly what he tried to do. So he straightened up his shoulders, raised his head and tried again. "I get what you're trying to do, Sir. You want to earn my submission. That is what makes you so special. I admire you for it."

"Is that so." Negan turned to Daryl, holding the whiskey glass to his lips, making him drink a sip. Then tugged a strand of hair behind a pale ear and leaned close to speak into it. "You're kneeling like a fucking champion, puppy. Awesome job."

"Yes, Sir." Spencer watched a bit puzzled how the Master of his dreams gave affection to the awkward sub, but collected himself quickly. "That is what makes you different from all the others."

Negan sighed and sat back in his chair, playing with a strand of Daryl's hair. "What exactly are you proposing here, Spencer?"

Spencer raised his chin. "I am the best bottom in town. No one serves better than I do. I was trained
by the best. I can be the sub you really need."

"Hm." Negan nodded. "So I should offer you a place by my feet. Is that what you're saying?" He rubbed the nape of Daryl's neck soothingly.

"Yes Sir." Spencer gave the nervous, kneeling man on the ground a smug smile. "You'd be much better off with me."

Negan pinched his nose, handing Simon the rest of his whiskey. "You know, I am thinking Spencer. I am thinking how you, as a self-proclaimed super slave boy, come here to ask for my time and attention." He tousled Daryl's hair and got up, stepping right in front of Spencer, almost chest to chest. "But at the same time you show no respect towards my boy, and even talk down on him. Which is against rule number fucking one. I am sure you know that since you've got trained by the very best. Right?" He stared the other man right in the eye, making his displeasure clear. "Being disrespectful to a person in my care, is like a punch in my fucking nuts."

"No," Spencer smiled nervously, making a step back. "That's really not what I meant to--"

"Ss-t-t." Negan grabbed the man's crotch with iron fingers, squeezing hard and painful. "You won't ever punch my fucking nuts again. Right?"

Spencer had trouble to stay on his feet, his eyes starting to water.

"RIGHT?"

"Right." He winced and nodded, making the man with the gummy bears chuckle again.

"Good." Negan released him. "That was a free lesson for you, from the man you admire. Now go and lick some fucking boots." He watched Spencer turn around and disappear in the crowd.

Simon craned his neck, holding the empty glass up. "Hey wait, can you bring another drink first?"

At minute one of his hour downstairs at the club, Daryl felt nervous because he was asked to kneel next to Negan, and everyone watched him, like he was the new kid in class.

But the tall, angry man helped him, by snapping his fingers and repeating the order in his extra deep, extra encouraging voice, looking him directly in the eye. "You want to kneel for me, boy. Show me how I taught you to do it."

And when Daryl did sink down to his knees, sitting on his ankles, with a straight back, and slightly spread knees, looking up for Negan's approval, there wasn't anyone else in the room anymore. Not even in the building. The only existing person in the whole universe was Negan, placing a rewarding, safe hand on the top of Daryl's head.

At minute six of his hour downstairs at the club, Daryl watched as Jesus talked to Negan, because Rick was at the bar and Shane was busy at the Sanctuary.

"May I go to the dance floor for a while, Sir?" Paul said it in his usual friendly tone and looked up at Negan for an answer.

Negan gave him a nod, "Two songs, no groping."

Daryl wished he was able to ask questions like that, too.
At minute eleven of his hour downstairs at the club, Daryl was sent to get a beer for Negan. With not too much foam, in a very clean glass.

He did the job well, and a salty peanut was fed to him as reward, by two strong fingers. Daryl darted his tongue out to lick one of them, and was cursed at as a result. But he and all the butterflies in his chest liked being called a fucking puppy.

At minute eighteen of his hour downstairs at the club, Daryl listened to Negan and the mustache man, holding a conversation about a fetish convention in Los Angeles. A pretty man came and interrupted them, by asking Negan for the honor to scene with him in the play room.

Daryl felt sick instantly and scowled at the guy with a deadly stare, clenching his fists behind his back.

Negan snapped his fingers and gave Daryl a stern look, before he told the man politely that he wasn't interested.

At minute twenty-three of his hour downstairs at the club, Jesus came back from the dance floor and knelt down right next to Daryl, just like that, listening quietly to the discussion about corporal punishment. And just when a big man from Russia, in full leather outfit and very hairy shoulders, nodded enthusiastically to a statement that Negan had just made, ...Jesus nudged Daryl and handed him a green gummy bear, secretly, without anyone noticing it.

Daryl glanced up at the tall angry man and quickly popped it into his mouth, before he put his hands behind his back again.

At minute twenty-eight of Daryl's hour downstairs at the club, Negan slipped a bit deeper into his leather seat, spread his thighs an inch more, and cocked an eyebrow at Daryl, "Sst." As soon as Daryl looked up at him, he gave the hardness in his tight pants a couple of strokes, stating a low, "Look, still there."

Daryl's eyes darted from Negan's face, down to his crotch and up again, while he shifted on his butt uncomfortably, because something deep down there started pulsing instantly, sending an almost painful ache through his entire body.

Negan took the hand from his bulge and instead held it out casually to the side, continuing his conversation about riding crops as if nothing had happened.

Daryl closed his eyes and buried his nose into Negan's warm palm, wishing they could be on the black sofa again, watching TV, with all the touching and kissing and deep dark words.

At minute thirty-two of his hour downstairs at the club, Daryl was nervous again, because everyone started to sing a birthday song for Jesus.

He didn't know the words to it and lost his perfect upright kneeling posture, hunched down and leaned his head against Negan's leg, wanting to be as invisible as possible to the world.

Negan didn't correct him and didn't snap his fingers, but put a safe hand on the top of his head, letting him hide as long as he needed to.

At minute thirty-seven of his hour downstairs at the club, Daryl still didn't feel well and it got worse when a beautiful man approached Negan to ask for a place by his feet. He knew what that meant and shrunk into the hard floor, expecting to be sent off at any moment.

But it didn't happen. Instead Negan told him nice words and made him drink a sip of whiskey. And
after a short argument with the beautiful stranger, he handed Daryl his mobile phone, with the corrected report, telling him to read.

Good: - I took a photo for Negan and 26 thousand people from all around the world liked it  
      - I picked a great birthday cake for my friend Paul. Negan likes that very much.
Bad:  - I couldn't sit still and be real quiet in the morning, but I will learn and become better  
      - I didn't answer when Negan asked me a question. Twice! I will try very hard to do better
Like: I liked being responsible for Tiger on his walk. I did an awesome job.
Hate: bed I hated being sent to bed, because I rather wanted to spend time with Negan. But I will accept his decisions from now on and trust him, that he acts in my best interest
Change: I would like to change the situation for my brother. Negan will try his very best to help me with that.

At minute forty-eight of his hour downstairs at the club, Daryl peeked up warily at a man, sitting next to the cowboy boots guy. He was tall, with dark blond hair, and rather quiet. He gestured at Daryl, talking in a serious tone to Negan.

"He's very interesting. Do you loan him out?"

Negan gave him a long, intense stare. "I am sure you remember my policy, Randolph."

The man nodded, sipping his beer, looking Daryl up and down. "Let me know should that change one day."

Daryl wasn't sure what that was all about, but he moved a bit closer to Negan's leg, flicking his head nervously, even though there wasn't any hair in his eye.

At minute fifty-one of his hour downstairs at the club, Daryl watched the people on the dance floor and then looked up when suddenly everyone around Negan laughed loudly. The tall, angry man himself seemed to be in a great mood, grinned widely, emptied his glass in one big gulp, placed it on the table and snapped his fingers, as he looked at Daryl, "Come here." He placed a hand on the back of Daryl's head and pulled him in close for a kiss.

It wasn't a kiss with tongue and wet and flipping stomachs, but it took Daryl by surprise and Negan smiled at him in the end, like he was really happy to see him.


At minute fifty-four of his hour downstairs at the club, a man with bare buttocks walked by, and Daryl stared after him in bewilderment, because a black object was attached to his butt crack, like a square, made of black, solid rubber.

"He wears a plug. It feels good and reminds him of his place." Negan leaned close to Daryl, speaking in a clear and serious tone. "His top put it up his ass. Now everyone knows he's taken."

Daryl nodded, liking the deep voice speaking into his ear. "Yes."

"Later in private, the top pulls it out and replaces it with his finger. Maybe even with his dick." Negan rubbed his beard against Daryl's temple. "It depends how good he was all day. Right, boy?"

Daryl exhaled and clenched his butt cheeks, feeling heat and tingles in strange places.

"You want to answer or your third strike."
Daryl shook his head and said a small, "Yes." making Negan chuckle, low in his throat.

"Right." he kissed Daryl's ear and leaned back again.

At minute fifty-nine of Daryl's hour downstairs at the club, Negan listened to something Rick just explained about the new cash register at the store. "Ah, that's why." He nodded, and snapped his fingers blindly, pointing to the free space between his spread thighs. "Well, just stick a note somewhere with the code, in case someone else is working at the counter."

Daryl blinked and hesitated a moment, before he moved between Negan's legs, unsure whether he understood the signal correctly.

He had. Because Negan gestured for Rick to wait a moment, and then turned to Daryl, grabbing his head with both hands, leaning in close for full attention.

"You go now upstairs, do your chores and go to bed. Right?"

"Mhm." Daryl didn't feel comfortable to be looked at from such close distance. "Yes."

Negan nodded. "What is your punishment. Tell me."

Daryl lowered his gaze immediately, huffing a nervous breath. He was sure everyone in the room looked at him. "'bout teeth."

"Five reasons for dental hygiene. On a piece of paper. It is on my fucking pillow when I come back." Negan clarified. "Now go, I'll send you a good night in 45 minutes. Make sure you are in bed by then."

----

Daryl was in bed on time.

42 minutes after his hour downstairs at the club, with his chest down and his butt in the air, like Negan had taught him.

His shoes were taken off, his teeth were brushed and a piece of paper lay on Negan's pillow.

making them clean
not getting tooth payn
making them white
Negan said it to me
Negan likes clean tooth teeth

I'm sorry for lyng
Daryl Dixon

The silly mobile phone in his hand beeped after exact 45 minutes.

NEGAN

Hope my bed smells like puppy when I come back.

Good night
A picture of a tiny red heart was behind the Good night - words and Daryl stared at it, with the happiest feeling in his belly, until his eyes got too heavy and finally fell shut.
Every self respecting, leather loving, still at his grandma living, homosexual knew, that a certain Jesus was the closest thing to a boyfriend, for Atlanta's number one hot shot, Negan.

The long haired, always positive thinking guy, with the sweet smile and twinkling blue eyes, was his only regular submissive, and even though they had been spotted kissing, everyone knew they would never tie the knot and go on a honeymoon together. It just wasn't their thing.

Jesus was in a relationship for years with his boyfriend, and Negan had several other play partners, enjoying his freedom.

It seemed like the gorgeous, tall man with leather jacket and charming smile, wasn't interested in romance, love or anything close. Until now. And that was okay for the gay population of Georgia and beyond, because it meant more chances for them to get laid, receive a spanking, or finally make Negan fall in love with them and put a ring on his finger.

It was all settled and alright, until the dreadful morning of January the 19th, 2017, when several online gossip platforms presented a new headline.

- Closer to God than Jesus -

*Mister Leather Atlanta gazes adoringly at beautiful stranger, as they share intimate kisses at the Leather Factory's first public event of the new year.*

It was a full-fledged scandal, that set the social media world on fire.

Several Tumblr, Instagram and Facebook hate groups formed within minutes, to speculate about the new bitch in Negan's life, who couldn't be anything else than a toxic influence, with the evil plan to ruin his life and career, not to mention his loyal, loving fan base.
led by their queen bee Eugene Porter, who not only felt cheated on, betrayed and lied to, but also suffered a serious case of lovelorn, behind his $1200 computer screen.

He sniffed and took another bite of his pickle, while posting a comment to an Instagram picture of Negan, smiling lovingly at a young man, kneeling next to his chair.

drsmartypants84  @screwwaffles91  do you have any evidence supporting your assumption

screwwaffles91  @drsmartypants84  well he was out of town for his new years vacation and since then got spotted with this guy. I would say he met him there. Probably in Mexico. All the sluts gather in Puerto Vallarta

drsmartypants84  @screwwaffles91  you are right. The time frame seems correct.

negansbitch  @screwwaffles91  @drsmartypants84  I believe they even adopted a new dog together. Look at his last Instagram pic, it says 'one of the puppies', so he must have two now

This was too much. Eugene sat back in his fantastic racing car-gaming chair and took another bite of his pickled cucumber, before he turned up the volume of his music. Celine Dion always knew the right words to comfort a heartbroken man.

"EUGENE WHAT THE FUCK! TURN THAT SHIT DOWN! IT'S SUNDAY MORNING!"
Rosita yanked her brother's door open, looking ready to sink the Titanic a second time, and this time without the help of an iceberg.

"Rosie, don't yell at him." Grandmother Porter opened her bedroom door, wearing a nightgown and slippers. "You know the boy is sad. His girlfriend broke up with him."

Rosita rolled her eyes, putting a hand on her hip as she turned around to the old lady. "Nana, he never had a girlfriend."

"Sure he had." Grandmother Porter reminded her, putting her glasses on with trembling fingers and a smile. "That nice girl, Negan, he told us all about her, don't you remember?"

Rosita sighed, shaking her head. "Grandma, that's really not what-"

"Just leave me alone!" Eugene pouted at his female relatives, hugging his jar of pickles and threw the door shut, to be alone with Miss Dion and his heartache.

"I'm gonna make him a nice cup of tea." Grandmother Porter decided, making her way to the kitchen.

"Whatever!" Rosita threw her hands in the air, and then hit her head against the wall, when the 34. rerun of 'My heart will go on' resounded through her brother's door.

She really needed her own apartment.

----

SIMON
Negan smirked at his phone, the tip of his tongue poking out between his lips, amused by the drama in the comment section underneath the flawless photos of himself and Daryl, smiling after a simple, small kiss at last night's Threshold.

He flipped through the other photos and went back to the three featuring Daryl. He saved them and sent one to Paul, who sent him an emoji in return. One with hearts instead of eyes.

Negan shook his head with a sigh, and then looked at the sleeping figure next to him in bed. He was stirring in his sleep, shifting his folded legs and wriggling his raised butt, obviously highly uncomfortable in his cramped position.


Daryl flinched away from the unexpected touch and opened his eyes, trying to wake up fully and make his brain work.

He was in the wonderful big bed and the tall angry man was next to him, naked, with wet hair and a large white towel wrapped around his middle. His head propped up on three pillows, holding his phone over his bare chest.

Daryl blinked and raised his squished face off the mattress, wiping hair out of his forehead.

Negan gave him a serious look. "Go on, stretch out your legs. Get comfortable."

For a moment, Daryl wasn't sure what he meant. And when his sleepy brain finally understood, he shook his head slightly.

"Really, boy? Backtalking first thing in the morning?" Negan put his phone down on the middle of his chest, stretching his left arm out, waving his fingers. "Come here. Now."

Daryl sniffed his nose and hesitantly rolled on his side, stretching his legs out, as he slowly moved closer to Negan.

After three seconds, a strong arm pulled him up, firm against a naked chest. "Say good morning."

Daryl tensed instantly, lying along Negan's bare side, overwhelmed by the amount of warm skin and fresh soapy smell.

His chin was grasped and tilted up. "Say. Good morning." Negan gave him a stern look with arched brows.

"Mornin'."

"That's better." Negan released his chin, wrapped an arm tight around his back to hold him close, and got comfortable himself. "Now be good and relax." He took his phone again, sent a message to Simon, two to Paul and went through some photos. One made him chuckle and he held the phone up for Daryl to see. "Look."

Daryl didn't dare to blink, the side of his face squished against a hairy chest. He could feel Negan's heartbeat underneath his ear and a dark nipple was right in front of his nose.
"It's from last week."

Daryl stared at the small screen. There was the cowboy boots guy, looking reproachfully at the camera while he obviously tried to wipe a whole bowl of chili off his white button down shirt.

Negan swiped his thumb over the screen. "And that's from today. Now I have something nice to look at, no matter where I go."

Daryl's eyes widened. It was a picture of him, sleeping in the big bed, in his underwear. On his knees, chest down, with his butt in the air, like Negan had taught him.

"Beautiful, right?" Negan rubbed his bearded chin against Daryl's hair. "Presenting that gorgeous ass all night for me, what a fucking good job." The phone rang and he answered it, while stroking Daryl's bare back with the knuckles of his fingers. "Well, good morning, how are you doing?"

The way Negan purred the words into the phone, made Daryl angry immediately and pictures of pretty Marc popped up in his head. Maybe Marc was in bed as well, freshly showered like Negan, with just a towel around his waist.

"No, I'm still in bed, having a lazy day." Negan drew circles on Daryl's lower back and then played absently with the waistband of his briefs. "Will go over to Rick's place later."

Daryl arched his back, feeling goosebumps crawl over his skin, and he turned his head to hide his face against Negan's pecs. He heard Negan chuckle to the person on the phone, and could feel the dark vibrations through the man's whole chest. He wanted to feel more of it, and courageously slid his hand over the bare torso, letting it rest in the middle of a broad rib cage, feeling warm skin and coarse hair underneath his palm. It made his heart beat faster and heat spread through his body.

"No, it's Paul's birthday." Negan glanced down at Daryl and brushed his fingers through long strands of hair. "I guess we'll go to the Eagle later tonight."

Daryl peered up as he heard the word Eagle, a spark of happiness bouncing through his insides, when he thought about the tall, angry man coming to his work place.

"Yes, why not." Negan stroked hair out of Daryl's forehead. "Come up to the lounge and say hi then." A hint of amusement flickered through his dark eyes, when the other man's face immediately darkened at the prospect of someone greeting him. "Yes, see you tonight." He ended the call and threw the phone somewhere on the mattress, shaking his head. "You're in my fucking bed on a Sunday morning and still you're jealous of a phone call?"

Daryl scowled and shook his head, earning a none too gentle swat on his ass immediately.

"Think again, boy! Are you jealous of a fucking phone call while lying in my bed on a Sunday morning!"

Daryl flinched, but instead of backing away, clung closer to the tall body, hiding his face at Negan's pecs again, muttering a barely audible, "Yes." He could feel the man's chest hair against his mouth as he spoke and parted his lips a bit more to breathe onto warm skin and the black ink of a tattoo.

"Yes you are." Negan confirmed and entwined his fingers with the five lying bravely in the middle of his chest. "I don't like being lied to. Stop doing it."

"Yes." Daryl pressed his lips into the warm skin and coarse hair as he gave his quiet answer and after two seconds, poked his tongue out to touch both.
"Good." Negan kissed the top of Daryl's head, watching as a clumsy kiss was planted next to his nipple. "See? Now you treat me nicely." He stroked up and down Daryl's spine, letting the tips of his fingers disappear beneath the waistband of his briefs. "Right?"

"Mhm." Daryl nodded, feeling his face flush when he touched his tongue against a dark nipple.

Negan watched him. "Answer."

Daryl nodded again, mumbling a small, "Yes." He closed his eyes and arched his back, feeling two fingers inside his underwear, caressing the very top of his crack.

"Mhm. You like me naked, don't you. Do I smell good?"

A strange, warm knot formed in Daryl's stomach, making him breathe more deeply. He nodded once more, exhaling shakily against the other man's nipple, before he spoke around it, "Yes." feeling embarrassed and proud at the same time.

"Good boy. You want to suck it." Negan moved his hand deeper, massaging a firm ass with experienced fingers. "Go on, try for me."

Daryl wanted to shake his head, but didn't. Instead he closed his lips around the dark pink nub and sucked, once, before he let go and hid his face near the man's armpit.

Negan pinched Daryl's butt cheek. "Again."

Daryl breathed in deeply, inhaling the scent of naked, freshly washed skin, and slowly moved back with closed eyes, parting his lips just enough to take the other man's nipple in, sucking it timidly.

"Open your mouth wider." Negan put a hand on the back of Daryl's head, pushing him down encouragingly. "Suck nicely."

Daryl sighed, tensing a moment and then opened his mouth as he was told, rolling his tongue around Negan's nipple, sucking with more force, enjoying the firm hand on his head and the deep voice rumbling through a broad chest.

"Look at you being such a sweet puppy." Negan watched the other man with a slight smile, stroking long strands of tousled hair. "Do I taste good?"

Daryl didn't nod, but hummed a quiet reply, without taking his lips off.

Negan let it pass as an answer. "Yes, I do, right?" His phone rang again and he answered it, "Yes, good morning." giving Daryl's cheek a light slap when he stopped sucking for a moment. "Don't stop."

Daryl huffed a breath, flinching for a second and then wrapped his tongue and lips around Negan's nipple again, sucking in a steady rhythm, while he listened to the deep voice speaking.

"Still in bed. It's Sunday." Negan nodded once as he looked Daryl directly in the eyes, mouthing a soundless, "Good boy." before he continued his conversation. "No, but I can bring them if you tell me where to find them." He held firm eye contact while stroking Daryl's hair for a minute, and then moved his hand down the man's back again, slipping his fingers beneath the waistband of tight underwear. "Do you need them all? August till December?" A wet tongue licked broad over the dark hair of his pecs and twice over his nipple, before pale lips sucked down hard, with a faint little moan. "Yes, I know the red fucking folders. Anything else?" Negan's voice sounded almost a bit angry, with a hint of impatience, as he felt Daryl's cock twitch against the side of his upper thigh and he
heard his small, wet sucking noises. "Alright, we'll be there at three." He put the phone down, chuckling deep in his throat at the needy expression in Daryl's blue eyes, and gave the man's ass an extra firm rub. "Does it feel that good, boy?"

Daryl quietly stared at him, sucking dutifully while he rubbed his middle against Negan's side.

"First strike." Negan took Daryl's hand and placed it on the towel, covering his groin. "And you're not supposed to get yourself off on me. You're supposed to make ME feel good." He smirked when Daryl's mouth froze for a second and then sucked down even harder with a desperate huff of breath through flared nostrils, as he moved the man's hand up and down over the obvious hardness, hidden underneath a white towel. "Is that my dick, boy?" He accepted the meek wailing noise around his nipple generously as a full answer, entwining his fingers with Daryl's to stroke both of their hands over the fabric of his towel. "It's hard, right? Because you look so damn hot in the morning and suck my nipple so fucking nicely." He rewarded Daryl's bravely held eye contact with a kiss on a pale forehead. "I could have fucked one of the horny guys last night."

Daryl's fingers stiffened when a strong hand guided him beneath the towel, along hot skin and coarse hair.

"But I didn't, because I wanted to see your gorgeous face when I shoot my load." He let Daryl feel his bare erection, adoring the innocent, clumsy touch of warm fingers, and then let go of his hand, stroking himself expertly. "I wanted to do it last night when I came back up here and found your awesome note on my pillow."

Daryl stared up into the dark, sparkly eyes, feeling numb and dizzy, as he listened to the deep voice speaking to him. His hand resting next to Negan's hard penis, while he sucked the man's nipple as he was supposed to.

"And I was rock hard half of the fucking night, lying next to your pretty ass." Negan cocked an eyebrow, the tip of his tongue peeking out between reddened lips. "Maybe I shouldn't make you sleep like that, presenting yourself so beautifully for me. Right?"

Daryl shook his head, humming something similar to a "No.", while his stomach flip flopped inside his chest. He could feel the obvious movements of Negan's hand right next to his own, and brushed his fingers against the man's wrist.

"No? You like showing me your ass? Making me horny?"

Electric tingles spread all around Daryl's lower abdomen, making something inside pulse and throb and ache almost painfully. He shut his eyes for a second and spoke a hoarse "Yes." against Negan's spit-wet chest, panting around the dark nipple, when he forgot what he was supposed to do.

Negan swatted a firm ass cheek, "No. Don't stop." and watched satisfied as desperate blue eyes flew open to look up at him, while a pink tongue wrapped around his nipple and pale lips sucked down, first gently, then with more force. "Good boy, keep those eyes locked on me, so you won't forget where you belong." He stroked himself faster and rubbed the spot of spanked, hot skin underneath Daryl's briefs. "You want me to come, looking at your fucking gorgeous puppy face?" His tone got more husky, matching the pure arousal flashing in his eyes. "Tell me."

Daryl's nod was so faint, it was almost unrecognizable. He stopped sucking, just swirled his tongue around the hard nub, as he blinked up, seeing Negan's dazed dark eyes and slightly parted lips, and had a really hard time to get a small, "Yes." out, past the big lump in his tight throat.

"Yes, please." Negan corrected, his voice dark with lust, on the verge of climax.
"Please." It was just a whispered word but Daryl didn't feel ashamed to mean it. He looked up and obediently lapped the other man's nipple, before he sucked it deep into his mouth.

The corner of Negan's mouth twitched up into a smile, "Fucking good boy, Daryl." as he bucked up a couple of times into his hand with a loud grunt. He kept stroking slowly, riding out his orgasm with a low chuckle, liking how shy fingertips searched for permission to touch. He grasped Daryl's hand and entwined their fingers, wiping it through the spurts of cum on his lower belly, and brought it up to his mouth, licking some of the white liquid off Daryl's index finger.

Daryl watched the tip of his finger disappear between Negan's lips and automatically opened his own mouth.

Negan stared down at him, speaking against the wet finger. "Ask."

Daryl stared back, huffing a shaky breath. "Can I please." His voice was rough and low and not very friendly, but Negan granted his wish anyway.

"Please, may I taste your cum." He corrected, wiped some of the white drops off Daryl's hand and offered it, holding his wet thumb in front of pale lips. "Suck."

Daryl backed away for the split of a second and then licked cautiously, before he opened his mouth to take the other man's thumb in and wrap his tongue around it, to suck as he was supposed to.

"Look at that, such a good puppy."

Daryl heard the deep voice rumble through a broad chest and closed his eyes, resting on spit-wet, hairy skin, sucking on a large thumb. The taste of salt and skin and something new and strange spreading around his mouth.

"Am I tasty?" Negan smirked, stroking up and down Daryl's spine with the knuckles of his hand. He got a hummed little, "Mhm." for an answer and rubbed his bearded chin over long strands of hair. "Better than fucking banana?" The answer took much longer this time, but was emphasized with a full nod. It made him chuckle. "You better say that, boy."

The phone rang a third time and the wonderful thumb was pulled back. But Daryl spent the next thirteen minutes dozing on a broad chest, listening to a deep, soothing voice, while long fingers combed absently through his hair.

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"Would you like some more?" Olivia's cheeks blushed slightly as she offered the young man on the floor another bowl of cut fruit. She liked the criminal, he was so much nicer than her intimidating boss. "Or maybe you would like a sandwich?"

"Mh." Daryl reached blindly for the small, white bowl. He loved watching TV. Especially the channel with the motocross bikes and the one where people lived in the woods of Alaska.

"No bread. He'll eat cake later." Negan didn't look up from his laptop, stretching his legs out long underneath the dining table. "And don't forget to wrap the other box. It's in my office."

"Of course, Sir." Olivia cleared her throat and hurried to the front door.

"Load it in the car, when you're done!"

"Of course, I will." Olivia came back, grabbed the car keys from the small metal bowl and left,
shutting the door quietly.

Daryl stuffed half of a banana to the twenty blueberries in his mouth and wiped his blue lips into the fresh sleeve of his shirt, totally mesmerized by the man on TV, who was busy hunting down a real bear.

"Daryl." Negan finished the text he was working on, before he looked up because he didn't receive an answer. "Daryl." He waited for almost a minute, "Boy!" and then shut his laptop with a thud. "Would you fucking answer when I'm talking to you!"

"Mh." Daryl turned his head slowly while trying to keep his eyes on the screen. The man in the woods ducked and whispered to the camera, telling the audience that he could smell the bear already, so he must be very close.

Negan pursed his lips, his expression darkening as he got up and walked over to the couch. He squatted down right in front of Daryl, snapping his fingers. "HEY!"

Daryl looked at him, startled, stopping to chew his mouthful of banana-berry mash.

"You want to pay fucking attention when I'm talking to you!"

Daryl backed away, swallowing his food.

"Or should I stop talking to you?"

"No," Daryl shook his head.

"No? How many strikes do you have?"

Daryl looked to the side, pulling his fingers. "One."

Negan grabbed the other man's jaw, turning his head, to create eye contact. "Make that two! What happens at three?"

Daryl shrugged casting his eyes down. "You won't bother talkin'."

Negan moved very close, almost making their noses touch. "That's absolutely right. I won't bother to speak to you anymore. You want that?"

Daryl mumbled a defiant, little, "No." feeling angry and guilty at the same time.

Negan stared at him, not fully satisfied with the answer, but let go of the man's jaw. "Show me your sleeves." He watched how Daryl raised his arms, looking a bit confused. "You want to attend a birthday party today and have to go to work." Negan grabbed Daryl's left wrist, tugging the stained fabric of his sleeve. "Can you still wear the shirt like this?"

Daryl scowled and pulled his arm off with a grunt. "Yes."

Negan squinted his eyes, with a faint smile and gave him a long stare, before he got up. He walked to the bedroom, not saying a word, and came back two minutes later with a plain, dark grey, long sleeved shirt. He threw it over his shoulder and squatted down again in front of Daryl with a sigh, blocking the view to the TV. "Arms up."

Daryl raised his arms warily, letting the other man pull the dirty shirt up over his head.

Negan tilted his head poking the corner of his mouth with the tip of his tongue, as he threw it on the
couch and unceremoniously put the fresh shirt on Daryl. "It's my favorite. I bought it in Italy."

Daryl slipped his arms through the sleeves, not looking at Negan. He liked the fabric, it felt soft on his skin and smelled like washing powder and tall angry man.

"You keep it clean for me. No snot. No spit. No fucking blueberries. Right?"

"Hm." Daryl rubbed his cheek against his shoulder, feeling embarrassed. "Yes."

"You pay attention from now on so I won't have to punish you?"

Daryl nodded, glancing briefly up at Negan. "Yes."

Negan studied the man's face. "You want to watch more TV now and finish your snack?"

"Hm." Daryl offered a half shrug, half nod. "Yes."

"Good." It knocked a the door, but Negan kept his eyes on Daryl. "I want a grape."

Daryl blinked, took a green grape out of his bowl and held it in front of Negan's lips, watching how they curled up into a slight smile.

Negan ate it out of Daryl's fingers, purposefully scraping his teeth and tongue over them, "Good boy." and got up to open the door.

Simon grinned widely, taking his sunglasses off. "Ready to roll?"

Negan nodded, "Five minutes." and vanished into the bedroom.

Simon strolled into the living room, "Aah, the Alaskan Bush People!" slumping down on the black leather couch with a sigh. "That's what I call classy entertainment." He bent down to snag three berries out of Daryl's bowl and popped them into his mouth, gesturing to the TV. "Let me tell you, boy, all you need to know for life, you can learn from these fine folks right there." He watched with great pleasure as a guy stuck his whole hand into a pile of bear poop, claiming to get a lot of vital information from the contents and texture.

Daryl nodded, stuffing two strawberries into his mouth and raised his arm to wipe his face with it, but remembered in the last second that he wasn't supposed to do it.

"Good job." Negan smelled like cologne and hair gel, as he came out of the bedroom, brushing his fingers over the top of Daryl's head. "Here, use this." He held a small, plain red bandana out.

"Oh don't give him that old hanky." Simon pulled a face. "That's so 90's."

"It's a reminder of the golden days, when I was young and thirsty."

Daryl took the red cloth, looking up at Negan and hesitantly wiped his mouth into it, before he handed it back.

"Keep it. You want to make sure that shirt stays clean." He snapped his fingers. "Let's go."

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Daryl didn't want to get out of the car.

Rick's house was big and white, with a nicely landscaped front yard, a driveway up to garage and a
mailbox with the names GRIMES/WALSH on it, in the suburb of Atlanta. Three other cars were parked in immediate vicinity, making Daryl's stomach cramp as he thought about all the strangers he had to face in the next few minutes.

"What's wrong?" Negan opened the car door, taking the box with a four pound dinosaur cake off Daryl's lap. "You need to vomit?" He squinted behind his sunglasses, as he looked at the other man's pale face.

"No wonder, with all that zigzag roads up here." Simon jumped out of the car, stretching himself. He didn't feel well in this area of the town. All the pastel colored family homes and neatly trimmed front lawns reminded him of some kind of scenario from a horror movie.

Daryl glanced past the tall angry man, at the beautiful house and wrinkled his nose, with a shrug. "Can I stay in the car."

Negan tilted his head. "You may not stay in the fucking car. You may carry all that shit for me, give your buddy the fantastic CD you picked out and sit next to me, so I can feed you some fucking cake. Right?" He arched his brows, leaning back a little.

Daryl nodded, looking down, wishing Merle would be there to make some jokes about stuffy, white-bread suburbanites. He climbed out of the car, taking the cake box.

"Don't you worry, boy!" Simon put an arm around his shoulders. "The secret is you have to go straight for the Tequila. Six of them and you're too wasted to care."

Chapter End Notes

Part two in about 6 hours
All his life, Daryl Dixon wanted to have a birthday party, or be invited to one.

He wasn't sure what he was thinking.

Because in reality it wasn't fun at all. Not the people that he had never seen before, and asked him a thousand silly questions. Not the three teenagers splashing around in the pool. Not the buzz cut guy standing at the barbeque grill, holding a monologue about how delicious frog legs would taste if there was nothing else to eat. Not the two year old girl sitting since thirty minutes on Negan's lap, sipping from his sugar free lemonade through a straw.

There weren't even balloons, and the cowboy boots guy had put the cake into the fridge, not offering a single piece of it.

No, this birthday party thing wasn't fun at all.

"Why can't he sit on a chair like everyone else." A frustrated looking, slender lady with long dark hair shot Daryl a reproachful look, as she grabbed her little daughter, taking her from Negan's lap. "Is that your guys silly role play again?" She put the infant a little too rough on her hip and turned to her irresponsible ex-husband. "Don't you wanna say anything, Rick? I mean there are kids around!"

Rick squinted at her, trying for a positive smile. "Come on, Lori, he's just sitting in the grass, where's the problem?"

She honored his comment with a death stare and stormed off, inside, to change her daughter's diaper. She knew it was a bad idea to accept an invitation to this barbeque.

"Yes, Rick," Negan leaned back in his chair, sipping his drink with a smirk. "Don't you wanna say anything? All this bad influence will turn your offspring into leather loving perverts without any moral standards." His grin grew as he eyed the fifteen year old getting ready to jump into the pool. "RIGHT KID?"

Carl turned around, having no idea what the grown ups had just talked about, but they looked happy, so he gave them a cheerful smile and a thumbs up in return, before he cannonballed into the water, making his friends laugh out loudly.

"Atta boy!" Negan raised his glass, chuckling.

"Shut up." Rick muttered, feeling a headache coming. He knew it was a bad idea to invite his ex-wife to his boyfriend's birthday.

"All okay, Sir?" Jesus put his headphones off, pushed his sunglasses up on his forehead and rolled over in his place in the grass, where he enjoyed the rare 75 °F sunny day to work on an early year-
"Want me to get you a drink?"

"A beer would be great." Rick massaged his temples. "Cold please."

"Coming up!" Jesus jumped to his feet with a smile, hurrying into the house in his brand new knee-length bathing trunks with Hawaiian palm tree print. It was a birthday gift from his favorite aunt Maria.

Daryl ducked his head when a bee flew close to his ear, and moved half an inch closer to Negan's chair. He was thirsty and wanted to go back to the factory, watching TV with Tiger.

Negan waved the insect away carefully, and held his lemonade to Daryl's lips. "Drink."

Daryl wanted to shake his head but then drank anyway. The whole glass.

Negan didn't seem to mind. He grasped the man's chin, bending down for a kiss. Just a peck, but then changed his mind and flicked his tongue between pale lips.

Daryl sighed soundless into the unexpected touch and leaned into a broad hand that cupped the side of his face.

Negan pulled back, just enough to speak against Daryl's wet lips. "Love your mouth. Fucking awesome." He brushed his nose over a flushed cheek and sat back, pushing Daryl's head against his thigh, combing his fingers through long strands of hair.

"Your beer, Sir." Paul came back, kissing Rick's cheek as he handed him an already opened, ice cold bottle of beer.

Rick held it against his temple to soothe his migraine, closing his eyes. "Thanks boy."

"And where's mine?" Shane didn't look happy behind his grill, standing in a cloud of smoke. He coughed a little as the direction of the wind changed. "Thanks a lot. You get the burnt one."

"Really, Rick? Alcohol in front of the children?" Lori opened the terrace door, carrying her daughter on the right hip, while putting her hand reproachfully on the left. "You are supposed to be a good example!"

Rick inhaled deeply, handing his bottle to Negan.

"Yes Rick, be a good example for the boys and children." Negan chuckled, leaning his head back against the backrest of the chair, taking a sip from the bottle, while stroking a strand of hair behind Daryl's ear.

"AND YOU COME OUT OF THE WATER, IT'S WAY TOO COLD!" Lori shouted across the garden to her teenage son, making her daughter cry with the volume of her voice.

"Yes kid, you heard your mother!" Negan hollered, raising his bottle. He loved this whole family reunion thing. It was much better than any soap opera.

"Would you just shut up." Rick propped his head in his hands.

Jesus smiled, patting Rick's shoulder. "I'll get your pills, Sir."

Simon looked after the young man as he disappeared into the house again. "And more Tequila! Keep the bar open, boy."
Lori rolled her eyes, shaking her head. "Maybe we should just go."

Simon shrugged, having nothing to the contrary to say. "Maybe."

An hour later, the temperature had fallen 2 degrees, Lori was allied with two fellow mothers from the neighborhood, and the party got relocated to the Grime's living room.

"It's really too cold." Jessie said, putting a grilled mushroom on Lori's plate.

"Of course it is." Lori poured some juice into Jessie's glass, glaring across the table to her ex-husband. "I've been saying that the whole day."

Daryl didn't listen. He was sitting next to Negan, and Paul had given him a full plate with corn, steak and a burger, along with a huge glass of lemonade. A slice of lemon was swimming in it and ice cubes.

He licked the butter of his corn cob and took a huge bite, but then glanced to Negan and sat up straight, chewing with closed mouth.

"That's right." Negan squeezed the man's thigh underneath the table, and turned back to Rick, who was in the middle of a story.

"You know you've lost your magic touch when you ask him to pick his favorite toy and wait for you in the bedroom, and you come in after a while and he sits there, busy with his Gameboy!"

The men around the table laughed, while Paul cut his steak with a sheepish smile, blushing a little. "I wasn't aware that you meant it like that and I just got the new Zelda that day."

Daryl looked around between them, not sure what the conversation was about, but he liked that everyone was so happy. He took a big bite from his burger, thick drops of ketchup falling on his plate. He licked his lips and raised his arm to wipe his mouth into his sleeve, but was nudged hard into the side.

"You don't want to use my shirt."

Daryl put his food down, feeling heat crawl up his chest. He lowered his gaze, certain that everyone at the table stared at him. He pulled the red cloth out of his pants pocket and wiped his mouth with it.

"Oh my god." Rick was about to take a sip from his water, but put the glass back on the table, grinning widely. "Don't tell me that's your cruising hanky!"

Neighbor Jessie looked confused. "What's a cruising hanky?"

Daryl glanced at Negan, deeply embarrassed. He wanted to throw the silly cloth at him, but didn't.

Negan stared at Rick with a small grin, shaking his head. "At least mine wasn't yellow." He put an arm around Daryl.

"I never had a yellow one!" Rick's voice got a little high pitched.

"You are into piss?" Shane threw his napkin on the empty plate, looking at his partner in a mixture of surprise and arousal. "Since when?"

Rick laughed a bit helpless. "I'm not into-"
"Would you all change the subject, that's just gross!" Lori got up to bring some empty dishes into the kitchen, looking nauseated.

Paul gestured to Daryl's plain red cloth. "Red is for fisting, isn't it?"

"Sure is." Simon leaned back in his chair, feeling pleasantly relaxed after half a bottle of Tequila and three pork chops. "Back in the days we had to use some secret coding to get our needs met. You couldn't just walk around with a tub of Crisco waiting for a sweet ass to bend over."

"Oh please." Jessie wrinkled her nose, getting up to join Lori in the kitchen.

"What? It's true." Simon shrugged, grabbing pork chop number four, licking his fingers. "You young ones have it all easy going now."

"I had it in my back pocket." Negan tugged the bandana in Daryl's hand, "When I went out clubbing, other guys saw it and new by the color, what I'm into. I wore it left, because I'm a fister."

Daryl stared on his plate, nodding.

Paul chewed a small bite of his burger. "He knows what that means, I told him."

Shane chuckled, "No wonder he's such a scaredy-pants. Probably clenches his ass all day long."

"Hey!" Negan lost his friendly expression, "Careful." He put the cloth on Daryl's lap, speaking right into the man's ear. "Eat. You're doing great."

"Didn't have a yellow one." Rick mumbled, shaking his head before he took a huge gulp of his water. "How dare you."

Paul chuckled, knowing what he would ask for, next time in the bedroom.

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"Wow!" Jesus let the flower-print wrapping paper fall to the floor, blinking at the heavy book in his hands. "That's very..." He smiled at Lori. "Thank you."

"It's the catcher in the rye." She smiled back. "You can never have too many books, right?"

"Especially if your ex-wife took them all when she moved out." Rick mumbled, quickly taking a big gulp of his alcohol-free beer. He was still mourning his fantastic Lord of the Rings collection.

"Excuse me?" She looked at him, raising her eyebrows.

Rick cleared his throat, putting the glass on the coffee table. "I just said, open ours next, you'll like it!"

"Okay." Paul smirked, pulling the mountain of purple tissue paper out of a huge gift bag. "Oh my god! The 1460 limited edition!" He beamed at a brand new pair of black Dr Marten's boots, jumping up to kiss Rick and Shane on the cheeks. "Thanks so much!"

Shane patted Rick's thigh. "They're from him. You get my gift later tonight. It's not suitable for-" He glanced at Lori, coughing. "I forgot to wrap it."

Paul grinned, holding up a small gift, looking at Negan. "From you, Sir?"

Negan sat relaxed on the couch, watching the whole scene with distance. He smiled faintly, biting
the inside of his lip, gesturing to Daryl, who sat on the floor, leaning against his leg, trying to be invisible.

Jesus tore the paper open, staring at an early album of the Offspring and after a moment, turned around to look at Daryl, not smiling at all, but with surprise and pure excitement written all over his face. "That's my absolute favorite! I lost it years ago and never saw it again anywhere!" He kissed the CD, "I love it!" and then leaned to Daryl, kissing him on the cheek, whispering a small. "Thank you."

Daryl lowered his gaze, grunting something because he felt really embarrassed. But at the same time, about twenty butterflies twirled through his stomach, because Jesus liked his present and Negan's fingers tickled the nape of his neck.

Carl nudged the last gift with his foot. "Open it. I want to see what it is." It was a big, longish box, wrapped in plain dark grey paper, with a white envelope sticking on top.

Paul pulled it off and opened it. Inside was a short text in elegant hand writing.

-Put that shit on my bike and ask me to sleep outside with you-

He squinted, turning to Negan, who just stared at him with a slight smile.

"Oh please not another spanking bench." Rick feared the worst, after the last holiday fiasco, where grandmother Flora had almost suffered a stroke underneath the Christmas tree.

Carl chuckled, because the new lifestyle of his father was really fun, and then got up from his place on the armrest, with wide eyes, as Jesus pulled the wrapping paper off the box, revealing a freedom trail 4-person, pole-free, extra deluxe tent, in a very nice grey color with blue details. "Woww, that's awesome! Mom we need one too!"

Lori disagreed with a shake of her head. "No Carl. The world has to end before I agree to a camping trip."

Jesus ignored everyone's comments. He got up, walking over to the tall man on the couch and half climbed on his lap, kissing him without a word. Then he pulled back, looking at the close face with a twinkle of adoration in his blue eyes. "Sleep outside with me, please?"

Negan smirked with a faint nod, brushing his tongue along his teeth.

Paul smirked back. "You take me on a motorcycle trip?"

Negan reached down to stroke Daryl's hair, while he squinted at Jesus. "In summer. I'm not freezing my ass off."

Paul stared at his loose affiliation, feeling much too lovestruck for their relationship status. He wanted to say something, to express how thankful and touched he was. Anything to voice his happiness. But then he just kissed him again, stroking his fingers through short, black hair. "You deserve an award."

"Yeah, he has seven already." Rick slipped out from underneath Shane's arm, deciding it was time for cake. "Why don't you build him a statue and get it over with."

"Eight awards!" Simon raised his glass in Negan's honor, looking after his friend who sulkily disappeared into the kitchen. "Don't forget the Golden Flogger!"
At half past ten, Jesus sat in the staff room of the Atlanta Eagle, bent over a pink Tupperware container. "Seriously, I can't believe you got me a Jurassic Park cake." He stuffed another piece of frosted Brachiosaurus tail into his mouth. "That's so awesome."

Daryl didn't say anything, but smiled a little around his fork. It was his third piece. Negan had fed him the first one on Rick's sofa, after Jesus had blown out his 33 candles. The second one as well, and the tall, angry man had licked his green lips clean afterwards. With a moan. It was the best cake ever.

"And will Negan come as well?" Carol asked innocently, crossing her legs, as she picked around in her plastic container. She wasn't a fan of sugar- gluten - dairy free dinosaur cake.

"Yes, they come in an hour." Jesus waved his fork. "They want the Cigar Lounge."

"Hm." Carol nodded, trying to hide her excitement. "You know, it would be nice to book in advance."

Daryl knitted his brows, chewing a mouthful of cake. The Cigar Lounge was never booked, because Mrs Peletier held it free for the possibility of a spontaneous visit of Negan and his fellowship.

"It was spontaneous." Jesus scraped the last crumbs out of his container. "He didn't want to celebrate without Daryl."

Carol got up, squinting at the birthday boy. "Free drinks for you and one song request." She kissed Paul's cheek. "Happy birthday."

Jesus smiled broadly. "Thanks Carol."

Daryl watched her leave the small staff room, wondering if she would kiss his cheek as well in May for his birthday.

----

Three minutes after midnight, a tall, handsome man in leather jacket grabbed Paul's wrist, to pull him off the dance floor. "Having fun, boy?"

Jesus tugged a sweaty strand of hair behind his ear, smiling surprised. "Hey, you're here." He stood on his tip toes, planting a kiss on Negan's lips. "Wanna dance with me?"

Negan cocked an eyebrow. "Think again, bugger. Where's Daryl."

"Serving drinks upstairs."

Negan nodded, staring at the happy, young man, swaying his body to a Guns n Roses song. He bend down, speaking next to Paul's ear. "You look fucking hot, sweaty like that. Wish it wasn't your boyfriend night."

Paul's heartbeat sped up. "May I kiss you, Sir?"

"You just did." Negan inhaled the scent of long hair, pulling Jesus closer.

Jesus shook his head, standing on his toes again, as he put his hands around the taller man's neck and tilted his head, closing his eyes for a deep kiss, making it open-mouthed, wet and sensual.

The music changed to a much harder song, drawing some other long haired guys to the dance floor. Negan pulled back, chuckling deep in his throat as he felt Paul's body automatically move in rhythm
to the hard beat. "Go, you fucking music whore."

"It's Enter Sandman." Jesus placed a last kiss on Negan's mouth, shrugging with a smirk as he danced off, "It's a classic."

Negan watched him a moment, ignored the shirtless Latino winking at him, and made his way upstairs.

He found Daryl after just a minute, sitting with a group of men. They looked like bikers and Daryl seemed like he had fun, holding an almost empty glass of beer, smiling a little lopsided.

"Tell me Daryl, are you a cat person?" A friendly man with grey, longish hair and twinkling blue eyes, put his arm around Daryl's shoulders. "I am. Love them since I am three years old." He took a drag of his cigar, "Vicious creatures." and patted Daryl's back. "Anyway, I tell you, and this is true. Ain't nothing sadder than an outdoor cat, thinking he's an indoor cat."

"Hm." Daryl nodded, feeling a bit dizzy after the three shots he was invited to.

"Job done for today?" Negan stepped close to the table, inspecting the full ashtray and two dozen of empty glasses.

"What do you want?" A guy with bushy dark beard made an attempt to get up, but was stopped by his friend, whispering to him.

"Don't. That's Negan."

Negan ignored them both, looking at the man who was having his arm around Daryl. "Joe."

Joe looked up, smiling, obviously not all too sober. "Negan! My friend, come and sit with us!"

Negan gestured to Daryl. "That's one of mine you're getting drunk there."

Joe scratched the side of his mustache. "Really? He didn't mention that he's claimed."

Daryl blinked up, trying to focus. The tall angry man was there. "I know what fisting is." Paul had told him.

Daryl snapped his fingers. "Get up and go to Simon. Now."

Daryl did, handing his glass to one of the other men, walking a little warped in the direction of the cigar lounge.

Negan looked after him and then back at Joe. "Don't touch him again." He followed Daryl without a further comment.

----

Daryl didn't feel all too well after his third big glass of water, kneeling upright next to Negan, who fed him salty crackers at minute intervals. He hunched his shoulders, shifting on his butt.

"No." Negan snapped his fingers and nudged him with his foot. "Straight back."

"What's wrong?" Jesus wiped some sweaty hair out of his face, slumping down on Rick's lap with a smile. "You're all so lame. No one joins me on the dance floor." He turned to kiss Rick's cheek.

"We're old, kid." Simon assumed and took a swig of his beer. "Nothin' you can do about it."
"Open up." Negan put another cracker in Daryl's mouth, stroking his hair when he chewed it obediently. "Good job. Drink." He handed him a glass of water.

Daryl sighed but drank, and then wiggled his toes and shifted again nervously, when his bladder started to feel uncomfortably full.

Negan snapped his fingers. "Go take a piss. Wash your hands. Come back, drink the rest."

Daryl glanced at him and then looked down with a scowl, sure every laugh in the building was directed at him.

Negan bent down, speaking in a pale ear. "You want to focus on me and your fucking task. Go. Do as you're told."

Daryl got up, his legs feeling stiff from the hard floor. He didn't turn around and just went straight to the restroom. He ignored the other men, the one calling him sweetheart, the one bumping into him, the one giving him a strange look. He used the toilet, washed his hands and dried them off with the plain red cloth from his pocket. He sniffed at the damp fabric before he tugged it back. It smelled like tall angry man and wardrobe. He looked into the mirror. His hair was clean, his face was too, just a little flushed from too much alcohol. He wore a dark grey, unstained shirt. From Italy. He stared at his reflection, wondering what Merle was doing right now. Maybe missing him.

A chubby man with blond hair and red shirt entered the restroom, politely holding the door open.

Daryl mumbled a small, "Thanks." and went back out, loud music and the smell of booze and cigars surrounding him instantly. He passed two shamelessly kissing guys and bumped into a beefy bald man, wearing nothing but shorts and sneakers.

"Watch it, man!"

The guy pushed him and walked off. Daryl flicked his head and rubbed his ear against his shoulder. And then froze as he looked up, seeing Negan sitting in his favorite place in the lounge. Relaxed, with one leg stretched out and his arm on the backrest of the leather chair. Smiling charmingly with a tilt of his head. At a pretty stranger.

It was a man with dark blond, longish curls, much younger than Daryl. He bent down to kiss Negan on the mouth and then fell on his knees, lowering his eyes submissively, resting one hand on Negan's thigh.

Daryl felt his stomach cramp, all air leaving his lungs, making his chest hurt and his head numb. He remembered the phone call in the morning. The one where the tall angry man was anything but angry. The one where Negan had purred nice words into the phone. The one where Negan had told the other person to come and say hi at the Eagle. Hot anger and sickeningly shame flooded his body. He clenched his fists, his nostrils flaring with heavy breathing, as he walked straight up through the people, past the cowboy boots guy and Jesus, past the buzz cut man, ignoring Simon's "Careful, boy." and grabbed the pretty stranger roughly by his beautiful blond, curly hair, yanking him up to his feet and practically threw him out of the lounge with a loud grunt. He lunged out, ready to land a fierce punch, but his wrist was caught by a strong hand, mid air.

"Woa, boy!" Shane tackled Daryl down, holding him in a headlock, laughing. "What's eaten up your damn ass?!"

Daryl struggled and kicked, trying to escape the strong arm around his neck.
"Shane." Negan touched the man's shoulder. "Let him go."

The second Shane took his arm off, Daryl lunged out at Negan, punching his chest and stomach, shoving him two steps back.

"Boy!" Negan's tone was dark and icy. He didn't flinch or back away, but stepped closer to Daryl, straightening to full height. "You stop that instantly."

Daryl panted, looking up for a moment, but lowered his gaze when he met the deathly stare out of dark eyes. He raised his hands, wanting to shove Negan off again.

"DON'T. touch me." Negan stared him down, moving another inch closer, his voice low and cold. "You go, stand in the corner over there and wait until I come." He pointed to the dark corner, near the lounge and yelled right into Daryl's face when his order wasn't followed immediately. "NOW BOY!"

Daryl flinched and hesitantly went to the corner, feeling his eyes well up and his chest hurt. He heard how Negan spoke all nicely to the pretty man, he heard Shane chuckle, he heard Simon make a joke. He was sure everyone looked at him, and was thankful for the shady corner, where he could just hide and stand in the dark, putting his face against the cold wall.

Negan followed him after three and a half minutes, smelling like cologne and leather, snapping his fingers, pointing two down.

Daryl didn't have to see the signal to know what he was supposed to do. He didn't want to. He felt ashamed and angry. But Negan came another step closer, saying a low, "Now.", so he sighed a shaky breath and crouched down to his knees, hoping for strong fingers to touch his hair, but nothing happened.

"His name is Benjamin. I trained him a year ago. He has a permanent Dom now in Philadelphia. He called this morning to let me know that he's in town. I wanted him to say hello."

Each of Negan's calm words hurt Daryl's chest. He didn't want to hear any of it. He wanted to hit him in the face and run away to live with Merle in the silly prison cell.

"I told you, if you ever raise your hand against me, again, there will be punishment." Negan brushed his fingertips over Daryl's upper back, just briefly. "Get up. Face to the wall." He waited patiently for almost two minutes, and then watched as Daryl rose to his feet, standing with his face close to the wall. Negan spoke against the back of Daryl's head, slapping the man's thigh. "Legs apart. Hands to the wall." He waited again for his order to be followed, correcting the position of Daryl's feet a little bit. "You stay like this for thirty minutes. You don't move, you don't speak. You think about what you've done and why I do not deserve to be fucking hit by you." He felt the man tense and breathe nervously, ten fingers curling against the solid wall. "I sit over there. I see you the whole time. I come back in thirty minutes, then you'll get a chance to apologize." He turned around and went back to the lounge, sitting down.

Paul approached him immediately. "May I sit with him, Sir?"

Negan took a long sip of his beer, looking at him with a serious face.

"Please." Jesus touched Negan's knee.

"In ten minutes. No talking."
Daryl stood ten minutes in the darkest corner of the Eagle's first floor, his hands holding on to the cold wall, his blurry eyes looking down to the floor, while he tried his best to ignore the burning feeling of shame, crawling all over him from head to toe, making his jaw tremble.

In minute eleven, Jesus joined him, quietly sitting down on the ground, with his back to the wall, resting his forehead against Daryl's knee. He didn't say a single word and didn't look up, but put a supporting hand on Daryl's shoe, when he heard a low, shaky sob escaping the man's throat.

Daryl was angry at first, not wanting for Paul to be with him and see him like this. But then it felt really nice and comforting to know he wasn't alone, to feel Paul touching him like a friendly, invisible ghost, who knew exactly why beautiful curly blond hair was the most ugly thing in the world.

Thirty minutes felt like three years. Every person walking by was registered. Each judging look hurt like a knife. And when Negan's presence finally returned, the scent of cologne and leather was like a safe blanket wrapping all around him.

Negan stepped close behind Daryl, shielding him from prying eyes, speaking right next to his ear. "You want to apologize."

Daryl blinked and wiped his face into his outstretched upper arm, murmuring a hoarse, little "I'm sorry.", when Paul kissed his knee. He wasn't sure if it was the full truth, but the ache in his stomach wanted him to say it.

"What are you sorry for, Daryl."

The deep, low voice made Daryl's hurting chest feel instantly better. He wanted to lean back against the tall body, but he didn't. "Hittin' you."

"Are you sorry for being rude to Ben."

Daryl inhaled, lowering his head, curling his hands into fists against the wall. The image of a young, beautiful guy kneeling in front of the tall angry man popped up in front of his eyes. He wasn't sorry. He wanted to punch him right in the face. "No." His answer sounded rough and as angry as he felt.

Negan nodded, leaning his temple against Daryl's hair. "Have you been under the impression that I like you, boy."

An instant shot of insecureness made Daryl shrink ten inches and shift nervously on his feet, he exhaled, feeling Paul squeeze the leather of his old, dirty shoe.

"Answer." Negan brushed his beard against Daryl's ear.

Daryl wanted to shake his head so badly. The feeling of shame and embarrassment got so overwhelming, he wanted to vomit and hit his own ugly face into the wall. But after a moment, a small, almost soundless, "Yes." made it out of his tight throat.

"That's because you're a clever boy." Negan told him, nuzzling the side of his face. "I do. A lot." He closed the last bit of distance, standing flush with Daryl, chest to back. "And you wouldn't stand here now, feeling miserable, if you would've just done what I asked you to do. Focus on me and your task. You would have come back to me and drank the rest of your fucking water. I would have let you kneel between my legs. Because I know you feel insecure and have to be reminded of your place. You would have seen that Ben is a guy I like, but that you're my fucking gorgeous puppy." He brushed his lips against Daryl's cheek. "Am I right?" He got a faint nod for an answer and bit a pale ear. "Fucking say that I'm right."
"Right." It was shy and not more than a whisper.

Negan sighed and snapped his fingers at Jesus. "Get up."

Paul did immediately, standing next to Daryl with his eyes on Negan.

"Who is allowed to sleep in my bed."

A little smile wiped all the concern off Paul's face as he answered. "Just me, Sir."

Negan smirked, kissing the side of Daryl's neck. "But that has changed recently, right? Who is the new addition in my fucking private bedroom. Tell me."

"Him." Paul nudged Daryl's thigh.

"Him?" Negan rubbed his crotch against Daryl's ass, licking underneath his jawbone. "What's the name of the new special guy who's allowed to fucking sleep in bed with me."

Jesus liked the sultry tone of Negan's dark voice and kissed the man's leather clad upper arm. "It's your Daryl, Sir."

"Oh really," Negan noticed the small huff of breath escaping Daryl's lips as he tilted his head to the side, granting more access to his neck. "Is that what I fucking call him." Negan scraped his teeth along the sensitive skin of Daryl's neck and then sucked it into his mouth, rolling his groin against a firm butt. "My Daryl."

"Yes, Sir." Jesus answered softly, a cloud of arousal dazing his blue eyes, watching the two men together.

"It must be true then." Negan wrapped a firm arm across Daryl's chest, pulling him against his entire front, making him feel the hardness in his pants, before he turned his head to Paul, pulling him against his side for a hungry kiss.

Paul moaned, standing on his tip toes as he kissed back, holding on to Negan's back with one hand, and to Daryl's chest with the other.

Daryl panted, letting his head fall back on Negan's shoulder, holding his eyes closed, but knowing exactly what the other men did right now. It made his insides turn and sizzle strangely. It made him part his lips to brush them against Negan's warm neck. It made him search for contact and ache for more. It made his tongue come out to lick Negan's pulse point, before he kissed it.

Negan groaned into Paul's mouth and then pulled back, turning to Daryl, hissing darkly, "Fucking good boy, being so smart for me." He put his hand up to cup the back of Daryl's head, guiding him into a kiss, flicking his tongue between pale lips with a moan, grinding his hips in a steady rhythm against the man's ass. He pulled back just enough to groan against the corner of Daryl's mouth. "Paul, show my Daryl how much I like him."

It was an order, spoken in husky voice, and Jesus leaned his forehead against Negan's broad, leather clad shoulder, panting quietly against it, "Yes, Sir." as he slid his flat hand down Daryl's chest, straight to his groin, massaging him expertly through dark denims.

Daryl tensed instantly, whimpering into the kiss, exhaling startled.

Negan nodded once, licking wet lips with a broad tongue, rubbing his erection against Daryl's butt. "That's how much I fucking like my Daryl. Paul knows it."
Daryl arched his back, his body unsure of what touch he wanted to lean into most. Electricity spreading through him like liquid fire. He clutched the heavy leather of Negan's jacket sleeve, making a sound that he had never heard coming out of his own mouth before.

Negan put his hand over Paul's, moving it aside a little, before he unbuttoned Daryl's fly, slipping his hand into tight underwear. "Look how good you are, all hard and wet." He circled his hand around the throbbing erection, stroking it slowly, knowing that Daryl was already near the edge. "Feel that, boy?" He licked the corner of Daryl's mouth, scraping his teeth along a trembling bottom lip, enjoying the unsteady puffs of breath hitting his skin. "That's my dick, wanting to be inside you so badly." He moved his hips, grinding his bulge hard against Daryl's ass, in rhythm with his hand, stroking steadily. "You want that puppy? Tell me. You want me to fuck you and make you all mine?"

For a moment, Daryl thought he might pass out or fall to the ground, his knees feeling weak and the blood pulsed so loud in his ears, it made him dizzy.

Jesus leaned against his chest, having a hand underneath his shirt, doing magic things to his nipple. And everything else was Negan, tall and overwhelming, all around him, speaking, touching, grinding, smelling like the safest, most exciting thing on earth. He heard the soft, deep voice talking and nodded, mumbling something similar to a "Yes.", before he held his breath, when strong fingers squeezed around his penis and moved faster, making everything stop and spin and fall apart.

"Yes, that's right." Negan kept on stroking slowly, holding the trembling body upright. "Such a good boy, coming for me in public." He nipped and licked the warm spot right behind Daryl's ear, loving the small jerks and whimpering noises. "Did you shoot your load all over my hand? You like me that much, right puppy." He pulled his fingers out of Daryl's pants, holding them up for the man to lick.

Daryl did, feeling so numb and dizzy, he could hardly focus as he opened his eyes a little, leaning his head heavily back on Negan's solid shoulder. He poked his tongue out, licking shyly, before two fingers slid into his mouth, demanding to be sucked.

"Tastes almost as good as me this morning, right boy," Negan planted a kiss on the side of Daryl's nose and then turned to nod at Jesus who looked up at him, seriously aroused. "Look we made Paul all hot and horny." He smirked, kissing Paul's forehead. "Good thing it's his boyfriend- fuck night, right?"

Jesus smiled and hid his face in the smooth, Italian fabric of Daryl's shirt. "Yes, Sir."

Negan gestured with his head. "Go, tell Rick you want home."

Jesus kissed Daryl's chest and got up on his toes to nuzzle Negan's cheek. "Thank you, Sir." He tugged a strand of hair behind his ear and smirked shyly as he walked off, looking back over his shoulder once, making a mental picture of the limp body resting against his tall, gorgeous daddy. He loved his life, especially when it was his birthday.

----

At half past three in the morning, Daryl sent his report to Negan, got up from his chair and switched the light off in his small basement room.

**Good:** - shirt from italy
   - my face

**Bad:** - hitting
   - not answerng
Like:        television, cake, Paul, Negan
Hate:       the man
Change:  hitting

He climbed on the mattress, and curled up underneath the blanket, rubbing his face over the soft pillow, before he moved to lie on his belly, pulling his knees up underneath his butt.

The screen of his phone lit up when it beeped, making his belly tingle.

Good:  - shirt from italy -- I did an awesome job keeping Negan's shirt clean!
        - my face -- Looking at my gorgeous, pretty face made Negan come hard in the morning.
That's why he was nice and relaxed all day long :p
Bad:   - hitting -- I didn't focus on Negan and my task, and got overwhelmed by fear
        - not answering -- I got two strikes. I have to do way better.
Like:        television, cake, Paul, Negan -- this answer made Negan a happy man :)
Hate:       the man -- I hate when it seems like others take my safe place. It scares me very much.
Change:  hitting -- I feel very sorry for hitting Negan and I wish I would be forgiven.

Bonus: Negan bursts with pride, because I wasn't jealous at all today, interacting with Paul! Amazingly well done!

He read the corrected report, noticing the corners of his mouth twitching up into a smile. He really liked the tall angry man. Very much.

The phone beeped again after a minute.

NEGAN
You are forgiven after you cleaned my entire play room. In the morning. After breakfast.
Right?
20/01/2017  3:39 AM

Daryl nodded to his screen and then typed an answer, with one finger, feeling guilty. right

He received an answer two minutes later. It was a photo of a beautiful tall, angry man, lying in bed. Shirtless, with slightly tousled hair and all alone.

NEGAN
Good night puppy
20/01/2017  3:41 AM

Daryl stared at the picture and all he wanted was to run up the empty, dark stairwell, to present his butt in the big bed, next to Negan, for the rest of the night.

But that worked only with invitation and he had none. So he searched through all the small emoji pictures, sighing and rubbing his nose, until he found the one that resembled Negan the most. He picked it and put the picture of the three Zzz and a red heart behind.

His belly felt light when he sent his message, and he slid the phone quickly underneath his pillow, hoping the sun would be up soon, so he could eat breakfast with Negan and clean his entire playroom.

-----

It was two minutes past four in the morning when Negan opened his eyes again, not able to fall asleep.
He took the phone from his nightstand, scrolling through his messages, stopping at the very last one. It was a king, wearing a friendly smile and a crown, and three Zzz and a red heart behind him.

He stared at it, not sure whether he liked the warm feeling spreading through his belly.
"What, you really thought he likes you?" Will laughed out loud, shaking his head. "Why would anyone want something like you, boy?! Have you looked into the mirror lately?" He took his sobbing son by the scruff of his neck, dragging him through the house, practically throwing him against the door of his bedroom. It was closed. Shut tightly. Will nudged the crying child on the floor hard with his foot. "Open the door."

Daryl shook his head, frantically. He didn't want to open the door. Not again. Everything on the other side of the door was painful and ugly and horrible.

"OPEN THE DOOR!" Will's furious voice resounded through the small house like thunder, demanding to be obeyed instantly.

Daryl knew there was no point to fight it any longer. It would happen, because it always did, no matter what he tried or said or how many pretty pebble stones he gifted his father, how many colorful pictures he drew, how many super peanut butter sandwiches he made. He was never good enough for Will Dixon. The punishment would come anyway. So he got up from the floor and touched the doorknob with cold, shaky fingers, turning it to the right. Removing the last safe barrier between him and the most awful room in the house.

He wiped his wet face into the sleeve of his dirty sweater and watched as the door slowly opened, making a squeaky sound.

Something was different today. He could see the horrible big bed with the dirty sheets and the thin blanket, that had beer stains all over. But the bed wasn't empty, waiting for him to lie down, quietly on his back, like a fucking little pansy.

A tall man in biker boots and black leather jacket was there, sleeping on his belly, like the old mattress was the most peaceful place on earth.

He looked beautiful, with short black hair and a red scarf around his neck. His strong hand lying on the pillow, clad with a black leather glove. The whole room smelled nice and safe, like musky cologne, heavy leather and clean skin. Like all was good and quiet and alright now.

A swarm of 1000 butterflies exploded in Daryl's stomach, as he ran up to the bed and touched the man's arm, wanting to hear the soft, deep voice. He knew what it would say. Daryl is a good boy.

He shook the broad leather clad shoulder a little, smiling happily, "Wake up, Sir."

The tall man didn't wake up. But that was okay, Daryl knew what would help. He ran to his own room, excitedly pulling his secret wooden box out from under the bed. It was full of all the super
pretty pebble stones he had collected. Grey ones and small black ones and one that was shaped like a real cat, just without legs.

He took them all, running back to the horrible big bed with the beautiful tall man inside, and jumped on the free side of the mattress, kneeling down, displaying all the wonderful gifts he had.

He smiled proudly and tapped the smooth leather jacket. "Wake up, Sir!" He knitted his eyebrows and his joyful voice faltered a little when there was still no reaction. He touched the man's hand and pulled it off the pillow, exposing his face.

The man wasn't asleep. His dark eyes were wide open, staring blankly at a random spot in the room. His lips were pale and slightly parted, his skin was white with faint grey and purple blotches, standing in stark contrast to the dark red blood, pouring out of the gaping cut in his throat.

Daryl looked at him and then down at his beautiful pebble stone gifts. They were all covered in vomit.

---

Daryl jerked awake, with cold sweat on his face. He knelt up in bed, looking around in panic, a puddle of vomit covering his soft pillow. He sobbed, high pitched, jumping out of bed, running out of the room with bare feet and bare legs. He wiped strands of damp hair out of his eyes as he ran through the empty stairwell, but still his vision was blurry. He felt like fainting as he watched his shaky fingers knocking frantically at the brown door, and didn't know what Olivia was saying, as he stormed past her, scanning the beautiful apartment in blind panic. He saw the empty dining table, the black sofa, the kitchen and then the tall angry man, stepping out of his bedroom, fixing the small shirt button at his wrist.

"You're late today." Negan didn't look up as he grabbed the car keys out of the small metal bowl. "Olivia will make you some eggs. I'm back in an hour." He hurried towards the door, blaming the much too short night for his bad mood and delay today.

Daryl felt like choking. Something was wrong with his throat and his chest. He wanted to breathe, but his lungs didn't work. He wanted to scream, but all the noise that came out was another high pitched, croaky sob, as he followed the tall angry man into the entrance room, desperately trying to remember the hand signal he craved so much. He tried to snap his trembling fingers, then pointed them somewhere random and wiped his blurry eyes into his vomit stained sleeve.

"Boy, breakfast I said." Negan fumbled with his jacket, stressed out when Daryl followed him, instead of sitting at the dining table for breakfast. He looked up, hearing awkward noises, and then stopped dead in his tracks, when he saw his favorite Italian grey shirt, covered in vomit and Daryl desperately trying to make a signal with his shaking hands, gasping for air.

"Down." He did it for him, snapping his fingers, loud and clear, pointed two down and held his hand out when Daryl instantly fell to his knees, pressing his wet, snotty face into Negan's crotch, sniffing loudly, trying to get his breathing under control somehow.

"Olivia." Negan put a hand to the back of Daryl's head, stroking soothingly, holding the side of his dirty face with the other. "Go, tell Rick he has to go alone. Something came up."

Olivia nodded, giving the shaking criminal on the floor a sympathetic look and left, closing the door quietly.

Negan didn't say anything, just stood there, providing the safety, the controlled space, and protective
presence that was needed, combing his fingers through long strands of tousled hair, thinking of Merle Dixon in prison. Knowing exactly why he had chosen this fate. Knowing exactly that he would have done the same.

---

"How's the story?" Negan entered the steamy bathroom, rolling up his sleeves, as he sat down on the brim of the bathtub.

"Hm." Daryl shrugged. He wasn't sure about these Oompa Loompa guys, but he liked the concept of a whole factory producing awesome chocolate bars and other candy. "Good."

Negan tapped pause on the iPad and took Daryl's wash cloth. "What do you like the most." He dipped the cloth into the hot water and washed Daryl's back with it.

Daryl wanted to shrug again, but the strong hand rubbing his back felt so good, he didn't dare to move. He liked the factory best. It was almost like Negan's home. But he was too embarrassed to say that. "Dunno."

"The dentist is the best." Negan told him deadly serious, as the other man leaned into the touch, making his back round. "Because he knows that candy is fucking bad for you. Right?"

"Mhm." Daryl nodded, not sure if he really agreed to that. Willy Wonka's father seemed not very nice.

"No. That's not how a conversation works. You want to give a real answer."

It was the truth. Most of the time Daryl really wanted to give real answers, or ask questions, or just say something about stuff he liked. It was just very difficult. His voice sounded silly and people tended to just overhear or ignore him, every time he tried to participate in a conversation.

He sniffed his nose and wiped the back of his hand over his wet face, staring at the small bubbles floating on his bathwater. For 72 seconds. "I like chocolate."

Negan moved the dripping wash cloth up and down Daryl's spine, more to provide a back massage, than for actual cleaning purposes. "What's your favorite. Hershey's?"

Daryl shook his head. "Milky Way." And Kitkat. And the long ones with the awesome cookie inside.

"What about Bounty."

Daryl wrinkled his nose. The white stuff always stuck to his throat and made him cough. "No."

Negan leaned close to Daryl's ear, speaking in a low voice. "I like Pretzel M&M's."

Daryl turned his head so fast, he almost bumped his nose into the close face.

Negan just chuckled and got up, putting the wash cloth over Daryl's shoulder. "Wash and come to breakfast."

---

JESUS

It was a weird night! Turned out Rick really owned a yellow hanky :D
Marked his territory :D :D

If you know what I mean ^^

20/01/2017  10:13 AM

Daryl blinked at the message, imagining the cowboy boots guy on all fours, raising a leg to pee at a lamp post.

Negan glanced up from his newspaper when Daryl snorted a small laugh while looking at his phone. "Tell Paul your fucking eggs get cold."

Daryl looked up, put the phone on the table and forked some scrambled eggs into his mouth. He typed the answer with one finger.

the eggs get cld

Paul knew exactly what that meant.

JESUS

Is he grumpy because I'm distracting you? :-)

20/01/2017  10:15 AM

Daryl nodded at his screen, before he typed three letters.

Yes

Two minutes later, Negan put his newspaper down when his pone beeped. It was a voice mail. He tapped the screen and listened.

I'm sorry, Sir'

Negan wasn't fooled by Paul's guilty tone. He took a selfie with arched brows and raised middle finger, sent it, and put Daryl's and his own phone aside. "Daryl." He tapped his fingernail on the table in front of Daryl's plate. "What's your lawyer's name, can you tell me?"

Daryl stopped chewing his eggs, looking up with a start.

"Do you know?"

"Hm." Daryl nodded. "Blake."

"From Blake and Partner?"

Daryl nodded again, raising his arm to wipe his mouth into his sleeve.

Negan caught his wrist, giving him a stern look and then watched how he pulled a plain red cloth out of his pants, cleaning his lips with it. "That's better. Finish your breakfast and go do your task. I'll speak to your lawyer."

Daryl touched his ear to his shoulder, looking at his plate. "I don't have the money yet."

Negan folded his newspaper and got up, leaning from behind over Daryl's head to kiss damp hair. "Your job is to focus on me and the tasks I give you. My job is to take care of all the rest."
Daryl felt a bit lost, standing with his cleaning utensils in the middle of the Leather Factory's very own, well equipped play space.

It didn't look as scary at a second glance. The lights were bright, and most of the leather and steel furniture seemed pretty harmless, at least harmless enough to wipe them down with a cleaning rag.

Daryl put his bucket down, next to a spanking bench, padded with black leather. He wasn't entirely sure how it would be used, but he cleaned it all over with soapy water, dried it, and then sprayed it down with a sanitizer, like Negan had told him.

He did the same to the large X-shaped objects attached to the wall. They had restraining points for ankles, wrists, and waist, making it not very hard to imagine how someone would be bound to them in spread eagle position. Daryl wrinkled his nose. He didn't like them.

For the two cages, he needed almost half an hour, wiping each bar separately. He tried to clean the leather cushioning on the bottom of the cages without actually going inside. He just opened the door really wide and leaned in as much as he could. It worked well enough.

There was a huge steel cabinet at the back wall, with weird stuff inside. Penis shaped toys in all sizes, most of them threateningly black. Lots of floggers, small paddles and some riding crops. Several bulk boxes of latex gloves, like from the doctor's office, but in black color. Chains, rope and leather cuffs. And a whole metal drawer full of belts in brown and black, some new and others looking well used, all made of heavy leather. Daryl touched them with his fingertips and felt his stomach cramp. He stepped back and looked around, sniffing his nose. And then pulled his phone out of his pocket, staring a long time at the tall angry, very safe man on his screen, before he tapped on the icon with the speech bubble and sent a message to Negan. Without being asked to do it. Not to say good night or to send a report. Just because he really had to.

----

Negan parked in front of Blake and Partner, throwing his sunglasses on the empty passenger seat, and fished for his beeping phone, squinting surprised when he saw the unexpected message in his inbox.

_Daryl Dixon_  
hello please  
20/01/2017  2:34 PM

He leaned back in his seat, writing an answer.

_Hello boy. Are you being good and concentrate on your task?_

He sent it and took a sip from his water bottle, as he waited for the reply, watching through the window as some idiot almost lost the three boxes of Avocado he tried to transport on his bicycle.

_Daryl Dixon_  
yes  
20/01/2017  2:36 PM
Negan scratched his eyebrow with the tip of his thumb, typing an answer.

Yes, you are good for me.

Did you want to ask a question?

He yawned, leaning his head back against the headrest. The night was really much too short.

The phone beeped again after five long minutes, and the only thing the message contained, was a tiny yellow hand.

---

Daryl sat on the floor, with his back to one of the leather padded restrain tables, and wiped some tousled hair out of his forehead when the tall angry man sent him a reply to the tiny hand emoji.

It was a photo of Negan's lap. Taken just now in the car, with slightly spread legs.

Daryl could see a bit of the steering wheel and the leather of the driver's seat. And a strong hand lying on the man's left thigh, safe and pretty with dark hair and veins popping out.

He held the phone close to his face, pressing the bridge of his nose against the small screen, until, after three minutes the phone beeped again.

NEGAN

You want to finish your task for me.

Chop chop, I'm back soon ;-) 

20/01/2017  2:44 PM

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"Well, that's a surprise." Philip Blake leaned back in his office chair, putting an arm on the armrest, smiling slightly. "I thought Milton got something mixed up, when I saw your name on my client list."

Negan stepped silently in front of the massive wooden desk, picked up a framed picture of a young girl, put it back and sat down, making the chair his own, by taking up the entire space. He tilted his head. "Hard to believe that nobody killed you by now."

"Let's say, no one succeeded." Philip laughed quietly, glancing down for a moment. "And obviously you're here to benefit from my methods as well."

"I am here, because a friend tried to hire you and stumbled over your money-first policy."

Mister Blake pursed his lips, sitting up. "A friend? Who's that?"

"Dixon. Capital murder."

The lawyer looked confused. "The little homeless guy?"

Negan pulled his wallet out and threw one of his credit cards on the desk. "Start working."

Philip leaned back, entwining his fingers in front of his chest, looking serious. "I've had a look into the case. Immediate confession. Unrepentant." He looked directly at Negan. "Told the judge he'd do
Negan stared back. "Can you get him off death row."

Philip tilted his head to the side, smiling faintly. "Why would I want to do that?"

"Have a closer look into the case." Negan got up, putting his business card on the desk. "Contact me if you need more information from Mister Dixon." He went to the door.

Mister Blake's smile widened. "Fine ass underneath all that filth?"

Negan didn't turn around. "Get to work, Philip."

Chapter End Notes

loooong Part 2 in about 6 hours
EVERYONE! Raise your left hand, make a fist, spread your pinky finger out... and follow me to the Sanctuary for some totally innocent, baby, virgin, puppy play time :)  

The fierce cracks of an 8-foot bullwhip resounded through the Leather Factory's basement, as Negan came back.  

He crossed his arms, standing at the foot of broad metal stairs, watching Daryl swing the long leather whip again and again, through the empty space of the club area, with full force, using his whole body to get the most out of every lash.  

A proud smile moved the corners of Negan's mouth up. "Try an overhead. Arm to twelve, whip to nine, straighten out at three. Half circle."  

Daryl turned around, startled. He hadn't heard Negan coming back, but his whole face lit up as he saw him.  

"Go on, try." Negan returned a smirk.  

Daryl nodded, trying to swing the whip in a circle over his head.  

"Not the wrist." Negan showed the correct arm movement. "Don't do that. Whole arm out. It's gonna be a lot louder because your body has more momentum."  

Daryl tried again, lashing the whip as he was told over his head, cracking it loud. He smiled, looking back to Negan.  

"See? Now you're bad ass." Negan watched him doing four more swings, before he walked up to Daryl and held his hand out. "Enough fun for today. Show me your work."  

Daryl looked a little disappointed, but handed the whip over, flicking his head to get some hair out of his eyes. He followed the other man across the room, through the rubber strips curtain into the Sanctuary, stopping near the door frame, watching how his work was inspected.  

"Everything disinfected?" Negan put the bullwhip back on its rightful place and brushed his fingers over some of the furniture.  

"Mhm." Daryl put his hands behind his back nervously. "Yes."  

"Crops the other way around." Negan turned the riding crops upside down. "That's the handle." He went to check the cages, looked underneath the bondage chairs, swiped his palm over the leather padding of the broad restrain table, "Looks good." and cocked an eyebrow at Daryl. "Seems you are forgiven for fucking hitting me. Right?"  

Heavy guilt clouded Daryl's face instantly. He nodded, casting his eyes down. "Right."
Negan nodded as well. "Do you have any plans before you go to work?"

Daryl looked confused by the question. "No."

"Great. I want to play with you."

Daryl's head shot up, alarmed.

Negan gave him a nod, wagging his brows. "Time for you to do some scening." He walked up to Daryl, grabbing his chin, pulling him close for a kiss.

Daryl sighed a nervous breath into the other man's mouth, before he melted against a broad chest, letting a demanding tongue take over.

Negan ended it with a satisfied moan after two long minutes, smirking slightly at Daryl's dazed expression, before he moved back and unbuckled his belt, pulling it out of the belt loops in one swift move.

Terror filled Daryl's blue eyes immediately. The noise and sight of the thick leather making him step back bewildered.

Negan stared at him, folding the belt in half, before he handed it over. "Take it out of the room for me. Then come back."

Daryl looked unsure, hesitating, before he grabbed the belt defiantly and walked out, through the black rubber strip curtain, into the wide open club area of the Leather Factory.

He sniffed his nose and placed the belt on the floor, right next to the door frame. He looked at it for a moment and then picked it up again, taking to the small coffee kitchen.

He considered to throw it behind the cabinet, but in the end just put it on top of the small fridge, next to the coffee whitener.

When he walked back and held the black rubber strips aside to enter the playroom, Negan stood with his back to the door, at a high iron shelf, looking through a box with some utensils.

"Take your shoes off, Daryl."

Daryl stayed near the door frame, wanting to ask why he needed to take his shoes off, but then he just sat on the floor and did it. He gave the tall, angry man a wary glance as he placed his shoes neatly near the wall, and was about to get on his feet again when Negan turned around.

"Socks too." He registered how Daryl scowled at him, but ignored it and just waited patiently until the black Hugo Boss socks were pulled off and stuffed into old shoes. He snapped his fingers. "Well done. Come here."

Daryl sniffed his nose, peering through long bangs.

Negan walked to the middle of the room and then just stopped there, in a shoulder wide stance, straightening his neck and back, openly displaying his chest by putting his arms loosely behind his back, his posture expressing nothing but confidence and masculine power.

It made Daryl nervous and comfortable at the same time. He scrambled to his feet, slowly, and walked up to Negan, stopping when the man snapped his fingers again, keeping a 5-foot distance.

"You want to present for me. Take your pants and shirt off."
The aching tingle in Daryl's stomach didn't agree with his perplexed mind, that automatically wanted to disagree defiantly. He didn't want to take his clothes off, but he wanted to present for Negan and do what the deep, steady voice told him.

He gave Negan a look through long strands of hair, a mixture of anger and embarrassment, and then turned slightly sideways for more privacy, as he unzipped his pants and awkwardly stepped out of them, feeling heat and shame flushing his skin.

"Shirt too."

Daryl didn't look up, but the voice was nice and deep and demanding, so he pulled the shirt over his head and let it fall to the floor, instantly wrapping his arms around his chest, feeling as exposed as if a thousand people would see him.

Negan watched him, speaking low but encouraging, offering a hint of comfort with his voice. "Present for me, boy. I want to see your fucking pretty body."

Daryl turned around, but kept his gaze down.

"Straight back. Hands down." Negan tilted his head to the side. "Feet apart."

Daryl did, trembling slightly as he positioned his body like he was supposed to. He wasn't sure if he wanted to punch Negan or hide between his legs. After twenty seconds the tingling ache in his chest decided against the punch, when a clear, steady voice praised him for his efforts.

"Look at you." Negan smiled appreciatively. "That's so much better." He tilted his head into the other direction. "Show me your left hand, hold it up."

Daryl furrowed his brows underneath his long bangs and glanced up at Negan, who looked at him expectantly. He raised his hand at shoulder height, unsure of what was about to happen.

"Good job." Negan nodded, raising his own left hand for demonstration. "Do this." He made a fist, spreading his little finger out.

Daryl watched attentively and did the same, checking with a side glance whether his hand looked like Negan's.

"Exactly. That's your signal, if you want to stop." Negan arched his brows, making sure he had full attention. "Right? You need me to stop, you do this." He showed his fist again, spreading his pinky finger out.

"Mhm." Daryl nodded, slight concern in his eyes.

"You want to answer." Negan raised his voice. "You understand what you have to do, if you want me to stop?"

Daryl nodded again, answering quietly. "Yes."


Daryl blinked, a bit dumbfounded. He flicked his head to the side, wrapping an arm across his chest, as he walked up to Negan, not daring to look at him when he reached for the small buttons of his shirt. He huffed a nervous breath at his own fingers, trying to fumble the tiny buttons through the holes.
Negan didn't say anything and stayed completely still, as he watched the other man obeying his order.

After the fifth button, Daryl flicked his head again and rubbed his ear against his shoulder, before he briefly glanced up at dark eyes. Undoing the upper buttons exposed dark chest hair, it brushed against his fingers and made his insides feel funny.

The right corner of Negan's mouth quirked up into a tiny smirk, as the last button was undone and his shirt fell open, blue eyes staring at his bare chest. "Off."

Daryl looked up at him with discomfiture, but he tugged at the white fabric and clumsily slid it off broad shoulders, thankful when Negan slipped his arms out himself, throwing it somewhere on the floor behind him.

Negan scrutinized the close face for a moment, then gave a clear instruction in low voice. "Suck."

Daryl sighed soundless, his eyes flickering insecurely as he parted his lips a little bit, and leaned in to touch a dark nipple, sucking timidly.

"No. Open your mouth, boy."

Daryl exhaled and closed his eyes for a second, opening his mouth wide against the man's pec, pushing his nose into warm skin, rolling his tongue around the hard nub, and started sucking. Gently at first, then harder with a tiny whimper, when something deep down in his belly started to tingle.

Negan watched him closely, bringing a hand up to fondle the back of Daryl's head. "Look at that, nursing like a good puppy. Very nice."

The silky, deep voice made Daryl's throat tight and knees weak. He opened his eyes, glancing up to look into a serious face, then exhaled through his nose when Negan bent down to kiss the top of his head, speaking calmly.

"Good boy."

The two little words wrapped Daryl's thudding heart in a cloud of pure comfort and happiness. He angled his head a little, licking the wet, shiny nipple before he sucked it into his mouth again, inhaling the scent of clean, warm skin deeply. He noticed his lower muscles pulse and twitch, when his wrist accidentally brushed against Negan's crotch, feeling the obvious hardness in his pants.

"Are you making me hard again, with your wicked little puppy mouth?" Negan put his thumb underneath Daryl's chin, pulling him off his nipple and up into a deep kiss, almost a bit astonished when the usually shy tongue, engaged hungrily with his own.

Daryl tried to get closer somehow and reached for Negan's face, placing clumsy fingers on his short, rough beard, moaning quietly into the man's mouth because everything felt so good, but just wasn't enough.

Negan pulled back slightly, speaking against wet lips. "Kissing me so nicely. Is that how much you like me today, boy?" He got a rough, little 'Yes.' for an answer and licked the corner of Daryl's mouth rewardingly. "Yes, you do right? Being so good for me." He offered another kiss on the lips, two on a flushed cheek, and then stepped back, giving Daryl a moment to focus, before he snapped his fingers. "Underwear off, boy."

Daryl blinked, rubbing his ear, feeling a bit uneasy with the sudden loss of contact. When his foggy brain understood what he was supposed to do, he looked at Negan for help, because the task seemed
too difficult.

Negan arched his brows. "You can use your signal."

Daryl pulled his fingers and shifted on his feet, shaking his head.

"No? You want to show me all of my pretty puppy?"

Daryl wanted to, but had the expression of pure misery on his flushed face, when he grabbed the waistband of his briefs and slowly pulled them down, feeling like he would have to start to cry at any second.

Negan watched him, speaking in a steady, clear tone, no sign of amusement or mockery in his voice. "I know you're hard. I want you to be. Makes me really proud of you."

Daryl stood there, tense and naked, held his briefs in one hand and scratched the fingers of the other with his thumbnail. While he stared at Negan's black shoes, breathing heavily.

"Give me that." Negan gestured to the underwear and watched Daryl hesitantly coming closer, holding a hand near his groin in an attempt to cover his nudity. "Thank you." He took the pair of briefs and threw them to his shirt on the floor, then leaned in to speak next to Daryl's ear. "Stand up straight, puppy. You look fucking awesome." He moved a step back, looking Daryl right in the eye with an encouraging smile, adding a nod of high approval when the man straightened his back and widened his stance a little bit, holding both hands by his sides. "That's my boy! Presenting for me like a champion, right?" He accepted Daryl's shy nod as an answer. "Yes, you do. Show how much you like me." He touched Daryl's shoulder, "Turn around." and chuckled low in his throat, with a shake of his head, when the man turned around to present his backside. "You really have the most perfect, fucking ass." He stepped close behind Daryl nuzzling the side of his face, while stroking a firm ass cheek with his flat hand. "And I should know, because I've seen many." He brushed his lips and beard against a nicely blushed cheek. "Right boy?"

"Yes." Daryl nodded, leaning thankfully into the touch, and then took a deep shaky breath, when a warm hand slid around his side, on his stomach, and down to his bare erection, stroking him slowly.

"I'm gonna play with you now."

Daryl blinked, leaning heavily into the solid body behind him.

"I'm gonna make that perfect ass mine." Negan moved his clad bulge against Daryl's bare crack. "I'll make you feel me for the rest of the day." He licked a pale ear. "You want that, boy?"

Daryl turned his head, his parted lips searching for the wonderful mouth saying all those deep, dark words.

Negan granted him a quick kiss and then spoke against the corner of Daryl's mouth. "You want to answer or your first strike?" He licked the man's upper lip, extra wet. "You want to be good and present your gorgeous ass for me, so I have something nice to play with?" He stroked up and down Daryl's butt cheek and then let two fingers slide through his crack. "Tell me, Mister Dixon."

Daryl nodded, brushing his lips against a rough beard. He could feel the vibrations of Negan's deep voice buzzing through a broad chest, against his bare back. It made him dizzy.

Negan stepped back, swatting a bare ass. "One."

Daryl flinched at the sharp sting, losing his balance for a moment. "I want." It was true, he wanted to
do anything for Negan, even sit straight and drink grass juice.

"Better." Negan put a supporting hand to Daryl's back, before he snapped his fingers. "Go, get me a glove and lube."

Daryl blinked through his long bangs, and made a couple of disoriented steps, not sure what he was supposed to do.

"Daryl." Negan snapped his fingers again. "There are latex gloves in the cabinet. I need an L."

When Daryl realized what the tall angry man meant, his stomach clenched like the one time when a dentist came to visit his class at elementary school. He looked back over his shoulder, seeing Negan standing there, with bare chest and a small tilt of his head, waiting.

"Chop, chop boy." Negan cocked an eyebrow. "Don't forget the lube."

Daryl nodded, feeling a bit ill. He went around the spanking bench, to the large steel cabinet, instantly finding the boxes with the black latex gloves. He held his breath and pulled two out of the box with size L. They smelled like doctor.

"Lube. On the shelf."

Next to the cabinet was a high iron shelf, filled with a lot of utensils and a very big variety of lubricants. Backdoor in a can, SPUNK in a dispenser, Maximus Anal Glide in an unopened triple pack, and FIST lube powder in a huge black-orange container. Daryl reached for it because it had a fist on it and Negan had given him the red cloth.

"That's not for now, puppy. Bring me the white bottle."

Daryl found it. It said Anal ease lube, infused with Aloe. Neutral in taste and odor free. He sniffed his nose and brought it to Negan, along with the latex gloves, feeling horribly embarrassed because the other man saw him naked from the front.

"Good job. Put it on that one and sit down on it." Negan gestured to a broad, black, leather padded restrain table.

Daryl looked at the object and anxiously back to Negan, shaking his head with wide eyes. He wanted to ask for the safe place on the floor between Negan's legs, but he didn't dare to speak.

Negan also shook his head, looking serious. "Show me your signal if you want to stop. Or sit down on the table as I told you, boy."

Daryl didn't want to stop, he just didn't want to be on the leather table. But Negan looked at him, obviously waiting for him to follow the order. So he wriggled his toes on the dark floor, gave the scary piece of furniture a wary side glance and finally sat down on it, placing the small bottle of lube and the gloves next to his bare thigh. He covered his crotch with both hands, shifting on his butt because the leather felt cold.

Negan didn't seem surprised by Daryl's decision, or made a big deal out of it. He walked over to him, wordlessly pushed his legs apart to stand between them, and after a long stare into a pale face, leaned in for a kiss, circling steady fingers around the back of Daryl's neck to hold him firmly in position.

Daryl craned his neck, trying to get closer and more of the claiming mouth and the wonderful taste. One of his hands left his crotch to shyly touch the dark hair on a broad chest. The other stayed, squeezing a twitching erection. He sighed against Negan's lips and the strong fingers at the back of
his neck tightened their hold threateningly.

Negan pulled back, staring into Daryl's eyes, two inches away from his face. "Rule number one, you use your fucking signal when you have to, not when you think it is okay for me. Rule number two, puppy is not allowed to touch himself." He grabbed Daryl's wrist and pulled his hand off his penis, pinning it securely next to a bare thigh on the leather surface of the table. He watched how Daryl's pale face blushed and stood back with a smile, taking the latex gloves to hold them up. "Rule number three, Negan wears one glove, not two." He wagged an eyebrow, putting a glove on his right hand, letting the thin material snap against his wrist. "You may keep this one as a souvenir, though." He gave Daryl the other one and kissed a flushed cheek. "How do you present your pretty butt for me. Kneel up here. Show me what I taught you."

Daryl looked at Negan, his eyes flickering nervously. He didn't like the black glove covering the strong, safe hand and a queasy feeling spread through his stomach when he thought about presenting his butt all naked on the scary table. But Negan watched him with a serious expression and held a helping hand out when he finally decided to move into the required posture, awkwardly turning from a sitting into a kneeling position. He huffed a breath, wiped a hand over his face, and felt his thighs and arms tremble, as he knelt on the table and slowly bent forward, putting his chest down, resting his forehead on the cool, black leather. He covered his face and squeezed his eyes shut, trying to make himself as small as possible.

"Good boy, Daryl." Negan stood close at Daryl's side, speaking in a calm voice, stroking a soothing, flat hand over the man's trembling back, using some pressure along the spine to rub out the tension. "Are you cold?" He listened carefully, but there was no answer other than muffled panting from underneath a hidden face. Five fingers slapped Daryl's thigh hard. "Answer my question, boy. You don't want a second strike." He slid a firm hand up and down a strained back. "Are you cold?"

Daryl flinched and then arched his back, liking the pressure. "No." His quiet answer was muffled by hands and leather.

"Put your hands out next to your head and turn your face towards me. I want to understand what you're saying."

The deep voice was demanding but sounded comforting at the same time, so Daryl complied slowly, moved his hands and turned his head, exposing his anxious face, blinking at the waistband of Negan's pants and the trail of dark hair vanishing somewhere beneath.

"That's better." Negan stroked the hair out of Daryl's forehead. "What's your job. Tell me." He watched as Daryl furrowed his brows, trying to think of the right answer.

"Focus." It sounded more like a hesitant question than a real answer.

"Your job is to focus on what?" Negan rubbed his hand steadily over Daryl's back, pleased when the man leaned into the touch.

Daryl inhaled deeply making his back round, trying to intensify the pressure on his spine. "You." He liked to look at the tall angry man's flat belly and the noticeable bulge in his pants. He wanted to press his nose into it.

"That's right." Negan took the bottle of lube and squeezed a large amount on his latex clad hand, making sure Daryl saw what he did. "That's what you'll do now, and nothing else. Listen to what I say, concentrate on what I do. Show me your signal if you need to stop." He didn't take his eyes off Daryl's face as he reached out and spread the translucent gel generously on the man's crack. "Spread your knees wider for me."
Daryl's fingers curled against the smooth leather surface of the table. He held his breath, feeling the intimate touch and cold sensation, his eyes darting up, trying to see Negan's face for support, when he spread his trembling legs, exposing his bare genitals.

"Very nice." Negan slid two slick rubber fingers gently up and down Daryl's crack, massaging around his rear entrance in loose circles in between. "Raise your ass higher, you want to show me how gorgeous it looks." His order was obeyed with only a little resistance and he leaned down to kiss the side of Daryl's face, speaking against warm skin. "Fucking proud of you, boy. Love how good you are for me, trying so hard to please me." He kissed the corner of a slightly parted mouth, massaging two demanding fingertips over a tightly clenched hole, pushing just a little bit. "No reason to be scared, puppy." He nuzzled a pale ear and stood back, walking to the small end of the table, behind Daryl.

He grasped the man's hips and pulled him closer to the edge, creating better access. He rubbed soothing circles on Daryl's lower back, shaking his head with a delighted smirk, as he took in the sight of a slick, bare ass and free hanging balls and cock. The small pinkish hole had two small scars, silent reminders of a painfully torn muscle, a long time ago. Negan touched the cicatricial tissue with experienced fingers, rubbing and pushing a little, evaluating the damage. "Is that your beautiful hole I'm touching?" None of his thoughts and feelings got projected into his encouraging voice as he spoke. "Tell me what I'm doing, boy." He put a steady hand on Daryl's lower back, spreading firm cheeks with the other, as he bent down to roll his tongue against the sensitive pink flesh, making the muscle clench instantly, when Daryl inhaled startled, flinching away. Negan chuckled, repeating his action, lapping the small hole expertly with a low moan. "Tell me boy, am I eating your gorgeous ass?" He spoke against the wet skin, admiring the close-up view.

Daryl blinked through the tousled strands of hair that had fallen back into his eyes, holding his breath as his mind exploded with the feel and knowledge of a rough beard and warm, wet tongue caressing his butt.

Negan swatted Daryl's thigh, pulling back for a moment to massage the contracting muscle with his thumb. "Answer me, do I play with your sweet puppy hole?" He heard the man exhaling, right before a small, 'Yes.' was mumbled, and watched satisfied as Daryl pushed backwards, in search for more contact. "That's exactly right boy, show me what you want."

Daryl raised his head a little, then buried his nose into the leather padding of the table with a little wail, when he felt Negan french kissing the entire area between his spread buttocks, nipping, sucking and licking, rubbing certain spots with his fingers in between. And then just like that, there was pressure and a very faint burning sensation, when something pushed through his muscle and stayed there, inside of him. Daryl whimpered again, louder this time and startled, trying to pull back, but a soothing hand on his lower back stopped him, rubbing gently.

"Is that my finger inside you?" Negan monitored Daryl's reaction closely, circling the tip of his finger slowly behind the tight ring, while he reached with the other hand for the lubricant and spread more to the top of the man's crack, letting it run down on its own. "Good boy, you wanna push out for me." He massaged tense butt cheeks, moving his finger just slightly, waiting for Daryl to relax. "Go on, push me out."

Daryl panted against the black leather surface, pulling his hands to the sides of his face to cover himself. He heard Negan's words but wasn't sure what they meant and how to comply. He shifted on his knees, lowered his butt and then raised it again, before he held his breath and pushed, feeling relieved instantly because the pressure stopped and the finger was gone. Instead, a broad hand stroked his back rewardingly, and deep, praising words made his stomach feel light and happy.
"Good job, Daryl! Look what a great helper you are." Negan watched the tip of his finger popping free and calmly rubbed the twitching hole, soothingly massaging more lube into it. "You wanna do it again for me?" He spoke clear and steady, stroking Daryl's thigh. "Push again for me. You wanna help me in." He pressed his finger against the clenched entry, observing how Daryl arched his back, and after a moment pushed down, opening the muscle all on his own. "Good BOY." Negan slid his finger in easily, past the second knuckle, circling it carefully. "Awesome job."

Daryl let out a raspy breath, pressing his forehead hard against the padded table. He felt thick lube running down his butt and balls, a broad hand firmly massaging his lower back, and Negan's finger moving inside him. The thought alone made him dizzy, and all the words that the deep, clear voice told him let his stomach tingle.

Negan watched his lubed up finger disappear into the pink flesh, circling and crooking it a little, pulling it out almost fully, just to move it back in the next moment, loving the natural responses and small whimpering noises Daryl gave him. "Feels so nice, right." He purred, as he bent down to kiss the top of the man's butt, and then slowly pulled his finger out, to replace it with his tongue, thrusting it past the loosened-up muscle, moaning deep in his throat when Daryl wailed and pushed back against his face. He held him by the hips, circling his tongue, nipping and sucking, thrusting it back and forth again and again, watching with a deep chuckle how the pink hole pulsed, as he pulled back completely for a moment. "Look at you, fucking gorgeous."

Daryl sobbed desperately, arching his back to raise his ass higher up, in hope for more contact. He felt his hard penis twitch and throb between his spread thighs and a rough beard against his exposed butt. He squeezed his eyes shut and clutched the single, black latex glove he had received, in his clenched fist, while the other hand clawed into the smooth leather of the table.

"Push out for me, show me your pretty hole, puppy." Negan licked the wet entrance with broad tongue and then cursed against it, as Daryl followed his order and pushed out, with a deep, vocal sigh. He sucked it wantonly and then replaced his mouth with two slick fingers, pushing them slowly in, as he held Daryl in place with a firm hand on his lower spine.

Daryl panted, raising his head, going on all fours when the pleasure mixed with new, overwhelming pressure.

"What's that, boy?" Negan pushed him back down with a strong hand on the back. "Can my Daryl take two already?" He move them back and forth, circling them a little. "Tell me."

Daryl exhaled through slightly parted lips, huffing damp breath against the warm, black leather surface, before a small, "Yes." was mumbled. He wasn't sure what the question had been but he wanted to say yes to everything the tall angry man told him.

"Yes, you can." Negan confirmed, spinning and twisting his fingers, before he crooked them slightly, to nudge Daryl's prostate, reaching down with his other hand, to stroke the man's cock, groaning deep in his throat when he found it dripping. "Are you being so good for me, making such a sweet mess."

Daryl trembled. He felt his thighs and arms shake, letting out a croaky sob before he touched the tip of his tongue against the leather surface of the table, not sure what happened to his body. He heard Negan's deep, silky voice purr wonderful words and wanted to feel the man's warm wet mouth on his own.

"Is that so nice, puppy?" Negan spread his fingers a little, moved them back and forth and massaged Daryl's insides expertly, smiling faintly at the whimpering figure on his table. He stroked the man's cock, smearing the thick drops of precum all over it, massaging them into the swollen head. "Liking
me that much, aren't you, boy." He pulled his fingers out and pushed them all the way back in immediately, hitting the prostate purposefully, then rubbed the spot in a steady rhythm, making Daryl writhe. He watched with glee how Daryl tried to move with him in an attempt to find relief, or more pleasure. "Are you so naughty, fucking yourself on my fingers?" He spread them again, loving the sight of his latex clad fingers inside the pulsing entrance. He moved them back out, very slowly, groaning when the muscle twitched with the sudden emptiness, and bent down to lick it, twice, before he got up and went to stand at the long side of the table, grabbing Daryl by the chin to pull him up. "Kneel up, boy."

Daryl did, panting, blinking through his long bangs, looking kind of miserable at the other man, far past the capability to make sense of the situation. He squeezed his throbbing penis with one hand and clutched the spare black latex glove with the other, his chest heaving, trying to stay upright.

Negan smeared his precum-wet thumb over Daryl's lower lip, and leaned in to lick it off, speaking low against the man's mouth. "Hands off your dick, right fucking now." He gave him a stern look and walked off to the cabinet, spraying a small, black silicone plug down with sanitizer. He went back to Daryl. "Are you taking good care of your souvenir?"

Daryl blinked, trying to understand the question, while he shifted around, rubbing his pulsing, empty butt on his ankles. He nodded, raising the crinkled, black glove.

"Very good." Negan held the plug out for him to see. It had an imprint on the base, showing the Leather Factory logo. "It's mine. You wanna take care of it until I need it." He put it in Daryl's free hand, then straightened to full height, giving him a challenging look. "Open your mouth for me."

Daryl felt on the verge of tears, wanting to crawl between Negan's legs and hide until all the pulsing and throbbing stopped. He parted his lips, looking directly at the other man's face.

"Show me your tongue."

Daryl exhaled through his nose with a distraught sigh, putting his tongue out slightly.

"Good boy." It was a low, husky praise and Negan leaned in to lick the displayed tongue with a deep groan, before he pulled back and put a precum-damp finger into Daryl's mouth. "Clean it." He watched contentedly how pale lips wrapped around his finger and timidly sucked on it, while blue eyes looked through tousled hair with pure need. "Tastes so good right, your fucking sweet puppy puddle." He leaned back in, as he pulled the finger out and replaced it with his mouth, wrapping firm fingers around the back of Daryl's neck, holding him in place, when he stepped as close as possible, granting some comforting body contact.

Daryl melted, silently sobbing into the other man's mouth, when the warmth of a broad chest radiated against his bare side. He craned his neck, not wanting the kiss to stop, but Negan pulled back anyway, with a last wet lick over pale pink lips.

He took the bottle of lube. "Show me my plug, boy."

In his confusion, Daryl held the wrong hand up, and when he realized his mistake, looked startled up at Negan.

"This one." The left corner of Negan's mouth curled up into a small smile. He took the plug and spread some lube on it, wagging his brows, then spoke into Daryl's ear. "Present your gorgeous pink hole for me, puppy."

Daryl's eyes darted nervously from Negan's face to the black object, but he bent down anyway,
hesitantly, with his chest flat on the restrain table and his butt in the air, even spreading his knees a bit wider, because Negan liked when he did that.

"Good job, Daryl." Negan rubbed the man's bare back with a firm, soothing hand, and lowered his head to nuzzle the side of Daryl's face. "You wanna be good and take care of my plug for the rest of the day?" He brushed his lips over a flushed cheek and some stray strands of hair, inhaling deeply as he waited for a small nod and hoarse, 'Yes'. It made him smile and he kissed Daryl's temple. "Yes? You want me to put it up your pretty ass, so everyone knows you are mine?" He watched the immediate conflict wash over Daryl's face and reached back with his latex clad hand, to massage the exposed ass crack, circling its entrance with slight pressure. "Tell me, boy. You want me to put it in here?"

Daryl closed his eyes, exhaling short, shallow huffs of breath, as he felt dark, deep words being spoken against his face and wonderful strong fingers touching his butt. He raised his ass and pushed it back a little, wanting more of it all, and then flinched, as a sharp sting spread all over the sensitive skin, when Negan swatted his bum, right between his cheeks.

"Two!" The proclamation was loud and clear, but soothed out by three slick latex fingers, rubbing the sore spot of skin. "You want to answer my question, boy!"

Daryl panted, liking how the short, sharp pain transformed into a tingling and sizzling sensation all through his lower areas. He nodded, rubbing the side of his face against the leather padding of the table. "Yes."

"That's better." Negan told him in a warning tone, scraping his teeth over the man's cheekbone for the split of a second, before he pulled back, to stand at the small end of the table, pulling Daryl back in position. "So fucking pretty." He swiped his thumb through the wet crack, applying extra pressure, as he probed the loosened ring of muscle, making it clench, before Daryl pushed against him to open up with a low groan. "Look at that, being such a smart boy." Negan took the bottle of lube, squeezing a generous amount to the top of Daryl's crack and massaged it in, "Push." before he slid his index finger past the muscle, pleased by Daryl's welcoming response. He circled it in both directions, moved it back and forth, pulled it out and immediately added a second, as he pushed back in, feeling his own cock twitch in delight as Daryl moaned and buried his face into the padded surface of the table. "Fucking good boy, Daryl." He spread his fingers, stretching the pink entrance carefully, before he crooked them and massaged the man's prostate, until he heard desperate panting.

Daryl arched his back, stemming his forehead against the table, feeling his heart race and blood pulse in his ears. He shifted on his knees and moved his pelvis back, trying to meet the thrusts of Negan's fingers.

"Boy." Negan pulled his fingers out, applying more lube once again. "Hands next to your head. Remember your signal." He watched as Daryl followed the order and brought a safe hand up to Daryl's lower back, before he took the small plug and rubbed it up and down the slick crack. "That's my plug, right puppy?" He nudged it teasingly against the pink hole, just for a second, then moved it up and down again. "I'm gonna let you have it until tonight, because you're doing such an awesome job."

Daryl nodded, feeling heat spreading all over his body, fear and excitement making him sweat. It felt much different than Negan's fingers, plump and solid, far too big, even though it hadn't looked big at all when he held it in his hand earlier.

Negan spread the man's cheeks with a supporting hand, while pressing the plug against the twitching hole, circling it with experienced movements. "You want to push out for me." He watched as Daryl stumbled over his breathing for a moment, before he pushed back and out, holding his breath. "Good
boy." He moved the plug in, slowly, feasting on the sight of a stretched, wet hole around the solid, black object. "Take a deep breath for me."

Daryl tensed and felt his thighs tremble, concentrating on Negan's words, the slight burning pain and overwhelming, growing pressure. His breath hitched, the fingers of his left hand twitching on the smooth black leather surface of the table, not sure what to do.

"It's alright. I see your hand, boy." Negan's tone was clear and calm, providing sympathy and comfort, as he circled the plug another half inch in, making Daryl grunt and pant. "It's the widest part, right? Feels big, but you can take it." He gave it a last careful push, watching it slip in place, the pink muscle clenching around the much smaller base. "See? Look how fucking good you are." He twisted it a bit to position it right, massaged Daryl's buttocks and lower back, and went back to the man's side, pulling the wet latex glove off his hand. He bent down to kiss tousled hair. "Sit, puppy."

Daryl covered the sides of his face with his hands, breathing heavily against the damp, black leather. He felt pressure inside, throbbing and pulsing around the strange object. He wasn't sure if he could move and sit up, but a strong hand on his shoulder proved him otherwise, pulling him in an upright kneeling position.

"You're fine. Go on, sit."

Daryl looked at the tall angry man, feeling embarrassed and strange, as he moved awkwardly to sit on the edge of the table, letting his feet dangle down, trying to sit just on one butt cheek, to avoid the solid plug somehow.

"Come here." Negan pushed Daryl's legs apart, to stand between them, very close, very tall and safe and comforting, as he stroked some long strands of hair out of the man's forehead, and took his head firmly in both hands, to kiss him. Slow and deep.

Daryl clenched his spare souvenir glove in his right hand and put the left flat on a broad, hairy chest, sighing soundless into the warmth of Negan's mouth, melting against the tall body.

"Are you in pain?" Negan pulled back, speaking soft and low against wet lips, smiling faintly when Daryl shook his head and mumbled a hoarse 'no'. He nuzzled a flushed cheek and licked the corner of a pale mouth. "That's because I don't hurt my Daryl."

Something hot and wonderful shot through Daryl's numb stomach, as he listened to the deep words, vibrating through a broad, warm chest.

Negan pulled back, straightening his neck and shoulders, as he circled strong fingers around the back of Daryl's neck to guide him to his upper chest, flexing his pecs once, commanding a "Suck." in low voice.

Daryl didn't think, just opened his mouth and exhaled through his nose, wrapping his tongue and lips around Negan's nipple, sucking it deep into his mouth, curling his fingers against warm skin and coarse hair.

"Good boy." Negan watched from above, fondling the back of Daryl's head as he spoke. "You clean the sweet puddle you made off my table now, and then we go upstairs to have some quiet time together."

Daryl angled his head, sucking the hard nipple with more force, when his insides pulsed along with his heartbeat, around the solid object in his butt.

"You know what that means?" Negan wiped long hair out of a pale forehead, waiting for blue eyes
to open and look at him.

Daryl glanced up, shaking his head slightly, mumbling around a wet nipple. "No."

Negan cocked an eyebrow. "It means Negan spends time all alone with his puppy for an hour and gives him a real good reward." He smirked when Daryl stopped sucking and just stared at him, processing the words. "Because you played so nicely with me and made me all proud, right?"

Daryl moved back an inch, "Mh." shrugging his shoulders slightly as he glanced up at dark eyes, while an army of butterflies invaded his chest. "Yes."

---

Twenty minutes later, Daryl wriggled his plugged-up butt in his kneeling position on a spotless hardwood floor, when Negan came back to the black leather sofa and handed him a red cup with blue letters on the front. It had warm chocolate almond milk inside. He took it, glancing up. "Thank you."

"You're welcome." Negan sat down on the sofa, moving one leg over Daryl's head to have him sit between his thighs, and switched the TV on, flipping through the channels until he found a documentary about prehistoric predators on Discovery Channel. "Drink." He leaned back, combing the tips of his fingers through Daryl's hair.

Daryl sipped from his cup, immediately absorbed by the incredible scenery of a world 11,000 years ago, with woolly mammoths and giant beavers, the size of a grizzly bear. He watched mesmerized what happened on the screen, holding the chocolate milk in one hand, absently squeezing his still hard penis with the other, trying to ignore the slight throbbing inside his butt.

The phone rang. Negan glanced at it, switched it off and threw it to the end of the couch, then nudged Daryl's upper thigh with his foot. "Hands off."

Daryl looked back over his shoulder, seeing Negan's serious face.

"Don't touch yourself." Negan arched his brows, nudging him again. "Be good."

Daryl obeyed, and turned back to the TV, emptying his cup in five big gulps, before he pulled his plain red cloth out of his pants to wipe his mouth with it.

"Well done." Negan tickled the back of Daryl's neck, then pushed his head to the side, making him rest against his thigh. "Give it to Olivia later, so she can wash it."

Daryl turned his head a little, rubbing his face into the fabric of Negan's pants, inhaling the scent. He really liked quiet time.

After almost 45 minutes of silently watching TV, Negan brushed a strand of hair behind Daryl's ear. "You want to visit your brother in prison? I can help you file an application." He felt Daryl tense and waited patiently for the quiet little,'Yes', he knew would come, along with a small nod. "I also spoke to your lawyer. He started working on Merle's case."

Daryl listened, feeling a big, hot lump forming in the back of his throat. He reached blindly for the large, strong hand that was stroking his hair, grabbed it by one finger and pulled it to his face, over his eyes and cheek and mouth. He touched his lips to Negan's palm and then just closed his eyes underneath the safe cover, holding the warm hand securely in place.

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At half past eleven, Carol Peletier squinted an eye from behind the bar counter, on the Eagle's first floor, as she watched her newest employer, awkwardly bending down to clean one of the tables. She had observed his odd behavior all night. The way he walked stiffly around, climbed the stairs very slowly, and winced when a guest grabbed his ass to greet him with a friendly, 'Good evening hot stuff'.

Something was rotten in the state of Denmark. She could smell that.

She threw her cleaning rag on the counter and walked over to Daryl, nudging his shoulder. "What's going on with you tonight? Injured your back?"

Daryl turned around, eyeing his boss with confusion. "No."

She squinted her other eye, scrutinizing him suspiciously. "Then why are you walking so funny. I don't want your... whatever he is, take me to court, if he thinks you had some kind of work accident."

Daryl pulled his shoulders up, feeling highly embarrassed. "I'm fine." He wasn't walking funny and immediately straightened his back to prove it, as he walked off to climb down the stairs, zigzag between the sociable guests mingling there, careful not to be touched by anyone.

He could feel the evil plug in his bum with each step, and every time he moved, his half hard cock rubbed against the inside of his much too tight pants, reminding him of the wonderful tall angry man.

He adjusted his pants, hoping that no one watched him doing it, and went through the crowd in the direction of the staff room. Partway he stopped, seeing a young man in leather duster far away from the dance floor, standing in a dark corner with a bottle of beer in hand. He watched him a moment, not sure if he should go over and say something.

In the end he didn't have to make the decision, because Paul looked up, with a blank expression on his usually so happy face.

Daryl sniffed his nose, flicked his head to get some hair out of his eyes and walked up to him, saying a quiet, "Hello," because it was all he could think of.

To his surprise, Jesus didn't say anything in return and didn't call him buddy or asked what's up. He didn't smile either. He just stared at Daryl, tugged his shirt to pull him closer and wordlessly let his head fall against his shoulder.

Daryl didn't know how to react. Paul had never done that before. Maybe he was ill. "Are you ill?" His question was hoarsely spoken and didn't sound very friendly, but Paul answered it anyway, shaking his head against Daryl's shoulder, before he turned his face to the man's neck, nudging his nose into warm skin.

"No. Just wish I could sleep outside tonight, you know."

Daryl tried not to move. Jesus was breathing against the side of his neck and smelled like beer and shampoo. He nodded faintly, even though he wasn't sure if he understood the problem. "Why."

Paul shrugged, standing upright again, playing with the collar of Daryl's shirt without looking at him. "I won't do it. I just wish I could. Don't tell him, okay?" He glanced up, trying for a tiny smile.

"Hm." Daryl nodded, feeling a strange knot forming inside his belly, as he saw the expression in Paul's blue eyes.
"I should probably go." Paul leaned in close, kissing Daryl's cheek and after a moment of hesitation, the corner of his mouth. "I really hope you stay forever."

Daryl didn't move or say anything, just watched as Jesus walked off, placing his almost empty bottle on a random table before he vanished through the door.

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"What's wrong?" Negan took the blue marker out of Daryl's hand, putting the cap back on. "Are you uncomfortable?" He knew Daryl was a quiet guy, but ever since he had come back from work that night, he hadn't spoken a word and looked pretty miserable.

"No." Daryl shook his head, glancing briefly up at Negan before he put the 50 Dollar on the counter. He had to think of Jesus and really didn't want to sleep alone in the basement. Pictures of a lifeless, tall angry man with cut throat popped up in his head, making him feel seriously ill.

Negan sucked his lips in, squinting his eyes, as he stared at Daryl, trying to figure him out. "Go brush your teeth. You sleep here tonight." He had no pity in his voice. Pity wasn't helpful in any situation. But the instant relief washing over a pale face, let him know that his decision was right. He watched Daryl go into the bedroom and switched the lights off in the kitchen, following him.

He pulled his shirt off and waited next to the bed until Daryl was finished in the bathroom, then snapped his fingers, pointing two down.

A hot tingle flew through Daryl's chest as he stepped right in front of Negan and crouched down on the floor, kneeling with straight back as he was taught.

Negan watched him from above. "Give me the bandana."

Daryl flicked his head and pulled the red cloth out of his pocket, handing it over.

Negan threw it blindly into the black laundry basket next to the wardrobe. "Where's the souvenir I gave you?"

Daryl blinked and pulled the crinkled, black latex glove out of his back pocket. He held it up, looking at Negan through his long bangs.

"Good boy." Negan caressed the top of Daryl's head, took the glove and threw it on the nightstand. "Phone?"

Daryl sighed, feeling nervous from all the unexpected requests. He slid the phone from his pocket and held it up for Negan to see.

It was thrown on the bed, near a mountain of pillows. "Get up." Negan watched how blue eyes darted around insecurely, but his order was followed, and Daryl rose to his feet, rubbing his shoulder against his ear. He grabbed the man's shirt and pulled it over his head in one swift motion, throwing it into the laundry basket as well. "Take your pants off."

Daryl glanced up, exhaling nervously, and unzipped his pants, sliding them down slowly, before he stepped out of them.

"And your underwear."

Daryl knew he was blushing because heat crawled all over his skin, up to his neck and face. He stared at Negan's bare torso, as he grabbed the waistband of his briefs, pulled them down and took
them off.

"Good job." Negan took Daryl's chin and tilted it up for eye contact. "What else do you have? Tell me."

A slightly stressed huff of breath escaped Daryl's throat. He scratched the insides of his thumbs with his fingernails, mumbling a quiet answer. "The plug."

"Is it yours?"

Daryl shook his head. "No."

"No, it's mine, right?" Negan arched his brows. "Did you take good care of it for me?"

Daryl blinked through long strands of hair. "Yes."

The tip of Negan's tongue poked out, licking his upper lip as he gave Daryl a long serious look. "You wanna give it back now?"

Daryl wanted to say no, because he really wanted to keep it. But he was sure that wasn't the answer Negan wanted to hear, so he nodded, saying a quiet "Yes."

Negan stepped a couple of inches closer, speaking low into a pale ear. "Naughty puppy, lying to me." He kissed the side of Daryl's face. "Get on the bed. Show me how I want you to present your ass for me." He watched how the naked man climbed on the mattress and moved into the required position. "Very nice." He caressed bare buttocks with his flat hand, giving the base of the plug a little push. "Did you like wearing it for me? Did it feel good?"

Daryl pressed his face into the smooth white bed sheet, nodding to his muffled, "Yes." and then winced, clenching his butt, when Negan pulled the plug and gave it a slight twist.

"Yes, made you think of me, didn't it." Negan got a small bottle of lube out of the nightstand, squeezing some on Daryl's crack, spreading it around his entrance. "But you can't wear it all night, right?" He sat down on the edge of the bed, positioning Daryl's ass for best access. "You wanna give it back now." He circled steady fingers around Daryl's free hanging cock, stroking it slowly. "Be a good boy and show me how nicely you can push out for me."

Daryl buried his face into the mattress, panting hoarsely. He raised his butt, trying to push but it didn't work as before, it felt like the solid object would just slide deeper in.

"Do it again." Negan rubbed his thumb over the swollen head of Daryl's penis, while tugging the base of the plug. "Be good."

Daryl squeezed his eyes shut, shifting on his knees, moving his pelvis back because everything Negan did felt so nice. He pushed out again and held his breath, startled, when the plug moved and the pressure grew immediately, making his inner muscles pulse and throb with heat and slight, burning pain.

"Don't stop." Negan heard the other man pant and grunt into the bed sheet, and kept his voice calm but demanding. "Push out, boy." He pulled the plug slowly out, stopping for a moment at the widest part, adoring the stretched pink muscle around the black rubber. "Fucking great job, puppy, look how good you are for me."

Daryl arched his back, sobbing as he pushed some more and all the pressure was suddenly gone, but got instantly replaced by a horrible empty feeling, like there was a gaping hole inside him. It was
frightening and almost painful.

Negan watched the plug pop out, revealing a twitching, open hole. He cursed at the sight, and touched it with his thumb. "What happened, boy, did you give my plug back?" He kissed the top of Daryl's ass, rubbed his butt cheeks soothingly for a moment and got up, taking the plug into the bathroom.

Daryl felt like crying, cold, exposed and empty. He rubbed his face into the mattress, heard water running in the bathroom, heard Negan walk around, then the light was switched off and the bed moved slightly.

Negan sighed, lying down on his side. "Come here." He pulled Daryl close with his back against his bare chest, wrapping an arm around the tense, naked body. "Report. Two good things."

Daryl held his breath, feeling the tall, strong body lying against his entire backside, holding him firmly and very close. A thick, heavy blanket was pulled over them both, creating a warm, comfortable, secret space, where it smelled like fresh laundry and wonderful tall angry man.

"Tell." Negan nuzzled the other man's hair, slapping his bare stomach lightly. "Two things you did good today."

Daryl sniffed his nose, moving his head. It was resting on Negan's bare upper arm. He rubbed the side of his face against the soft skin. "Cleaning." He said it quietly, hating his voice.

"Yes, you did a great job cleaning my play room." Negan brushed his bearded chin over long strands of hair. "What else."

Daryl shrugged, embarrassed. "Your shirt."

"Very true. You took my shirt off when I asked you to. I liked that a lot." Negan circled Daryl's belly button with one finger. "Now two bad things."

It was very easy to think of all the bad things he did that day, but very hard to admit them. Daryl huffed a breath into the dark. "I don' answer and I touch."

Negan nodded. "Two strikes again today, right. You wanna be better tomorrow?"

"Yes." It was the truth, he wanted to.

"You also wanna be good and stop touching yourself?" Negan reached down, circling a hand around Daryl's penis, giving it a few strokes, making the man's breath hitch. "That's my job. I decide when you come. Right boy?"

Daryl tensed and then pushed his bare butt back against Negan's crotch, when his horribly empty hole pulsed and twitched again.

"Right boy?" Negan raised his voice a bit, squeezing his hand around Daryl's cock.

Daryl nodded. "Yes."

"Good." Negan took his hand off and put it on the man's thigh. "What did you like today?"

'You', was the very first thing coming to Daryl's mind, but he didn't dare to say it. Instead he mumbled a shy, "Quiet time." He really liked that a lot. Especially the part with Merle.

Negan brushed his finger tips over Daryl's thigh, creating goosebumps. "What did you not like. Tell
Daryl thought about Jesus, but he couldn't say that. He turned his head, touching his lips against the inside of Negan's arm. "The mornin'."

Negan inhaled deeply, wrapping both arms tightly around the naked man, pulling him firm against his chest. "Don't think about it anymore. What would you like to change."

'Nothing at all right now.' was all Daryl could think about and shook his head slightly.

Negan let it pass as an answer, because it was too late at night for a third strike, and he was kind of flattered by the meaning behind the gesture. He kissed long strands of hair and grasped Daryl's leg underneath the blanket, lifting it up over his hip. "Lie on your back, spread your legs, boy."

Daryl blinked into the dark, moving to lie on his back, one leg hooked over Negan's hip.

"Spread them really wide for me." Negan spoke against the side of Daryl's face, taking the man's hand to place it on the inside of his thigh, making him hold his own leg in place. "Good boy, hold yourself nicely open for me." He gave Daryl's throbbing cock a couple of strokes, then slid his hand down between his butt cheeks. "You want me to make that feel better?" He licked the corner of Daryl's mouth, probing two fingers over the man's loosened-up hole. "You want to fall asleep with my finger up your fucking gorgeous ass? Tell me."

Daryl closed his eyes, turning his head to find Negan's lips, thick, pulsing heat flowing through his body, making everything sizzle. "Yes." The thought of wonderful strong fingers making the terrible empty feeling go away, made him warm and dizzy. "Please." The small plea was spoken in rough voice and didn't sound very friendly, but Negan liked it anyway.

"Good boy, Daryl, asking so nicely." He licked the man's lips adoringly, "Push out for me." before he kissed them, and slowly slid his finger past the muscle.

Daryl grunted into the kiss, his thighs trembling, as he felt Negan enter him.

Negan circled and crooked his finger a few times, then held it still, kissing Daryl's cheek. "You relax now and sleep, like a good puppy." He closed his eyes, making himself comfortable. "Dream something nice. It's an order."

----

47 minutes later, Negan took a picture in the dark and sent it to Paul. It showed a naked man, sleeping deeply in his arms, breathing evenly through slightly parted lips, his face peaceful and relaxed, slightly tilted towards a bare, hairy chest. One of his hands lay flat on his stomach, the other was up, protectively covering the side of Negan's neck.

Paul Rovia

Wish I could be there with you

21/01/2017  2:38 AM

Negan was about to type an answer when his phone beeped again. It was a photo of Jesus, sitting in the half dark on the bathroom floor, wearing an old 'Fall out boy' shirt to his slightly tousled hair and bleakly smile.

He squinted at the screen.
Go to bed boy. I want you fresh and well rested.

The answer came after hesitant six and a half minutes.

Paul Rovia

Good night, Sir.

21/01/2017   2:48 AM

A heart and kiss emoji completed his message.

----

Paul took Rick’s bathrobe off the hook, sitting down again in the corner next to the sink, covering himself up, tapping on the screen of his phone to listen to Negan’s voice message. Over and over again.

'Sweet dreams, bugger. I see you Wednesday.'
Puppy's bad, awful day - Part 1

Chapter Notes

Happy Sunday, you lovely people :)

May you all be blessed with lots of TWD re-runs and a big fat load of your favorite snack to go with it <3

PS: To all my fellow comic readers/Negan lovers out there: On a scale from 1-10, how happy are you after reading part 13 of Here's Negan???? Can we please all agree that he's fucking perfect? I want to build this man a shrine. Another one, I mean... *sigh*

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Daryl groaned as he woke up and rolled over, buried in a mountain of pillows and blankets, in a wonderful big bed, stretching his naked body. He blinked his eyes open, seeing Negan stand in front of the wardrobe, searching for specific items, while holding the phone to his ear, speaking about table tennis and restaurants.

Daryl sniffed and wiped the back of his hand over his nose, flicking his head when he sat up. He watched Negan tiredly, trying to make sense of the conversation he was holding on the phone.

"I don't think so, I'm busy tonight."

He pricked his ears up, not liking what he was hearing. But he liked Negan's underwear. It was tight and plain white, probably smelling like washing powder.

"Sure, but I'm with Paul tomorrow." Negan found the shirt he was looking for, turned around to throw it on the bed and was greeted by a man with tousled hair, sitting naked on the edge of the mattress, sniffing his nose with a scowl. "Just pick one, as long as it's no fucking fast food." He took a pack of paper tissues out of the nightstand, handing it to him. "I don't know, depends on traffic, two hours, maybe more." He watched as Daryl fumbled one out and blew his nose into it. "Again."

Daryl glanced up, inhaling deeply and blew his nose once more, before he wiped the damp tissue over his face and handed it to Negan.

"Yes. Did you talk to Robert about it?" Negan laughed into the phone, looking down to Daryl, fondling the backside of his head. "I won't tell him, that's for sure." He stroked long strands of hair out of a pale

Daryl tensed a second, then sniffed timidly and brushed his lips over the warm fabric, breathing along the outline of Negan's cock. The feel and scent woke up the butterflies in his stomach, and they swirled right down into his lower abdomen. He put his hands up, one on Negan's butt, one on the backside of his thigh, as he nuzzled his face into the man's groin, closing his eyes.

"Who knows, maybe twice!" Negan laughed into the phone, looking down to Daryl, fondling the back of his head. "I won't tell him, that's for sure." He stroked long strands of hair out of a pale
forehead, when Daryl poked his tongue out, leaving a small, wet spot on white briefs. "Yes, I'll call you if it gets later. See you then." He tapped on his phone and threw it on the bed. "Say good morning."

Daryl could feel his heartbeat in his throat, when he traced the covered tip of Negan's cock with his mouth, parting his lips with an excited little huff of breath. A light slap on his cheek made him move back an inch and glance up.

"Say. Good morning."

"Good mornin'," It was quiet and sounded weirdly short of breath, but Negan seemed to be satisfied and cupped the side of Daryl's face with his palm.

He smiled faintly, brushing his thumb over pale lips. "Tongue out."

A pinkish blush crawled over Daryl's cheeks, as he opened his mouth, slipping his tongue out shyly.

Negan touched it with his index finger, drawing small circles on the soft, red flesh, gathering some saliva to smear it along Daryl's upper lip. "You like my dick?"

Daryl exhaled shakily, giving a slight nod, his heartbeat pulsing through his entire body.

Negan watched him from above, with a kind of fascination in his dark eyes. He slid his finger along Daryl's wet tongue, slowly, deep into his mouth, out again and repeated it. "You know I want you to answer. Do you like my dick?" He pulled his finger out, slipping the waistband of his underwear down. Just enough to expose half of his cock. "You wanna have a taste, boy?"

Daryl wasn't sure and didn't dare to look, staring a bit shell shocked up at Negan's face.

"Tell me." Negan cupped the side of Daryl's face again, providing a touch of comfort.

Daryl turned his head, hiding against the broad palm to whisper his answer. "Yes."

"Good boy." The phone rang again, and Negan bent down to pick it up from the bed. "Yes, good morning." He listened to the caller, brushing his fingers through Daryl's hair, "Right. Just today?" and then pushed him against his groin, caressing the back of his head. "So, you are seeing a doctor?"

Daryl went stiff, holding his breath, the incredible soft skin of Negan's penis touching his face. It took him a moment to process the situation, but he liked the intimate note of male scent and the short dark hair, so close to his face.

"Good, you call me again tomorrow then, and let me know how it's going." Negan glanced down, when a pink tongue nudged him very cautiously, just testing, before it gave a real wet lick, accompanied by a small, breathy sigh. "Thanks for letting me know. Get well, Olivia." He delivered the wishes for his sick cleaning lady in a slightly husky tone, and threw his phone back on the mattress, putting a loving hand to the side of Daryl's head, tugging a strand of hair behind a pale ear. He watched a while, enjoying the innocent warm mouth, glistening saliva, and dark blond eyelashes on blushed skin.

Daryl put a hand on Negan's thigh, moving another inch closer, as he licked the head of a half hard penis and planted an open mouthed kiss on it, sucking a little, tracing the slit with the tip of his tongue. He liked the taste, and feeling it swell underneath his lips. He liked how his stomach flip flopped in excitement. He liked the small little hiss Negan made, and the strong fingers wrapped in his hair.
Negan inhaled deeply, letting out a frustrated groan, as he grabbed Daryl's head in both hands and pulled him off, bending down to kiss him hungrily, "You and your god damn fucking mouth." cursing in between, when Daryl clawed five fingers into his thigh. "Really wish I had time right now, boy." He scraped wet lips with his teeth, nipping Daryl's flushed skin, before he pulled off completely, adjusting his too tight underwear. "But I have to go. I'm fucking late already."

Daryl hadn't seen this needy expression before on Negan's face and he felt a little bit proud for making the dark eyes looking at him like that, like he was really pretty and desirable. But at the same time, his guts hurt because the tall angry man turned around and started dressing in his day wear, talking about having no time.

He sniffed his nose, wiping some hair out of his eyes and tried his very best to make his voice work. "Can I come with you." His tone was too low and rough, making him sound defiant instead of friendly and polite, but Negan stopped dressing himself anyway and gave him a surprised look.

"May you come with me?" He crooked his finger, beckoning the other man over. "Get up, come here."

Daryl cast his eyes down, remembering that he was stark naked, when he got up and stepped in front of Negan, as he was supposed to.

"Shirt."

Hesitantly, Daryl started to fumble the small buttons on Negan's shirt into the holes, not daring to look up.

"I have to be at the store and the office today. And Olivia called in sick, so I need you to do some of her work for me." Negan held his arm out, so Daryl could fix the button at his shirt cuff. "Tomorrow I'll have more time. Right?"

Tomorrow sounded just as far off as next week or next year, but Daryl nodded, feeling embarrassed that he had asked such a silly question in the first place. "Hm."

Negan snapped his fingers. Loud. "What!"

Daryl glanced up, contritely. "Yes."

"Thank you!" Negan gave him a stern look, fixing his other sleeve button himself. "Be good and take a shower. I'll write you a list with your tasks for today."

Daryl nodded. "Yes."

"Good. I'll let you know if I have time for lunch with you, later."

"Mhm." Daryl nodded again. He liked lunch with the tall angry man, even if he had to sit straight. "Thank you." He mumbled it just quietly, but he meant it.

"Good job. You're welcome." Negan fixed the collar of his shirt and leaned in to speak right next to Daryl's ear. "Will have a hard time concentrating on my work today, because of you and your fucking wicked mouth." He kissed his tousled hair and left the room. "Be a good puppy."

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Daryl sat alone at the dining table, eating a huge bowl of oatmeal with banana. He had made it himself and it tasted quite okay. Not as awesome as the oatmeal from Olivia, but good enough.
He took a big gulp of organic orange juice to the mouthful of oats, and held both in his mouth, while reading the list Negan had left for him on the table.

Be a good puppy for Negan - list

- take a shower, brush teeth, dress (I put your outfit on the dresser)
- Breakfast: Cup of juice, Oatmeal w. fruit
- washing dishes, cleaning kitchen
- stop by the leather store, pick up grocery list and money, grocery shopping
- eat an apple
- doing laundry (black basket)
- lunch (I'll let you know where)
- nap (2 hrs)
- search Negan's belt, put it in the dresser
- eat a banana
- finish laundry
- clean restroom at the club
- get ready for work, pack dinner
- let me know when you leave
- work, eat dinner, work
- money, square, brushing teeth, report
- go to bed like a good boy

He bulged his cheeks out with the oatmeal-orange juice mix and then swallowed it, wiping his mouth into his sleeve. He froze as soon as the soft fabric of his borrowed shirt touched his wet lips, his eyes darting automatically to Negan's empty chair. A mixture of relief and guilt poked his stomach. The guilt won, when his phone beeped.

NEGAN

Send me a picture of your breakfast.

21/01/2017  8:12 AM

Daryl blinked at his phone and then at his bowl of oatmeal. He was kind of proud of his cooking skills, so he took a slightly blurry picture of his food and figured out how to send it. He spooned his oats for two minutes, staring at his small screen, before an answer came.

NEGAN

That looks great!

Now tell me something nice, and then eat up, you have a lot of work to do.

21/01/2017  8:14 AM

Daryl stopped chewing his banana slice. That was a horribly difficult task. He knew hundreds of nice things about the tall angry man, but he was ashamed to admit them just like that.

He wiped some hair out of his eyes, staring a long time at his phone, before he typed a hesitant answer with one finger.

kising with you is nice

Just thinking about it, made him feel warm and happy. He liked it so much.
**NEGAN**

*Good boy, making such a great compliment!*

*Was I the first to kiss your pretty mouth?*

21/01/2017  8:18 AM

Daryl read the message and nodded at his phone, not sure if Negan made fun of him or not with the term 'pretty'.

**YES**

He sent the message and waited two minutes for an answer.

**NEGAN**

*I'm a fucking lucky guy then!*

*Now eat. You wanna do your tasks for me ;)*

21/01/2017  8:21 AM

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Daryl filled the sink with hot water and a quarter bottle of dish soap, to wash his red cup, a spoon, a bowl, a knife, and a cutting board.

He cleaned it all and put it on the dish rack. Then tried to disassemble the blender Negan had used to make himself a breakfast smoothie. It was difficult and took him a while, but the container detached and he dunked it into the dishwasher, carefully washing the remains of thick, green liquid out. He fished it out of the mountain of soap bubbles, shook it a bit to let the water drip off and wanted to lift it over to the dish rack, when it slipped out of his hands and dropped to the floor. He cursed and picked it up, seeing with horror that the plastic had a long crack from top to bottom.

A dull feeling spread through his stomach. Negan really liked this machine.

The possibility to just hide the cracked container crossed his mind, but maybe that counted as lying and Negan hated that.

So he dried it off and put it back on the base of the machine, hoping that no one would notice the damage.

He didn't like washing dishes.

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"Hey, the new leather jackets arrived." Rick looked up with a smile when his boss entered the store. "You'll like them."

Negan didn't return the smile. He walked up to the other man, putting his hands on the counter, tilting his head with a serious look. "What was going on with Paul last night."

Rick seemed surprised by the question. "What do you mean? Nothing." He shrugged, putting a bunch of hangers into a plastic bag. "I wasn't even home. But Shane would have told me if there was a problem."
"Shane." Negan gave his employee a death stare right in the eye. "I thought we had an understanding."

Rick went immediately in defense mode. "It's not as if he was alone with him for days! I was at drama club and for a drink with Zeek and Jerry!"

"Oh let me guess. Meanwhile Shane had his friends Jack and Jim over for a nice little party with my boy."

Rick scrunched up his face, gritting his teeth. "He wasn't drunk and Paul is MY boyfriend."

"Well, MY BOY was hiding in the fucking bathroom in the middle of the night." Negan hissed, moving close into Rick's space. "And the last time he did that, YOUR PARTNER was fucking shitfaced, beating him with a cane!"

"It wasn't like that." Rick inhaled, trying to get his temper under control. "And he deserved a punishment that night."

"Oh my." Negan closed his eyes, massaging the bridge of his nose.

"Look. They were both asleep when I came back last night." Rick tried to appease the situation. "I don't think anything happened, but I will talk to them."

"You will stick to our agreement." Negan clarified. "He is not alone with Paul. Not at night. Not for hours. And next weekend, he's coming with you."

"What do you mean?" Rick squinted, honestly surprised. "Will you not go? It's your business."

Negan shrugged, pulling a brand-new leather jacket, wrapped in plastic, out of a cardboard box. "We'll see. Tight schedule."

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"Son of a bitch." Daryl cursed and threw a part of his torn shoe lace into the corner of the entrance room, pulled the other useless half out of his shoe and got up, grabbing Tiger's leash, to leave the apartment. He wobbled down the stairs, almost losing his footwear a couple of times on the way, yanked the red door open and stomped around the corner to the leather store.

Rick looked up from his cash register when the shop door opened and a young man with tousled hair hobbled in, sporting a wide open shoe. "What happened to you?" He grinned, storing a bundle of ten dollar bills away. "Is it already tornado season?"

Daryl scowled, holding Tiger's leash shorter when the dog sniffed at a shelf with 8" Carolina logger boots.

Rick shook his head with a smirk, gesturing to the left. "He's back there at the kennel with a customer."

Daryl didn't answer, knowing that the cowboy boots guy made fun of him. He hobbled through the shelves and displays of the sales room, following Tiger who seemed to know the way.

In the back of the store was a large wall display with strange looking gear and toys, marked by a prominent metal sign, saying 'The Kennel'.

A tall handsome man, with slicked back, dark hair and perfectly trimmed beard stood there,
explaining the function of a black, slightly curved object, looking like a dog's tail.

"No, it's not a plug, you strap it on a belt or harness." Negan showed his customer two openings at the base. "You pull it through here, over and under."

Daryl watched from underneath his long bangs, hating the silly customer with his pretty face and perfect body, and the way he looked at the tall angry man, like he was the most beautiful man on earth.

"Would you show me once how to attach it correctly?" The young man purred his shy request, not believing that he actually had the luck to meet Negan himself at the store today.

"Sure." Negan pointed to a group of bright red seats, in the design of water hydrants. "Wait a moment over there." The man gathered his bag and pickings, happily hurrying to take a seat.

Daryl glared after him, wishing him the plague and worse.

"Hey!" Negan snapped his fingers, furrowing his brows in disapproval. "Stop that." He stepped closer, giving Daryl a once over, tugging at his shirt. The sleeves were wet with dishwater and had oatmeal stains. "What happened to my shirt, Daryl."

Daryl stared defiantly through his hair, not liking the way his name was emphasized. He shrugged, mumbling a stubborn, "Dunno."

Negan gave him a long look, obviously not too happy with the answer. "Go, wait in the staff room. Rick shows you where it is."

Daryl didn't answer, just sniffed his nose extra loud, shooting the pretty customer an icy death stare as he turned around to go back to Rick.

"Hey!" Negan snapped his fingers again, much louder this time. "Wait on your fucking knees with your head down. You wanna think about the need for good behavior in front of my customers."

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Daryl waited for exactly 22 minutes, kneeling next to a small table, hating it so much, his stomach hurt from it.

He looked down on his knees, fumbling with Tiger's leash. The dog lay next to him, chewing on a dog toy he had found in a corner of the staff room.

"Are you done thinking?" Negan came in, putting some things on the table, snapping with his fingers when Daryl gave a small nod. "Get up. Sit on the chair."

Daryl did, sitting down with a hunched back and his eyes down, watching from underneath long strands of hair how Negan squatted down in front of him, grabbing his foot.

"Tell me. Why do I want you on your best behavior around my customers." Negan took a brand new, black shoelace, threading it through the holes of Daryl's open shoe.

Daryl bit back the defiant 'dunno' he wanted to say, and instead murmured a truthful, "That the people come back and spend money." Carol had hammered this wisdom into his head a hundred times, whenever he wasn't polite enough at the Eagle, so it wasn't hard to remember.

Negan nodded, pulling the shoelace extra tight for a snug fit. "That's a smart answer." He got up and
handed Daryl a fresh shirt. "You want to be good from now on and treat my customers with respect?"

Daryl didn't want to. Or at least not the pretty ones that asked Negan to show them things. But Negan stared at him, waiting for an answer, so he nodded and answered with "Yes", because he really wanted to be good for him.

"Good. Put this on and keep it clean. I gave you a whole pack of fucking tissues in the morning. Right?"

"Hm." Daryl nodded again, accepting the fresh shirt. It was black and long sleeved, with a small 'Leather Factory' logo on the left side.

"No." Negan shook his head, giving a stern look.

"Yes." Daryl cast his eyes down. "Thank you."

"That's better." Negan stroked some hair out of Daryl's forehead, giving him a close look. "You want to go to the bakery now?"

Daryl felt like crying. He had no idea why this day was so stressful, but all he wanted was to hide between Negan's legs until it was time for work. He glanced up at dark eyes, giving a quiet answer. "Okay."

Negan inhaled deeply, sucking his lips in as he pulled the other man close for a hug. Not saying anything, just holding him for a while.

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Daryl looked up at the sky when he stepped out of the Good Karma coffee house, and sudden loud thunder rumbled through the air. He wrinkled his nose and pulled his arms tight around the brown paper bag with gluten free bread, as thick drops of cold rain hit his face.

It was a twelve minute walk, back to the factory. He was completely soaked after four, no matter how fast he tried to run.

As he entered the red door, the wet remains of the brown paper bag stuck in shreds to the soaked, spongy loaf of bread. Daryl kicked the wall with his muddy shoes, threw the dripping bread three stairs up, and after a moment of catching his breath, picked it up again to make his way upstairs, wiping a wet strand of hair out of his face.

He couldn't wait for this day to end.

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At half past eleven, Daryl took a bite of his apple and put it down on the washing machine, trying to make sense of the step by step manual, that Negan had stuck to the outrageously expensive machine for Olivia, with the added encouraging sentence 'Don't fuck it up! This thing costs more than your car!', in red marker.

He sighed, wiping his ear against his shoulder because a thick drop of water ran along his earlobe, tickling him.

It didn't look too complicated. He had put all the clothes in, selected the temperature, spin speed and soil level, added some detergent and fabric softener and closed the door.
"Hm." He shrugged, took another bite of his apple and pushed the start button, listening as the water ran into the washer. It seemed to work just fine.

At least doing laundry wasn't so bad.

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The phone beeped at 12:01 PM.

**NEGAN**

*Set the table, please. I'll be up for lunch at 12:30.*

21/01/2017 12:01 PM

Daryl read it, feeling a spark of happiness swirling around his chest. He got up from the floor and did as he was told, putting plates and cutlery on the table, along with a glass for Negan and a red cup for himself. Then he sat down on his chair, with straight back, and waited.

Negan entered his apartment at 12:28, Tiger following him obediently.

"Good job." He put a plastic bag with silver food containers on the table, brushing his fingers over Daryl's damp hair. "Caught in the rain?"

Daryl pulled his shoulders up. "Yes."

"Go change your clothes." Negan started to unpack the food, spooning some on the plates. "Pick a shirt you like."

Daryl didn't want to. Negan filled his plate with awesome spaghetti, covered in a white sauce with small pieces of ham inside. But he was also cold and uncomfortable, so he did as he was told.

It took him a minute to get out of his wet jeans, and he almost forgot to rescue the souvenir latex glove from his pocket. But after seven minutes, he was back at the table, in slightly damp underwear and a white shirt from Negan, with much too long sleeves.

Negan put his fork down and grabbed Daryl's arm to roll his sleeve up. "What's that?"

Daryl opened his hand, showing the crinkled rubber glove.

Negan paused for a second, then finished fixing the sleeve and planted a small kiss on the other man's hand.

Something warm bounced around in Daryl's belly. He sat up especially straight, tried not to slurp when he put the first bit of pasta into his mouth, ... and then scrunched his face up in disgust.

"Spaghetti shaped zucchini." Negan explained with a smirk. "Like it?"

Daryl chewed slowly, skeptic about the strange texture. "Hm." He shrugged, not sure why they couldn't just eat Spaghetti shaped noodles.

"You want to answer or your first strike?"

The answer was mumbled after a full minute. "I like noodles."

Negan swiped his tongue along his teeth, giving the other man a scrutinizing look. "You eat up now
and I'll buy you real spaghetti tomorrow." He cocked an eyebrow. "If you still want them."

Daryl nodded, hoping it meant that he would spend lots of time with the tall angry man tomorrow. "Okay."

"Good, then keep eating." Negan took a sip of his water. "And add to your list that you have to clean up all that mud in my staircase." He nudged Daryl's foot underneath the table. "After a nap in my bed."

Daryl forked up his whole portion of zucchini noodles in under six minutes, including a rest from Negan's plate, because he really wanted to sleep in the wonderful big comfy bed, not thinking of anything, after this messed up morning. He pushed the chair back, making a scraping noise on the hardwood floor, and cleared the table, stacking all the empty dishes up on his arm to carry them to the kitchen.

Negan looked up from the e-mail he read on his phone, when two dirty plates and an empty glass shattered loudly on his expensive floor, making Tiger bark and run around like a maniac. He got up immediately, snapping his fingers, with a stern command to his dog. "QUIET! DOWN!"

Daryl flinched, standing in a sea of shards. He fell to his knees instantly when he heard Negan's loud voice, heavily breathing, grabbing the red plastic cup, and a fork, clutching them to his chest because they weren't destroyed. He blinked his eyes rapidly and then squeezed them shut, ducking his head, knowing exactly what would come.

Negan turned from his obedient dog to Daryl, squatting down in front of him with a sigh. He took the fork and cup from his trembling fingers, noticing how the man flinched away. "Look at you, following all my orders like such a good boy."

Daryl couldn't breathe, his heart was hammering up to his throat. "I'm sorry." He heard his own voice, it was too high and croaky but he meant it very much. He didn't dare to look up, as he blindly grasped for Negan's wrist, searching for the comforting heavy leather of his jacket, but found only a thin shirt.

"Look at me."

"I'm sorry." Daryl said it again, very quietly, before he looked up, trying for a split second to keep eye contact.

"Daryl, look at me." Negan repeated his order a bit louder, smiling faintly, tilting Daryl's chin up. "Do I look angry? A couple of fucking plates fell down. That's no drama." He found the crinkled latex glove midst all the shards and picked it up, putting it inside the red cup. "All important things are fine."

Daryl blinked through damp, tousled hair, breathing shakily through his nose. The tall angry man didn't look angry and sounded very comforting and friendly. Like a wonderful solid, safe rock, right in front of him, shielding him from the rest of the world.

"Cup. Fucking snuggleglove. Bare puppy feet. All okay." Negan raised his brows, brushing the hair out of Daryl's forehead. "Now you get up and clean here, so no one gets hurt. Then you go and take a nap. Right?"

"Mhm." Daryl sniffed his nose and flicked his head, nodding.

"I don't get fucking angry because of some silly shards on the floor. But I get really pissed if my boy doesn't answer my questions." Negan handed the cup over and rose to his feet, putting a hand on the
other man's head. "Right?"

Daryl leaned his forehead against Negan's knee, curling his fingers into the fabric of grey pants. "Yes."

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Chapter End Notes

Part 2 in a few hours
"WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU FUCKING IDIOT!" A resounding slap landed across Daryl's face, letting his ears ring and vision falter for a moment. "ARE WE FANCY PANTS RICH PEOPLE?"

Daryl ducked his head, covering his face with both hands. His feet hurt and were bloody, from all the small shards cutting into his skin.

"THAT WAS MY LAST ASHTRAY!" Will gave his son a furious push towards the front door, making him stumble through the broken glass. "COME BACK WITH A NEW ONE, OR DON'T BOTHER COMING BACK AT ALL!"

----

Daryl sniffed his nose, trying to shake the ghastly thoughts off, as he dunked the muddy rag into his bucket, wishing he could go back to bed where everything smelled like tall angry man.

It took him almost an hour, to clean the stairs from the top floor, all the way down to the red door, but the terrible mud stain at the wall just wouldn't go away.

It just spread out wider, the soapy water removed some of the wall paint and it all mixed together, making it look like a giant beige blotch, right next to the entry door.

Daryl gave up and let the cleaning rag fall back into the bucket, with a big splash. He scratched his ear. Negan wouldn't be happy about this.

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To find the heavy, well used leather belt wasn't difficult. It was still in the club's small coffee kitchen, on the fridge, next to the coffee whitener.

Daryl looked at it for a moment, before he picked it up. It didn't seem threatening and felt smooth in his hands. He sniffed the leather. Then folded it in half and let it snap against his thigh. It hurt a little, but not much. Maybe he was really just a little pansy when he was younger.

He carried it upstairs and put it in Negan's dresser in the bedroom, next to all his other belts.

Tiger came in and Daryl snapped his fingers, because Negan didn't approve of the dog being in the bedroom. But Tiger just stared at him, showing no reaction at all. He tried it a second time, snapping louder, telling him, "Get out."

Tiger didn't move. So he grabbed him by the collar and brought him into the living room, guiding him to his large grey pillow by the table, and felt happy and kind of proud when the dog stayed there, while he went to get himself his afternoon snack banana.

Ten minutes later, the phone beeped.

JESUS

Hey buddy, what are you doing?

21/01/2017  4:18 PM
Daryl took a bite of his banana, feeding Tiger a small piece as well. He cleaned his fingers at his pants, typing an answer.

*eating banana with tiger*

The answer came just thirty seconds later.

*JESUS*

*SHOW! I want a picture :D*

21/01/2017  4:20 PM

Daryl blinked at his screen, wrinkling his nose. Then leaned his head closer to the dog and tapped on the camera symbol, hearing the clicking noise.

He sent the picture, chewing another chunk of banana with full cheeks.

*JESUS*

*You're sitting on his pillow!! :D :D  
Can I show one of my dads?*

21/01/2017  4:22 PM

Daryl shrugged at his phone, typing two letters with one finger.

*OK*

He really wondered if Paul had more dads than the cowboy boots guy, the buzz cut man and Negan. Maybe Simon. That would be okay, because he kind of liked Simon.

----

Negan looked up from his laptop, when his phone beeped.

*Paul Rovia*

*Meanwhile in your apartment...*

21/01/2017  4:26 PM

The message came with a photo attached, showing Daryl sitting next to Tiger on the grey dog pillow, holding a banana.

Negan smirked, poking the tip of his tongue to the corner of his mouth. He saved the picture.

*Looks like puppy time :p*

*What are you doing, boy?*

He finished his hotel booking, before he checked on Paul's answer.

*Paul Rovia*

*I'm trying to come up with an outfit for the Eagle. It's 80's night.*
Negan shook his head, sighing. Luckily he was busy tonight.

*Luckily I'm busy tonight*

He sent it out and switched to the site for rental cars, looking for something classy with enough space for five people.

*Paul Rovia*

:,(

*Bummer. Work or fun?*

Negan's eyes lit up, when he found a Tahoe in black. That was the kind of thing that just tickled his balls.

He booked it and answered Paul's message truthfully.

*Both. Out of town demo. Will take Bob with me.*

The reply took just a moment.

*Paul Rovia*

*Bondage Bob?*

*He's a sweetheart. Have a good time, Sir!*

Daryl wasn't sure what had happened, but all of Negan's beautiful white shirts looked kind of pinkish when he took them out of the washing machine. The grey pants looked okay, the jeans as well, and the red fisting cloth was clean and looked as good as new. Just the white shirts had changed color.

He felt a little bit unwell when he thought about Negan's possible reaction to his laundry fail, not sure how he would look in pale pink shirts.

He wrinkled his nose and stuffed everything into the dryer, searching for the button that would start it. He tried three different ones, the fourth worked.

Maybe it wouldn't look as bad, once the shirts were dry.

---

At 6:11 PM, Daryl stepped into Negan's office, freshly showered and dressed for work, with a black
backpack over the shoulder.

Negan didn't look up from his work. "Already cleaned the restroom?"

Daryl flicked his head, getting a strand of hair out of his eyes. "Yes." He had even cleaned the small window and the condom machine.

"What did you pack for dinner?"

Daryl put his backpack down, opened it, and went around the desk to let Negan have a look into the bag.

Negan finished his sentence before he looked up and checked the backpack. There was a bottle of vanilla almond milk and half the contents of the fruit bowl. "No sandwich?"

Daryl rubbed his nose, casting his eyes down, remembering the soaking wet loaf of bread he had brought back from the bakery. He shook his head. "I like banana." It wasn't a lie. He liked them a lot.

"Hm." Negan closed the bag, put it on the floor and got up, sniffing at the other man's neck. "You also smell fucking good. Did you think of me in the shower?"

Daryl took a nervous breath, blinking underneath his long bangs, not wanting to answer the question. But Negan insisted on it, walking Daryl slowly backwards into the wall, standing flush with him, chest to chest. "Tell." He tilted his head, licking the corner of Daryl's mouth. "You want to take a shower together with me next time?"

Daryl's stomach felt like exploding, with the amount of butterflies gathering inside, as he imagined himself under the running water, with a naked tall, angry man. "Okay."

The hint of a self-satisfied smirk played across Negan's lips. "I have the best fucking ideas, don't I, puppy." He shoved a hand between Daryl's legs, fondling his crotch, pressing their foreheads together. "Will you miss me tonight?"

"Yes." Daryl closed his eyes with a soundless sigh. He really would miss him. He had missed him all day already, even though they had been in the same building. It was pathetic. Merle would surely make a flower crown and put it on his head, first thing out of prison.

"Yes you will." Negan massaged Daryl expertly through his pants, speaking an inch away from his mouth. "Because you belong to me, right boy."

Daryl's pounding heart missed a beat, with all the heat and tingles and happiness spreading through his body. He answered a small, breathy "Yes.", getting weak in his knees, squished between the cold solid wall and the tall, safe body.

"Yes. You are mine." Negan didn't smile anymore. He brought a hand up, to caress a pale cheek, speaking low and serious. "Kiss me."

Daryl was dizzy. He could feel Negan's heartbeat against his chest and his warm breath on his skin, whispering all the wonderful dark words. He wanted to say that he couldn't kiss, that he was scared to do it wrong, that he was too nervous to think straight. But Negan just waited silently for his order to be followed, smelling like warm skin, musky cologne and beautiful tall angry man. So he inhaled, raised his head a little, and brushed their lips together.
Negan held completely still, enjoying the shy mouth on his own for a while, until the tip of a wet tongue came out to taste his lips and tried to flick between. He groaned deep in his throat, sliding his hand to the back of Daryl's neck, holding him in a firm grip, as he took over and intensified the kiss, heightening the intimacy.

Daryl drowned in pleasure. Negan was everywhere, letting his lust run free, holding him, touching him, pressing him into the wall, claiming his mouth, wet and hard, like he wanted to eat him up alive. Daryl panted into the kiss, putting his hands on Negan's butt, pulling him as close as possible, wanting so much more.

Negan groaned again, more frustrated this time, pulling back to grasp Daryl's chin. He stared right into dazed, desperate, very blue eyes, almost angry. "You're the hottest fucking thing I've ever seen, you know that? I'm a minute away from shooting my fucking load right into my god damn pants like a 15 year old." He rubbed his hard bulge against Daryl's thigh, proving his statement. "Feel that? I would kill someone to fuck you right now."

Daryl whimpered a little, not moving his hands from Negan's backside. He wasn't sure if he had a minute left, or maybe he was done already, his blurry mind wasn't able to process what was going on in his limp body. All he knew was, that he would probably drop dead to the floor, if Negan broke contact now.

A small smile grew on Negan's face, seeing the blank despair in Daryl's eyes. He kissed him softly, with gentle fingers in long strands of hair, then spoke right next to his ear. "The problem is, you have to work now. Right?"

Daryl shook his head, arguing a quiet, "No." If Carol would see him now, she would certainly understand why he wasn't able to work.

"Yes, you have to." Negan nodded, kissing a warm, pale neck. "And I have to get ready too, because I have a demo tonight, out of town."

Daryl froze. Something hot and unpleasant dropped in the middle of his stomach.

Negan noticed the other man tense immediately. "I'm back late tonight. I want to find my puppy snoozing safe and sound in bed, with brushed teeth and a nicely finished report."

Daryl dropped his head against Negan's shoulder, feeling like someone had just stabbed him, right in the guts.

Negan put a hand to the back of Daryl's head. "Tomorrow we'll spend the day with Paul, and do something nice. Right?"

Daryl shook his head, mumbling against Negan's shirt. "No." He wanted to do something nice with the tall angry man alone, not with Jesus, who was so much better than him in any possible way.

"Yes." Negan's tone was determined. "And if you're good, I'll take you with me to Washington this weekend." He patted the back of Daryl's thigh. "You want that?"

Daryl inhaled deeply. He was never in Washington or anywhere other than Georgia. But he wanted to go wherever he was told, as long as Negan snapped his fingers for him. So he nodded and mumbled a defiant little, "Yes."

"Good. Then you go to work now and tell your boss you need the weekend off, because Negan fucking said so."
"Oh, did he?" Mrs Peletier tilted her head to the side, giving her newest employee a skeptical look. "And he thinks just because he said so, I will find someone to do your job at such short notice?"

"I'll do it." Dwight said with a shrug, as he walked by. He could use the money. "I can use the money."

"That's not the point." Carol squinted at him, giving him the evil eye.

"Hi Carol, love the decorations." Jesus jumped up from behind, putting an arm on her shoulder with a big smile. "Like my outfit?" He was sporting very tight, white pants, a short leather jacket on bare chest, and a purple bandana, that he wore around his forehead. "I'm the early Axl Rose."

She turned to look at him. "You look like a slutty Jesus."

"See, I told you." Rick felt vindicated, walking past his boyfriend, to park his tired body into one of the comfy leather chairs in the cigar lounge.

"Bring us two beers." Shane slapped Paul's ass playfully, following his partner.

"I'll think about it and let you know." Carol pointed a finger to Daryl's lowered face, walking off to have a talk to Mister Ford at the door, who refused to dress up appropriately for the theme of the night.

"No way! He lets you wear his jacket?" Jesus tugged at the heavy leather of Daryl's sleeve, honestly impressed.

"Hm." Daryl shrugged, pulling the open jacket tight around his chest. It was too big, but Negan had given it to him anyway, because it looked 80's enough, and would keep Carol from putting him in some fucking ridiculous outfit.

"Now I'm jealous." Jesus smiled, kissing Daryl's cheek, before he jogged off to the dance floor for an awesome hit of the Bangles.

Daryl looked after him, sniffing at the jacket collar, inhaling Negan's scent with a dull feeling in his belly, because Negan was at a demo right now. In another town. Certainly with Ben or Marc or the pretty customer from the store. He wanted to kill them all.

At half past ten, the Eagle was already packed, almost to the limits, and a surprisingly high number of usually very tough guys in heavy leather, danced happily to a song of 80's pop princess Tiffany on the dance floor.

"Hey buddy, come dance with me!" Jesus snaked his body amidst the crowd, in an exact copy of Axl's signature dance. He smiled brightly, coming towards Daryl. "Carol had her third cocktail, she won't even notice where you are."

Daryl shook his head, forcing himself to a tiny smile. He couldn't dance. He had never done it and was sure he would look like an idiot if he tried. And he had no time anyway, because it was half past ten, and Negan hadn't answered his ten o' clock message until now. He really felt more comfortable to stare at his phone.

Jesus sighed and kissed Daryl's cheek. "You could sit a while with Rick, you know? He is probably
bored."

"Hm." Daryl cast his eyes down, shrugging his shoulders. "Okay." He could try.

Everyone in the club threw simultaneously their arms in the air, cheering loudly, when the DJ changed to another song, and Freddie Mercury's iconic voice resounded through the speakers.

Daryl wrinkled his nose on his way up the stairs, ducking his head when a guy with impressively fluffed up hairdo tried to pull him into a bear hug.

The first floor was crowded as well, just not as loud. Daryl went to the cigar lounge, but the only one sitting there, with a bottle of beer in hand, was the buzz cut guy. He looked up, showing a small smile, gesturing with his bottle for Daryl to sit down.

"You can't wait for your shift to be over, hu?" Shane wagged his eyebrows, smirking against the opening of his bottle, when he took a small sip.

"Mhm." Daryl sat down next to him, nodding warily.

Shane snorted a laugh, seeing a guy in neon pink leggings walk by. "I'm not nearly drunk enough for this."

Daryl returned a tiny smirk, then looked at his phone again. There was still no answer.

"Negan didn't want to come?"

Daryl shook his head. "He's got no time." It felt good to talk about the tall angry man.

"Ah, right." Shane rubbed a hand over his short hair, sitting back, spreading his legs a little. "The demo with bondage Bob. Forgot about that."

It was the first time that Daryl heard the name Bob, immediately envisioning a handsome, tall man, touching Negan everywhere.

Shane looked over, seeing the other man's crushed expression. "What? Did he not tell you where he's going?"

Daryl didn't want to answer. He stared down, watching his thumbnail scratching the insides of his fingers.

"Oh come on, don't tell me you're jealous or something." Shane sat up again, nudging Daryl's arm. "Are you having a crush on him?"

Daryl felt anger rise, mixing with the illness in his numb stomach. He really wished his silly phone would beep already.

Shane sighed, shaking his head with a slight smile, before he turned to Daryl. "Okay, listen. I'm gonna tell you something, from man to man."

Daryl wrinkled his nose, peeking up to the buzz cut guy, from underneath his long bangs.

"It's very easy. Negan works a lot, and when he doesn't work, he wants fun. I know him for years and he never had any love interest in anyone. So don't get your hopes up in that department. " Shane sniffed his nose, then took a swig of his bottle. "But if you want to have any shot with him, I can just tell you, stop doing that jealous bullshit. Negan hates jealousy. He is looking for fun, no strings attached, with interesting, experienced guys."
Daryl squinted, feeling hurt in any way possible. But he listened.

"I mean, the problem with you is pretty obvious." Shane gestured to the other man with his beer. "But all that clingy behavior will just make it worse. Believe me."

Daryl looked down, saying nothing at all for a very long time. And when he finally found his voice after a few minutes, it sounded far too low and hoarse. "What's the problem with me."

Shane sighed again. "Oh man... look, boy, don't get that wrong but-" He rubbed both hands over his face, then grabbed Daryl's phone. "Gimme that a second." He leaned over, close to Daryl, taking a photo of them both, then held the phone up. "See, we're kinda okay guys, right. Not too bad, but no Brad Pitt either."

Daryl glanced at the phone display, feeling the need to puke when he saw his ugly face.

"Your Negan on the other hand, is unfortunately that extremely gorgeous guy and he wants to fuck guys that play in the same league." Shane nudged Daryl's arm again. "Remember that blond bloke you stomped into the ground last week? He modeled for Burberry. And the other sub he meets sometimes..." He scratched his forehead, trying to come up with a name to the face he remembered. "Marc! Fucking Marc is an actor, plays some dude in a daily soap."

Daryl felt his throat grew painfully tight. Pictures of him and Negan popping up in his head, kissing and hugging. Negan telling him wonderful words in deep dark voice. "He likes me." He said it very quietly, and it was the only weak defense he had, but a part of him actually believed that.

"Of course he does." Shane emptied his beer and put the bottle on the table. "We all do, you're a sweet guy. But there's a difference between liking and liking."

Daryl looked up, glancing at Shane through long strands of hair, trying to sound confident. "He said I'm his." His boy, his puppy and his Daryl. He remembered it very well.

Shane smirked, arching his brows. "Was he horny when he said that? Because, boy..." He gestured around, sitting back with widely spread legs. "I told half of the guys here that they're mine. And it was true, until we left the back room and my blood was back in my brain."

The last bit of hope slipped from Daryl's clenched heart into the depth of his hurting guts, disappearing there. Negan was very horny when he had said it. He wanted to crawl into the dark corner and stay there forever, not talking to anyone ever again.

Shane patted the back of Daryl's hand. "Now don't look so sad. I am sure he likes you. I just tried to give you some tips. Okay?"

Daryl nodded, trying to keep his eyes from welling up.

"Stop your jealousy and make yourself more interesting. Who knows, maybe he'll take you to his next demo then."

"How." The question was very quiet, making Shane lean closer.

"How? You mean how can you get more interesting for him?"

Daryl nodded faintly, pulling his fingers.

"Well, learn the stuff he likes, I guess. Learn to satisfy his needs. Just like Bob tonight. Guy's a bondage pro. So Negan takes him to the demo and offers him a great night. Because he won't have
any hassle, Bob knows exactly what he has to do to please Negan."

Daryl scrunched up his face, poking the tips of his index fingers together on his lap. He had nothing to offer. He was even ashamed to undress and couldn't kiss properly.

Shane took Daryl's phone again, typing his number in and saving it, then gave it back. "Contact me if you have a question. Maybe I can help."

"Hm." Daryl nodded, a tiny part of him still hoping for an answer from Negan.

"So, enough lady's talk for now, feel like I'm growing a vagina already." Shane grabbed his crotch, craning his neck in the direction of the bar. "How about you bring us something nice to drink and we change the subject."

Twenty minutes later, Daryl's whiskey was almost empty and Shane laughed loudly, as he told a funny story about him and Rick going on a hike in the woods of Georgia.

"Man, we we're totally lost. I mean TOTALLY." He laughed, tilting his head back on the backrest of the chair. "Rick was all, Oh, we should find shelter somewhere it gets dark soon, Shane!" He shook his head, looking at Daryl. "We were scared fucking shitless!"

Daryl smiled a little. "Did you find back?"

"Yeah." Shane smirked, taking a big gulp of his glass. "We met this guy, he was picking mushrooms or something, was like 90 years old that dude." He shook his head again. "He walked us back to our car in under 30 minutes. It was so embarrassing."

"What was embarrassing?" Rick came back, holding hands with a sweaty Jesus.

"I just told the boy about our fantastic adventure at the Chattahoochee national forest." Shane grinned smugly. "The birth of heroes."

"Well, great." Rick rolled his eyes with a sigh. "Way to make us look pathetic."

"Credit where credit's due." Shane got up, putting a hand on Daryl's head. "Thanks for the nice talk, boy. You saved me from a night of pure boredom."

"Are you leaving already?" Paul looked disappointed.

"We're old. We need our bed." Rick nuzzled the man's ear. "And you come in two hours, or the door is shut for the night."

"Yes, Sir." Jesus smiled, liking how his ear was nipped. "Will be on time."

Daryl's phone finally beeped, a minute after midnight.

NEGAN

Sorry for letting you wait.

Are you on your way home?
Daryl hated the message. It had no nice words like boy or puppy. And no hearts or tiny dog pictures.

He considered not to answer at all. But then he did anyway, after just 32 seconds.

**NO**

"Is it him?" Jesus put his head on Daryl's shoulder, tiredly tugging a sweaty strand of hair behind his ear. "He's done early. No extra treatment for sweet Bob, I guess." He smiled, not complaining at all.

"Hm." Daryl liked what Paul said, almost smiling at his phone when it beeped again.

**NEGAN**

*It's midnight. You go home now and do your tasks. Right?*

22/01/2017  0:04 AM

He held the silly smart phone up for Jesus to see.

Paul took it out of his hands, snapping a photo of him kissing Daryl's cheek, and send it.

Daryl felt highly embarrassed. He didn't want his ugly face on a photo for Negan.

The answer came after four minutes. It was a short video, showing the tall angry man in a restaurant, with a glass of red wine and a group of strangers at a table.

'*I'll drink to that.*' Negan smirked, then raised his glass, taking a sip. '*Miss you both. Now go home and be good.*' 

---

It was only after he had typed and sent his report, that Daryl realized how horribly bad he had been on January the 21st. He hated himself so much, he wanted to jump out of the fucking window.

**Good:**

- 

**Bad:**

- crack
- bread
- shirt
- stor
- wall
- plates
- pink

**Like:** with you

**Hate:** angry, bob

**Change:** my face

---

Negan came back home after a long evening out of town, put his shoes off, didn't bother to switch the lights on...

... and stopped in the middle of his living room, because Daryl slept curled up on the bad boy's chair,
covered with a heavy leather jacket, holding a crinkled, black latex glove in hand.

"Ksst." Negan snapped his fingers for Tiger, who was lying next to the chair on the floor. "Go." The dog got up and trotted slowly to his large grey pillow.

Negan stood directly in front of Daryl, cautiously taking the jacket off. He threw it onto the couch and brushed a hand through Daryl's hair. "Silly puppy."

Daryl jerked awake, almost falling over, but a strong hand on his shoulder held him in place. He blinked and glanced up. Then wrapped his arms around Negan's middle and leaned his head against a nonthreatening belt buckle. "I'm sorry."

Negan ran his fingers through long strands of hair. "I've read your report. Go to bed and look what I changed."

Daryl sniffed his nose and got up, wanting to go to the front door.

"My bed, boy."

----

Daryl curled up on a flawless, smooth bed sheet, underneath a thick, heavy blanket, where everything smelled clean and safe. He heard the water running in the bathroom, Negan brushing his teeth, Negan undressing. It was like the best good night story he had ever heard.

He slid the crinkled latex glove underneath the pillow and instead pulled his phone out.

**Good:**
- I worked my ass off for Negan and did my very best all day long
- I tried new things and made Negan very proud

**Bad:**
- crack
- bread
- shirt
- store -- I misbehaved and was punished and forgiven
- wall
- plates
- pink

Mistakes happen. I didn't do any of it on purpose and do not deserve any punishment.

**Like:** with you -- Negan likes spending time with Daryl as well

**Hate:** angry, bob I didn't like when Negan had to correct my behavior.

The situation tonight made me uneasy, because I wasn't included and had not enough information.

It's Negan's job to make me feel well and safe. Negan fucked up.

**Change:** my face I am insecure and do not realize how fucking beautiful I am. Negan wouldn't change a single thing about my face because he thinks it is perfect.
Boys Part 1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Paul's whole face lit up in a bright happy smile that made his blue eyes twinkle, when a tall man in grey pajama pants, bare chest and tousled hair, opened the brown wooden door on the factory's top floor, tiredly rubbing his forehead.

"You're early."

Paul wanted to answer, 'You're adorable', but he didn't want to earn his first slap of the day before breakfast. So he didn't say anything and just wrapped his arms around Negan's neck, standing on his tip toes for a very long, very intimate kiss, that he had longed for a whole week.

Negan pulled back with a slight smirk. "Rick dropped one of his blue pills in your cereal again?"

Jesus chuckled, crouching down to take his shoes off. "No." He glanced up, stepping blindly out of his 9" boot. "I just missed you, Sir."

Negan brushed his fingers over the top of Paul's head. "Set the table for breakfast and watch a bit TV, Daryl's still asleep."

Paul smiled, rising to his feet gracefully. "Will be quiet, don't worry." He pecked Negan's cheek and went to the kitchen, patting Tiger's head on the way. He loved his days at the factory.

---

Negan waited until half past eight, then put his newspaper down and went into the bedroom.

Daryl still slept peacefully, in the most open, confiding position. On his back, with both arms over his head, and his legs pulled up and spread, like he was in the safest place ever.

Negan closed the door quietly and watched him for a moment, before he climbed on the bed, lying down next to Daryl, on his side, his head propped up on his arm.

He let the back of his fingers run over Daryl's bare chest, up and down. "Good boy, sleeping so nicely in my bed."

Daryl stirred, took a deep breath and turned on his side, with his face close to Negan's chest, seeking the familiar warmth and scent.

Negan played with a long strand of hair, tugged it behind a pale ear and then leaned down, brushing his nose against Daryl's cheek. "Are you smelling so good just for me?" He watched dark blond eyelashes flutter slightly, when Daryl tried to open his eyes. "Yes you do, right?" He stroked the side of Daryl's face, kissed his temple, then put a hand to the back of his head and pulled him close, with the nose against his chest. "Go on, suck."

The small order was just whispered, but Daryl's foggy brain registered it anyway. He opened his mouth, wrapping his lips and tongue around Negan's nipple, sucking it deep in with a content sigh, feeling his whole body relax again.
"Good boy, Daryl." Negan watched him, running his fingers calmly through tousled hair. "You like that, don't you."

Daryl hummed a sleepy "Yes.", placing a hand on Negan's hip, right above the waistband of his pajama pants.

"Yes, you do." Negan confirmed, tracing Daryl's jawbone with his thumb. He allowed the quiet moment to prolong for a couple of minutes, just listening to the faint sucking noises and even breathing, before he spoke again. "You wanna wish me a good morning now and have some breakfast?"

Daryl wasn't sure. Staying in bed, sucking wonderful nipples would have been okay for him. But he opened his eyes anyway, glancing up at Negan's face.

"Paul waits outside." Negan watched as Daryl's relaxed features turned into a serious scowl. "Really puppy, giving me the stink eye again?" He arched his brows. "You like Paul. He'll help you with your chores. Right?"

Daryl stopped sucking and moved back a little. He looked silently at Negan, remembering all the tips from the buzz cut guy. Negan really didn't like jealousy. So he answered a small "Right.", his voice still sounding rough from sleeping.

Negan stared back, not fooled by the correct answer in dejected tone. "You wanna know what the problem is?"

Dull pain shot through Daryl's stomach immediately. He averted his gaze, knowing exactly what the problem was. It was documented in the most ugly picture, on his silly smart phone. He covered his eyes with the back of his hand, feeling a lump form in his throat. He didn't want to hear it again. Not from the beautiful safe tall angry man, in the wonderful big bed.

Negan saw Daryl's jaw setting, the corners of his mouth desperately fighting against the urge to turn down, but lost the battle when a pale lower lip and chin started to quiver slightly.

He inhaled with a sigh, took hold of Daryl's chin and bent down for a soft kiss, then spoke against the man's mouth. "The problem is, you still have an awfully hard time to fucking focus on me." He kissed again when Daryl tried to suppress a soundless sob, but it came out anyway. "So I'll help you with that. I'm gonna make you focus on me twenty four fucking seven. Right boy?"

Daryl sniffed his nose and wiped his eyes, wishing Negan wouldn't look at him.

"One."

He sniffed again, nodding, trying to look up. "Right."

"That's better." Negan wiped some strands of hair out of Daryl's forehead, cupping the side of his face. "No back talking, no letting me wait for anything. Other than for work and naptime you will be right fucking next to me at all times. You won't do a single thing without asking for permission first. Nothing at all. Right?"

Daryl wasn't sure whether Negan was angry. He sounded stern, but stroked the side of his head in the most comforting way at the same time. Daryl bit the inside of his lip and leaned into the big, warm hand. "Right."

"Right." Negan nodded. "Concentrate on me. Follow my orders. Please me." He lifted an eyebrow. "Or there will be punishment. Understood?"
"Hm." Daryl looked at him, worried. "Yes."

"Why am I doing this. Tell me."

Daryl turned his head, hiding his face inside a broad, safe palm, to mumble an answer. "For the problem."

"To solve the problem. To teach you how to focus on me, instead of other people. To make you feel a lot better, right?"

Daryl listened attentively and kissed the inside of Negan's hand, saying a quiet. "Yes."

"Good." Negan brushed his nose against a warm cheek, over a pale temple and through long strands of hair, inhaling deeply, before he pulled back and sat up. "Get up, I want to shower."

----

Daryl squeezed his mouth shut and wiped a hand over his eyes, trying to blink through the soapy water.

Taking a shower with the tall angry man wasn't as nice as he thought it would be. He was scrubbed all over, had to stand under much too hot water, and was told to turn around or raise his arms, constantly.

"Turn around." Negan watched Daryl rub his eyes and turn around to face the grey tiles. "You want to spread your legs for me."

Daryl looked back over his shoulder, uncomfortable with the task.

"Do as you're told." Negan nudged the back of Daryl's legs with his knee. "Feet apart. Put your hands to the wall." He put a secure hand on Daryl's hip and turned partly, to push the glass door of the shower stall open. "Paul, give me the other soap. The white bottle."

Paul got up from his place on the bath mat, and went to get another bottle of shower gel. "This one, Sir?"

"Yes. Warm up another towel, please." Negan closed the glass door again and poured some of the white washing lotion on his palm, then spread it between Daryl's ass cheeks, rubbing up and down. "What am I doing, boy? Tell me." He stood a bit closer, nuzzling Daryl's wet hair.

Daryl tensed and held his breath, staring at the water running down the grey tiles between his hands. "Washing."

"That's right." Negan rubbed two soapy fingers in firm circles over Daryl's entrance. "I'm taking extra good care of that gorgeous little hole of yours, right? Never know when I'm gonna feel like playing with it."

Daryl arched his back underneath the hot, running water, thinking of his souvenir glove beneath the pillow, and all the things Negan had done the day he got it. He really wanted him to do all that again.

Negan brushed his lips against the side of a wet neck. "You wanna be good for me and push out?" He slid his hand from Daryl's hip onto his belly, holding him there.

Daryl wanted to, very badly. He nodded, saying a very faint, "Yes." and inhaled, pushing down to open up his muscle. There was instantly pressure, more than he had expected.
"Good boy." Negan massaged Daryl's belly soothingly, kissing and nipping his dripping neck, when he worked his thumb in, rotating it carefully. "Letting me clean you everywhere, right? Very nice job."

Daryl panted and groaned a little, feeling Negan move back and forth a couple of times, circling once again, and then slowly pull out, rubbing his crack with full hand.

"Turn around."

He followed the small order instantly and was pulled into a tight embrace, by a completely naked, very wet, tall angry man, holding him close with a firm hand on his ass and steady fingers wrapping around the back of his neck.

Negan cocked his eyebrow, looking down at Daryl's stunned face, loving the water running down his slightly flushed skin. "You wanna wish me a good morning now?"

Daryl nodded, bravely holding eye contact. "Good mornin'."

"Well done, looking so nicely at me." Negan shoved their bare hips together, teasingly, "Tongue out." and watched how Daryl shyly opened his mouth and slid his tongue out, just a bit. "That's right, show me." He bent down, licking the other man's parted lips and displayed tongue with a groan, before he pulled him into an open mouthed kiss, rocking his bare cock against Daryl's wet body.

Daryl clawed his fingers into Negan's bare ass, trying to get closer somehow. Everything tasted and felt so good, it made him dizzy, pulse and throb in the strangest places.

But Negan moved back, tracing pale pink lips adoringly with his tongue. "I really have to fuck you soon, boy. It's not even funny anymore." He wiped a strand of wet hair out of Daryl's forehead and watched how blue eyes fluttered open, giving him a look of pure need. "Right puppy?"

Daryl nodded, not sure what the question had been. He didn't want the tall angry man to stop, and let out a desperate sigh, leaning forward to press a clumsy kiss to a wet collar bone, wanting to ask for more but the words didn't come out.

"I know." Negan understood him anyway and let the silent gesture generously pass as an answer. "Soon." He took Daryl's head in both hands, kissed his forehead, kissed his mouth, and then broke contact, pushing the glass door of the shower stall open. "Dry him off, boy."

Paul smiled, already holding a huge, white towel in both hands. Watching the two men take a shower had been the best morning entertainment in a very long time. "Yes, Sir."

Negan held Daryl by the upper arm, to guide his tense, unwilling body outside, and closed the shower stall again, to finish his own cleaning routine.

Daryl gave Jesus a defiant look, wrapping his arms around his dripping body, backing away with a grunt when the man tried to wrap him into the towel. "I can do it."

Negan closed his eyes underneath the hot water, letting it run over his back for a moment. "He fucking dries you off, I said."

Jesus shrugged, smiling at Daryl apologetically, starting to dry his back and shoulders off. "He's grumpy in the morning."

"What was that?"
Paul cleared his throat, raising his voice so Negan would hear him properly over the running water. "You're pretty in the morning, Sir!"

Daryl peeked out from underneath his dripping, long bangs when Paul rubbed the towel over his head, seeing Negan holding a hand against the glass door of the shower stall, with prominently raised middle finger.

Jesus chuckled quietly, leaning in close to Daryl. "See?"

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"You're not finished, still wet in the back." Negan touched the damp hair at the back of Daryl's head, as he came out of the bathroom with a towel around his waist. "Chop chop."

Paul tugged a strand of hair behind his ear and switched the blow dryer back on, tilting Daryl's head a little to the side for better access. "Will you have a showroom in Washington, Sir?" He spoke a bit louder, so the other man would hear him despite the noise.

"Yes." Negan stood at the open wardrobe, searching for a casual outfit. "We'll ship everything tomorrow. You can help packing."

"Of course. Would love to." Paul tilted Daryl's head in the other direction, running his fingers through the damp hair.

Daryl didn't protest. He was angry and horrified at first, when Negan had ordered Paul to blow dry his hair. But once he was sitting on the bed and the soothing warm air and steady noise surrounded him, he wanted it to go on forever. It was one of the best things he had ever experienced.

"Are we going by car?" Jesus stepped closer and guided Daryl's head to lean against his stomach, when he aimed the dryer at the long strands at the back of his head.

"No. Simon hates long car rides." Negan threw socks, a pair of briefs and a white, long sleeved shirt onto the bed. "We take the last flight on Friday."

Daryl closed his eyes, as he listened to the men's conversation and the steady humming sound of the hairdryer. He liked the warm air and gentle fingers tugging his hair. And somehow Paul's clothes smelled like the inside of the Good Karma coffee house. He inhaled deeply and buried his nose into the man's shirt for a second. It smelled kind of like cookies.

"Is it okay now, Sir?" Jesus stepped aside after two minutes and switched the blow dryer off, running his fingers through the dry hair.

Negan came to touch it himself and nodded, tilting Daryl's head up. "I put these out for you." He gestured to the clothes on the bed. "Dress and kneel next to my chair. We want to eat breakfast."

"Awesome! Where did you get that?" Paul held a pale pink shirt up, that he had found between the unfolded, freshly washed clothes in the laundry basket.

Negan smiled, putting a broad hand on the top of Daryl's head. "Daryl made it himself, just for you, imagine that."

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"Can I pants." Daryl knew his question sounded neither polite nor especially friendly, but he was glad that it had come out at all. He walked up to the dining table, in socks, shirt and underwear,
flicking his head, before he wrapped an arm across his chest.

"May you wear pants?" Negan stirred his matcha tea with the left and snapped his fingers with the right hand, pointing to the floor next to his chair. "No you may not. If I wanted you to wear pants right now, I would have given you some."

Daryl sniffed his nose, scowling underneath his long bangs, as he came closer and crouched down on the floor. He didn't know why he wasn't supposed to sit on his chair today and why Jesus had a plate with a huge bagel and he got nothing.

"You want to stare at Paul's breakfast or fucking focus on me, boy?" Negan put his spoon aside and took a sip of his tea. Then sighed and looked down at Daryl, when his question still wasn't answered. "Answer or your second strike. It's not even ten in the morning."

Daryl stared down at his knees, finding it hard too breathe. He answered a very quiet, very defiant "Dunno." after 23 seconds.

"Sweetheart. God dammit." Negan sighed again, pinching his nose. "I want you to kneel right next to me, because you're supposed to focus on nothing and no one else but me. Do you know what it means to focus on just one person?"

Daryl gritted his teeth, starring a hole into the spotless hardwood floor. "Yes." He spat his answer, short from punching something.

Negan ignored the defensive attitude, taking a bite of his salmon bagel. "Tell me."

Daryl clenched his fists. He thought he knew maybe the right answer, but if he said it out loud, and it was wrong, everyone would know how silly he was. He huffed a nervous breath, fighting the urge to just get up and run out.

Negan took a piece of bagel, swooped it through the cream cheese, "Open up." and put it into Daryl's mouth. "Puppies are not allowed to speak with a full mouth, so I'll tell you." He snapped his fingers, "Look." and grabbed his phone, opening Google, then a Dictionary. "Whenever you're not sure about a word, you type it in here, and it tells you the meaning."

Daryl looked up warily through his hair, then flicked them out of his eyes to see better.

Negan typed the word *focus* in, reading a moment, "Paul, tell me what it means."

"Sir?" Jesus had been deep in thoughts, because there was an internet rumor about the possible reunion of My Chemical Romance, and he wondered if that could be true.

Negan gave him an appraising look. "Well, maybe I should just talk to the god damn wall, right?"

Paul shook his head, grabbing the other man's wrist. "No, Sir. I'm sorry. What was the question?"

"I SAID. Tell me what it means to fucking focus on me!"

Jesus winced with a sheepish smile, wrinkling his nose. "Fail."

The corner of Daryl's mouth twitched up into a slight smirk.

Negan arched his brows, waiting, not really amused.

"Uhm..." Paul tugged some hair behind his ear, straightening his posture. "It means I concentrate on you and not on other stuff? I guess?"
"Mhm." Negan nodded, giving him the phone. "Read. Loud."

Paul cleared his throat. "To give special, undivided attention to one particular person or thing and making them or it your highest priority."

Negan turned to Daryl, tilting his chin up. "That means, you don't sit here wondering why others have a chair or get treated differently. Your only concern is me. I want your ass clean, I want your hair dry, I want to see your perfect butt, so you wear no fucking pants right now. And if I tell you to kneel right next to me, you think about the best way to fulfill my wish, instead of sulking around." He squeezed the man's jaw a little, pulling him an inch higher up. "I told you before, it doesn't fucking matter what I do with others, because it will never change anything between you and me. If I neglect you, hurt you, or treat you badly, you have my permission to fucking knock me out."

"Sweet." Paul mused, liking that offer. "I'd use the bat."

Negan turned to him, his brows arched. "Excuse me?"

"Hypothetical." Paul shrugged, quickly busying himself with his bagel, taking a small bite.

Negan gave him a long stare, then looked back at Daryl, releasing his jaw. Instead he stroked the long hair out of his forehead, speaking in a softer tone. "Now you wanna do your very best, right? All your attention on me. Make me proud and happy."

"Mh." Daryl gave a half nod, half shrug. He really wanted to make him proud and happy. "Okay."

"How do I want you to kneel, show me."

Daryl shifted on his butt, sitting correctly on his ankles, then straightened his back and shoulders, spreading his knees.

"You wanna put your hands behind your back for me." Negan watched him moving his arms behind his back and smiled faintly. "Eyes on me."

Daryl glanced up, feeling a couple of butterflies swirling through his stomach when Negan winked at him.

"See? That's what a real good boy looks like." Negan fed him a piece of bagel with salmon, then another one with cream cheese, and a third with both. "More?"

"Hm." Daryl nodded, knowing exactly what he was supposed to do. "Can I more please."

Negan fed him another piece, stroking the side of his face rewardingly. "Good boy." He turned to his plate, eating for a minute in silence, then held his matcha tea to Daryl's lips. "The only thing better than a puppy cup, is my cup, right?"

Daryl took a sip, wincing against the rim of the cup. It tasted really strange. Like the woods.

Negan watched how Daryl took a second cautious sip, and then emptied the rest in four gulps, licking his lips. "Good?"

Daryl nodded. He liked the wood tea. "Yes."

"Heard that?" Negan turned to Paul, placing the empty cup accusingly in front of his nose.

Paul wiped his mouth into a napkin, then put it on his empty plate. "I still think it tastes like soil."
Negan slapped his head playfully. "Go to the store. Tell Rick I need a training kit. Silicone, wide base, from 3.5 to 6.5 and a factory classic."

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It turned out, that it wasn't very difficult to give special, undivided attention to the tall angry man. Not when Daryl followed him into the kitchen to fill Tiger's water bowl and write a grocery list. Not when Daryl knelt on the living room floor to fold the laundry, while Negan checked e-mails on his laptop, sitting with wide spread legs on the couch. Not when Negan spoke on the phone to Olivia about doctors and sick days, while absently tugging the fabric of Daryl's shirt.

It got a little bit tricky, when Jesus came back from the store with a black paper bag, showing the iconic Leather Factory - barbed wire baseball bat - logo in the front. "Your delivery, Sir." Paul put it on the coffee table, and bent down to kiss Negan's cheek. "Rick asked if you could come downstairs for a moment after lunch. He needs to know a thing or two for Washington."

"Mhm." Negan snapped his fingers and pointed one down, signaling for Paul to kneel as well. "Help him with the laundry."

Daryl moved an inch to the left, making room for the other man, while folding Negan's expensive underwear up in some oddly shaped construct. He put it on the coffee table, liking how it had turned out.

Paul held the remote control up. "Do you mind, Sir?"

Negan shook his head, giving him just a quick glance, typing a mail. "But nothing annoying."

Daryl rubbed his ear against his shoulder and held it there, watching how Jesus switched through the channels, and stopped at a soccer game.

It was just an old rerun, but Paul's face exploded in happiness anyway. "Yes! That was the Manchester derby." He nudged Daryl. "Rooney killed them all that night. Best bicycle kick ever." He threw his arms in the air as the ball hit the net.

"I AM FUCKING ANNOYED." Negan didn't bother to look up, but it was impossible to concentrate while a crowd of British soccer fans chanted their chorus of praise for a certain player and their beloved club, along with Paul Rovia, who was a die hard fan of the English premier league since he was six years old.

"Okay." Jesus smirked, switching to another channel, while patting the top of Negan's foot. He knew only one of his dads shared his excitement for Manchester United, and it wasn't Negan.

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Thirty minutes later, the Alaskan Bush people on TV prepared for winter, all the laundry was folded, more or less, and Negan typed the last sentence of his text, while Daryl told Jesus all about tracking a deer in the woods.

"Really, you hunted it with a cross bow?" Paul tugged a strand of hair behind his ear. "And then you
took it home and ate it?"

"Mh." Daryl nodded, looking very serious. "'n rabbits or squirrel."

"Wow." Paul made big eyes, honestly surprised. "I cried once because one of my dads hit a rabbit with the car."

Daryl glanced up at Negan, wondering if he took the roadkill home and cooked it.

"Don't look at me, puppy. I know how to drive." Negan closed his laptop and fished the leather store bag off the coffee table. He rummaged through the contents, pulled a pack of four black butt plugs out and handed it to Paul. "Be a good boy and give them a quick wash."

Paul leaned over to Daryl, pointing at the smallest of the four plugs. "Look, this one is made after his thumb." He grinned wickedly. "It's the same length and diameter."

"Thank you CNN." Negan slapped the back of Paul's head. "Go, wash them I said." He got up and snapped his fingers, signaling for Daryl to follow him.

Daryl got on his feet, blinking when Paul leaned close to whisper next to his ear.

"It's true, though."

"CHOP CHOP!" Negan barked at both of them, disappearing into the bedroom. "Daryl, get the lube out of the nightstand."

Daryl did, glancing warily through the half glass - half concrete wall into the bath area of the room, where Jesus unpacked the leather factory's home brand butt plug training kit, over the sink.

"What are you looking at?" Negan leaned from behind over his shoulder. "I am here. Right?"

Daryl ducked his head and turned around, holding the bottle of lube out. "Yes."

"Yes." Negan didn't take the lubricant, but Daryl's free hand instead, and put it on his crotch. "What did I tell you this morning in the shower. Do you remember?"

Daryl's fingers stiffened when Negan rubbed them over his fly and the noticeable bulge underneath. He nodded, adding a small "Soon.", spoken in a mixture of shyness and defiance.

"Good boy." Negan leaned in to kiss the corner of Daryl's mouth. "That's exactly what I said, right? But before that," He stroked both of their hands up and down his length. "We'll have to try a little."

Daryl moved his head half an inch to the side, searching the other man's lips in hope for a real kiss.

Negan tilted his head and covered Daryl's mouth with his own, slowly sliding his tongue into, loving the little sigh and moan he got as response as he deepened the kiss for a moment. "Do I taste so good?" He purred his question against Daryl's lower lip, then bit it lightly. "Tell me."

"Hh." Daryl wanted more and sighed again, frustrated. "Yes."

Negan smirked when he pulled back, blue eyes giving him a pleading look. "I know. But you wanna hop on my bed now to present your pretty ass for me."

Daryl blinked and rubbed his ear, then turned around to climb on the mattress when Negan gave him a single nod with arched eyebrows.
"Good job." Negan watched him get into the required position and grasped his hips, pulling him to the bottom edge of the bed, in one swift motion.

"You want me to wait outside?" Paul came back, putting a towel onto the bed, displaying the plugs.

"No." Negan snapped his fingers. "Next to him."

Paul smiled and flopped down spreadeagled on his back, next to Daryl, making the mattress jiggle. Daryl buried his face into the blanket, feeling embarrassed when Jesus turned his head to look at him.

"Daryl." Negan's tone was clear and commanding. "Hands up next to your head." He watched as his order was obeyed. "What is your signal if you want to stop." Daryl's left hand slowly formed into a fist with the little finger spread out, trembling a little. "That's right." Negan rubbed the man's lower back rewardingly. "Where's your souvenir. You want to hold it?"

Daryl nodded, answering a muffled, "Yes." against the blanket.

Negan swatted the side of his thigh. "Can I hear you like that?"

Daryl flinched and turned his head back to look at Paul.

"That's better." Negan went up to Daryl's side of the bed, pulling the crinkled glove out from underneath the pillow. He put it in Daryl's left hand and bent down to nuzzle his ear. "Where's the lube, puppy?"

Daryl sniffed his nose and fished the bottle out from underneath his chest.

"Good boy." Negan took it and kissed his cheek, standing back up again. "Paul, give me a glove from my nightstand."

Paul turned instantly, pulling the drawer out. There was a whole box in black, size L. He got one out and sat up. "May I help?"

Negan gave him a nod, holding his right hand out. He watched as Paul put the glove on him and kissed the top of his head.

Jesus smiled and took the lubricant, squeezed some on Negan's latex clad hand, then selected the smallest plug from the towel and held it up. "This one?"

"Well trained." Negan didn't smile as he bent down to kiss Paul's lips. "Give it to him."

"As you wish, Sir." Paul smirked, lying back down. He handed the black silicone plug to Daryl. "Gets nicely warm if you hold it for a while."

Daryl sniffed his nose, closing his fingers around the plug. Paul was really close to his face, he wasn't sure if liked that.

Negan pulled Daryl's briefs down. "You want to raise your butt higher, boy." He watched as Daryl arched his back and moved his bum two inches higher. "UP! Show me where your hole is." He raised his voice in a stern tone. "Spread your legs."

Tingles of anxiousness and excitement buzzed through Daryl's chest and down through his belly, between his thighs. He raised his ass up as high as he could and spread his knees as wide as his pulled down underwear allowed, feeling cold, exposed and then like the best human being on the planet, when a deep, steady voice praised him lovingly.
"That's so much better, look at you presenting for me so very nicely!" Negan massaged Daryl's bare butt cheeks, giving his free hanging cock a couple of strokes. "Such a good job." He started to rub his gloved fingers through the man's crack, spreading the lube generously. "Are you excited to show me your beautiful ass? Tell me."

Daryl held his breath, staring at Paul's face, and nodded, "Yes." His voice was shy and low, but Negan heard him.

"Good job, Daryl, giving me such nice answers." He circled the small entrance with slick fingers, pressing against it in between. "You want to let me in all by yourself? Feel my finger inside you?" He probed the muscle with the tips of two fingers, then eased one through when Daryl pushed against him. "Well DONE. Such a clever boy. You know exactly how it works, right?"

Daryl grunted something similar to a 'Yes', exhaling soundly, as his body adjusted to the pressure and strange feeling of a long finger, sliding deeper and deeper into him, then twisted and crooked, moved back and forth, completely out and back in again, working more lube in.

Paul rolled on his side, watching the bliss and need on Daryl's face. He stroked some hair behind the man's ear and gently rested his hand on it, when Negan bent down and replaced the slick, rubber finger with his mouth, frenching Daryl's crack and hole with a wet tongue.

Daryl panted, feeling heat invade his body from head to toe. He gave Jesus a helpless look and then closed his eyes with a moan, a shudder running down his spine, making his thighs shake.

"Fucking gorgeous." Negan cursed, lapping with broad tongue over the pink, pulsing entrance, pushed his tongue through, sucked, gave it a last lick and stood back up, massaging the top of Daryl's butt soothingly. "Give me the plug, boy."

Paul took it out of Daryl's fingers and knelt up, moving to the end of the bed. He kissed Daryl's lower back, the back of Negan's hand, the fabric of Negan's shirt, then leaned up to kiss the side of his neck, "You're hot, Sir." and stayed there, licking and sucking, from the collar of his shirt, over his bearded chin, to his ear and back again.

"Feel." Negan grabbed Paul's fingers and put them on Daryl's wet crack, chuckling when the man groaned loud against his neck. "Fucking first-class pink virgin hole, right?"

"Yes, Sir." Paul's answer was muffled by warm skin, as he nipped and licked down the crook of Negan's neck, pressing as much of his body as possible against the other man, heavily aroused. He moaned as Negan placed a slick, gloved finger on one of his and pushed both of them together past the twitching muscle.

"What do you say, bugger?"

Jesus bit Negan's skin, right beneath his ear, then inhaled his scent and licked with wet tongue. "Thank you, Sir."

"That's a good boy." Negan pulled their fingers cautiously back out and kissed the side of Paul's face. "Give him the 5.5."

"Yes, Sir." Paul smiled, kissed the front of Negan's shirt, took a bigger plug off the towel and went to lie back down, next to Daryl. He kissed his slightly sweaty temple, as he put the bigger plug into his hand.

Daryl didn't open his eyes, but slid an inch closer to Paul's face, because he smelled like Negan.
"What's that, puppy?" Negan squeezed some more lube onto Daryl's crack and spread it around with the tip of the plug, moving it up and down, then pressed it against his rear entry. "I know you can take that one already. Show me how it works."

Daryl covered his face with the back of his wrist, inhaled and pushed against the object, tensing when it slid inside him, feeling much different from Negan's latex finger.

Negan worked it in all the way to the base, as it wasn't very long and equally wide from top to bottom. "See, fits perfectly." He kissed the top of Daryl's butt, his lower back, massaged his ass cheeks and reached around to stroke his throbbing erection. "Good boy, being so hard for me." He pulled the plug back an inch, pushed it back in, pulled it back a bit more, pushed it in again, watching the pink flesh stretch around the black object.

Daryl groaned, burying his face into the mattress, trying to raise his butt a bit higher and then backwards, meeting Negan's movements.

"I'm fucking you with it, don't I." Negan intensified the small thrusts, then pulled the plug completely out and pushed it back in with more force, making the small entry twitch and pulse. "Feels good, right?"

Daryl nodded slightly, sobbing against the fabric of the blanket. And then pushed up on all fours, as the solid rubber object was suddenly gone and replaced by two of Negan's fingers, thrusting into him, hard and as deep as possible, twisting and circling in between, rubbing a certain spot with precise expertise. Daryl felt his arms and legs tremble and squeezed his eyes shut, forgetting how to breathe, losing control over the strange noises coming out of his throat.

"Fucking good boy!" Negan cursed, loving how Daryl forgot his shyness and surroundings. He let out a deep, satisfied groan as he pulled his fingers out and watched the wet, glistening hole twitch with emptiness, bent down to lick it possessively, and then held his hand out. "Paul, the other one."

Paul took the bigger plug out of Daryl's clenched fist and moved to the edge of the bed, giving it to Negan. "May I help, Sir?"

"Don't you make him fucking come." Negan spread some lube on the new plug, rubbing it along Daryl's crack.

"I won't, Sir." Jesus slid a hand underneath Daryl's shirt, stroking his back, then pulled the shirt up a little to kiss his skin.

"Where's your hand puppy, you remember your signal?"

Daryl heard the deep, dark voice talking to him and glanced back over his shoulder for a split second, seeing Jesus planting kisses on his lower back. He exhaled and let his head fall down, leaning on his shaky elbows. His butt throbbed and felt like something was missing, his cock twitched beneath his legs and all his insides pulsed with heat and tingles. And then a sharp sting made him flinch and hiss startled, as a big hand swatted his ass, right between his spread cheeks, creating a fiery sensation.

"Fucking answer me, boy! Do you remember your signal?"

Daryl pushed his butt back, wishing Negan would make the horrible empty feeling go away. He nodded once, mumbled something inaudible, and raised his left hand two inches, clenching the crinkled glove he was holding.

"Good boy." Negan scratched his fingernails lightly over a bare butt cheek, making the man shudder,
while Paul squeezed some lubricant onto his palm and slowly started to stroke Daryl's cock.

"That's right, make my puppy feel good." Negan purred at Paul, bending down to kiss him.

Daryl whimpered, pushing his forehead into the mattress, with the sensation overload and all the hands on him. And then the only thing he could feel was pressure, something big and slick, wedging its way into him, making him quiver and tremble all over.

"Push back, try for me."

The deep voice sounded calm and comforting. Daryl rubbed his face into the blanket, pushing as he was supposed to and then wailed when the plug slid in place but the dull pressure just seemed too much, consuming all of his body, his inner muscles throbbing rhythmically around the solid object.

"Nice JOB. Look how good you are for me!" Negan savored the view of a stretched hole, pulled his glove off and took hold of Daryl's shoulder, guiding him in an upright position. "Come here, kneel up." He smiled faintly, watching Daryl's stiff, disoriented movements and shallow panting. "Turn around."

Daryl shifted on the edge of the mattress, turning around to kneel right in front of Negan, chest to chest, leaning his head against a broad shoulder. He looked to the side, blinking his dazed eyes. Paul sat there, cross legged, smiling at him in the most friendly way.

"Feels different, right? It has a wide base." Negan wrapped an arm tight around Daryl's back holding him close and upright, speaking low into his ear, while he stroked the man's bare ass soothingly with the other hand. "It teaches your sweet puppy hole to open up for my dick." He gave the plug a very light push and kissed long strands of hair, rubbing his beard against. "You like that, boy?"

Daryl closed his eyes, nuzzling his face into the warm crook of Negan's neck, as he listened to the deep, dark voice, vibrating through a broad chest. He liked it very much. "Yes."

"Does it hurt?" Negan touched the plug again, pressing it firmly in.

Daryl groaned, electric sparks swirling all through his lower abdomen. He shook his head, burying his nose into the skin of Negan's neck. "No."

"No what, boy."

The tiny question made Daryl's stomach flip flop and his heart speed up. "Sir." He said it very quietly, mumbled against the side of Negan's neck, but he felt very proud that the word had come out, knowing exactly what his reward would be.

"Such a smart boy, Daryl." Negan pulled his arm extra tight around the other man's back, kissing his hair and the side of his face, grasping a bare ass cheek to lift him two inches higher. "So fucking proud of you."

Daryl melted against the tall body, wanting to crawl inside of him.

"You want to do quiet time now?"

"Yes." Daryl's heart exploded with happiness.

Negan looked at Paul. "You want to clean up in here with Daryl and wait with him in the living room. Right?"
Jesus smirked. "Yes, Sir." He untangled his legs, tugged a strand of hair behind his ear and got off the bed, standing on his toes to kiss Negan's cheek. "Is it quiet time with milk and cookies?"

Chapter End Notes

Part 2 in a bit... Part 3 in a bit bit :)

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Boys Part 2

Chapter Summary

Fluffy fluff :)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It was quiet time featuring unsweetened chocolate almond milk and gluten free cookies with cranberries inside.

Daryl watched from his place on the couch how Jesus dipped his cookie into a glass of milk.

"It's how they do it in England." Paul explained, taking a very small bite. He really loved the British culture.

"I should send you there for next fucking summer vacation." Negan arched his brows at the man kneeling on the floor, between his spread legs. "They'll teach you some manners."

"Like for an internship at Buckingham Palace?" Jesus took another humble bite, smirking up at Negan. "I would totally rock that."

"Mhm." Negan smirked back. "Maybe they would keep you as a fucking pet."

"Hm." Paul shrugged, smiling sheepishly at his glass of milk. "That would be okay."

Negan sighed, shaking his head. He pulled his arm tighter around Daryl, who was curled up at his side, and held the red cup to the man's lips. "Cheers to that, right puppy?"

Daryl glanced at Negan over he rim of the cup, taking a sip of his milk. He had no idea what they talked about. The only thing on his mind was the constant throbbing in his butt, that reminded him of the wonderful tall, angry man, who had given him an extra cookie because he had done so well.

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After three and a half hours, Negan got cautiously up from the couch, putting his laptop quietly on the coffee table. He stretched his arms and back on the way to the bathroom, took a piss, washed his hands, went to the kitchen to fix himself a glass of Goji berry -Pomegranate juice, and then pulled his phone out on his way back to the living room, taking a picture of the two men, sleeping soundly on his couch. Jesus on his back, with his head on the armrest and a hand on Daryl's hair. Daryl snoozing peacefully between Paul's splayed legs, with the head on his belly and his nose buried into a pinkish-discolored shirt.

The corner of Negan's mouth twitched up into a faint smile, as he sat down again and posted the photo on Twitter, with the hashtag #naptime, and then amused himself for the next 15 minutes by reading all the comments, from "OMG! That's the cutest thing ever!", over "Man, I am so jealous! Lucky bitches!", to "Is that Jesus and a new guy?".
Personally he liked all the beggars and attention whores best, who wrote ten comments in three minutes, all with the meaningful message to please be followed or noticed. It was actually kind of sad.

He sighed, and generously decided to make the day for some of them. He liked three random comments, a picture someone posted of him at Folsom, where he looked really awesome, and a pencil drawing of him and Tiger. Then he quickly went offline, because jealous gay men on twitter annoyed him even more than British fans chanting for their soccer club.

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Eugene Porter aka smartypants84, had his room and ticket booked for the Mid Atlantic Leather Convention, 51 seconds after his future husband had liked his comment on Twitter, which was practically the same as a marriage proposal in Eugene's part of the world.

"What are you doing?" Rosita looked up from her book, annoyed, when her brother came into her room, not bothering to knock or ask.

"I am going to Washington." Eugene took the old suitcase that was stored in his sister's closet and left the room with it, not offering a further explanation. If he would hurry, he could maybe catch the bus at Greyhound station for a luxurious 17 hour journey, right into his fiancé's arms.

---

After naptime, Negan snapped his fingers and Daryl wobbled down the staircase, following him, in socks, shirt, underwear and a buttplug. It felt strange, and every time he moved, something sizzling kindled inside him, sending small flashes through the lower half of is body.

Negan snapped his fingers again, pushing the door to the club area open. Daryl followed him through, over the gallery and down the stairs, where janitor Joseph was busy to vacuum behind the bar counter, singing the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles - theme song.

"Eyes on me, boy!"

Daryl walked a bit faster, following Negan to his office.

"Here." Negan snapped his fingers and pointed two down, signaling for Daryl to kneel on the floor, in the middle of the room, in front of the desk. "I have to do some work for a moment." He sat down, popped a mint into his mouth and started to skip through some documents and a pile of mail. After opening the fifth envelope, he called someone, asking stern questions about the charges for air conditioning repairs.

Daryl watched him and listened, wriggling around on his butt, rubbing his left heel against the base of the plug. It increased the pressure a bit and felt really nice.

Negan ended the conversation after three and a half minutes, throwing the letter from 'Moncrief Heating and Air' into the waste basket. "You want to stop fidgeting."

Daryl did, but flicked his head to get some hair out of his eyes.

"Are you concentrating on me?" Negan made some notes on a piece of paper, not looking up. "What did I just say to the lady on the phone. Tell me."

Daryl pulled his shoulders up, glancing nervously through his long bangs. "'bout your grandmother."
Negan signed two papers. "What about her?"

Daryl sniffed his nose. "She's almost blind."

"And?"

"She'd still do a better job." Daryl shifted uneasily on his butt.

Negan nodded, flipping through all the documents on his desk. "Never pay dilettante people for fucking shitty work. Right?"

Daryl nodded as well. "Yes."

"I'm having a business dinner later." Negan put his pen down and looked up. "I am taking you and Paul with me. Then I'll take you to work and spend some time alone with him."

Daryl cast his eyes down, immediately feeling ill and dejected.

"I'll scene with him in the play room, because it's the only evening we have this week."

Daryl felt his throat tighten up painfully. He tried desperately to think of all the tips the buzz cut guy had given him about not being jealous, but his body didn't seem to care and reacted all by itself.

"You have a question?"

Daryl stared down at the floor, shaking his head, even though it wasn't true. He wanted to know if Jesus looked like Brad Pitt, if he would get a souvenir as well and whether he would be allowed to suck Negan's nipple. But he didn't say anything, hating himself for not knowing shit about pleasing people.

Negan sighed and got up, squatting down in front of Daryl. "Two."

Daryl didn't care. He glanced up through long strands of hair and then leaned his forehead against Negan's chest, sniffing his nose, feeling wetness build inside.

"He's my Paul, you're my Daryl. You have your very own place and so does he. His job right now is to clean my bathroom. Your job is to kneel here and focus on me, while I have to deal with annoying mail and silly people on the phone." Negan put a hand to the back of Daryl's head. "And tonight you are good and do your best at work, while wearing the plug I have given you. You want to train your pretty hole for me, right?" He kissed Daryl's hair, resting his chin on it. "I'll take it out when you're back home, to see if you did well."

Daryl curled his fingers into Negan's shirt, gathering up all his courage, hoping his voice would work. "What will you do with him." It was very quiet and shyly spoken but Negan heard him anyway.

"Look at you asking such smart questions, good job." Negan got up and took Daryl's hand, pulling him on his feet. He left the room with him, through the dark corridor with all the pictures, around the corner, across the huge, open club area, past janitor Joseph who smiled, waving happily at his boss and the criminal without pants, through the black rubber strips curtain into the Sanctuary.

He walked Daryl to the large steel display for impact tools. "Pick one for Paul tonight."

Daryl looked at Negan, unsure of what he meant, then let his eyes roam over the selection of whips, crops and paddles. After a moment he pointed at the longest bullwhip. It was really fun to play with
that one.

Negan chuckled, kissing Daryl's temple. "You want me to beat him with it?"

Daryl's eyes went big. He shook his head. "No."

"Good." Negan laughed. "You'd have a fucking lot to clean in here tomorrow, because he would probably piss himself and run off to Canada." He took a longish wooden paddle off the wall. "How about that one?"

Daryl shook his head again. "No." He didn't want the tall angry man to beat Jesus with anything.

Negan smiled, nuzzling the side of Daryl's head. "You take good care of him, right? I like that." He put the paddle back and instead took one made of flexible black leather. "But you don't have to worry. Paul really enjoys some nice impact play. It is a good kind of pain."

Daryl gave him a wary look.

Negan spread his arms. "Hug me." He watched as Daryl came hesitantly closer. "Go on, cuddle me." He wagged his eyebrows and wrapped a firm arm around Daryl's waist, pulling him flush against his chest. "Do I feel good, puppy?"

"Mh." Daryl nodded, melting against Negan's body. He smelled very good, too.

"Good." Negan swatted the man's underwear clad butt with the paddle, making him flinch. "Not so good is that you always forget to answer me properly!" He looked down at Daryl with a stern face, despite the loving hand, rubbing a sore ass cheek. "Do I feel good!"

Daryl blinked, confused by the sudden change of the situation, not sure whether he should be scared or rub his crotch against Negan's thigh. "Yes."

"Yes, what!" Negan brought the paddle down again, slightly harder this time, pleased when Daryl first flinched and then exhaled warm breath against the fabric of his shirt, sighing quietly.

"You feel good." Daryl said it very quietly, mumbled into Negan's shirt, but he meant it with all his heart. His butt felt warm and tingles swirled through his entire stomach.

Negan swatted him a third time, in the middle this time, very close to the embedded plug. "Say it like a real good boy for me." It wasn't a stern command, but a request, spoken in a silky deep voice.

The sharp sting turned into a hot wave of pleasure all over Daryl's butt, inside and out, making his belly flip and his breath hitch. He clawed his fingers into Negan's clothes, his mouth searching through the shirt for a hard nipple. "You feel good, Sir." He heard his own rough voice whispering it and felt ashamed and proud at the same time.

"Yes I do." Negan pulled both arms tight around the limp body, placing a kiss on Daryl's temple. "And it also feels good when I swat your pretty ass, isn't that right, puppy." He rubbed a hand over Daryl's hidden crack, applying slight pressure to the base of the plug. "Because I don't fucking hurt my Daryl."

"Yes." Daryl buried his face into the crook of Negan's neck, inhaling the scent of warm skin and musky cologne. He still didn't want the tall angry man to hit Jesus with the paddle. It made him awfully jealous just to think about it.

----
At half past three in the afternoon, Daryl had helped to prepare the play room for Negan and Paul, by laying out a riding crop, a narrow wooden paddle, arm and wrist cuffs made of leather, lube, a beaded plug, and one rubber glove, because he didn't want Jesus to get a souvenir as well.

He was rewarded for his help, with a sugar free lemonade from the club's bar. It had ice cubes and tasted fantastic.

At half past four in the afternoon, Daryl and Paul were supposed to wash and dress in dark button down shirts and clean pants, to look suitable for Negan's business dinner at one of Atlanta's best restaurants.

Jesus fixed Daryl's hair with a hint of gel, kissing his lips when he was done.

Daryl thought Jesus smelled good, but he didn't say it out loud.

At half past five in the late afternoon, Daryl and Paul followed a tall angry man down the stairwell of the factory, to stop by the leather store, before it was time for dinner.

"What's going on with these two?" Rick looked suspiciously up from his cash register, when he heard his boyfriend and the criminal in Negan's possession, chuckling about a pair of leather pants in XXXL, in the bears department of the store.

Negan turned a page in his notebook, comparing some numbers. "It's called bonding. I encourage that among my submissives."

"Really. Well maybe I don't want that." Rick put a hand on his hip, glancing towards the bears section again, when Paul put on a studded leather hat with the silver lettering 'DADDY' in the front, and leaned close to Daryl for a selfie.

"Maybe it's none of your fucking business," Negan made some notes on a yellow post-it. "As long as he's happy and healthy while he's with me, right?"

"It is my business, if my boyfriend is supposed to socialize with a thief, just because you want some kind of kinky threesome."

"You know what?" Negan finished his notes before he bothered to look up at his employee. "You suck ass, Rick. You really do." He put the pen in Rick's shirt pocket, patted his shoulder and left, snapping his fingers. "BOYS! Move it. Time for dinner."

---

There wasn't a chance to find a free parking space near the restaurant in the early evening, so Negan had to walk two blocks by foot, with an obediently following Daryl behind him, and a cheerful singing Paul, dancing in front of him on the sidewalk.

"Uniiiiited, Man Uniiiiited!" Jesus put his hands on his headphones, gracefully dancing past a man with briefcase and phone in hand. "We're the boys in red and we're on our way to Wem-be-ly!" He turned around when the back of his head was slapped. "What?" He grinned at Negan's stern face, knowing he wasn't seriously angry. "I have to sing it once or it will be stuck in my head forever."

"Right." Negan gestured to the building on the right. "Scamper in there on your fucking best behavior, or you'll have something stuck up your ass, boy." He took Daryl by the hand, waiting for Paul to open the door, and guided them inside, where he spoke to a young lady, who asked him to wait at the bar until his table was ready. Negan sat down on one of the high bar stools, letting go of Daryl's hand to type a message on his phone.
Daryl hated everything about the idea of eating dinner at a restaurant. He had never done that, except for some fries or a burger, where no one cared about evening attire or table manners. But eating at a real restaurant was for other people in another world, where they had things like credit cards, black silk ties, and knowledge about caviar and lobster. It wasn't for someone like Daryl Dixon.

He peeked warily through his long bangs, not daring to fully look up. It was crowded, the waiters wore spotless white aprons, that matched the bright white table clothes on all the tables, and all the guests were dressed in chic clothes, with gold watches and jewelry, while they ate fancy stuff from big white plates. He felt like puking.

"You wouldn't feel uncomfortable if you'd focus on me, as you're fucking supposed to." Negan put his phone on the bar counter, wrapping his arm loosely around Daryl's waist to pull him a bit closer. "Right? Don't think I won't punish you just because we're in public."

Daryl glanced up, giving him a small nod. "I'm not hungry." At least not anymore, since they had entered the doors to this dining hell.

"But they have really nice steak here." Jesus popped a peanut into his mouth. "And awesome chocolate cake."

"Headphones down." Negan nudged him with his shoe. "And don't eat those fucking nuts, a hundred fucking people had their fingers in that bowl."

"Yes, Sir." Jesus lowered his eyes submissively, with a small smile, liking when Negan really went into full daddy-mode.

"Much better." Negan nudged him again, but gently this time. Then leaned in close to Daryl's ear, speaking in a low tone. "You want to be good for me and eat the spaghetti I owe you?"

Daryl listened to the deep voice next to his ear and nodded, "Mh." Maybe he could eat some spaghetti.

"You also want to give me your full fucking attention at all times and answer when I speak to you?"

Daryl nodded again, pulling his fingers in front of his chest. "Yes."

"Answer like a real good boy for me."

Daryl felt his heart rate speed up underneath his fancy button down shirt. "Yes Sir."

"Look at me and repeat."

Daryl glanced down at his shoes, fumbling with the fabric of his pants. It took him a long time until he had gathered enough courage to actually raise his head and look at Negan, and when he did, he felt so nervous as if he would see him for the first time. He was really beautiful. "Yes Sir." He said it quietly and his voice sounded hoarse somehow, but Negan liked it anyway.

"Very nice, Daryl." He leaned in to discreetly kiss a pale ear. "How is your butt feeling?"

Daryl pulled his shoulders up, automatically touching his backside. "Good." It was true. He wanted to keep the plug forever.

Negan sat up straight, tilting his head. "Where's your souvenir?"

Daryl blinked, sniffing his nose. "Here." He pointed at his right pant pocket.
Negan gave him a long look, smiling. "Maybe I should get a Daryl souvenir as well."

Jesus smirked, got up from his bar stool and grabbed Negan's phone off the counter. He gave them both a kiss and then took a new background photo for one of his dads, who looked seriously smitten these days.

----

"So, and who is your other companion tonight?" Mister Horvath put his cutlery down, smiling from Daryl to Negan. "Or is he a friend of Paul's?"

Daryl stopped eating, freezing over his plate, a spaghetti hanging from his lips, down his tomato-red chin.

"Daryl put himself right on my doorstep." Negan raised his glass, putting his hand on the backrest of Daryl's chair. "Right, boy?"

Daryl's eyes darted nervously from one man to the other, before he slurped the noodle into his mouth and nodded, grunting a small, "Mhm."

"Interesting." The older man folded his hands over his almost empty plate, staring across the table, waving his finger. "And now you train both of them? At the same time, or how do you handle that? Are you all sleeping in one bed, too?"

Negan leaned back, poking the tip of his tongue against his upper teeth. "My, my. You seem awfully interested in my private life." He was used to it. Especially from happily married straight guys, who were always very fascinated by his lifestyle and all the advantages it had to offer. "Maybe we should speak about business again. We don't want to get you too excited, right?" He nodded once to his business partner with an arch of his brows, rubbing a steady thumb up and down Daryl's upper back. "Your wife wouldn't know what to do with all that wood, once you get home."

Paul chuckled against the rim of his glass, almost choking on his red wine.

"Something funny, boy?"

"No, Sir." He cleared his throat, trying for a straight face, when Negan shot him a stern look. "I'm sorry." He loved fancy dinners with his daddy. They were always very entertaining.

----

At half past eleven in the evening, Daryl was short from crying.

Carol had given him a lecture about spaghetti stains on silly fancy shirts.

Abraham had made fun of his funny walking style, hollering a loud "Someone forgot his dick up your ass, buddy?" across the crowded club.

He had dropped a whole tray of beers for table number nine, in front of a group of beautiful twinks from Los Angeles. One had almost doubled over laughing, at the sight of Daryl's beer drenched shirt.

And to top it all off, his insides were eaten up by hot burning jealousy, because he wasn't with Paul and the tall angry man, and they were playing all night without him.

"Where's your hippie boyfriend tonight?" Dwight nudged an elbow into Daryl's side. "Pete, or
what's his name?"

Daryl just gave him a grunt, moving an inch sideways at the balustrade, staring down at the dancing crowd. He really didn't like Dwight.

"Man, you should change your shirt. You smell like a brewery." Dwight wrinkled his nose, taking a swig of his bottle.

Daryl gave him a hard push and left, spending the rest of his shift in his favorite dark corner, hoping Carol wouldn't notice his absence.

At 11:53 PM his phone beeped.

**NEGAN**

*come downstairs*

22/01/2017   11:53 PM

Daryl sniffed his nose and looked up. Did Negan maybe wait outside to pick him up?

He left his corner, went slowly through the tables and made two steps downstairs, before he saw a man standing amidst the crowd. He was tall and seemed not even a little bit angry. He wore biker boots to his dark pants, and nothing at all underneath his wide open, trade mark leather jacket. He held a phone casually in his left, leather clad hand and had the right loosely in his pocket, smiling at Daryl, as if he wouldn't even notice all the other guys, who were staring at him like he was the most beautiful creature the planet had to offer.

Daryl blinked, feeling shy and incredible happy, when he walked down the rest of the stairs, zigzag through the dancing crowd, right up to Negan.

Negan wiped a strand of hair out of Daryl's forehead. "I took Paul home. Thought I'd pick you up and make sure you still focus on me."

A small smile tugged at the corners of Daryl's mouth, before he cast his eyes down and leaned his forehead against a bare chest, where everything smelled like warm skin, leather and Negan. "You're naked." He said it much too low for the volume of the music, but Negan heard him anyway.

"Paul spilled his fucking juice all over me in the car."

Daryl imagined Paul smiling sheepishly, saying 'Oops', while the tall angry man slapped the back of his head, cursing like a sailor in the beautiful shiny black car. He darted the tip of his tongue out, licking bare skin. It really tasted sweet and fruity.

Negan ran his fingers through long strands of hair, looking provocatively at a guy at the other end of the room who desperately tried to flirt despite the distance. He circled his fingers around the back of Daryl's neck and pulled him up into an open mouthed kiss, not caring that they stood in the middle of a large crowd of men.

Daryl sighed into the kiss and then moaned when Negan's tongue slid deeper. He wrapped his arms around a bare chest, stroking Negan's back underneath the cover of a heavy leather jacket.

He heard a voice to his right saying "Oh my god that's Negan!"

He heard two people talking about Negan kissing some beer drenched staff guy.

He heard Negan groaning deeply, just because of him.
"Look into my pocket." Negan pulled back slightly. "Paul left you a present."

Daryl blinked, not sure if he was really supposed to do that.

"Go on." Negan wrapped a protective arm around Daryl's back, when a drunk guy bumped into him. "Left jacket pocket."

Daryl reached for it, hesitantly sticking his fingers inside. There was a bunch of keys and a small object wrapped in plastic. He pulled it out. It was silver, with some numbers and a word printed on it. A condom.

"You know what that is, right?"

Daryl nodded, glancing up at Negan, while pointing at his crotch. "For here."

Negan cocked an eyebrow, smiling. "Oh you want to wear it?"

Daryl shook his head, bewildered. "No."

Negan chuckled, leaning in close. "You want to go get your backpack. Soon is before sunrise."

Chapter End Notes

Part 3 coming right up
Boys Part 3

Chapter Summary

Time for 'soon', because Negan thinks it's not even funny anymore, and he's the fucking boss of everything :p

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Daryl sat in bed, freshly showered and stark naked, typing his report with one finger.

**Good:** - bum
- question

**Bad:** - morning
- focus

**Like:** Negan, Paul, hug, cming to work, cookie, noodl

**Hate:** angry

**Change:** jelus

He sent it and heard Negan's phone beep in the bathroom. He turned towards the half glass-half concrete wall, seeing Negan come out of the shower, rubbing a white towel over his dark hair, before he wrapped another one around his waist, took his phone and went into the living room.

Daryl looked after him, sniffing his nose. He heard him walk around, heard him talk to Tiger, heard him tug the 50 Dollar into his wallet. The phone rang and he spoke to the caller, walking back and forth by the large windows. Then everything was quiet for a while and Daryl yawned, lying down into the mountain of pillows and blankets. After five minutes his phone beeped.

**Good:** - bum - I took the bigger plug like a champ! Awesome job!
- question - I asked Negan for information instead of getting angry! So well done!

**Bad:** - morning - I was a rude little shit in the morning, but then I saw that there is no reason to act out and behaved much better
- focus - I am in the process of learning how to focus better on the important things. I am doing very well and will give my best to improve!

**Like:** Negan, Paul, hug, coming to work, cookie, noodle - Negan loves the order of my likes!

**Hate:** angry I don't like when Negan needs to correct my behavior

**Change:** jealous - Being jealous means I like someone very much and I get scared or angry when I feel others take them away from me. Everyone gets jealous once in a while. Even Negan, if a pretty guy comes along to steal his puppy ;-)

He read it twice and wanted to show the buzz cut guy what Negan had written about being jealous. But then he didn't, because he wanted to keep the wonderful words for himself.

He heard the phone ring again and then Negan's deep, low voice speaking to whoever was at the other end of the line. He talked very long, about all kinds of stuff and every time Daryl thought the conversation would end, there was more talking.
He rubbed the back of his hand over his nose and got up, slowly walking into the living room. Negan sat on the couch, a white towel around his hips.

Daryl covered his bare crotch with five fingers and bravely went through the dim room, quietly crouching down by Negan's feet.

"No, why would I. It's her decision." Negan didn't really look up, but spread his legs a little, offering the place there. "Right. Not my problem." He watched as Daryl moved around on the floor and finally knelt correctly between his thighs. "Maybe it gets better once she made the experience herself." He smiled briefly and put a hand to the side of Daryl's head, stroking his hair absently. "No, you won't. That's fucking bullshit and you know it."

Daryl was kneeling with straight back for almost three minutes. Then he rested his head on Negan's thigh. It was partly covered by the white towel and he rubbed his nose against the fabric. It smelled like washing powder, soap and tall angry man.

After almost seven minutes of listening to the calm, deep voice, and feeling Negan's fingers in his hair, he got sleepy. His knees started to hurt and he got cold. So he moved closer and snuggled up to Negan's lap, putting his head on a bare lower belly, his arms left and right on the couch.

"Why did you take her to Austin?" Negan watched Daryl change positions and combed his fingers through the long hair at the back of his head, tugging a little. "You're not her fucking chauffeur."

Daryl raised his head, glancing up for a second, feeling embarrassed when Negan smiled at him, obviously watching him the whole time.

"Ksst." Negan cocked an eyebrow at Daryl, pointing at his nipple. "Of course he should, what an idiot, man."

Daryl hesitated a moment, before he knelt higher up and closed his mouth around the hard nub, sucking it deep into his mouth, immediately electrifying his whole body. He wrapped his arms around Negan's waist, trying to get closer, his bare middle rubbing against the white towel.

"That opportunity won't come again, tell him that. Fucking kick his ass." Negan stroked a firm hand up and down Daryl's back, caressed the very top of his crack and then looked down, watching him suck, and put a finger right next to his nipple, waiting for Daryl to touch it with his tongue. "Of course. If you don't do it, I will."

Daryl sighed, moving his hips slightly against Negan's covered lap, licking and sucking the dark nipple, wrapping his arms tighter around the naked body. It felt so good, his heart almost pulsed out of his chest. He heard the deep, comforting voice hum through the man's broad chest and moved up higher, licking a way over Negan's collar bone, to his neck and ear, panting quietly, when his insides started to stir, making his cock twitch and swell, and his inner muscles throb and clench around the deeply embedded plug. He whimpered a little, not sure what to do.

"Well, call her and ask." Negan put a firm hand on Daryl's ass, encouraging the clumsy humping movements against his crotch. He grabbed the base of the plug, tugging it out an inch, then pressed it in deep and steady, loving Daryl's needy response. "Mhm. Maybe."

Daryl leaned his forehead against Negan's bare shoulder, panting loud and then sobbed in desperation, when strong fingers pushed him off, made him kneel back again, and Negan got up.

"Listen, see how far you come. Try to talk to her." Negan took Daryl's hand, pulled him to his feet and walked him to the bedroom. "I'll call you back tomorrow." He snapped his fingers, pointing to
the mattress, and went into the bathroom. "Yes. Bye, try to sleep." He came back, stark naked, put his phone onto the nightstand and got to bed, immediately pulling Daryl close for a kiss. "Naughty puppy, that was an important conversation about silly hetero couple problems."

"Yes." Daryl wasn't sure what that meant, or what his last name was. He reached down to squeeze his throbbing penis, not knowing what else to do.

A sharp sting hit the side of his thigh instantly.

"Hands off, boy." Negan shifted around a bit, lying on top of Daryl, squishing him into the mattress, pinning his hands above his head. "Open your mouth. Show me your tongue."

Daryl did, feeling dizzy from the tall, naked body all over and around him.

"You wanna know how much you like me?" Negan sniffed at Daryl's cheek, the side of his nose, traced his upper lip with the tip of his tongue. "I show you." He looked straight into dazed blue eyes, from closest distance, and opened his own mouth, letting a drop of spit trickle right on Daryl's tongue, groaning at the sight. "Good boy." He dipped his tongue between pale pink lips for a deep, wet kiss, enjoying all the needy little noises he caused. "You want me to fuck you? Tell me." He licked the inside of a warm mouth, then a trembling upper lip and moved back, kneeling between Daryl's legs, stroking his thighs soothingly. "Do you want me inside you?"

Daryl nodded faintly, his head feeling numb and light.

"Spread your legs for me, really wide." Negan didn't help, he stroked his own cock, watching how Daryl tried to understand and implement the order, letting his legs fall to the sides, pulling his knees up, placing his hands on the insides of his thighs. "Good boy, you want to hold yourself open for me, right, show me everything."

Daryl nodded again, murmuring something inaudible, far past the point of shame and embarrassment, and then craned his neck, burying his head back into the thick pillow, when Negan touched his dripping erection, stroking it slowly.

"Are you so very pretty. Look at you." Negan smiled faintly, feasting on the sight of Daryl's innocent pleasure. "Where's Paul's gift, do you remember?" He got a small nod for an answer. "Yes? You want to give it to me?"

Daryl nodded again, blindly reaching to the side where he had tugged it somewhere beneath the pillow.

"Sweet puppy, hiding all precious things, aren't you." Negan bent forward, finding the condom next to a crinkled glove underneath one of the pillows. He put the latex glove into Daryl's hand, kissed the side of his face, the corner of his mouth, and spoke against wet glistening lips. "Will fucking make you mine now." He slipped his tongue between, kissing long and deep. "Right?"

Daryl panted, opening his eyes for a moment, melting into the soft pillows when Negan smiled at him, just a couple of inches above his face. He nodded, feeling a short pang of fear somewhere in his chest.

Negan kissed him again, "Hands on your thighs," and sat up, leaning to the nightstand for a bottle of lube.

Daryl heard noises and felt movements but he didn't watch. His legs trembled slightly when Negan grasped his hips and pulled him in a better position.
"I see your hand on your thigh. You show me your signal if you need to. Right?" He got no answer and swatted right above the buried plug, between widely spread legs.

The sharp stinging pain lasted for two seconds, before it turned into hot, sizzling pleasure, crawling over sensitive skin. "Yes."

"Good boy, Daryl." Negan rubbed the spanked skin with a flat hand and pulled the base of the plug cautiously, moving it back and forth a bit, making Daryl buck against it immediately. "Does that feel so nice, having something up your pretty ass?"

He squeezed a large amount of lube between Daryl's spread cheeks, some on his cock, and grabbed a pillow, stuffing it beneath Daryl's lower back. "You hold your legs up like that for me, right puppy?" He leaned down, kissing the inside of Daryl's thigh, his belly, placing some open mouthed kisses onto his balls and licked up his hard length, smiling when Daryl wailed and whimpered with the entirely new sensation. He took the swollen head into his mouth, sucking some of the precum off, just for a second, knowing Daryl wouldn't last long. Then he sat up and slowly pulled the plug out, loving the pink flesh, stretched around black, solid rubber. "Push out for me, show me what I taught you."

He heard Daryl panting and sobbing, soothingly massaged his butt cheek and watched as the plug fell out completely, leaving an openly, twitching hole. He groaned, easily sliding two fingers in, even a third, making Daryl first flinch back and then push down on them. "Fucking good boy, look at you, made your sweet hole ready for me all day long, right?"

He worked a generous amount of lube into the warm opening and positioned himself, lining his cock up at the pulsing entry. "Open your eyes." He said it quietly and leaned forward, as he pushed just the tip in, seeing everything, from fear, over discomfort, to pure bliss on Daryl's face. "You wanna push down, let me in all on your own." He helped holding the man's trembling legs up and spread, steadily pushing forward, monitoring Daryl's face and breathing, showering him with sweet words of praise.

He held still once he was fully in, catching his own breath, overwhelmed by the hot tightness, stroking Daryl's cock slowly, not saying anything for a while, just letting the situation settle. Then he leaned down, lying chest to chest, cupping the side of Daryl's face.

Daryl couldn't remember how to breathe or move. He stared up at the familiar face, dark eyes, slightly parted lips, perfectly trimmed beard, and just when he thought he would certainly die and burst from all the pressure consuming his insides, a warm mouth covered his own, kissing him with a low moan and the softest tongue, comforting him without a word.

Negan didn't break the tender kiss as he started to move, cautiously rocking his hips. He didn't protest when Daryl let go of his legs and instead wrapped them around his neck, clawing five fingers into his upper back. He didn't expect the small groan of pleasure coming deep out of Daryl's throat. He wasn't prepared for his own inner urge to be really gentle.

He reached down, hooking one of Daryl's legs over his arm, intensifying his movements a little, thrusting back and forth in a slow, steady rhythm. "You feel so amazing, boy." He spoke it in a husky tone against Daryl's reddened lips, surprised by the amount of arousal in his own voice. "Fucking gorgeous that's what you are." He touched both of their foreheads together, holding eye contact when he pressed himself in as deep as possible, making Daryl moan and arch his back. "That's right, puppy, show me." He did it again, licking parted lips with broad tongue, then sat up, grinding their hips together, loving how Daryl put his arms over his head, displaying his body trustingly, trying to keep his eyes open. "Such a good boy. Are you watching me fuck you?"
Daryl nodded faintly, his eyes fluttering when the hardness inside him hit a spot that made his toes curl. He heard himself groan and whimper, as he tried to meet Negan's steady thrusts. He pulled his knees up, trying to spread his legs an inch wider, wanting Negan deeper inside him, just a little bit.

"God damn boy, you have no idea how fucking hot you are like this." Negan cursed and shook his head, leaning down again, thrusting deep, devouring Daryl's mouth in a possessive kiss, moving his entire body in a wave like motion, tilting his pelvis back and forth, letting the movement travel the entire length of his spine, as he pinned the other man down into the mattress, making clear who's responsible and in control.

Daryl sobbed into Negan's mouth, arching up as much as he could, when suddenly shockwaves rippled through his insides, letting his entire body spasm.

The tight muscle contractions around his cock and desperate noises, whimpered against his lips, threw Negan over the edge as well, after just four more thrusts. He groaned, burying himself as deep as possible into the pulsing hole, wrapping his arms around Daryl's head, panting in pleasure and delight, riding out his orgasm to the fullest.

A tiny smile let the left corner of his mouth quirk up, as he brushed some damp strands of hair out of Daryl's forehead.

Daryl blinked, pretty sure that every bone in his body had disappeared and vanished. His skin felt hot and sweaty, everything pulsed and throbbed and tingled, and Negan was still inside him, making him feel whole and special. He clenched his inner muscles on purpose, wanting to keep this fullness forever.

Negan kissed his mouth, his cheek, the side of his neck and the spot right underneath his earlobe, licking up a bead of sweat. "We should do that again. Soon." He chuckled low in his throat when Daryl nodded. "Very soon, right puppy?"

"Yes." Daryl turned his head and brushed his lips against Negan's beard, wondering if very soon meant before sunrise.

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Negan switched the alarm off, at 6:28 AM, looking at the naked man next to him in bed, sleeping peacefully, in the most open, confiding position. On his back, with both arms over his head, and his legs pulled up and spread, as if he was in the safest place ever...

... holding a crinkled latex glove and a condom wrapper in his hand, like a precious treasure, worth to keep.

Chapter End Notes

Coming up next: The Mid Atlantic Leather Convention :)

fun fact: Jesus is a vlogger ;p
30 minutes into the flight, Paul slid his headphones down around his neck, stretched tiredly and took his camera out. "So, it's almost seven PM now. We're finally on our way to Washington, for the mid-Atlantic leather convention." He leaned his head back against the backrest, scratching his bearded chin. "I think none of us got more than four hours of sleep the past two days, with all the packing and organizing. We shipped almost two hundred boxes for the showroom." He rubbed his face, smiling faintly into the camera. "But that's okay, it's worth it. And we're all here to have a great weekend with you guys." He aimed the camera at the man next to him. "Right?"

Rick leaned closer to his boyfriend, giving the camera a thumbs up. "Absolutely. Please stop by."

Paul kissed his cheek, grinning. "Yes, please do. But for now, we'll try to relax a bit and I beliiieve..." He craned his neck to see what's going on in the aisle. "Yes! Dinner is coming." He showed his audience the flight attendant with the food cart, and then wiggled his eyebrows at the camera, speaking in a secretive low voice. "Fingers crossed for something healthy, or he'll send her off right away." He panned the camera left, to show the two passengers on the other side of the aisle. A tall man with slicked back, dark hair, and his head tilted against the backrest, his eyes closed. And a younger guy with tousled longish hair, turned to the small window, staring mesmerized outside. Paul filmed them for a moment, "Poor daddy. So very tired." then slumped back into his seat, tugging a strand of hair behind his ear. "As you just saw, we also brought our newest addition to the leather factory family. It's his first M.A.L." He showed a peace sign and a big smile. "So give him a warm welcome, guys!" He switched the camera off and stowed it away, leaning wide over his armrest to check on the board crew again. He really hoped for something low in fat and gluten free, because he was awfully hungry.

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A young woman stopped with her service trolley at the next row, flashing a bright smile, pleasantly surprised by the very handsome passenger on seat 8 D. He had his eyes closed, so she put a hand on his shoulder and spoke in low voice. "Sir, would you like something to drink?"

Negan inhaled deeply, annoyed that he had really dozed off. He sat up and unlatched the tray table, letting it fall into position. "Scotch and a lime water."

"Of course." She nodded, charming smile firm in place, as she fixed the drinks and put them on the small table. "And you Sir, would you like something to drink?" She directed her question at passenger 8 F, who turned around and stared at her with big eyes, obviously taken aback by her sheer existence at 35,000 feet above the ground.

Daryl shook his head, not even thinking about the answer.

Her friendly expression did not falter, when she nodded and touched Negan's shoulder once more, just because he felt so good. "Enjoy your flight, Gentlemen." She pushed the cart to the next row, taking a last whiff of the man's cologne.

Negan reached over to pull Daryl's table down and put the glass of lime water on it. "They'll serve dinner now."

Daryl looked at the strange tray construction, that had just appeared out of nowhere, and reached for
the water. He glanced at Negan. "Can I from that."

"May you drink this water?" Negan raised his own drink, holding it up, waiting for Daryl to do the same. He clinked their glasses together. "Yes, you may." He cocked an eyebrow and took a sip. "On your first flight, Mister Dixon."

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"Guys, are you excited for M.A.L.?" Paul stopped with his camera at row 11, aiming it at Shane and Simon, who were still busy with their dinner and the impressive selection of drinks, they had flirted out of James, their flamboyant flight attendant.

Shane grabbed the camera and pulled it up close to his face. "Hung, cut, muscular, into heavy CBT. Hit me up."

Jesus took it back, blinking. "Well... there you go, you heard it boys. Shane is ready for some fun, I guess." He turned the cam again, filming Simon, who seemed to be delighted by his food choice. "What about you?"

"Baked rigatoni parmigiano, served with a petite multi-grain baguette and apple wheatberry salad." Simon formed an O with his thumb and forefinger. "Delicioso."

Paul chuckled, putting on his best commercial voice, as he went back to seat row eight. "American Airlines. There's no better way to fly." He sat on the armrest of his own seat, filming the CEO, founder and owner of the Leather Factory. "What will be the first thing you do in Washington, Sir?"

Negan turned to him, running his tongue along his lower teeth, looking annoyed. "Spank you, for pointing that fucking thing in my face, while I'm trying to enjoy my added sugar and preservatives." He really wasn't happy with the sorry excuse for a nutritious meal on his plate.

Jesus smiled sheepishly, put the camera down and leaned forward to kiss the man's shoulder. "Thank you for letting us have it, though. I was starving." It was true. He had gobbled down his home-style turkey meatloaf in under four minutes, including a stolen ciabatta roll from Rick's plate.

Negan didn't comment on it, but handed his chocolate mousse over, before he snapped his fingers, signaling for Paul to sit down in his seat and eat up.

Paul did, smiling from ear to ear as he slumped down and started spooning his treat. "You're the best, Sir."

"I know." Negan put a piece of chicken on his fork, nudging Daryl's back. He was facing the window, staring outside at the clouds and colorful evening sky, not daring to blink, in fear to miss something. "Eat, it gets cold."

Daryl turned just his head, opening his mouth, before he immediately looked back at the small window.

Negan squeezed the back of Daryl's neck, put the fork down and got a cellphone out of his black backpack. "Here." He put it into Daryl's hand, leaning in close to speak right next to his ear. "Take some pictures. You can show them to your brother when you visit him. Right?"

Daryl stopped chewing his chicken, tensing for a second. Then brushed the side of his face against a rough beard, answering a small, "Yes." The tall angry man really had the best ideas.

He took twelve pictures of clouds, because all looked different. One picture of his lime water on the
strange folding table. One picture of the seat belt sign, which turned out a bit blurry. And a last one of a wonderful firm hand, with dark hair and veins standing out, resting securely on his thigh.

Flying was even better than spotless hardwood floors, clean bed sheets and warm hair dryers.

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Daryl hunched on an uncomfortable seat in the waiting area of 'Enterprise Rent-A-Car', watching the other men talk to someone at the counter, and signing papers, while Jesus slept stretched out on the row of chairs, his head propped on Daryl's thigh.

Shane groaned, rubbing his short hair, as he walked over and nudged Paul's foot, waking him up. "Go, get me a coffee." He handed him some coins.

Paul blinked his eyes open and got up, sleepily scanning the area for a coffee vending machine. He found one at the far end of the room by the doors, and went towards it, suppressing a sigh of annoyance.

Shane didn't. He sighed deep and loudly, slumping down right next to Daryl, hands resting on his widely spread legs. "Fucking travels, wears me out, man. At least it's a decent hotel."

"Hm." Daryl didn't know what to say. He looked after Jesus, who tiredly fought with the vending machine, because it kept spitting the coins back out.

"How much did you pay for your room?"

Daryl heard the question, but wasn't sure if it was directed at him.

Shane nudged his arm. "Did you book your own, or will you stay with him?"

Daryl shrugged, looking at Shane, uncertain of what to think. Was he supposed to book a room and pay money? He didn't know that. Negan had just told him that they would travel. To Washington, where the leather store would sell products, and he had to attend some events as the current international Mister Leather.

Shane shrugged as well. "The Hyatt is expensive, man. But don't worry, you can share a room with us, if you don't know where to put your tired little head. " He huffed a laugh, pinching his nose. "His room will be much too crowded anyway. Last year he fucked at least seven guys there. After that we stopped counting. Was a running gag all weekend, I tell you."

Daryl's stomach clenched, his eyes darting around nervously underneath his tousled hair. He wanted to go back to the nice apartment at the factory, where Jesus was the only other guy in Negan's bed.

"Your coffee, Sir." Paul came back, holding a steaming paper cup out.

"Ahh. Thanks." Shane took it and got up, seeing Rick gesturing for him to come over. "Offer stands, Daryl. Anytime."

Paul furrowed his brows, sitting back down next to Daryl, who looked as if his grandmother just had died. "What was that all about?"

Daryl shrugged, not saying anything.

Paul's otherwise so friendly expression faltered a little, as he leaned his head against the other man's shoulder, pulling his feet up on the seat. He took Daryl's hand and wrote invisible letters on his palm,
with the tip of a gentle index finger. F O C U S. Then he kissed it and closed his eyes.

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The Hyatt Regency on Capitol Hill wasn't the most luxurious hotel in town, but very open and convention friendly. It had 838 guestrooms and four suites. One of them was the Capitol suite on the 11th floor and Daryl couldn't figure out how to open the door.

Negan had given him a black plastic card, all the luggage, and a peck on the cheek, with the simple order to wait in the room, while he registered for the event and viewed the show room for the leather store.

But even after ten minutes and considering to use Merle's pick lock, the silly door just wouldn't open. Daryl sniffed his nose and sat down on the carpet, leaning his head against one of the suitcases. He was tired.

The elevator at the end of the corridor made a small 'bing', and a young man in long leather duster stepped out. He smiled. "Dads are fighting. Can I help you unpacking?"

Jesus opened the door in just a second. There was a click and tiny green light and Daryl felt very stupid that it was obviously that easy.

"Oh wow. You live like a king compared to me!" Paul dragged some of the luggage inside, looking around in awe. It was a very spacious room with an oversized sofa, comfortable arm chairs, a 37” flat screen TV, big work desk and generous mini bar. "We share two queen-sized beds and a tiny bathroom." He smirked, switched all the lights on and opened another door with his elbow. "And I think the people that had the room before, really loved cabbage."

"Hm." Daryl nodded, following Paul through the door. It was a separate bedroom, featuring a very nice king-sized bed, built-in wardrobe, another TV and a very huge, black framed mirror at the wall. Everything looked really very expensive. He put the bag and suitcase down, wiping some hair out of his face. "Did you pay for it?"

"Me? No." Jesus let go of the luggage he was carrying and flipped backwards on the bed, giving a loud sigh of relief, after the long, exhausting day. "Rick pays for everything. Unfortunately he isn't the generous type."He smiled at Daryl, patting the mattress. "Try it. It's like a cloud on top of marshmallows."

Daryl wasn't sure if he would need an invitation for this bed as well, but his back and feet hurt badly, so he sat down cautiously on the edge of the bed and after a moment of hesitation stretched out next to Jesus. It was really awesome. With ultra-plush pillows, soft sheets and a thick down blanket, piled upon a big pillow top mattress. His tense body felt immediately a hundred times better.

They just lay there, quietly for a while, before Paul put a hand on Daryl's and entwined their fingers. "I'm glad you're here with us."

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It took more than two hours, before the door made the small click and tiny green light again, and a tired, tall man entered the room.

He put his jacket on a chair, his wallet, key card and phone on the desk, and went to the window, where Daryl stood and stared out into the night, at a huge, white building with a high dome on top. Negan closed the curtains. "Nothing worth to look at. You should focus on me instead."
Daryl sniffed his nose and made a small step back, pulling a handful of crinkled dollar bills out of his pocket. It was all he had saved for the lawyer. He held it up, trying to look the other man in the eyes. "For the room."

Negan seemed surprised, giving Daryl a long, silent stare. "May I invite you? It's the least I can do. You worked really hard for me the past two days."

Daryl blinked, not sure what to do. He took his hands down, nodding after a moment. "Thank you." He looked at his feet on the expensive carpet, feeling embarrassed.

"You're more than welcome." Negan said it in clear, steady voice, pinching Daryl's chin. Then took the money and put it on the desk. "Tomorrow we'll get you a nice wallet. Right?"

"Yes." Daryl wanted to ask whether seven men would come to visit Negan over the weekend. Maybe that was the reason why the room was so big and the bed so comfy. But in the end the words didn't come out.

Negan took his shirt off, exposing a bare chest. "What's wrong, tell me." He sat down in one of the arm chairs, taking up all the room it had to offer, sitting with spread legs in a relaxed posture. He snapped his fingers, signaling for the other man to kneel in front of him.

Daryl did, his head lowered, his back and shoulders hunched a little. He scratched his fingernails over the carpet. "What happens here." It was a very quiet, hoarse question, and not the one he originally wanted to ask, but his courage wouldn't allow more.

Negan leaned fully back, putting his arms on the arm rests. "Straight back. Eyes on me." He waited patiently for his order to be obeyed. "Right now, Simon and two helpers set up the store downstairs in a separate room. In the morning we will have breakfast and a bit private time together. At ten, the convention starts. We will be in our showroom to serve the customers. There will be demos in between to present our new products. In the evening is an event with music and some kind of show. The same goes for Sunday." He looked at Daryl, tilting his head a little. "Where will you be for our entire stay. Tell me."

Daryl pulled his left shoulder up, rubbing his ear against. "With you." He wasn't sure, but he hoped it was the right answer.

"Tell me why."

Daryl thought a moment about it, nervously tugging the carpet. "Givin' you attention."

"Your FULL attention, at all fucking times, right?"

"Hm." Daryl nodded, looking serious. "Okay."

"You have another question?"

Daryl shook his head. "No." If he was right next to Negan at all times, there couldn't be seven other men. That would be odd.

"Good." Negan wiggled his right foot. "Take my boots off."

Daryl was perplexed by the order for a second. He took one of the shoes in both hands, hesitantly glancing up, before he pulled at it and put the boot next to the armchair. He repeated the task with the other one, flicking his head to get hair out of his eyes, when he sat up straight again.
Negan looked at him, not moving, just with a hint of a smile on his face. "Now the socks."

They were black and soft and looked as clean as coming fresh out of the dryer. Daryl pushed the man's right trouser leg up over the ankle, to have better access, and grabbed the cuff with his fingers, his stomach feeling weirdly excited from touching the hairy skin of Negan's leg. He pulled the sock down and off, cautiously, placing it on one of the biker boots, then did the same with the left foot. He glanced up through long bangs while pulling the sock down Negan's ankle, seeing that he was watched by dark, observant eyes. It let sparks fly through his chest, and then his heart stumbled over a beat, when he was about to put the sock to the side, but was stopped, by a deep, calm voice.

"No. Smell it."

Daryl froze in his kneeling position, anger and shame poking his insides, while something pulsed excitedly deep down in his lower abdomen. He didn't dare to look, when he brought the sock up to his nose and sniffed timidly. It was soft against his lips, smelling warm and leathery, not unpleasant at all, so he sniffed again and then inhaled deeply, peeking shyly up through his hair.

"Very nice, Daryl."

The praise was dark but lovingly, sending some butterflies on their way.

"Lick."

For a moment, Daryl didn't understand the order, confused why he was supposed to lick the sock, before he registered that Negan tapped his left foot slightly on the carpet, three times. He blinked at the bare toes and then up at Negan, who looked at him amiably, not saying anything.

Daryl exhaled soundless, wiping a strand of hair to the side, then shifted around, sliding backwards on his butt, and bent down, poking the very tip of his tongue against the top of Negan's foot. It tasted like skin, faintly salty, so he breathed warm air against it and gave it a real lick, and another one, then angled his head a little to lick sideways and even up a bit, towards the man's ankle.

"Good boy." Negan leaned down, grasping Daryl's chin to pull him up into a rewarding kiss. It was slow and deep, making Daryl moan and his fingers claw into the fabric of dark pants, before Negan pulled back, just enough to speak against wet lips. "Go, run me a bath. I like it hot."

Daryl was about to protest, not sure why the tall angry man wanted to stop kissing now, but he didn't say anything and got up anyway, walking in slight confusion through the room, searching for a bathtub. It was behind another door, in a capacious bathroom, white and big enough for a whole family to fit in.

Daryl rubbed his ear, looking at the strange faucet. It wasn't like anything he had seen before, but after the second try he got it to work, and tested the water temperature with his finger. He would have wanted it much cooler for himself, that's why it was probably hot enough for Negan. On the sink were some bath products in miniature packaging with the purple word _Hyatt_ on. He picked up each of them to figure out the purpose, and then emptied a bottle of liquid soap into the tub. It started to give off a pleasant smell immediately and built a lot of bubbles on the surface of the water, even though it wasn't green like the supplement Negan used at home.

Daryl pulled his shoulders up, when a hand touched the top of his head and an arm reached past his shoulder to test the water temperature.

Negan shook the water off his wrist and stood up straight, snapping his fingers, pointing two down. Daryl sank to his knees on the tiled floor, straightening his back, and spreading his legs, as he was
supposed to.

"Take my pants off."

Daryl glanced up, flicking his head a little, feeling shy. He reached for the line of hidden buttons, popping them with shaky fingers through the holes, and held his breath when he pulled the dark denim down, over Negan's butt, his thighs and knees and then stopped, thankful when the man stepped out of his pants by himself.

"Underwear."

The small command was as calm and steady as all the ones before, but underlined with a small hint of seduction.

Daryl could feel his heart speeding up and his breath getting more heavy, as he curled his fingers into the broad waistband of Negan's briefs, and pulled them down nervously, exposing short trimmed dark hair and a half hard penis. He stared at it for a moment, and then quickly cast his eyes down, when Negan stepped out of the underwear, and he busied himself by unnecessarily folding them up in some odd shape.

A warm hand reached down to cup the side of his face.

"You want a taste?"

Daryl sniffed his nose, nodding after a brief respite. "Yes." He really wanted to, but chose to shut his eyes, when he knelt up a bit higher and went closer, guided by Negan's hand. He parted his lips, darting his tongue out for a first taste and then sighed quietly as he tilted his head and really opened his mouth, licking with wet, broad tongue before he took the head fully into his mouth, feeling very brave and proud.

"What a good job." Negan's praise was soft and encouraging. He stroked the long hair out of Daryl's forehead, watching for a moment from above. "Open your eyes, boy. Look at me."

Daryl held on to Negan's thighs and obediently opened his eyes, glancing up, while he circled his tongue around the glistening head, slurping a little when he made a small attempt to suck. The expression on Negan's face turned his insides into a hot mush of excitement.

"Such a clever puppy, learning so quickly." The slight arousal in Negan's voice was unmistakably. He pulled Daryl off, slowly, pleased by the obvious resistance, bent down for a small kiss, and climbed into the bathtub, leaning back and stretching out with a sigh. His back was killing him. "You want to be good and write your report for me."

"Hm." Daryl nodded, momentarily disoriented when he rose to his feet, figuring out what to do exactly. He rather wanted to lick some more.

Negan closed his eyes, putting his arms on the brim of the bathtub, left and right. "Go get your phone and kneel back down here. I want your company while I'm relaxing." He heard Daryl sniffing his nose, open the door, padding out of the room, and come back after a minute, sniffing his nose again, when he crouched down on the floor, right in front of the bathtub. "Good boy."

Daryl's stomach filled with warm happiness as he was rewarded by the two small words. He switched his phone on and started typing his report, with one finger.

**Good:** - boxes
- bags with jesus
He sent it and heard the other phone beep, on the desk in the living room.

Negan didn't open his eyes, holding a hand out. "Give me yours. Brush your teeth while I read it."

"Hm." Daryl did. Jesus had unpacked all of Negan's private toiletries and put them on a shelf next to the sink. There was also Daryl's toothbrush. He took it, squeezed a large amount of tooth paste on it and started to brush his teeth, watching the tall angry man in the mirror. He looked really pretty in the bathtub with all the bubbles and damp hair.

Negan read the report, changed some parts and pursed his lips at one point, but didn't comment on any of it. He closed his eyes again, waiting patiently until Daryl was finished, then snapped his fingers and pointed two down, signaling for him to kneel in front of the tub again. He handed him the phone.

**Good:**
- boxes - I was a great help for Negan, by helping him prepare for MAL! Very good job!
- bags with Jesus - I unpacked the luggage with Paul. Negan likes that very much!

**Bad:**
- one - one strike again. I have to improve!
- eggs - I ate my eggs in the morning without asking first. I will do better tomorrow!

**Like:**
- sky - :)

**Hate:**
- friend - I have to explain to Negan which friend I do not like and why. It's not optional.

**Change:**
- bed for Paul - I want to tell Negan why I wish to change Paul's sleeping situation. Maybe Negan can help.

I also want to wash the puppy spit off Negan's nipples when I'm done reading :P

Daryl sniffed his nose a third time and flicked his head to the side, when he put his phone down, wishing he hadn't mentioned Negan's friend in the report, because he really didn't want to explain anything.

Negan held a dripping wash cloth up, not opening his eyes. "What is the problem with Paul's bed, tell me."

Daryl took it, hesitantly moving as close as possible to the tub. He dipped it into the hot water and rubbed it timidly over Negan's chest, soaking the dark hair. "'s the wrong size." He said it quietly, not sure if he remembered the information correctly. "He likes yours better."

Negan smirked faintly. "You want to invite him to spend a night in my bed?"

Daryl's face contorted in shock. He wasn't sure if that meant, that he had to share the room with the buzz cut guy. He wanted to shake his head but didn't. Instead he tried to make his voice work.

"Where will I go."

"Where will you go?" Negan opened his eyes, smiling at the deep concern on Daryl's face.

"Nowhere. You sleep right next to me like the good boy you are. There will still be enough room for Paul, right? He's short."

"Yes." Daryl nodded with a serious expression. That was true.
"Good. Then ask him tomorrow." Negan closed his eyes again. "Keep washing. Tell me about the friend. Who is it."

Daryl moved the wet cloth over Negan's nipple, not daring to look up, not daring to answer. He felt heat rise up through his chest into his throat, making it tight. "Two please."

"No. That's not how strikes work, puppy." Negan placed a hand on Daryl's fingers and the wash cloth. "Is it someone who came here with us?"

"Hm." Daryl stared at the black tattoo on a bare, wet upper chest.

Negan let the affirmative noise generously pass as an answer. "Is it Simon, Rick or Paul?" He didn't get any form of answer now and opened his eyes, squeezing Daryl's fingers. "Is it one of them?"

Daryl shook his head, just once, sounding despondently. "No."

Negan gave a nod, having all the confirmation needed. He tried for a neutral tone. "Did he touch or hurt you?"

"No." It was a defiantly spat answer. Daryl tried to pull his hand away, but it was held in place securely.

"Was he rude?"

Daryl wasn't sure. Everything the buzz cut guy said was true, so it wasn't really rude. He just didn't like to hear the words because they hurt his stomach.

But he thought Shane had been very rude to Paul at the airport. And he was pretty sure that it hadn't been the first time, because Paul looked very sad sometimes and he knew the feeling and he understood why Paul wanted to be quiet and alone then.

In the end, Daryl just shrugged, hating the silly report.

"Hey. Eyes on me." Negan grabbed Daryl's chin with dripping wet fingers, tilting his head up. "He is not my friend. Rick is. Shane just comes with the fucking package. I don't like how he treats Paul. Because he isn't doing it right." He spoke loud and clear, making sure he had full attention. "If I ever catch him giving you any shit, I will fucking end him. And that you reported to me about it, is the best fucking thing you ever did since I know you." He loosened his grip a little and instead stroked Daryl's cheek, up to his ear, making it wet. "Look at me, I'm so god damn fucking proud of you, I'm almost pissing myself. Right here in the tub." He smiled, with a single nod, cocking an eyebrow. "Wouldn't you just love to see that, puppy."

"Yes." Daryl nodded with a tiny smirk, nuzzling his face into the wet palm. He really wanted to see it and he wanted to be in the bathtub together with Negan. Even with pee in the water.

Negan gave him a long look with faint smile, loving the happy expression on Daryl's face. "Go get a towel, boy. You want to dry me off."

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At almost midnight on Friday the 24th of January, Daryl Dixon wasn't at the Eagle to mop the floor or clean sticky tables.

He knelt on an expensive carpet in the Hyatt's Capitol Suite, stark naked, with straight back, spread knees and his arms behind his back, listening to Negan, speaking on the phone to Simon, about
rubber gear, missing boxes and bad lighting in fucking hotel showrooms. In Washington. Because he had left Georgia for the very first time.

"Well, it's not as if we could do anything about it now." Negan went from the window to the door, switching the lights off, all but one. "Just go to bed, we'll fix it tomorrow." He walked up to Daryl, combing three fingers through his hair. "Yes, around nine I guess. Night."

Daryl glanced up through long bangs when Negan put his phone on a side table, wearing nothing at all underneath a thick, white bathrobe.

"Good job, having your eyes on me." Negan stood right in front of Daryl, looking down at him with a serious face. "You also did an awesome job serving me tonight. Really nice."

Daryl's stomach felt warm and light from all the nice words, spoken in wonderful deep, calm voice. He tried to lean into the touch of Negan's fingers, playing with his hair.

Negan tilted his head. "How much do you like me."

The small question made Daryl's heart stumble and his insides flip, instantly transporting his heavy pulse up his throat. He lowered his eyes for a second, and when he looked up again, he opened his mouth, presenting the broad tip of his tongue.

Negan watched silently, tracing Daryl's upper lip with his finger, then touched the pink tongue, rubbing some saliva around on it, before he put the finger up to his own mouth and licked it off.

Daryl followed the provoking action with his eyes, forgetting to breathe, when Negan stepped another inch closer, towering with spread legs over him, and wrapped firm fingers in long strands of hair, pulling his head back slightly.

Negan stared for a long moment down, holding the intense eye contact as he gathered some spit in his mouth and let a thick drop fall down, watching it land on Daryl's tongue. More than pleased when the man closed his mouth immediately, swallowing, showing no sign of aversion. And even parted his lips again, presenting his tongue submissively.

Negan showed a faint smile, stroking his fingers gently through long hair. "You're fucking amazing." He offered his thumb, letting Daryl suck for a moment, then squatted down, to replace it with his mouth, sharing a deep, wet kiss, holding the man's head securely in both hands. "Should I hold you in my arms all night, while you sleep like a sweet puppy?" He licked the corner of Daryl's mouth. "Tell me."

"Hh." Daryl felt like he was drunk, the amount of happiness pooling inside his chest making his heart explode. "Yes."

"How does my good boy say it." Negan brushed their lips together, then licked a wet trail down a pale neck.

Daryl closed his eyes, tilting his head to the side to give better access. "I wan' that please." It was true. It was the best offer he had ever received.

"Yes, you do."

Daryl fell asleep 22 minutes after midnight, with strong arms wrapped tightly around his tired body, squishing him against a bare, warm, hairy chest, underneath a thick blanket, bedded on a cloud on
top of marshmallows.
Paul stretched with a sigh, grabbing the camera off the nightstand. "Good morning guys." He watched himself on the flip screen, not at all embarrassed that his hair was splayed out in a total mess across the pillow. "It's day one of M.A.L. and luckily we got some sleep last n-"

"How could you not see it? I put it right on top of the suitcase!" Shane stormed out of the tiny hotel bathroom, butt naked, throwing his hands in the air.

Followed by Rick, wearing a pair of white briefs and an old Goofy shirt. "I don't know where you put it, but there was nothing on the suitcase!"

"Great! And what should I do now? I can't believe that shit, Rick!"

"Oh, of course, now it's all my fault again!"

"Excuse me?" Jesus turned his head, looking at his bickering dads, not even considering to switch the camera off. "I'm trying to vlog here and your drama is ruining my vibe."

Rick put both hands on his hips. "Have you seen his hair trimmer?"

"Noo?" Paul shook his head, once for his boyfriend and a second time innocently at the camera. "Although... what do you think guys, should I trim a bit?" He rubbed his beard, looking unsure. "Maybe it's a bit too grizzly bear lately. Leave a comment and let me know."

"Th!" Shane shook his head and huffed a laugh that didn't sound happy at all. "Glad that you take it all so seriously!" He went to the nightstand, where at least his Vodka flask was where he had left it, took a big gulp and slumped down in the worn out armchair next to the window, having already enough of the day.

Rick pursed his lips, lowering his gaze for a moment, and then waved for the half naked man in bed. "Get up boy, we take a shower."

"Oops." Jesus smirked into the camera. "That was my call I guess, time for some wet morning cuddles. See you at breakfast." He switched it off and jumped up.

He loved showering with his dads, grumpy or not. No one could resist his magical back scrubs.

"You want to say good morning now?"

"Good mornin'." Daryl felt light and dizzy, staring up into Negan's close face. He was squished into the mattress, completely covered and surrounded by nothing but a slightly sweaty tall angry man.
Negan planted a soft kiss on a flushed cheek. "That's not how you wanna say it, though." He rocked his hips, moving his still half hard cock inside the heat of Daryl's bum. "Right?" Early morning had always been his favorite time to fuck.

"Good mornin' Sir."

"Yes?" Negan studied the wonderful mixture of defiance, embarrassment and pure innocence on Daryl's face, as he wiped some thick, damp hair out of the man's forehead. "Is that what you wanna say?"

"Mhm." Daryl nodded, wrapping his legs tighter around Negan's waist. He didn't want to leave Washington ever again. "Yes."

"Good boy." Negan licked pale pink, slightly parted lips, enjoying the post-coital bliss to the fullest, then closed his eyes to share a long, deep kiss, groaning in delight when he felt Daryl's inner muscles throb in response. "You want to serve me in the bathroom now. And then we'll have a nice breakfast with the others, right?"

Daryl refused to look or move. He wanted to kiss more. "Yes."

"Where will your eyes be all day. Tell me."

"On you." Daryl said it quietly, brushing his lips against a perfectly trimmed beard.

Negan moved two inches back. "Show me."

Daryl slowly blinked his eyes open, finding it difficult to obey, feeling Negan deep inside, all around and over him, while the broad daylight made it impossible to hide anything about ugly faces.

But Negan seemed to like it somehow, as a gentle, affectionate smile filled his whole expression, at the sight of blue eyes in the morning.

----

Negan lost patience at half past eight, when after the 13th attempt still no one answered any of his calls or messages, apart from Simon, who already worked at the leather factory booth since 7 in the morning.

He gave Daryl a small note with the floor and room number, sending him to throw Paul out of bed, and with him the unreliable lazy old couple in his company.

The elevator was apparently female and creepily talked to its passengers. It was also already occupied by three sturdy men in sports outfit, so Daryl decided to take the staircase, and found the right floor and room after nine minutes. He needed another two, to gather up the courage to actually knock, and then froze in absolute shock when the door was opened, by a completely naked, obviously totally unashamed Mister Walsh, who gave the unexpected visitor first a blank stare and then gestured for him to enter the room.

"Kicked you out already? That was fast." Shane went back to his chair, sitting down with his flask, taking a sip. "Is he banging some bimbo before breakfast?"

Daryl stayed near the door, holding his head down, his whole body tense, blue eyes darting anxiously around underneath his long bangs. He wanted to run out again, but Negan wanted him to wake everyone up and send them to breakfast.
"Lost your tongue on the way?" Shane pointed to the second armchair with his bare foot. "Sit, boy."

"'m lookin' for Paul." Daryl didn't move, staring to the ground, glad that the words came out somehow, even if they sounded hoarse and much too low.

Shane chuckled. "Yeah well, sorry, he's busy in the shower, taking a dick up his ass." He gestured again to the chair, with his flask this time. "Sit and wait."

It became difficult to breathe. Daryl felt his chest and throat tighten up. He clenched his fists and curled his toes inside his shoes.

"What? Are you lovesick again?" Shane tilted his head, tapping the small bottle on his bare thigh. "Come here." When the other man didn't move and just kept staring at the two tiny cookie crumbs on the carpet, he raised his voice, running out of patience. "Stop ignoring me, man, come here!" He hated to be fooled around with.

Daryl closed his eyes for a moment, and then walked slowly up to the chair, sitting down, trying not to think anything, or look anywhere.

Shane shook his head, huffing a sigh, before he took another swig of his bottle.

They sat in silence for a while. Daryl listened to the faint noise of running water behind the bathroom door, hoping Jesus would come out any moment.

"Do you know how to suck dick?"

Daryl was so perplexed by the question that he looked up, blinking once.

"Knew that would get your attention." Shane smiled, spreading his legs an inch more. "It's an important skill. Maybe you need some private tuition."

Daryl shook his head, rage and fear invading his thoughts and body.

"That's what we do around here. Sharing and teaching the boys. You see how it works with Paul." Shane tilted his head, throwing the empty flask on one of the beds. "Negan would love if someone would teach you a useful thing or two. Less work for him." He shrugged. "You know I'm right. And he would certainly spend more time with you, if you could satisfy him. Told you already."

Daryl held his breath, fighting the urge to squeeze his eyes shut, when the other man got up and walked up close to him, stopping right in front of his feet.

Shane laughed soundless, slowly reaching past Daryl's shoulder for a can of beer on the small, cluttered desk, his bare crotch brushing against the long hair, falling into Daryl's eyes. He held the position three seconds longer than necessary, before he went back to his chair.

Daryl flinched at the popping noise, as the green can was cracked open, and then flinched again, because there was a loud banging at the door. Three times.

Shane raised his brows and his beer. "What are you waiting for, answer the door." He watched how Daryl got up, bumped into the bed, and went towards the door as if he had just woken up out of a deep sleep, his head reeling.

Daryl's chest heaved in heavy breathing, as he looked up and saw a very tall man, with very angry face in the door frame, wearing a leather jacket, one black glove, and a red scarf, holding a baseball
bat in hand. He lowered his head immediately, sure his brain would explode at any second.

Negan stared past Daryl, keeping his eyes unyieldingly on the naked guy at the back of the room, as he cupped Daryl's face with a gentle hand and kissed his forehead, speaking in a calm but commanding voice. "You want to wait in front of the door for a moment." He didn't wait for an answer, pulling the other man out on the corridor, before he vanished in the room, closing the door behind him.

He banged his bat against the door frame of the bathroom, ignoring Shane's protesting slur.

Paul had a bright smile on his face as he opened the door, wearing nothing but underwear to his long, damp hair. He rose to the tips of his toes for a small kiss. "Good morning, Sir. Are you picking us up?"

Negan returned the brief affection. "Dress and go with Daryl to breakfast, he waits outside." He handed Paul the bat. "And bring her to Simon."

Jesus frowned at Negan's serious face and tone, but knew better than to contradict him, so he just nodded and did as told, quickly putting some clothes on, under the other man's silent stare.

"What's going on?" Rick rubbed a towel over his wet hair.

"You are half an hour late and can't answer your damn phone."

Rick looked from Negan to naked Shane, to his old flip phone on the nightstand, and accusingly back to his partner. "Why didn't you answer it?" He shook his head, throwing the damp towel on the bed, "Sorry, we took a shower." gesturing at Paul, who just put his second shoe on.

Negan didn't comment on it, brushing his fingers over the top of Paul's head. "Go, get us a nice table, we're there in a bit."

Jesus smiled, scrambling to his feet, "As you wish, Sir." and left the room, quietly closing the door.

The second he was gone, Negan turned to Shane, slowly striding up to him with a mixture of amusement and menace in his dark eyes. "Get up."

Shane grinned, but got to his feet, sniffing with a purse of his lips, as he stared threateningly into the other man's eyes, almost nose to nose. "What now. Think you can order me around like some of your little faggots?"

Negan didn't say anything for a moment, just stared back quietly, and when he spoke, his tone was calm and controlled, but emphasized with icy deadness. "You should know, my patience is wearing very thin. I won't tolerate any of your shit any longer. You want to get fucking shitfaced before breakfast, your problem, do what you have to." Negan tilted his chin an inch up, stepping even closer. "But you won't go anywhere near my boys. You don't look at them, you don't talk to them, you sure as hell don't fucking touch them, or you and I will have a get-together that won't end well for you. Is that understood." He didn't expect an answer and ignored the uneasy chuckle, seeing in
the other man's eyes that the message was delivered. "And don't flaunt that pathetic pecker around in Daryl's presence again, or I cut it off and fucking staple it to your forehead." He held the intense stare for another few seconds, before he turned around and went for the door, touching Rick's shoulder on his way out. "Breakfast in ten minutes. We have a fucking shop to open."

----

A shudder of excitement ran through Eugene's body, as he set foot on the holy ground, that was the leather factory's official showroom, at the Hyatt Regency hotel on Capitol Hill. 900 square feet of leather, steel and peccable, forbidden objects. He held his nose up high, inhaling deeply, a groan escaping his throat. Oh yes, it definitely smelled like Negan. The god himself was close, he could feel it.

"We're still closed." Simon didn't look down from his place on the ladder, grimacing at the bunch of thin copper wires sticking out of ceiling, where a spotlight should be.

Eugene pulled his shoulders up, hugging his breakfast burrito close to his chest. "S-sorry." He turned around to leave.

"Hhhh." Simon rubbed his chin with a frustrated sigh. "Hey, fanboy. Do you know anything about electrical installations?"

Eugene stopped, next to a display for Mega Stud-real-feel-dildos. "Y-yes?" The internet would certainly provide a crash course somewhere.

"Great." Simon waved his hand. "I need to illuminate this area here. How am I doing that." The boss really hated to be not in full spot light while holding a demo in front of a larger crowd.

"Ehm." Eugene closed his eyes, trying to come up with a quick resolution. "Y-you possess zinc plated eye b-bolts, correct? I saw them i-in your tool box."

Simon blinked on top of his ladder. "Yes? For the slings." The boss also liked to travel with his own custom made fisting-slings.

Eugene turned around, nervously looking at the other man. "Almost any light fixture that's meant to be hard wired can be turned into a plug-in fixture with a swag kit, sold for $18 at Lowe's and Home Depot. You can use the existing ceiling wiring and an additional couple of hooks to create the same effect as ceiling spots. Their industrial, makeshift feel would also work really well with the rest of your..." Eugene looked around, searching for the right word. "Ehm... f-furniture."

"Hh." Simon tilted his head sideways, smiling in surprise at the monotonous speaking guy in his booth. "You Sir, look just like my new best friend!"

----

After the 19th uninvited fanboy asked for a selfie or autograph at Negan's table, even the hostess of the Hyatt's breakfast room noticed the necessity of a bit more privacy for the guest, currently living in the best suite of the house, and separated the small group of men by cordoning their table and a radius of 26 foot around it, with a red barrier rope, for more crowd control. It wasn't ideal, as some obstinate people still held their phones up to film and snap pictures of Negan's preferred source of protein in the morning, just from a distance now. But it was better than nothing.

"Welcome to M.A.L., where the gays have an opinion on everything." Paul panned his camera left, where Rick and Simon argued over their breakfast.
"What do you mean? It's a simple chocolate bun and not even a very good one." Rick was in a bad mood, as he bit unenthusiastically into his dry pastry, thinking about the endless discussions he would have for the rest of the day, with his semi drunk partner, who sulked upstairs in their room, after the little dispute with Negan.

"No." Simon shook his head, smacking his lips, making his taste buds work, like he was participating in a wine tasting event. "I think it's brioche. It has this rich and tender crumb to it." He was glad to have his head free, to enjoy some fine cuisine, now that he had hired his very own, mullet wearing assistant, and sent him to run the last errands before the shop opening. He almost felt like one of the Kardashians.

"It's pure fucking starch and sugar." Negan put some egg white omelet with spinach and tomato on his fork, holding it in front of Daryl's lips, shooting his employees a disenchanting look across the table. "It'll get you obese and diabetic before you fucking rot and die. Right puppy?"

"Hm." Daryl nodded faintly with full mouth, glancing warily at the three young men behind the red rope barrier, who pointed their fingers and smart phones in their direction, calling Negan a hot stud.

"Fun fact," Jesus smirked, holding a finger up for the camera. "Daddy is not only handsome, he is also always right."

Negan knew that. He nudged Paul's shoe hard underneath the table. "Eat your fucking eggs, boy. That shit gets cold."

Paul smiled, smitten with Negan's charms, and put his camera down on the table. "Yes, Sir." He really liked traveling with his big, happy, dysfunctional family.

---

"I want five warehouse 1-light pendants in brushed chrome, five chrome swag kits, two adjustable sockets, a 15 foot connecting cord, a-"

"Hey!" The lady behind the counter of the Home Depot store on Murtland Avenue, gave her customer an annoyed look. "A line is a line. What? They don't have them where you come from? You don't know how they work?" She waved with her fingers, gesturing for him to join the end of the queue.

"N-no I'm familiar with-" Eugene furrowed his brows, embarrassed when everyone stared at him.

"Get in line, Prick." The salesclerk wasn't interested in any explanations. She was near the end of a stressful double shift and all she could think of was the cheesesteak waiting for her in her microwave.

Eugene turned around with hanging shoulders, walking past three other customers who grinned and chuckled at his rebuff. He gritted his teeth. How dare they treated him like that. He was practically married to the lord of leather and right now on a very important mission to safe the day and perfect lightning for the right bottom corner of the factory's show room at a mid class hotel! He straightened his back, turned on the heels of his orthopedic shoes, and stepped back in front of the counter.

"Who's your manager."

"What?" The saleslady gave him a perplexed look.

"Your manager. I will report you to your direct supervisor." He straightened his posture, trying for a firm voice. "I am doctor Eugene Porter. I've recently been appointed to the new commodity manager of the worldwide successfully operating leather factory. I report directly to Negan, and you unnecessarily impede my mission, and as a consequence his business." Maybe that wasn't the whole
truth, but certainly very close.

"I'm sorry?" The lady looked a bit puzzled, unsure what to make out of the man's speech. "I had no idea you were...ehm, what would you like to-

"Five warehouse 1-light pendants in brushed chrome, five chrome swag kits, two adjustable sockets, a 15 foot connecting cord, a 30 foot connection cord and six black lamp hooks." Eugene changed in his best super villain voice. "Now!" He watched satisfied as the middle aged woman with bad haircut started to gather everything he ordered into a paper bag. Oh, it was good to be so very imperious and powerful. Next, he would strive for world domination.

----

A tall man in leather jacket and red scarf, strode through the huge, busy lobby of the hotel, followed by Daryl, who felt more than uncomfortable on the shiny marble floor with all the suit wearing business men around.

"So, as you can see, this is the main lobby. It will not look like that anymore in about two hours." Paul walked after them, holding the camera up to show his audience the surroundings. "They still have the business people here. Poor guys. They don't know what's going to happen this weekend, so they don't know to run yet." He chuckled, and then walked a bit faster when Negan snapped his fingers, turning right, along a short corridor, past the readily set up sales rooms of three other exhibitors, straight up to the huge showroom of the Leather Factory, all finished and put together, good to go, for the first customers.

Jesus held the camera up high, turning in a full circle. "Doesn't it look amazing? Just like the store in Atlanta just with, well..." He showed the old beige-blue hotel carpeting with disturbing floral print. "This. But hey-" He put the cam back up, smiling brightly. "No one will look at the ground, with cute guys like him around." He panned left, on Daryl, who was scratching his ear at the selection of outfits that Negan showed him.

"Ksst." Negan snapped his fingers. "Switch that thing off. What do you wanna wear."

Paul put the camera away, looking through the offered items, choosing black rubber pants with two red stripes at the sides, running along the entire leg from top to bottom.

Negan waved his fingers. "Go change. Tell Rick you need a matching harness for it."

"Yes, Sir." Jesus put a hand to the back of Negan's neck, stroking the short dark hair there for a second, before he stood on his toes to kiss the man's cheek. "Anything for you." He meant it and walked off, nudging Daryl as he walked by, pointing at a specific pair of pants.

Daryl looked at them. It was latex as well, black with blue stripes instead of red. He glanced up at Negan, wanting to show his left fist with a stretched out little finger.

"But that's not what you want to wear in front of all the people, right." Negan stepped close, standing chest to chest with Daryl, putting five fingers on his butt, pulling him in another inch. "Tell me."

It was true. Daryl didn't want to wear tight rubber pants where everyone could see every detail of his body, just as if he would be naked. "No." He said it low and sounded a bit defiant as he did. But Negan liked it anyway.

"Good boy, telling me the truth."

Daryl closed his eyes, forgetting where he was, when a warm mouth covered his own and
everything smelled and tasted like tall angry man. He wanted to say the truth forever.

---

At half past eleven in the morning, the leather factory's showroom was already packed with at least 150 customers, who all wanted to purchase some of the high quality fetish gear and toys Negan's collection had to offer.

Daryl stood near the counter, proudly wearing a tight black, sleeveless shirt, with the Leather Factory logo on the back, marking him as a real member of the team.

He brushed a strand of long hair out of his forehead, watching the young man in boots, kilt and leather harness, who listened attentively to every word Negan told him about the pros and cons of the 'Strict leather and steel cock and ball ring'.

Daryl sniffed his nose, hating the pretty customer from head to toe. But he didn't say anything, because he wanted Negan to get the man's money. And he also liked the black kilt a little bit. It looked kind of cool.

Almost as cool as Jesus, who showed off his super tight outfit and bare chest, dancing to the loud beats of the Offspring, on a small pedestal in the middle of the store, successfully attracting the attention of the slavering guys passing the sales room.

Daryl grimaced angrily, as two men snapped a photo of Paul, claiming that he looked just like Jared Leto.

"Where are your eyes, boy?" Negan leaned from behind over Daryl's shoulder, putting both hands broad on the man's hips. "Are you watching our pretty Paul?"

Daryl blinked, liking Negan's breath against his neck. He wanted to go back to the hotel room, to do some of the nice bathroom service.

"One."

A sharp sting on his thigh made Daryl flinch and lean back against the tall, safe body. "Yes."

"Yes, you are, naughty puppy." Negan wrapped a firm arm around Daryl's waist, pulling him close. "Did you ask him if he wants to sleep in my bed tonight?"

Daryl shook his head, wondering why the butterflies in his stomach liked Negan's question so much. "No."

Negan put a hand right on Daryl's crotch, squeezing a little, while he licked the warm spot underneath a pale ear with wet tongue. "You want to go and ask him." He grazed his teeth over the sensitive skin on Daryl's neck. "And then you want to come back here and give me your full fucking attention, right?"

"Okay." Daryl wanted to and angled his head, giving more access to his neck, closing his eyes when a stranger in leather vest and black shorts openly stared at him.

"Turn around and say it like a good boy."

The clear command in deep voice sent electric tingles across Daryl's body. He moved in Negan's embrace, refusing to lose any of the wonderful contact. He hid his face against a broad upper chest. "I want to come back."
"Yes?" Negan rested his chin on the top of Daryl's head, massaging a firm ass cheek with claiming hand. "To me?"

Daryl nodded slightly. "Yes."

"Say my name."

The three words rumbled darkly through Negan's chest, vibrating directly into Daryl's insides. "Negan."

"Look at me and repeat."

Daryl felt his heart beat speed up, as he raised his head and shyly glanced up, meeting dark eyes and a faint smirk. "To Negan." He knew his voice sounded kind of hoarse and much too low, but he felt Negan's cock twitch against his belly, when he parted his lips and slid the tip of his tongue out, just a little bit, but enough to make his intention clear.

Negan's eyes clouded over with serious pride. "Look at my sweet puppy liking me so fucking much." He tilted his head, licking unashamedly over Daryl's mouth and tongue, not caring how many people stood by and possibly watched. "You want my spit, don't you boy." He watched the need and pleading in blue eyes, feeling Daryl's body melt against his own, as he gathered some saliva on his tongue and fed it to a willingly open mouth, groaning when Daryl whimpered and clawed five fingers into his upper arm. "Does that taste so good, boy?" He watched the need and pleading in blue eyes, feeling Daryl's body melt against his own, as he gathered some saliva on his tongue and fed it to a willingly open mouth, groaning when Daryl whimpered and clawed five fingers into his upper arm. "Does that taste so good, boy?" He licked the corner of Daryl's mouth and then kissed him, smiling at the obvious hardness in the other man's pants. "Tell me."

Daryl nodded, really wanting to go back to the hotel room, to be in the marshmallow bed with the tall angry man for the rest of the day and all night. "Yes."

"Is that really necessary?" Rick bumped into Negan's back, not entirely by mistake. "We have customers and some of them will spill their spunk on our merchandise if you keep that peep show up!"

"Ahh!" Simon put a comforting arm around the poor 18 year old, who just accidentally ejaculated into his brand new Jack and Jones jockstraps, and a little bit on the ugly floral print carpet, in front of 156 other customers of the world wide successfully operating leather factory. "Told you we need a kid friendly area." He guided the deeply blushing guy out of the store, giving him some helpful tips for stain removal with white vinegar and cold water. He waved after him with a big friendly smile. "Don't worry, my assistant is back soon! He will clean that up before anyone steps in!"

Negan ignored the others, watching from behind the counter how Paul stopped dancing on his small pedestal, instantly showing his brightest smile, when he noticed a shy Daryl tapping his arm. He tugged a long strand of slightly damp hair behind his ear, and bent down to hear the other man's question better, before he wrapped both arms around Daryl, kissing his cheek.

Daryl held his gaze down, but smiled in return, and kept his happy expression all the way back through the store, to Negan, to give him his full fucking attention.

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The panel 'Beyond Whips and Chains - What the D/s lifestyle really looks like' started a 4:30 PM with a 15 minute delay, in the Redwood room of the hotel, with 2180 eager fans of the most iconic figure in the world wide BDSM community.

Negan was seated in the middle of the stage, in a big black leather armchair, that he instantly owned
with his presence, just as the rest of the big room.

Much to the surprise of the audience, was he accompanied by two young men, kneeling to his left and right. One with cocky smile and his long hair in a messy bun, the other shy and cowed by the hundreds of eyes looking in his direction, leaning his head against the outer side of the chair’s armrest.

The first guest went up to the microphone, asking his question with shaky voice and nervously trembling fingers. "Hello, my name is Andrew. I want to say I'm a very big fan and my question is, what makes you the best Dominant around, because I truly think you are. What is your secret?"

Negan smiled in his relaxed posture, his legs stretched out, slightly spread, casually leaning back in the comfy chair, his left arm on the armrest, his right hand absently stroking the back of Daryl's head. He shrugged and then grinned wider, when Simon entered the stage with big steps and apologetical smirk, handing his boss a microphone.

"Thank you." Negan looked after his friend, jogging off the stage with a short wave towards the crowd, and then turned to the young man who had asked a question. "Hello Andrew." He cleared his throat. "Thank you for considering me the best Dom around. But I really doubt I am." A lot of people seemed to disagree, shouting their unwavering support for Andrew's thesis through the room. Negan arched his brows, putting a finger in front of his lips, silencing the audience in two seconds, and then sent butterflies in 2180 stomachs when he rewarded them all in deep, sultry voice. "That's better. Good job. You want to be on your best behavior for me." He waited a moment, letting his magic work a little longer, before he continued his answer. "For me personally is the biggest difference, that I am not a role player. I am not just dominant in the bedroom, to put on a show. It is who I am by nature. People sense that."

Andrew said a polite thank you, making room at the microphone for the next fan.

"Hi, I'm Ari. I would like to know what the most effective punishment is in your opinion."

Negan didn't have to think about the answer. "It varies maybe a little from sub to sub, but I would always go for a silent treatment. Every other punishment provides some form of attention. To punish by silence and disregard is certainly the most effective and most painful to the sub." He tickled the back of Daryl's neck, and watched as the next guest stepped forward.

"Hello Negan. Thank you for introducing your beautiful submissives to us. I would like to know, apart from beauty, what are you looking for in a sub, and are you considering to take maybe another permanent under your wings?" The young man smiled seductively, and the audience chuckled.

Negan smiled. "Never say never, but these two keep me on my toes already. One more than the other, probably." He glanced at Jesus who lowered his head with a sheepish grin. "What attracts me to a sub is when he's truly authentic, respectful, and hard to get. I like to fight and win. Not to pick someone up, who already has his pants down." He cocked an eyebrow, purring into the microphone. "That's the predator in me."

At least half of the audience held their cell phones up to snap a picture of the most handsome man in the universe.

A short man from Italy gathered up enough confidence to ask a question. "Hi, I'm Luca. I really love you and I was wondering, if an alpha man like you has ever bottomed?"

Negan chuckled deep down in his throat. "Are you a bottom, Luca?"
The fan nodded, getting red cheeks.

"Then let me tell you, never let someone top you who hasn't experienced the other side." He nodded to the man. "You definitely get a different perspective if you have bottomed yourself. And that goes for everything you ask of your submissive. You should have experienced it yourself, to know what you send him through."

The next questioner was very big, with a very gentle voice. "I have a question for your subs, if that's okay?"

Negan handed the microphone to Paul and put a protective hand on Daryl's head, who hid his face against the leather of the chair.

"I really would like to know, what's your favorite aspect about Negan?"

"Oh." Paul smiled, speaking directly to Negan. "I really like how caring and grounded you are. If I have a question or I need feedback, you're always very good at answering those things. I feel also very safe with you, and very much myself, like I can really be me." He handed the microphone back.

Negan squinted one eye, leaning over the armrest for a kiss and some quiet private words. The audience swooned with 'Ohh's' and 'Aww's', respectfully clapping their hands, until the next person stepped up to the microphone stand. It was a woman in full leather outfit, sporting a devilish red lipstick to her pale skin and long black hair.

"Hello." She waved and grinned.

"Hi!" Negan smiled back, obviously recognizing her, and spoke to the rest of the audience to encourage some applause. "She's the current International Ms. Leather! The female Negan." The crowd cheered and laughed at his comparison.

"Hello." The woman waved again, and turned to the man on stage, pointing a finger. "I want a picture later, Mister." She got more cheers for that and a smirk with added nod from Negan. "And my question is, are you familiar with the 50 Shades of Grey story, and if so, what is your honest opinion on it. Is it a curse or blessing for the BDSM community?"

Negan sighed, rubbing his forehead with a shake of his head, before he took the microphone to his lips. "Leave it to a woman to bring up the dreaded fifty shades question." The audience laughed at that and then fell silent instantly, when Negan put a finger to his lips. He let his eyes roam through the room for a moment, cocked his brows and continued his reply. "I am familiar with the story and do not agree with the message being transported." Paul nodded to that fact, listening attentively to what Negan had to say. "Considering the girl had no sexual, let alone any BDSM experience, it was fucking irresponsible to get her to sign an actual contract. Also the guy projecting his anger and childhood trauma on her and into their play and training, is quite disturbing. He never provided any form of aftercare, lacked empathy and I could probably go on for another ten fucking minutes about anything wrong with his behavior and intentions. SO-" He shrugged and looked at the woman. "A curse. It puts the BDSM community into a fucking bad light."

Jesus held his hand out for the microphone, tugging a strand of hair behind his ear when he received it. "As a submissive, what I found most disturbing, is that there was the need inflicted to love the Dom out of his dominant, sadistic nature. It made it seem like what Doms are doing is abusive and wrong. While that might be true for the guy in the movie, it isn't true for any real relationship based on the principles of safe, sane and consensual." He handed the microphone back, earning applause and a lot of nodding heads from the crowd.
A man, wearing not much more than a jockstrap and blue leather harness to his sneakers, stepped to the microphone. "Hi. I want to know if you are very strict and if it's true that you open a new store in Hong Kong?"

"Am I very strict?" Negan held the microphone in Paul's direction.

Paul arched his brows, bending forward to touch it with his lips. "Yesss."

"There you go. And yes, we are opening a new branch next month in Hong Kong and another one in Berlin by the end of the year." Negan nodded to the questioner and then leaned down to speak quietly into Daryl's ear, while the next person stepped to the microphone stand. "Good boy, doing such an awesome job for me. We're done in ten minutes, right?"

Daryl's belly got warm, when a deep, low voice whispered his two favorite words. He answered a small, "Yes." against the smooth leather of the chair and then bravely raised his head and straightened his back, facing the tall angry man with a perfect kneel in front of 2180 people.

Negan took hold of Daryl's jaw, leaning in for a rewarding kiss, before he spoke against warm skin. "Making me proud again on purpose? You really want to see me piss myself, right." He smirked, pinching the man's chin.

Paul grabbed Negan's wrist, pulling the microphone in his direction. "I ship it."

The audience cheered in total agreement and then laughed when Negan slapped the back of Paul's head playfully.

"Next question."

Two girls, who looked too young to even be at the convention, giggled behind the microphone stand. "If you had to give each other a theme song, which one would it be?"

Negan stared at the two young women, biting back a comment about silly teenager questions, and then turned to Paul. "Sucker for pain."

Jesus shielded his face, blushing when the audience hollered in joy.

Negan grinned, leaning back in his chair, as he handed Paul the microphone. "Truth hurts, right bugger."

Paul held his gaze down, thinking for a moment, before he glanced up at Negan. "Talk dirty to me?" The people laughed and cheered when Negan sighed with a shake of his head. "No..." Paul bit his lip, squinting. "I think I'm gonna say 'For your Entertainment'. By Adam Lambert. That one makes me think of him every time I hear it." He pointed at Negan, nodding. "And my theme song for him..." He leaned forward a bit, then craned his neck, trying to see Daryl. "For him it would be, 'My life would suck without you'." He grinned and quickly handed the microphone back to Negan.

"Oh yes," Negan turned to Daryl, studying his nervous face. "Puppy needs a theme song, too. Which one do you want boy..." He made a short pause, thinking, then switched in his darkest silk voice. "Irresistible?"

Daryl shook his head, even though he wasn't sure if he understood the game. He heard the audience laugh and didn't like it.

"No? How about 'Puppy Love'. Paul Anka knows what he's talking about."
Daryl glanced up through his long bangs. There wasn't any mockery in Negan's voice.

"Or should we make our own song... Negan has a little lamb?"

The corner of Daryl's mouth twitched just a little bit.

"Pissing my pants yet? It'll be a rock ballad, right." Negan smirked when Daryl was unable to suppress a smile. "Will be a number one hit." He leaned in to kiss a flushed cheek and then got up, walking with the microphone up to the edge of the stage. "It's gonna be pee-pee pants city here reeeal soon, folks! I have a feeling." He looked back over his shoulder at Daryl, when the audience laughed about the insider joke that they didn't even understand, and then addressed the line behind the microphone stand. "Last two questions for today, make them good."

A man in full rubber outfit stepped forward, looking like he had spent the last ten hours in a distillery. He slurred a little as he asked his question. "Are they allowed to wank? Your subs?"

Negan tilted his head in disbelief, walked over to Jesus and held the microphone out for him. "You want to answer that gentleman's highly intelligent question, boy?"

Paul smirked in his kneeling position, amused by the drunk fan. "The answer is, no, Negan doesn't allow masturbation."

The crowd cheered and the questioner blinked behind the microphone stand, swayed to the right, and then slowly turned around to leave.

Negan whistled loud and shrill through the room. "Nope! You go over there and stand in the fucking corner. Think about a more appropriate question for the next panel." He wasn't surprised at all when the man actually followed his order, while the people in the audience almost fell off their seats, laughing.

The last guy being brave enough to speak in front of everyone to the tall, handsome man on stage, was shy and very polite, actually holding a small gift in hand, that he wanted to give to his dream Master. He spoke quietly, with shaky voice. "I'm Thomas, I'm from Michigan. Thank you for meeting us today, it's really a dream come true." He was interrupted by the applauding audience. "My question is, what is your favorite food, your favorite leisure time activity, and your favorite kink. And may I hug you maybe?"

Negan nodded and patted his thigh, "Come on up then, boy."

A staff member of the hotel helped the nervous guy to climb on stage, where he teared up heavily as he was embraced by two strong arms and got squished against the warm leather of a black jacket.

Negan kissed his fan's forehead, as he was gifted a small self knitted baseball bat. "I will put it in my car." He really meant it and watched as a trembling Thomas was guided off stage, back to his seat. He raised his voice. "And to answer your question, Thomas, my favorite food is California avocado toast, with poached egg. I'm spending my free time with these two," He pointed at the two obediently kneeling men at the right and left of an abandoned leather chair. "And with my dog. I also really enjoy ping pong and swimming. I hope I will have time for the latter while we stay here at the hotel." He tilted his head, forming a fist with his right hand. "And my all time favorite kink is fisting. For me that's the most purely sexual experience. Moving the fistee into an entirely different head space and seeing that ecstasy, glow and warmth on their face, will forever be the ultimate pleasure for me." He nodded towards the questioner in the audience. "Does that answer your question, Thomas?"
The young man answered a small, "Yes." still wiping a tear out of his damp eyes.

"Good." Negan gave him a smile, snapped his fingers, pointing one down, and said his farewell to his 2180 loyal fans, while Paul and Daryl followed the signal and went up to stand close behind him. One with a bright friendly smile, the other flicking his head nervously, to get a strand of long hair out of his eyes.

"See you tomorrow at the closing party!" Negan waved at the cheering crowd, took Daryl by the hand and walked off stage, submissively followed by Jesus, who happily picked up some letters, pieces of underwear, and small gifts that got thrown in Negan's direction.

He really liked M.A.L., where everyone worshiped his daddy just as much as he did himself.
"So far, I can round my day up in one word:" After a long and very necessary shower, Paul Rovia walked the Hyatt's endless hallways in tight jeans, a black, sleeveless leather factory shirt, and dark Ray-Ban's, with a pair of headphones around his neck. "Moist." He grimaced into the camera. "Try wearing latex for eight hours. Believe me, it keeps everything in that wants to come out and flee the country."

Rick leaned in, to comment on his boyfriend's statement. "He was basically a puddle."

Paul chuckled. "That's true." He stopped at the elevator, pushing a button. "So it's almost eight in the evening now, shop is closed for today. We were just in our room, took a second to breathe and relax, freshen up, clean out..." He turned to Daryl, who looked like his twin in the exact same outfit, just without the headphones. "Did I mention clean out?"

Daryl gave him a nod with serious face. Jesus had shown him how it works.

Negan didn't look up from his phone to slap the back of Paul's head.

"Aou!" Paul ducked with a laugh, stepping into the elevator when the doors opened. "But, yes, we had a fun time today! Sold a shitton of product, met a lot of new people." He waited until everyone was in, and tapped the ground floor button. "But my favorite part to these kind of conventions is, that everything and everyone is kind of in that one single space, you know?" He leaned his head back against Negan's leather clad shoulder, filming his handsome daddy, because he always brought the most clicks whenever he appeared in a video. "All the people, hotel rooms, parties, food, the shops, it's all just right there. And let's of course not forget, all my hot dads." He showed the camera a bright smile, that grew even wider when Negan kissed the top of his hair. "And remember the large foyer in the beginning of the vlog, that was really empty this morning?" The elevator doors opened with a 'bing' and Jesus waited until the other three men got out, before he followed, panning the camera from left to right, "Well, not so empty anymore!" filming the almost 4000 men in fetish gear, crowding the Hyatt's spacious main lobby, most of them horny, drunk, or both at that point.

He raised his voice to drown out the volume of the music and people."I mean, look at that! It's just a gigantic leather orgy. Beef everywhere! Wall to wall!" He walked after Negan, who took his sunglasses off and pulled Daryl close to his side, putting a protective arm around his shoulders, as he pushed a way through the crowd. "And everyone wants a piece of him!" Jesus held the camera up to show a tall, gorgeous man, with slicked back hair, perfectly trimmed beard and biker leather jacket, who was grabbed and groped from all sides. "Poor daddy!" He grinned, hiding the wicked twinkle
Negan wasn't in the best mood, when he finally entered his closed up show room, after a very physical twelve minute trip through the packed hotel lobby. Sometimes his awesomeness really was a god damn curse.

He took Daryl's chin, turned the man's head from one side to the other, checking for any damage, then cupped his cheek lovingly for a second, and turned to Simon, who was in the back of the empty store, talking to a tall, sturdy stranger with dark blue trench coat and impressive mullet. "Who's the Gruffalo."

Simon grinned as he saw his boss, putting an arm around Eugene's tense shoulders. "I found us a new assistant!"

"Really?" Negan unzipped his leather jacket, and gave the stranger a skeptical look. "What for?"

"Oh you know," Simon shrugged. "Running errands, mixing margaritas, cleaning seminal fluid off the carpet." He pointed up to the ceiling. "He solved the lighting problem for the flogging demo."

"Hh." Negan surveyed the unusual lamp construction, then waved his fingers. "Come on over here big fellow." He watched as the bulky guy hugged a bag of Cool Ranch Doritos close to his chest and anxiously walked in his direction, ducking his head when Negan stepped in his personal space, eyeing him up and down. "Don't be rude, say hello."

Eugene blinked, short from fainting, as he was bathed in Negan's glorious godlike presence and intoxicating smell. The situation was maybe a little bit more intimidating than he had imagined, during all the wet dreams he had experienced the past years. "H-hello." He looked around, seeing a slender guy with cowboy boots and annoyed expression, a man cosplaying as the son of god with black sunglasses, and another man who looked an awful lot like the criminal who had stolen his McDonald's- TV- snackbag in the dangerous streets of Atlanta. He blinked twice at the last one, and then turned back to Negan, fighting an inner battle with his excited bladder and the urge to pee his pants, as he was reminded of the man's flawless beauty.

Negan was used to that. "You have a name?" He arched his brows, waiting for the man to comprehend the question.

"Eugene."

Negan nodded once, stepping really close, with a threatening stare into the man's timid face. "Well, Eugene, I know you are probably here because wanking to my image in front of your fucking computer screen finally wasn't enough anymore and you decided to rob the piggy bank and travel to the big city for some playtime with the real boys, right? And, hell, under normal circumstances I would sign you a t-shirt from the Negan's cock fan club, to honor the little hairy balls you grew for the occasion." He snapped his fingers in Paul's direction when his speech was rudely interrupted by a loud chuckle. "BUT-" He sighed, rubbing his forehead. "We're sold out in your size and it was a fucking long day, so all I really wanna know is, are you actually useful for anything? Because I'm not paying you to stand around in the fucking corner like some discount wookiee."

Jesus had to turn around, failing to keep a straight face any longer.

Eugene looked around, uncertain if this was flirting, or a really weird job interview. "I am... uhm, I am very useful?" He blinked at Negan, feeling a little bit dizzy when the full magnitude of the man's
musky cologne hit his senses. "I taught myself to code, I speak Finnish fluently, I read a lot, I found
a-"

"Aha." Negan raised his hand, putting a stop to the man's rambling, then massaged his temple in
frustration. "So in other fucking words, you are not in any way useful for my fucking fantastic
business and decided to waste my precious time, while I could sit with my boys at dinner?"

Eugene sensed that something about this conversation wouldn't bring him any closer to the next
wedding chapel, so he decided to change tactics. They called him doctor smartypants for a reason,
after all. "N-no I'm not? You have issues to move free and unharmed among your admirers, correct?"
He glanced up at the most beautiful face he had ever laid eyes on. "I witnessed the adverse
circumstances you have to put up with, when you tried to walk up here to visit your workplace."
Yes, he did. And the way Negan had confidently fought his way through the legions of bare skin
and sinful leather had been downright the hottest thing he had ever seen.

Negan squinted an eye. "And?"

"I can resolve your issue, as I am a trained executive protection specialist." That wasn't very far from
the truth, because as a die hard fan of Miss Whitney Houston, he had seen the movie Bodyguard at
least 200 times.

"You." Negan suppressed a grin. "Really."

Eugene straightened his hunched posture. "Y-yes? I have a lot of close combat experience." The
schoolyard of the Henry W. Grady High School wasn't a place for the fainthearted nerds and geeks.

Simon gave his boss a shrug. As long as someone would pave him a way to the bar, he was a happy
camper.

"Oh please." Rick threw his arms in the air, shaking his head. "Who are you, Victoria Beckham?
You don't need a bodyguard!"

Negan smirked, poking the tip of his tongue to the corner of his mouth, before he snapped his
fingers, pointing one down, as a signal for his boys that it was time to march off. "Alright then, big
fellow! Take us to the fucking restaurant. Puppy needs some kibble."

----

"YOU WANT AN EXPULSION? BECAUSE THAT'S EXACTLY HOW YOU GET AN
EXPULSION!"

Twenty minutes later a big, sturdy man in dark blue trench coat and black sunglasses barked empty
threats at the riff-raff, crowding the Hyatt's lobby, while shielding the king of kink, also known as the
most gorgeous man in god's creation, with wide spread arms and a broad back from everyone who
dared to lay a finger on Negan's holy flesh.

Oh yes. This was his calling. He was practically Kevin Costner, just with better hair.

----

Daryl decided that he liked Washington best in the quiet safety of the hotel room, alone with Negan.

It was difficult to concentrate on the rules with all the people in the rest of the hotel. Everyone talked
to him, he didn't know the answers to most of the questions he was asked, and Negan had to speak to
others constantly. Daryl had counted seventeen men alone in the last hour, who had come up to the
tall angry man for a hug or hello, and three of them even kissed him on the mouth.

He had to visit the restroom while everyone was at dinner, and when he was finished, he couldn't find the way back. That's why he had needed half an hour until he was back at the table. Negan had given him a very stern look and wanted to know if he had forgotten how the phone works, to ask for help.

Then, while eating silly soup made of tomatoes and fennel, Daryl forgot to use the red cloth to wipe his mouth and instead took the back of his wrist, three times. At the fourth time, Negan slapped the table next to his plate and called him by his name, instead of boy or puppy. It made his stomach clench.

After dinner was an event for past and current title holders of the leather community, in the big ballroom of the hotel. There were tables, a stage and a lot of people. Three different men held endless speeches on stage and Negan listened to all of them, while Daryl had to sit on a chair, next to him. It was boring and Daryl was tired. He couldn't even see what Paul played on his phone, because he was sitting too far away, flanked by the cowboy boots guy and the buzz cut man. The only funny thing was Simon, who build impressive card houses on the bright white tablecloth, while his new assistant stood in full security mode, in polite distance, behind the table, on watch for possible threats or sneaky fanboys.

Daryl hunched his shoulders and sniffed his nose, wishing he could kneel between Negan's thighs on the floor.

The phone beeped and Daryl took it quickly out of his pocket, hoping that no one had noticed the noise.

JESUS
My Sim just undressed all on his own, walked out on the street and hit on a random girl.
What a slut :D
But I'm kinda proud of him :D :D
25/01/2017 9:17 PM

Daryl blinked at the message. He knew what a Sim was. Paul had shown him the tiny person in his game, who looked just like himself and lived in a very luxurious house, with indoor slide and whirlpool.

The phone beeped again, before he had a chance to answer.

JESUS
I need to tinkle! Come with me, we make a dash for freedom!
25/01/2017 9:18 PM

Daryl typed a small 'ok' and sent it, pretty sure that tinkle was the same as taking a piss, and then watched from underneath his long bangs, how Paul whispered something to the cowboy boots guy, before he got up, and spoke quietly to Negan.

Negan gave a short nod, turned around to Daryl and leaned in to his ear. "You want to stay with Paul at all times, right?"

Daryl nodded, liking how good Negan smelled from such a close distance. "Yes."

"What are you doing if you get lost or need help. Tell me."

"With the phone." Daryl wrapped his fingers around the silly smart phone, hoping his guess was
"See? You are a smart boy." Negan nudged his nose into long strands of hair. "Come back soon, I'm gonna miss you."

A warm cloud spread through Daryl's stomach, soaking the nice words up like a sponge. "Yes."

A faint smile tugged at the corners of Negan's mouth, knowing exactly how Daryl's face blushed right now, even if the room was too dim to see it. "Go, take a piss, puppy."

---

Paul turned the water off and shook his dripping hands in Daryl's direction, splashing some drops at his face. "So, what are we doing now?"

Daryl wrinkled his nose, not sure what that had been all about. He shrugged.

"Well, we can't go back now, it's too boring and my Sim is busy."

"Hm." Daryl had to agree. It was really boring.

Paul thought a moment, before a wicked smile spread over his lips. "Oh, I know what we do."

---

Hernando, the Hyatt's best roomboy had a stressful evening. His pregnant girlfriend kept on texting him about possible baby names, while a hundred guests at once asked for roomservice. Apparently, some of the none-convention goers found the invasion of scary leather men a little bit intimidating, and preferred to dine in the safety of their rooms.

He took a small silver tray with appetizers off his serving cart and knocked at door number 4.12. "Mister Schumacher? Roomservice!"

Daryl ducked behind the corner, putting a finger in front of his lips, signaling for Jesus to be quiet, then waved his hand, when the door was opened and Hernando vanished into the room. "Come." He whispered to Paul, and tip toed up to the food cart, not making any sound, as he took a small baguette and a plate with silver cover.

Jesus pointed to a white bowl with strawberries, mouthing a soundless, "That too."

"Have a nice evening, Mister Schumacher, let us know if there is anything else we can do for you."

Hernando counted the meek 55 cent of tip he had received, sighed when the phone in his pocket vibrated again, and closed the door, pushing his service cart along the quiet corridor for his next delivery.

---

"That's the jackpot!" Paul stuffed another sweet potato fry into his mouth. "Finally something real to eat." He shifted around in his cross legged position, tugging a strand of hair behind his ear... 14 stories above the ground, on the Hyatt's rooftop. "Dinner was so disgusting today."

"Hm." Daryl nodded, looking up into the dark sky, chewing his stolen 28 Dollar cheeseburger. Watery soup made of tomatoes and fennel was not very tasty.

Paul glanced at the other man with a smile. "You are really good at tracking food."
A tiny smile appeared on Daryl's lips. That was true. He could track almost anything.

---

"You look just like my grandsons." 91 year old Misses Armbruster had a smile of pure entrancement on her face, as she spoke to the young charming couple in the Hyatt's elevator. "And you have such wonderful hair."

Jesus returned the smile, entwining his fingers with Daryl's. "Thank you, Ma'am. You are invited to our wedding in June."

"Oh, did you hear that Rupert? We are invited to the wedding!" She looked up at her 93 year old husband, who had nothing but disapproval written over his wrinkly face, for the two long haired men, holding hands in public, while wearing matching outfits. Unbelievable. Back in the day, such behavior would have been punished harshly.

"Come now." He pulled his wife out on the corridor when the doors opened with a 'bing'.

Paul waved after the precious old lady, not seeing any reason to let go of Daryl's hand when the doors closed again.

---

They found a twenty dollar bill next to the large pot plant in the very crowded lobby and decided to go on the hunt for a dessert at the Capitol Hill mini-supermarket, just around the corner.

Daryl liked to hold hands with Paul. It was different from doing it with Negan, less tingly, firm and protective, but very nice and kind of soft. He turned and looked back over his shoulder when a group of young people hollered 'Oh my they let the queens out!' across the street, wondering if they meant him and Paul.

"Just ignore them." Jesus shook his head, rubbing his thumb over the back of Daryl's hand. "They're just jealous BECAUSE WE ROCK AND THEY DON'T!" He shouted the last part, making sure the right people heard him, and then pushed the door to the small store open, heading straight for the candy aisle.

Daryl flicked his head to the side to get some hair out of his eyes, immediately finding his favorite chocolate.

"Sweet!" Jesus grabbed two packages of Christmas Peeps, shaped like reindeer. "80% off!"

Daryl gave the weird marshmallows a nervous look. Negan wouldn't want that. "It has sugar." He sounded not really friendly when he said his objection in low voice, but Paul didn't seem to mind.

"They're okay, see?" He pointed to the bright blue imprint on the wrapping. "Sugar free. These too." He found a bag of Jelly Beans in assorted flavors. "What do you want?"

Daryl scanned the shelves, sniffing his nose, while he scratched the side of Paul's finger with his thumbnail. After 46 seconds he pointed on a large blue bag of pretzel M&M's. They weren't sugar free, but he really wanted to buy them. For the tall angry man, because they were his favorite.

Paul smiled, squeezing Daryl's hand, his inner Negan-fanboy dancing happily. He was a great matchmaker.

---
It was almost 11 in the evening, when two young men in tight black jeans and matching sleeveless shirts entered the busy foyer of the Hyatt Regency on Capitol Hill, hand in hand, and made their way through the crowd of people in fetish gear, towards the big ballroom, where the pre-event for the Mister Mid-Atlantic Leather 2017 was held.

They were stopped 30 feet in front of the door, by the current international Mister Leather, whose angry expression softened a bit at the sight of his submissives holding hands.

"That must have been one hell of a piss! Hope you got that on camera for your channel!"

Jesus lowered his head immediately, letting go of Daryl's hand. "May I explain, Sir?"

Daryl glanced nervously from one man to the other, fumbling with the blue candy bag in his fingers.

"You were bored out of your fucking mind, sitting by an event important to me, so you decided to go on a little adventure with my Daryl?"

Paul grimaced guiltily, staring at his Doc Martens, cursing the fact that daddy really was always right. "Yes, Sir." He held the plastic bag out to confess his supermarket pickings before Negan found them on his own. "Someone lost 20 bucks."

Negan ran his tongue along his teeth, making a sizzling noise, as he took the bag and looked inside. He gave it back without a comment, turning to Daryl. "You have anything to say?"

Daryl wanted to say that he was sorry, that all he wanted was to be alone in the room with Negan and that he really hated tomato soup and boring speeches. But he just flicked his head to the side and tried to glance up at dark eyes, when he held the bag with M&M's out. "'s for you."

Negan stared at Daryl, biting the inside of his lip as he studied the man's face. He stepped closer, almost chest to chest, looking down. "Eyes on me." He watched Daryl raising his head, insecurely as always. "You want to go upstairs, report and brush your teeth. I will be there in an hour. Then you'll tell me why it's rude to leave for a 90 minute piss break. Right?"

"Hm." Daryl nodded. The tall angry man didn't sound very angry, but he felt nonetheless like he had just robbed a nursery school. "Okay."

Negan stepped another three inches closer, bending down to offer a kiss. Just a small one on the lips, but he lowered his voice as he spoke against the warm skin of Daryl's cheek. "You also want to hide that awesome gift underneath my pillow. I'll eat it at night while I watch my sweet puppy snoozing."

At least a dozen new butterflies found their way into Daryl's stomach, probably because it was really warm in there.

"Chop chop." Negan whispered his demand, letting hot breath brush the other man's face, and watched satisfied how Daryl nodded and stumbled off, looking very much confused with his beautifully blushed cheeks.

Paul smirked, his head lowered submissively, and then jogged behind Daryl, when Negan snapped his fingers.
some drama and awkward puppy smut coming up in a bit...
Some drama involving Simon's pen (let's call it Ursula. It looks like an Ursula) and more awkward first timer sex featuring Negan the great, Mister Paul Rovia and Daryl 'the puppy' Dixon

Daryl had washed and brushed his teeth, wearing nothing but underwear to type his report.

He glanced through his long bangs at Paul, who sat across from him on the huge bed, in the exact same outfit, writing his daily essay for some of his dads. He liked doing things with Paul.

**Good:**
- 
- 

**Bad:**
- mouth
- dinner
- waking up Jesus
- going away with Jesus

**Like:**
- morning

**Hate:**
- people, angry

**Change:**
- being rude

He sent it and got up to hide the bag of M&M's underneath Negan's pillow, wondering if he would really eat them at night.

"We should do something special for him tomorrow." Paul was finished as well and fished for the remote control, switching the TV on.

Daryl rubbed his ear against his bare shoulder, speaking quietly. "Why."

"It's the Mister Leather competition, he will win the title." Jesus switched through the movies the hotel had to offer.

Daryl wiped some hair out of his forehead. "How do you know?"

"Sweet." Paul found something with lots of men, bitchy women, hot outfits and dope fight moves. He selected the movie he wanted and turned around to explain his theory. "It's very easy, the best wins." He smiled brightly. "They pick the one with the most and best influence on the community, and represents leather and what it stands for in the most effective way. And no one is better than daddy." His smile grew even wider, when Daryl nodded very seriously, recognizing the truth in the facts. "Now let's watch Troy. I bet you like Brad Pitt."

'Imagine a king who fights his own battles. Wouldn't that be a sight.'
Achilles rammed the spear, head first, into the dry ground, defiantly striding off to the battlefield.

The king watched him with great dislike. 'Of all the warlords loved by the gods, I hate him the most.'

Achilles pulled his sword, marching fearlessly towards his opponent, Boagrius, a terrifying giant, who stirred up the thousands of armed men behind him, making them roar and cheer.

Achilles wasn't impressed, started running, gracile and light-footed, raising his shield when the first spear flew in his direction, ducked to the side for the second one, ran even faster, and then run-jumped unbelievably high, jabbing his sword skilled and precisely into his enemy's upper back, killing him instantly.

He didn't even turn around when the massive man fell face first into the dust. Instead he walked up to the silenced army of the opposing side, challenging and arrogant, looking at them with piercing blue eyes and angry pout. 'Is there no one else?' He repeated his question, when no one answered him, 'IS THERE NO ONE ELSE?'

Paul sat on the edge of the bed, excitedly speaking every word along. "God, this is so bad ass! Right?" He nudged Daryl, who sat there in slight shock, blinking at the beautiful, absolutely perfect man on screen, with his bright blue eyes, long blond hair, muscular body, strong and proud, like some mythical creature out of gay heavens.

"'s that him?" Jesus had told him it was a movie with Brad Pitt, but maybe Mister Pitt was the white haired old man.

Paul nodded. "Oh yes, in all his glory."

Daryl felt ill, wishing he had one of the full cover leather masks, that Negan sold at the store, to hide his face and shame.

"What?" Paul furrowed his brows, when Daryl looked like he got hit by an invisible train. "Do you not like the movie? We can watch something else, I know Troy already."

Daryl shook his head, feeling like the ugliest person on the planet, remembering the photo of evidence in his phone.

As on cue, the silly smart phone beeped, announcing the arrival of his corrected report.

**Good:** - I was brave and went with Negan on stage, making him fucking proud!
  - I payed attention to Negan all day and did a fantastic job in public!
**Bad:** - mouth- I forgot to use my napkin. I remember it next time.
  - dinner I didn't think of the option to use my phone and ask for help. I do next time.
  - waking up Jesus I did nothing wrong. Negan shouldn't have sent me.
  - going away with Jesus - I will discuss it later with Negan
**Like:** morning - It was Negan's favorite part of the day as well :)
**Hate:** people, angry - I feel uncomfortable with many people around, but everyone loved me and I represented Negan in the most beautiful way possible!
  - I don't like when Negan has to correct me
**Change:** being rude I regret that I wasn't at Negan's side, when it was important to him, but I have another chance tomorrow, and Negan is happy that I like Paul so much :)

He read it, lying down on the thick mattress, touching the small screen with all the nice words on it.
Each one of them sounded like Negan would really like him. He just didn't understand why. Not when he could have anyone else. Even perfect Brad Pitt fighters with swords and armor.

Paul sighed and flopped down on his back, right next to Daryl, making their heads touch. "Watching TV is overrated anyway." He took Daryl's hand, entwined their fingers and held them up, without any reason. "You really want me to stay the night? I understand if you want to be alone with him."

Daryl shook his head and then looked in the other direction, at some random spot next to the bathroom door, trying to make his voice work. "I ain't nothin' like him." He gestured halfheartedly to the TV, hating the stupid tone of his voice.

Paul squeezed Daryl's hand, looking at him from the side. "What do you mean? Like Brad Pitt?"

Daryl nodded, staring at the light switch. "He wants one like him."

Jesus propped up on his elbows, perplexed. "Who, Negan? Why do you think that?"

Daryl shrugged, feeling horribly embarrassed. "Was told."

Paul slumped back down on the pillow and after a moment rolled over on his side, stroking Daryl's face. "Whoever told you that, is wrong. Brad Pitt is in reality 53 and has like a million kids. He is an alcoholic and looks nothing like the guy in the movie. And even if he did, Negan wouldn't look twice at him." He tugged some of the long strands of hair behind Daryl's ear. "But the moment I saw you on the loading ramp, that night you shared your dinner with me, I knew he would adore you. And I'm glad you got to meet him, because you make him really happy."

Daryl sniffed his nose and turned his head, finding it surprisingly easy to look at Paul's close face.

Jesus smiled, taking all the details of Daryl's features in. "He would never trade you for someone like Brad Pitt." He chuckled. "I could ask him, and he would slap my head. Bet on it."

The corners of Daryl's mouth curled up into a small smile. And then he held his breath, when Paul bent down and kissed him, just like that, with the softest lips and a warm, gentle hand on his face.

Paul closed his eyes, pausing for a second, before he did it again, exhaling soundless when Daryl parted his lips just a tiny bit, showing that he liked what happened.

They touched the tips of their tongues together, for a very brief moment, exploring the new feel and taste. And then simply hugged and cuddled up, enjoying the comfort of warm, naked skin and each others smell.

"Thank you for inviting me tonight."

Daryl blinked when Paul rubbed their noses together and pecked his lips again.

"It's much nicer here." Jesus chuckled, but it didn't sound really happy.

Daryl put a hand on the side of Paul's head, fascinated by how soft his hair felt, and then tensed, when there was a loud knocking at the door, three times.

"Did he forget his card?" Paul furrowed his brows, a little bit annoyed that someone had to go and open the door.

Daryl shrugged and got up when it knocked again. He wiped some hair out of his eyes as he walked to the door, panicking for a second, his brain trying to come up with the answer Negan expected to
hear, to the question why it was rude to go on a piss break for 90 minutes.

He reached for the doorknob and flicked his head, before he was shoved out of the way, with his back into the wall.

"Where's the fucking boy!"

As soon as Shane's drunken slur resounded through the Hyatt's spacious Capitol suite, Jesus bolted out of bed, running to the other room.

"Sir." Paul put a hand on Shane's arm, speaking calm and submissively. "You forgot I sleep here tonight, Rick said it's okay."

"Oh, Rick said it's okay!" Shane laughed, pushing the man off, walking farther into the room, looking around. "Getting fucked by your superdad again tonight?" He picked one of Negan's leather gloves up and stuffed it into an empty flower vase. "Great!"

Daryl looked nervously around, not sure what to do.

"The only question is," Shane sniffed his nose, putting both of his hands on his hips. "Who's gonna suck my fucking dick while you're busy being his hand puppet? Should I do it myself, or..." He pursed his lips, looking at Paul with a very serious face. "Is that what you want?"

"No Sir," Jesus walked up to him, trying for his most soothing voice. "You have been drinking too much, I'll bring you back to the-"

Shane laughed, grasping Paul's jaw in a hard grip. "Or maybe I should just use the little pansy, right?" He gestured to the anxious man next to the door. "I mean, somebody has to do the job!"

Paul wrapped his fingers around Shane's wrist, trying to pull his hand off, as gently as possible. "No, Sir, please let me do it. Daryl is supposed to be downstairs." He sent Daryl a pleading look. "Just go, you'll be late."

Daryl wrapped an arm across his bare chest, shaking his head.

"Oh now you make the calls here? I don't think so!" Shane pushed Jesus off, making him stumble backwards into the couch, and pointed a finger down as he looked at Daryl. "Come here, boy, now!"

Paul scrambled to his feet, raising his voice for the first time. "Daryl, go downstairs!" The empty flower vase thrown in his direction just barely missed his head, before it crashed into the wall.

"I SAID YOU COME HERE BOY, NOW!" Shane made two big steps towards Daryl, and then stopped with a laugh and shake of his head, when he noticed the tall man standing in the door frame. "Oh there he is, the fucking puppet master!"

Negan gritted his teeth, tilting his head down as he pinched his nose. "Hh."

The force behind the first blow, knocked the air out of Shane's lungs, making him drop to his knees and double over, the second had him retch, even though he looked up, with a broken chuckle.

Simon waited with crossed arms in the doorway, watching how Negan wrapped vice like fingers around Shane's throat, pulled him up to his feet and shoved him into the wall.

A grin spread over Shane's lips, despite the obvious pain and discomfort he had. "Go on, hit me again, might get me hard."
Negan honored the man's request with a deadly cold smile, grabbing his crotch in the most painful way.

Shane struggled to stay upright, his face contorting in severe pain, his attempt to chuckle turning into a strange gurgling sound.

"This is some unacceptable behavior. You act against the rules here." Negan's voice was low and icy, as he pulled his fingers even tighter, crushing the man's balls, while he pushed him into the wall mercilessly. "Someone in charge who let's something like that fly?" He shook his head, offering a soundless laugh. "You really crossed the line this time."

"What rules." The last bit of amusement disappeared from Shane's tormented features, instead he scrunched up his face, spitting his hateful opinion out defiantly. "You can fuck my boy but I can't have yours suck me off? Put a fucking collar round his filthy neck if you don't want others to touch him."

Negan didn't loosen his grip, or take the deadly stare off his target as he spoke. "Daryl. Here."

Daryl glanced up nervously, through the long bangs shielding his eyes. He had trouble breathing, wrapping his arms tightly around his chest, not sure if he had done something wrong or not. Negan sounded cold and angry. But he went anyway, walking up slowly to stand next to Negan, expecting the worst.

"You want to spend time with Shane and serve him? Tell me."

Daryl stared to the ground, fear and sickness flooding his stomach.

"You want to answer."

He shook his head, "No." and spoke quiet but angry, willing to fight his way out if he would be forced to go with the buzz cut guy.

"No?" But Negan's reply was calm and steady, holding no sign of a threat or danger. "You want to stay here with me, boy?"

Daryl looked up, relief replacing the worry in his blue eyes. "Yes."

Negan tilted his head to the side, intensifying the piercing stare into Shane's eyes, moving another inch closer into the man's space, while crushing his genitals into a new level of pain. "See? It's not that difficult. But if you need further information on the topic, try Sesame Street episode 3009. Elmo says no. I recommend it highly." After eight seconds of making Shane's eyes water, he let go, put a comforting hand on Daryl's shoulder and looked over to the open door. "Simon. You have a pen?"

Simon seemed surprised by the request, but patted his pockets and found the black permanent marker that the boss had used earlier to sign some autographs. "Yes?" He pulled it out and threw it in Negan's direction.

"Thanks." Negan pulled the cap off with his teeth and grabbed Daryl's arm, arching his brows as he started to write his name in big bold letters on the man's pale skin, speaking casually like the subject matter would be the tomorrow's weather. "See, Shane, what you need to understand is, even if he changes his mind one day and decides to leave my side, marry a girl, become a peanut farmer in Argentina, or fall to his knees to suck your pathetic schleng..." He finished his artwork with a beautiful N, put the cap back on the pen and held Daryl's marked arm up for Shane to see. "He will always be under my protection. No matter what, until the day I meet my fucking maker. You cough in his direction, I will fucking crush your face." He kissed the back of Daryl's hand and spoke softly
to him. "Go wait in the bedroom with Paul. I'm there in a minute."

Jesus got up from the couch, glancing warily at Negan who still gave Shane a death stare, holding him upright against the wall with a firm hand.

Simon guided the two younger men into the bedroom, closed the door behind them and then watched with crossed arms as a completely calm smirk moved over Negan's face.

"You didn't really think that you're gonna get through this without being punished, for treating my boy Paul like a whore, right?"

----

It took much longer than a minute until Negan entered the bedroom, and when he did, he cleared his throat and vanished into the bathroom to wash his hands, not saying anything to the two men on the bed.

Daryl flicked his head and glanced at Jesus, concerned about the silence.

Paul shrugged, switching the TV off.

When Negan came back out, he took his jacket off, giving both men a faint smile. "All okay?" He got a confident "Yes, Sir." and a shyly mumbled, "Yes." as an answer, and nodded, pulling his shirt off. "Shane isn't feeling well and decided to take the first flight in the morning. We'll talk with Rick about your living situation, when we're back home." He looked at Paul, arching his brows. "You have a question?"

Jesus scratched the side of his forehead with his little finger, looking not as cheerful as usual. "Would you mind if I give Rick a quick call, see if he's okay?"

Negan gestured to the door. "Take your time. If you want to see him, he can come here."

Paul got off the bed and grabbed his phone, kissing Negan's cheek on the way out. "Thank you, Sir." He stopped for a moment and added a hug to the kiss, looking up at Negan's face. "Thank you, so much." The second 'thank you' was just whispered, but came from the bottom of his heart.

Negan kissed the top of Paul's head. "Go call Rick, bugger." He watched him go into the other room, closed the door behind him for more privacy, then sat down on the bed and snapped his fingers, pointing to the free space between his legs.

Daryl sniffed his nose and crawled off the bed, kneeling where he was supposed to. He glanced up, wanting to hide his face against Negan's belly, but he didn't. Instead he pulled the man's heavy biker boots off, as well as the soft black socks underneath, and then straightened his back, bravely waiting for instructions.

Negan took hold of Daryl's chin, demanding eye contact. "Why was it rude to leave for a ninety minute piss break. Tell me."

Daryl was pretty sure he knew the right answer, it was just difficult to speak. He tried anyway, pulling his fingers nervously, "You're worried." then rubbed his nose, really hating how his voice sounded. "You don't know what happened."

"That's exactly right. You could have just sent me a message, that's why you have a phone, right?"

"Hm." Daryl wasn't sure why he hadn't used it. "Yes."
"You are not a prisoner, you are free to do what you want, as long as you don't sabotage me doing my job correctly." Negan pulled his fingers around Daryl's chin a bit tighter and raised his voice into a more stern tone. "What is my job. Tell me."

Daryl wasn't prepared for that question. He shifted on his butt, trying to flick his head but was held too tightly, so he just exhaled, not sure what to say. "The store."

"Well done, that is my job." Negan didn't lose his serious face, but his tone grew a lot softer. "My other job is taking care of my puppy. And I can't do that if you withhold information. Right?"

Daryl blinked through the long bangs falling into his eyes. He was sorry. And he never wanted to wash again, to keep the wonderful name on his arm forever.

"Right?"

Daryl nodded. "Yes."

The smirk on Negan's lips was too faint, to be sure it was really there. He bent down and leaned in very close. "Should I tell you a really fantastic secret, boy?"

A swirl of excitement rippled through Daryl's chest, when a deep, silky voice purred into his ear. "Mhm."

Negan kissed a pale earlobe softly. "You can tell me everything. Don't ever be afraid to speak your mind. All your words are safe with me. Written and spoken. It is a special Negan promise."

The tingling excitement in Daryl's stomach transformed into wonderful warm liquid, that made his throat tight and his brain numb. He brushed his cheek against a rough beard and then turned his head to kiss, all on his own, because he really felt like his heart would burst otherwise.

Negan enjoyed the warm lips on his mouth, offered his tongue, and placed a hand to the back of Daryl's head, groaning when the man tried to get closer and wrapped shy arms around his neck. "Good boy, kissing so nicely." Negan spoke against wet lips and licked them. "You want to try it for me? Tell me something that I did not know about you yet?"

Daryl knelt up as high as he could, refusing to stop the tight embrace. He pressed his face into Negan's bare shoulder and then moved to dig his nose into the warm skin of Negan's neck. He inhaled deeply and decided that he wanted to. Because this special secret poked unpleasantly into his guts, fully aware that the tall angry man hated illegal actions. "Stole a burger tonight." He mumbled it into the crook of Negan's neck, pulling his arms tighter. "At the hotel."

Negan squinted an eye. "Really? Why?" As soon as he had asked for a reason, he remembered the sneaky man who had been in Daryl's company. "Was it Paul's idea?"

Daryl was quiet for a moment. He didn't want to lie. "Just wanted to track food, 's all."

Negan put his hands to Daryl's sides, pushing him off, to see the man's face. "Where did you find the burger?"

Daryl shrugged, trying to glance up for eye contact. "Under the silver." He wasn't sure what it was called, and made a hand movement to explain a dome-shaped plate cover.

Negan understood what he meant, keeping a straight face and serious tone. "Did anyone see you?"

Daryl shook his head. "No." He was a good tracker.
Negan arched his brows. "You might want to give the hotel staff a fucking generous tip tomorrow."

"Hm." Daryl rubbed his ear against his shoulder, casting his eyes down. "Yes."

Negan smirked at the guilty posture. "Eyes on me." He watched as his order was followed and gave Daryl a look of appraisal. "I don't like that you steal food. You have money and you can let me know when you are hungry. But telling me about it was a fucking awesome thing to do." He took hold of Daryl's chin. "Right? Did you do fantastic?"

"Hm." A tiny smile formed all by itself on Daryl's lips as he glanced at the tall angry man through his long bangs. "Yes."

Negan nodded affirmative. "Damn well right, you did." He placed his thumb on the man's mouth, pushing a little. "Now open up, you want to show me your brushed teeth."

Daryl blinked, parting his lips hesitantly, and then exhaled and swallowed nervously with open mouth, when Negan hooked his thumb behind the lower row of teeth, pulling his jaw down for a better view.

"Good job." Negan let go after two seconds, stroking the hair covering Daryl's ear rewardingly. "You want to serve me now?"

Daryl smacked his lips with a nod. "Yes."

"Say it like a good boy."

The demand in Negan's voice made Daryl's belly flutter. He looked up, trying to sound confident and failed completely. "'want to serve you." He wanted to add 'Sir' to his answer, but it wouldn't come out anymore.

Negan liked it anyway, putting a hand on Daryl's head as he stood up from the bed. "Move back a bit. Show me how I want you to kneel for me." He watched as Daryl slid backwards twenty inches and straightened his kneeling position, spreading his thighs. "That's better. Take my belt off."

Daryl wanted to ask why, but didn't. He reached up, hating how his fingers trembled slightly, as he unbuckled the heavy leather belt and pulled it out of the loops.

"Good job." Negan's tone was soft and praising. "You may keep it until morning." When Daryl gave him a puzzled look, he took the belt out of his hands, "Right arm up." wrapped it across a bare chest, from underneath Daryl's right arm, up to his left shoulder, where he cinched it securely on the last hole, into a self made harness. "Pretty boy."

Daryl felt like he was clad in gold and armor. The belt was warm and smelled like leather and tall angry man. He hoped it would be a very long time until morning.

"Take my pants off." Negan loved the pride on Daryl's face and stroked gentle fingers through long strands of hair, watching as his fly was opened by clumsy fingers.

Daryl glanced up for a second, before he pulled the pants slowly down Negan's legs, let the man step out and put them aside. He hesitated and then brushed his nose against wonderful soft underwear, inhaling the intimate scent. His lips parted on their own, his tongue leaving a wet spot on the white fabric.

Negan watched from above, placing a secure hand to the back of Daryl's head, encouraging him by slight movements of his hips. He smiled when Daryl looked up, silently asking for permission, with
his fingers curled into the broad waistband of his briefs. "Why do you want them off, tell me."

Daryl hated that he was asked questions now. He huffed warm, damp breath against the twitching cock, covered by just a thin layer of underwear, then tried to lick it as much as possible despite the barrier, before he gathered up enough courage to speak. "For licking." He felt like the silliest student in Miss Greene's classroom all over again, and hid his face against Negan's groin, hoping his answer hadn't been heard.

But Negan had understood him perfectly well and tilted his head to the side, stroking adoringly through long strands of hair. "Yes? You want to lick me with your sweet puppy tongue?"

Daryl nodded, automatically leaning into the caressing hand. "Yes."

Negan reached down to tilt Daryl's chin up. "Open, show it to me."

Daryl parted his lips, slipping the broad tip of his tongue out.

"Good boy, eyes on me." Negan kept a firm grip on the man's chin, as he held two fingers of his other hand in front of a pale pink mouth. "Lick." The first timid contact of wet tongue against his fingertips made his cock twitch, and he had to suppress a groan when innocent blue eyes flickered open to look up at him like he was the king of the world. He slid his fingers slowly past Daryl's lips, inside the warm mouth, moving them back and forth. "You want to suck them for me?"

Daryl breathed around the two long fingers, then closed his lips around them, loving the slightly salty taste, when he sucked them as he was told. He knelt up a bit higher, angled his head, trying to meet the cautious thrusts in and out of his mouth, and then coughed a little, when Negan's fingers hit the back of his throat. Just briefly, before pulling back, gently sliding back and forth along his tongue again.

"Look at you, doing so good." Negan tried again after a few seconds, arching his brows, holding steady eye contact, as he pushed his fingers to the back of a hot throat, and crooked them down, holding them there for a split second, "Good boy, Daryl." before pulling back, his voice controlled and praising when Daryl gagged and coughed. "Nice job. You wanna try one more time?"

For a moment Daryl wasn't sure what he was supposed to try, but he nodded anyway and then understood the connection when Negan held the back of his head for support, giving him a firm look, as he slid his fingers slowly back again, pushed them down the top of his throat with slight pressure and held them there for a few seconds, the tone of his voice exploding with pride, when Daryl didn't pull back, despite the urge to gag.

"Awesome job, boy! Doing so well for me, right?" Negan drew his fingers out and bent down for a rewarding kiss, deep and open mouthed, wrapping a hand into the other man's hair.

Daryl melted into the expensive hotel carpet, clawing his fingers into the backside of Negan's thighs. He wished the tall angry man would get another condom out of his bag, like he did in the morning. But he didn't, and even stopped kissing, because the door opened and Paul entered the room, very quietly, with very red eyes.

Negan placed a hand on the top of Daryl's head, pushing him against his thigh, and held the other out for Paul, pulling him close as soon as he stood near enough. "You want to spend the night with Rick?"

Jesus shook his head, wrapped his arms around Negan's neck and dug his damp nose into the bare skin of his chest. "He is with Simon. He is sad."
"I know." Negan nodded, kissing Paul's hair. "Wanna go to bed?"

Paul shook his head again. "May I serve you, please."

Negan knew where the question came from, that Paul was seeking contact, warmth and distraction, the feeling of safety and worth. The firm boarders and stability his place as sub provided, while a part of his life just fell apart in front of his eyes. Negan bent down and kissed the man's cheek, speaking next to his ear. "Yes, in bed. Hop in, bugger."

Paul kissed Negan's collarbone, wiped his eyes and walked around the bed, gracefully slipping underneath the blanket, rolling onto his side.

"You want to serve me as well in bed, boy." Negan stroked the side of Daryl's head with three fingers, making him look up. "Get me another pillow out of the wardrobe." He watched as his order was obeyed immediately and smiled faintly, when Daryl not only placed the pillow into the middle between the other two in bed, but also hid a big blue bag of pretzel M&M's underneath, before he came back, waiting for more instructions.

"Take your underwear off, I want my puppy naked next to me, right?"

Daryl sniffed his nose and clumsily pulled his briefs down, looking embarrassed when he was finished, but didn't cover himself.

"Very nice." Negan gave him a soft kiss. "You want to keep the belt on?" He rewarded the small but determined 'Yes' he received with another kiss and spoke quietly against the man's flushed cheek. "You may take my underwear off now."

Daryl brushed his face against a rough beard, curling his fingers into the waistband of white briefs.

"No. Down puppy."

Daryl blinked and crouched down to his knees, feeling heat spread through his chest, as he touched the soft fabric again and slowly pulled it down, exposing the most intimate parts of Negan's body. He waited for the man to step out of it and then took the underwear and put it to his lips, sniffing it shyly.

"Look at you being such a good boy." Negan feasted on the sight, combing firm fingers through long strands of hair. "Does that smell so nice?"

Daryl nodded. It really did. Like warm Negan and soap. He wanted to keep it underneath his pillow.

A light slap on his cheek made him flinch.

"You want to answer."

Daryl glanced up through long bangs, feeling his lower belly tingle. "Yes." When Negan arched his brows expectantly, he added a full, albeit mumbled, reply. "'t smells nice."

"Yes, it does." Negan stroked a strand of hair behind Daryl's ear and held his hand out. "You want to give it back to me and hop into bed. Present your pretty ass like I taught you."

"Yes." Daryl handed the briefs over and got up, crawling onto the mattress, on the spot where he was supposed to sleep, lying flat on his chest, with his legs pulled up and his butt in the air.

Negan walked up to the side of the bed, grabbing Daryl between the butt cheeks, pulling him up a little. "Higher, spread your knees." He rubbed soothing circles on the top of Daryl's bum when the
posture was to his full satisfaction. "That's how I like to see you, very nice Daryl."

Daryl turned his head towards Jesus and was surprised to see a tiny smile. He wanted to smile back, but wasn't sure if his lips actually accomplished the task.

"So, we have a new situation." Negan walked through the room to get some utensils out of his bag, speaking loud and clear, making sure he had full attention. "Two boys sleeping in bed with me. I feel like we need new rules for that, because, in case you didn't know, my fucking bed is sacred ground and if anyone deprives me of my damn beauty sleep and I have to run around looking like Grim Reaper, I'll be very displeased."

Daryl listened attentively to the deep, stern voice, raising his butt an inch higher, while the tiny smile on Paul's lips grew into a full smirk at his daddy's lecture.

Negan took the plug he had been looking for, but couldn't find the lube. He went into the bathroom, raising his voice a little. "So, boys, no fucking jealousy and no bad behavior towards each other. I don't care who starts it, you'll both sleep on the fucking floor if I have to put up with shit like that." He had found a bottle of lubricant next to his 67 dollar hair gel and switched the light in the bathroom off, closing the door. "Right?"

Daryl nodded, when Jesus answered a softly spoken, "Yes, Sir."

Negan didn't agree with Daryl's non verbal reply. "What do I not want in my bed, tell me puppy."

Daryl huffed a breath against the side of his hand, shifting on his knees, making his bare butt wriggle. "Jealousy." The new rule made him a little uneasy. He was sure he would sleep on the floor very often.

Negan walked up to him, stroking his bare back. "That's right. But what are you doing if you need me to stop, or I make you sad?"

Daryl sniffed his nose, then rubbed it. "On the floor."

"No." Negan brushed the back of his fingers down Daryl's spine. "Sad puppies show me their signal, so I can make them feel better, right?"

Daryl nodded, the side of his face squished into the mattress. "Right." He liked that better than the floor.

"Good boy." Negan adjusted the self made belt harness and walked around the bed to Paul's side, putting plug and lube on the nightstand. "No jealousy, no bad behavior, no waking me up before my alarm clock fucking does so. You support each other, you please me, you sleep like good boys." He pulled the blanket off Paul's body, patting the side of his thigh. "Present."

Jesus moved into the required position, his chest flat on the mattress, his legs pulled up, his butt in the air. Then reached back to slip his underwear down and spread his knees as much as his pulled down briefs allowed.

"Good job." Negan squeezed a generous amount of lube onto his hand. "You want to open up for me."

Daryl watched as Negan spread the lubricant between Paul's butt cheeks, rubbing circles at a specific spot. It made Paul's eyes flutter shut and his lips part slightly.

He thought about showing his signal, because his stomach clenched unpleasantly.
"What am I doing, boy?" Negan observed Daryl's reaction, speaking in a steady tone. "Am I giving Paul a nice plug?"

Daryl turned his head into the sheets, hiding his face. He didn't want to watch anymore.

Negan let the unanswered question slip, pushing two fingers against Paul's entry. "Our Paul had a bad evening, we want to make him feel better, right?"

Daryl heard Jesus groan. The noise made him angry.

"You might want to help him." Negan moved his fingers inside Paul's ass, adding a third after just a moment, loving how the muscle contracted around him. "It's a big plug, maybe Paul needs to hold your hand." Paul Rovia was Negan's number one fisting partner and could take a simple buttplug without any problems, but Negan smiled anyway when Daryl's hand stirred on the white sheet and finally reached out blindly in Paul's direction. "Good boy, look at you being so nice."

Daryl heard Jesus panting quietly and turned his head, peeking through tousled hair at their entwined fingers in the middle of the mattress.

Negan lubed the black plug up, it was slightly curved, beaded with four bulbous ridges, and a solid finger loop at the end. Jesus arched his back and wrapped his fingers tight around Daryl's hand, the second the toy was inserted.

"Is he doing good, boy? Tell me." Negan moved the solid plug slowly in, holding Paul's back down with a firm hand.

Daryl looked at Paul's face, contorted in pure pleasure, saw him thrusting back against the plug, heard him moan and pant. He nodded. It looked much better than the sad face and red eyes he had shown before. "Yes."

"Yes, he does." Negan twisted the toy, once it was fully embedded, making sure it was where he wanted it, and stroked bare ass cheeks rewardingly. "It reminds him of me, right? That's a nice feeling."

Daryl blinked at Negan, and then at Paul who just enjoyed the bliss and fullness. He wasn't sure if he liked that. Maybe Paul had a condom wrapper underneath his pillow as well. Maybe Negan told him wonderful words, too. Maybe Negan made Paul's stomach tingle in the same way, like it was magic.

He squeezed his eyes shut and turned his head, digging his face back into the sheets, knowing he would have to sleep on the floor now, and he didn't even mind much at the moment.

Paul opened his eyes when the fingers in his hand started to tense and then trembled slightly. He looked back over his shoulder, turning to see Negan, and signaled him a fist with spread out little finger. It wasn't his sign. But he wanted to do it for Daryl.

Negan bent down to kiss his temple, "Good job, Paul." pulled his briefs back up and patted his thigh, gesturing for him to get comfortable again. He went to the bathroom to wash his hands, brushed his teeth and came back after five minutes, stroking a bare butt, that wasn't raised up in the air anymore, but rested on the spotless, white hotel sheets. "What did I tell you what sad puppies do so I can make them feel better?" He didn't receive an answer, sighed and climbed on the mattress, lying down between the two men. He took Daryl's hand out of Paul's fingers, forming it into a fist with spread out little finger. He put it like that next to Daryl's head on the pillow and kissed it, speaking quietly into tousled hair. "You're doing a really bad job answering my questions today. You're lucky I'm too tired to count your strikes. Right?"
Daryl murmured a small 'Yes' into the pillow, feeling guilty, sad and angry all at the same time. He wanted to be back at the factory, in bed, squished underneath the tall angry man, while Olivia cooked a paleo dish out of the internet.

He let out a shattered breath, opened his hand and formed it back into a fist again, spreading his finger out on his own, and was instantly rewarded by a wonderful safe hand on the back of his head, stroking soothingly through his hair.

"Good boy, that's how it works right?" Negan turned, to lie on his side, patted his thigh to give Paul permission to snuggle up to his back, and pushed Daryl's shoulder. "Turn around, eyes on me."

Daryl sniffed his nose and rolled over, to face a stark naked Negan who smiled at him indulgently.

"Want to slap me for making you feel sad?" Negan wiggled his brows. "You have one free."

Daryl thought 'no' but didn't shake his head, instead the corner of his mouth curled up into a faint smirk, when Jesus stated a blunt, "Do it." against Negan's bare back.

"No? Want me to show you something?"

Daryl loved the way Negan's eyelashes looked in the half dark of the room. They were really long. He watched them and blinked his own eyes when he answered quietly. "Yes."

Negan gave him a very long look, before he reached out to pull him close, into a deep, slow kiss, with lazy tongues and roaming hands. He wrapped his arms breathtakingly tight around Daryl's naked body, stroking his marked back, kneading his bare buttocks, pressing him firmly against his chest and middle, entwining their legs into a loose knot.

Daryl's insides turned and tumbled, he couldn't breathe and didn't want to. He was touched everywhere by wonderful tall angry man, strong hands, wet mouth and bare skin. And then Negan moved to lie on his back and just pulled him along, like he wouldn't weigh anything, pressed him against his side, half on top of him and held him by the back of his neck for another deep kiss, groaning to make his pleasure known, before he broke the kiss with a last lick and turned his head to Paul, kissing him open mouthed and naturally, as if he had done it a million times before.

Daryl panted and watched with dazed eyes, his hard cock throbbing against Negan's hip, his complete lower body pulsing and clenching. And before he knew it, Negan's lips were back on his, speaking dark silk words between wet kisses.

"See... no jealous puppy. Just silly Negan doing a mistake. You should've slapped me." He nipped Daryl's lower lip, while pulling Paul tight to his right side.

"Just a little." Paul kissed along Negan's collarbone, sliding his hand over a bare chest, searching for Daryl's hand, and pulled it close to his mouth when he found it, kissing each fingertip and his palm.

Daryl's foggy brain registered the soft touches and he glanced over, putting his hand on the side of Paul's face, a bit clumsy but with gentle intentions.

Negan put his hand on top, brushing his lips over Daryl's face. "Don't make me piss myself, Mister Dixon." His voice was dripping with pride, as he wrapped his arm like a vice around the man's back, pulling him flush against his side, kissing him prayerfully. He let his hand slide deeper, massaging bare ass cheeks and the warm crack between, adoring how Daryl instantly moved his hips, trying to intensify the feeling. "Liking it so much when I touch your gorgeous ass, aren't you boy."

"Hh." Daryl agreed and moved his leg over Negan's flat belly, spreading himself wider for the
wonderful fingers.

"But you're supposed to serve me tonight." Negan traced the man's upper lip with his tongue. "You want to do it together with Paul? Tell me."

Daryl sighed warm breath against Negan's mouth and then whimpered when a thumb pressed against his entrance. "Yes."

"Yes you do, right." Negan rubbed his nose over the warm skin of Daryl's cheek, inhaling deeply. "Go on, show him how I want my nipples sucked."

Daryl blinked, processing the information, brushed his face against a rough beard and moved down to a broad chest, instantly latching on the hard nub he found, opening his mouth wide to suck it in deeply. The butterflies in his stomach duplicated when Negan groaned low in his throat, and put a firm hand to the back of his neck, holding him securely in place.

Jesus smiled, watched for a moment and then touched the other nipple timidly with the tip of his tongue. He wasn't aware how much Negan enjoyed this kind of stimulation, it was nothing that was ever asked of him.

"Open."

A light slap on his cheek made him focus. He glanced up and held eye contact when he parted his lips and bit the dark nipple first, before sucking it in.

Negan brushed Paul's long hair to the side, tracing his cheekbone with his thumb, and then looked over to where Daryl angled his head with a moan and pulled off for a small break, leaving a thin string of saliva as connection between his lips and a shiny wet nipple.

Negan cursed something unfit for minors and wrapped his hand tightly around the back of Daryl's neck, holding him up, "Open wide, tongue out." He slid two fingers in, as soon as his order was obeyed, following them hungrily with his eyes, and cursed again when Daryl gagged at them but didn't pull back or look away, but held his mouth open submissively, ready for another try.

"Fucking puppy boy, making me crazy with your sweet virgin mouth." He slid his fingers in again, holding firm eye contact as he breached the back of a contracting throat and kept the position, praising with sweet words of encouragement, when Daryl gagged and gurgled. "Such a great job, Daryl, trying so fucking hard for me, right? Making me so proud." He pulled his fingers back slowly, in love with the amount of spit on them and pale pink lips. He swiped some of it off and pulled Daryl close for a sloppy kiss, digging his fingers into the man's ass.

Jesus watched them, panting, rocking his throbbing erection against a bare thigh, and reached down to stroke Negan, closing his eyes in pleasure when he heard him moan deeply into the kiss he shared.

Negan licked broad over Daryl's mouth, holding his head in both hands. "You want to try and suck me?" He licked again, when a small whimper escaped the wet glistening lips. "Tell me, boy. You want to suck my dick with your gorgeous puppy mouth?"

"Hh." Daryl nodded and squeezed his eyes shut, the tingles and pulsing in his lower abdomen becoming too overwhelming.

"Yes?" A faint smirk pulled at the right corner of Negan's mouth, as he studied the open emotions on Daryl's face, stroking tousled hair out his forehead. "Go on, try for me, boy." He watched how the man blinked and sat up, clicked his head and shyly moved down on the mattress, not sure what to do.
Paul sat up as well, taking his hand off Negan's erection, and instead pulled at the man's thigh, gesturing for Daryl to kneel between them.

Negan slid up a few inches, propping his head against the top end of the bed, giving more access and creating a better view for himself, then waved his fingers for Jesus to come closer, allowing Daryl a little bit privacy for his first attempts.

"I love the new plug, Sir." Paul snaked his arms around Negan's chest and neck, kissing his chin and jawbone, "Please let me write a review." He clenched his inner muscles around it and brushed his nose against Negan's cheek. "You'll sell a million of them."

"Mhm." Negan smiled, combing his fingers through the man's long hair and pulled him in for a kiss, while he reached down with his other hand to offer Daryl a familiar touch, pleased when it was accepted immediately.

Daryl crossed his ankles underneath his butt, moving back an inch as he bent down and licked the middle of Negan's palm resting on a bare groin. He licked again, placed an open mouthed kiss on it and took a long finger between his lips, sucking it soundly, finding it funny when Negan wriggled it against his tongue, and then inhaled and held his breath because his heart stumbled when the strong hand gave him a slight push to the right, for contact with the softest skin ever.

Negan cupped the side of Paul's face, sliding his tongue deep into the man's mouth, when he felt hot breath on his crotch and pale pink lips placing adoring kisses to the swollen head of his cock, leaving innocent wet marks.

Paul heard the faint smacking noises and reached down blindly to ruffle a hand through Daryl's tousled hair.

Daryl leaned into the comforting touch of two different men stroking his hair and face, and bravely opened his mouth, taking as much in as possible, closing his lips around the hard shaft just as he had done it with Negan's fingers. It felt exciting and new, strange somehow, but not scary at all. He licked with broad tongue, savored the taste, kissed along the length and sighed nervously before he found the courage to use his hand and touch the base for some support.

He glanced up through long bangs, when he felt Negan shift around.

Negan moved up into a kneeling position, in the middle of the bed, snapping his fingers for Paul to sit next to him, holding Daryl's chin for eye contact as he towered over him. "Are you such a good boy for me, making me feel so nice?"

Daryl flicked his head, feeling a little embarrassed, but answered anyway. "Yes."

"Yes?" Negan put his thumb on Daryl's lips, pushing demandingly. "You like me that much?"

A shot of electricity rushed through Daryl's body. He nodded, "Yes." and opened his mouth, displaying his broad tongue. Not just the tip this time, he put it out all the way, holding his gaze bravely up.

Negan's expression mirrored the desire he felt. He straightened himself another few inches up, raising his chin as he gathered some spit in his mouth and let it trickle out and down on a willing pink tongue. He watched wantonly how Daryl closed his mouth and swallowed, "Good boy." and then did it again, but spat in his palm this time, stroking himself with it, not breaking eye contact. "Spread your knees for me. I want to see all of you."

Daryl felt like his skin was on fire, he glanced down, seeing his own cock dripping on the beautiful
white bed sheet, and knew his cheeks were blushing when he looked back up again, seeing the tall angry man touch himself, the veins in his hand flexed, his knuckles standing out. The sight made his heart pound in his chest.

"Open." Negan just whispered the small command, but expected to be obeyed nonetheless.

Daryl parted his lips with a smack and then a bit wider when Negan arched his brows and put a hand to the back of his head, guiding him closer. He shut his eyes and licked the head, moaning at the taste of salty precum and Negan's spit, then closed his mouth around it and sucked, opened again, took far more in, sliding up and down the hard shaft, lapping it with wet, soft tongue, and in between the tips of Negan's fingers as they were offered to him.

"Eyes on me." The command was stern and husky, and obeyed without hesitation. "You want to open wide."

Daryl did, putting a hand on Negan's thigh, when the grip at the back of his head tightened and Negan nodded encouraging, sliding in and out twice, before he slowly thrust in all the way to the back of Daryl's throat.

"Good job!" Negan praised immediately as he saw the slight panic in blue eyes, held the position a moment and pulled back, stroking the man's hair when he had to cough. "Look at you, almost all the way, right?"

Daryl wiped his mouth, nodding, and opened again, some happy butterflies flapping around in his lower belly when Negan smiled at him silently. He took the length into his mouth, angled his head a bit, swirling his tongue around and heard the wet, soppy sounds he made as he licked and sucked, before he tried to move himself as far as possible down, failing to keep his gag reflex under control.

"NICE WORK, DARYL, look at that, such a clever boy!" Negan held him in place for a moment, feeling him gag and choke, without any attempt to move back. He licked his lips with a groan, when he pulled back out, his cock covered in thick saliva. "Trying all on your fucking own! Wanting to please me so badly, my naughty puppy!"

Daryl coughed and glanced up, his heart swelling with happiness. He raised up a bit higher, kissing Negan's belly, nuzzled the short, dark hair leading downwards and felt the safety of a broad, strong hand at the back of his neck as he took Negan's throbbing cock in again, whimpering quietly at the drops of fresh precum spilling on his tongue. He glanced up, sucking needily, before Negan thrust in and out a couple of times, staring down with dark eyes, and then slowly shoved in all the way, breaching the muscle at the back, sliding down farther than he had initially intended, groaning low and deep at the feeling of a hot mouth and throat tightening around him, contracting with gagging and choking.

Daryl clawed his fingers into the back of Negan's thighs, struggling with the need for oxygen, but the look of adoration and ecstasy on Negan's face made him want to rather faint and drop to the floor than pulling back to take a breath.

Negan did it for him, his fingers wrapped into long strands of hair as he pulled back, panting, yanking Daryl's head forward against his belly, waiting for him to get his breathing and coughing under control, before he grasped his chin and pulled him up into a messy kiss, licking the drool off Daryl's chin, groaning into the man's mouth. He reached blindly to the right, signaling for Paul to take over, while holding Daryl flush against his chest, refusing to break the kiss.

Jesus smiled at the rare sight of his daddy on the edge of losing control and moved in front of him, tugging long hair behind his ears. Then engulfed the entire length expertly, his lips sliding up and
down a few times, before he went down all the way, purposefully swallowing around the swollen shaft, humming a moan of pleasure, as he slowly pulled back and glanced up with a wicked smirk, knowing he was watched by now.

Negan cupped the side of Paul's head, "Open." and thrust in again, sliding through and down without a pause, holding it there for a moment and then build a steady rhythm of long and short thrusts, listening to the soppy sounds of saliva mixing with precum, the faint clicking noise of his length entering the muscle of Paul's throat and the man's heavy breathing. "Good boy, serving me so well."

Daryl dug his face into the warm skin of Negan's neck, then licked it because he loved the quiet sounds of pleasure that Negan was making, before he moved down to lick a dark, hard nipple, opened his mouth wide and sucked it in. He glanced up, fascinated by the dazed expression on Negan's face.

"Are you being a good puppy?" Negan held Daryl steadily in place by the back of the neck, looking down into needy blue eyes, feeling the man rub his dripping cock against his hip. "Are you helping Paul serving me? Tell me."

The dark, lustful tone of Negan's voice, made Daryl's inner muscles throb. He sucked with a bit more force and then loosened his lips for a second, answering obediently around the nipple. "Yes."

"Yes? What is he doing, sucking my dick?" Negan groaned, when Paul swallowed again around him, taking him in as deep as possible. He wrapped his fingers into long, dark blond hair, thrusting his hips forward, tightening the grip around the back of Daryl's neck. "Is he a good boy, for serving me so nicely?"

"Yes." Daryl nodded, rocking his erection against Negan's bare body, feeling like he might burst. He whimpered, sucking the man's nipple for a moment and then let go, squeezing his eyes shut.

"DON'T FUCKING COME!"

A hard, sharp sting and loud voice made him flinch and seek support against Negan's broad chest.

"Eyes on me!"

Daryl opened his eyes, looking up in desperation, the only reason for him to stay upright at this point, was the strong arm around his back.

"Who gets to fucking come, you or me?"

Daryl blinked, trying to think of the right answer. "You." He parted his lips, sucking Negan's nipple with a huff of breath, wanting to move his hips, but didn't.

"Damn right it's me." Negan panted soundly at Paul's technique, bending down to kiss Daryl's forehead, then spoke against it. "You want Paul to make me come? Tell me."

Hot liquid pooled into Daryl's lower abdomen, intensifying the tingling sensation. It made him nod his head instantly. "Yes."

"Yes?" Negan moved his middle steadily, fondling the back of Paul's head. "Should I come into his fucking cocky mouth? You want that?"

Daryl nodded, licking the dark, coarse hair on Negan's slightly sweaty chest. "Yes."
"Fucking good boy." Negan placed a wet kiss on the side of Daryl's nose, on his cheek and on the corner of his mouth. "What do I want to see when I come. Tell me."

The joy and warmth wrapping around his heart made his breath hitch and throat tight. Daryl knew the answer exactly. He said it quietly against Negan's pecs, "My face." before he glanced up.

Negan didn't comment on it, just nodded and stared down into blue eyes, fishing for Daryl's arm, to kiss his name in black letters.

Daryl felt dizzy from the way Negan's lips parted, on the edge of climax, right before a shudder went through his tall, solid body, and he closed his eyes, knotting his fingers painfully tight into Paul's hair. A deep chuckle, mixed with a groan, escaped his throat after a minute, sending vibrations through Daryl's chest.

He kissed it and licked the saline sweat on Negan's upper arm.

Jesus knelt up, smiling very faintly with closed lips, looking softly up at Negan and then at Daryl as he brushed some hair out of his face and leaned in close, touching lips.

Daryl blinked and placed a hand on Paul's chest, not sure if he wanted to push him off. But he decided against it, when the man stroked his face very gently and angled his head, parting his lips, waiting for Daryl to do the same. He did after two seconds, barely enough for a tongue to slip through.

Jesus did it anyway, sharing the mouthful of warm cum he had carried along.

"Good boy." Negan kissed the top of Paul's head, praising him in low, loving voice.

Daryl tensed, exhaling through his nose, until his numb mind had figured out what just happened, and then moaned, kissing back excitedly, wanting more of the intimate gift. He placed a hand to the side of Paul's face, clumsy but with the most gentle intentions.

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At almost two in the morning, in the dim light of a 37" flat screen TV, Negan sat in bed, popping a green, sugar and gluten containing M&M into his mouth, typing an answer to Rick's message on his phone, while rolling his eyes at 'Troy', the stupidity of starting a war over that silly Helen chick, and Paul Rovia's weird taste in movies.

He finished the message and put his cell phone on the nightstand, then took it back a second later and opened his camera, snapping a picture of the two sleeping men next to him.

One with his back to the edge of the bed, wearing tight briefs and a peaceful expression on his face. The other with his back against Negan's side, completely naked except for a self made belt harness, a tiny blotch of dried cum in the corner of his mouth, his hand protectively covering the name **NEGAN**, written across his forearm.

They were facing each other, and when Paul stirred in his sleep, wriggled his nose for the split of a second, and put a hand on Daryl's elbow...

...the tall angry man took another picture, saving it in his phone under favorites.
Behavior

Chapter Notes

sorry bubus, just a short update this week... computer decided to take a break from my household and heat fried my brain

Daryl arched his back and clawed ten fingers into the thick hotel carpet, when Jesus pulled his ass cheeks wider apart and licked with broad tongue over his twitching entrance.

"You want to push out for Paul." Negan didn't look up from his laptop, confirming a meeting with a possible business partner at the beginning of February. "Show him what a good boy you are for me."

Daryl let out a small wailing noise, feeling something soft and wet wedge its way inside his body. He looked up at the tall angry man for support.

Negan reached down blindly, offering a hand to the naked man presenting his butt on the floor, right next to the desk. "Great job, Daryl. Letting him prepare you so nicely, right?" He typed one-handedly to answer a request for a demo in Miami, keeping his voice calm and steady when Daryl whimpered again and hid his face against his open palm, panting damp breath against his fingers.

"You wanna wear my plug all day? Tell me."

A high pitched sob, muffled by Negan's broad hand, left Daryl's throat, as Jesus pulled back, blew cool air against the spit wet hole and dived back in again, moaning when the muscle contracted around his tongue.

"Hm?" Negan wriggled his fingers underneath Daryl's chin. "Tell me, puppy." He opened a mail coming from Marquis Magazine and read it.

"Yes." Daryl wanted that very much, preferably in bed with the tall angry man and Jesus, and no one else. He raised his butt an inch higher up and pushed back against the wicked tongue probing him.

"Yes?" Negan slap-patted Daryl's cheek lightly, looking through some of the attachments the editorial staff sent him. "You want to say it like a real good boy, though."

Daryl huffed a soundless breath, feeling his cock twitch when Jesus started lapping his inner walls with short quick movements. "'want to your plug please." He was sure his words made no sense, but was glad that at least some kind of reply had come out.

"Yes you do, right." Negan smiled faintly, scrolling through some sample pictures, brushing his little finger rewardingly over Daryl's parted lips. "Paul, the Marquis wants me on the next cover with a sub, you wanna do it?"

Jesus angled his head, not stopping his task. "Yes, Sir." He kissed the pink, wet flesh avidly, then gave it a broad lick. "Would love to."

Negan nodded, glancing at the clock. "It's half an hour now, go get the plug and lube."
Just because it felt so good, Jesus shoved his tongue past the loosened muscle once more, as deep as he could, moaning, and then pulled back, kissed a firm butt cheek and got up, getting a new black plug and a bottle of lubricant from the dresser. He held both out for Negan. "Sir."

Negan finished typing his quick answer, before he took it both and got up, careful to not hit Daryl's head with the chair. "Good boy, now go take a shower and dress."

Paul smiled and nodded, reaching down to brush his hand over Daryl's back, and left to take a shower, not bothering to close the door.

"Up, puppy, give me a nice view." Negan patted Daryl's buttocks, squatting down behind him. He tilted his head to the side, his eyes glinting in delight at the sight of Paul's handiwork. "Oh, now look at that." He rubbed his thumb over the small spit-wet hole, making it twitch. "My boys did such a good job, right?"

"Hm." Daryl pressed his forehead into the expensive carpet, his thighs trembling slightly with the feeling of cold lube being spread along his crack.

Negan lubed up the plug and rubbed it up and down between Daryl's cheeks. "That's so nice of Paul preparing your fucking sweet hole for me while I'm busy with work." He rotated it against the man's entrance, using some pressure, pleased when Daryl pushed back and relaxed his muscle. "Right?"

"Hh." Daryl panted, his knees almost lifting off the ground, as the tip of the plug got inserted. It felt very big and he wanted to hold his souvenir, but it was underneath the pillow. He pulled his arm up instead, resting the side of his face on the five black letters written on his skin.

"Look at you, being so good for me." Negan spoke a bit louder, but kept his tone casual and comforting. "I'm seeing it right here, how awesome you do." He watched as the soft pink opening stretched around the solid dark rubber. "So fucking beautiful." He purred, kissing the top of Daryl's butt, pulled the plug an inch back again before he moved it all the way in, loving the contrast of the black base nestling against pale skin. He twisted and shifted it a little, reveling on the needy keening sounds Daryl made, a gush of pre cum trickling on the floor. "Is that my plug up your pretty ass? Does that feel so nice? Tell me, boy."

Daryl's lips parted with a grunt as he moved his hips and the hard object inside him pressed against his prostate, making his cock twitch and dribble, the pressure and slight burning sensation, mixing with pleasure and the ache for way more. He panted, and then flinched, letting out a whine of despair when a sharp sting shot through his lower body, followed by another one, right between his butt cheeks.

"NO." Negan swatted the bare ass, none too gently, rising to his feet, standing very close behind Daryl, to scold him in a stern voice. "You don't continue this behavior today. You want to focus and fucking answer my questions!"

Daryl blinked and turned his face into the carpet, trying to comprehend the situation.

"Get up, eyes on me." He watched how Daryl moved and slowly scrambled to his feet, looking confused and disoriented as he turned around, with tousled hair and flushed cheeks. "Come here, eyes on me I said." He snapped his fingers, then grabbed Daryl's arm to pull him a little closer, and tilted up his chin, arching his brows when blue eyes looked at him a bit lost. "It will be a busy day, I expect you to be on your very best behavior. You focus on me, you stay next to me at all times, you speak when spoken to, you don't fucking touch yourself!" He slapped the man's hand away, when it automatically moved between his legs. "Arms behind your back." His tone softened a bit at Daryl's crushed expression. "It is my decision whether you get to come or not. You can ask me for it, if you
have to, but you can't touch yourself without permission. Right?"

Daryl nodded, wanting to suck a comforting nipple very badly. "Yes."

"Good." Negan pulled Daryl against his chest, fondling the back of his head. "You need to ask me now, or can you hold out a little longer?"

Daryl rubbed his nose into the man's soft shirt. He didn't want to ask but he wasn't sure if he would be able to hold out much longer. He nodded his head anyway, inhaling the scent of washing powder and Negan's cologne. "Longer."

"Yes, you can, right?" Negan wrapped a firm arm around Daryl's naked body, and reached down with the other hand, applying some pressure to the base of the plug, making the man squirm in his hold. "Thank you for trying. I love seeing you hard for me."

"Yes." Daryl's stomach filled with warm cotton, providing a cozy nest for all the excited butterflies. He really wanted to try anything for the tall angry man.

"You want to clean your sweet puppy puddle off the carpet now and give Paul a thank you kiss for doing such a fucking great job, right?" Negan kissed the top of Daryl's head. "Then you dress and bring me my belt, so we can go to breakfast. I want to share my food with you."

"Yes." Daryl listened to all his tasks and felt his heart stumble at the prospect of eating omelette off Negan's fork.

"Yes, what."

Daryl pressed his nose into Negan's shirt, muffling his shy answer. "Yes, Sir."

"Eyes on me and repeat."

The demand in Negan's voice made Daryl's stomach flutter and his butt throb around the solid plug. He looked up, flicking his head to get some of the tousled hair out of his eyes. "Yes, Sir." His voice was low and sounded rough and insecure, but Negan seemed to like it anyway, because he smirked faintly and bent down for a kiss on the cheek.

"That's better. Chop chop, puppy."

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"You know what I miss on that plum?" Simon looked wistfully at his halved, yellow, lemon plum from Chile. "Some burrata cheese, sprinkled with kosher salt, and then drizzled with balsamic vinegar and honey." He groaned at his culinary vision and stuffed the rare fruit into his mouth, wiping his mustache with a bright white napkin. "Gustoso!"

Jesus smirked at the man's comment and then leaned his head against Rick's shoulder.

"Hm?" Rick snapped out of his thoughts as he glanced at his boyfriend, chewing his french toast with Nutella.

Paul glanced back with a tiny smile, kissing Rick's cheek, wishing he could think of something helpful to say.

"No, just put it on the dresser." Negan came back to the table, holding his phone between ear and shoulder, and a plate and cup in hand. He put it on the table. "That too, I will look through it when
I'm back." He tickled the back of Daryl's neck, trying to get his attention, wanting him to move over so he could sit down as well. "Tuesday morning."

Daryl pulled his shoulders up, not taking his eyes off his phone. He had never been that good before at playing Jewels.

"No, we'll get a taxi. Don't you dare touching my car." Negan snapped his fingers in front of Daryl's face, squinting in disbelief when the man just moved his head to the right, obviously annoyed by the disruption. "Yes... I'll mail you a grocery list." He held his phone two inches away from his ear, raising his voice a little. "Daryl!"

Daryl tried to turn his head, without having to look away from the small screen. "Hm." He had mastered another level, he couldn't believe it.

Negan pursed his lips, then gritted his teeth, speaking into his phone again. "Olivia my dear, give my Tiger a belly rub, see you on Tuesday." He ended the call, slipped the phone into his pocket and reached down to grasp Daryl's chin, tilting his head to the side and up, forcing eye contact. "ONE! Move over!"

Daryl blinked at the tall, angry man and slid to the side, making room on the seat.

Negan stared at him for another moment before he sat down. "Phone." He held his hand out.

Daryl's stomach clenched unpleasantly at the man's stern tone. He gave him the phone, wanting to apologize, but then just looked in the other direction, feeling embarrassed and kind of angry.

Negan tugged it away, stirring his tea. "Straight back. Eyes on me."

Daryl was sure everyone in the room stared at him. He huffed a small sigh, straightened his posture and turned to look at Negan, who was busy to spread some cream cheese on his toasted Ezekiel bread.

"You don't want to give me that sigh, boy, believe me."

Being deprived of the options to look away and sigh, Daryl clenched his fists beneath the table, scowling at Negan's shoulder. Thinking of Merle and how he would stroll through the fancy breakfast room and laugh at everyone and all their stupid cell phones.

"Simon, when is the first demo?" Negan cut the bread in half, and looked at his friend while holding a slice out for Daryl to take a bite.

Simon cleared his throat and snapped his fingers at his assistant, waiting in his coolest Men-In-Black pose next to the table. "The schedule, please."

Eugene didn't blink an eye behind his sunglasses, pulling his iPhone out of his inner coat pocket. It took him just a short glance. "10 AM, Whip it! Energy and impact, a single tail instruction." He put the phone back again and went into his professional bodyguard posture, knowing full well that he was by far the most bad ass person in the room.

Simon nodded, feeling like the Queen herself. "Thank you." He looked at his Boss. "Right after breakfast. 10 AM."

"I have fucking ears." Negan waited patiently for Daryl to take a bite, let him chew and held the cup of tea to his lips. "Drink."
Daryl flicked his head, scowled at the cup and took a sip. It was peppermint tea without sugar. He licked his lips and then opened his mouth again for the next bite of bread with cream cheese.

"May I watch, Sir?" Jesus nudged Daryl's foot beneath the table, knowing exactly how he felt.

"Yes." Negan nodded, holding a tomato slice to Daryl's mouth. "Open."

Daryl did, nudging Jesus back, feeling better instantly.

"You need me the whole day?" Rick wiped his mouth into his napkin, surprised by the large brown stain he created.

Negan looked up at him. "Simon will manage an hour alone." He gave Rick's cowboy boot a light kick underneath the table.

Rick sniffed his nose and nodded, kicking back after a moment.

"You guys, I don't care how cool your dad is." Jesus looked smugly into the camera, "I win. Because..." He turned the cam in the other direction, filming the gorgeous tall man in tight black leather pants, spit shined boots and bare chest, demonstrating a professional whipping in the middle of the Leather Factory's showroom. "This is mine." He granted his audience a 32 second view at dominant male perfection, before he turned the camera back again with a sigh. "I won't lie, I'm wetting my undies a little right now." It was true. He wasn't a big fan of the whip himself, but watching how Negan made someone else writhe in pleasure and pain was one of the hottest things ever.

Daryl didn't agree. He had been surprised that the whipping demo included another person, and when the young man was cuffed to an X-shaped steel cross, wearing nothing but a pair of butt-free briefs, he was ready to get up from his place on the floor to kill the guy. Then Negan appeared, looking beautiful and safe and talked to the audience about whips and rules and techniques, in his wonderful deep steady voice, sending small smiles in between in Daryl's direction. It made Daryl kneel extra nicely, with straight back and spread legs, his hands behind his back, showing the tall angry man how good he was for him. But his perfect display of submission faltered, as soon as Negan started with the demo, giving all of his attention to the pretty naked person at the cross.

Daryl flicked his head and scowled, when the silly whip failed in its purpose, and made the young man moan instead of scream. That guy didn't seem to be scared at all, and obviously didn't mind the pain, on the contrary, he asked for more, arched his back and had an expression of pure pleasure on his face, as he called the Dom in charge 'Sir'.

Daryl sent his most derogatory death stare through the room. How could this person dare and call the tall angry man 'Sir'. That just wasn't right.

"You want to leave?" Jesus switched his camera off, when he saw Daryl's grim face. "We can go to the room and watch TV."

Daryl shook his head when Negan stopped for a moment to point out a few things to the audience, and then proceeded his precise strikes, making the sub groan and flinch at the same time.

"We could go to the gym, I show you my fight moves." Paul smiled, nudging Daryl's arm. "I'm a black belt."

Daryl shook his head again. He didn't want to leave. He wanted to tear that silly man off the cross.
and claim his place. If he would try really hard he could surely be just as good for Negan, and make him say rewarding nice words with the comforting proud voice.

Paul sighed, leaning his head against Daryl's upper arm. "It's just some guy who volunteered for the demo. He doesn't even know his last name."

Daryl sniffed his nose. Negan knew his last name. He asked for it on the very first day to write it down in the agreement. Along with the date of his birth and the address.

Paul turned his head, kissing Daryl's sleeve, whispering the next words. "I bet he thinks of you right now anyway."

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Negan spoke to a lot of people after the demo, Daryl could hear him from his place behind the counter, where he sat and watched Jesus dancing to a Twisted Sister song out of his head phones.

After 32 minutes, the tall angry man wore a more casual outfit again and came to snap his fingers in Paul's direction.

Paul smiled brightly, taking his head phones off. "That was hot, Sir." He stood on his tip toes to kiss the man's cheek.

Negan patted Paul's ass. "Simon takes over until lunch, go with Rick for a while."

"Yes, Sir." Paul gave him another kiss on the same cheek and walked off, ruffling Daryl's hair on the way out.

"Are you hiding from me?" Negan squatted down in front of Daryl, tilting his head.

"No." It was true. He was hiding because a customer had asked him a question and he didn't know the answer.

"Thank you for watching. You did well." Negan handed Daryl the cell phone back. "Send me a message. Two things you liked about the demo, two things you didn't like, one thing you would change. How did you feel, watching it." He leaned forward, inhaling the scent of Daryl's forehead. "You wait here. I'm picking you up in twenty minutes, then you get a reward, right?"

"Hm." Daryl melted into the ugly flower print hotel carpet, wanting to kiss the tall angry man so badly."Yes."

"Good boy." Negan said it softly and kissed a pale temple, then got up and left.

Daryl didn't look after him, because he wanted to keep his eyes shut just a little bit longer, until all the excited butterflies in his stomach would stop dancing like Jesus.

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**Like:** Negan, whip  
**Hate:** face, words  
**Change:** being your helper  
**Feel:** angry, jelus

Daryl sent the message eighteen minutes after Negan had left and heard a snap of familiar fingers just a moment later. He peeked out from behind the store's counter and saw the tall angry man, talking to
a stranger. He got up anyway and walked over to Negan, flicking his head nervously as he stood behind him, and then almost burst in happiness when a strong hand wrapped around his fingers.

"Better give me a call, I'm busy until tonight." Negan kissed the stranger's cheek and walked off, guiding Daryl along, through a busy corridor, the crowded lobby, another hallway, around a corner, to a room that was entirely empty, except for some camera equipment, two chairs, a small round table, and a large cardboard Negan with baseball bat in hand. Negan closed the door behind them and sat down with wide spread knees, patting his thigh. "Come here, sit." He took his phone out, reading the message he had received.

Daryl hesitated, wrapping an arm around his chest, his butcheeks barely touching Negan's leg as he sat down. He turned partly, glanced for a shy second at the other man's face, asking a question in low, rough voice. "What happens here."

Negan finished reading the last few words, then wrapped a firm arm around Daryl's waist, pulling him fully on his lap, looking at him with a slight smile. "What happens here? A lady from a magazine will hold an interview with me in thirty minutes. Until then we have quiet time, right?"

"Hm." Daryl nodded even though he still thought about the answer he had just received. "Right."

Negan loved the mixture of innocence and seriousness on Daryl's face. He squeezed the man's side. "I've read your report. Which words did you hate, tell me."

Daryl shrugged, flicking his head with a glance to the door. He didn't want the magazine lady to ask him questions as well. "Sir."

Negan pinched his nose, giving a single nod. "Many people call me Sir, it is a sign of respect." He watched as Daryl lowered his gaze. "What should he call me?"

Daryl shrugged again, staring down at his fingers. "Nothin'."

Negan poked his tongue to his upper tooth, smirking faintly. "Does it feel nice when I call you boy?"

It did. Very much. "Yes."

"Does it feel nice when Simon calls you boy?"

"No." Daryl grimaced at Negan, as if the answer to that question was absolutely obvious.

"See? Doesn't matter how many people call me Sir, it's not the same without your sweet puppy face looking at me." Negan rubbed Daryl's lower back, tugging the waistband of his pants absentely. "It has a real meaning coming from you. Makes me proud every time. Right?"

"Hm." Daryl couldn't help but smile to that. A little bit, with lowered head.

Negan leaned in close, lowering his voice. "Would you like to give a real answer? You have one strike already."

Daryl nodded, embarrassment and guilt poking his chest. "Yes, Sir."

Negan nudged his nose into the long strands of hair covering Daryl's ear. "Good boy. You want a reward now?"

Daryl wasn't sure why he would deserve a reward, but he glanced up anyway. "Okay." Maybe it was almond milk. He was really thirsty.
Negan leaned forward, holding Daryl securely by the waist, as he pulled a dark brown leather piece out of his back pocket. He showed it to him. "It's a wallet. You wear it like a cuff around your wrist."

Daryl watched, loving the firm arms around him and Negan's chin against his shoulder.

"Hold your arm out." Negan put the broad leather cuff around Daryl's arm, fastening the snap buttons, then folded a part back, revealing a hidden zipper pocket. "You can put your money in here and your key."

Daryl opened it and a flash of hot tingles shot immediately through his belly. There was a condom inside. He looked at Negan, wondering if he had put it there.

Negan cocked an eyebrow. "That's mine. You can give it back to me tonight, so I can fuck my pretty puppy to sleep. Right?"

The hot flash turned into a ball of lava. "Yes." Daryl answered with serious face. He really wished it could be evening now.

Negan chuckled, wrapping three fingers around the back of Daryl's neck, pulling him in for an almost kiss. "Yes? You want that?" He stopped an inch away from pale pink lips. "Tell me."

Daryl held his breath, his inner muscles throbbing around the deeply embedded plug. He closed his eyes, trying to make his voice work. "I want."

Negan angled his head, brushing his lips over Daryl's mouth. "What do you want, boy?"

A whimpering sound escaped Daryl's throat. He wanted to kiss so badly and then go upstairs to the hotel room to use the condom. He shifted around on Negan's thigh, as something in his butt pulsed excitedly, and put a hand on Negan's crotch, stroking it without a second thought.

Negan was surprised by the man's courage, granting a small kiss. "Yes? You want my dick?" He kissed once more, then licked the corner of Daryl's mouth. "Up your fucking beautiful ass?"

"Hh." Daryl nodded, feeling short from crying. The tall angry man smelled so good and he could feel the man's cock swell and twitch underneath his palm. He parted his lips a little, and then moaned with a sigh and melted against a broad chest, when Negan finally gave in and flicked a claiming tongue into his mouth, kissing him deeply.

He didn't notice when the door opened and a young woman from the hotel staff entered, pretending to not see anything, as she placed some bottles of juice and water on the small table, along with two empty glasses. She left with deeply blushed face.

Negan deepened the kiss with an appreciative groan, enjoying the clumsy, warm hand massaging him through his pants. And then blindly raised a finger, when the door opened again and a journalist of 'Skin Two' came in, nine minutes early, followed by a man with goatee and glasses, carrying a camera.

"Oh... I'm-" The woman stopped dumbfounded, blushing and then looked around the room uneasily, while her interview partner took his time to slowly finish the kiss he shared with another man, sitting on his lap.

"You want to be my good boy and wait here until I'm finished, right?" He loved the needy expression in blue eyes and kissed Daryl's lips again, waiting for a small nod and quiet 'Yes', before he snapped his fingers and pointed to the ground.
Daryl got up, immediately lowered his head when he noticed other people in the room, and crouched down as close as possible next to Negan's chair.

"Good job." Negan kissed the top of Daryl's head and got up to shake the woman's hand with a casual smile, "You're early."

"Well, I-" She smiled back a bit nervously, brushing a strand of blonde hair behind her ear, absolutely entranced by the tall, handsome man and his charming attitude. "I wasn't aware that you're already here, I'm sorry for -" she gestured to the man on the ground. "I didn't mean to interrupt."

"Nothing interrupted that can't be continued later." Negan gestured for her to take a seat before he greeted the camera guy as well and sat down himself, in his usual relaxed, very confident posture, putting a comforting hand on Daryl's head.

The young woman sat down, uneasily clearing her throat, crossing her legs, then unfolded them again a second later. "So, would you like to jump right in?" She cleared her throat again, noticing her voice sounding a bit croaky.

"Sure, go ahead, darling." Negan offered a smirk to his words, making the woman giggle and blush like a school girl on a One Direction concert.

"Fine, good." She waved for her camera man to start. "Weston are you ready?" The man gave her a thumbs up and she cleared her throat a third time, straightening her posture, looking into the camera. "Hi everyone, this is Catherine Cormier from Skin Two, I'm here today with Negan, the owner of the Leather Factory, the worldwide most successful leather and fetish company." She turned to her dialog partner. "The BDSM and fetish world and the Leather factory. By now it's impossible to imagine one without the other. You have your own clothing line, you host events all around the world, you own various websites and I believe you are about to publish your own magazine?"

Negan nodded, "That's true. We'll start in July this year." He reached for a bottle of water from the small table and opened it, holding it out for Daryl. "We're still working on the details."

The journalist watched a little bit distracted as the man on the floor took a cautious sip, not even attempting to hold the bottle himself, and after a moment of hesitation drank in big gulps, almost emptying it. "Of course... the details." She blinked her eyes, deciding to cross her legs now and tried to collect herself for the next question. "Ehm, Negan." She gestured towards the handsome man. "What brought you into the world of BDSM?"

"Hard to say," Negan sighed, closing the bottle as he leaned back in his chair. "That's like asking someone why he's into Rock music or prefers Italian food. You just do. I'm a BDSM guy, always was, that's who I am, and as I got older, it just felt natural to not just have it in my private life, but also make it my business. It's what I like and what I'm fucking good at."

"You are." The young woman smiled brightly. "Your reputation precedes you." She glanced at a small card with notes. "We asked our readers what they would like to know about you, and if you don't mind, I would like to ask you some of their questions."

"Sure, go ahead." Negan bit back a sigh, knowing how this would turn out.

"Great! So, Lara would like to know if you identify as gay or bisexual?"

Negan shook his head, making no attempt to hide his annoyance. "Is Lara looking for a date and wanted to see if I qualify?" He arched his brows. "Sorry, Lara I don't."

Miss Cormier looked kind of disappointed. "Would you like to marry at some point in your life, settle
down and have children?"

Negan gave the journalist a long silent stare, before he granted an answer to her fangirl question. "I don't believe in marriage, I believe in collars. And I can't see myself with kids." He reached out to stroke the long strands of hair behind Daryl's ear. "I'm more of a puppy-person."

"Oh yes, you own a beautiful German shepherd!" Catherine was glad to know about this fact. "I've looked into your social media accounts to prepare for our interview." She seemed proud of her brilliant idea. "Ehm... Sam from the Netherlands asks how does a typical day in your kinky life look like?"

Negan tilted his head to the side, rubbing his temple. He would kick Simon's ass for not pre-checking the interview questions. "I get up, let my slaves out of the cage and whip them for half an hour before breakfast."

Daryl listened, looking confused for a moment, and then glanced up at Negan with a smile, shaking his head.

"No? Is that not what I do?" Negan smiled back, before he turned to Catherine. "Sorry, my boy thinks I got something mixed up here with some cheap porn flick."

Miss Cormier grinned unsettled, clearing her throat, "Ehm, I ... yes-".

Negan generously decided to grant her a real answer. "I start my day with a shower, healthy breakfast and a walk with my dog." He looked at Daryl for confirmation. "Right? What am I doing after that?"

Daryl didn't want to answer as long as the other people were in the room, but the tall angry man looked at him, obviously expecting to hear a reply, so he shifted on his butt, wiped some tousled strands of hair out of his forehead and did his best to speak, his eyes darting nervously around. "Work at the store." He flicked his head, remembering something else. "And your office."

Negan stared at him silently, a proud smile spreading across his face. He nodded, running his tongue along his teeth. "That's exactly what happens, right boy? Pretty boring."

It was really pretty boring most of the time, to wait until Negan was finished with work, so Daryl agreed. "Yes."

The journalist smiled enamored, waving a finger. "I really like your dynamic, you seem very close."

"It must be true then." Negan leaned in to kiss Daryl's forehead and whisper against it, "Awesome job." before he turned to Miss Cormier again, putting on a professional tone.

"My life is really not that special. I work a fucking lot, I try to stay active and eat healthy, I try to socialize and at the end of the day spend some quality time with my subs, my dog, my friends. That's really it."

The young woman nodded. "So the kink actually doesn't play a huge role in your daily life?"

"It does. It is what I sell to people. In any shape or form." Negan tilted his head to the side, propping it up on thumb and index finger. "But that doesn't mean that I run around in leather all day, cracking the whip."

"How does it influence your relationships?" The woman gestured to the man kneeling on the floor. "Are you always like this, even in private?"
Negan opted for a diplomatic answer, without giving anything away. "I never had a relationship considered as 'Vanilla'. Rules are important to me, respect is important, a certain kind of hierarchy is important, at all times."

"So you're living a twenty four seven power exchange type of relationship." The journalist switched to a new card, glancing at it briefly. "Total power exchange lifestyles typically require a submissive to give up all control to their dominant, including control over their diet, career, social activities, and so on. Could you explain to our readers what the submissive gets out of such a kind of relationship? Why would it be appealing for anyone?"

Negan scratched his beard, sighing. "Well, Catherine, subs usually don’t like leading or being in charge. They consider it as scary and stressful. On the other hand there's probably nothing more emotionally satisfying for them, than obedience to someone they do respect. There is a very deep sense of rightness when they're following rules which they believe are reasonable. They love being of service and being asked to do chores that benefited their Dom. In exchange the dominant partner is responsible for their health, safety, and general well-being, and of course giving the sub every opportunity to grow and thrive. It has nothing to do with sex, sadomasochism, degrading people, or punishment for its own fucking sake, even if a frightening number of sources present it that way. It is about using power to create an intensely trusting relationship."

Catherine nodded, looking serious. "Do you feel there is more acceptance of BDSM, alternative sexual practices and lifestyles in Western cultures recently?"

"Well, it seems there's a recent societal trend away from categorized, strictly heterosexual practices and believes." Negan chuckled, stretching his leg out. "But to be honest, I couldn't care less. Life is far too short to worry about what others think or say about you. I rather have fun and give them something fucking good to talk about."

"That's the right mindset, I guess." The journalist grinned, tugging some hair behind her ear. "What are your wishes for the future of your business, where do you want it to be in ten years?"

"It's pretty awesome as it is right now. And since we're already expanding all over the world, the only next logical step would be a store on Mars, with a fucking great opening party." He smiled as Daryl made big eyes. "Right? You want to travel to Mars with me, boy?"

"Yes." Daryl nodded, stoked by the idea, wondering if flying in a spaceship would be similar to an airplane. He could take a lot of awesome pictures for Merle, if that would ever happen.

Lunch was awful, even though the food was really tasty.

Four strangers had been at Negan's table, because they had won a 'meet n greet' with the current international Mister Leather.

Daryl hated them all. They asked silly questions, looked at the tall angry man the whole time and laughed even when nothing was funny. They also snapped pictures and ate all the onion rings off the starter platter, including the chili dip. He wanted them to rot in hell.

After lunch, Negan spoke on the phone to someone in Seattle, snapping his fingers for Daryl to follow, as he walked through the countless hotel corridors, the busy lobby, stopped to take selfies with seven different people and then entered the small gift shop the Hyatt had to offer, to buy some water and three postcards.
Daryl sniffed his nose, eyeing the Milky Ways next to the counter, when Negan payed and talked charmingly to the saleswoman. He really wanted one, but there was only a condom in his new wallet, because all of his crinkled dollar bills were upstairs in the room.

"Ask."

He looked up at the small command, glancing at Negan through his long bangs. He wanted to shake his head first, because he felt angry suddenly and was sure the lady behind the counter stared at him. But then Negan arched his brows, obviously waiting for a question, so he huffed a soundless breath and avoided his eyes, speaking quietly and probably in a none friendly tone. "Can I that." He gestured vaguely to the candy he wanted.

"May you have this chocolate bar?" Negan took a Milky Way from the shelf, putting it to the other things on the counter. "Yes, you may. You deserve a reward for doing an awesome interview job." He looked at the smitten salesgirl, handing her a credit card. "Right?" She blushed and nodded, never having seen a more attractive man in her 23 years of life. "See?" He turned to Daryl. "Erica agrees."

"Hm." Daryl stared down at the floor, smiling faintly. He really hadn't done too bad at the interview, he had even answered a question.

Negan squeezed the man's side briefly and then took the plastic bag and snapped his fingers, expecting to be followed as he left the small shop. "Have a nice day, Erica."

Daryl glared at the girl when she covered the broad smile on her face with both hands, muffling an excited squeal of joy...

"Daryl!"

...and then rushed after the tall angry man, who didn't sound very pleased with his jealous attitude.

He followed him through the crowded lobby, stopped behind him when Negan talked to a person of the hotel staff, and then followed him again through a corridor, up to the elevators, where they both waited with eight other people.

Negan took the Milky Way out of the bag, opened it and took a small bite. Daryl stared at him in shock.

Negan arched his brows with a tiny smirk.

Daryl lowered his gaze, speaking defiantly, hating all the people standing around him. "Can I eat that."

Negan stepped close, holding the chocolate bar in front of Daryl's lips. "May I have a bite, please." He watched as the man took a cautious bite and leaned in to brush his nose against the long strands of hair at the side of Daryl's head, lowering his voice. "What does a good boy say."

Daryl felt his heart rate speed up. He leaned his forehead against Negan's shoulder, speaking quietly. "Thank you, Sir."

"Very nice." Negan pulled back a bit, holding the chocolate out for Daryl to take and then purred a response in deep, dark voice when Daryl refused to hold his candy himself and instead bent forward to just take a bite out of Negan's hands, glancing up at him submissively through tousled bangs.
"Such a good boy, Daryl, behaving so well for me." Negan kissed the side of Daryl's nose, his cheek and the corner of a pale pink mouth. "You want to share with me." It was more a demand than a question and obeyed immediately, as Daryl parted his lips for a deep kiss, sharing his bite of Milky Way with a small moan.

Terrence and Ron from Tennessee snapped a picture for their M.A.L. scrapbook, just like 47-year old freshly divorced Tina Appleby from Oklahoma, while Mister and Misses Porter from the 5th floor decided to take the staircase at the sight of two guys frenching unashamedly in public.

Back in the room, Negan threw his key card, phone and plastic bag on the side table and snapped his fingers at Daryl, who had some molten Milky Way in the corner of his mouth. "Go brush the sugar off your pretty teeth, take a piss, take your pants off and come back. I'll tug you into bed. Time for some shut eye, right?"

It was barely 1:30 in the afternoon, so Daryl wasn't sure about that, but he had to pee badly and really wanted to be in bed with the tall angry man, so he didn't contradict. "Yes." He went into the bathroom, sat down to untie his shoes, got up to take his pants off, and wriggled his bum by the time he stood in front of the toilet, because all the moving around made his plug feel really nice.

He finished and went to the sink to wash his hands and brush his teeth, squeezing his thighs together and then put a hand between, rubbing himself through his underwear.

The more pressure he used, the better it felt, and the more difficult was it to concentrate on brushing his teeth. He huffed a breath around his toothbrush, bending a bit in his knees when his inner muscles clenched around the plug.

"Chop chop, boy! I am waiting!"

The admonitory voice through the bathroom door made him freeze in his tracks, and stop instantly. He glanced at his blushed face in the mirror, brushed his teeth for another couple of seconds and spit out, rinsing his mouth.

Negan got up from the desk when Daryl came out of the bathroom and closed the door.

"Did you pee?" Negan stepped up close, giving him a scrutinizing look.

"Yes." Daryl nodded, trying to look up.

"Did you brush your teeth?"

Daryl nodded again, sniffing his nose.

Negan nodded as well, poking the tip of his tongue to the corner of his mouth. "Did you touch yourself?"

Something hot and heavy fell into the middle of Daryl's chest, he wanted to look down, but then opted for a defiant stare at the dark chest hair, peeking out of the collar of Negan's black V-Neck shirt. "No?"

"I say Daryl touched himself." Negan moved an inch closer, tilting his head. "Are you lying or am I?"

Daryl didn't know what to do, his thumbnails nervously picking at his fingers. He didn't want to
answer.
"TWO."

Daryl blinked, exhaling stressed out. He avoided his eyes. "Me." He was shocked how impudent his voice sounded. He really didn't meant it to sound that way.

"Yes, you are!" Negan didn't seem to be amused by the situation. "Are you allowed to lie or touch yourself?"

Daryl looked down, staring at his feet while his throat tightened up painfully. He shook his head, faintly, after almost a full minute.

Negan inhaled, gritting his teeth. "You really want your third strike, boy? Fucking think!"

Daryl felt his fingers starting to tremble and his eyes well up, wanting to hide his face in Negan's shirt so badly. "No."

"Are you allowed to lie or touch yourself!"

"No." Daryl squeezed his eyes shut.

Negan stared at him for a moment, not saying anything and then pointed to the bathroom. "Go in there and think about your behavior. When you are ready to apologize you can come out and talk to me."

---

Daryl stood in the middle of the bathroom for four long minutes, not moving at all, wishing he hadn't switched the lights on, wishing there wouldn't be a mirror, wishing he wouldn't be a liar.

He considered to stay right where he was for the rest of the day and the following night. But then thought that the tall angry man wanted him to take a nap and was certainly waiting for his apology. So he sniffed his nose and wiped the tousled hair out of his forehead, before he went back to the bedroom, feeling like his chest was on fire and his legs filled with cement.

Negan sat on the bed, reading something on the laptop. He looked up when he heard the bathroom door. "Did you think about your behavior?"

Daryl nodded, keeping a safe distance to the bed. "Yes."

"Come here then."

Daryl glanced up. Negan didn't sound angry and held a hand out invitingly. He felt better immediately and walked up to his side of the bed, kneeling down when Negan snapped his fingers.

"How do I want you to kneel. Show me." Negan put his laptop to the side, sitting on the edge of the mattress. He spread his legs, to the left and right of Daryl, watching him straightening his posture. "That's better. You want to apologize now?"

Daryl wanted to, but wasn't sure whether his voice would be supportive. He flicked his head, trying to look up but failed in the end. "'m sorry for lyin'." He rubbed the back of his hand over his nose, sniffing. "'n touching."

Negan grasped the man's chin, tilting it up for eye contact. "What will you do from now on if you feel the need for release. Tell me."
"Ask you."

"That's right. What will you do from now on if I ask you a question?"

Daryl thought a moment about it, then felt guilty and tried to avoid his gaze, but Negan yanked his chin back up. "Tell you the truth."

Negan nodded, giving the man a very stern look. "Yes you will. I don't mind failure. That can be corrected. But lying is a fucking disrespectful thing to do, I told you."

"Yes."

"Try again."

Daryl shifted on his ankles, smacking his lips because his mouth was dry. "won't lie."

Negan arched his brows.

"Sir." Daryl felt his heart pulse up through his throat into his ears.

"Much better, Daryl." Negan let go of the man's chin. "You may lie down for your nap."

"Hm." For a moment, Daryl wasn't sure whether he should nap on the floor or the bed, but then Negan patted the mattress, so he scrambled to his feet and climbed on the bed, lying down on his back.

"No. Present. I want to check on my plug."

Daryl turned around, with his chest flat on the mattress and his legs pulled up. He spread them a little, digging his nose into the cool sheets.

Negan got up from the bed, walking around it to Daryl's side. "You want to show me where my plug is, I can't see it like that."

Strange tingles fluttered through Daryl's lower abdomen. He reached back and pulled his briefs down, like Jesus had done it before.

"Good job." Negan tickled the back of Daryl's neck, then slapped a bare ass cheek lightly. "Up!"

Daryl's thighs trembled as he raised his butt as high as he could.

"That's right, puppy, show me." Negan gave the black silicone base a push, then rotated it a little, swatting Daryl's ass again when the man pushed back with a sigh. "No! Stay still." He gave it a twist in the other direction. "Is it still comfortable?"

"Yes." The answer was muffled by white hotel bed sheets.

"Good." Negan pulled the underwear back up. "On your back, try to rest. I'll wake you up in an hour." He watched as Daryl awkwardly turned around, very pleased when the man kept his legs pulled up and spread his thighs to the sides. "That's a nice position. Are you presenting your pretty cock?"

Daryl wasn't sure, because it was hidden underneath his briefs, but he nodded anyway, "Hm." adding a shy answer after a moment. "Yes."

Negan smiled at him without a comment, went to leave the room, came back a minute later, and sat
down in bed again, next to Daryl, opening his laptop.

Daryl turned his head, watching Negan type something, read concentrated and scroll through some pictures of new products. He sniffed his nose and moved a bit closer, then reached out to brush his fingers against Negan's side.

"Sleep, boy."

Daryl pulled back, the numb feeling of rejection poking in his guts.

Negan took a hand off the keyboard and entwined his fingers with Daryl's, squeezing once. "Sleep."

----

Daryl was alone in bed when he woke up, still feeling drowsy. He could hear voices out of the other room. Negan and Simon, talking about the right way to put a certain new leather harness on.

He turned around, yawned and got up, wiping some hair out of his forehead, as he went into the living room, blinking at the bare chested tall man, with slicked back hair and professionally trimmed beard, who fumbled with a complicated looking leather harness, that matched his tight black leather pants and boots perfectly.

"No, that looks wrong." Simon shook his head, readjusting one of the buckles at Negan's back.

Negan took a bite of his apple, smirking when he saw the half naked man in the door frame. "Takes a fucking village to dress me, right boy?" He held his arm out.

Daryl nodded, lowering his gaze as he walked through the room. He stopped right in front of Negan, automatically opening his mouth when the apple was offered to him. He took a cautious bite. The black-silver harness looked very pretty on Negan's bare skin, it accentuated his pecs and shoulders. Daryl liked it so much, he wanted to lick it.

"Do I look good?" Negan smirked at Daryl's admiring expression and then pulled him close with a chuckle when he got a very serious nod and 'Yes' as answer. "Well, aren't you sweet."

"Hm." Daryl nodded again, enjoying the firm arm holding him tight. He pressed his lips against Negan's bare shoulder, peeking through his long bangs at the mustache man.

"I'm telling you, boy, that's some quality piece of clothing." Simon fastened one of the straps, cinching the buckle. "Not like those fancy-schmancy Thom Browne Oxford shirts." He combed a hand through his hair, stepping back with a weary sigh to check on his finished work. "Never buy something that has to go to the dry cleaners. Not worth the hassle. It's like having a pet. Too much responsibility."

"Hm." Daryl blinked at the man over Negan's shoulder, not sure what the conversation was about.

"So! 50 minutes." Simon patted his buddy's back. "Will set up the sling downstairs."

"Thanks." Negan took another bite of his apple, watching Simon leave, then reached down to squeeze Daryl's butt. "I'll be busy for a couple of hours. You want to stay here and watch some TV?"

Daryl nestled up to the tall body. "Can I with you."

"Good boy, asking so nicely." Negan dug his nose into long strands of hair, inhaling deeply. "But
you can't come with me, I'm having a demo." He bent down, kissing the crook of Daryl's neck, then bit it lightly. "Right? You can watch a movie in the meantime."

Daryl wrapped his arms around Negan's waist, tilting his head a little to the side to give better access. "Can I be the helper." His question didn't sound very friendly but made Negan stop and smile.

"What is my helper doing, tell me." He stood up straight, resting his chin on the top of Daryl's head.

Daryl sniffed his nose, thinking a moment. "With the whip."

"You want me to whip you?" Negan couldn't help but to feel kind of touched by the sacrifice and pulled his arm around Daryl a bit tighter.

"Yes." Daryl tensed, feeling scared just to think about it, but he wanted to try.

"Hm. Thank you for the offer, boy. But that's not going to happen and I'm having a fisting demo next. You really can't come with me. Okay?"

Daryl's stomach clenched and got hot. He shook his head, feeling ill. "No."

Negan sighed, pulling back to look at the other man. "You can't come with me, Daryl. I want you to stay here and watch a movie. After the demo I'll spend time with you, right?"

Daryl looked away, not answering.

"How many strikes do you have!" Negan raised his voice.

Daryl scowled. "Two."

"Then behave!"

Anger and frustration invaded Daryl's mind. He didn't want to stay in the room like a child. He wanted to be useful. "ain't gonna stay here." His voice sounded defiant and insolent and he emphasized his statement by stepping away a few inches and briefly looked up with grim face. "I help you."

Negan stared at him silently for 21 seconds before he hissed a small order in low tone. "Turn around." There was no reaction, so he leaned in very close, almost nose to nose with the other man. "Don't make me fucking repeat myself, boy."

Daryl wanted to revolt with every fiber of his being, but in the end he turned around anyway, huffing an exasperated sigh, and then flinched and stumbled when a strong hand grabbed him by the scruff of the neck and forcefully walked him to the wall.

"I told you, don't fucking give me that sigh!" Negan swatted Daryl's upper thigh, when the man tried to look back over his shoulder. "FACE TO THE WALL!" He waited until his order was obeyed, then spoke sternly from very close distance. "Time out. 15 minutes. You look at that pretty wall and don't fucking move a muscle." He grabbed some things from the side table and left into the bedroom.

----

In the first five minutes, Daryl felt like he would burst from rage and fury. He wanted to hit the silly wall and kill every pretty men in the hotel who would dare to help Negan at the demo.

After the first ten minutes, a huge amount of guilt and shame poured into Daryl's chest, mixing with the anger and then replaced it completely.
In minute 14, Daryl felt like he was abandoned in the desert, without food and water, the ache to hug the tall angry man and apologize got so strong, it brought him to the edge of crying.

After exact 15 minutes he heard the familiar snap of strong fingers.

"Here." Negan sat down on the sofa, spreading his thighs. He watched as Daryl walked up to him, quietly with lowered head, and crouched down in the free space between his legs, immediately searching for contact, by pressing his face into the side of his thigh. He tolerated it for a full minute, then snapped his fingers again, speaking in a calm but strict tone. "Straight back, eyes on me."

Daryl sniffed his nose and wiped the tousled hair out of his forehead, wishing he would be allowed to cover his face.

"I am flattered that you want to help me with my work. But I have very good reasons why I can't accept your offer, and I expect you to obey my wishes."

Daryl tried his very best to hold his head up and keep his eyes on Negan's, but they started to well up and forced him to look away.

"Fisting is a very extreme practice. It requires preparation and training, and not everyone is able to do it." Negan snapped his fingers again, insisting on eye contact. "Do I think you are able to take a fist? Yes, I do. But not at this point and not in front of a room full of strangers. You wouldn't enjoy that and I certainly would close my business the next day, because doing something like that to someone like you goes against everything I believe in."

Daryl gave something similar to a nod, wiped the back of his hand awkwardly over his damp eyes, and then kept it there because it was nice to have some kind of cover.

"The man who will assist me today, is very experienced. I can concentrate on my work, because I know he won't be in discomfort or in any way embarrassed. He enjoys doing stuff in front of people."

A shaky sob escaped Daryl's throat. The buzz cut guy had been right. The tall angry man wanted someone with experience, that's why he couldn't use someone silly like Daryl Dixon. He patted on Negan's thigh, desperately needing permission for close contact.

Negan smiled very faintly, liking the gesture but not the wetness on the man's cheeks. He combed a hand through the messy long strands and then pushed Daryl's head down to his groin, placing five safe fingers on his hair. "What makes you so sad puppy, tell me."

Daryl felt the smooth leather of Negan's pants underneath his face getting damp and the last thing he wanted to do was speak, but Negan waited for an answer, so he tried to make his voice work and mumbled a reply in low, croaky tone. "You can do it to me, I can be good." Maybe not really good, but he would try his very best if he had a chance.

"I am gonna do it with you, and I know you will be awesome." Negan fondled the back of Daryl's head soothingly. "Would I write a letter to Santa Clause right now, fisting your perfect ass would be on the top of my fucking list. BUT. I will do it when I see that you are ready. Not here, like that." He smirked down at the devastated, stubborn man who still shook his head slightly. "You want to know the other reason why I'm not gonna scene with you in public?"

Daryl listened and wasn't sure if he wanted to know. It was probably because of his looks.

"You hated the look on the guy's face this morning, when I whipped him, right?"
Daryl tensed and then dug his nose into Negan's crotch. "Yes."

"Yes you did, because you could see exactly what he feels." Negan tugged some of the long strands between his fingers. "And I don't want anyone to see your sweet, gorgeous puppy face when I fist you for the first time. That will be all for me alone. No one else is fucking allowed to see you like this. Not even Paul. Because you're mine, right?"

Something warm and intense spread through Daryl's belly. He nodded, murmuring a small 'Yes' against smooth leather. He wanted to be his very badly.

"Yes, you are. My Daryl." Negan tickled the man's ear. "Look at me." He watched as Daryl slowly raised his head and straightened his back a bit, looking up at him with slightly red nose and damp, dark blond eyelashes. He reached out to gently wipe his thumb over wet eyes. "It is part of the job I am doing here. It has nothing to do with you and me. I don't want you to come with me, not even to watch, because you wouldn't focus on me, you would focus on the guy i scene with and that would make you feel bad. It is my job to prevent that." He took Daryl's head in both hands, pulling him up for a kiss on reddened lips. "I'll tell you what. When all the world goes to hell one day, and we have to live in the fucking woods, I'll listen to you how to track rabbits and squirrel, right? You'll teach me all about it. But as long as it comes to my profession and my place in your life, you'll trust me and fucking listen, because I know exactly what I do." He arched his brows and then kissed again, speaking against the corner of Daryl's mouth. "You want to be good now and focus on the task I give you while I'm two hours gone for work."

Daryl nodded, nuzzling the side of his face into Negan's palm. "Yes."

"That's my good boy."

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At almost four in the afternoon, Daryl sat at the desk in the Hyatt's spacious Capitol suite, holding a pen in one hand and a comforting black crinkled latex glove firmly in the other, sweating over the task he was given.

The tall angry man had pulled three postcards out of the plastic bag and put them right in front of Daryl's nose, instructing him to write one for Miss Peletier at the Eagle, one to Olivia, and one to Merle, who would surely be surprised to receive a nice postcard at the prison.

He didn't know what to write to Olivia and his boss. But he knew exactly what he wanted to write to his brother.

There was one card with a picture of the white house, one card with a big eagle and the flag of the united states, and one saying 'Greetings from Washington DC' on blue background.

He picked the one with the eagle, turned it around and wrote 'I MISS YOU I COME TO VISIT SOON' on the back, signing it with a crooked DARYL DIXON, in the handwriting of a third grader, but it made him very happy anyway, because the postman would bring the card to the prison in Atlanta and Merle would surely put it beneath the pillow in his prison bed, thinking of him.
"Told you he would win." Paul was tired after a long day at the convention, and the three glasses of champagne in his blood didn't help much. He moved an inch to the left on the backseat of Negan's rental car, rested his head on Daryl's shoulder, holding his phone up for the other man to see, as he flipped through the dozens of pictures he had taken at the Mister Mid Atlantic Leather 2017 contest, not even an hour ago.

They showed Negan and the other participants on stage, Negan with the host of the event, Negan with the judges, Negan alone on stage speaking to the audience, Negan walking out of the Regency Ballroom with his sash, patch and medallion, Negan surrounded by press, and Negan receiving a big kiss from the current Mister Leather LA.

Daryl scowled at the latter. He was glad that the competition was over. All the people and cameras and speeches had been very intimidating, especially since everyone seemed to like and enjoy it, except for him. It felt good to sit in the car now, where he knew everyone and it was quiet. Also, the car looked exactly like the one Negan had in Atlanta, big, black and shiny. It just didn't smell as good inside.

Jesus chuckled and nudged Daryl's arm as he switched to another picture. It showed Rick, looking annoyed, because someone had spilled a whole glass of beer all over his pants. "Poor daddy." He chuckled again, then yawned, threw the phone somewhere on the seat and slipped out of his seat belt to lie down, with his head on Daryl's lap, closing his eyes. "Wake me up when we arrive."

"Sit and buckle up correctly!" Negan looked into the rear-view mirror, speaking loud enough to make Daryl flinch. "You can drink and don't need a fucking rest in the afternoon, you can fucking stay awake now!"
Jesus rubbed his eyes, tucked some hair behind his ear and sat up again, offering a tired, "Yes Sir, sorry."

Daryl looked at Negan's stern expression in the small mirror, pulling his fingers, not sure if he was in trouble as well.

"You remember where we're going, boy?"

Daryl nodded, glad that Negan's tone was much friendlier now. "The closing party." He was looking forward to that one the whole day, because it meant that all the drooling leather folks would go back home, and no one would try to hug or kiss the tall angry man anymore, or take silly selfies with him.

Negan nodded as well, stopping at red lights. "At the D.C. Eagle. It's like the one you work at in Atlanta, just much bigger."

"It's like McDonald's." Paul put his headphones on, trying to stay awake with some Heavy Metal. "They have one in every big city."

"Mhm." Daryl didn't know that. He wondered how Carol could be so rich, but still drive just a shabby old car.

"There will be press and a lot of people." The lights turned green and Negan started the car again. "You wanna be on your very best behavior and stay next to me at all times, right."

"Yes." Daryl felt like he would have to go to the doctor, to get all his teeth and finger nails removed. He really didn't like press and a lot of people.

Negan's features softened at the sight of Daryl's crushed face and hunched shoulders. "There's also a very big dinner. You want to share a huge steak with me?"

Daryl looked up, his stomach rumbling as on cue, "Yes." before the butterflies dumped a bucket of sweet gooey happiness into his belly, when the tall angry man winked at him through the rear-view mirror, with the most beautiful smile.

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The Eagle in Washington was nothing like its counterpart in Atlanta. It was four stories high, spectacularly illuminated, and just the crowd waiting outside was double the size of anything the Atlanta Eagle had ever seen.

Daryl wanted to wait in the car and was short from showing his safe-signal, when Negan opened the back door of the rental Tahoe, took his hand and guided him towards the entry, stopping each couple of steps to pose for a picture, or to answer a question.

Paul didn't seem to mind all the attention, walked happily behind Rick and Simon, and even posed for a picture with a fan of his Youtube channel.

"Negan! Can you say something about your sub?" A young man with microphone yelled in Negan's direction. "He is beautiful!"

Negan offered a short, "That's true." wrapped his fingers tighter around Daryl's hand and walked with him through the entrance, ignoring all other questions and picture requests, on his way straight through the people, all the way upstairs to the almost empty third floor, that was closed off for the general audience. A small stage was prepared for the occasion, along with a large buffet, and at least thirty laid out tables, looking unusually classy for a leather bar.
Negan was greeted and congratulated by the bar owner and some of the staff.

Daryl peeked out from behind Negan's shoulder, trying to figure out if anyone could be related to Mrs Peletier, but no one looked even remotely like his boss in Atlanta.

"Sweet." Jesus arrived and let go of Rick's hand, heading straight for the buffet. "Dumplings!"

Negan snapped his fingers harshly, even though he was in midst of a conversation with the bar owner.

"Okay, okay." Paul held his arms up, appeasably, fully aware that the warning was directed at him, then snagged a bread stick when no one was looking, and went to one of the tables where Simon sniffed at the candle, disappointed that it was unscented.

"Come sit with us later." Negan patted a man's shoulder, shook a couple of hands and brought Daryl to his place, making him sit between Rick and Paul, then leaned from behind over Daryl's shoulder, speaking close to his ear. "You wait here like a good boy and listen to Rick. It'll get really full here in a few minutes."

Daryl liked the feeling of warm breath against his hair. "Can I go with you."

"May you go with me?" Negan lowered his voice into a deep rumbling tone, brushing his beard against the side of Daryl's face. "No you may not, because I have to be on stage and you wouldn't like that, right?"

"Yes." Daryl nodded, looking at his fancy porcelain plate. He really hoped this whole Mister Leather thing would be over soon and the tall angry man wouldn't have to be on silly stages anymore.

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"... and his continuous support for global LGBT and human rights, as well as his commitment for local projects and charities including PAWS Atlanta, Food and Friends, Atlanta Humane Society, and the Trevor Project! He is an inspiring example for many, a mentor for countless, and an idol for the world wide leather community!" The host smiled at the audience and raised his voice, gesturing for Negan to come and join him on stage. "It is my great honor and privilege to present to you the current International Mister Leather and freshly elected Mister Mid Atlantic Leather 2017. Negan!"

The audience cheered and applauded, most guests got off their seats, including Paul Rovia, who jumped to his feet and whistled soundly on his fingers.

Daryl looked through his long bangs at the tall man on stage, wearing a full leather outfit, boots, pants and tight, short-sleeved shirt, along with a broad black leather sash across his chest, saying 'Mister Mid Atlantic Leather 2017'.

A small smile spread over Daryl's face. He flicked his head and clapped his hands secretly underneath the table, because Negan looked really very pretty. Like the tallest, safest man on earth.

He didn't understand all that Negan said in his 14 minutes acceptance speech, but he loved how clear, steady and confident his voice sounded. It was the only noise in the huge building, because everyone listened attentively. And everyone gave him standing ovations when he was finished.

Daryl's stomach tingled as he looked around the 30 tables and all the people smiling in Negan's direction. He got his silly smart phone out of his pocket and took a picture. It was kind of blurry, but he could show it to Merle and tell him all about the wonderful tall angry man.
The third floor of the DC Eagle was packed and buzzing, when it was finally time to eat. Every seat was taken, including the eight chairs around Negan's table.

Daryl stared down at his plate, hating the three strangers, who had been invited to dine with the guest of honor. They talked non-stop, laughed loudly, and even Jesus seemed to like them.

"Boy." Negan tapped two of his fingers on the white table cloth. "Eat."

Daryl glanced up at Negan through his tousled hair, then down at the big steak on his plate and the shiny silver cutlery next to it. He grabbed the fork, impaled the whole piece of meat, and took a huge bite, leaving a big smudge of red barbecue sauce on his left cheek.

One of the strangers at the table, a man from Croatia, wearing his chin-length dark hair in a ponytail, chuckled at Daryl's neanderthals table manners.

Negan squeezed Daryl's thigh, leaning in close. "You want to use your knife for me."

Daryl glared across the table, defiantly wiping the barbecue sauce off his lips with the back of his hand. He grabbed the knife, grudgingly cutting a piece of meat off. The way he did it looked kind of awkward, and the piece he finally stuffed into his mouth was practically half the steak. It was difficult to chew such a big chunk and it looked obviously amusing, because one of the strangers nudged the other and then both chuckled.

Daryl stopped chewing, ready to throw his knife at Negan's dinner company, but a snap of familiar fingers stopped him.

"Eyes on me." Negan waited until his order was obeyed and then arched his brows at Daryl's scowl. "You stop that right now. I don't care what others do. You are here for me and I fucking asked you to be on your best behavior."

Daryl suppressed a sigh, because Negan really hated when he sighed, and then pulled the red cloth out of the back pocket of his pants, wiping his face with it. There was still some sauce left on his cheek, but Negan was pleased anyway and praised him in stern tone.

"That's better! You want to go and get me more vegetables now."

"Mh." Daryl lowered his gaze and got up, taking Negan's plate a bit clumsy, almost tipping the man's water glass over.

Negan caught it without a comment, rubbing Daryl's thigh for half a second. "I like broccoli."

The way to the large buffet wasn't very far, but taxing. Carrying Negan's half empty plate through crowds of people, without bumping into anyone, was like the egg and spoon-race Miss Greene had come up with for the summer party of her second graders.

"Hey, are you Negan's slaveboy?" A shy young man wearing a black dog collar to his spiffy evening attire blocked Daryl's way. "I saw you with him at the Hyatt."

Daryl gave him a perplexed look and then glared, trying to push past him. "Fuck off."

The man made room immediately, looking crushed, not daring to say another word.

Daryl sniffed his nose, wishing he could be in the quiet hotel room with the tall angry man and Paul,
sharing the big marshmallow bed.

He found the vegetables, put a huge pile of broccoli on the plate, a potato, something yellow and a strawberry with chocolate, because he really wanted to give something nice to Negan. And then his chest got numb with shame when he returned to the table, and saw that his chair was gone, leaving an empty spot at the fancy table, between Negan and the mustache man.

"No, that was in New York last year." Negan spoke to Rick across the table, snapping his fingers for Daryl, pointing two down. "I wouldn't do it again. Waste of time." He reached out blindly, to take the plate from Daryl and then snapped his fingers again.

Daryl's legs felt like pudding and his lungs too hot to breathe, as he crouched down next to Negan's chair, kneeling as he was supposed to, immediately aware of the million things he had probably done wrong in the past 24 hours. No wonder he was punished now.

"Yes, better that way." Rick nodded, putting a fork full of green asparagus into his mouth.

"The service was fucking great, though." Negan laughed, placing a comforting hand on Daryl's shoulder, squeezing lightly, and then turned to him when he noticed the man's disturbed expression. "All okay, puppy?"

Daryl wanted to shake his head, but in the end just looked away with a tiny shrug. "Yes."

Negan leaned down, brushing long strands of hair aside to expose a pale ear. "You are not being punished. I want you to kneel for me, because it's easier for you to focus." He cupped the side of Daryl's face with leather clad fingers. "And puppies feel much better on the floor, right?"

"Hm." Daryl listened to the soft, deep voice, really feeling better instantly. "Yes."

"Mhm." Negan nodded, brushing his beard against a warm cheek. "Spread your knees. Hands behind your back." He waited until his order was followed, then kissed the man's ear. "You want to contract your pretty little hole for me. Feel my plug."

A flash of electricity shot directly through Daryl's body, into his lower abdomen. He tensed, as hot tingles made his skin prickle.

"Go on, do it." Negan pulled back, cocking his brow challengingly, demanding eye contact.

Daryl felt his heart stumble and face flush, when he looked up and clenched his butt, contracting the muscles around the deeply embedded plug, while hundreds of people enjoyed their dinner around him.

"Good boy." The mixture of embarrassment and pleasure on Daryl's face made Negan's cock twitch. "Do it again." He loved how pale pink lips parted slightly and blue eyes dazed a little, as his order was obeyed. "Such a good puppy, playing with my plug in public, right?"

"Hm." Daryl blinked through long bangs, trying to make his voice work. "Can we to the hotel." It sounded hoarse and not very friendly, but it made Negan smile anyway.

He stroked some hair out of Daryl's forehead, then leaned down for a kiss, before he spoke against wet lips, tasting faintly like barbecue sauce. "We will. In two hours. First we have to eat and talk to people, right?"

That sounded absolutely horrible. But the tall angry man smelled really good and felt so nice, that's why Daryl nodded once, murmuring something similar to a 'yes', even though he really wanted to
sigh and protest.

Negan chuckled low in his throat. "Should I feed you and just talk to you instead?" He pulled back and sat up, putting a piece of broccoli on his fork, to hold it in front of Daryl's lips.

Daryl took it and chewed, nodding, because he liked the idea very much.

"You know, that's unfair." Paul stuffed a third golf ball sized dumpling to the other two into his mouth, and was still able to voice his resentment. "Why do I have to sit on a chair?" He gave Rick an accusing look, with full cheeks.

"Yes, Rick." Negan transferred the half eaten steak from Daryl's plate to his own, cutting it in bite sized pieces, feeding one of it to the man on the floor. "Let the poor boy sit with all the other good puppies."

Rick squinted across the table, shaking his head in irritation. "Would you shut up."

Jesus swallowed his food and smiled happily at his other daddy. "Woof."

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At half past midnight, the dinner was long over and most guests had moved to the second floor of the club, to dance or hang out in the lounge.

"Isn't he beautiful?" Paul Rovia was filled up with six glasses of champagne in total, three beer and something red that came in a high glass, decorated with an orange slice. "His hair gets kinda long." He sat on Daryl's lap, on one of the leather couches, filming the side of Rick's annoyed face. "Gets really curly." He chuckled, pulling one of the locks at the back of Rick's neck out. "It's so pretty."

Rick flinched away. "Would you stop that? I'm not a pet."

Paul turned the camera, giving his audience an important message, "Meow." before he turned partly around, filming Daryl. "Who's your daddy?"

Daryl didn't look up from his phone, because he rocked the current Jewels level, but he nodded in the direction of a small group of men, standing in some distance, holding a conversation about pool billiard.

"Yes! That totally counts! You called him daddy!" Paul jumped off Daryl's lap, throwing his arms in the air like a heavyweight boxing champion. "Fuck me sideways and call me Jesus! I knew you would follow my lead!" He bent down to give Daryl a big, wet kiss on the cheek, before he went to Negan to interrupt the men's conversation and show his victory dance.

"Is that one of yours?" One of the men chuckled in amusement.

Negan wrapped an arm around Paul's waist and pulled him against his side, effectively keeping him still. "He had three or five too much. RIGHT BOY?"

"Yes, Sir." Jesus got on his tip toes to lick Negan's neck. "He called you daddy. We are brothers."

"Mhm." Negan tried to hide his annoyance as he looked over to Rick, who was busy texting with Shane, instead of having an eye on his drunk boyfriend. "Go, buy some water with your brother and dance for a while. We'll go soon." He swatted Paul's butt, gesturing to Daryl.

"Awesome!" Jesus beamed like a Christmas tree and danced off to do as he was told.
The dance floor at the DC Eagle was more than double the size of the one in Atlanta, but obviously that wasn't enough room for the gay men of Washington, because they also danced on the bar counter and several pedestals, with and without pole, but always in very minimalist outfits. And somewhere in the middle of it all, a slightly sweaty Paul Rovia, first all by himself, then with a cute guy from Canada, and after twenty minutes in a sandwich, snaking his body between two hunks in leather pants and bare chest.

Daryl really wanted to go. Other than in Atlanta, there wasn't any corner to hide, and the 12th person had asked him already for a dance, date or fuck.

He stood with his back to the wall, as close as possible, trying to ignore guy number 13 coming his way. He was blond, tall and wore surprisingly many pieces of clothing.

"Don't send me off, please." He smiled charmingly, putting a hand against the wall above Daryl's shoulder. "I've watched you for thirty minutes now and tried to come up with something clever to say." He chuckled, tilting his head a little to follow blue eyes, when Daryl tried to look away. "But all I could think of is, hi I'm Michael and you're really cute." He chuckled again, seeming almost nervous. "Can I get you something to drink maybe?"

Daryl shook his head, not sure what to do. "No thanks."

"Sure?" Michael tilted his head in the other direction when Daryl avoided his eyes. "Maybe a dance, or we could go for a walk, they have a Starbucks just around the corner."

Daryl shook his head again, trying to duck out from underneath the man's arm, but Michael just adjusted the height.

"Why not? You have a boyfriend?" Michael tugged the front of Daryl's shirt. "Well he's not here, right?"

Daryl tensed, watching with big eyes, as a tall angry man with slicked back hair and perfectly trimmed beard, tapped from behind on Michael's shoulder.

"What's the problem Mikey? Do I have to tattoo his fucking forehead, or hang a 'Hands off' sign around his neck?"

"Negan." The blond man seemed intimidated immediately, hunching his shoulders as he stepped a couple of inches away from Daryl. "I didn't know he-"

"I told you twice since we have entered the fucking building!"

Michael blinked hectically, patting his pants for cigarettes that he wasn't even allowed to consume inside the club. "I'm sorry it must've been a misunderstanding."

"Yeah, scamper the hell off." Negan waved his hand in annoyance. "Chop chop, before I call Martha and tell her about your adventures in Gay town."

"Of course. Enjoy your evening." Michael cleared his throat, turning to leave. "And congrats again."

Negan looked after him, running his tongue along his teeth with a sizzling sound, and then turned to Daryl, stepping very close without a comment, his hands against the wall, left and right from the man's head, just staring at him.
Daryl held his breath, not daring to blink. He wasn't sure if he should apologize too, or maybe say something else.

Negan tilted his chin up an inch. "He was the thirteenth guy."

Daryl felt his cheeks flush with heat, knowing that he was watched the whole time.

"Why did you not go with any of them. Tell me."

Daryl shrugged, avoiding his gaze under the man's intense stare. "'d Wan' to."

"Is that so. " Negan brushed his nose over Daryl's cheek. "You want to go with me?"

"Hm." Daryl wanted to very much. To the hotel, the factory, and to Mars. "Yes."

"Why? Because I smell good?" Negan inhaled the scent of long, tousled strands of hair, falling into a pale face.

Daryl blinked, fighting the urge to close his eyes. "Yes." He did smell wonderful. Like leather, soap and Negan.

Negan gave the other man a silent stare with tiny smirk, before he leaned in to lick the corner of a warm mouth. "Do I taste good, too? Tell me."

"Hh." Daryl exhaled a huff of breath against Negan's lips, wanting a real kiss so badly.

"That's not a real answer, though." Negan shoved his hips into Daryl's, moving them provocatively. "Tell me how I taste."

Electric flashes buzzed through Daryl's lower half, making his insides pulse and his knees weak. "Good." His hands searched for contact, one on Negan's waist the other on a broad chest.

Negan adored the needy, pleading look in blue eyes. "Feel that?" He rubbed his bulge against Daryl's middle. "I'm fucking hard because I know you wear my plug, while all these guys try to hit on you." He leaned in to lick with broad tongue along the side of Daryl's neck. "But they can't have you, because you're mine."

The music changed into a more aggressive song, with harder beats, making the floor vibrate along with the deep voice, rumbling through Negan's chest. Daryl felt dizzy and light, the rhythmic movements of Negan's pelvis against his body letting his insides flip and turn.

"Isn't that right boy." Negan purred into Daryl's ear, then licked it.

"Yes." Daryl melted between the solid wall in his back, and the tall body pressing him into it.

"Yes what." A firm, leather clad hand grasped Daryl's jaw, tilting it up slightly.

"Sir."

Negan stared into blue eyes from closest distance. "Say it like a real good boy, Daryl."

Daryl's inner muscles twitched along with his hard penis, making him pant and whimper, before any croaky, hoarse word had the chance to get out. "'m yours."

"Damn right you are fucking mine." Negan intensified his hold on Daryl's jaw, squeezed his cheeks together, making him open his mouth wide, and didn't close his eyes as he gathered some thick saliva
on his tongue, feeding it to Daryl with a groan. He released him and watched him swallow, almost losing control when the man looked at him innocently through long bangs and opened his mouth submissively, displaying his tongue in hope for more.

"God damn fucking puppy." He took Daryl's head in both hands, kissing him deep and crushing, pinning him into the wall with his full body, cursing the fact that they were in public. He widened his stance a little, rolling his hips against Daryl's, dry humping unashamedly, groaning when the man moaned into the kiss, and then pulled back as he felt Daryl tense and hold his breath. "Don't you dare, boy. You cum when I tell you, right?"

Daryl had trouble to keep his eyes open and stay upright, something in his lower abdomen felt almost painful. He really wanted to be naked in bed with Negan.

The corner of Negan's mouth curled up into a slight smile, seeing the despair on Daryl's face. He touched their foreheads together, speaking calm and softly. "You wanna go upstairs and tell Simon and Rick that we leave now?"

Daryl felt so relieved, he let out a soundless sob and curled five fingers into Negan's upper arm, wanting to thank him on his knees. He said a quiet, 'Yes.' not caring that a stranger stopped right next to them, to take a picture of the new Mister Mid Atlantic Leather 2017 and his sub, making out in the middle of the club.

"Good boy." Negan kissed the side of Daryl's nose, his cheek and the corner of his mouth. "Chop chop, then. I want my condom back, Mister Dixon."

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Chapter End Notes

loooong Part two in about 6 hours
Feelings involved Part 2

Chapter Summary

Part 2 ...in which Negan says 'I love you' without saying 'I love you', because he is fucking Negan. Listen carefully, you might hear it anyway.

Chapter Notes

Have a nice Sunday you beautiful people <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Despite the late hour and the out of house closing party at the Eagle, the lobby at the Hyatt Regency hotel was still packed with hundreds of partying leather men, most of them well past their limits-drunken by now.

Daryl pressed his face into the sleeve of a heavy leather jacket, while Negan discussed something with the hotel staff, about the show room and shipping of merchandise. He didn't know why it took so long. It was boring and he wanted to go upstairs already.

He looked down at Negan's hand, wrapped securely around his own, and then let his eyes roam through the foyer and all the men crowding it. One of them didn't wear more than boots, tight leather briefs, and matching suspenders, while he practically devoured a young guy with beard and long, dark blond hair, drunk out of his mind, having difficulties to stay upright.

Daryl tensed, tugging Negan's jacket.

"A moment." Negan squeezed Daryl's hand, expecting him to stay still, while he spoke to the hotel manager.

Daryl looked over to Jesus, seeing the half naked stranger shoving a hand unashamedly down his pants. Paul didn't even blink. Daryl tugged Negan's arm again and then tried to get his hand free, so he could go to help Paul.

Negan turned around, irritated. "Boy, I'm having a conversation here." He squinted at Daryl's upset expression, before he spotted the reason for it himself. At the other end of the room, almost unconscious, in the arms of some horny hunk.

He tapped the counter in front of the hotel manager, "I'll get back to you." and dragged Daryl through the people, fuming with rage, as he grabbed the half naked stranger by the back of the neck, pulling him off. "Can't you see he's fucking wasted you dishonorable cunt!"

The man looked a bit startled, holding his hands up conciliatorily, and vanished among the crowd, to find himself a one night stand without jealous boyfriend.
Paul swayed on his feet, unable to focus on anything. He didn't smile, or make an attempt to speak, but looked terribly pale, ready to vomit or pass out at any moment.

Negan grasped the man's chin, yanking it up, gritting his teeth, as he noticed his extremely dilated pupils. "Did you fucking take anything!" He didn't receive an answer, cursed something inappropriately, took Paul by the other hand and stormed off, dragging both of his boys to the elevators.

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"NO! YOU FUCKING LISTEN, PRICK!" Negan stopped pacing in front of the window, shouting into the phone. "It's hard on him as well! And he is your fucking first priority!"

Daryl shifted uneasily on the desk chair, looking back over his shoulder at the very angry, tall man, trying to hold a conversation with the cowboy-boots-guy on the phone.

He felt guilty. The only reason for the buzz cut man to be gone, was him. And now everyone was sad and angry. He wished all could be good again.

He turned back to his phone, typing the next words of his report.

"You're not LETTING me do anything!" Negan chuckled, shaking his head. "I will keep him here tonight and do YOUR fucking job, so you have enough time to cry a fucking puddle in to your pillow over your destroyed relationship! Maybe you remember your responsibilities in the morning!"

He ended the connection, stared a moment silently out of the window, and then went to the desk, leaning from behind over Daryl, kissing the top of his head. "Are you done reporting."

"Mhm." Daryl held his phone up, not liking how dejected Negan sounded.

Negan wrapped an arm around Daryl's upper chest, rubbing his beard against the man's warm cheek, as he reached for the postcards on the desk. "May I read them?"

"Yes." Daryl tilted his chin down, brushing his lips against Negan's bare arm. He loved the scent of his skin and the fine dark hair all over. He wanted to poke his tongue out, but didn't.

Negan read all three cards without a comment, then kissed the side of Daryl's head, somewhere close to his ear, and took a black pen, adding the addresses on the provided lines.

For the last postcard he had to check something on his phone, and then wrote in elegant, fluid handwriting.

_Dixon, Merle, 38459-001_
_Georgia State Prison_
_300 1st Ave South_
_ATLANTA, GA  30315_

Daryl watched, holding his breath. The tall angry man knew Merle's whole address, just like that. He turned his head, bumping his nose accidentally into Negan's bearded cheek, and then looked back at the postcard when the man tapped a finger on it.

"That's his ID number. Your lawyer gave it to me, so I can fill out a visitors application for you. Olivia told me there's already a letter waiting for you on the dresser."

"Mh." Daryl nodded. He wanted to crawl into the tall angry man and never come out again. But he couldn't. So he just reached back and placed a hand on the side of Negan's neck, nuzzling into him.
"Thank you."

"You're welcome." Negan kissed Daryl's wrist. "Go take a shower now, I'll read your report in the meantime. Right?" He pulled back, letting Daryl get up.

"Right." Daryl sniffed his nose and flicked his head, as he walked by the expensive hotel sofa, where Jesus was sleeping, out as a light, looking really sick. He glanced back at Negan. "Can he get a pillow?"

Negan sat down at the desk, nodding. "I'll take care of it. Go take a shower puppy, all okay." He offered a reassuring little smile, watched as Daryl disappeared into the bathroom, and then opened the message with the report.

**Good:** -plug
-answer

**Bad:** -answers
-sihing
-jelus
-back talking
-eating
-liar
-touchng

**Like:** -Negan wins, reward, plug, writing for merle, milkiway

**Hate:** -angry, helper, time out, sick jesus

**Change:** shane going away

A brief smirk slipped over his face, at the long list of bad behavior. Then it changed into a gentle smile, as he read the likes and dislikes, before it disappeared completely, when he reached the last point of the report.

He corrected the whole text, cursing the parental and scholastic failure of young Daryl's education, based on the poor spelling.

Jesus stirred behind him on the sofa, coughed once, but didn't wake up.

Negan sent the report and got up anyway, stroking some sweaty hair out of Paul's face. He took the man's shoes off, then the pants and socks, and went to the wardrobe for a spare pillow and blanket.

Paul opened his eyes for a second, murmuring something meaningless, when a thick pillow was shoved underneath his head.

Negan pulled the blanket up to the man's chin and bent down to kiss his forehead. "Sleep, bugger."

Then he waited, switched the main lights off, watched some late night show on TV, ate three pretzel M&M'S, looked through his social media accounts, ignored a message from Rick, answered two from Simon, and finally got up with a sigh, when he could still hear the shower running, after almost an hour. He knocked at the bathroom door, "Daryl, what's fucking taking you so long!" but didn't receive an answer, so he went in. The shower was running, but Daryl stood naked in front of the sink, rubbing a tiny bar of hotel soap over his bare skin, giving him a sheepish look.

"What the fuck are you doing? I told you to take a shower!" Negan strode through the steamy room, turning the hot water off.

Daryl wrapped an arm across his chest, taking a step back, but raised his chin defensively. "'d don'
want to." He sniffed his nose. "I'm washing here."

It was far too late at night, for Negan to gather up the required patience, to deal with the man's snotty attitude. "You're washing where I fucking tell you to wash and that is in the fucking shower." He pointed to the open shower stall, seeing that the floor was dripping wet. "Have you been in there already?"

Daryl wanted to shake his head, but decided against it in the last second. Being punished for lying wasn't anything he wanted to experience again. Instead he offered a shrug with defiant grunt, that sounded somewhat like a 'yes'.


Daryl scowled, wrapping his arm tighter around his chest.

"Are you gonna make me count?"

Daryl didn't move, but he could feel his throat tighten up, knowing he had lost the battle.

Negan gritted his teeth. "THREE!"

Daryl lost his stubborn posture immediately, his shoulders falling along with his head. His chin started to tremble slightly, as he held his bare arm out, just three inches away from his body, but enough for Negan to notice. The five black letters on pale skin weren't really black anymore, but very faded and blurred somehow.

Negan stopped counting, studying the man with set jaw and hard eyes. "You rather let me wait for an hour in the middle of the night and waste a shitload of water, instead of coming out to tell me the god damn problem?"

Daryl stared down at his bare feet, his chest heaving, as his lungs tried to breathe. He picked the skin of his fingers with the nails of his thumbs, not knowing what to say.

"What happens when my name is washed off. Tell me."

Daryl wasn't sure and he didn't want to find out. He tried to speak, but the word coming out was just a meek croak. "Dunno."

"Well, I know." Negan took the small hotel soap out of Daryl's hand, putting it on the sink, then tilted the man's head up. "Nothing happens. It is just cheap ink, silly puppy." He smiled faintly at the disbelief and anger spreading instantly over Daryl's formerly despondent features, and then chuckled when the man pushed hard against his chest, with a furious grunt. "No? Is it very precious ink?"

Daryl wanted to tell the tall angry man to fuck off and go to hell, but then felt horrible that he was even just thinking such disrespectful words.

"Did I mark you as my puppyboy with it?" Negan bent down, kissing tense lips. "Would you feel bad without it?" He kissed again, very softly. "Like being naked?"

Daryl didn't know if Negan made fun of him or not. He punched the man's upper arm halfheartedly and then gave in and kissed back, when a soft "I know." was spoken against the corner of his mouth.

"I'll redo it for you." Negan sniffed at Daryl's cheek, inhaled the scent of longish hair, and spoke into a pale ear. "And I fucking love your smell. Maybe you shouldn't wash any more for now. Go wait in the bedroom. Show me how I want my boy to kneel for me."
The bedroom was dimly lit and almost chillingly cool, when Negan left the bathroom after good six minutes. He still wore his black leather pants and one glove, but nothing else. "You like kneeling for me?"

Daryl felt nervous. Goosebumps crawled over his entire skin, and he shifted uneasily on his ankles, as he glanced up through his long bangs, thinking that Negan looked even taller than usual, like he stood there, towering over him. "Yes." It wasn't a very confident answer but truthful.

"Yes?" A leather clad hand brushed lightly over the top of Daryl's head. "You enjoy being naked for me?"

Daryl wasn't sure. It was nicer in bed under the blanket. He nodded anyway, saying a shy, "Yes." because being naked for Negan meant certainly that they would use the condom.

"Mhm." Negan caressed the side of Daryl's face with two fingers, then went to the heating control panel at the wall. "It's a bit too cold in here for puppy play time, right?"

"Mh." It was pretty cold, but Daryl didn't understand why they couldn't just go to bed, underneath the blanket.

Negan tapped a few buttons, then turned around, arching his brows at Daryl, when he didn't receive an answer.

"We can to bed." Daryl lowered his gaze mid-sentence, because his voice sounded silly and much too low.

"We will. But not just yet." Negan handed Daryl his phone. "I've corrected your report. Read, while I check on Paul."

Daryl took it with a nod and started to read, automatically spreading his ankles a bit, so his bare butt lowered down and touched the carpet.

**Good:**  
- plug -- I wore Negan's plug all day, that made him fucking happy!  
- answer -- I did awesome at the interview, because I focused on Negan. He almost peed himself!  

**Bad:**  
- answers -- I am really bad at the moment at giving answers. I have to improve!!!  
- sighing -- Sighing in annoyance, in response to an order, pisses Negan off. I shouldn't do it!  
- jealous -- I feel jealous when Negan scenes with others. He understands.  
- back talking -- Negan doesn't like back talking. I shouldn't do it.  
- eating -- I am in the process of improving my table manners. It takes time.  
- liar -- I am a bad liar. Negan can see when I do it, and he finds it awfully disrespectful!  
- touching -- I have to remember that I am not supposed to pleasure myself. It is Negan's job to do it!  

**Like:**  
- Negan won -- It made me happy that Negan won, even though I had a hard time during the whole competition.  
- reward -- I like my new wallet  
- plug -- I liked how Paul prepared me for my plug. I also like to wear it. It reminds me of my place.  
- writing for Merle -- I miss my brother. I like to have the opportunity to communicate with him.  

**Milky Way :) <3**

**Hate:**  
- angry -- I don't like when Negan has to correct my behavior.
He needed almost seven minutes to read everything, and by the time he was done, Negan was back and squatted down in front of him, taking the phone out of his hand.

"Why would you like it better if Shane stays. Tell me."

Daryl backed away an inch, flicking his head nervously, but the stubborn strands of hair fell right back into his face, so he wiped them to the side. He didn't want to answer but Negan stared at him, waiting. "They are sad." The insecure answer sounded more like a question and Daryl avoided his eyes, not sure if it had been right.

"They are sad because it is a big fucking change and the situation involves a lot of feelings, good and bad."

Daryl sniffed his nose, staring at his hand on the expensive hotel carpet. "'s it my fault." He was pretty sure he knew the answer. Negan was angry with the buzz cut guy because of him.

A very faint smile appeared on Negan's face. "Eyes on me." He waited for Daryl to look up and took hold of his chin, arching his brows as he spoke. "It is of course not your fucking fault. Shane is an alcoholic. He is aggressive and violent for years. He treated Paul inappropriately long before you met him."

"Hm." Daryl didn't know that.

"Shane needs to do the right thing and work on his problem. If he loves them, he will. If not, Rick will find someone better. Right?"

"Yes." Maybe the mustache man.

"Good. Show me your signal."

Daryl blinked in confusion and then raised his hand hesitantly, forming a fist with spread out little finger, not sure why he was supposed to do it.

"That's right. You'll show it to me when you have to." Negan rose to his feet. "Time to play with my puppy." He snapped his fingers. "Kneel correctly."

Daryl held his breath as he glanced up through long bangs, adjusting his position. He straightened his back, sat on his heels, spread his thighs and with a flick of his head, put both arms behind his back.

"Much better." Negan reached down, touching Daryl's cheek and bare shoulder. "Are you still cold?"

Daryl shook his head. It was cozily warm in the room by now. "No."

"Would you like to give a better answer?"

"Hm." Daryl shifted nervously on his butt. "I'm not cold."

Negan just looked down, not saying anything, waiting for more.

Daryl felt hot. "Sir."
"Very nice." Negan rewarded the short sentence and extra word with deep silky voice and a gentle hand, caressing the man's hair. "I like when you give polite answers." He stepped back and went to the wardrobe, where his suitcases and bags were stored, searching for a specific item.

Daryl watched tensely, knowing the only bag that wasn't fully unpacked, was the one with the demo equipment, so the cleaning staff wouldn't get scared away.

He bent a little to the side to see better and then felt his stomach clench and turn, when the tall angry man closed the wardrobe door and came back with a black riding crop in hand.

A slight smile curled the corners of Negan's mouth up, as he saw Daryl's shocked expression. He stuck the crop underneath his arm, standing close enough to pull the man's head against his thigh. "What's that, boy? Did I get my crop to play with you?"

Daryl pressed his face into the smooth leather of Negan's pants, feeling a little bit ill. He whispered a tiny, "Yes." thankful for the broad hand on the back of his head, and clawed ten fingers into the man's thigh, unable to keep his arms behind his back.

Negan let him, "It's nothing to be afraid of." took the crop and traced its flexible leather tip along Daryl's back, up and down his spine. "It's just an extension of my arm." He noticed the man's slight trembling and combed protectively through long strands of hair, while drawing random circles and lines on a bare back. "See? Not hurting you with my hand, not hurting you with the crop. Right?"

He let it snap once on Daryl's butt cheek, giving a taste of what it feels like.

Daryl flinched, squeezed his eyes shut and dug his nose into Negan's pants. It was a very short, sharp sting that didn't really hurt, but put all of his senses on high alert.

"You want to answer me." Negan's voice was soft and calm, as he flicked the crop again on Daryl's ass, making him squirm. "Do I hurt you?"

"No." It was a quiet answer, muffled by smooth leather pants, but he meant it.

"No, what, puppy."

Daryl arched his back, as the tip of the crop stroked up and down his spine, from his neck to the very top of his crack, making it hard to concentrate on words. "No Sir."

"Mhm, that's a good boy." Negan fondled the back of Daryl's head lovingly, tapping the man's thigh lightly with the riding crop. "Get up. I want to see all of you."

It was like being asked to walk stark naked through Atlanta. Daryl wanted to protest and ask for a different task, but Negan stared down at him, obviously waiting for him to follow the order. So he sniffed his nose and stood up, with lowered head, wrapping an arm across his chest.

"Legs apart. Stand up straight." Negan touched the crop to the inside of Daryl's leg, tapping the skin, guiding him in a wider stance. Then brushed it up, over his chest, to his chin, tilting the man's head up. "Show me how pretty you are." He walked around him, inspecting every inch of bare skin carefully, "Arms down, boy. Don't cover yourself." before he stopped right in front of him, holding the crop in both hands, raising his head with a challenging look. "Open your mouth."

The strict, demanding voice made Daryl's heart stumble and his belly tingle. He took a nervous breath and obeyed, parting his lips, blinking twice through long bangs.

"Wider." Negan watched as his order was followed through. "Tongue out." He enjoyed the sight for a moment, then raised his crop, placing the leather tip firmly on a wet, pink tongue, holding it
effectively out and down, while he leaned in to lick Daryl's upper lip with an appreciative groan, when a warm, nervous huff of breath escaped the man's mouth. "Are you so fucking beautiful?" He took the crop off, licking Daryl's tongue, broad and wet. "Tell me." He did it again, keeping his eyes unashamedly open. "Are you my handsome puppyboy?"

Daryl whimpered, wanting to kiss very badly, but the moment he tried, Negan pulled away, swatting his bare ass hard with flat hand. He flinched and shook his head almost at the same time, giving a mumbled answer in rough voice. "Dunno."

"I know it, though." Negan tilted his head, scrutinizing Daryl's face from closest distance. "You are exceptionally beautiful." He brushed his lips and beard lightly over the man's skin, speaking in low voice. "I am amazed, every time you enter the room."

Daryl listened, holding very still, every fiber of his being refusing to believe the wonderful words, but at the same time, he was sure that the tall angry man wouldn't lie to him.

"I want to tattoo my name on your fucking skin and hide you in a box underneath my bed, so nobody can look at my pretty Daryl."

Daryl liked the idea very much. And Negan. He wanted to hug him forever.

"You want me to show you?" Negan adored the shy, tiny smile wandering over a flushed face, making blue eyes sparkle. "How god damn fucking beautiful you are?" He kissed the corner of Daryl's mouth, copying the hesitant small nod he got as response. "Mhm. Should I show you how much I like you, boy?" He got another nod and stepped closer, tilting his head to the side. "You wanna pay attention." He threw the crop on the bed, staring into Daryl's eyes, placing his hand below a pale ear, his thumb caressing a warm cheek. "Right?"

"Mh." Daryl glanced up, holding his breath, when Negan leaned down, making their foreheads touch. He watched dark eyes studying him with silent intensity, felt warm breath ghosting across his face, and strong fingers running down his spine, pulling him closer until there was no space left between them, and he could feel the beating of Negan's heart against his chest. And then stifled a gasp, as a confident mouth covered his own, tasting like beautiful, tall, safe man, causing warmth and joy to spread through his entire body.

Negan ran his fingers through long strands of hair to the back of Daryl's head, holding him in place, as he wrapped a firm arm around the man's back, pulling him as close as physically possible, slowly sliding his tongue between warm lips, kissing him deep and soft and reassuring, in ways that words could never be.

Daryl went limp in the solid hold, surrounded by strength, safety and the wonderful clean, familiar scent of Negan's skin, and then sobbed into the kiss when Negan wrapped his arms even tighter, almost lifting him off his feet, letting a hand slide deeper, to take hold of a bare ass cheek, kneading it and expertly finding the location of the plug to give it a slight twist before he pressed it deeper inside.

Negan loved the immediate response of a hard cock twitching against his thigh and a needy whimpering noise against his lips. He groaned, wrapping three fingers into tousled hair and pulled it lightly, as he devoured the innocent sweet mouth opening up so willingly to him. "Fucking beautiful." He hissed it against wet lips, grazing them with his teeth. "Fucking mine. Say it."

Negan's object-lesson left Daryl breathless and dizzy, his eyes trying to focus, his lips searching for more of the demanding tongue, his insides turned into hot goo.

"Say it." Negan wrapped his fingers tighter into the man's hair, pulling his head back a couple of
inches, licking the corner of a pink mouth. "Who is my fucking beautiful boy."

Daryl blinked, curling his fingers against dark chest hair. "Me." It wasn't a confident answer and not enough for Negan's taste.

"Say his name. Who is the most fucking beautiful boy I have ever seen."

It was by far the hardest task he was ever given. But he said it anyway, risking the possibility of making a total fool of himself and having to die from shame, should the answer be wrong. "Daryl." He couldn't keep his eyes up as soon as the small word was out, but a strong hand cupped his face, catching his head before it could sink in embarrassment.

"Good boy, being so clever." Negan kissed him in adoration. "Daryl is my fucking pretty boy. The most beautiful I have ever seen. Right?"

Daryl nodded faintly, closing his eyes in hope for more kisses. "Right."

"Damn fucking right." Negan smiled at the limp figure in his arms, giving the deeply embedded plug a push, tilting his head when pale pink lips parted as a result. "That feels nice, doesn't it. Open up wider." He patted a bare ass cheek, kissing the man's forehead. "Suck my nipple, show me how I like it."

Daryl glanced up through long bangs, processing the order, and then put his mouth on the hard nub, opening wide to suck it deeply in, as Negan taught him.

Negan watched him from above, holding the man's head in place with a broad, leather clad hand. "Nursing like a good puppy, aren't you." He slapped Daryl's cheek lightly when he closed his eyes. "No. You wanna look at me."

"Hm." Daryl blinked and placed five fingers on Negan's chest, stroking it shyly, while he rolled his tongue around a wet nipple, sucking soundly, then smacked his lips and looked at his work, fascinated, before he latched on again, trying to do it with even more force, obediently creating eye contact.

"Good job." Negan fondled the back of Daryl's head, caressing the man's ass with the other hand. "Look at you treating me so nicely. I like that." He enjoyed the small suckling noises for a while, loving the content look on Daryl's face, then pulled him off, thumbing the thin coat of saliva off a pale pink lower lip. "You wanna give me my condom back. Where is it, puppy."

Daryl looked automatically at his wrist, but the cuff wallet wasn't there.

"Go, look in the bathroom. Bring the lube, too."

"Yes." Daryl stumbled off, feeling like he was walking on a huge sponge. He glanced at his reflection in the bathroom mirror, flicking his head because his hair was really a mess. He liked his skin, though. It wasn't as pale and ugly as usual, but almost pink and a little bit pretty.

There were two bottles of lube on the shelf. One was black, the other white with a strange green plant on the label. He knew that was the one Negan wanted to use for him. He took it and found the wallet on a heap of clothes on the wet floor. The condom was still inside. He wondered if he should unwrap it already, but then decided against it and brought both items back to the bedroom.

Negan waited in front of the bed, still wearing his leather pants and one glove, holding the riding crop in both hands in front of his bare chest.
Daryl felt nervous, his fingers shaking slightly, as he held his findings out.

"Put it here for me." Negan gestured with his crop to the bed. "Then kneel down on the mattress."

Daryl sniffed his nose, looking unsure. He thought they would be underneath the blanket now to use the condom. "Can we to bed." His request didn't sound very friendly and Negan arched his brows, repeating his order a tone louder.

"You want to kneel on that mattress, boy!"

Daryl suppressed a sigh and did as he was told, climbing a bit awkwardly on the bed.

"That's better." Negan stepped close, his legs touching the bed frame, standing straight and as tall as his stature would allow, as he pointed the tip of his crop to a random spot of skin on his upper chest. 
"Lick."

Daryl hesitated a second, then moved closer in his kneeling position, shyly leaning in to lick the spot he was supposed to, and then another time, because it tasted so nice.

"Hands behind your back."

A short, sharp sting on the side of his bare thigh made Daryl flinch and obey instantly.

"Lick." Negan pointed with the crop on his right nipple, pushing his chest out, and watched how blue eyes glanced insecurely up at him, before a pink, wet tongue licked his nipple. 
"Again. Make it good."

Daryl exhaled a huff of shaky breath, licking again, more slowly this time and with broader tongue, making sure to keep eye contact.

"Very nice." Negan watched approvingly, then raised his right arm, pointing with the crop to his arm pit. 
"Lick."

Daryl blinked through strands of tousled hair, not sure if he had understood the order correctly, but Negan cocked an eyebrow, obviously waiting, so he poked the tip of his tongue out and cautiously licked the outer side of the man's armpit.

"That's not how you wanna lick, boy!" Negan raised his voice immediately, giving a warning glance. "Fucking lick like you mean it!

Daryl's stomach clenched and tingled at the same time. He nodded timidly and tried again, starting on the man's side, right beneath his arm, and licked up, angling his head a little. Then did it again, watching trimmed dark hair get wet with his spit. He liked it and licked more, digging his nose in as much as possible, enjoying Negan's scent, as he sucked the skin with a slurping sound and licked again, his chest bursting with joy when a clear, deep voice praised his efforts.

"Good job, Daryl! That's how it works, right? Show me how much you like me." Negan let him do it another ten seconds, then brought the crop up, pushing Daryl off with it. "Eyes on me." He waited until Daryl was back in his correct position and focused on his face. "Open your mouth." His order was followed without hesitation. "You wanna hold this for me." He arched his brows with a single nod, putting the crop between Daryl's teeth. A soft smile spread across his face, when the task wasn't even questioned and taken very seriously. He wanted to snap a picture, but just kissed a pale forehead instead. "Sweet puppyboy."

Daryl liked Negan's proud face and sat up extra straight, huffing a breath through his parted teeth,
nudging his tongue against the strange object he was given, and then shifted on his butt when Negan slowly unbuckled his belt and opened his leather pants, slid them down and put them off. Daryl took a deep, nervous breath, trying to swallow despite his open mouth.

"No dropping my crop, boy." Negan smirked as he stepped out of his underwear and slowly pulled his leather glove off, finger by finger, taking immense pleasure in holding constant eye contact. When he was finished undressing, he held his hand out, flat, palm up, underneath Daryl's mouth. "Release." It was a soft command, without any mockery, and followed by an immediate reward, when the crop fell into his hand. He bent down for a kiss, speaking low words of praise against pale pink lips. "Thank you very much, that was so nice of you, right?"

"Hm." Daryl nodded, relieved that the tall angry man didn't make fun of him, but seemed very proud instead. "Yes."

"What do you wanna say, though."

The question was whispered an inch away from Daryl's lips, and he had to think a moment about the right response. "Yes, Sir."

"Good boy." Negan pecked the man's cheek and stood back up again, widening his stance a little, putting the tip of the riding crop on Daryl's shoulder, while stroking himself with the other hand. "On all fours."

Heat shot through Daryl's chest, seeing Negan pleasing himself unashamedly right in front of his eyes, while giving him commands. He wasn't sure if he wanted to be on all fours, he didn't know what would happen when he did it. But Negan was obviously waiting for him to follow the order, so he flicked his head to get some hair out of his eyes, and clumsily moved around on the bed. He slid a bit backwards, tried to figure out how to get into position without anyone seeing him, but then just did it, when he realized that Negan watched him the whole time.

Negan tipped his head to the side, lazily stroking his cock, faintly smiling at the slightly trembling man on all fours, who fought with his emotions in safe distance. "What are you doing all the way over there? Come here puppy."

Daryl didn't know why it was so difficult to breathe. He felt hot and cold at the same, and a little bit ill when he finally crawled towards the end of the bed, very slowly, keeping his head firmly down.

Negan offered a comforting hand, stroking the side of Daryl's face, his ear and hair. "Is that so difficult, boy? Tell me." He kept his voice calm and sympathetically. "You don't wanna be on all fours for me? You look very pretty, though."

Daryl nuzzled into the touch, feeling better instantly. He went another inch closer, nudging his forehead against Negan's bare thigh, and after another moment, glanced up at him.

"Good boy, Daryl, trying so hard for me." Negan combed the man's hair back, wanting a clear look at his face. "Open your mouth."

Daryl did, taking a nervous breath, and got rewarded by a long finger in his mouth, sharing a thick drop of pre-cum.

"You like my taste, puppy?" Negan loved how eagerly his finger was sucked and licked clean. "You wanna serve me all on your own?" Blue eyes blinked up at him submissively, as his finger popped free. "Go on then, suck me." He put both of his arms down, giving Daryl some space, and watched from above how the man fought with his courage, opting first for safe territory, by kissing and
licking his lower belly and thigh, then closed his eyes to sniff at his groin and brush timid lips against
his hard cock, before he actually parted his lips and placed some open mouthed kisses along his
length. "Are you being so nice to me? Tell me."

"Yes." Daryl's answer was shy and quiet but he meant it and then moaned and felt really proud of
himself when he opened his mouth and sucked glistening pre.cum off a swollen cockhead. He did it
twice and opened up wider, taking it completely in, gently sliding his lips up and down, spreading
his own saliva around, before he slurped it off again, enjoying the special task he was given.

Negan couldn't help but to wrap five fingers into the man's hair, groaning at the genuine expression
of pleasure, the innocent little noises, and the drops of spit running unimpeded down the corner of
Daryl's mouth and his chin. "You like that boy, don't you."

Daryl looked up, his lips tightly wrapped around the man's fully erect cock, dutifully sliding up and
down, humming his reply with a faint nod. "Mhm."

"Look at you, such a sweet boy, making me feel so good." Negan moved his hips carefully back and
forth, holding the man's head in place, secretly cursing once more that he didn't have his phone at
hand to take a picture of the wonderful display of perfect submission. "You want to keep your eyes
locked on me, show me your pretty fucking face."

Daryl did, feeling the butterflies in his stomach burst with pride, as he saw the pleasure on Negan's
face and the lust in dark eyes. It made him want to try a hundred times more and let him angle his
head and go as deep down as he could, coughing and gagging for a second when the man's
cockhead nudged the back of his throat. But he didn't let go and tried again, loving the firm hand on
his head and small pants coming out of Negan's mouth. It was him alone who made the tall angry
man feel that good. No one else. He wanted to be on all fours for the rest of his life.

"That's right boy." Negan fondled the back of Daryl's head encouragingly, while tracing his crop up
and down the man's spine. "Arch your back for me puppy, give me a nice view of your gorgeous
ass." He groaned when his demand was followed instantly, and then cursed as Daryl opened his
mouth wide and took him all the way in, letting him breach the muscle of his throat, gagging around
him without any intention to pull back. "Fucking good boy!
"Negan held him in position for a
moment, adoring the eagerness in blue eyes and stubborn choking noises coming out of a struggling
throat.

Daryl panted for breath and coughed twice when Negan released him, his chin wet with thick coats
of saliva, but he stayed in place and opened his mouth again, displaying his tongue, broad and ready
for another try.

"Look at that, such a hungry little mouth." Negan thrust his cock slowly in and out a few times,
watched wantonly from above, moaning when Daryl sucked with hollowed cheeks, dipping the tip
of his tongue into his slit, before he opened up wide again, giving free access to push all the way in.

Negan did, yanking the man's head back by his hair, staring down into needy eyes that watered
slightly, as he entered the man's throat and pressed down hard, feeling the muscles tighten around
him. He pushed in even more, all the way down to the base of his cock, hearing Daryl choke and
gag and struggle for air, held him in place another second, before he released him with a groan. He
chuckled breathlessly, stroking Daryl's hair lovingly, when the man gasped for breath and smacked
his wet lips, a thick trail of drool running down his chin. "Does that feel so good boy, pleasing me so
nicely?" He bent down for a brief, soppy kiss, adoring how Daryl stayed determined in his position
on all fours, as he was supposed to. "You want once more puppy? Taking me all the way in?" He
stood back up, stroking the riding crop along the side of Daryl's face, then swiped the leathery tip
through the spit on the man's chin. "Tell me boy."
"Yes." Daryl shifted on his hands and opened his mouth again, lapping Negan's cock invitingly with broad, soft tongue. He really wanted. Way more than just once.

"Yeah, you want more, right." Negan stroked the long hair out of a pale forehead, locking eyes with Daryl, holding him steady by the back of his head as he thrust in, in one smooth, slow stroke, breaching the muscle, pushing down all the way, feeling the tight throat work on him as Daryl gagged and swallowed, trying to control the amount of spit being produced. "Good job! You wanna hold me in!"

Daryl felt the overwhelming thickness pressing down his throat, the second of panic that followed, the lack of oxygen, and the hot, fuzzy pride spreading through his body, as he looked up and saw that Negan tilted his head back in pleasure, groaning deep in his throat, praising him in dark, husky voice.

Negan pulled back very slowly, surveying the process with utmost satisfaction. Reddened lips around his cock that came back out thickly covered in gooey saliva, forming strings between the man's mouth and the base of his dick.

Daryl heaved, gagged and coughed, but poked his tongue out hungrily for more, not even taking the time to catch his breath. He glanced up pleadingly when Negan backed away.

"You wanna get your throat fucked, puppy?" Negan offered his thumb, swiping it over the man's slick lips. "But I want my plug back and fuck your pretty pink hole."

"Yes." Daryl wasn't sure what the question had been and shook his head 'no' in addition, feeling confused and desperate, wanting to hug and kiss so badly.

Negan chuckled, grasping the man's chin firmly, tilting it up. "We do what pleases me. Right? Turn around, boy. Show me where you keep my property."

Daryl's lower belly filled with excited tingling sensations at Negan's strict tone. He sat up, looking around for a moment, unsure what to do, then heard a sharp thud, leather hitting bare skin, before he felt a slight burning at his thigh.

"All fours, let me see your ass!" Negan watched how Daryl moved awkwardly into the required position, hands and knees on the mattress, bare backside facing obediently in his direction. He gripped the man's hips and dragged him to the edge of the bed in one rough, swift motion. "Spread your legs a bit. You want to show me your balls hanging."

Daryl let his head sink between his trembling arms, feeling excited and embarrassed at the same time, as he slid his knees wider apart and arched his back to display the plug he wore, in the best way he knew.

Negan seemed to like it. "That's right boy, present for me." He stroked bare ass cheeks with broad hands, spread them apart and gave the base of the plug a little twist, making Daryl's cock twitch in response. He chuckled, "Head up, open your mouth," and placed his crop back between Daryl's teeth, letting him hold it. "Take care of it while I'm busy here."

Daryl nudged his tongue against the object keeping his lips parted, and let out a grunt of nervous anticipation when an empty condom wrapper landed next to his hand on the bed sheet. He heard the bottle of lubricant snap open and then flinched when something cold and thick ran down his crack, and the plug was rotated in a half circle. He shifted on his knees, wishing he could see Negan's face.

Negan spread some lube on his cock and threw the bottle back onto the bed. "You want to give me
my plug back, Daryl, push out for me like a good boy, I wanna see it.” He placed a steady hand to the top of the man's butt and watched as the black silicone moved slightly, when Daryl pushed down. "Nice job, do it again, you wanna make room for my dick right?" He nudged his cock against the man's bare thigh for emphasis, then took hold of the plug and generously helped, pulling a little when Daryl pushed again with a muffled wailing sound. "Good boy, don't drop my crop."

Daryl panted, feeling a thin sheen of sweat build on his back and arms and forehead. His inner muscles clenching in protest as the plug was worked out and the pressure got overwhelming. He heard himself sob soundly as the plug popped free, leaving a horrible empty feeling, his hole twitching, pulsing and burning with discomfort. He felt his eyes well up and his thighs tremble. He desperately wanted to hide between Negan's legs. And then all the world stopped along with his heartbeat and all thoughts he tried to compose, when a strong arm wrapped around his waist and something blunt and wet pressed against his entrance, making everything good and right again.

"What's that, puppy." Negan's voice was soft and heavy with arousal, as he lined his cock up, pushing teasingly slow forward. "Is that so much better? You want me inside you? Tell me."

"Hh." Daryl let his head fall and lost the crop a second later, not even noticing how it dropped on the mattress, when the hard shaft pressed inside him, filling the awful emptiness in every possible way.

Negan groaned, having to pause a moment, engulfed in tight heat, listening to the little mewling noises Daryl made. "You feel fucking amazing." He laughed soundlessly, bending forward to lick and kiss a bare back, while pushing the last few inches in, having to close his eyes with the sensation. "Pretty boy." He licked along the man's spine, loving the taste of salty sweat. "All mine."

Daryl dug his face into the sheets, panting, arching his back as much as he could, pushing back hard, pressing his ass against Negan's groin to take everything in and get more of the wonderful feeling of completeness. He rotated his hips a little and then stopped and froze with a moan, when his cock twitched between his legs, releasing a serious gush of pre-cum, shock waves shooting through his lower body, spreading everywhere.

"Naughty boy, fucking yourself on me." Negan stood back up again, looking down as he pulled out three inches and slowly pushed forward again, savoring the sight of a pink hole stretched around his shaft. "You wanna pick my crop back up." He got no response, gripped the man's hip with his right hand and swatted a bare thigh with the other. Hard. "Crop, boy!" He rocked his hips slowly and watched as his order was followed through, whimpering and uncoordinated, but Daryl picked the crop back up dutifully, with his mouth, holding it between his teeth, raising his head a little.

"All fours!"

Daryl flinched when his thigh was spanked again and corrected his posture instantly, straightened his arms and held his head up, panting around the object parting his lips, and then grunted and squeezed his eyes shut, when Negan pulled out almost all the way and thrust back in, with rough force, nearly sending him face down back into the sheets. It let flashes of heat flutter all through his body.

"Good boy, stay like that!"

Negan growled his demand, taking charge by wrapping resolute fingers around the man's hipbones and steadily moved, in and out, in a way that was completely new to Daryl and left him stunned and overwhelmed, panting and writhing.

It wasn't the gentle, loving act he had experienced before with Negan, it was rough and primal, deep and raw. He arched his back and tilted his hips, thrusting back with Negan's next stroke, hearing a deep voice curse and growl in appreciation, making him feel very good and very special. Negan
wasn't extra cautious with him, didn't teach him new things, he used him for pleasure because he felt comfortable enough to do so. Daryl grew 10 inches with pride and wanted to tell it to anyone, most of all to the silly helpers, that probably thought Daryl Dixon wasn't worthy.

He grunted, rolled his pelvis, trying to meet Negan's thrusts, and move in sync with him, giving him more pleasure.

"That's damn well right, boy!" Negan put a foot on the mattress, intensifying his thrusts, pounding harder, using more force, pushing the air out of Daryl's lungs with each stroke. "Focus on me! You wanna make me feel good!" He reached out, wrapping three fingers into the man's hair, pulling his head back, enjoying the slapping sounds of skin meeting skin. "Fucking beautiful! Look at you!" He pulled his arm tight around Daryl's waist, dragged him up by the shoulder, flush against him, upright, back to chest. Instantly planting wet, open mouthed kisses on the side of his sweaty face, rocking his hips in a wave like motion against Daryl's ass, pressing in deep. "Are you so tight for me?" He licked with broad tongue over a pale ear. "Such a perfect fucking hole."

Daryl squeezed his eyes shut, feeling light and owned and manhandled in the best possible way, as he pushed his butt back, surrendering himself to the strong arms and hands holding him like he wouldn't weigh anything.

"Release." Negan held his hand underneath Daryl's chin, "Good boy!" groaning satisfied when the crop was dropped instantly. He threw it onto the mattress, wrapping vice like fingers around the front of Daryl's neck, holding him tightly in place. "Puppy needs a pretty collar round that neck, isn't that right." Negan growled into damp strands of hair when he got a choked 'Yes' as answer, kissed Daryl's temple, licked his ear, panting into it, pounding his hips in a hard rhythm. He reached down, squeezing the man's balls, "Spread your legs wider!" and then stroked a rock hard cock, rubbing the dripping wet tip with his thumb. "Are you making such a fucking sweet puddle for me? Tell me all about it, puppy." The needy keening sounds he received as answer, were music to his ears, as the sweaty body in his hold squirmed in pleasure, whimpering with the silent plead for release. "Really? Is that true, boy." He cooed soothingly, stroking the man expertly, grinding his hips in a slower pace against Daryl's ass, making sure each thrust was deep, intensive and hit the right spot. "Does it feel so very good? Tell me. Is my dick filling up your tight ass so nicely?"

Daryl moaned loudly and sobbed in despair and agony, threw his head back on Negan's shoulder, desperately trying to lick and kiss any millimeter of skin he could reach. His body felt like being on fire and short from bursting, not sure if he should push back on Negan's cock, or forth into the man's magical fingers. He heard a noise sounding almost like crying and realized it was him.

"Is it so bad?" Negan didn't stop his torture, shoving his cock precisely against the man's prostate, earning a gush of pre-cum on his hand, and a choked-out wailing sound for his action. "Yes, I know that." He purred his words in his darkest silk voice, "You've been holding out all day, haven't you boy." circling his hips seductively, "Such a good job." rubbing his entire body against Daryl's backside. "You want to come now for me? Show me how good I make you feel?"

Daryl let out a miserable whimper that sounded somewhat like an affirmative answer, followed by a high pitched sob, when his penis was stroked with just the right pressure.

"Yes?" Negan thrust his hips forward, hard, hitting the man's prostate once more. "Tell me like a real good boy, Daryl." He did it a third time, cooing into Daryl's hair. "You want to come for me? Make your sweet puddle right in my hand? Tell me, puppy."

Daryl felt like passing out, nodding weakly, murmuring a pitiful, "Yes Sir." against the side of Negan's neck.
"Good boy!" Negan hissed, rocking his hips rhythmically, panting himself. "Do it then, come for me." He stroked Daryl's throbbing cock hard and fast, a few more times, and moved his fingers around the man's neck higher, shoving two of them into his mouth, feeling him writhe and shudder against his body, heard him moan and mewl, and then buried himself as deep as he could inside the contracting hole, when he felt him come, groaning deep in his throat, warm spurts of cum running down his wrist and fingers. "That's right boy, let me hear you."

He gave him a moment to ride out his orgasm, caressed the tousled sweaty hair and flushed skin, planted open mouthed kisses on random places he could reach, "Fucking sweet puppy." before he pulled out, cursing, and turned the man around, throwing him onto the mattress, with his back down, hovering over him, straddling the naked body, rubbing against him, slow and tantalizing, staring down in a confused face with dazed blue eyes and parted lips. "Pull your legs up, spread yourself for me." He brushed a cum wet finger over Daryl's mouth, spreading some of the thick fluid. Then leaned in for a soft kiss, while pushing himself against the man's hole to enter, pressing his swollen shaft inside with a deep moan against wet lips, loving how the inner muscles still contracted around him. "Damn, boy your ass is the fucking best I've ever had." He groaned and then panted as he build up a steady rhythm again, thrusting in and out of Daryl's ass, taking hold of the man's wrists, pinning them firmly down over his head, onehandedly.

Daryl's pulse was pounding in his throat, his whole body hot and tingly, surrounded, owned and filled by tall angry man. His smell and taste and weight, his deep voice and firm touch. He was everywhere. Daryl stared up at the familiar face, loving everything about it, but most of all the arousal clearly displayed on the man's features. He loved that he was the reason for it, and clenched his ass purposefully, then arched his back and moved his hips with Negan's thrusts. The pleasure and lust he saw as a result in dark eyes, made his inner muscles twitch with excitement, and his lower abdomen turn and flip, a hundred butterflies pooling around in his chest.

"Look at you, naughty puppy." Negan took hold of Daryl's leg, hooking it over his arm to hold it up, pounding his hips harder, smirking breathlessly. "Are you trying to get me off?" He chuckled and leaned down for a brief kiss, when he received an honest little 'Yes' as answer. "Yes? How do I want you to fucking answer." He wrapped the fingers around Daryl's wrists painfully tight, leaning down to plant wet kisses on a deeply blushed cheek. "Tell me."

Daryl's toes curled and his lungs rebelled, as his whole body shook and jerked with Negan's hard thrusts. He spread his legs wider, his eyes fluttering shut for a second. "Yes Sir."

"Eyes on me!" Negan felt his own climax approach, burying himself as deep as possible into Daryl's ass with each hard stroke, groaning in pleasure. "Open your mouth."

Daryl obeyed, panting quietly, as he displayed the broad tip of his tongue, glancing up submissively, moaning at the thick drop of spit trickling down from Negan's lips right into his mouth. He swallowed it and opened up again, wanting more, arching his back with another hard thrust into his ass.

"Gorgeous puppyslut." It took just one more, long, smooth, powerful stroke for Negan to groan and shudder, curse and devour Daryl's open mouth in a hard, possessive kiss. He let go of the man's wrists and wrapped his fingers into messy hair, riding out his orgasm to the fullest, moaning, lapping wet, pale pink lips with relish, before he collapsed heavily on top of Daryl, squishing him into the mattress with his full weight, planting wet, lazy kisses on the side of a sweaty face.

Daryl pressed his lips against a bare shoulder, blinking through tousled strands of hair, needing 91 seconds to gather up all his courage and move his arm, placing his hand on the back of Negan's head, shyly stroking his fingertips through short, dark hair.
It was almost three in the morning when the Mister Mid Atlantic Leather 2017 held a very generously filled condom up in front of Daryl's nose.

"Look what fucking loads you make me shoot." Negan cocked an eyebrow. "Can populate a whole fucking town with that shit, right?"

"Yes." Daryl nodded, his face serious, as he took the condom with two fingers, not sure what to do.

"Well?" Negan slumped back into all the extra pillows the hotel staff had brought him for ultimate comfort. "You want to sell it on Ebay or throw it away?"

Daryl didn't want to do any of it. He wanted to put it underneath his pillow. But the tall angry man snapped his fingers, gesturing to the bathroom door.

"Chop chop boy. And bring me a pen on your way back."

At almost five in the morning, Paul stood in the middle of the dark bedroom, watching the two men in bed.

Daryl, sound asleep, stark naked, with 5 thick black letters freshly written on his forearm, a black latex glove in hand, and his head resting on a hairy chest, his lips slightly parted around a wet nipple, a thin trail of saliva running down from the corner of his mouth.

Negan peacefully sleeping on his back, his right hand protectively on Daryl's head.

Paul tucked some hair behind his ear and went silently up to Negan's side of the bed, trying to get somehow underneath the covers without waking anyone up.

Unsuccessfully. Negan blinked his eyes open, tiredly taking a deep breath, lifting the blanket and his left arm, without any comment, waiting patiently until the man had snuggled up next to him.

Paul sighed relieved, nestled his head on Negan's bare chest and smiled softly, stroking a thick strand of hair out of Daryl's forehead.

"Don't wake him up." Negan put the blanket back down, patting Paul's butt, "Sleep, bugger." then moved his hand up, brushing three of his fingers soothingly through long, dark blond hair, until he heard nothing but even breathing.

Chapter End Notes

Time to go home? Time to go home.
Chapter Summary

Part one, in which... Puppy reads about the health of men, Jesus reveals that he is an Obama fan, and Daddy gets a headache.

Chapter Notes

Awesome AFTERCARE Art by french!puppy IronyDM. Go visit and bow down to his amazing talent: http://ironybluegoat.tumblr.com/

I adore it! Thank you so so much!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.
'Ladies and Gentlemen, we regret to inform you that United Airlines flight 6088 from Washington DC to Atlanta, will be delayed by 60 minutes because of mechanical problems. For passengers who will miss connecting flights, please go to the customer service desk of your respective airlines for assistance. We are sorry for the inconvenience.'

The people in the waiting area looked up from their phones, books and laptops, when a friendly
voice resounded out of the speakers. A collective sigh of annoyance went through the room.

"Well, you heard it, Gentlemen. Time for a Bloody Mary." Simon got up from his seat, rubbing his hands. "And onion rings."

"Mhm." Paul waved a hand, blindly, not opening his eyes or breaking the deep kiss he shared with his boyfriend, sitting on his lap, five fingers buried in the man's curly hair.

Passenger Alfred Adello-Heinzman snorted disparagingly behind his newspaper, leaning a little to the right, towards the respectable business man sitting next to him, relaxed with his legs crossed, ankle over knee, reading something on his laptop. "Fags. They're like the plague."

Negan didn't look up, but shook his head. "Downright disgusting. And in front of my poor boy." He gestured across the room to the large windows, where ten year old Oliver stood, watching the planes on the airport taxiway, next to a man with tousled hair, wearing a sweater that was much too big for his shape.

"Precious kid." Mister Adello-Heinzman sighed, sympathetically. "What can you do, right. They have to grow up with this repulsive shit, thanks to our last Potus."

Paul Rovia wasn't deaf, and intensified his tongue action with a little moan, because yes, he could.

"Yeah, you have to make sure to teach them the right values right from the start. Firm hand." Negan said, his tone clear and serious, as he closed his laptop, and then raised his voice, when he saw Daryl wiping his nose into his too long sleeve. "Daryl! Can you come here for a second!"

"Absolutely." Alfred nodded, glad that there were still some sane people in the world. And then squinted slightly confused, when the little boy stayed put at the window, while a pretty guy with runny nose came towards them, stopping in front of the fine business man, blinking his eyes through much too long bangs.

Negan sat up, spreading his legs a little and snapped his fingers, pointing to the free space between his knees.

Daryl sniffed his nose, hesitating to kneel down. He fumbled nervously with the fabric of his shirt, not sure why this stranger with the newspaper stared at him.

"Daryl." Negan snapped his fingers again, making him focus, and pulled a paper tissue out of his pocket. He waited until the man had crouched down, held him steady by the back of his neck, and made him blow his nose.

Daryl squeezed his eyes shut and inhaled deeply, doubling his efforts when Negan arched his brows at him, after the first halfhearted attempt.

"That's better." Negan folded the tissue, wiped it over Daryl's nose and then bent down for a rewarding kiss. "Good boy."

Mister Adello-Heinzman muttered something wrathful, folded his newspaper and gathered his stuff, not intending to stay a second longer near this cesspool of iniquity.

"Can you take that with you to the garbage?" Negan threw the used tissue on Alfred's lap. "Thanks."

The friendly voice out of the speakers asked once more for patience, when the delay expanded
another hour.

Negan glanced up, trying his best to hide his frustration, especially with all the nerve-wracking ambient noise. To his right from Daryl, playing a game on his phone with super annoying theme tune, and to his left from Paul, wearing his headphones with the music so loud that everyone in a 7-foot radius could hear it.

He was able to tolerate it for three more minutes, before he snapped his fingers in front of Paul's face, harshly. "Boy!"

"Hm?" Paul slid his headphones down around his neck and looked up with a friendly smile. "Do we start?"

"Do we start?" Negan returned the quizzical look in mock oblivion, "Oh, I don't know, maybe I could answer that question if I was actually able to hear the fucking speaker announcement over your god damn Sex Pistols!"

Paul didn't lose his friendly expression, being lenient with his stressed out, overworked Daddy. "Billy Idol."

Negan squinted his eyes. "What."

"It's Billy Idol, not the Sex Pistols. You were probably picturing Sid Vicious." Jesus clarified, and then quickly added a polite, "Sir." when Negan gritted his teeth.

"Believe me boy, you don't wanna fucking know what I am picturing right now."

Paul tilted his head, raising the white cord of his headphones for illustration. "You want me to turn that off for a while, Sir?"

Negan just stared at him blankly.

Paul blinked back, blindly pushing the button on his iPod.

Negan held the stern look for another 10 seconds. "Thank you!"

Jesus smirked. "No problem. Can I get you something maybe?" Daddy looked like he needed some herbal tea or a Valium.

Negan pulled his wallet out, handing it over. "Water and a snack that I would actually approve of."

"Yes, Sir." Paul kissed Negan's cheek, didn't disturb Rick because he had his eyes closed, trying to nap, and left in search for something eatable without added sugar.

Negan took a deep breath, massaging his forehead with thumb and forefinger, the 'Jewels' catchy background tune still torturing his eardrums. He grabbed a magazine from his bag, holding it out for Daryl to take. "Boy. Trade with me." He really missed his quiet basement office.

Daryl moved three inches to the side, when his view got blocked by the newest Men's Health issue, and then looked up, not sure why he was interrupted.

"You wanna give me your phone and read for a while?"

That didn't sound like a very good swap. But the tall angry man looked really tired and very nice, so Daryl gave him the phone and accepted the magazine in exchange.
"Thank you." Negan sounded relieved, immediately slipping the evil noisemaker into his pocket. "Now read. Then tell me what you liked best."

"Hm." Daryl opened the magazine hesitantly. He really didn't like reading, and why it had to be about the health of men, was beyond him. He flipped through the first pages, seeing a lot of fancy clothes, recipes for protein shakes, and bare chests without any hair. He wrinkled his nose, read sporadically half a word here and there, skipped 6 pages, looked at a car advertisement for a minute, and then blinked and held his breath when he flipped on pages 37 and 38, seeing a wonderful big picture of Negan on a motorbike, and the black, broad headline, 'LEATHER NEVER LOOKED SO GOOD'. Excited bubbles formed inside his stomach, making everything warm and tingly. He turned his head, looking at the tall, angry man next to him on the chair, wondering if he knew that he was in a magazine.

"Did you find something you like?" Negan brushed the side of his index finger against his lips, reading a mail on his laptop, annoyed that he would miss his 11 o'clock meeting because of this damn delay.

Daryl raised the magazine, holding it in Negan's direction. He couldn't help but smile a little at the surprise he had to offer.

"What is it?" Negan smirked faintly, answering the e-mail.

"You." Daryl held it another inch higher, wishing Negan would stop typing.

"Is that true, boy." Negan finished his sentence, sent the message and shut his notebook, taking the magazine out of Daryl's hands, looking at the article silently for a moment, then nodded appreciatively and gave it back. "Not bad. They used a nice picture." He cocked an eyebrow, smiling. "I look pretty."

"Hm." Daryl nodded in agreement, holding the open magazine like a treasure on his lap, studying it proudly. He had found it.

Negan leaned over, wrapping an arm around Daryl's shoulders, pulling him close to his side. "Go on, read. I wanna know what they say about me." Of course he knew, but reading practice was a far better entertainment than that annoying Jewels game.

Daryl tensed. He was really bad at reading and his voice sounded silly. Everyone in the room would hear him. He looked around. The waiting area was full. Every seat was taken. And two young women stared already in his direction, giggling.

Negan leaned his head against Daryl's hair, closing his eyes. He pulled his arm a bit tighter around the man's upper body, patting his side. "You wanna focus on me, boy. Read."

"Hm." Daryl felt his stomach get numb, staring at all the words, and then quickly answered a clear 'Yes.' when a firm hand squeezed his arm in a warning.

"How about, yes Sir, I will read for you."

Heat pulsed up through Daryl's throat, making his cheeks blush. He exhaled nervously, then repeated the words, in a shy mumble. "Yes I read for you. Sir." Embarrassment and pride filled his chest at the same time.

Negan was satisfied with the outcome. "Good boy. You may start."

Daryl swallowed and smacked his lips, putting a finger to the first line. "He's got chair-" He stopped,
exhaling, soundlessly rereading the letters three times, but didn't dare to say them out loud again, because something was definitely wrong with that stupid word.

Negan opened his eyes, glancing down at the text. "Charisma. Ch is spelled as K."

Daryl scowled, shame making his belly feel funny.

Negan read the line for him, "He's got charisma aplenty." then kissed the side of Daryl's face. "Look at the word and repeat."

Daryl did, defiantly, hating everything about his task. "Charisma."

Negan ignored the grumpy attitude. "Good job. Keep reading."

Daryl suppressed a sigh, putting his finger on the line, reading very slowly. "Knows how to take control of a sit." He licked his lips, then smacked them nervously. "Situation."

"Very nice." Negan patted the side of Daryl's thigh, pride dripping off his voice. "Keep going."

"And has an end." Daryl stopped again, pressing his finger on the thin magazine page, the flesh underneath his fingernail turning white. "Endern." He exhaled in deepest annoyance, and then froze when a deep, rumbling silk voice spoke the silly word right into his ear, making it sound amazingly beautiful.

"Endearingly." Negan didn't even look at the text when he repeated the whole sentence, just for Daryl to hear. "He's got charisma aplenty, knows how to take control of a situation and has an endearingly playful side." He kissed the man's ear. "Is that the truth, boy? Tell me."

Daryl leaned into the touch, wanting more of the wonderful voice and warm lips. "Yes." He wasn't entirely sure what some of the words meant, but it sounded like the truth.

"Hm." Negan brushed his lips over the man's hair, inhaling the scent. "I know you can give much better answers."

"It's the truth." Daryl heard his own voice, it sounded gruff and not as friendly as he wanted it to, so he added another word to make it better. "Sir."

"So much better. Someone deserves a nap in my bed when we get home."

Everything about Negan's reply made Daryl's insides warm and happy, and let a small smile appear on his lips.

"Uuuuh!" Jesus leaned from behind over Daryl's shoulder, purring at the high gloss magazine photo. "Daddy looking fine."

"Hm." Daryl nodded, pointing at the motorbike, just in case Paul hadn't seen it.

"Mhh, he should totally take you on a ride." Paul tugged Daryl's shirt with his teeth, just because. "In full leather. And take lots of pictures for my bedroom wall."

"Yeah, don't wet your pants just yet." Negan reached up, blindly, slap-patting Paul's cheek, "Where's my wallet?"

Paul turned his head, biting Negan's finger lightly, then stood up straight and handed him the wallet back. "I've used up your change, Sir. Made the people behind me crazy."
"Good boy." Negan meant it, because he was always too lazy to pay with coins himself. "What's charisma. Tell me."

Paul tucked some hair behind his ear, not questioning the change of subject. "Like charm?"

"Like charm?" Negan copied the answer in the same unsure voice, then tapped his fingers on Paul's empty chair. "Sit, research. give me a better answer."

Paul walked around the row of chairs, handed Negan a bottle of water and a container with mixed berries, kissing his cheek. "Yes, Sir." Then sat down, cross legged and started to google as he was supposed to.

Daryl was glad that he wasn't made to read any more, smiled faintly at the wonderful picture with the awesome motorcycle, and then opened his mouth obediently, when Negan fed him a raspberry, then another one, and a blueberry after that. He really hoped the tall angry man would take him for a ride. Together with Merle, once he was out of prison.

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After almost three hours in the waiting area, the passengers of flight UA6088 were finally allowed to board their plane.

Everyone was slightly pissed off at this point, except for the astonished man on A9, who stared out of the window the whole time, and passenger C9, who enjoyed the newest Men's Health issue, and was nice enough to read his favorite article out loud to entertain the people around him for free.

"Negan has his loyal supporters swoon with his smooth dominance and sexy appearance for years now, but while we all know he's able to bring almost anyone into voluntary, complete submission, he's also insanely gorgeous in his everyday life." Jesus pulled his legs up onto the seat, grinning widely. "Uuuh Mama, now comes the good part."

Passenger B9 snapped his fingers. "Take your fucking feet down!"

Paul did immediately, and then growled like a lion cub when he found a really great passage in the text. "In addition to his wickedly handsome smile, he can also rock some serious scruff, show adorable PDA with his subs, and make gloves look like the best thing since sliced bread. Keep reading for 19 of his sexiest moments." He gave his inner Negan fanboy an enthusiastic high five. "Yes!"

"Yeah, enough of that." Negan grabbed the magazine and threw it on Daryl's small tray table. "Go ask Rick for a headache pill, please."

The happy expression on Paul's face changed into concern instantly. "For you?" He put a hand on Negan's cheek.

"Yes. Not enough sleep the past days. I'm old." Negan offered a reassuring smile, showing that he wasn't on the brink of dying. "Go, look if Rick has something."

Jesus nodded, kissing Negan's lips, and got up to find his boyfriend, a few rows down the aisle.

Negan leaned back in his seat with a sigh, and after a moment rubbed a random spot at Daryl's back with his finger. "Is it still so very pretty?"

Daryl nodded and looked back over his shoulder, showing a rare smile. "There was another one."
"Another plane?" Negan liked the happy tone of Daryl's voice. "Did you see the people inside?"

Daryl shook his head, looking serious when he pointed at the small window pane. "'t was over there." In the size of a shoe box, but still very cool.

"Well, that's probably a good thing, right?" Negan closed his eyes, rubbing Daryl's back some more. "We don't want to crash. I got fucking work to do at home."

"Yes." Daryl agreed, looking outside again, trying to see the ground. They were really pretty high.

"Are these okay, Sir?" Jesus came back, holding a small orange container and a plastic cup of water up.

"Perfect." Negan took it, sitting up. He popped two in his mouth, washed them down with a gulp of water and then turned suspiciously, when he noticed that Daryl watched him. "What, boy."

"Can I one." Daryl pointed at the bottle of pills, adding a mumbled. "Please."

"May you have a pill? What for? You have a headache?"

"Yes." In his ears, but that certainly counted as headache.

"Hh." Negan turned slowly around in his seat, squinting. "Why the fuck did you not tell me?"

Daryl moved two inches back, rubbing his ear against his shoulder. He had never told anyone when he was in pain. There was no reason for it.

Negan arched his brows when no answer came, and after another 5 seconds, held a finger up. "One."

Daryl sniffed his nose, looking guiltily through his long bangs. "Dunno."

"Hss." Paul winced, slipping gracefully into his seat. Withholding information from Negan was never a good idea.

"Since when does your head hurt." Daryl blinked, touching his ear. "The start."

"Your ear hurts since the plane started?"

"Hm." Daryl flicked his head, embarrassed, and then flinched when Negan raised his voice, not caring that they were in public.

"You want two, or will you give a fucking answer!"

"'t hurts since it started." Daryl looked away, scowling. He really didn't know why that mattered.

"Eyes on me!" Negan held the rest of the water up. "Drink. All of it."

Daryl took the cup, defiantly, emptying it in big gulps, then handed it back with a gruff, "Thank you."

"Does it still hurt?"

Daryl nodded, touching his ear, not sure why it should have stopped now. "Yes."
"Take a deep breath." Negan placed a hand to the back of Daryl's head, holding him steady, "Hold it in your mouth." then pinched the man's nose shut with thumb and index finger. "Exhale through your nose."

Daryl tried to jerk free, grunting angrily, but was held in a firm grip.

"Exhale. Through your fucking nose I said." Negan raised his brows in a warning.

Daryl glared at Negan, but did as told, forcing the air out despite his blocked nose and shut mouth.

Negan released him after a few seconds, then made him repeat the process, "Again." pinching his nose firmly shut.

Daryl flinched half way through it, when his right ear felt funny suddenly. It plopped inside, everything got really loud, and the pain was gone.

"Better?"

"Hm." Daryl nodded, slightly confused. "Yes."

"Good." Negan pulled a package of gum out of his bag, "Open up." and put a piece into Daryl's mouth. "Chew that until we're back in Atlanta."

"He could also suck you until we arrive." Paul was busy playing Sudoku on his phone, and didn't look up, but smirked from one ear to the other at his brilliant idea. "And swallow. That would help even better."

"Thanks doctor Rovia." Negan flicked the orange pill bottle onto Paul's lap. "Take that back to Rick. Tell him I said thank you."

"Yes, Sir." Paul looked up, smiling sweetly, wriggling his eyebrows. "Wanna meet in the bathroom in ten minutes? I can cure your headache maybe."

Negan poked the tip of his tongue to his upper lip. "You know full well that I'm not into quickies of any kind." He leaned in close, sniffing Paul's cheek. "But thank you for the offer, boy. You serve me nicely today. I like that."

Paul closed his eyes for a second, savoring the compliment and affection. "Anything for you."

Negan nuzzled the man's hair, speaking low into his ear, "Likewise." then pulled back and watched him leave, before he turned to Daryl, who had the magazine open again, looking at the motorcycle photo. "You like that bike?"

Daryl nodded, not taking his eyes off the picture. He smiled slightly, and then stopped immediately when Negan held two fingers underneath his nose. His head shot up to look at him. "'m sorry." He really was.

Negan didn't look angry, but very serious. "You should be. You work so hard on everything else, but your fucking habit of denying me answers gets worse instead of better. I don't like that, Daryl. At all."

Something hot and heavy fell into the middle of Daryl's chest. He lowered his head, wanting to hide between Negan's legs.

"You want to do better?"
"I want." Daryl felt like crying. He wanted proud Negan, or happy Negan, or even angry Negan, but disappointed Negan hurt him from head to toe.

"You want to look at me to tell me that?"

"Hm." Daryl sniffed his nose and rubbed the back of his hand over his face, glancing up with heavy guilt. "I wanna do better."

It was a very quiet, very conscience-stricken answer. Insecure as always. But Negan liked it anyway, knowing it was true. He nodded, "Thank you," and held his arm out, offering a place closer to him.

Daryl sniffed his nose again and turned around, burying his face deep into Negan's shirt, wishing he could feel bare skin or suck a comforting nipple. But the broad hand coming down on his head to stroke his hair, was almost as good.

"Do your ears hurt again?" Negan placed a small kiss on long strands of hair.

Daryl didn't move, mumbling his answer into the black fabric of a 98 dollar Hugo Boss shirt. "No."

"I want you to go to the doctor. Your constant sniffles have a reason. He will fix that." Negan could feel Daryl tense and kissed his hair again. "I also expect you to tell me immediately when you are unwell or in pain. It is an order. A very strict one. Right?"

"Yes." Daryl didn't see a reason for that, but he wanted to do it anyway for Negan.

"Tell what I want you to do."

"Say when I'm in pain." Daryl brushed his lips over a certain spot at Negan's shirt, feeling a small, hard nub underneath.

"Mhm. No matter if you got stung by a bee, you have a headache, you feel ill after dinner, or you lost a fucking leg. You tell me instantly. When I'm not around you fucking call or text me. No warning strikes for this one, boy. Severe punishment if you disobey me here, understood?"

Daryl nodded, glancing up through tousled hair, "Yes," and then watched as Jesus came back and sat down again, snuggling up to Negan's other side, resting his head on a broad chest as well, facing him with a small smile.

"He means it. I tried to hide a stomach flu from him once." Paul wiped a strand of hair out of Daryl's eyes, lying almost nose to nose with him. "I wanted to see the new Harry Potter." He entwined their fingers in the middle of Negan's belly. "Not a good idea."

"Right. It was the first and last time you did that." Negan leaned his head back against the head rest, letting his fingers run through long hair. "Tell me what charisma means."

The fingers in his hair were very soothing, and Paul's answer turned out a little bit drowsy. "It's the ability to attract and influence the people around you with confidence, a ready smile, expressive body language, and a friendly, passionate voice." He smiled when Daryl's dark blond eyelashes fluttered shut and finally rested against pale skin.

Negan opened half an eye, glancing down. "Did you learn that from the internet?"

52 minutes later, 32,000 foot above the ground, when the 'please fasten your seat belt'-signs went on, passenger B9 opened his eyes and fished for his phone, holding it up to take a picture, before he had to wake his boys up. Because it was time for landing, and some serious business, back in Atlanta.

---

After an over-all delay of almost three hours, the whole time schedule for this Tuesday was messed up.

And Negan wasn't amused. "No, reschedule the meeting, I won't make it in time." He spoke into the phone, while helping the taxi driver to unload the luggage from the car. "Needs to be tomorrow. I'm out of town on Thursday."

Daryl took the suitcase he was handed and squinted his eyes underneath the long bangs falling into his face. He didn't know that Negan would leave town again and he didn't like the idea, at all.

"Right, let me know." Negan ended the call and put the phone back into his pocket, handing Daryl another piece of luggage. "That's my bat. Take her to my office. The suitcase upstairs, and don't forget to take your shoes off, right?"

"Hm." Daryl nodded, "Okay." He went the three stairs down to the heavy cellar door, almost bumped the case with the baseball bat against the door frame, looked guiltily back at Negan, and then carried everything inside. The office was cool, dark and smelled familiar. He liked it, and didn't bother to switch the lights on, just carefully placed the long case on the sofa, where it surely couldn't get damaged, then dragged the heavy suitcase through a half dark corridor, around the corner, across the huge club area and up the broad metal stairs, to the gallery, and pulled a white steel door open, to enter the staircase. He blinked and shyly pulled his shoulders up, when Negan smirked and winked at him, busy carrying two bags upstairs. He really liked the tall angry man and his awesome factory house.

"Are you a good helper-puppy?"

Daryl nodded, feeling happily warm and a little bit embarrassed at the same time, as he heaved the suitcase another three steps up, trying to keep pace with Negan. "Yes."

"Yes, you are." Negan confirmed and unlocked the brown wooden door on the top floor, pushing it open. A large German shepherd sat in the entry room, making thudding noises on the spotless hardwood floor, by wagging its tail excitedly. Negan put his bags down and patted his thigh, allowing the dog to greet him. "Good boy! Did you miss me that much?"

Daryl couldn't help but to feel a bit jealous. He dragged the suitcase inside and closed the door, crouching down to take his shoes off. Tiger came to sniff the side of his face and licked his cheek twice. He squeezed his eyes shut.

"Good job, greeting my Daryl so nicely." Negan smiled satisfied and petted the dog's head rewardingly, then snapped his fingers and pointed to the living room. "Go, wait inside."

Daryl pulled his second shoe off, put both to the side and glanced up, not sure for a second if the order was for him, but Negan placed a hand on the top of his head, holding him down.

"You wanna take my shoes off."

"Yes." It was true, Daryl wanted that very much. He also wanted to kneel correctly while he did it, and straightened his position, hoping that Negan would notice it and be proud.
Negan watched from above, and didn't comment on it, when Daryl sniffed his nose soundly, obviously needing a tissue. Instead he fondled the back of the man's head as his shoes were taken off very respectfully, and neatly placed side by side. "Very nice boy. Thank you." He pulled Daryl's head against his crotch for a moment, offering brief, intimate contact.

Daryl pressed his face into Negan's groin, loving the scent and feeling.

"You help Olivia unpack now, then you eat lunch and take a nap. You have to work tonight, right?"

Not one bit of it sounded in any way nice, and Daryl dug his nose a bit deeper into the wonderful fabric of Negan's grey pants. "Can I be with you." It was a shy question in dejected tone, and made Negan glance down with a faint smirk.

"May you be with me?" He rubbed the man's left ear with two fingers. "I will be around, but I have a lot of work to do, and so do you. I have just given you some fucking important tasks."

"Yes." The small answer sounded as sad as Daryl felt. He wanted to be back in the airplane or in the hotel room, where the tall angry man had a lot of time for him.

"Good." Negan stepped back, breaking contact. "Now go, take the luggage into the bedroom."

Olivia worked very quick. She unpacked all the dirty clothes, sorted them in different baskets, and made a special pile on the bed with everything that was made of leather and couldn't go into the washing machine. She put a half eaten bag of pretzel M&M's on Negan's nightstand, took all the toiletries into the bathroom, and threw some trash she found into the waste basket next to the dresser.

Daryl's heart stopped. He looked at her in shock and fell to his knees, to fish his precious latex glove and condom wrapper back out. He glared at the confused cleaning lady and put his belongings into the safe zipper pocket of his wrist cuff-wallet, to his key, pick lock and a tiny dinosaur figurine.

"Oh, I-" Olivia tucked a stray strand of dark hair behind her ear, blinking behind her glasses. "I'm sorry, I thought it's-" She gestured to the trash basket. "Sorry."

"Hm." Daryl grunted at her, snagged the wonderful Men's Health magazine, before she could throw it away, too, and left into the living room.

"Boy. Come here for a moment." Negan sat above a pile of mail at the dining table, blindly crooking a finger at Daryl, then pushed the man's chair out with his foot. "Sit."

Daryl did, putting the magazine in front of him, with a protective hand on top, just in case Olivia was planning to clear the table for lunch.

"Look, it's a letter from the prison. They approved of your visit." Negan handed Daryl a very important looking piece of paper. "It means you may go and see your brother. Next Monday. You want me to call there and let them know that you come?"

Daryl stared at the paper. It had his name on it. It also had the word Merle on it, three times. He offered a half shrug, half nod, then rubbed his shoulder against his right ear. "Okay." Suddenly he felt very nervous. What if Merle was angry with him, or didn't want to see him. What if Merle didn't like him anymore.

Negan studied Daryl's face, then took the letter back. "You don't have to go. You can change your mind any time. Right?"
"Yes." He wanted to go. He just wasn't sure if he would be brave enough to walk through the prison door and look his brother in the eye, after destroying his life, by telling a stupid little secret.

"Look at me." Negan held another letter up. It had been opened, but was stuffed back into the envelope. "Here's another one for you. It's from your lawyer." He got up and handed the letter to Daryl, kissing his hair. "Read it. Take your time."

Daryl pulled the sheet of paper out, certain that it was a horribly high invoice. But the only numbers among all the words just looked like a date and a phone number. Instead, the text said something about sexual abuse, taking a stand to testify, physical examination for evidence, and psychological experts. Daryl didn't understand it all, and didn't want to. He threw the letter across the table, to where the bad boy's chair had its place, then sniffed his nose and stared at the cover of Negan's Men's Health magazine, for a very long time. The bald, brightly smiling man on the cover had not even a single hair on his bare chest. It made him angry. And then so sad that he had to cover his eyes with the sleeve of his far too big shirt. Then he got angry even more because he was such a pansy. It caused him to exhale a shaky breath, and he felt the fabric of his sleeve get wet when his eyes welled up.

Negan came back and walked slowly around the table, picked the crinkled letter up, put it on the table, and then leaned from behind over Daryl, wrapping his arms around him.

Daryl tensed and grunted, tried to jerk free. He wanted to scream and shout. Kick something and hide somewhere. But the tall, solid body around him didn't move or let go. It was just warm, safe and smelled familiar, like the most wonderful blanket in the universe.

"You don't have to do it. Discuss it with your brother first. Discuss it with your lawyer. Discuss it with me." Negan watched a thick tear drop fall on the high gloss cover of his magazine, and smiled softly, not changing his clear, steady voice, making sure that there wasn't any pity involved. "If you decide to do it, I'll make sure that you can. It is just a formal process, right? We'll work it out. You're not the weak one here. You're a fucking fighter, the strongest of everyone involved." He got a paper tissue out of his pocket, and pulled Daryl's arm down, exposing his wet face, to wipe first the tears off and then the wetness from underneath his nose. "A fucking fighter with snot stains on the sleeve, but a fucking fighter nonetheless. Right?" He kissed the side of Daryl's face. "I would know, because I don't associate with weak people. They make my fucking dick soft." He kissed the man's cheek again, looking at him from the side. "Do you make my dick soft, boy?"

Daryl sniffed and shook his head. "No."

"Damn right. I run around with a fucking boner since I know you, and on top of that, I almost piss myself every time you make me fucking proud." Negan heard a very faint chuckle, very hoarse and from very deep down the man's throat, but it was there. "You think that's funny?"

Daryl turned to look at the close face and nodded, a little smirk on his lips. "Yes." It really was funny.

"Hh." Negan poked his tongue to the corner of his mouth, cocking an eyebrow, before he stood up straight again, patting Daryl's shoulder. "I'll put some piss play on my list for you. We'll see who laughs the loudest." He chuckled and then snapped his fingers at his deeply blushed cleaning lady who decided to carry the bowl of potatoes back into the kitchen, until her boss was done talking about hard penises and urine. "Olivia! Stop parading the food around. Puppy is hungry."

---

It was true, Daryl was very hungry and awfully happy, that he was allowed to kneel on the floor,
next to Negan's chair for lunch. He opened his mouth for another piece of meat and chewed it, while
looking at the open magazine, page 37 and 38. It lay on the spotless hardwood floor in front of his
knees.

"No, I just came back from D.C." Negan held his phone between ear and shoulder, filling some
water into a red cup, then held it out for Daryl to take. "The weekend, maybe. Not sure, though."

Daryl took it and gulped it down. He was thirsty.

"Yes, just call me on Friday, we'll see. Bye," Negan ended the call and refilled the cup. "Why are
you staring at that pic the whole time? I'm sitting right here."

Daryl pointed at the motorcycle. "You have that."

Negan smirked, put a potato on the fork and fed it to Daryl. "Can you drive?"

Daryl nodded, making a very serious face, answering with full mouth. "Yes."

"Mhm." Negan got up, signaling with one finger. "Stay. Eyes down."

Daryl furrowed his brows, but lowered his gaze as he was told, peeking a bit to the side, to see
where Negan was going.

"Eyes down I said!" Negan took a key out of the metal bowl on the dresser, as well as a pen, and
came back. He sat down, reached for the magazine on the floor and put it on the table, marking three
different words in the text. He snapped his fingers, "Eyes on me. Straight back." waited for his order
to be obeyed and put a piece of meat into Daryl's mouth. "Good job." He held the open magazine
up, pointing at the text. "Charisma, situation, endearingly. You learn all three words for me. I expect
you to be able to read them, write them and spell them out." He arched his brows. "Right?"

Daryl nodded, feeling embarrassed, not sure why he had to learn words. "Yes."

Negan closed the magazine, put it on the table and held a key up instead. "The bike is downstairs in
the garage. You can have the key and go for a ride as soon as you finished your task." He nodded at
the disbelief on Daryl's face, smiling. "You want to say, Yes, Sir."

Daryl blinked, flicking his head, and answered very quietly and restrained, while his stomach flip
flopped and tingled with excitement. "Yes, Sir."

"Good boy." Negan stroked some hair behind Daryl's ear, loving the happiness, sparkling in blue
eyes. "You take a nap in my bed now. I have to be at the office for a while, and you need some rest,
so you can work tonight, right?"

"Yes." Daryl didn't want to nap. He wanted to learn the silly words so he could go for a ride. He also
wanted to send Paul a message to tell him about his task and the awesome reward. But Negan looked
at him, obviously expecting him to get up. So he did, emptied the red cup with big gulps, wiped his
mouth with the red cloth, and took the magazine, because he wanted to learn as soon as he was done
napping.

Negan patted his butt. "That's a good puppy. Don't forget to put your cup into the sink."

----

*It was a very clever trick.*
Every time, in the middle of the night, when Daryl heard steps outside of his room, saw light falling through the door crack, and felt an unusual gentle hand pulling him out of bed, he just left.

It wasn't him who was guided through the dark house, into his father's bedroom. It wasn't him who had to sit on a stained mattress without pajama pants and underwear. It wasn't him, who had to make Papa feel good. It was just an empty figure. Someone he didn't even know. Someone without name and face. Someone who didn't mind the pain and didn't care about Papa's gift in his mouth and butt.

Because Daryl Dixon was clever and just hid in the secret box underneath his bed.

One would think he was too big to fit in there, but that wasn't true. He just had to close his eyes and hold very still. It was like a magic key, and woosh, he was gone.
Hidden between all his awesome treasures, all the pebble stones and colorful pieces of glass, the snail shells and feathers, the walnut he had found on the street along with some coins. And a tiny, dark green dinosaur figurine.

It was the best place on earth.

In the box, he was so small, that he could crawl around between his treasures, like a fantastic mountain climber.

He was so small, that he could sit on the dinosaur and ride on it. It took him wherever he wanted to and it growled at everyone who dared to come near him.

He was so small, that he could hide inside the snail shells and sometimes that made him giggle, because no one would ever find him in there.

He couldn't hear anything in the snail shell. Not the slurred whispers, not the grunts and groans, not the pansy crying-sounds. It was wonderfully quiet inside. And he just held his breath like a deep-sea diver when some of the alcohol stench soaked through his magic box. He didn't feel rough hands on his skin, he didn't feel knives cutting his insides, he couldn't taste anything, no unwashed skin, not Papa's gifts, not his own vomit.

He wasn't squished into the mattress by his father's love.

Because there was no way that William Dixon could find him inside the snail shell. He had no father inside his secret, magic box, underneath his bed, in the middle of the night.

It was a very clever trick.

----

Olivia knocked at the bedroom door as she heard strange noises, then cautiously opened, and jumped startled, when the young man inside bolted out of bed, crashed his face into the nightstand and huddled down somewhere near the wardrobe, staring at her with huge eyes and bloody nose, panting heavily.

There was vomit on the flawless white bedding and a broken alarm clock on the floor.

She came two steps closer, and then ran out of the room, when she was yelled at, in croaky, high-pitched voice.

----
Negan didn't look up from his computer screen, blindly grabbed his phone and answered it. "Yes."
He scrolled through the pictures attached to his e-mail, listened to his upset cleaning lady, and then
gritted his teeth. "Just clean it up please and send him to my office." He answered the e-mail, made
some notes, popped a mint into his mouth, then another one, shut the drawer soundly and got up
when he heard the padding of bare feet outside on the corridor.

"Hurt my nose." Daryl's report was spoken in low, hoarse voice, in a mixture of embarrassment and
absolute indifference. He didn't look up, as he held a red fisting hanky to his bloody face, wearing
nothing but a pair of dark blue underwear, that Negan had given to him, this morning in a luxurious
hotel room in Washington.

Negan nodded and snapped his fingers, pointing to the grey sofa.

Daryl sat down and didn't fight, when his chin was tilted up by firm fingers. The red cloth was taken
out of his hand and carefully wiped over bloody skin. He watched Negan's face, waiting for the
disgust and mockery, but it didn't come. Instead a faint, almost proud smile appeared on the man's
lips.

"Battle wounds, right? Happens to all the great fighters." Negan pinched Daryl's chin, stroked some
sweaty hair out of a pale forehead and pulled him against his thigh, placing a broad, comforting hand
on the top of his head. "You're with me now. Fuck all the rest."

The lump in Daryl's throat got painful for a moment, too big to handle, and then popped and
disappeared with a choked sob that came out of the depth of his chest, where it had been hiding for a
very long time. It brought streams of tears along, but that was okay, because they got soaked up by
the wonderful, rough fabric of grey pants.
They weren't pansy tears, they weren't cried in the quietness of a snail shell, hidden, where no one
else could see them. They were angry tears, mixed with defiant sobs and a little happy sniffle. They
came from Daryl Dixon, who was a good boy now for the first time in his life, and safe with a tall
man who wasn't angry with him for being a pansy.

He spent the rest of his afternoon nap on a wonderful grey couch, covered by a heavy black leather
jacket, listening to ten firm fingers typing on a keyboard and scribbling notes on paper, feeling loved
and safe and invisible to the rest of the world.

No clever tricks involved. They weren't needed. Reality was a good thing now.

Chapter End Notes

Part two tomorrow :)
Daddy Dearest Part 2

Chapter Summary

Part 2, in which... a sneaky fucking butterfly teases poor Negan's belly and just refuses to leave, Mister Rovia starts a new career, and Daryl wishes happiness on his favorite tall angry man

Have an awesome Sunday <3

Chapter Notes

Awesome AFTERCARE Art by french!puppy IronyDM. Go visit and bow down to his amazing talent: http://ironybluegoat.tumblr.com/

I adore it! Thank you so so much!!
Paul Rovia put his headphones on, slumped down on the bed in his room, turned the music louder, but could still hear his Dads fighting. Downstairs in the living room. Where Shane had been drinking since he was back from Washington.

It was ridiculous and heart-wrenching. It hurt him deeply and made him awfully angry. And after 41 minutes and the third empty bottle thrown against the living room wall, he got up, stuffed some random things into his duffelbag, and went down the stairs.

"Where the fuck do you think you are going!" Shane threw an arm up in the air, furious, wearing not more than a stained pair of cargo pants.

Rick had both hands on his hips, keeping his eyes down, as well as his voice. "Leave him out of it."
"I'm spending the night at the factory." Paul kissed Rick's cheek. "If he lets me."

Rick nodded. "I'll call him." He touched his forehead to his boyfriend's temple for a second, wanting to tell him sorry, but then just couldn't.

Paul understood him anyway. "I see you at the store tomorrow." He kept his voice calm and gentle, then shouldered his bag and left, trying to ignore every harsh word yelled at his back.

He felt horribly guilty for leaving Rick alone with the situation. It poked his guts, all the way, as he went down the street and waited for the bus, before he decided to just walk for an hour, because he didn't feel like being squished with 40 other people in a smelly vehicle. In the end, he thought it might be better to turn around and stand his ground, have his boyfriend's back, tell Shane to stop destroying everything. But he couldn't. He had tried that several times, and it always ended the same. Rick being in the middle of a fight, desperately trying to conciliate between his boy and partner.

He sat down on a bicycle stand, in front of the post office, fished a half eaten, perfectly fine donut out of the trash, and took a huge bite.

"I just pretend that never happened."

Paul smiled before he even looked up. "Hi Carol."

She sat down next to him, took the garbage out of his hand, threw it back into the trash can and held a bag of banana chips out. "Any idea if Daryl comes back tonight?"

"Yes." Paul popped one into his mouth, liked it a lot, and dug his whole hand into the bag for twenty more. "He'll be there." He looked at her with full cheeks. "A lot to do over the weekend?"

Carol shrugged, pursing her lips. "Not really."

"Hm." Paul nodded. "You know, we have been at the Eagle in DC. It was packed. I think you should upgrade to their standards to attract a bigger crowd." He smirked, stealing another handful of her snack. "I can help you."

She squinted at him, "I told you I can't afford Adam Lambert." and ate a banana chip herself, looking kind of defeated. "Not even a Nirvana cover band."

Jesus smiled brightly, putting an arm around her shoulders. "But you can afford me." He gestured to her small, red car. "I show you what I mean."

Mrs Peletier shot him a suspicious look, but gave in after a minute, sighing deeply. "Why not. Can hardly get worse." She got up and unnecessarily dusted her pants off. "Let's go."

"Sweet." Paul followed her to the car, grabbing another handful of chips. "Are these from Costco? One of my dads would really love them."

----

The Atlanta Eagle was still closed at half past six in the evening, and Carol shook her head over the very detailed drawings of her modified dance floor. "What, like go-go dancers?"

Jesus nodded enthusiastically, rolling his hips to the music for illustration. "In cages." He pointed at his drawing. "Here and here. I can get them for cheap, two of my dads work at the Leather Factory."

Carol squinted at him. "Yes I know, that is part of my problem, isn't it."
Jesus didn't allow any negativity torpedoing his master plan. "I also know someone who can install some cool lighting. Should I call him?"

Carol waved her hand with a shrug. "Why not. Won't hurt to get an estimate."

"Cool." Paul already had his phone out, leaning against the wall, crossing his ankles while he waited for Simon to answer the call. "Hi, it's Paul! I was wondering if you could ask your assistant for a favor, maybe?"

----

"Ma'am."

Grandmother Porter wished she wouldn't still have her hair in curlers, when she opened the door, and a very charming man with impressive mustache took a half-bow in front of her, kissing the back of her hand.

"Is there any chance your grandson might be available for a short meeting? There is some serious business to discuss."

Rosita looked up from the TV and back over her shoulder, scowling at the tall, slender guy passing the corridor of the small apartment, in the direction of Eugene's bedroom. She wasn't sure whether she should be slightly worried, or throw a party, at the fact that the Mafia had finally found her pathetic brother. Maybe they would give him a fine pair of concrete shoes and dump him in the Chattahoochee River, for all the shady Ebay business and stalking he was involved with for years now. She turned back to the TV, huffing a laugh. Party, definitely.

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"Who's he." Abraham couldn't have been any more disinterested, as one of the Eagle's regulars showed up with a big, sturdy guy, with mullet and trench coat.

"That my friend, is my new personal assistant." Simon smiled brightly, patting Eugene's back.

"Hh." Abraham took the cigar out of his mouth, scrutinizing the stranger very closely. "Is he crapping his pants right now?"

"Nah, it's just the shape of his face." Simon jiggled his fingers over Eugene's tense features. "It's his natural expression." He put an arm around his assistant's broad shoulders and guided him inside.

"Who's he?" Carol squinted suspiciously at the tall guy, who looked like he would vomit at any second on the freshly mopped floor of her spectacular leather bar.

"Oh, that's the light-guy!" Paul jogged over, looking shorter than he actually was, between Simon and Mister Porter. "Hi, Eugene." He smiled his most friendly smile, knowing exactly how daunting the first visit at a Gay bar could be. "You remember me?"

Eugene hugged his extra large buttered pretzel, sniffing vaguely in Paul's direction. "You're Negan's sexual acquaintance."

Paul nodded, not offended at all. "But my friends call me Jesus."

"Do you have any references?" Carol didn't buy that this guy was a real electrician.

"Y-yes?" Eugene moved back an inch, finding the short haired lady very intimidating. "I am the
Simon nodded and waved his hands, still in awe, as he remembered Negan's last fisting demo at the Hyatt. "Illumination wizard. The bottom's ass shone like a magical portal to a mystical world."

Mrs Peletier stared at the group of men, not for the first time doubting her career choices, and after a moment just sighed and shook her head. "Whatever. Do what you have to, just don't go overboard. This is not a strip club."

----

"Yes!"

At half past seven, thirty minutes late, opened the door of the most popular leather bar in Atlanta, and Paul Rovia bolted from his place on the bar counter, where he was sitting and waiting since an hour. A bright, happy smile spread over his whole face, making his eyes shine and twinkle. He jogged over the dance floor, past some people, through a part of the cruising area, and threw his arms around Daryl's neck, hugging him tightly, before he gave him a big kiss, right on the lips. "I've missed you!"

Daryl blinked a little bit embarrassed underneath his long bangs and moved back an inch, but then returned the kiss shyly, when Paul put a gentle hand to the side of his face, giving him a very nice smile.

"Good evening, boy!" Negan stopped right next to Daryl, took him by the hand and raised his voice into a slightly louder tone. He looked unusually casual, wearing not a single piece of leather, but a pair of blue jeans, some plain grey shirt, and his hair in a kind of messy style, without any gel or other product.

Paul broke the kiss and cleared his throat, glancing up at his undefined affiliation, with a sheepish smile. "Hello, Sir. Is your headache better?"

"It is. Thank you." Negan leaned over to peck Paul's cheek, then spoke into Daryl's ear. "Go take your bag to the staff room, I have to talk to Paul real quick." He watched Daryl leave obediently, and wrapped an arm around Paul's waist, pulling him close, but gave him a serious look. "What the fuck is going on at home. Rick called, he wants you to spend the night with me."

Jesus looked up, smiling his most friendly smile. "That's my fault, really. I've had enough of all the fighting and left. I didn't think about it. It is no problem if you have other plans."

"You stay until they have worked out their living situation. Rick brings your shit tomorrow. You help him at the store while you live with me, right? It's a lot to do at the moment."

Jesus tried to hide his relief and happiness, wrapped his arms around Negan's neck and stood on his toes to kiss the man's lips. "You are the best." He combed a hand through dark hair, purring like a cat in front of the heater. "And your hair looks hot, Sir. The freshly fucked look suits you."

Negan arched his brows, patting the man's ass. "That's the 'Daddy worked his fucking ass off' look."

Paul smirked. He totally loved when Negan called himself a Daddy. But he couldn't say that, so he just kissed him again.

Negan let him and returned the affection for a moment, until he noticed a familiar face in the back of the room, near the dance floor. "What's our big fellow doing here?"
Paul looked back over his shoulder. "I asked Simon if we could borrow his assistant. He's installing new spots for the go-go boys."

"Go-go boys." Negan stared at him blankly. "Here."

"Yes." Jesus smiled proudly. "I will teach some guys how to shake their booty, and they will bring more money in for Carol." He batted his eyelashes at Negan. "And you will come more often as well, if you have something nice to look at. Win win."

"Mhm." Negan pushed him off, highly doubting this theory. "Or I just put you on my fucking dining table and have you shake that ass whenever I want, since it's mine anyway. Right?"

"That would probably work as well." Paul had to admit the weak spot of his brilliant plan, and then put an arm around Daryl's shoulders when he came back, with freshly brushed hair, because Carol had forced him to use a comb. "Can I teach you how to shake your booty?"

Daryl looked at Jesus, first in confusion, then angry, then shook his head, scowling. "No."

Negan chuckled and crooked his finger, beckoning Daryl over. "Come here, grumpy puppy. You wanna tell me good night." He held his arm out, smiling at the man's immediate crushed expression.

"Can you stay." Daryl didn't look up to voice his request, and didn't sound particularly friendly either, but he really hoped his wish would be granted.

Negan sighed, putting both hands on Daryl's shoulders. "Look at me." He waited patiently for nervous blue eyes to focus on him. "I am fucking tired. I need to sleep."

"Yes." Daryl didn't like that. Negan did only sleep when he was asleep as well. That's how it worked.

"You will work now, then you go home with Paul. You put my money on the counter, you make your blue mark at the fridge, you brush your teeth, you go to bed like a good boy. You will do all that QUIETLY. And in the morning you may serve me in the bathroom. Right?"

"Mhm." Daryl tilted his head to the side, in an attempt to rub his cheek against Negan's hand. "Okay." He huffed a breath, and avoided his eyes, trying to gather up enough courage to ask a question. "May I get your invitation."

"Right." Daryl felt a tiny bit better, but still had no motivation to work now, while the tall angry man would be in the wonderful bed with his eyes closed.

"Good." Negan gave a single nod, moving back a bit. "Tell me good night then."

Daryl stared at the very soft fabric of Negan's shirt, in the middle of his chest. "G'night."

"No. Do it better."

Daryl inhaled and sniffed his nose, flicking his head very slightly, but all hair fell right back into his eyes. He glanced up anyway. "G'night." A guest walked by, commenting to another man how gorgeous Negan looked and that he surely had a 12 inch dick. Daryl glared at both of them, putting a
claiming hand on Negan's shirt, right above his belly button.

"Hey!" Negan snapped his fingers, harshly. "Eyes on me!" He waited until his order was obeyed. "You want to wish me a real fucking good night, so I will sleep well and have a peaceful rest, after the fucking exhausting day I've had. Don't you think I deserve that much of fucking courtesy from my boy!"

"Hm." Daryl nodded, feeling guilty instantly. "Yes."

"Yes, what!"

Daryl felt his face get hot and his stomach clench with the stern tone. "Yes you do." He glanced up nervously, when Negan didn't say anything, but just stared at him with grim face. "Sir."

"That's exactly right." Negan hissed, stepping another inch closer, straightening to his full height. "You may try again. Make it good."

Daryl felt like he was at school, when he was supposed to recite a poem for Miss Greene, and the whole class watched and giggled because everyone knew that he would stutter and fail miserably. He watched his fingers claw into Negan's grey shirt, started to say something but then stopped, when his voice wouldn't work properly. He cleared his throat, embarrassed, huffed a breath, raised his head and did his best to look into dark eyes. "I wish you good-" He exhaled, then once more, shakily, starting over, feeling his throat get hot. "That you sleep well." His eyes darted to the side and he shifted on his feet, wrapping the fabric of a grey shirt once around his finger. "'nd that you're happy." It was true. He really wished that and hoped it was right.

Negan pursed his lips, studied the nervous pale face and put two gentle fingers underneath the man's chin, holding it up slightly. "What should I dream of, tell me."

Daryl blinked and smacked his lips, the question taking him by surprise. "Leather." It was the first thing he could think of and then felt absolutely silly that he had actually said it out loud. But Negan seemed to like it, because a warm smile appeared on his lips. "What else."

"Tiger." The small answer sounded more like a nervous question, but Daryl thought it would be nice to dream of Tiger. He was funny and very soft.

The warm smile expanded from Negan's lips, over his whole face, reaching his eyes to make them glint and shine. "You want to kiss me good night now?"

"Hm." Daryl wriggled his nose and sniffed it, nodding once. He wanted to. "Yes."

Negan copied the nod, cocking an eyebrow. "Do it then." He released the man's chin, putting his hand on Daryl's hip instead.

Daryl flicked his head, then wiped some hair out of his forehead with an awkward movement of his hand, and hid his face for a moment in the comforting softness of Negan's shirt. It smelled good and the skin underneath was very warm. Daryl liked it and kissed the nipple he could feel underneath the thin fabric. And he did it again, before he held his breath, closed his eyes, raised his head and covered Negan's mouth with his own, just like that. He exhaled through his nose and put a hand on the man's shoulder, parting his lips a little when Negan did the same, and then timidly slipped his tongue out, sighing in relief, as Negan met him half way. The butterflies in his chest untied the tense knot inside his stomach and filled everything with warmth and tingles, when a broad hand stroked from his hip to his lower back and pulled him closer, because Negan angled his head and deepened the kiss, tasting insanely good, like fresh water and tall angry man.
Negan took his time, enjoying the complete devotion given to him, the shy hand slipping from his shoulder to the back of his neck, the shaky breath huffed inside his mouth, the rapid heartbeat against his chest. He groaned when an innocent, wet tongue got bolder, making some daring, persistent butterflies in his belly flutter. He growled, putting them in their place instantly, and wrapped his arm tighter around the warm body in his hold, nipping pale pink lips, licking them and then broke the kiss when his crotch tried to participate. "Good job." He purred against the corner of Daryl's mouth. "That was a very nice good night. I will sleep fantastic now, thanks to my sweet puppy. Right?" He rubbed his nose over a flushed cheek, pulling back enough to admire dark blond eyelashes on pale skin.

Daryl blinked his eyes open, feeling light, warm and ridiculously happy, when he saw the beautiful face looking at him, like he was a really nice person. "Yes."

"Yes, indeed. You work now like a good boy. Send your report when you do your dinner break." Negan kissed Daryl's forehead, patted his butt twice, and stepped back, planting a big kiss on Paul's cheek on his way out. "Behave!"

----

Daryl couldn't speak for Paul Rovia, but he was definitely on his very best behavior. He had cleaned the locker room, the cruising area, all bar counters, the tables and he had washed probably every beer glass in the building. Like a good boy.

It was only 10:30, but already very crowded, since the rumor of a Negan sighting at the Eagle had spread like wild fire among Atlanta's gay population.

Daryl listened to some guys near the back room, talking about the tall angry man like he was their best friend or something. They even had special nick names for him and one claimed to know Negan's private apartment, because he had been invited on several occasions.

Daryl glared at them, went into the staff room and threw the door shut, imagining that stranger sitting on Negan's wonderful black leather couch to watch TV and eat blueberries. He wanted to kill him.

"Wow, who pissed in your cheerios?" Dwight stubbed his cigarette out in the ashtray, huffing a laugh at his coworkers bitchy behavior.

Daryl grabbed his backpack, got the plastic container out, that Olivia had packed for him and clenched his fists when Dwight laughed at the 'Enjoy!' note she had stuck on top.

"Aww, Mama packed you a PB&J, how sweet!"

"Fuck off!" Daryl slumped down at the small table, opened his almond milk, took a big gulp and wiped his mouth clean with the red hanky out of his back pocket.

"Who would've thought." Dwight nodded, kind of impressed. "Into fisting, hu? Give or take?"

"Woa!" Paul stumbled into the room, closing the door immediately behind him. "That was a serious groping session right there." He dusted his butt off, tucked some hair behind his ear and sat down next to Daryl, resting his chin on the man's shoulder. "Care to share?"

Dwight squinted, when Daryl held a carrot stick out, feeding it blindly to Jesus. "Are you two a thing now?"

"For sure." Jesus put an arm around Daryl's back to emphasize his bold statement. "Our wedding is in June. You want to come?"
Dwight snorted a laugh, "Right." and left, a little bit crushed, because he really liked Daryl.

"I think he likes you." Paul kissed Daryl's cheek as the door fell shut, and then opened his mouth for a slice of cucumber.

"Hm." Daryl shrugged and couldn't care less, because Paul's hair really smelled nice and Dwight was an asshole.

----

Negan blinked his tired eyes open, lifting an arm out of the steaming bath water, when his phone beeped.

**Good:**
- bags
- good night

**Bad:**
- answers
- pane
- reading
- vmit in bed
- alarm clock

**Like:**
- motorbike, jacket, sky

**Hate:**
- angry, reading, ill Negan

**Change:**
the work from Negan

He wiped a wet hand over his face, reading the report with a slight smile, and blamed the warm feeling in his belly on the hot water he soaked in, as he saw the last two points of the list. Fucking sweet puppy.

He shook his head with a sigh and forced his tired brain to correct the report.

**Good:**
- bags -- I was a good helper-puppy for Negan, and carried the luggage inside!
- good night -- I made sure Negan will have a nice sleep, by wishing him good night in the very best way!

**Bad:**
- answers -- I am aware that Negan will punish me, if I keep up my bad habit of denying him answers!
- pain -- I didn't inform Negan about my discomfort. I will do from now on!
- reading -- I did an awesome job reading for Negan. Nothing bad about it!
- vmit in bed -- It happens and is cleaned up by now. It is no drama and not my fault!
- alarm clock -- The alarm clock broke by mistake. It will be replaced and it wasn't my fault!

**Like:**
- motorbike -- I like that Negan likes motorbikes just as I do. We have that in common ;)
- jacket -- I liked taking a nap with Negan's jacket.
- sky -- I enjoyed traveling by airplane, it is special to see the sky up close.

**Hate:**
- angry -- I don't like when Negan has to correct my behavior.
- reading -- I feel embarrassed when I am supposed to read out loud, because I still make mistakes. I should feel proud instead, because I am willing to learn and give my very best! Negan is very proud of me!
- ill Negan -- I didn't like that Negan had a headache. I want him to feel well. I am a sweetheart :)

**Change:**
the work from Negan -- I wish Negan wouldn't have to work so much, but I can support him by being good and working on the tasks he gives me.
He sent it, then held the phone up and took a picture, pointing at his left nipple, which happened to be somewhere close to the organ pumping blood through his body. He entitled it with, *You are MY sweetheart*, finished his message off with a red heart and a winking emoticon, then sent it and put his phone aside, because it was really time for bed and some manly dreams, involving heavy leather, beer and fist fights.

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At half past eleven, the Eagle's busboy sat in his favorite dark corner, with an open Men's Health magazine on his lap, because he wanted to learn three silly, very difficult words. But he got distracted when he checked his phone, found a corrected report and a wonderful photo, showing a beautiful tall angry man in his bathtub, with a tasty wet nipple and the most amazing words he had ever read in his life. He couldn't stop to smile at it, not even when a young man in black leather duster joined him on the floor, sitting cross legged next to him, growling like a hungry wolf.

"Uuuh, wet Daddy!"

"Mhm." Daryl held the phone in front of Paul's face, to show him the words underneath.

Paul read them, smirked enamored and turned to Daryl, looking at him with sparkling blue eyes, not saying a word. And then leaned in close to share a kiss. It was meant as a brief peck, first. But Daryl didn't pull back, so he brushed his lips another time over the man's mouth, parted them a little and moaned softly when Daryl did the same and their tongues touched. He cupped Daryl's face with his hand, searching for more contact and sighed deeply into the kiss, when Daryl angled his head to give better access. He could feel sparks flying through his body and the distinct ache for more, but he knew anything more than kissing, without Negan's approval, wouldn't end well for him, so he pulled back, chuckling quietly at the slight arousal in Daryl's eyes, glad that he wasn't the only one. "You taste really awesome."

Daryl wanted to say the same, but the words didn't come out, so he just touched Paul's chest, kind of clumsy, and just for half a second. "Hm." He really wanted to go home now, to be in bed with sleeping Negan and Jesus, who smelled like cookies and tasted of beer and banana chips.

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At half past one in the morning, Negan heard the door of his apartment, heard two men taking their shoes off, heard Tiger greeting familiar people, heard Paul giggle because he tripped over his own feet, heard Daryl putting money on the counter, heard a blue marker making a squeaking noise when it was used with too much pressure on a paper sheet, heard both men tip toeing into the bathroom to undress and brush their teeth...

...and then felt the mattress sway, as first Daryl climbed beneath the covers, before Paul did the same. He liked their warmth and smell combined, liked the whispered 'Sleep well' from Paul and the shy 'Hm' in return from Daryl. He liked how Paul snuggled up to Daryl's back like a koala, and didn't have to open his eyes to know that Daryl stared at him, hoping for a sign.

He took a deep breath, rolled over onto his side and moved closer, giving access to his bare chest. It didn't take more than ten seconds until he felt damp breath against his skin, followed by a soft, wet tongue and warm lips, wrapping around his nipple, sucking it in deeply, sending electrical impulses through his body. He suppressed a moan, and put a secure hand on Daryl's head instead, kissing his hair, "Good boy."

Negan fell back to sleep after six minutes, one of his legs entwined with Daryl's, one of his hands wrapped into the chaos of Paul's dark blond hair.
Words Part 1

Chapter Summary

Part 1... in which:

"Yes you can." Negan went to the sink, putting the soap out that he wanted to be used for Daryl. "But what can't you do. Tell me."

Paul leaned in close to Daryl, whispering the correct answer. "Backtalk."

Daryl listened and repeated it in low, slightly annoyed voice, because he really hated that rule. "Backtalk."

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It was not even seven in the morning, but Negan had been up and working for more than an hour. In the living room, on the couch. The big glass of green juice stood almost untouched on the coffee table, as he worked through the business report, sent by his store manager in Madrid. Numbers looked really good. They should probably think about another branch in Barcelona.

He scrolled down to the end of the text, and then looked up, when a bleary-eyed man with tousled hair stepped out of the bedroom, wearing not more than a pair of briefs to his leather wrist-treasure-wallet.

"Where's Paul." The question was asked in rough voice, underlined by an almost reproachful look through long bangs.

Negan lifted his brows, baffled by the rude attitude at such an early hour. "Excuse me?"

Daryl wrapped an arm across his bare chest, gesturing to the empty bed in the bedroom. "He's not there."

"Yes. I know." Negan frowned, raising his voice just a bit to make his disapproval known. "He's a good boy and walks my dog for me, so I can get some work done before breakfast." He gave Daryl a long, silent look, then pointed a finger. "Leave the room. Think about a better way to greet me in the morning. Then you may come back."

Daryl scowled, wanting to contradict, but then turned around and went back into the bedroom, when Negan raised his brows another inch higher, tilting his chin down.

He stood next to the dresser for a while, feeling angry, then sat down on the bed, feeling guilty.

The door opened again after 16 long minutes. Negan didn't look up from his laptop this time, but took his foot off the coffee table and spread his legs a bit.

Daryl came slowly closer, sniffing his nose. "Good mornin'." He hesitated a moment, before he crouched down, kneeling in front of Negan, without touching him in any way.
Negan took a deep breath and closed his notebook, studying the man on the floor. "That's much better. Good morning to you too." He gestured to the glass on the table. "Please give me that."

Daryl did and watched how Negan drank half of it, before it was handed back.

"Drink. It's with kale and banana."

Daryl liked kale and banana in Negan's grass juice. He gulped it down, and was just about to wipe his mouth with the back of his hand, when he remembered the rules and glanced up, putting his arms behind his back, because he didn't have the red cloth with him.

"Good job. You want to put the glass into the sink and go, clean your mouth."

"Hm." Daryl got up, obediently doing what he was told. He came back with the bandana in hand, just in case he needed it again, and knelt down in front of Negan, with straight back, putting both arms behind.

"Very nice." Negan moved to the edge of his seat, his legs left and right from Daryl. "Eyes on me." He waited until blue eyes had focused on him. "I want you to be on your very best behavior today. I will have guests later. A friend from Australia is in town, with his sub." He changed his voice into a sterner tone when Daryl scowled at him immediately. "They are nice people and I want them to feel welcome. Right?"

Daryl sniffed his nose, forcing himself to nod. He really didn't like the idea of strangers in Negan's home. And guests that would maybe kneel on the wonderful spotless hardwood floor, sounded like a nightmare. They were probably actors and models again, with blond curls and pretty faces.

"One." Negan tilted his head to the side. "And it's barely seven in the fucking morning." He suppressed a smirk, when Daryl huffed a breath with a tiny grunt, obviously frustrated with himself. "You want to be on your very best behavior for me?"

Daryl glanced up through his messy hair, flicking his head to get some strands out of his eyes. "Yes."

"I am not convinced. Say it like you mean it."

Daryl wanted to sigh but didn't. Instead he exhaled and did his best to make his voice work. "I wanna behave." His eyes flickered nervously to the right. "For you." It was the truth. He really wanted to.

"Good boy." Negan put a hand to the side of Daryl's head, below his ear, stroking a warm cheek with his thumb, pleased when the man nuzzled into the touch like it was a source for oxygen, water or food. "You may serve me in the bathroom now."

Daryl turned his head, hiding his face in the cup of Negan's hand, pressing his lips against a broad palm, mumbling what he really wanted to say. "Thank you."

Negan watched him for a moment, a faint smile on his face. Then leaned in close to brush his nose through long strands of hair, inhaling deeply. "Such a sweet puppy. I love when you are so good for me, makes me really proud."

Warm fuzzy cotton candy filled Daryl's entire insides. He liked the tall angry man so much, it made his stomach ache and his heart feel tight. He kissed Negan's palm, softly, then poked his tongue against it, as he listened to a deep, rumbling voice giving him orders.

"Heat a towel up, toothbrush and toothpaste out, toilet lid up, pick a pair of underwear for me."
Negan kissed a pale ear, then licked it. "Wait on your knees like a good boy. I'm there in ten minutes."

Daryl didn't know why his belly tingled now, but it did. "Yes."

Negan pulled back and sat up straight. "That's not how you want to answer, though."

Daryl shifted on his ankles, pulling his fingers behind his back. "Yes, Sir."

"Mhm." Negan nodded satisfied, gesturing to the bedroom. "You may start."

Daryl had finished his task after 4 minutes and waited on his knees in the middle of the bathroom, holding a pair of bright white, expensive looking briefs on his lap. He heard the front door, heard Tiger running excitedly through the apartment, heard Paul argue with Negan about the icing remains on his beard and the fact that he had spent 15 minutes of Tiger's walk at the good karma coffee house, heard Negan raise his voice, heard Paul apologize, before Olivia arrived and was ordered to set the breakfast table just for two, because subbie Jesus had filled his stomach already with gluten free cinnamon buns, and therefore wasn't allowed to share a bagel with the man in charge.

Negan entered the bathroom after exact ten minutes, running his fingertips over the top of Daryl's hair. "Well done." He held his hand out for the underwear, put it on the sink, took his toothbrush, and started to brush his teeth.

Daryl watched fascinated, and then quickly cast his eyes down, when Negan cocked an eyebrow at him in the mirror.

He listened to the running water, Negan rinsing his mouth, the water being turned off, and then scrambled to his feet when a hand was held out, expecting to receive a towel.

He pulled the grey one off the towel heater and handed it over, just to take it back after two seconds. He stuffed it back on the heater, it fell on the floor twice, and when he turned around, the tall angry man stood at the toilet, the front of his loose pajama pants pulled down, patting his thigh.

Heat shot through Daryl's chest, shame and slight anger making him hesitate. But when Negan patted his thigh a second time and looked back over his shoulder with no sign of mockery on his face, Daryl went closer anyway, knelt down in a 3-foot distance, and lowered his head, staring at the tiled floor, as he moved the last bit forward, until his head rested against soft, grey pajama pants.

"Good job."

He closed his eyes when a deep, calm voice praised him and a secure hand was placed on his hair, stroking rewardingly. After three seconds, the sound of urine splashing into the toilet bowl made his insides hot and tingly. He didn't dare to look and it seemed to go on forever, before the toilet was flushed.

"What did I just do. Tell me, boy."

Daryl thought a moment about the question, not entirely sure if he had understood it right. He mumbled the answer into grey fabric, hoping that no one would laugh at him. "Piss."

"That's exactly right." The tone of Negan's voice was calm and affirmative. "And I was kind enough to keep some for my boy." He turned partly, looking down as he grasped Daryl's chin, creating eye contact.
Daryl's eyes flickered in confusion. Negan hadn't pulled his pants back up, and a firm hand was wrapped around his penis.

Negan smirked, gathering a clear, yellowish drop off the tip of his cock, with his index finger. "You want it?" He held it out, in front of pale pink lips.

Daryl moved back an inch, looking bewildered at the questionable fluid offered to him.

"It's just for you." Negan loved the innocent expression on Daryl's face, loved that he shook his head to some extend and at the same time parted his lips, loved the inner battle he fought for 20 seconds, and in the end accepted the wet finger, licking it first anxiously, then clearly curious, before blue eyes glanced up obediently through long bangs, while eager lips closed around his fingertip, sucking the last remains off. "Look at that. Such a clever puppy." He brushed his thumb adoringly over the man's mouth, when he opened it shyly for more. "You might get another chance tomorrow, right? Now close the lid and take my pants off, I wanna take a shower."

----

Daryl shifted on his ankles. Kneeling in front of the shower stall was boring after seven minutes. He smacked his lips, feeling his belly tingle, at the thought of Negan's pee in his mouth. It had been warm and kind of salty. And it was for him alone, that was the best part. He sniffed his nose and flicked his head, wondering what Merle would say if he knew what his little brother did right now. Kneeling for the tall angry man, to serve him. He wasn't sure if that meant that he was a faggot now. Because he knew for a fact that Merle hated faggots. But Daryl didn't like other men. Only Negan. And Jesus. Maybe that didn't count as being a real faggot. Or maybe it was best not to tell Merle about the kissing and condoms and safe place on the floor between Negan's legs.

"Hey. What's up?"

Daryl flinched startled, when Paul was suddenly right next to him, kneeling gracefully on the bath mat, tucking some hair behind his ear.

"Are you serving?"

"Hm." Daryl nodded, trying to figure out Paul's t-shirt, saying 'If you're waiting for me to give a shit, you better pack lunch. It's going to be a while.'

"Mh." Paul nodded as well, then leaned his head against Daryl's bare shoulder. "I have to work all day at the store." He sighed, and turned to nibble the man's neck. "You can visit me. We can steal a whip and you teach me how to do that Indiana Jones thing you are so good at."

Daryl pulled his shoulder up because Paul tickled him. He liked the idea. Whips were really awesome. "Okay."

"Sweet." Jesus smiled satisfied, now that his day was saved, and licked two small circles underneath Daryl's jawbone, before he wandered up and planted a kiss on a slightly blushed cheek, another one at the same place, and then a third on Daryl's lips.

Daryl held his breath, when Paul put a gentle hand to his chest, stroking his skin while he kissed him. He tensed, not sure what to do. But it felt really good and Paul smelled nice, so he kissed back, hesitantly, exhaling the shaky breath he was holding.

Paul sighed and flicked his tongue into Daryl's mouth, moving closer to him, sliding three fingers underneath his hair to hold him in place.
"Seems I need a third boy if I want to be served in this house!"

Daryl looked up startled, when Paul broke the kiss abruptly, and a dripping wet, tall angry man stepped out of the shower. Heat shot through his body, directly into his head and ears, making his skin burn. He couldn't breathe, feeling horrible. He wanted to apologize. Not sure if he had done something bad or not.

Negan placed a wet hand on Daryl's hair, as he reached for his warmed up towel. "Did you enjoy some puppy-snuggles, boy?"

Daryl wanted to shake his head, but then he would probably be a liar, so he lowered his gaze and murmured a small, "I'm sorry." towards Negan's bare feet.

"Mhm." Negan pulled the man's head against his wet thigh for some comfort, while he dried himself off. "You're mine, right?" He looked at Jesus who knelt next to Daryl in submissive posture, smirking faintly. "But Paul is mine as well. I don't mind if you make out."

Daryl closed his eyes, pressing his nose into Negan's wet skin. "Yes." The painful lump in his throat started to disappear slowly.

"What I do mind, though..." Negan pulled back a little, wrapping the towel around his waist. "Is when my Paul distracts my Daryl and keeps him from doing his job correctly." He looked at Paul, raising his voice. "RIGHT?"

Jesus lost his amused smirk instantly, lowering his head. "Yes, Sir, I'm sorry."

"Get up." Negan watched as Paul rose to his feet, keeping his eyes down submissively. "Since you like touching my boy so much, you'll wash him, dry him off and dress him. Fifteen minutes tops. I want to have breakfast with him before I go to the office." He stroked the side of Daryl's face blindly, then patted his cheek, speaking to him in a softer tone. "Get up, puppy."

Daryl did, wrapping an arm around his chest. "I can do it alone." His voice sounded a little gruff. He really didn't understand why he couldn't wash himself. Paul would certainly accidentally scrub the black ink off his arm.

"Yes you can." Negan went to the sink, putting the soap out that he wanted to be used for Daryl. "But what can't you do. Tell me."

Paul leaned in close to Daryl, whispering the correct answer. "Backtalk."

Daryl listened and repeated it in low, slightly annoyed voice, because he really hated that rule. "Backtalk."

Negan lifted his brows at both of them in the mirror, held the warning glance a moment, "Fifteen fucking minutes. I'm hungry." grabbed his underwear and left the bathroom.

----

Daryl stared at page 37 of Negan's Men's Health magazine, forgetting to chew his mouth full of cream cheese bagel, as he pressed his fingertip on the thin paper, sliding it from one letter to the next, trying to remember the correct order, to spell the word 'endearingly'.

"Boy."

But every time he closed his eyes to spell it out in his head, he couldn't remember anything. The first
two letters maybe, but not more. It made him angry. He hated his silly brain. He was still as stupid as he had been at school. No wonder everyone had always made fun of him.

"Daryl!"

He wanted to take that magazine with all the ugly hairless-chest guys and throw it out of the window. He didn't even like motorcycles that much. He could walk everywhere on his perfectly fine feet, now that Negan had given him new shoe laces.

"TWO!"

Daryl glanced up at the loud voice, shouting in his direction. The tall angry man looked very much unhappy and held his phone up, where the time was displayed in large white numbers.

"It's barely eight o'clock! Is it already so damn hard to fucking focus on me?"

"No." Daryl grimaced guiltily, swallowing his mouth full of bagel.

"If you don't want to share a nice breakfast with me, just say it and you can eat by yourself in your room."

Something hot and painful wrapped around Daryl's lungs. He didn't want that and ashamedly shook his head.

Negan put his phone down. "You can learn your words after breakfast. Tell me about your school now." He took a bite of his avocado toast, then put half of it on Daryl's plate. "And eat."

Daryl rubbed the back of his fingers over his nose, taking a small bite of the strange toast. He didn't know what to say. There was nothing to tell about his school.

"Where did you go to school?"

"Reidsville."

"For how long?" Negan took a sip of his tea, then put the cup next to Daryl's plate. "Did you graduate?"

Daryl stared on his lap, shaking his head, then shrugged. "Some years." He wasn't exactly sure for how long he went to school. But he surely never graduated anywhere.

"Drink." Negan waited until his order was obeyed. The cup came back empty, just as he expected. "Did you like going to school?"

Daryl shrugged again. He had liked school. The building and the teachers and the bathroom and the nurse. There was also a tree with cherries and awesome food at lunch break. He just hadn't liked the other children, because they had always hated him. "Dunno."

"Who was your favorite teacher?"

The answer came quick, because he didn't have to think about it. "Miss Greene." She had even hugged him twice and given him a pen out of her desk.

Negan nodded, putting the last piece of bagel into Daryl's mouth. "Did you know that I am a teacher, sort of? I used to teach sports. Swimming and table tennis."

Daryl looked up with big eyes. He hadn't known that. But he wished the tall angry man could have
been at his school in Reidsville. He was certainly a fantastic teacher.

"What did you want to be as a kid?" Negan asked the question as casually as possible and was really interested in the answer. "What did you want to do for work as an adult?"

Daryl shrugged, even though he knew the answer. He was embarrassed to say it loud, because everyone knew he was not smart enough to ever do something like that. He didn't finish school and never went to college. He couldn't even spell the word 'charisma'. "With dinosaurs."

Negan smiled faintly, "Like making a movie?"

"No." Daryl didn't know what it was called, but he had seen the pictures in the history book, where a man lived in a tent and dug in the ground for real dinosaur bones. "Finding them." He looked away, feeling silly.

"A paleontologist." Negan seemed to be honestly impressed. He would have thought a mechanic maybe, or a firefighter. "That's a very cool job. You still wanna do that?"

Daryl shook his head immediately. He wanted to work at the Eagle and for Negan.

"You have two already. You wanna give me a real answer." It wasn't a question.

"I don't." Daryl wiped some hair out of his eyes, glancing up. "I work for you." That wasn't a question either. He wanted to stay with Negan forever, and if necessary, he would just hide the stupid fridge-paper, so he could never make his last blue mark.

"I see." Negan liked the determined tone. He smirked as he got up. "But you should know that puppies can become anything they fucking want," he bent down to speak into long strands of hair. "And still come home every night to present their gorgeous ass in bed next to me. Right?"

"Hm." Daryl didn't want Negan to leave now. He wasn't even finished with his strange green toast.

"Right."

"Good boy. You finish breakfast and put your dishes into the sink. Then you come downstairs to my office. I'll show you a better way to learn your words." Negan kissed the top of Daryl's head and left.

----

Daryl arrived at the Factory's basement office at 8:28 AM, on his best behavior, with a silly smart phone and the newest Men's Health issue in hand. He pushed the door open, but just a tiny bit, when he realized that Negan wasn't alone. There was another person inside. A man.

"Daryl, come in." Negan stood behind his desk, signing several papers. "Be good and show this gentleman where the store is. He wants to deliver the boxes from the MAL showroom."

"Hm." Daryl flicked his head, hugging the magazine close to his chest. "Okay." He could certainly do that. He knew the way and he would see Paul at the store, which was a good thing.

"Thank you." Negan handed the signed papers back to the Federal Express guy and another paper to Daryl. "And give that to Joseph. Tell him I need everything from this list until tonight."

"Yes." Daryl nodded and wanted to add a polite 'Sir', but the man from FedEx Express watched him, and then the word just didn't come out.

Negan smiled at him anyway. "Good. You want to hurry and come back to me."
"Yes." Daryl wanted that very much. To learn the silly words and finally get the key for the motorcycle. Then he could go on a ride with Negan.

The delivery guy, waved a friendly 'thanks and bye', and followed a shy man through the labyrinth of the Leather Factory, outside, past a blushing cleaning lady who just took the trash out, past the mail man who hoped to catch a glimpse of the beautiful tall man he had a one night stand with two years ago, past the securely locked garage, around the corner, straight to the entrance of Negan's leather store.

Rick looked up when the door opened. "Delivery from Washington?"

"Hm." Daryl offered a shy nod, leading the man inside.

"Wow." The young guy with the clipboard looked around as if he was dropped off on the moon. "That's a lot of leather and... other things."

Rick was used to that reaction to his merchandise. "Do I have to sign this, or..."

"Hm?" The FedEx man snapped out of his awe and shook his head. "Erm, no, your boss signed already. Where should I put all the stuff?"

"Well, best to-" Rick gestured towards the storage rooms and then stopped in his tracks, squinting at Daryl, who gave him a nervous look, pulling his fingers. "Anything I can help you with?"

"Where's Paul." The question didn't sound polite or friendly, but Daryl was glad that it was out at all.

"In the back. Doing paperwork."

"Hm." Daryl wasn't sure if that meant that he could go and see him, and the cowboy-boots-guy didn't say anything else, and just talked to the delivery man again, so he turned around and left, because he didn't dare to ask another question.

Finding the janitor wasn't very difficult. He sat on the loading ramp to enjoy his second breakfast. A big turkey sandwich. "Hello." He waved and smiled happily, and then stopped chewing when the nice criminal held a piece of paper out.

"He needs it until tonight." Daryl watched as a blob of mayonnaise fell from the sandwich onto Negan's list.

But Joseph didn't seem to notice. "No problem." He smiled brightly and offered a nod.

"Hm." Daryl nodded as well and left to go back to Negan, feeling a little bit proud because he had done everything he was supposed to.

"That was fast. Did you find Joey?" Negan didn't look up from his work.

"Yes." Daryl closed the office door. He didn't want any other stranger to come in.

"Good. Come here."

Daryl did, waited patiently until Negan had finished the sentence, and then sat down timidly, when the man slid back with his chair and patted his thigh.

"Show me the words you are learning." Negan wrapped an arm loosely around Daryl's waist, making him put the magazine on the table. It took a moment until the right page was found, but he didn't interfere. "Good." He got a piece of paper out of the drawer and handed Daryl a pencil. "We'll
practice with another word for now." He pointed at a new word in the text, one of which he was sure that Daryl would master it immediately. "You look at it for ten seconds. Then you say it out loud."

"Hm." Daryl stared at Negan's finger on the thin paper and the five small, black letters he was pointing at. "Negan." He liked the word very much.

"Good job." Negan covered it with his hand and gestured to the paper sheet. "Now write it down."

Daryl gave Negan a nervous side glance. He didn't like that he was watched, he also didn't like that the text was covered. But Negan obviously waited for him to follow the order, so he exhaled soundless and started to write. In crooked letters, using too much pressure. The pencil point broke in the middle of the G. Daryl cursed and wanted to throw the silly thing against the wall, but Negan took it out of his hand and replaced it with a ball pen. A black one, with the Leather Factory company logo.

"Try this one." Negan put a mouse pad underneath the paper, creating a softer surface. "You wanna write for me without poking a hole through the paper."

Daryl sighed, not in annoyance but very frustrated. And he wasn't scolded this time, instead a firm hand rubbed the middle of his lower back, as he put the new pen on the paper and continued writing, immediately tearing the paper.

"No drama. Try again." Negan's voice was calm and steady, not showing any sign of impatience.

Daryl did, trying his best to brush the pen just lightly over the paper, as he wrote the rest of the G, then an A and N.

"Very NICE!" Negan patted the man's side rewardingly, and took the hand off the text. "Now check if you got it right."

Daryl compared his crooked half pencil- half ball pen word with the black letters in the magazine. They were the same and in the right order. "'s right."

"It's damn well fucking right for sure!" Negan took the pen out of Daryl's hand and wrote 'Good job, puppy!' next to the word NEGAN. In flawless, fluid handwriting, without poking holes or tearing the paper. Then he got a yellow post-it out of his drawer and wrote 'Look, Say, Cover, Write, Check' on it, sticking it to page 38 of the magazine. "You wanna learn your words like this from now on, right?"

Daryl felt embarrassed, angry and a little bit proud at the same time. He wasn't a child anymore, he hated writing and he really didn't know why he just couldn't do something else to earn the reward. Maybe mopping the floors or delivering another list to the janitor. But he really liked the praising words next to his Negan-writing and he also liked to sit with the tall angry man and listen to his wonderful deep voice, dripping with pride. So he nodded and answered a small, "Yes." because he really wanted to do it like that if Negan said so.

"Good boy. Now you go to your room, sit at the table, WITHOUT YOUR PHONE, and practice for 40 minutes. Then you come back and bring me a cup of tea."

"Hm." Daryl didn't like the fact that he was supposed to sit alone in his room, but 40 minutes weren't very long. "Okay."

"You surely can think of a better answer."

Daryl turned, trying to glance at Negan's close face. He smelled really very good. "I'll do it for you."
"Yes?" Negan adored the rough, insecure tone of voice, and the little flick to the side to get stray hair out the eyes. "Why? You like me that much?"

"Mhm." Daryl sniffed his nose, bravely holding eye contact. "Yes." He did.

"Mhm." Negan studied the man's face, a very faint smirk on his lips. "Are you mine?"

Something in Daryl's lower belly tickled and turned upside down. He nodded, adding a shy, "Yes."

Negan tilted his chin up, cockily, his dark eyes glinting, as he stroked first up and down Daryl's side and then rubbed circles on the man's belly. "Show me my mark."

Daryl held his arm up, awkwardly, then pulled a little at his sleeve to reveal the five black letters.

"Read for me."

The fingers on Daryl's belly slid a bit deeper, brushing his crotch briefly, then wandered on his inner thigh. Daryl shifted around on Negan's lap, feeling heat climb up from his chest towards his face and ears. "Negan."

Negan leaned in close, sniffing the side of a pale, warm neck, enjoying the scent with an appreciative humming noise. "You like my name?"

"Hm." Daryl parted his legs around Negan's thigh, rubbing his ass slightly back and forth. "Yes." He liked it very much. It was the best name in the world.

"Yes?" Negan grabbed the man's crotch, squeezing, while he licked blunt, wet trails from underneath Daryl's jawbone, to his ear. "Should I take you to get it tattooed on your fucking pretty puppy skin so it stays there forever and everyone knows who you belong to?" He grazed his teeth over the side of Daryl's face, loving the uneven breathing and growing bulge underneath his hand. "Tell me boy, would you like that?"

Daryl closed his eyes and arched his back, feeling his inner muscles throb. He wanted it so much, it made his chest tight and his stomach ache. "Yes Sir." They could go right now. In the shiny black car.

"Mhh." Negan growled against flushed skin. "Look at my puppy giving such clever answers." He wrapped a firm hand around the front of Daryl's neck, tilting the man's head back against his shoulder, while he massaged him through his pants. "Makes me want to fuck you. Right now. Here on my desk." He licked Daryl's cheek with broad tongue, spreading his spit around. "But I don't have time for puppy play time, right? There's so much work to do." He licked the corner of Daryl's mouth. "And you want to learn for me and bring me a nice cup of tea, isn't that true boy?"

Daryl wanted to shake his head and shout, 'No' at the top of his lungs because that was the last thing he wanted to do right now. But Negan gave his crotch a last rub and squeeze before he took his hands off, pulling back, nuzzling the side of his head. Desperation of the worst kind flooded Daryl's chest.

Negan whispered into a pale ear. "You want to answer me."

"Can I stay." Daryl heard his own croaky, pitiful voice and thought he could maybe stay underneath the desk, between Negan's legs.

Negan chuckled, patting Daryl's thigh. "You may go do your tasks and come back in 40 minutes, like a good boy." He gave the man a slight push, making him get off his lap, "Chop chop," then
watched him gather his magazine, ball pen, paper and mouse pad, before he went towards the door, with deeply flushed skin, and some long strands of hair sticking to the side of his spit wet face. He attempted to raise his shoulder to rub it against the damp skin. "No. Don't wipe it off. Keep smelling like me until you're back."

Chapter End Notes

Part 2 in a bit
Daryl took a deep sigh over his piece of paper. After 27 minutes of practicing it had 9 holes, all possible versions of the word 'endearingly' and none of them right, one correctly written 'SITUATION' and a crooked 'chairisma', crossed out angrily with a black, Leather Factory ball pen. Somehow practicing didn't work very well alone in his room, without phone, sitting on a silly chair instead of Negan's lap.

He put his head down on the small desk, crinkling the damaged paper sheet even more, and then put his work aside, when the distinct smell of musky cologne hit his nose. He sniffed at the black mouse pad. It really smelled like Negan. He sniffed again, and then shot up, startled, when the door opened and a man with long hair and heavy docmartens came in, throwing his knitted beanie onto the dresser, before he flopped down on the narrow bed, propping his head up on his elbow, smiling brightly.

"What are you doing? I thought you come visit me at the store."

Daryl scowled and grumbled an embarrassed answer, because he was caught sniffing a mouse pad. "Have to learn."

Paul reached his arm out. "Give it to me, I test you. Orally." He wriggled his left eyebrow.

Daryl got up from his desk, making a scraping noise on the floor. "Shut up."

"I can't!" Jesus rolled onto his back with a sigh. "One of my Dads left me alone at the staff room with the coffee machine. Did you know they make coffee that tastes like donuts with salted caramel icing and apple filling?" He threw his arms up to express his misery.

Daryl wrapped an arm across his chest, giving the man on his bed a suspicious look. "No."

"Me neither." Jesus shook his head, then covered his eyes dramatically with his left arm. "But now I had three cups and one of them was a double, because I hit the wrong button." He held the right hand out for Daryl, blindly. "Feel my pulse, I think I'm experiencing cardiac irregularities."

Daryl slapped the hand off with a grunt, but then sat down on the bed, next to Paul, because he wasn't entirely sure if the man was ill for real or just making fun. Maybe he was allergic to donut coffee.

Jesus put the arm off his face, smiling softly at Daryl, entwining their fingers. "Your hand is cold."

"Hm." Daryl looked at a random spot on the blanket, pretending that he didn't notice the change in Paul's tone.

"Rest with me? Just for five minutes." Paul pulled Daryl's hand slightly, not really earning any resistance.
Daryl sniffed his nose and moved, a bit awkwardly, to lie down on his back, stiffly, at the edge of the mattress, but still very close to the other man because there wasn't much room. He stared up at the ceiling, as Paul immediately snuggled up to his side.

"Mm." Jesus dug his nose into the crook of Daryl's neck, inhaling deeply. "You smell like one of my Dads."

Daryl liked how Paul's beard tickled his neck. "Negan." He hoped it was Negan, because he didn't want to smell like the cowboy-boots-guy or the buzz-cut-man.

Paul sniffed a certain spot of skin soundly, "Leather," then some hair, "Pour Homme," licked a pale neck, "Kiehl's body wash," kissed Daryl's jaw, "Very sexy alpha male," and finally the man's mouth, leaning over him, stroking the side of his face with gentle fingers. "Definitely Negan."

Daryl tensed for a second and then exhaled soundless, when a soft mouth covered his own, for a sweet, slow kiss that gradually intensified, until their tongues found each other. It was different than before, because fingers stroked through his hair and a leg was moved between his, making his heartbeat faster and his stomach respond to the new exchange of affection.

Jesus moaned, when Daryl parted his lips a bit wider and actively kissed him back, panting quietly. He slid a hand beneath Daryl's shirt, loving the warm skin and slight goosebumps spreading underneath his palm, then stroked his abdomen and went further down, lightly running his fingers between Daryl's legs. He broke the kiss looking at the flushed face, with pink, moist lips and dazed blue eyes, seeing no sign of reluctance. So he smiled softly and lowered down again for another kiss, flicking his tongue into the man's mouth, as he rubbed and massaged Daryl's crotch, enjoying the feel of heat and hardness underneath the rough denim.

Daryl's chest heaved. He arched his back and moved his hips, breathing heavily into the kiss, because everything felt so good, and then he naturally parted his legs when Paul moved on top of him, lying between his thighs, rocking and grinding their hips together, first slowly and almost shy, then with more pressure and a deep groan, making Daryl whimper, tremble and squeeze his eyes shut.

"Ssh." Paul stilled his hips, panting against Daryl's lips, trying to compose himself. "We can't cum." He pressed their foreheads together, huffing a small, breathless laugh. "We didn't ask him for permission."

Daryl held his breath, blinking up at Paul's close face, not sure what was happening. He touched Paul's butt and raised his middle, searching for more contact again.

Jesus shook his head, stroking Daryl's face soothingly. "We have to ask first, or he'll be pissed." He spoke quietly and rolled onto his side, off of Daryl, snuggling up to his side again, wrapping an arm around him. "Sorry for starting this, you're just so damn cute." He sighed, kissing the man's shoulder. "Every time I see you, I just have to kiss you."

Daryl didn't answer, not knowing what to say. He was hard, uncomfortable, and felt horribly embarrassed. He turned his head to look at Jesus, sniffing his nose.

Paul smiled sheepishly, trying to change the subject, before he changed his mind and risked a terrible six hour bad boys chair punishment. "Wanna sneak into the playroom and show me your whipping skills?"
61 minutes after Daryl was sent to his room to practice his words for 40 minutes, Negan threw his pen across the desk, got up and left his quiet basement office, in search for the man who was supposed to bring him a cup of tea.

He didn't have to go very far, hearing giggles and familiar cracking noises out of his holy play area.

"What the shit..." He gritted his teeth, pulling the rubber strips curtain to the side, and was able to stand unnoticed in the door frame for almost a minute, before the too young men, busy digging through his impact play shelf, even realized that they were watched.

The smile slipped immediately off their faces, as they saw Negan's cold features.

"What the fuck are you doing here."

Paul put the flogger down that he had been playing with, nervously clearing his throat. "We just wan-

Negan flared his nostrils. "Do you really think I need you to answer that!"

Paul lowered his head.

"I fucking asked you to work at the store in exchange for the awesome bed, food and shelter I provide you with!"

"I though I-

"OH I KNOW WHAT YOU THOUGHT!" Negan straightened to full height, raising his voice, making Daryl flinch and blink rapidly. "FUCK THE RULES! I WANNA HAVE FUN WITH DARYL!"

Paul winced, hunching his shoulders, as he stared at his feet.

"That's the second time today that you keep him from doing his job! And that's not how it fucking works! I don't give a shit how Rick handles things! As long as you are with me you fucking respect my decisions and do as told!"

"Yes, Sir." Jesus mumbled his answer in an unusual quiet tone, not daring to look up.

Negan snapped his fingers, harshly. "Go to the store and do your fucking job. I don't want to see you right now."

Paul exhaled visibly, Negan's words hurting him in any way possible. He glanced at Daryl and went outside without a comment.

Daryl didn't know what to do. He clenched his fists and stared at a random spot at the floor, wanting to run and hide.

"I asked you to practice your words for 40 minutes and bring me a cup of fucking tea after that." Negan's tone was a little bit calmer, not as loud as before, but still very serious. "You want to tell me why you didn't follow my order?"

Daryl didn't want to tell it. He couldn't say that he kissed with Jesus in bed. He couldn't say that he poked a whole bunch of holes into the paper. He couldn't say that he forgot about the tea because he was busy playing with Negan's whips. So he didn't say any of it and just shook his head.

Negan waited a moment, offering more time for a spoken answer, but didn't get one. "I am fucking
talking to you, boy. You want to answer my question if you know what's good for you."

Daryl felt his throat getting painfully tight, the need to hide becoming overwhelming.

Negan pressed his tongue to the inside of his teeth, his expression hardening, as he waited once more, twenty silent seconds, before he had enough. "Three!"

It was 10:02 on a Wednesday morning when Daryl Dixon heard a clear, steady voice telling him the most dreaded word in the universe, making his heart stumble and his stomach hurt like it was punched.

It was 10:03, when Negan snapped his fingers and left the room, without a further comment, expecting to be followed.

It was 10:04, when Daryl went after him, feeling dizzy and light, like he was walking through cold foggy clouds. He didn't really look where he was going because he knew the way to Negan's office. He also knew that a harsh snap of fingers, with two pointed down, meant that he was supposed to kneel on the ground. He did, in the middle of the room, between a heavy desk and a grey couch, trying to ignore the painful silence in the room.

It was 10:37, when Daryl shifted on his knees, glancing up for the very first time, considering to say sorry, or maybe something else. But Negan was typing on his laptop, obviously concentrating on his work, so he looked back down on the carpet, not saying anything.

It was 10:51, when the phone rang and Negan's deep, cheerful voice broke the silence, speaking to the person at the other end of the line about the last time he was in Sydney and how they would introduce two new dildos to their large assortment of toys at the Leather Factory. In the shape of a baseball bat. The 'Little Slugger' for guys new to bottoming, and the 'Major Leaguer', designed for the pros. Negan chuckled, laughed, and then ended the call, going back to work and the horrible silence, not asking Daryl to focus, not asking Daryl what he thought about the new products, not asking Daryl if he was still a good boy down there on the floor. Not even looking in Daryl's direction.

It was 11:06, when Negan got up from his chair and Daryl's stomach tingled in anticipation, because now the tall angry man would surely squat down in front of him and say puppy or boy, or maybe give him something to drink, or touch his hair. But nothing happened. He just left the room, without a word, not snapping his fingers. A big, hot rock fell into Daryl's stomach and slowly turned into a block of ice, making him feel ill from the inside.

It was 11:15, when Negan came back, but didn't sat down, just searched for something, grabbed his keys and patted his thigh, snapping his fingers, switching the lights off before Daryl had even managed to get on his feet. He followed Negan in silence, through the corridor, around the corner, across the club, up the stairs, through a heavy door, and then felt his guts turn when they passed the janitor who was busy carrying some buckets of paint inside and Negan told him 'Good job, Joseph!'.

Daryl walked up the stairs, clinging to the fact that Negan wanted him to follow. That meant he hated him maybe not completely.

Up in the apartment, Negan said all kinds of nice words to Tiger, sat down on the couch, snapped his fingers for Daryl to kneel, and then tore his heart out by asking Olivia to be so kind and make him a cup of his favorite tea. Olivia smiled and said, "Yes, of course, Sir."

Daryl's eyes flickered underneath his long bangs, when his dizziness reached a new level and the shame flooding his body almost made him vomit. He hunched his back, lowered his gaze and hoped
the spotless hardwood floor would swallow him, but it didn't happen. Instead Negan took another
call and spoke to the person at the other end of the line as if nothing had happened and the world was
just as always.

It was 11:49, when the apartment smelled like delicious cooked food and Olivia started to set the
table for lunch. Daryl stared at Negan's feet, feeling like he was invisible by now. He wanted to say
something, the word 'sorry' was at the tip of his tongue, but every time he opened his mouth to speak,
his courage left him.

At 11:59, Negan got up, went to the table, sat down and snapped his fingers. Daryl didn't want to get
up. He wasn't hungry and felt seriously sick. But he rose to his feet anyway, slowly walked up to the
table, pulled the chair out with a scraping sound on the expensive floor, and sat down, with a big
lump in his throat, staring at his lap, not sure why Negan ate and drank and checked his phone as
always, as if everything was okay.

He waited for someone to tell him to sit straight, or for someone to ask him to try the strange green
stuff on the plate. But he wasn't spoken to, and wasn't even recognized. He sniffed his nose, feeling
his eyes well up. It made him angry. He hated talking anyway and if the tall angry man didn't want to
speak anymore with him, then so be it.

It was 12:13, when Negan finished his meal, got up and put the red cup close to Daryl's place. It was
filled with water.

Daryl's stomach got hot and then clenched because Negan went to sit on the couch again, reading
something on his phone, leaving him alone with the puppy cup and an untouched plate.

It was 12:46, when Olivia cleared the table, glancing concerned at the criminal, who hadn't touched
any of the food, or moved on his chair.

It was 12:53, when Negan got up, and went to stand right next to the table, snapping his fingers,
pointing to the bedroom. For 72 seconds, Daryl didn't react in any way. Then he moved his chair
back, scraping it over the spotless floor, and walked through the room, wanting to cover his face, but
didn't. He just vanished into the dark bedroom, closed the door and stood in front of the bed for 14
minutes. Then he did cover his face, with his arm, releasing a sob that he couldn't hold in any longer,
feeling his much too long sleeve getting damp with tears. After 22 minutes, he crawled onto the
mattress, on Negan's side of the bed, buried his nose into the pillow, while he wrapped his fingers
tightly around a thin black latex glove, thinking that he was sorry very much, for all bad things he
had ever done, but most of all, for denying answers to the only person he wanted to talk to.

It was 3:15 in the afternoon, when Negan opened the door to his bedroom, slowly pulled the blanket
off the sleeping figure on the wrong side of his bed, and gently rubbed the man's side, to wake him
up.

Daryl blinked his eyes open, his heart getting warm and happy when he felt strong fingers touching
him. And then the lump in his throat grew to the double of its size, when the only thing he could hear
was the snapping of fingers and the familiar noise of a palm patting grey denims, before Negan left
the room, leaving him in cold silence.

He got up, went into the bathroom, peed into the toilet, flushed, and didn't wash his hands because
the reflection staring back at him in the mirror let him freeze in shame and guilt, and made him so
angry that he wanted to break his own nose and rip his guts out. How could it be that he always
fucked up. Why couldn't he just once be good. How could he not see, how this wonderful man did
everything for him, gave him clothes, food and a roof over his head, helped him with Merle, granted
him the opportunity to work his debt off, and all he wanted in return was a spoken answer to the
questions he asked.

Daryl sniffed his nose, soundly, then huffed an angry breath, turned around to kick the bathtub, made two steps and kicked the wall, before he slammed his head into the tiles, hating his worthless self with every fiber of his being.

It was 3:42, when Negan lost patience and came back into the bedroom, just to find Daryl at his dresser, the upper drawer pulled out, looking up at him, holding a belt in his hands. His eyes were red and a small sore blotch was in the middle of his forehead, as he offered the belt with a pleading look, saying a very quiet, very croaky, "Can you that please."

Negan kept his demeanor calm and neutral, as he put the belt wordlessly back into the drawer, closed it and grasped Daryl's wrist, guiding him out into the living room, snapping his fingers, with one pointing down, making him wait at a certain spot, while he went to the dining table to get a specific chair. He placed it in front of Daryl, snapping his fingers once more, waiting until the man sat down. Then he left, without a comment, into the bathroom.

It was 3:55 when he came back, stroked the long bangs out of Daryl's forehead, and covered the sore, red spot with a cold, wet wash cloth, holding it securely in place, standing close, but without any other body contact or spoken word.

Daryl wanted to touch Negan, he wanted to bury his nose into the fabric of his shirt, he wanted to hide his face in the cup of his firm hand, he wanted to be in the safe place between his legs and feel gentle fingers stroking through his hair. But none of it happened, because he had been bad and deserved to sit on the chair. He knew it. And he was so sorry, it hurt him everywhere, from his toes to his head and at all places in between. It made his eyes well up again. It made him raise his head to see Negan's face. It made him try to speak even though his voice was ugly. "I didn't answer."

Negan looked down, waiting patiently.

Daryl tried it again, even though his jaw trembled and his voice got weirdly high pitched, as it always did when he had really fucked up. "'m sorry I wasn' good." He sobbed and avoided his eyes. "Can I stay with you."

It was 4:01 on Wednesday afternoon, when Negan broke his deafening silence. "What is your punishment. Tell me."

Daryl sobbed again, relief pouring out of his much too tight chest, at the comforting tone of a deep steady voice, oozing with authority, directed at him alone because no one else was in the room. He sniffed his nose, needing a tissue but didn't wipe it into his sleeve. "You don' bother anymore." His explanation sounded as meek and guilty as he felt. "Talkin' to me."

Negan nodded, checking the sore spot on Daryl's forehead, then pressed the wash cloth on it again. "That's exactly true. I feel like a fucking idiot when I speak to you and you don't answer. I warn you each and every day, you never go without a damn fucking strike. Because you don't care enough. Right?"

Daryl exhaled with a huff, rubbing a hand clumsily over his damp eyes. It was true. He was warned every day and always promised to do better, but then he didn't. He nodded. "Right."

"Right. So, now you got the consequences." Negan's tone grew softer, just a bit. "But the punishment is for what you did, your misconduct. It is not for who you are. It doesn't change how much I like you, and it doesn't change your place in my life." He put a hand on Daryl's shoulder, providing some kind of comfort. "Being my boy means to live by my rules and within the frame I
build for you. It means I am in charge at all times. Do you understand that?"

Daryl tilted his head to the side, trying to lean against Negan's arm. "Yes."

"Do you also understand that you don't have to be my boy? You don't have to live like that, you can stop and leave at any time. You can still have the room until you've paid your debt off and I will still help you with your lawyer, even if you decide that you don't want to be mine. Right?"

Daryl shook his head before the sentence was finished, and reached out to claw five fingers into Negan's pants. He didn't want to stop and leave. Just to think of it made him sick. "I wan' to stay." His voice was quiet but determined. "With you."

"Then you'll have to speak when you're spoken to. Or face the consequences."

Daryl nodded, staring down at his lap. "Yes."

"Good. You wanna apologize now, for not taking good care of my Daryl all day long. You didn't eat or drink, and you hurt yourself. I don't like that."

"I'm sorry." Daryl mumbled his apology, feeling guilty and happy at the same time, because no one ever before had cared about things like that, not even Merle or Miss Greene.

"Eyes on me." Negan took the wash cloth off and waited until his order was followed. "What are you sorry for. Tell me."

Daryl raised his head, but his eyes darted around uneasily, as he tried to make his voice work, thinking of the things he had done wrong while looking at Negan's serious face. "Learnin' 'n your tea." He flicked his head to the side a little, feeling damp hair sticking to his forehead. "Takin' your whip." He thought a moment. "Lunch and the bathroom. Not answerin' you." He exhaled soundless, hoping that he was finished.

Negan nodded, offering a brief, faint smile. "Take the chair back to the table. Come back to me."

Daryl hesitated for a second, glancing up at Negan for last confirmation, then got up and carried the chair across the room, put it back at its place with a scraping sound on the pretty hardwood floor, flicked his head again, and came back, to stand in front of Negan, his eyes lowered insecurely.

"Kneel." Negan snapped his fingers.

Daryl crouched down, kneeling as he was taught.

Negan offered a, "Good job." in low voice, left to take the wash cloth into the bathroom, then went to the kitchen and filled a red cup with water. He brought it back to Daryl, held the man's head in place and made him drink until the cup was empty. "Put it into the sink. Bring me a banana." He held it out for Daryl to take and watched as his order was obeyed.

Daryl knelt back down, handed Negan the banana and watched as it was peeled. He was really hungry.

Negan held it, arching his brows, not saying anything.

Daryl shifted on his ankles. "Can I a bite." He was frustrated with his rough, unfriendly tone and added a polite, "Please." in the end.

"May I eat this banana." Negan corrected in clear, steady voice, waiting for his words to be repeated.
Daryl blinked nervously through his long bangs, wishing that Negan wouldn't look at him. "May I eat your banana." His stomach grew hot with embarrassment and pride.

"Well done." The praise was emphasized with a secure hand on the back of Daryl's head, as Negan put the banana to the man's lips, making him take a bite, and then another one. "Olivia will be back from the store, soon. Then you help her packing a bag for me. I am out of town tomorrow."

Daryl slowed his chewing, processing the information.

"I'm having a demo and seminar in Florida. That means I won't be back before Friday, late morning."

"I can go with you." Daryl looked up, devastated by the news, and then pressed his lips shut when another piece of banana was offered to him.

"Open!" Negan slapped Daryl's cheek lightly, making clear that the whole feeding process wasn't optional. He watched as his order was obeyed and put a big chunk of banana between the man's lips. "You can't come with me, because you have a job yourself. But you can be good for me and do the tasks I give you until I am back."

"Hm." Daryl opened his mouth once more when the last piece of fruit was held out for him, hating everything about the idea of Negan being in silly Florida while he had to stay in Atlanta and work at the Eagle.

"You also want to take that to the trash for me and then sit on the couch."

Daryl sniffed his nose, as he was handed the banana peel, looking unsure. "Why."

"Why?" Negan lifted his brows. "Because I fucking said so, and you are in need for some quiet time on my fucking lap, after your first long punishment." He waved his fingers towards the kitchen, gesturing for the other man to hurry up.

"Hm." Daryl glanced up, embarrassed, then cast his eyes down and went to throw the remains of his afternoon snack into the garbage can. He really liked quiet time on the black couch with the tall angry man.

Even when it turned out to be anything but quiet. Because as he sat there, straddling Negan's lap, his head resting against a broad shoulder, his nose buried into the warm skin of the man's neck, he listened totally mesmerized to the deep, low rumbling voice, vibrating from deep within a broad chest, to every place in his relaxed body, while firm fingers combed through the long strands of hair at the back of his neck, and he was embraced by the smell of soap, leather and pure, safe Negan.

"I would still live here in the factory, but I'd have a real bad ass fence around the whole compound, with the undead impaled on spikes, to scare all the scaredy-pants pussies off."

Daryl breathed even, damp breath against the man's neck, loving every word of the made up story, featuring Negan in a post-apocalyptic world, where he ruled everything, and everyone knelt for him, because he was awesome. He didn't even care what the story was about, because no one else was in the room and all the words were spoken just for him to hear.

"And I'd have my puppyboy following me around everywhere." Negan stroked up and down Daryl's spine. "I'd make you dogfood sandwiches and tell you all my dirty little secrets." He chuckled from deep in his throat, when the man on his lap mumbled a delighted little 'Okay.' into the crook of his neck. "Wouldn't you just fucking love that, boy."
Daryl closed his eyes. "Yes." He would love that very much, just as every other scenario where he was allowed to be with Negan. Apocalypse, or Mars, or Atlanta for quiet time after a horrible big punishment.

The door of the leather store flew open at 5:07 and a tall man with big smile and pearly white teeth entered, going straight for the counter. "How's my best worker bee doing today, did you make me rich already?"

Rick scrunched up his nose, looking not very happy, at the end of a long workday. "No. But apparently I could be rich by now, considering all the guys offering me money for a night with my charming boyfriend." He gestured to the shelves with the lubricant assortment, where newest salesman Paul Rovia was busy to explain all the benefits of his personal favorite 'Boy butter', to a very aroused customer. "Why the hell did you send him to work here?"

Negan leaned with his elbow against the counter, observing Paul's selling technique with slight amusement. "Well, I thought you'd appreciate some extra time with your babe, and he's obviously very beneficial for my fucking business." He watched as Jesus spread some lube on the customer's finger for demonstration, as gently and sensual as possible, using his bedroom voice for the right mood setting. "See that?" He turned to Rick, reproachfully. "Commitment! How come you never show this much initiative?"

Rick squinted at his boss, opened his mouth for a reply, but then just shook his head and left, for another cup of cold coffee in the staff room, because Jesus had tested every K-cup-pod-flavor, from hazelnut, over coconut mocha, to butter toffee vanilla cream.

Negan chuckled, watched a moment longer, but then decided to draw a line when the customer started to first touch himself and then the boy in leather duster.

"You're taking this one." He decided irrevocably and put the 16 oz tub of 'Churn Style Boy Butter' into the guy's hands. "12.99. Thank you for shopping with us." Then turned to Paul, keeping his tone neutral. "Your customer would like to pay. Come to my office when you're done."

"Sir."

Negan sat at his desk but wasn't working, when Jesus stepped into his basement office. "Come in. Sit."

Paul did, sitting at the outer side of the grey sofa, hating that he wasn't told to kneel.

"You have anything to say?"

Paul kept his eyes lowered, biting his lip. He could say that he was very sorry and didn't mean to sneak out of the store to spend time with Daryl, but that would have been a lie. "I didn't do it to piss you off, Sir. I just wanted to see him."

"Are you allowed to see Daryl?"

Paul furrowed his brows, shrugging. "Yes?" He looked up, pretty sure his answer was correct.

"Mhm." Negan nodded, rubbing his chin. "Do I encourage your friendship with him, do I like seeing you together?"
"Yes, Sir."

"Do you have permission to touch him?"

A very faint smile slid over Paul's lips, he lowered his head again. "Yes. As long as he wants it."

Negan seemed to agree. "Then tell me why I'm fucking pissed."

"You told me to work at the store." Paul answered ruefully. "I disobeyed and kept Daryl from serving you."

Negan poked his tongue out between his teeth, wetting his lips. "I don't give him work to do to keep his pretty ass busy. I do it to make sure he will feel some sense of fucking achievement in the end."

He raised his voice a bit, looking the other man firm in the eye. "He has big issues to concentrate and focus on a task for more than five fucking minutes. Every time you distract him, you shoot against my work. You think he grows in confidence if he doesn't get his jobs done?" He shook his head, massaging his forehead. "That's not how it fucking works and you know it. From now on, you will have his best interest in mind. Not your fun. Understood?"

Paul nodded, feeling incredibly guilty. He hadn't seen it that way. "Yes, Sir."

"You don't distract him, you don't sneak up on him to make him engage in some bullshit that will earn him a punishment." Negan lifted his brows, making sure he had Paul's attention. "And for the upcoming two weeks, you ask me for permission before you fucking touch him."

Jesus made big eyes, a little bit shocked by the last rule.

"I guess you need a reminder who's in charge here."

"Yes, Sir." Paul gritted his teeth, lowering his gaze.

"Good. Tomorrow, I'm not here. That means you won't work at the store. You will keep Daryl company. I sent Joseph to buy some paint, you'll renovate a room until I'm back."

"Which room?" Paul was more than surprised by the task. "At the club?"

Negan got up, throwing a key in Paul's direction. "Your room."

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The visitors from Australia arrived a few minutes before six o'clock on Wednesday evening. Olivia had food and drinks prepared before she left. Negan wore one of his better shirts, to dark denims and had his hair neatly slicked back. Paul had changed into a t-shirt without offending front print and knelt in perfect posture next to the coffee table, whenever he wasn't busy to serve Negan or the guests.

Brian was the guest. A man in his early 50's, tall, handsome and charming, much like his host. He was accompanied by a young guy, his sub Thomas, who was affectionately called Tom-Tom. The atmosphere was cheerful and relaxed, as Negan and Brian shared a lot of laughs and vulgar jokes.

Daryl wanted to run away and hide beneath Merle's bunk bed. Despite his promise to be on his best behavior, he had disappointed from the very beginning. He hadn't said his name when he was asked for it, he had dropped Tom-Tom's jacket when he was supposed to put it on the coat rack, and he hadn't looked up once, since Negan had snapped his fingers to make him kneel next to his feet. Instead he stared at his trembling fingers, sure that he would be punished until the end of time, for not
saying anything, or serving drinks and snacks like Paul did, with a polite smile and actual words coming out of his mouth.

There was so much talking going on, he wasn't able to tell anymore if a question was directed at him, and each joke and laugh made him feel ill, because maybe the guests made fun of him. The silly guy with the bad haircut and ugly voice.

Brian raised his wine glass, taking a sip, before he gestured with it towards Daryl. "For how long is he with you now?"

"Not even a month." Negan reached out to comb three fingers through the long strands at the back of Daryl's head. "He's new to the lifestyle."

Brian smiled, watching a moment. "Thomas is with me now for six years. In March actually. We'll have to throw a big party, isn't that right, Tom-Tom?" He tickled his sub's shoulder briefly, making the man grin from one ear to the other.

"Yes, Sir. We should invite them."

"We absolutely should." Brian agreed, taking another sip of his wine. "Of course you'll have to fix the floor in the guest house before." He leaned down a bit, lowering his voice, clearly addressing Negan's sub on the floor. "And in six years, we'll come to your party."

Daryl held his breath, digging his fingernails into the side of his hand. He didn't know if he was supposed to say something, and if so, what.

"Don't forget me. I always wanted to see a kangaroo." Jesus jumped in, drawing the attention on himself. "And wrestle a crocodile. I've seen all the re-runs of the crocodile hunter. I'm prepared."

Daryl glanced up through his long bangs, having no idea what Paul talked about, but he really wanted to walk hand in hand with him now. To a supermarket, to buy sugar free candy.

"We'll see. Maybe they have a free cage at the zoo for you." Negan cocked an eyebrow at Paul, then shifted on his seat, spreading his legs before he snapped his fingers and directed Daryl to kneel between his thighs. He watched how the man moved tense and awkwardly on his place, grasped his chin and tilted it up, studying a pale face, as he wiped some hair out of his forehead. "Right puppy? We'll feed him with bananas."

Daryl looked up at Negan, soaking up the feeling of strong fingers on his face like dry desert ground. He wanted to say sorry for not being on his best behavior, and ask if he would be punished again. But Negan didn't seem angry or disappointed at all. Instead he smiled, a very soft, very friendly smile, before he leaned in to kiss a faint, sore spot on a pale forehead. Then his head was pushed down, to rest against a warm groin, smelling like washing powder and tall angry man. Daryl dug his face into the rough fabric of dark pants, instantly feeling like a giant rock was falling off his chest. He was able to breathe again, the laughs and voices faded into the background, as he melted into the safest place on earth, where he was invisible to the rest of the world, and nothing existed but a firm, protective hand on the back of his head.

Daryl listened to Negan telling a story about his last visit in Sydney, listened to Brian explaining the struggles of having not only a sub, but also a boyfriend and ex-wife, plus three cats and a parrot, who had apparently picked up quite a potty mouth, since he lived with him. He heard clanking glasses, Jesus serve more wine, Jesus being scolded for drinking too much wine himself, Tom-Tom asking for a bathroom break, and Negan speaking about a woman named Lucille, who had obviously shared a house with him, and no one seemed to find that odd, not even Paul, who made a hissing cat-
noise in addition and earned a slap on the back of his head for it.

Daryl sniffed his nose and then rubbed it against Negan's fly, breathing hot, damp breath against the man's crotch, already scared of the moment when he would have to get up to go to work, walk through the room and tell everyone a polite good bye. Maybe he would manage to magically disappear before seven o'clock, if he tried hard enough.

He felt Negan shift and lean forward to the coffee table to grab one of the appetizers Olivia had prepared, and just a few seconds later, three fingers were held out for him. He turned his head and cautiously opened his mouth to lick the remains of blue cheese-pecan spread off Negan's fingertips. He could feel the man's penis twitch underneath his cheek and closed his eyes, circling his tongue around a broad thumb and then sucked it, even though it was long clean. A rewarding hand stroked his hair and the side of his face, making him feel good and special, before the sound of a deep, sultry voice brought him back into reality.

"Time to go to work, naughty puppyboy." Negan rubbed his spit wet thumb over the man's lips. "Rick will drive you, he needs to deliver some stuff for your boss."

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Driving to work with the cowboy-boots-guy was a strange experience, involving a lot of country music and half of a KitKat, that wasn't sugar free, but offered to Daryl with a friendly smirk, so he took it and ate it in under ten seconds. Rick talked to him about this and that, but didn't seem to mind, when all Daryl had to contribute to the conversation were small, grunts, nods and shrugs.

At the Eagle, Daryl helped to carry some very heavy boxes inside, smiled a little when he saw Simon with a glass of Whiskey, gritted his teeth when Carol criticized his unkempt hair, and then felt a little bit proud of himself, when he told Rick a polite, shyly mumbled "Thanks for the ride."

Until nine o'clock, he had already cleaned the staff room, the locker room, the back room and the dance floor, after Simon's nervous assistant had dropped a bottle of lemonade, because a half naked stud in boots and harness, called him a cutie-bun.

At ten o'clock, Daryl sat in the staff room, eating weird fancy appetizers out of the plastic container, that Olivia had packed for him, while typing his report.

**Good:**  
-  

**Bad:**  
- morning  
- writing  
- answers  
- tee  
- whip  
- lunch  
- head  
- jacket  
- behavier  

**Like:**  
voice  

**Hate:**  
very angry Negan  

**Change:**  
talking
He sent it with a big lump in his throat and a 40 pound rock in his stomach, being reminded of the asshole he was.

His phone beeped after just two minutes, and the message he received didn't contain the corrected report, but a picture of a broad hand, with long fingers, neatly trimmed nails, visible veins and fine, dark hair on the back. It rested firmly on a thigh, clad in dark denims, and made Daryl's stomach ache and his heart clench, the need to be close to Negan becoming overwhelming. He pressed his nose against the small screen of his phone, wanting to say sorry again for all the things he fucked up that day, because all he really meant to be was good. Good for Negan, who was nothing but perfect himself.

At 11 o'clock, Daryl sat in his favorite dark corner, thinking about ugly Florida, silly demo helpers and a whole day and night without the tall angry man. It made him want to puke.

At 11:50, his phone beeped again, delivering a corrected report.

Good:  - As always, I was willing to learn new things and gave my very best.
       - I apologized. It takes guts to do that.

Bad:   - morning -- I was punished and forgiven
       - writing -- I did awesome until I got distracted
       - answers -- I was punished and forgiven
       - tea -- I was punished and forgiven
       - whip -- I was punished and forgiven
       - lunch -- I will take care of my health and body
       - head -- I won't injure myself
       - jacket -- I dropped a jacket by mistake, that is no drama
       - behavior -- I am shy among strangers, but my behavior was very good

Like:  - voice -- I like when Negan speaks to me

Hate: - very angry Negan -- I don't like when Negan has to correct my behavior

Change: talking -- I don't like to speak, I feel insecure when I have to. But Negan loves my voice, he thinks it is very sexy and unique. He hopes I feel comfortable enough to speak much more in the future, because he wants to hear what I have to say.

+ I don't want to forget, that punishment works like an eraser. I do something bad - I get punished - I start fresh at 0, all is forgiven, no one is disappointed or angry anymore
+ I want to grab my bag and run home, because Negan misses me

It was almost one in the morning, when the silhouette of a huge factory building appeared in the darkness, and Daryl jogged across the empty street, climbed over the high chain link fence, ran up to the red door and unlocked it with his key, instead of Merle's picklock. He didn't bother to switch the lights on as he walked up the stairs, and when he reached the top floor, he sat down and put his shoes off, even before he opened the door to Negan's apartment. It was dark inside, except for the flickering light of the TV.

A tall man sat relaxed on the black leather sofa, in his underwear, his legs slightly spread, one hand holding a bottle of beer, the other stroking lazily through a mess of long, dark blond hair. Paul was sound asleep, lying on his stomach, stark naked next to Negan, one arm hanging off the couch, where it had been busy stroking Tiger's fur, until tiredness took over.

Daryl wrapped an arm across his chest, feeling like an intruder as he stepped into the living room, 50 Dollar in hand. And even though Negan smiled at him, he glanced just briefly in his direction on his way to the kitchen, a pang of jealousy shooting through his chest, as he thought of the reason for Paul's lack of clothing.
He put the money on the counter, made a blue cross, angry with himself when the pen squeaked because he used too much pressure, and then went into the bathroom to undress, brush his teeth and wash all parts of his body, except for his marked forearm. He switched the lights off, and carried his clothes, phone and wrist cuff wallet outside, trying to make his voice work around the big lump in his throat, as he stood in safe distance to the black leather couch, wearing nothing but socks and a pair of underwear. "I'm goin' to my room." His voice sounded rough and insecure as always, but was underlined with a protective portion of defiance, just in case someone thought he was sad.

Negan sipped from his beer before he looked up. "You want to sleep without me?"

Daryl hugged his pile of clothes a bit tighter, avoiding his eyes. "Hm." He nodded, adding a very gruff, murmured, "Yes." even though it wasn't true.

Negan smiled faintly at the TV, taking another sip. "Is it a lie?"

Daryl scowled and then lowered his head, hating that Negan knew everything. "Yes."

Negan nodded, gesturing with his bottle. "My bed. Undress and lie down as I taught you."

Daryl wanted to protest, but then just turned around and did as he was told, placing his pile of clothes next to the nightstand, before he took his underwear and socks off, and crawled onto the mattress, lying on his belly, his legs pulled up, his butt in the air.

The TV was turned off after 11 minutes and a firm hand came down hard on his naked ass cheek a minute later, making him flinch with the sharp, painful sting.

"Are you allowed to lie?"

Daryl buried his face into the pillow, a hot burning sensation spreading all over his butt and thighs. "No."

"Apologize."

Shame, guilt and three butterflies floated through Daryl's chest. He turned his head to the side, speaking against the side of his hand, "I'm sorry." and then flinched again, wincing a little, when his bum was swatted once more, even harder than before.

"Say it like a good boy!"

Daryl clawed his fingers into the bed sheet. "I'm sorry for lying."

Negan slapped the bare ass a third time, waited for the added 'Sir' he expected to hear, and then soothed the sore skin instantly, rubbing it with broad hand. "That's right. You love to sleep next to me, isn't that true, boy."

Daryl nodded, not sure where the small sob was coming from. "Yes." He knew Negan would slap him again, and he wanted him to.

"Whole fucking sentence!" Negan aimed for the man's crack, intentionally hitting free hanging balls in the process.

Even though the firm hand made only contact with the lower parts of his body, the tingling heat wandered everywhere, made Daryl's heart speed up and his ears burn, his face flush and his chest numb. "I love next to you." He panted and smacked his lips, trying again. "Sleepin' next to you, Sir."
"Oh yes, you do! Turn around."

Daryl blinked through the long hair falling into his face, his brain trying to implement the order. He lowered his butt, then raised it again and finally managed to turn around, and move to lie on his back, feeling as sweaty as if he would run a fever.

"You want to pull your legs up, Daryl. Show me your ass." Negan got rid of his briefs, knelt with one leg down on the mattress, and watched as his order was obeyed. "Where is that gorgeous pink hole, let me see." He grasped one of the man's thighs, stretched it back and pressed it down against a heaving chest, holding it steadily in place, while he examined the exposed, small opening, probing it with two fingers. "There it is. You want my dick in there? Tell me, puppy."

Daryl panted and arched his neck, stemming his head back into the pillow, and then nodded, before a broad hand came down hard on his raised ass cheek, and another time right above his entrance, making it sting and twitch almost at the same time. He felt dizzy and groaned an answer, as the sharp pain mixed with waves of pleasure running through his lower abdomen. "I wan' that please."

Negan rubbed a soothing hand over the hot skin, more than pleased with Daryl's reaction. "Yes?" He spit on his fingers, massaging it into the contracting muscle. "You want me to put my bare cock up your fucking perfect hole and just leave it there?" He pushed the tip of his thumb against the man's entry, teasingly. "Hm, boy? You want to feel me inside you all night while you sleep?"

"Yes, Sir." Daryl heard his own plead and wasn't ashamed how needy it sounded, because it was the best offer he could imagine.

"Mhm." Negan looked down wantonly, suppressing a moan at the sight, as Daryl pushed against his fingers. He let a thick trail of saliva trickle down his lips, watching as it ran down the man's spread crack. "I can see that. Opening up for me like a good boy, aren't you."

"Yes." Daryl peeked up through his tousled hair and groaned as he saw Negan spitting unashamedly on his exposed ass. He reached down to touch his crack, and almost felt his chest explode, as his fingers got coated in slick saliva.

Negan smeared the self made lubricant around. "Look at my adventurous puppy, wanting to help me so nicely." He took Daryl's fingers in his own and put them right on the lubed-up hole. "Go on, you know the way." He watched a moment, delighted, when Daryl shyly pushed the tip of his index finger past the muscle, just for a second before he pulled back with a shocked expression as if he had burned himself. Negan chuckled, leaning down to kiss the man's knee. "Is that your sweet puppy hole, all hot and wet for me?" He shifted around, lying on top of Daryl, propped up on one arm, as he smiled at a blushed face and dazed eyes. "Does it feel good with my spit all over?" He rocked his bare hips against Daryl's ass, letting him feel his throbbing, bare erection, then leaned in close to speak in low voice, brushing his beard over damp lips. "You know what I'm gonna do before I leave in the morning?"

Daryl nodded, panting quietly, feeling the tip of Negan's cock nudge against his hole, making it pulse and ache for more. "Piss." He just mumbled his answer, but the thought alone let his stomach tingle, because he would kneel next to Negan's leg and watch.

Negan smirked, huffing a deep laugh. "That's right, I will. And then I'll put a nice collar around your sweet puppy neck, so everyone knows who you belong to while I'm gone. Right?" He licked broad and wet over a warm mouth, moaning when Daryl poked his tongue out to participate. "You want that?"

The butterflies in Daryl's stomach didn't know in which direction to fly and flutter, because his entire...
insides flipped and turned in pure happiness and excitement. "Yes." He moved his hips and pushed out, trying desperately to get Negan to enter him, scraping five fingers along the man's bare side.

"Yes you do." Negan purred, as he stared intensely into blue, needy eyes, wanting to see everything while he pushed slowly inside. "Good boy." He planted small kisses over flushed skin, loving all the little keens and whimpers he created. "What's different, tell me puppy."

Daryl wrapped his arms around a broad chest, his legs around Negan's waist, and buried his nose into a bare shoulder, trying to get his breathing and feelings under control.

He knew the difference and it made his heart explode. "You have no." It was the most he could get out, before he had to squeeze his eyes shut, trying not to cum when a bare penis pushed against a certain spot, deep inside him.

"Mhm." Negan's voice was rougher than he intended it to be, as he nuzzled long strands of hair and the pale ear underneath. "For Daryl only."

----

At almost three in the morning, peacefully sleeping Daryl Dixon was squished into the mattress, on the wrong side of the bed, underneath the heavy weight of a tall, protective man, who was sound asleep, and still deeply buried inside another person, without a condom, for the first time in his life, because something was different.
It was very early, not even sunrise, when the sound of running shower water seeped into Daryl's sleepy brain, along with the distinct smell of Negan's musky body wash. Reality came slowly back, as he blinked his eyes open, and found himself alone in bed, naked and very empty inside. It was Thursday. Negan would go to Florida, without him.

He slid his hand underneath the pillow in search for the crinkled black latex glove, and fondled it between his fingers, enjoying the comforting feeling, as he listened to the water splashing, Negan rinsing the soap off his body and hair, Negan turning the water off, Negan opening the shower stall and drying himself off with one of the thick grey towels. Daryl heard footsteps and sensed when Negan came back into the bedroom. He could smell him too. Soapy, clean skin. Freshly washed, wet hair. Minty toothpaste.

He sniffed his nose very quietly and watched with tired eyes how the wardrobe was opened and Negan dressed himself, in a pair of tight, black underwear, and grey denims. No socks, no shirt. Instead a light grey sweat suit was taken off the upper shelf and put on the dresser, before Negan came back to bed, just like that, climbing on top of him, with all his comforting weight and safety, slightly cool skin, still a little bit damp.

Daryl put his hands onto muscular, bare upper arms, when soft lips and a rough beard tickled the crook of his neck with feathery kisses.

Negan inhaled deeply and dug his nose into messy strands of hair. "Are you smelling extra good for me in the morning? That's so nice of you." He reached down to stroke a bare chest, and down a flat belly, between the man's legs, speaking low into a pale ear. "Good boy, waking up hard for me. Did you like sleeping with my dick up your sweet puppy hole?"

Daryl closed his eyes, sighing deeply when five gentle fingers stroked him and a warm, wet tongue licked the corner of his mouth. "Yes."

"Yes, you did." Negan offered a soft kiss. "You wanna follow me downstairs now, like a good boy. I have to dress you properly before I leave."

---

Walking down the cool, empty staircase was strange at not even six in the morning, completely naked, following the hand signals of a tall man with bare chest and dark, wet hair.

Daryl hugged the neatly folded, soft, grey sweat suit he had received, close to his body, soothing the goosebumps spreading all over.

They went down all the stairs to the white metal door, went through it onto the gallery, down the broad, cold steel stairs, across the dark club area, to the black rubber strips curtain.
Negan held it open, speaking calm, but demanding. "You want to wait on the table for me. All fours."

Daryl wrapped an arm across his bare chest, stopping next to the door. "What happens here." His voice was rough, a mixture of fear and defiance.

Negan walked up to the shelves and cabinets, searching for the items he needed, as he repeated his order in the same calm tone as before. "Wait on the table for me. All fours."

Daryl didn't want to. The table had all the leather straps to tie people down, and he was naked and didn't know what would happen next. But Negan obviously waited for him to follow the order, so he climbed on top of the leather padded table, a bit clumsy, dropped the sweat suit by mistake, climbed down again to pick it up, and needed almost a minute to finally be in the requested position, on all fours on top of the table, feeling ashamed and exposed. For 103 seconds. Then Negan came back, to stand at the short side of the table, reaching a comforting hand out.

"Come here." He watched as Daryl hesitantly crawled over to him, his head lowered, not daring to look up. "Is it still so very difficult to be on all fours for me?" He pulled the man's head against his stomach and combed soothingly through tousled hair. "Tell me."

"Hm." Daryl nodded, rubbing his forehead against Negan's bare skin. "Yes."

"But I love seeing you like that. You look very pretty in this position. Right?"

Daryl wasn't sure if that was true, but he liked Negan's voice and the hand stroking through his hair, so he agreed. "Yes."

"Yes, you do." Negan bent down to kiss his head, "Clever puppy." then stepped back a little, snapping his fingers. "Can you tell me what this is?" He held a simple, black leather collar out.

Daryl looked at it, feeling excited and embarrassed at the same time. "A dog collar."

"It looks like a dog collar, right? It is for people, though. Dominants use it to mark their subs and declare ownership." He folded it out to full length, showing all the details. It was broad and heavy, with a silver buckle and solid cast D-ring, to use a leash or hang tags from. "Read." He pointed to the letters, deeply embossed into the leather.

Daryl knew the word perfectly well. "Negan."

"Good job. It has my name on it because it is my collar, not yours. And everyone seeing you wearing it, will know that you belong to me."

Daryl glanced up through his long bangs, wanting to kiss the tall angry man, but then just rubbed his forehead against dark hair on a bare stomach.

"You want to wear it until I'm back?"

Daryl wanted to wear it forever. "Hm." He nodded, pressing his nose into Negan's skin. "Yes."

Negan reached down, grasping Daryl's chin to tilt it up, creating eye contact. "My collar comes with rules. You treat it with respect and I am the only one to remove it. You honor my decisions. If I give you an order, you will follow it to the best of your abilities, without questioning it. I tell you to wait on this table for me, you say, 'Yes, Sir' and wait on the fucking table. There is no need for you to question me. You know that I don't hurt you, and you can stop everything immediately by showing me your signal. Correct?"
"Hm." Daryl felt guilty and wished he wasn't forced to hold eye contact. "Yes."

"Also, as long as you wear it, you are off-limits to everybody else. Tell me what that means."

Daryl exhaled nervously, trying to come up with the correct answer and making his voice work. "Touching."

Negan nodded, arching his brows. "That's true. No touching, no flirting, no asking you out for a date. No thirteen guys hitting on my pretty Daryl. Because you are taken. Right?"

"Yes." Daryl liked that rule very much.

"Who is the only exception to that rule. Do you know?"

Daryl thought about it, wanting to say Simon, then Rick, then nobody, confused by the question. He huffed through his nose, shifting on his knees and hands.

Negan leaned down, answering in low voice. "Paul is the exception. Puppysnuggles are always allowed." He smirked when Daryl seemed to be happy with the information. "Good." Negan released him. "Lower your head." He watched as his order was obeyed and placed the collar around the front of Daryl's neck, brushing long hair aside as he buckled it up in the back. "It is brand new. You are the first to wear it." He made sure that it wasn't too tight and grasped the man's chin again to tilt his head up, inspecting the black, broad leather on pale skin. "You look very handsome, Mister Dixon."

Daryl reached for it, clumsily touching the smooth material, the cold silver ring and the embossed name on the side. It was the strangest and absolute best feeling in the world.

Negan did the same, running his fingers over it with a slight smile, then adjusted it for better fit. "A collar this obvious is normally used indoors and for play. If I ever give you a permanent one, it will be more discreet, so you can wear it outside."

Daryl frowned at him, feeling offended instantly. He could wear this one everywhere and wouldn't care what others thought. It had Negan's name on it. He could feel the letters, even without reading them.

Negan huffed a deep chuckle at Daryl's angry face and the protective fingers over the collar. "No? You wanna wear this one at the grocery store to buy new candy for me?"

Daryl nodded, very seriously. "Okay." He could do that.

Negan hooked a finger into the silver D-ring, smirking as he pulled a little. "What is this for. Tell me, puppy."

Daryl pulled automatically in the other direction, answering gruffly. "Dunno."

"Oh, you know damn fucking well." Negan cocked an eyebrow, jerking the collar, then pulled the man closer and up a bit, towards his nipple. "And you wanna suck like a good boy."

Daryl did, putting a supporting hand on Negan's side to stay in position, as he wrapped his tongue and lips around the hard nub, sucking it in deeply, glancing up through tousled bangs as he was supposed to.

"Mhm." Negan nodded satisfied, wiping some hair out of Daryl's forehead. "It's for your leash, isn't it, puppy. So I can take you along wherever I want to and keep you from running off and getting
lost."

"Yes." Daryl answered around the wet nipple, then angled his head and sucked it in again, loving the smell of Negan's skin.

"Good job, sucking so nicely." Negan cupped the man's face with one hand and stroked his upper back with the other, then pulled him off and bent down for a brief kiss, speaking in low voice against damp lips. "On all fours, spread your knees. Show me your pretty cock and balls."

---

Daryl walked up the stairs like a stork. Barefoot, in a much too big, very loose sweat suit, a broad collar around his neck, and a mean black leather strap fastened behind his balls.

"Chop, chop, puppy." Negan hollered through the empty staircase, already reaching the top floor. "You wanna hurry, I have to leave soon."

The door was open when Daryl caught up. He flicked his head and stepped aside, as Negan carried some luggage out and put it down in front of the door.

"Be good and wake Paul up for me."

"Hm." Daryl watched a moment how Negan piled all the bags up, with his leather jacket on top, and then turned around and left for the living room.

Paul was still on the couch, lying on his stomach, his head hidden by a mess of long dark blond hair, half of his bare body covered by a blanket.

Daryl nudged him. First the shoulder, then his side, then shook him rather ungently, because he really wasn't good at waking people up in a friendly manner.

"Hhh." Jesus grumbled something peculiar, waved his right arm in disapproval and finally raised his head, squinting his eyes at the evil brightness at seven in the morning. "I'm sleeping."

Daryl blinked, not sure what to do with the information, and then pointed accusingly towards the front door. "He said waking you up."

Paul glanced tiredly through his tousled hair at the bare chested, tall man in the entrance room, then sighed in frustration, pulling the blanket over his head. "No shirt, no shoes, no service."

Daryl watched perplexed and then quickly got out of the way, when Negan stormed up to the couch and pulled the blanket off.

"You wanna repeat that for me, boy!"

Jesus raised his head, looking up at Negan with a smirk. "I would love to be at service, Sir?"

"Mhm." Negan stared at him for five seconds, then threw the blanket at his head. "Get up, get dressed, wait downstairs at the car. Ten minutes. You want to tell me good bye."

"Yes, Sir." Paul sat up, loving grumpy Daddy in the morning. He stretched his arms above his head, watching Negan leave, then looked up at Daryl, freezing as he saw the new accessory around his neck. "What?" He made big eyes, got up and touched it, before a huge smile of happiness broke out all over his face. "He collared you? Oh my god!" He grinned at Daryl's face, while yelling through the room. "May I hug him, Sir?"
Negan stopped by the dresser, searching for the shades he wanted to take along. "Yes, you may. Good boy."

Paul wrapped his arms around Daryl's neck, hugging him tight, as he kissed the side of the collar, speaking low, close to the man's ear. "You're the first."

Negan heard the whispered words anyway. "It is a training collar, while I'm gone." He found his Ray-bans, put them on for a second, then took them back off and disappeared into the bedroom.

"Of course it is, Sir!" Paul raised his voice, then hugged Daryl once more, whispering in pure excitement. "I can't believe he did that, that's so awesome."

"Hm." Daryl felt embarrassed by the whole situation, not daring to hug Paul back, because he was butt naked and smelled really nice. He flicked his head to the side to get some hair out of his eyes, pointing in an awkward motion at Paul's neck, when the man let go of him. "Where's yours." His question didn't sound particularly friendly or polite, but at least it was out.

Paul didn't mind. "Home. Mine is from Rick, but he uses it just for play, you know?"

"Hh." Daryl didn't know, and didn't ask more, because he didn't want to appear real stupid. Jesus smirked, then squinted one eye, tugging the front of Daryl's baggy sweat shirt. "Why are you dressed like Rocky?"

Daryl slapped his hand off, having no idea what a Rocky was, and mumbled a gruff answer, as he adjusted the matching light grey sweat pants. "For painting."

"That's right, boy." Negan came back out of the bedroom, completely dressed, smelling like his signature sexy alpha male cologne. "You don't wanna get fucking paint on my good clothes."

"Sweet." Paul pulled at the loose waistband of Daryl's sweat pants to glance inside, delighted to find no underwear, but a very nice black leather strap, holding a semi erection in place. "Is that the Staminator?"

"Boy!" Negan snapped his fingers harshly. "I put your clothes on the bed! Fucking dress and do as told!"

----

14 minutes past seven in the morning, two young men in baggy grey jogging outfits stood outside a large factory building, to say their good byes. One, staring at the ground, hating everything about the fact that the tall angry man would just leave him alone like that. The other hugging Negan tightly, hoping for a Mickey-ears-hat souvenir from sunny Orlando.

Negan pulled his arms threateningly tight around Paul's slender form. "You will behave, right? Tell me the rules."

Paul smiled, liking all the freedom his genitals had in his loose painter-outfit, as he pressed his middle against Negan's thigh. "No bright light, don't get him wet, and never feed him after midnight, no matter how much he begs."

Negan stared down at him, blankly.

Paul wasn't intimidated by the hard look and rose on his tip toes, kissing Negan's lips. "I will call or text if there is a problem, we will eat what Olivia serves, we will renovate the room and stay out of
trouble. Please don't worry, Sir." He finished with another kiss, stroking the short hair at the back of Negan's head. "Have a great time at Disney World."

Negan cocked an eyebrow. "You know that Orlando and fucking Disney World isn't the same thing, right?"

"That lies in the eye of the beholder." Paul was never in Orlando, but in his imagination, it was a magical place and a big mouse in red pants was the mayor.


Nothing could have been further from the truth, but Daryl walked up to Negan anyway, keeping his head down and body tense, as he was pulled close to stand chest to chest. Florida made him really angry.

"Eyes on me."

He sniffed his nose, tilting his head up with a slight scowl.

Negan shook his head disapprovingly. "I expect better behavior from you." He hooked his finger into the D-ring of Daryl's collar, pulling a little. "You want to be good and support my fucking work. Do as you're told while I'm gone, contact me when you need to, report in the evening, give me a big fucking kiss when I'm back." He jerked the solid ring in a warning. "It doesn't matter whether I am right here, or at the other end of the fucking planet, you focus on me at all times. You fucking please me at all times. I can't concentrate on my fucking job when you're here, sulking. Right?"

Daryl exhaled soundly through his nose, his fingers nestling with the fabric of Negan's expensive shirt. He forced himself to nod, "Hm." and then flinched when a firm hand swatted his butt. "Yes."

Negan lifted his eyebrows in a warning.

Daryl mumbled a better answer, wishing he could keep the sting and burn on his skin until Negan would be back. "Yes, Sir."

"Better!" Negan rubbed the sore spot soothingly with flat palm. "Now tell me a nice good bye and wish me safe travels, so my fucking plane won't crash."

Daryl furrowed his brows, not sure what to say. He opted for a shyly murmured, "Good bye, Negan." after ten seconds. It sounded a bit gruff, but it wasn't meant that way. "Safe travels."

Negan looked down at the pale, very unhappy face, smirking faintly. "You want me to take a picture of the clouds for you?"

A spark of interest flickered through blue eyes. "Okay."

"Will you take good care of my Tiger until I'm back?"

Daryl nodded. He would do that. "I can do that."

Negan wrapped an arm tight around Daryl's back, almost lifting him off his feet, then leaned in close to whisper into his ear. "Show me your tongue."

The words sent electric tingles straight into Daryl's lower belly. He liked the strong finger hooked
through his collar-ring, holding him in place, as he parted his lips and slid the broad tip of his tongue out.

"Look at that. Very nice." Negan watched, highly pleased with the display of submission. "You want my spit, boy?" He copied the small nod he received as answer, pulled Daryl another inch closer by his collar and kept his eyes open, while he gathered a generous amount of saliva and let it drop onto the man's tongue. "No." He gave the collar a short, harsh pull, when Daryl closed his mouth. "Don't swallow yet. Let me see."

Daryl felt heat crawl over the skin of his neck, up to his face and ears. He looked up through long bangs and parted his lips, showing the blob of spit, caught by his tongue.

Negan took his time to marvel at the delightful sight, then leaned in to lick a pale pink upper lip. "Good boy." He closed Daryl's mouth with the side of his index finger, watching him swallow, then kissed him, purring softly against the corner of his mouth. "You may keep it until I'm back."
43 minutes after leaving his home, the proud owner of the worldwide successfully operating Leather Factory arrived at the airport and was already in need for a package of Valium, a three hour hot stone massage and a pot of nerve soothing herbal tea, because his incompetent driver had chauffeured him eight extra rounds through town, all the while apologizing profoundly for not knowing the way to the airport.

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU'RE NOT FROM HERE!" Negan bellowed in ear deafening volume into poor Kadir's face, as the man heaved three bags and a leather jacket out of the trunk of his taxi, almost peeing his pants. "YOU GOTTA BE FUCKING KIDDING ME!" Negan stabbed his finger into the man's name tag with the auspicious inscription 'KADIR KHATUN - Atlanta Taxi Cab Service & Airport Transportation'. "DON'T THINK I PAY YOU A FUCKING NICKEL FOR THAT SHIT!" Kadir bent backwards when his furious passenger stepped uncomfortably close into his private space with a murderous expression. "YOU SHOULD PAY MY FUCKING ASS FOR NOT SUING THE LIVING CRAP OUTTA YOU!" Negan gritted his teeth, holding the deathly stare into his taxi driver's fearful face, when the classy ringtone of his phone interrupted the Indian slaughter he just planned. "WHAT!"

"G-good morning, Sir? Ehm, this is Olivia." The timid voice stuttering into his ear, let Negan refocus immediately. "Yes, what happened." He took the leather jacket out of Kadir's hand and watched as his bags were put on a luggage cart, while pictures of a burned down designer kitchen and a severely wounded Mister Rovia ghosted through his head.

"Oh, nothing Sir." Olivia laughed nervously, glancing at the three men at the dining table, looking at her expectantly. "Mister Grimes just stopped by with a box of ehm... donuts? And I wanted to check back with you, if your-... the young... your guest-"

Negan held the phone between ear and shoulder, as he pushed the baggage cart through the automatic doors of his terminal, ignoring the half bows and apologies singsanged after him in Indian accent. "Yes, one. After breakfast. Oatmeal, fruit and fucking tea."

"Of course, Sir." Olivia smiled relieved and wiped some beads of sweat off her hairline. "Thank you for the confirmation. Enjoy your trip." She ended the call, blushing when Paul clapped his hands and then whistled on two fingers, to celebrate her heroic courage and victory.

"Awesome!" He opened the lid of the big paper box and grabbed a huge pink donut with sprinkles and vanilla filling.
"Oh no." Olivia shook her head in motherly sternness and took the pastry out of his hand. "He said real breakfast first. I don't want to be fired."

Rick pulled his teeth back out of his chocolate donut, while Jesus wrinkled his nose in disappointment.

Olivia closed the box and carried it back into the kitchen, where it would be safe until her homemade oatmeal was served.

Daryl looked back over his shoulder, blinking through his long bangs. He really wanted to eat real breakfast first. On his usual chair, with his red cup, pretending that the cowboy-boots-guy wouldn't sit in Negan's place.

----

Flight F9 1560 from Atlanta, GA to Orlando, FL arrived at scheduled time, and a tall man in black shades and open leather jacket, used the time in line for passport control to check his messages. There were two from Simon about business, one from Rick about a missing delivery, a voice message from Jesus, saying 'Breakfast, check. We start painting now. Enjoy your flight, Sir', another message from Paul with a photo of himself and Tiger, both wearing self made paper hats, and a last message from Daryl Dixon, only containing the word 'hello'.

Negan ignored the flirt attempt of the 20 year old girl asking for his identification, put his passport on the counter, sent a voice message to Paul, saying 'Thank you bugger, good job.', saved the paper hats picture, and answered Daryl's 'hello' with a, 'Hello boy. I missed you up in the sky. Check my Instagram', before he gathered his bag, and papers and left to find a taxi that would hopefully take him straight to the hotel.

----

Daryl flicked his head and put the paint brush down, when his phone beeped. It told him that the tall angry man had missed him up in the sky. It also said that he should check Instagram. He knew how that worked, found the small blue-white symbol immediately, and then smiled when Negan's account opened. The first picture displayed, showed the view out of an airplane window. Bright blue morning sky, with pretty clouds, one looking very much like a goldfish. The photo was posted with a small puppy emoji and a red heart. It made Daryl's belly warm and his heart ache. He wanted to keep it forever and hated all the silly people posting comments next to it, as if the picture was for them.

He sniffed his nose and left Instagram to send an answer to the message he had received.

No words, but a green heart because he liked green, and the very tiny picture of a king with golden crown.

----

Painting the walls in Paul's new room took just 82 minutes. It was a nice room, Daryl liked it better than his own, because it was in a different section of the factory, closer to Negan's office. It also had a window and the number 114 outside, right next to the door frame.

"Manchester United. The Offspring. 30 Seconds To Mars." Jesus walked along his freshly painted walls, figuring out where to put his favorite posters once the paint was dry. He looked around, finally pointing at the door. "Mister Axl Rose. The 90's version, when he was young and beautiful."

"Hm." Daryl watched him, having no idea what he talked about.
"And the bed goes right here, underneath the window." Paul smiled and spread his arms out, as he stood in the empty space where he envisioned his future bed. "Then I'll land on something soft when I sneak through the window at night." He tilted his head when Daryl didn't return the smile. "Are you okay?"

Daryl avoided his eyes but nodded. He wasn't sick or in pain, he just felt really bad. Like the one time, when he lost his dinosaur figure on his way home from school. It was gone for three whole days, and he was sure that he would never see it again. He couldn't eat and didn't want to sleep. In the end he felt so terrible, he was sure he would die. It didn't happen, though, because Merle found it on day three, came home and threw it against his head, calling him a weepy little shit.

Jesus didn't believe the nod with pitiful expression, went up to Daryl, stood close behind him and took a selfie of them both, where he showed a peace sign and bright smile into the camera, while Daryl looked at the floor, his face partly hidden by strands of long hair. He sent it to one of his Dads.

_We are done and not all of our clothes are covered in paint. Can we celebrate with a hug, Sir?_

29/01/2017  10:24 AM

The answer came after barely a minute.

*DADDY*

_Yes. Have a snack and learn his words with him. Contact me again in an hour._

29/01/2017  10:25 AM

Paul could tell that Negan wasn't only very busy, but now slightly worried too. It made him feel bad for a moment, but he knew on the other hand, that he was supposed to report when things didn't run smoothly.

"Let's find something to eat." He wrapped an arm around Daryl and planted a kiss on his paint-stained cheek. "I vote for ice cream."

----

Ice cream in Negan's household, consisted of frozen bananas, blended up into soft serve with a bit of almond milk and a handful of strawberries. Without any added sugar or other evil things.

Jesus didn't care, it tasted awesome anyway. "YES!" He jumped up from his chair and threw his arms in the air, accidentally flicking some drops of molten nice cream through the room, when Daryl wrote a crooked _CHARISMA_ on his sheet of paper full of holes.

It was the 4th try, and a small smile tugged at the left corner of Daryl's mouth. He wanted to show it to the tall angry man. He would say 'good boy' in his extra proud voice and touch his hair.

Paul put the spoon between his lips and held his phone above the crinkled paper, taking a picture. "He will lose his shit."

"Hm." Daryl agreed, eating a big spoon full of the strange pink snack he was given. Now he just needed to learn 'endearingly' and he could go on a ride with Negan.

His phone beeped after 87 seconds.

*NEGAN*
I just packed one pair of pants, boy. You really wanna make me piss myself?

That was fucking A M A Z I N G!

Just one more, right? Big ride is coming up!

29/01/2017  10:46 AM

There was a red heart, a small puppy and a tiny picture of a motorcycle behind the words. Daryl could feel happiness and pride flooding his chest, while a big smile spread all over his face. He had done good.

---

"In case you're wondering," Paul spoke in a low voice directly into his camera. "We are not in Hogwarts. This is actually the forbidden and probably haunted part of the Leather Factory." He showed his audience the very dark corridor he was walking through. "I won't lie, it is much scarier than I thought." It really was. The Factory's B and C wings were abandoned for years, since Negan manly used the A section.

Daryl wasn't impressed. He pointed the little flashlight from left to right, wishing Jesus would walk a little faster. He really wanted to know what other rooms the building had. Maybe another playroom, or a workshop, or an empty room for Merle, once he was out of prison.

"Just so you know," Jesus said, moving the camera around uneasily. "I am allergic to rats." He wrinkled his nose when Daryl nudged a dirty old towel with his shoe. "And by allergic I mean I am scared shitless of them and I will totally jump on your back and scream like a girl if we see one."

Daryl shook his head as he went around the corner, shining the flashlight into the new hallway. "Rats aren't dangerous. They don't like people." He found an unlocked door and slowly pushed it open. It was a very spacious room behind, with a lot of tables inside. Each of them had a small machine on top.

"Wow." Paul peeked over Daryl's shoulder. "We found the secret base of a money counterfeiter. Daddy is gangster." He showed the room to his audience. "You are live, people. CSI Atlanta."

"No." Daryl shook his head again, looking back over his shoulder at Paul. "Those are sewing machines."

"Really?" Jesus seemed disappointed. "Well, shoot. Daddy is a shirt manufacturer for Primark. We should free the child slaves while he's gone."

Daryl shoved his elbow into Paul's chest, grinning slightly.

"Ouch." Paul chuckled, pinching Daryl's butt without permission. "Let's find a way out here, I think I saw a giant rat over there."

Daryl pointed the flashlight in the direction where Paul was looking, and shook his head. "It's a possum."

---

"Greetings, fellow earthlings!" Paul rested his head on Daryl's chest, holding the camera up, right above his face. "It's Jesus from the rooftop. And I have to tell you, THIS guy-" He lifted the camera a bit higher, and pointed at Daryl's head. "Is crazy! He honestly considered to catch that chinchilla
and roast it for dinner." He grimaced in a mixture of horror and three-seconds-before-puking. "Luckily I could talk him out of it."

Daryl lay on his back on the Factory's flat rooftop, his knees bent, staring up into the bright blue sky, trying to find the fish-cloud. "'t was a possum, and you ran off."

"Well," Jesus craned his neck, trying to see Daryl's face. "That was a clever tactic." He winked into the camera, then switched it off and instead held his phone up, squinting one eye against the sun, as he took a selfie, showing both of them in their paint-stained sweat suits, lying on the rooftop. He sent it to one of his Dads.

Greetings Senpai! Guess where we are :p

29/01/2017  11:54 AM

The answer came after just a few seconds, in form of a ringing phone.

"Oh." Paul took the call in his most cheerful voice. "Hello, Sir, how is Magic Kingdom?"

"I am at the hotel, and you want to explain why you are not only on my fucking rooftop but also on my Daryl without permission!"

Paul winced, his smirk faltering a little, when an angry voice hissed through the line. He sat up, tucking some hair behind his ear. "We just wanted to explore the abandoned part of the building and kinda found another staircase that brought us up here. Did you know that you have a room full of sewing machines?"

"I know that you will fucking behave from now on, or we will have a very special talk as soon as I am back! Is that understood!"

"Yes, Sir." Paul promised obediently. "You have my word."

"I better have your fucking word! Now let me talk to him, and then go downstairs for lunch."

"Of course, Sir, we will." Paul smiled, softening his tone. "And don't forget to eat something yourself."

"Good boy. Thanks for reminding me."

"You're welcome, Sir. Wait I'll give him the phone." Paul turned to hand the phone over. "It's Negan, he wants to talk to you."

Daryl sat up, scowling. He didn't want to speak on the phone. He had never done that before and had no idea what to say. He held it somewhere close to his left ear, huffing an angry sigh, then his eyes darted to the side when a familiar voice echoed through the phone.

"Are you taking good care of my collar, puppy?"

Daryl blinked, automatically touching the smooth leather around his neck. But the small, grunted response took him almost a minute. "Hm."

Negan let it generously slip. "Very nice. You wanna tell me why you climbed on my roof?"

Daryl didn't want to tell that. But he didn't want to be punished either, so he exhaled a loud breath through his nose and flicked his head, trying to make his voice work. "We saw a possum." The explanation was spoken in a rough tone and didn't sound very friendly, but Negan seemed to like it.
anyway.

"You saw a fucking opossum in my house?"

"Mhm." Daryl nodded, pointing somewhere behind him, where the door to the staircase was. "In the C wing."

Negan smiled at the serious voice. "Well, a reason more to stay in the A section then, right?"

"Mm." Daryl didn't understand the reasoning behind that, but he liked Negan's voice very much, so he added a gruff little, "Okay."

"Good boy. You wanna go downstairs now and have some lunch. Then you wash and nap. Right?"

"Yes." Daryl sniffed his nose with a small nod, wishing Negan could come back now. He really hated stupid Florida.

"Thank you. I'll call you again tonight. I want to hear your voice before I go to sleep."

----

Olivia had served a vegan Bolognese to gluten free spaghetti. Jesus thought it was awesome and had gobbled down two plates and the rest of the sauce out of the pan, while Negan's absence spoiled Daryl's appetite a little. But he had at least tried to focus, used his red cloth to clean his mouth and sat as straight as possible, as he had slurped the noodles through his lips.

After lunch, Daryl washed himself in the bathroom with the liquid soap that Negan always used for him. He dried off with one of Negan's towels, got sad because one toothbrush was missing on the shelf, and then smiled a little when he saw in the mirror how Paul came out of the shower, wearing his long hair in a messy bun on the top of his head.

"What?" Jesus didn't bother to wrap a towel around his bare body, as he stepped behind Daryl and combed wet fingers through the man's hair. "I can make you one as well."

Daryl backed away, pulling his shoulders up with a grunt, and then sniffed his nose when Paul chuckled and kissed the black collar around his neck.

"You look awesome with his collar." Paul purred like a Bengal tiger and brushed his hand briefly over Daryl's naked butt. "Think he would let me have a nap with you if I ask real nice?"

----

As it turned out, the tall angry man wasn't a big fan of everything that would keep his newest sub from a restorative rest after lunch, especially a naked, slightly horny Paul Rovia with unambiguous intentions.

But he was kind enough to allow a 15-minute pre-nap cuddle session, fully clothed, after Jesus had promised to keep his hands above Daryl's waistline at all times.

"You miss your brother?" Paul let the small, dark-green dinosaur figure walk over Daryl's chest, down to his belly, and up again.

"Mm." Daryl liked how Paul snuggled up to his side. He was warm and smelled like cookies and Negan's body wash.

Jesus made the dinosaur wander all the way up to Daryl's neck, where it poked the leather collar with
its tiny green nose. "Where's your mom?"

Daryl shrugged, answering in quiet voice. "Dead."

Paul moved two inches closer to Daryl, kissing the crook of his neck. "Mine is alive I guess, but she didn't want me. I grew up in a group home."

Daryl froze. Then turned his head and nudged his nose into dark blond hair.

Paul smiled. "It wasn't that bad. And I have family now. Three dads and a brother. No one says you have to be related by blood, you know?"

"Hm." Daryl agreed, even though he wasn't sure. He had never thought about things like that. All he always wanted was to be with Merle.

The dinosaur walked back down, made a circle on Daryl's chest and then aimed for a hidden belly button, further south. "Did you have a boyfriend before?"

"No." The answer came out more grouchy than intended, but Daryl felt really embarrassed by the question.

"A girlfriend?"

"Mh." Daryl shook his head, not liking the conversation anymore.

"Then you are really lucky that Negan is your first. I mean he is like the jackpot." Paul huffed a laugh, making the dinosaur jump twice. "My first guy was a 21 year old with an excessive flow of saliva and no control over his tongue. It was like making out with a cow."

The picture of Jesus on a green meadow, kissing a white-brown cow, popped up in Daryl's head. It made him wrinkle his nose, before he surprised himself with the courage to ask a question. "Are you a faggot?"

Paul squinted an eye, and the dinosaur stopped its happy jumping. "I am gay." He swallowed the feeling of being deeply insulted, figuring that the question wasn't meant to be offending. "Are you gay?"

Daryl didn't know what to say. Merle wouldn't like it if he was.

Paul shrugged. "Negan isn't, I guess. He had a wife once, and some girlfriends."

A strange feeling spread through Daryl's belly. He didn't want the tall angry man to like women. They didn't smell good and had horrible plastic finger nails and paint all over their faces.

Jesus glanced up, smirking when he saw how Daryl grimaced at the thought. "Yes, I know. Strange things happen at sundown. He's lucky to have us now."

"Hm." Daryl agreed.

"We should remind him, before he accidentally goes on a date with Cinderella." Paul stretched his arm out to hold his phone up, and took a very nice picture of himself, kissing Negan's most prized possession. He sent it with the urgent request, 'Please take us on a date, Sir! - We are so much better than any women!'

----
Negan was in the middle of a meeting with Shanghai Leather, when his phone vibrated. He read the incoming message shielded by the conference table, and furrowed his brows in confusion, "What the..." before he shook his head with a sigh, and sent his answer after 92 seconds.

AMC Phipps Plaza 14, Movie Theater - Book three tickets for Saturday afternoon - Nothing annoying!

29/01/2017 1:12 PM
It was almost half past six in the evening when Daryl woke up from his afternoon nap. He sat up and wiped some tousled hair out of his face, trying to make his groggy brain work. Loud music echoed through the walls, almost as if the club was open.

He squinted, looking at the time on his phone. It was still Thursday. Negan was still in Florida. Or maybe not? Did he come back earlier?

Daryl sniffed his nose, adjusted the collar around his neck and got up, opening the door. There was definitely a party at the club. The floor vibrated with the heavy beats and laser lights flickered over the walls.

He wrapped an arm across his chest and slowly made his way through the room, past the small coffee kitchen, the play area, and around the corner. Then he stopped, raising his shoulder to rub his ear against. Negan wasn't there. But Olivia sat at the bar, smiling happily with a big cocktail in hand, as she watched Jesus on the dance floor, teaching the janitor how to skank.

Joseph grinned from one ear to the other, trying to kick his legs and bob his arms, just like the young man in skinny jeans and Offspring-Shirt showed him. He waved merrily when he saw the sleepy criminal in safe distance. "Hello!"

Paul looked up, shouting over the loud music with a bright smile. He loved how imperfectly perfect Daryl looked, coming right out of bed. "I'm sorry, did we wake you up?"

Daryl shook his head, pulling the arm across his chest a bit tighter, and turned around to leave. He didn't like parties and it really sucked that Negan wasn't back. He had enough of all this Florida-shit. "Be right back." Paul gestured for Joey to keep going, and jogged after Daryl, smirking when the door was slammed into his face. "Buddy?" He knocked politely, and turned the doorknob after a few seconds because he didn't receive an answer. Daryl sat on his bed and put his shoes on. "Are you leaving for work?"

Daryl didn't want to answer because he didn't feel like talking and he had no idea why Jesus was in such a good mood. But he didn't want to be rude, either, so he offered a grumpy little, "Hm."

"I'll come with you. I wanted to talk to Carol anyways." Paul kept his tone soft and went closer, touching Daryl's hair. It was totally messed up from sleeping, but he liked it that way and combed his fingers through.

Daryl tensed. Then his hands stilled on his shoes, and after a moment, he leaned his head against Paul's thigh. "Y' don' have permission."
Paul smiled faintly but didn't stop to stroke Daryl's head, as he fished the phone out of his back pocket and one-handedly called Negan's number. "Hello Sir, sorry to interrupt. How are you?"

Negan stopped his presentation about 'Power, Leadership, Authority and Management' mid sentence, and went into the back of the conference room to speak more privately. "I am holding a seminar. Are you behaving?"

"No, Sir." Paul wrapped a strand of hair around his finger. "I am touching Daryl's hair and forgot to ask for permission. I am sorry."

The gentle voice coming through the phone didn't contain any regret or the usual sassy undertone, so Negan could easily read between the lines and even praised the man's behavior. "Good job. Let me talk to him."

"Thank you, Sir." Jesus held the phone to Daryl's ear. "He wants to speak to you."

Negan heard someone sniff his nose, and a frustrated little sigh because the right words wouldn't come out. "You want to say your name, so I know who I'm talking to."

Daryl listened to the deep, comforting voice, loving Paul's fingers running through his hair. "Daryl Dixon."

Negan smiled. "Very nice. Did you have a good nap, Daryl?"

"Hm."

"Yes." Daryl meant to nod, but he didn't want to move his head, so Jesus wouldn't stop caressing him. "Long."

Negan glanced at the time. "Did you just wake up?"

"Yes." Daryl had to admit that was odd. He never slept that much in the afternoon.

"Good. Then you pack your dinner now, give Tiger fresh water and go to work. You want to earn 50 bucks for me, right?"

"Yes." That was true, he kind of wanted that. He also wanted to say something important, but the words didn't come out.

Negan heard Daryl smack his lips first and then exhale soundly through his nose. "You also want to tell me three things you miss most about me. Write them down and send it, so I have something nice to read when I'm done with my work."

"Okay." Daryl knew 1000 things and for some reason the back of his throat felt strange and got tight when he thought about them.

"Good boy. Now go to work with my collar, so everyone knows who you belong to."

----

"What's that." Abraham blocked the entry to Atlanta's most popular gay leather bar, nodding at the new piece of leather around Daryl's neck.

"He got collared." Jesus smiled brightly, putting an arm around Daryl's shoulders.

"Aha." Mister Ford would never admit it, but this whole concept of dominance and submission seemed actually very desirable. He had always been a big fan of hierarchy and rank orders. It just made life easier if everyone knew their place. So he gave the Eagle's busboy a firm nod in honest
appreciation. "Congrats, son."

Jesus saluted on Daryl's behalf and pushed the door open. "Is it just me or does Abe come out of the closet lately."

----

The information that Negan had collared a sub spread around the worldwide gay community like a bush fire in Uganda.

The first to notice was the young couple at table number 11, when their shy waiter bent down to refill a bowl of peanuts. The embossed name on the broad leather was clearly recognizable, and Peter snagged his boyfriend's phone to share the hot gossip with his twitter followers.

At 9:44, Daryl visited the restroom on the Eagle's first floor, washed his hands, and flinched with an irritated grunt, when a man held an iPhone up to get a photo evidence for his friend in Boston, who just wouldn't believe that there was indeed a guy with Negan's mark, not only on his arm, but also very visibly around his neck, in form of a high quality leather collar.

At 10:17 were already three blurry pictures on Instagram, two new tumblr blogs had formed to discuss the topic, and even the subs in Italy and New Zealand talked about the possibility that the most desired gay man on the planet had maybe made a real commitment.

At 10:53, the CEO and owner of the Leather Factory, sat at the bar of his hotel in Orlando for a conversation with two Doms from Europe, trying to ignore all the people sending him good wishes on his new sub, who obviously was nothing but downright gorgeous, albeit a little bit feisty.

At 11:51, Daryl was hiding in his favorite dark corner, sad to the core, because he hadn't heard from the tall angry man for hours and he knew it was probably because he was busy with ugly helpers and horrible demos.

He sniffed his nose and felt a bit ill, as he overheard three guests standing in near distance, speaking about Negan as if they would know him.

"No, I really think he was pressured into it." A guy with belly-free shirt shook his head to the comment of his friend. "You know he wouldn't make such an offer lightly."

"I know, right?" A slightly chubby man with bad haircut said, because he was practically Negan's best friend. "A friend of my neighbor's cousin scened with him once and he didn't even receive a play collar."

Everyone nodded in agreement, and then moved a step to the side when a young guy with long hair and leather duster walked by. "Here, ask Jesus, he knows Negan would never collar someone just like that!"

"Oh, better don't ask me." Paul smiled, and then cleared his throat, patting his upper chest with a fake cough. "I'm still a bit sore, you know. When Negan fucks a mouth, he fucks a mouth."

"Mhm. Ja of course." The men nodded, pretending to play it cool. "No, sure."

Paul shrugged, smirking. "What can you do, right? When Daddy tells you to suck you better fall on your knees and do it." He patted one of the guys shoulder. "Please excuse me, I have to take his boy home. Negan wants him in bed by midnight. He's a stickler for the rules."
Daryl slapped Paul's arm hard, as they left the Eagle a few minutes after midnight. "Tellin' them fuckin' bullshit."

Paul jumped to the side with a grin and rubbed his upper arm. "It's not all bullshit? I have to take you home and he fucked my throat sore on a few occasions."

"'can go by myself." Daryl sniffed his nose and didn't object when Jesus took his hand to walk side by side.

"I know." Paul stroked the back of Daryl's hand with his thumb. "But I like to do it." He leaned in to kiss Daryl's shoulder, before they crossed the street, and then jerked his hand free and threw both arms in the air with a frustrated laugh. "MAN! I forgot to ask him again!"

Daryl chuckled, flicked his head to get some hair out of his eyes, and glanced back over his shoulder, suspiciously eyeing a group of four men, following them.

"Maybe he'll give me a season ticket if I ask very nicely." Jesus got the phone out of his pocket, and just started to type Negan's number in, when Daryl nudged him. "Hm." He nodded, having noticed the guys himself. He leaned close and kept his voice low, slipping the phone back into his coat. "We might have to run."

Daryl heard the men chuckle, before the first boot pushed hard into his back, making him stumble and almost fall over.

"What's up cocksucker, need some help to bend over?"

Jesus spun around instantly, spreading his arms, protectively stepping in front of Daryl. "Guys! You really wanna get into this?" He put on a cocky smile, scanning his opponents for possible weapons. He couldn't see any, which was good, and the fact that they were all taller than him, wasn't automatically a disadvantage.

One of the men laughed, looking Paul up and down. "Good gracious guys, look! It's Jesus himself!" He threw his cigarette butt at Paul's chest. "Fudge packer Jesus!"

Daryl grunted furiously. He clenched his fists, wanting to tear these idiots apart, but Paul gestured for him to stay in the background.

"Look, why don't we just all go our ways. Nobody has to get hurt, right?" He earned nothing but roaring laughter for his suggestion, and decided it was best to use the moment of surprise if he wanted to have a chance against four attackers. In the split of a second, he made a step back, lunged out and landed a precise high kick with full force right on the first man's chin. Then spun, unwinding another kick that slammed into the side of the second guy's head, knocking him out instantly. "GO!" He yelled at Daryl, and ducked a blow to the neck, then another to the stomach. A third strike came low at his legs. He attempted to leap above it, but the fourth guy intervened and drove his foot hard into Paul's ankle, making him yelp and stumble to the ground.

"Fucking fag-"

The guy didn't get to finish his hateful slur. Daryl punched him right in the face, bringing all his rage into it, then kneed another man into the guts, "Son of a bitch!" before he grabbed a third that tried to get up from the asphalt and showered him with hard blows on chest and head, his fist getting wet with blood, as he fractured the man's nose and jaw.

"DARYL!" Jesus worked his way back on his feet, pulling Daryl's shoulder, as two of the attackers ran off into the night. "Leave him be! It's not worth it."
Daryl grunted and delivered a last punch, breathing heavily as he turned to Paul, who stood one-legged, gesturing for him to go.

"Come on, let's go." Paul grinned at the rare sight of a bloodthirsty Daryl, tempted to take a photo for one of his Dads.

"Assholes." Daryl put a supporting arm around Paul's waist and helped him to hobble down the street, looking back over his shoulder every two seconds to make sure that no one followed them.

"Wait." Paul stopped as soon as they were around the corner. He leaned with his back against the shop window of Sig Samuel's Dry Cleaners, taking the weight off his injured ankle, wincing with a smile and chuckle. "Shit, that hurts."

Daryl wiped some hair out of his face and flicked his head, then squatted slightly, looking over his shoulder. "Hop on."

Paul raised his brows. "Are you serious?"

"Hm." Daryl nodded, his eyes scanning the dark streets nervously. "Jump up before they come back."

"They won't." Jesus smiled and did as told, holding on to Daryl's shoulders as he jumped up his back. "They're home pissing their pants because the scary evil fags fought back." He wrapped his arms loosely around Daryl's neck, surprised how easily his weight was carried.

"Ja. You're like a fuckin' ninja or somethin'." Daryl hooked his arms under Paul's legs, jumping slightly to get him situated more comfortably on his back, before he looked left and right and went across the street, making his way back to the factory.

"Told you I'm a black belt."

---

Jason couldn't believe it. He really stood in the bathroom of one of the best suites the Hilton Orlando had to offer, preparing for the night of his life. Just 50 minutes before, he thought his 28th birthday would be a total let down. But then the most gorgeous man of the kinky gay world had walked into the hotel's club bar, looking absolutely irresistible with his perfectly trimmed beard, dark hair and black leather jacket, that he wore casually open, over a plain white shirt. It was like a dream come true. A wet dream. Because the one and only Negan had offered him a fisting session. Here in his private room.

He took a last glance at his reflection in the big mirror, and went back out into the bedroom, his stomach full of nervous excitement.

Negan sat in an armchair close to the window, holding a glass of Scotch, silently gesturing for him to come closer. Then made him stop in the middle of the room with just a single move of his finger, when a phone rang. 42 minutes after midnight. Jason stood still and waited as he was supposed to.

Negan furrowed his brows with a look at his phone display, before he answered, putting his drink on a side table. "Yes."

"Hello Sir, sorry to interrupt."

"You're not." Negan could hear the sound of cars and footsteps on the asphalt. He checked the time again. "Why are you still outside?"
"Some jerks bumped into us on the way back home. Apparently they didn't like to share the street with cock sucking fags." Jesus smiled and nuzzled the side of his face against Daryl's warm cheek, enjoying his piggyback ride to the fullest.

Negan got up from his chair, worry and rage invading his mind instantly. He turned his back to the young man standing in his room, and looked out of the window, hating Orlando's skyline by night with every fiber of his being. "Are you hurt?"

The deep worry, and slight fear in Negan's voice shot like a small bolt into Paul's heart. "No Sir, don't worry. Just a sprained ankle. We've wiped the pavement with their homophobic butts."

Negan heard a chuckled 'Hja' from Daryl and a happy 'whoop' from Jesus, feeling a little relieved. "Where are you, I send Simon to get you."

"We're almost home, Sir. Daryl carries me." Paul smiled brightly. "He's not a puppy, he's a pit bull."

Negan squinted when he heard Daryl's rough voice with an annoyed 'Shut up.' "He carries you?"

"Yes, Sir. Piggyback. I just wanted to report that I hurt my ankle, because you know..." He grimaced at the memory of his last punishment when he didn't report an illness. "I'm too young and innocent to face another day on the ground with a toothbrush."

"Mhm." Negan rubbed his forehead with a sigh, shaking his head. "Thank you for letting me know, bugger. Olivia takes you to the fucking doctor first thing in the morning." He grabbed the glass from the side table, taking a big swig of his Scotch. "Message me when you're home. I'll call to say good night."

Paul purred into the phone like a leopard cub. "Thank you, Sir. Enjoy your entertainment."

The fact that Paul knew him so well bugged Negan a little. Especially at almost one in the morning with a half naked guy in his hotel room. He closed his eyes and softened his tone. "Go home. I'll call." He threw his phone on the bed, waving two fingers at his guest. "Listen, John-

"I'm Jason."

Negan looked up, seeming first surprised and then frustrated. "Whatever. Jason. Something came up. Let's do this another time, okay?" He threw a jacket that he had never seen before in the guy's direction. "I'm sure you understand."

"Uhm, I could maybe tomorrow-"

"Don't forget your stuff in the bathroom." Negan ignored John-Jason's existence from this point on, collected his phone off the bed and sent his cleaning lady an e-mail with the address of a doctor and the order to go there fucking first thing in the morning. Then he slumped down in the arm chair again, taking another sip of his drink, when he saw that Daryl had obediently texted him at half past six in the evening, with three things he missed most about him, and another time at 10:25 PM with a complete report.

Daryl Dixon

hand, words, kneeling

29/01/2017  6:34 PM
He read them both and refilled his glass before he answered, feeling angry with himself, the fucking situation and the stupid slut that still rummaged around in the bathroom to get his pants back on.

What I miss most about my Daryl:

His pretty face, seeing him kneel between my legs, not having him around all the time

Florida is not nice without puppy

He sent it and glanced up when the door was opened and closed again, glad that he was finally alone.

Good: -painting -- I helped to renovate Paul's room. Negan can't wait to see the result!
    - charisma -- I mastered my second word because I'm a smart guy! Negan is fucking proud!
Bad: - not supporting -- I will remember that it's important to support Negan's work as best as I can!
    - paper holes -- I am still learning to handle my pen right, it takes time, but I will get better!
Negan is proud that I try so hard!
Like: - Negan -- <3
    collar -- Negan feels proud and honored that I like to wear his collar
    spit -- Negan is looking forward to get it back ;)
room for Jesus -- I like that Paul has a room near mine, and I can see him more often
Hate: - Florida -- I don't like to be without Negan, but sometimes I have to be, and I will still give my best and focus on him and the tasks he gives me.
Change: going with Negan -- I would like to go everywhere with Negan, because it makes me feel good and safe to be near him. It is Negan's job that I feel good and safe no matter where he is. Apparently he has to improve his technique, as it's not fully working. Maybe he should keep his puppy around at all times and spare the trouble ;)

30/01/2017  1:07 AM
By the time he sent the corrected report out, his phone vibrated with a voice message from Paul Rovia, to let him know that Ninja-Jesus and Pitbull-Puppy were the new Gay heroes of Atlanta and the Leather Factory was their new Batcave. Two seconds later, another message came in, with the added information, that they were safely back home. Then the phone vibrated a third time, and Negan listened to the voice-mail with a smirk.

'BASE to big Kahuna. We await further instructions, Sir, on where you would like us to sleep. Over.'

He recorded an answer and sent it. "Good puppies and injured boys sleep in Daddy's bed."

Jesus flinched and moved to lie as straight as a pole, when the phone rang at 1:30 in the morning. "I am not touching him."

Negan squinted at the guilty voice, as he switched through the channels of his ridiculously big flat screen TV. "How about, Good evening Sir, how was your day." He found a ping-pong tournament on a Japanese sports channel, threw the remote control somewhere on the mattress next to him and let his hand fall on his bare chest. "Are you in pain?"

"Not really. it's not that bad, Sir. How was your day?"

"Stressful. I've missed my best servant." Negan looked down at his bare feet, wriggling his right, big toe because it itched. "Tell me about the incident. Was the police involved?"

"No, Sir. No police. It was near the Eagle, four guys followed us. I've warned them, but they wouldn't listen, so we stomped them into the ground." Paul smiled proudly and glanced at Daryl, who lay silently next to him, trying to catch some snippets of Negan's voice.

"It's no laughing matter, boy." Negan tried to use his best scolding tone, to hide the pride he truly felt. "How badly were they injured?"

Jesus shrugged. "Two of them ran off. The other two felt puppy's wrath."

"Mhm." Negan fished for his laptop on the nightstand, pulled it closer and opened it with one hand. "Let me talk to Daryl." He opened an empty mail document, to type a quick message for Simon, so he would go and check for possible dead homophobes near the Eagle, killed by an eager kickboxer-Paul Rovia.

"Of course, Sir." Paul smiled and handed the phone over. "Daddy wants to talk to you."

Daryl hesitated a moment. He really hated to speak on the phone, but Negan wanted to talk to him, so he took it and held it somewhere close to his ear.

Negan heard someone exhale soundly through the nose. "What do you want to say when you're on the phone?"

Daryl scowled. "Daryl Dixon."

"That's a good boy." Negan sent the message to Simon and put his laptop aside, concentrating on his conversation. "I've heard you've beaten the fucking shit out of some idiots tonight, Daryl Dixon."

"Mhm." Blue eyes darted to the right and a pale earlobe was tugged.

"Why did you do that?"
Daryl wasn't sure whether he was in trouble and he didn't like the possibility of facing a punishment, because he did nothing bad. "They said stuff n' kicked me." He pointed at Paul's leg. "And him."

Negan smirked at the outraged tone, mixed with defiance and insecurity. "Is that true. Where did they kick you?"

Daryl leaned a bit forward, gesturing towards his spine. It still hurt. "My back."

Negan's face took on a murderous expression. Maybe these bastards deserved to die after all for laying hand on his boys. "Are you in pain?"


Negan sighed and rubbed his temple. "You did good. I'm sorry I wasn't there to do it for you, though."

Daryl listened horrified, pictures of brutally murdered dead men popping up in his head at the thought of Negan being threatened or insulted by these assholes. He would have killed them all.

"Also, my apologies for answering your messages so late." Negan wanted to say that he had been busy with work, but then decided against it. "Want me to sit on the bad boys chair when I get home?" A deep, hoarse chuckle sounded through the phone, making him smile.

"No."

"No? You want me to sit on my own chair and feed you breakfast?"

"Mhm." Daryl wanted that very much. Bagel with cream cheese, or ugly green toast. "Yes."

The corner of Negan's mouth curled up. "I guess I will do that then, right? Now tell me where my money is."

Blue eyes darted to the bedroom door. "The counter."

"Good boy. Did you brush your teeth and cross out a square at the fridge?"

"Yes." Daryl tugged at the bed sheet. He really hated the fridge paper by now. It was like a countdown to the day when he would have to leave the wonderful factory.

"Very nice. You wanna sleep now?"

Daryl glanced to the left, where Jesus shook his head frantically and tried to communicate in strange sign language, whether some boy-snuggles were allowed before bedtime.

Negan lifted his brows, when no answer came. "Does Paul want to play with my puppy?"

"Mh." Daryl raised his shoulder and rubbed his ear against, feeling embarrassed. "Yes."

"Give him the phone please."

Daryl did, wiping his hand on his bare chest because his palm got all sweaty from holding the phone.

"Hello, Sir." Paul flopped onto his back, smiling innocently. "What are you wearing?"

"Fucking underwear. I am in bed. It is night." Negan grabbed the remote control and changed channels, because the ping-pong tournament sucked. "Are you still not done touching my
belongings?"

Paul pursed his lips, envisioning Daddy in tight underwear, splayed out in a big hotel bed. "I am traumatized and need some love."

Negan huffed a laugh. "You need some corporal punishment."

"Now you see my dilemma." Paul smirked, remembering his last spanking. He loved Negan's big hands and the feeling of some red, hot ass underneath his questionably tight skinny jeans.

Negan stopped on channel 6012. There was an old movie with Yul Brynner. It was better than nothing. "You may get both of you off. By hand. And you watch his reactions at all fucking times, is that understood?"

Jesus mouthed a soundless, very relieved 'OH THANK THE LORD!' towards the ceiling, and then nodded, even though Negan couldn't see it. "Of course, Sir! You are the best."

"I know. Put me on speakerphone, give Daryl the phone, and if I find fucking cum stains on my maco cotton sheets tomorrow, you can walk to fucking Egypt and get me new ones."

Paul wasn't sure if it was Christmas already, but it certainly felt that way. A phone sex threesome with one of his Dads and Daryl. Who would have thought that the day would take such a delightful turn.

He rolled over onto his side, purring into the phone, "Thank you for staying with us, Sir." before tapping the speaker symbol and handing it back to Daryl. "He wants to talk to you."

Daryl blinked through his tousled bangs, holding the phone to his ear, and watched nervously how Paul put his underwear off, throwing it across the room. He wasn't sure if he liked that. "What happens." It was a quiet question in rough, defiant voice, directed at no one in particular.

"What happens, puppy." Negan got up from the bed, went to lock the door and searched in the mini bar for a bottle of non-carbonated water. "Tell me. Is Paul getting naked?"

"Mh." Daryl wrapped an arm across his bare chest, when Jesus snuggled up to his side and kissed his neck.

"Yes? He wants to play, right." Negan found an Evian, put it on the nightstand and went back to bed. "You want to play with me for a while?"

Daryl wasn't sure how he should do that, but he liked the soft lips above his collar and the encouraging voice speaking into his ear. "Okay."

"Good boy. Are you naked for me?"

Daryl shook his head and then tilted it to the side when Jesus kissed along his jawbone. "No."

"Paul." Negan raised his voice a little, switching to a cooking channel, because all these cowboys and horses were really annoying. "What's going on, undress him."

"Yes, Sir." Jesus mumbled against pale, damp skin and then moved into a kneeling position to take Daryl's briefs off, using his most sultry bedroom voice to paint the picture for his Daddy, far away in Orlando. "It's one of yours, Sir. The dark blue one. He picked it out himself after lunch, when you sent us to wash all the paint off." He massaged the man's bulge through the thin fabric for a moment, then bent down to kiss a flat belly, before he pulled the broad waistband down to reveal a semi hard
cock, making Daryl sigh a breath into the phone.

"Is that true, boy. Did you wear my underwear to work?" Negan played lazily with his left nipple. "Did it feel good on your gorgeous ass?"

Daryl nodded, raising his right foot, then the left, when Jesus took the underwear off. "Yes." He watched as Jesus crawled back up next to him with a gentle smile and leaned down for a kiss.

"He tastes like toothpaste, Sir."

"Mhm, you like that?" Negan stroked his own cock through his briefs, taking the phone into the other hand. "I didn't allow you to kiss him, though. He's keeping something for me in that sweet mouth. Isn't that right, puppy."

"Yes." Daryl wanted to crawl through the phone, to be closer to the deep, rumbling voice. "Spit."

Paul chuckled and kissed down Daryl's chin, over his neck, the broad collar, onto the man's chest.

"That's exactly right, boy, you wanna give it back to me tomorrow."

"Yes."

Negan pinched his nipple, cursing this silly business trip. "You also wanna present your pretty cock for me now."

Daryl blinked and then shut his eyes, "Yes." as he pulled his legs up and let his thighs fall to the sides, displaying his bare genitals as he was supposed to.

Negan heard Paul moan, and smirked. "Puppy has a beautiful dick, doesn't he boy."

"Yes, Sir." Paul stroked himself, staring at Daryl's twitching cock, a black leather strap wrapped around behind his balls. "May I touch him."

"Yes, you wanna pay close attention, though." Negan slipped five fingers beneath the waistband of his underwear, knowing exactly the moment when Paul started to stroke Daryl's cock, because a shaky breath echoed through the phone, followed by one of the little needy whimpering sounds he loved so much. "Does that feel so nice, puppy? Tell me."

"Hh." Daryl panted, feeling the muscles in his thighs tremble and his belly clench. He opened his eyes just a little bit. Paul was kneeling between his legs, stroking both of them simultaneously, with dazed eyes and slightly parted lips, seeming completely captivated.

"Yes, it does, right." Negan moved his hand smoothly up and down his shaft. "Do you know what I'm doing here, boy?"

Daryl arched his back and craned his head back into the pillow, uncomfortable pressure building in his strapped up balls. "No."

Paul leaned down, giving the swollen head of Daryl's cock a wet lick without permission, and groaned loudly at the taste. "He's pleasing himself, because we aren't with him."

Daryl gasped and moved his hips, wailing into the phone.

"That's true." Negan's voice fell into a huskier tone. "You remember how I'm doing that, Daryl?"

"Yes." Daryl remembered it very well. How Negan's fingers wrapped around his hard cock, the veins in his hand flexed, knuckles standing out, a look of pure bliss on his face. He thought his heart would jump out of his chest when he heard low panting through the phone.

"Yes you do. It's not as good as your fucking wicked puppy mouth, though." Negan closed his eyes,
smiling faintly as he strengthened his grip a little and build up speed. "Or your gorgeous tight hole."

Daryl sobbed into the phone, heat and tension pooling in his lower abdomen. He wanted to be underneath Negan's safe body, squished into the mattress, hiding his face against a broad shoulder.

"Ssh." Paul moved to lie on top of Daryl, kissing his cheek as he rocked their hips together and rubbed against him. "Sir," He panted, brushing some hair out of Daryl's face. "May I open his strap, please."

"Yes, open it." Negan loved the image of his boys, naked and at the edge of climax in his bed. "Let me hear him cum."

Jesus moaned, reaching down with one hand to unfasten the leather strap around Daryl's balls. He stroked him a few times, then lost his self control, hooked one of the man's legs over his arm and shoved their hips together, dry humping seriously, planting open mouthed kisses on flushed skin, listening to Daryl's helpless whimpers, moans and sobs. "He looks so fucking hot with your collar, Sir."

Negan honored the compliment with a shameless groan and then just let loose, when he heard both of his boys cum at the other end of the line. One, first gasping and grunting, before changing to mewling and keening noises. The other, cursing surprisingly much, moaning and panting his orgasm out, in a distinct hard rhythm that made clear that he wasn't just jerking himself off.

"You little shit." Negan chuckled deep in his throat as he reached climax, imagining his disobedient sub chained down in the play room, earning some well deserved strikes with a riding crop.

"Holy fucking..." Paul collapsed on top of Daryl, sticky wetness mixing up between their bellies. "Jesus on toast." He let go of Daryl's leg, nudging his tongue groggily against a damp, pale neck. "You are my new favorite thing in the world."

Daryl blinked his eyes open, looking through tousled hair at the ceiling, trying to catch his breath. He put a hand on the back of Paul's head, and then felt like crying when he remembered the phone in his other hand. He pressed it against his ear, wanting to say something but no word came out.

Negan stretched his legs out, enjoying the aftermath of his orgasm, when he heard someone sniff his nose, twice. Then a third and fourth time. He reached for a towel to wipe his stomach. "Paul, go get something to clean up, please."

Jesus propped up on his forearms, taking the phone out of Daryl's hand, turning speakerphone off. "Sir, he-"

"I know. Go get a towel, give him the phone back."

"Yes, Sir." Paul got up, feeling horrible. He stopped a moment and leaned down to kiss a flushed cheek, but Daryl turned to the side, covering his eyes with his arm. "Negan wants to talk to you." He put the phone in Daryl's hand. "I get a towel."

"Boy." Negan pulled his briefs up, and sat up to drink a sip of water while he patiently waited for Daryl to answer.

"Yes." Daryl wanted to say 'Can you come' but he knew it wouldn't happen anyway, because Florida was certainly at the other end of America and it was the middle of the night, so he kept his request a secret. He sniffed his nose instead and wiped his eyes, both with his bare arm.

"You need to be with me for a while?" Negan grabbed his laptop, checked for Simon's report and
opened skype. "Hm, puppy? Tell me. Was it a long day without me?" He heard a shaky sob, with something similar to a 'Yes'. "Yes, I know. You did very well, though. We just need a bit quiet time, right?"

Daryl clenched the phone in his hand, pressed it to his ear and dug his face into the pillow, crying a pitiful 'Yes, Sir.' into the damp fabric.

"Good boy, answering so nicely." Negan kept his tone calm and praising, as he heard Paul coming back, trying to talk to Daryl without success. "You want to give Paul the phone real quick. Clean yourself, then you get it back."

Daryl nodded and blindly stretched his arm out, holding the phone up.

"Yes, Sir?" Jesus took it, absently wiping the towel over his bare chest.

"Give him something to drink and my pajama bottoms out of the laundry basket." Negan rubbed a hand over his bearded face. He was fucking tired. "And be good and get my spare laptop. We skype for a while."

"Yes Sir. No problem." Paul tucked some hair behind his ear, then reached down to stroke Daryl's head. "I'm sorry f-"

Negan interrupted him. "It's not your fault. But better get your toothbrush ready for not following my very specific order about the physical contact you were allowed to have with him."

"Yes, Sir." Paul grimaced, not sure how his all-knowing Daddy was able to see his little dry hump failure.

"Mhm. Give him the phone and the towel, then get the things I told you and hop into bed like a good boy."

----

At 2:38 in the very early morning, Paul slept peacefully, snuggled up tightly to Daryl's back, with a protective arm around the man's waist...

...while Daryl was lying on his side, a black latex glove in hand, his nose buried into the comforting scent of a pair of used, grey pajama pants, staring at the screen of a laptop. It stood on the mattress, on Negan's empty side of the bed, showing an almost dark hotel room, very far away in Orlando. And a tall man in bed, looking incredibly safe and beautiful, while he told a story about a fearless post apocalyptic puppyboy with crossbow and motorcycle, and his badass brother Merle who had a blade instead of a hand, almost like a pirate.

He told it with a faint smile and a very soothing, deep voice, that made Daryl's belly warm and his head quiet.

"And because he was so fucking good, he received a collar that day. To mark him as Negan's property for everyone to see. Right? Just in case he gets lost, and people wouldn't be sure where to return him." Negan nodded with a smirk into the webcam. "You know what the imprint on the collar said?"

"Yes." Daryl copied the nod, touching the embossed name at the side of his collar. He answered in the most serious voice, but muffled into the fabric of grey pajama pants. "Negan."

"I am sure you wanna repeat that without a mouthful of my dirty clothes." Negan arched his
eyebrows, and could tell by the glint in blue eyes, that Daryl smiled, even though his lips were covered.

Daryl's heart felt like it would explode. He liked the tall angry man so much, it almost hurt. "'t says Negan." He took the pants down for his answer and tried to sound friendly while he said it.

It seemed to work because the man on the computer screen, far away in Orlando, smiled as well. "Damn well right it says fucking Negan. No one else gets a real puppy boy."

Daryl fell asleep at 3:12 AM, under Negan's watchful eyes.
Chapter Summary

In which...

Paul wrinkled his nose. "I was hoping you forgot about that."

"And I was hoping that you respect my orders at all times." Negan smirked, flicking Paul's fingers off Daryl's head. "Seems we're both disappointed now."

Chapter Notes

Amazing Art by my sweet french!puppy IonyDM who is the epitome of fucking awesome!!! *sendshimtobedtobitetheshitoutofNegan*

Go worship!!!! http://ironybluegoat.tumblr.com/
It was 7:19 on a Friday morning, when Daryl wrote a correct endearingly on his paper sheet, at the 21st try.

He had read it out loud and double checked. It was right. A bubble of relief and happiness burst in his belly. He wanted to tell Merle. He wanted to show Jesus. He wanted to hide the paper sheet with all three words and 37 holes underneath his far too big shirt and sit on the loading dock, outside of the factory, until Negan would be back. That would be the best surprise ever.

He sat with his feet dangling down for the first hour. He sat cross legged for the second. He knelt for the third, and then let his feet hang down the ramp again, his butt starting to hurt seriously. It also got kind of cold. But he didn't care. The butterflies in his belly neither.

He flicked his head to get some hair out of his eyes and smiled faintly. Maybe Negan would keep the paper. Maybe he would put it on the fridge to cover the horrible countdown.

"Charisma." He whispered the word, then spelled it letter by letter. It was still right. He would be allowed to go on a ride today with Negan.

His stomach flip-flopped when he thought about it.

He looked to the left and then to the right, wishing the silly taxi would come already.

----

Flight NK676 from Orlando to Atlanta, landed as scheduled, and Negan slumped into the backseat
of his taxi 32 minutes later. He sighed, sliding his sunglasses to the top of his head. "1660 Peachtree."

The young driver nodded and started the car, glancing into the rear view mirror as he drove back onto the street. His passenger was fucking hot. Maybe he should ask him for his number.

Negan got his phone out, answered a message from Simon, told Rick he would stop by the store in about thirty minutes, and then sent a text to Daryl, to let him know that he was soon home.

_I'm home in twenty minutes. You wanna be good and wait outside for me? You can help with my luggage._

30/01/2017  11:28 AM

He sent it and leaned his head back, closing his eyes for a moment. He definitely didn't get enough sleep last night.

The phone vibrated against his thigh after four minutes and he could tell, something was odd about the message he received.

_Daryl Dixon_

_i want but i hve no time_

30/01/2017  11:32 AM

He typed an answer, squinting.

_You don't have time to fucking greet me and help carrying my luggage? What the fuck are you doing?_

30/01/2017  11:32 AM

This time, it took even longer until he received a reply. Six and a half minutes.

_Daryl Dixon_

_i wash tiger inthe bathtup_

30/01/2017  11:38 AM

Negan tilted his head to the side, knowing for a fact that his dog would never sat foot into the bathtub as long as he wasn't the one putting him in there. That meant Daryl was lying. The question was why.

He sighed, rubbed his temple and glanced out of the window, deciding to see into the problem when he was home. He deserved a ten minute rest.

By the time the car pulled up to the factory's driveway, he had actually dozed off for a minute, which annoyed him.

The driver tilted his head to be able to see the whole building through the windshield. "You work here?"

"Occasionally." Negan handed the man 41 Dollar. "You wanna be good and put my bags over there, to the entry." He pointed to the leather store's door and got out of the car, expecting his request to be
fulfilled. "Thank you for the great service, Luke. Have a nice day."

Luke watched as his handsome passenger walked off and strangely enough really felt the desire to be good and do as told. He also wanted to run after him and beg for a minute longer in his presence. It was weird.

Negan rejected a call from one of his table tennis partners, slipped the phone into his pocket, opened his leather jacket and stopped with a tilt of his head, as he saw a young man sitting on the loading dock, his feet dangling down, his hair tousled, wearing a much too big Hugo Boss shirt out of his closet. "Hh." He waited a moment until Daryl looked in his direction, and then smirked, the tip of his tongue slipping out to wet his lips, when he was greeted by the most genuine sunshine-smile he had ever seen. He walked slowly towards the factory's loading zone. "Look at you, sneaky puppy."

Daryl's chest felt like exploding, all light and tingly, with a million butterflies. Negan was back. Not with a taxi, but with biker boots, a heavy leather jacket and the deepest, most wonderful voice he had ever heard.

"Smart little shit tricked me." Negan closed the distance, pushing between Daryl's thighs, placing his hands on them. "Did you want to surprise me, boy?"

"Hm." Daryl nodded, smiling shyly at the near face. The tall angry man was really pretty and he smelled good. Like leather, musky cologne and Negan.

"Mhm. You have." Negan leaned in, inhaling the scent of Daryl's skin. "Makes me fucking happy to see you here, waiting for me."

Daryl closed his eyes, feeling a rough beard against his cheek, and then strong lips covering his mouth, a demanding tongue flicking in, and firm fingers wandering to the front of his neck, grabbing the silver D-ring of his collar. He exhaled with a little moan and slid a bit forward on the concrete surface, closer to Negan's waist, pressing his body against a broad chest, making the paper underneath his shirt crinkle.

Negan tilted his head, as he deepened the kiss, pulling the collar with a rough jerk, groaning when Daryl huffed a surprised shallow breath in response and clawed five fingers into the fabric of his shirt, right above his nipple. He bit a pale pink lip and pulled him even closer, briefly playing with the thought of fucking him right there on the loading dock. He licked the corner of Daryl's mouth and half of his cheek with broad tongue. "Boy, I'm so gonna fuck you today."

"Hh." Daryl put a hand on the waistband of Negan's pants, unsuccessfully trying to pull them down. He really wanted to be upstairs in bed without a condom.

Negan chuckled deep in his throat, moving back two inches. "You don't wanna do that without permission." He hooked three fingers behind the collar, and nudged Daryl's belly with the other hand, making the paper crinkle. "Are you hiding secrets underneath my shirt?"

Daryl smacked his lips and shifted on his throbbing butt, feeling a bit dizzy. He wasn't sure why they had stopped kissing.

Negan smirked, lifting his brows. "Well?"

Daryl sniffed his nose and pulled the crinkled paper sheet out from underneath his shirt. He glanced up, and then avoided his eyes as he held it out. Suddenly he wasn't so sure anymore if his surprise was really something that Negan would be happy about.

Negan took it, stared at it silently, then looked at Daryl, tilting his chin up. "Really? All three?"
"Hm." Daryl pulled his fingers, nervously. "Yes."


Blue eyes darted from Negan's face, down to the paper, left to a certain spot near the fence and then stared at the yellow-black mark running along the loading dock. Daryl sighed a stressed breath, not even remembering the first letter. He wanted to run away and hide.

Negan put a hand to the back of Daryl's head and pushed him against his chest. "Close your eyes. Endearingly."

Daryl dug his nose into the soft shirt, feeling the difficult word vibrating deep inside a broad chest, with the most comforting, steady voice. He closed his eyes, remembering the black ball pen and his paper with all the holes, seeing the word he had written right in his head. "E, N." He tensed and soaked the white fabric of Negan's shirt with damp breath. "D, E, A-" He smacked his lips, feeling his stomach clench, sure it was all wrong, but firm fingers fondled the back of his head, encouragingly. "R?"

Negan nodded, speaking calm and neutral, while he was secretly bursting with pride. "Yes, go on."

Daryl exhaled through his nose, trying to envision the crinkled paper in front of his eyes. "I, N, G." He paused a moment, thinking, and then added the last two letters that Jesus had taught him with a trick. "L, Y." for Love You.

Negan huffed a laugh, took Daryl's head in both hands, and looked down at him with a bright smile. "That is BY FAR the fucking coolest thing I've ever heard in my life." He shook his head. "Fucking awesome job, Daryl."

Daryl couldn't help but smile back. He had really done it. It was right and Negan had heard it and was proud.

"You wanna go upstairs and get the key. Then come to the store. I have to talk to Rick for a moment, then I'll show you the bike."

Daryl didn't go upstairs, he ran. He knew exactly where the key was, grabbed it, petted Tiger's head for a brief second and ran back down again, almost tripping when he took the last three steps at once. He jogged out of the door, around the building, to the entry of the store and was slightly out of breath when he went in, seeing Negan at the counter, talking to Rick about Paul's ankle, street fights and the upcoming February Threshold event.

He held the door open for a moment, hoping that Negan would just see him and come to go outside to the motorcycle. It didn't happen, though. Instead Negan snapped his fingers again and blindly held his hand out.

Daryl let the door fall shut and went over to the counter, wanting to hand the key over. But Negan snapped his fingers again and pointed two down. "Show me the personal invitations when you have them ready. And don't include Dante. I can't stand that fucker." He didn't watch as Daryl knelt down next to him, but he put a rewarding hand on his head when the order was obeyed. "I think we should limit numbers to five hundred anyway."

Rick made notes and nodded. "Yes, seven hundred are too much."

Daryl glanced up. He couldn't see Rick anymore but he could hear him write the things down that Negan told him. It took forever. He even used a second page in his notebook.
"What about the better wristbands. You want those, or the regular ones."

"Let's try the cloth bands." Negan pulled Daryl's head against his leg, rubbing his ear with three fingers. "Red-black, with the logo."

Rick's pen didn't work anymore and he rummaged underneath the counter for a new one. By the time he found a replacement, he had forgotten what he was supposed to write. "Sorry, cloth in red with the logo?"

Daryl shifted on his ankles, sighing deeply in annoyance, and then flinched when his cheek was slapped in a warning, immediately.

"Cloth, red-black, with the logo." Negan repeated. "Water proof, self closing."

Rick wrote it down, flipped through some pages of a catalog, changed some of his notes, shook his pen, tapped the tip against his tongue, wrote another sentence that he needed to remember later for placing the order, and then looked up in biggest concern when the entry door opened and a young man in leather duster hobbled in, leaning on Olivia's shoulder. "Is it bad? What did they say?"

"I didn't pass the test." Jesus was still a bit grumpy when he thought about the silly receptionist at Dr. Carson's office. "Bitch said I gave her invalid information." Just because he listed all of his three Dads under parents, and answered 'What is the reason for your appointment?' with 'Daddy insisted that I go and I didn't want to be punished'.

"What test?" Rick squinted, coming out from behind his counter to help his injured boyfriend, and then looked quizzically at his boss. "I thought you sent him to Carson?"

Olivia intervened with a smile. "We had some difficulties with the formalities, but the ankle will be fine. He just needs to take it easy for a few days."

"Thank god." Rick kissed Paul's cheek and then did the same to Olivia. "Thanks for taking him."

"Yes, thanks for taking me." Paul kissed her as well, making her blush deeply and beam like a Christmas tree, before he hobbled over to Negan, gracefully raising on the toes of his healthy foot, to plant a kiss on his cheek. "Welcome back, Sir. How was your trip?" He smiled and blindly brushed his fingertips over the top of Daryl's head, hoping that no one would notice.

"It was stressful. Are you in pain?" Negan returned the affection, tucking a strand of hair behind Paul's ear.

"Nope. Not at all." Jesus grinned, pulling a tube of soothing ointment out of his coat pocket. "Looks like lube, but it's actually for my footses."

Negan lifted his brows in mock amazement, "Imagine that." and then patted the man's ass. "Go and wait in my office. Olivia finds you a toothbrush."

Paul wrinkled his nose. "I was hoping you forgot about that."

"And I was hoping that you respect my orders at all times." Negan smirked, flicking Paul's fingers off Daryl's head. "Seems we're both disappointed now."

----

It took almost 40 minutes until all the planning was done and Negan snapped his fingers and patted his thigh with a small "Here, boy."
Daryl had never been happier to get on his feet. He followed Negan out of the store, around the corner, past the white garage on the left, to one of the large roll up doors on the right. He stopped and watched a bit perplexed when it was opened.

"Look around. I'm at the office with Paul for a moment, then we'll go on a ride." Negan gave Daryl an encouraging nod and squeezed the back of his neck. "Right?"

"Okay." Daryl thought he had died and gone to heaven. This wasn't a garage. It was a huge factory hall with several cars, motorcycles and even a truck. He didn't know what to say and hesitantly glanced at Negan, not sure if he was allowed to go in.

Negan loved Daryl's humble, awestruck attitude. "Go in, see if you find the one from the magazine." He nuzzled the man's ear, "You earned it." and then turned around and left, providing some space for private exploration.

Daryl looked after him, sniffing his nose. Then wiped some tousled strands of hair out of his face as he made a shy step forward into the big hall. It was cool and smelled like motor oil, chassis grease, brake dust, solvent and spray paint. He liked it very much.

At the very back of the floor stood a real military truck. A big one, and Daryl wondered why the tall angry man needed one of those. Maybe he was not only a sports teacher but also a soldier. He also wondered if they could use it the next time they went grocery shopping, instead of the shiny black Tahoe. That would be awesome.

Daryl sniffed his nose again, finding the courage to walk in. Next to the truck stood an old car. A 1974 Toyota Land Cruiser. He touched it as he walked by and then felt his stomach tingle in excitement when he saw the motorbikes. A big, badass, all blacked-out Triumph Tiger, three different Harley Davidson, and right next to them an old Triumph Bonneville. It wasn't in the best shape but he loved it anyway. It looked almost like the one that Merle had a few years ago.

He brushed his fingers over the leather seat and squatted down, looking at the tires and the engine. It was amazing. He wanted to drive it. To the prison, and Merle could look out of his cell window and see him.

On the left side, close to the wall stood a half-built bike amidst an abundance of parts. Daryl went to have a closer look. It seemed like a mixture of Honda and Yamaha. Kinda futuristic.

He reached out to touch the rusty tank and then flinched and pulled his hand back, because Negan was suddenly right behind him.

"It's a Nighthawk. It was Paul's project, but he lost interest."

Daryl wrapped an arm across his chest, mumbling with a shrug of his shoulder. "I can build it."

"You can build a bike?" Negan seemed impressed.

"Hm." Daryl glanced up, nodding with a serious face. "This is wrong." He offered his opinion shyly and then pointed to the exhaust, to show what he meant. "'t needs to be modified. Here." He glanced at Negan again. "Look?"

Negan smirked, his eyes crinkling at the corner. "I'm looking." He crossed his arms. "Well, Paul is lucky then that I have such a talented boy, right?"

"Hm." Daryl raised his shoulder to rub his ear against. He could start right now, then Jesus would have an awesome bike in a couple of days.
Negan snapped his fingers against Daryl's thigh, speaking in stern voice. "Hm is no answer."

"Yes."

"Yes, what."

Daryl flicked his head because he was nervous and hair fell into his eyes. "Yes, Sir."

"That's better. You may work on the bike when you have nothing else to do." Negan turned around, stepped over to the black Triumph Tiger, swung his long leg over the seat and straddled it. "This one is my favorite. It's a 800 XCA. I had it customized to my needs." The motorcycle popped back off its kickstand, and bounced in place a few times under his weight. "You like it, boy?"

Daryl nodded, staring at Negan's hands on the handles. "Yes."

"Yes?" Negan's voice rumbled low from deep in his chest. "Should I take you out on it, or do you wanna ride on your own."

All the time, since Negan had offered him a bike ride as reward, Daryl had pictured himself alone on a motorcycle, dashing through the streets of Atlanta, while Negan was right beside him on another bike. But now, seeing him sitting on it, all tall and straight, brushing the side of the bike's body with his hand, granting the smallest fraction of a smile, Daryl didn't want to be alone on anything or anywhere. "With you." His decision sounded not very friendly or polite, but Negan liked it anyway and didn't seem surprised at all.

"Good." He pushed the kickstand back into place and climbed off the bike, heading for a high cabinet in the corner. "Let's find you a helmet and jacket then." He snapped his fingers, patting his thigh. "Daryl."

Daryl followed, shyly tucking some hair behind his ear. He wanted to say that he didn't need things like helmets and jackets, but then Negan held one out already. A black motorcycle jacket. He didn't hand it over, but gestured for Daryl to turn around and made him slide his arms into the heavy garment. It weighed his shoulders down.

Negan made him turn back and smiled with a glint in his dark eyes, as he zipped the jacket up to the very top. The tip of his tongue poked out between his teeth, wetting his lips. "A little big for pretty puppy."

Daryl sniffed his nose and moved his arms, making the material of the stiff, much too long sleeves squeak. He watched as Negan zipped up his own jacket in one smooth motion, then adjusted the red scarf around his neck. Both fit like he'd been born in it, instantly adding a dangerous veneer to his tall, broad shouldered physique. Daryl blinked through long bangs, wanting to lick Negan's mouth very badly, but he didn't.

Negan wagged his eyebrows with a smirk, handing Daryl a helmet, then took one for himself. "Come on then." He snapped his fingers, went back to his bike and climbed on it, put his helmet on, his sunglasses, and then patted his thigh, when Daryl hesitated. "Chop chop boy." He cleared his throat, pulling a pair of leather gloves out of his pocket and put them on.

"Hm." Daryl slipped into his helmet and adjusted the chin strap as he walked up to Negan and timidly grasped his shoulders, when he swung his leg over the seat and straddled the bike behind him, feeling strange and shy and nervous, a hundred butterflies fluttering excitedly in his chest.

Negan started the engine, the bike rumbling beneath them. "Hold on tight, boy! If you fall off I'll stop and beat your ass into the fucking ground."
Daryl put his hands tentatively on Negan's waist, his heart beating as fast as if he had never touched the man before.

Negan moved slowly out of the garage, then sped up, rounding the outbuildings, chugging down the fine-graveled driveway, past the store, and the parking area, to the road. He came to a stop, balancing them with his foot on the blacktop and gestured for Joseph, yelling back over his shoulder as he revved the gas but still kept them in place. "JOSEPH! CLOSE THE GARAGE!"

The janitor signaled an 'Okay' to his boss, and then waved happily when the motorbike drove onto the street, picking up speed immediately.

Daryl held his breath. The momentum of the bike briefly pulled him away from Negan, and he tightened the grip at the man's waist, clamping his thighs to Negan's hips. His shoulders tensed, but at the same time he felt freed and awesome, being reminded how incredible it was to ride a motorcycle, full speed. He loved all about it. The wind whipping his pants, the power of the bike making his body tremble, how the engine popped and roared whenever Negan changed gears. But most of all he loved to be so close to Negan and seeing him so in control, masterfully handling the heavy vehicle. The way his shoulders shifted as he led them through a curve and maneuvered the bike through the treacherous bend, made Daryl's lower belly hot and tingly.

They continued for miles, heading out of town, where the roads got empty and wider, the scenery more rural. Negan took a hand off the handlebar and grabbed Daryl's fingers, placing them on his belly, before he took off in high speed, cockily weaving back and forth on a long straightaway, making the engine roar and the man behind him smile widely.

Daryl could feel Negan chuckle and closed his eyes for a moment, leaning his helmeted head against the back of a leather clad shoulder, wishing they would never go back and just go on like this for the rest of their days. Just driving, not thinking of anything.

But after a ride of forty minutes, Negan slowed down and left the road, stopping on a patch of dry grass and sand. He planted his feet firmly on the ground to balance them and sat up straight. "Get off, boy."

Daryl wanted to ask why, but then just followed the order, because he wasn't supposed to question Negan's decisions. His legs felt funny as he climbed down, standing next to the bike, not sure what to do.

Negan kept a hand on the right handle, sliding back and held an arm out, crooking two fingers with a smirk. "Come on, puppy, your turn."

Daryl sniffed his nose, making half a step back. "Drivin'?"

"Well, you said you can." Negan took his sunglasses off and handed them over. "You want my gloves?"

"Mh." Daryl shook his head, trying to hide his nervousness.

Negan arched his brows in a warning.

"No, Sir."

"That's more like it!" Negan gave him a stern look, then patted the leather seat. "Hop on."

Daryl fumbled with the sunglasses and blinked as his eyes adjusted to the changed lighting conditions, then moved his leg awkwardly over the bike, trying not to kick Negan. The second he
straddled the seat and put his hands on the handlebars, his body melted into place between the other man's strong thighs. Negan was like a firm, protective leathery barrier all around him. He could feel his bulge pressed obscenely tight to his butt and a steady arm looped around his waist.

"Good boy. You take us home, right?"

Daryl exhaled a shaky breath. The deep, comforting words rumbled through Negan's broad chest, against his back, making his stomach flutter. "Yes." He nodded, feeling his heart pound underneath the stiff material of his motorcycle jacket, when a leather clad hand went unashamedly right between his legs to squeeze his crotch, and then rested on top of his thigh.

Negan patted Daryl's stomach, twice. "You may start, Mister Dixon."

Daryl turned the key and started the engine, slowly letting out the clutch lever until the bike started to roll forward, and walked it to the edge of the road, trying to get a good sense of balance, as he looked tensely left and right. He accelerated slightly and pulled his feet off the ground, up onto the pegs, holding his breath, when he drove back on the open road, heading into the opposite direction, back to the city. He shifted and picked up speed, a warm cloud expanding in his stomach as firm fingers squeezed his thigh in approval. He did good and it felt awesome. It was so long since he had been riding a bike on his own and now he could. Because he had earned it.

He loved the wind on his face, the control over the bike, and how Negan chuckled and encouraged him, when ever he sped up or weaved through the few cars crossing their way. He found the way back almost alone, Negan had just signaled twice for him to take the next turn. By the time they reached the factory and slowly drove back into the garage-hall, adrenaline was coursing through Daryl's veins like he had been swimming with sharks or went skydiving.

He put his left foot down, moving the motorcycle back into its place, then stopped and turned the engine off, planting both feet firmly on the concrete ground. He felt Negan grip his shoulder to climb off, and instantly missed the close contact.

"That was great. Boy is a good driver." Negan wagged his eyebrows as he took his helmet off.

"Hm." Daryl steadied himself at one of the handlebars and clumsily moved his leg over the seat, pulling the sunglasses and helmet off, smiling faintly when he glanced at Negan, feeling warm and proud.

Negan smirked back, his tongue poking out to the corner of his mouth. He liked the messed up hair and flushed, rosy cheeks. "You sure look fucking happy." He held his hand out for the helmet and went to the gear cabinet, placing both on the shelf.

Daryl followed in his too big jacket, flicking his head when he stopped right behind Negan. "Thank you." It was spoken in low, rough voice, but he meant it very much.

Negan turned around, looking straight into shy blue eyes as he opened the zipper of Daryl's jacket. "You're welcome. Use them when ever you like." He was sliding the pounds of leather and Kevlar off Daryl's body and hung the jacket up in the cabinet. "Just let me know when you take one, right?"

"Hm." Daryl blinked through his tousled bangs, not sure if he had understood the offer right. "Can I to work?"

"May you drive to work with one of my bikes?" Negan arched his brows and clasped both hands around Daryl's collared neck, pushing his fingertips into the warm spot at his nape. "You may do that, as long as you tell me before." He nodded, waiting for Daryl to copy the gesture, "Mhm. Good
"You may also return my property." His thumbs caressed the smooth skin below pale ears, as he stared intensely into Daryl's eyes from closest distance, nudging their noses together playfully. "Show me my spit."

The demanding, smooth tone, and firm grip around his neck let Daryl's insides curl and his pants tighten. He exhaled a heavy breath through his nose and tried to keep eye contact, when he gathered some saliva on his tongue and submissively displayed it, by parting his lips.

Negan watched with glinting dark eyes, his voice sounding almost threateningly. "Hands up."

Daryl felt his heart pound in his chest, as he raised his arms above his head, not sure what was about to happen.

"That's right." Negan grasped the man's wrists with one hand, pushing them in a secure hold against the metal door, then hooked three fingers roughly into the leather collar, jerking it aggressively when he leaned in and licked the warm spit off Daryl's tongue, with open eyes and a low moan. "Fucking pretty mouth." He licked again, adoring how blue eyes fought to stay open. "Should I shoot my load in there next time?" He placed an open mouthed, wet kiss on the side of Daryl's parted lips, then licked the man's pink tongue once more, earning a hitched breath and needy moan. "Hm? Tell me puppy, you want to eat my cum like a good boy?"

"Hh." Daryl snaked his tongue out, craving more of Negan's taste, then arched his back to press his stomach against the heavy leather of the man's jacket, trying to make himself taller, in search for more contact.

Negan let go of the collar, bit somewhere below Daryl's cheekbone and swatted the side of his thigh at the same time. Hard.

Daryl flinched and groaned, squirming in the secure hold. "Yes."

"Yes?" Negan grazed his teeth along the side of a flushed face, licking obscenely in between. "Would you like that?" He shoved his hand between Daryl's legs, massaging him through his pants. "Serving my dick like a good puppyboy?"

"Yes." Daryl felt his knees get weak and his inner muscles throb and pulse along with the hardness in his pants. He wanted that so much, it made his entire body ache. "Can I now." To make the exceptional urgency known, he turned his head, trying to catch Negan's mouth for at least some kind of tongue service.

A deep, low chuckle resounded from Negan's throat. "May you suck me off?" He licked broad and wet over Daryl's mouth, generously dipping his tongue in for just a moment, while he increased his efforts between the man's legs, stroking him expertly to an inevitable orgasm. "Not right now." He wrapped his fingers tighter around Daryl's wrists, making sure he stayed upright. "But you will cum for me now." It wasn't an offer or a question. He wanted to see the man cum, right there in his pants. "You will make your fucking sweet puppy puddle right in your pants for me while I watch, isn't that right boy." He feasted on the pitiful little sobs and moans coming out of Daryl's spit-wet mouth. "Yes I know..." He tilted his head and cooed against pale pink lips. "Are you telling me how good it feels?"

Daryl tried to form words, but all that came out were some whimpering noises and a shattery groan, when his lip was bitten, hard.

"Oh yes?" Negan's tone was sympathetic as he stopped stroking for a moment and instead rolled his
hips against Daryl's rock hard cock. "Tell me all about it, boy. You wanna cum for me and keep that sweet spunk in your pants all day because it looks so pretty?" He was rewarded by a breathy keening sound and half open eyes, looking at him in pure desperation. "Yeah? That's how fucking good you are for me?" He tilted his head, watching almost fascinated when Daryl nodded, mewling a small, 'Yes', before his whole body tensed, unsuccessfully trying to curl up somehow, on the brink of orgasm. "Such a sweet boy, go on cum for me." Negan slid a firm hand on the man's ass and pushed him rhythmically right against his crotch, rubbing a hidden crack, knowing there wasn't any more support needed at this point. "You wanna look at me, though. Let me see how much you like me." He loved how his order was obeyed, as the helpless body shuddered and shivered against him. "Good job." He praised in calm voice, pleased by the expression of pure longing and worship in dazed blue eyes. "Cumming so nicely for me." He leaned in, slowly licking the man's slightly parted lips. "Are you wetting your pants with your sweet cum?" The shallow panting, small gasps and hoarse grunts, brought him the utmost satisfaction. "Fucking hot boy." Negan released the man's wrists and wrapped a steady arm around his waist, holding him close, licking and nipping the side of his neck, up to his ear. "Love how amazing you are for me."

Daryl collapsed against a safe, solid chest, his arms resting heavily around Negan's neck, his legs feeling like pudding, while sticky, hot wetness was soaking through the fabric of his underwear. But he didn't care. He listened to the deep, comforting voice showering him with praise and kindness, enjoyed the soothing fingers stroking through his hair and inhaled the scent of Negan's leather jacket and the red scarf, still smelling like outside, fresh air and exhaust fumes.

----

"Oooouu."

At 4:14 in the afternoon, a ghostly howling noise echoed through the otherwise quiet basement of the Leather Factory, making Negan in his office look up from his laptop. He listened for a moment, but heard nothing else, so he went back to work.

"Aauuu." At 4:18 PM, Negan's fingers stilled on his keyboard, interrupted by a creepy moaning sound. He huffed an annoyed sigh, then opened a new document.

"Hhuuuuu." At 4:22, Negan's shoulders hunched in frustration, feeling like he would live in a haunted mansion. He shook his head, got a mint out of his drawer, popped it into his mouth and waited a minute. It remained quiet. He took a pen and signed some papers.

"Oiiijee!"

The black ball pen with Leather Factory logo, flew across the desk at 4:24 in the afternoon. "BOY! What's the fucking matter! I am trying to work here!" Negan yelled loud enough to make himself heard through half of the building.

The rueful answer out of the huge club area took a moment. "Nothing, Sir. I'm sorry."

"Hfff." Negan massaged his temple, trying to concentrate on his task again. He took a new pen, signed his documents, wrote out two checks, finished a mail to his new business partner in Japan, ordered a new blender for his kitchen-

"SIR?"
and then decided to give up. It was time to get Daryl out of bed anyway. "What boy." He leaned back in his chair, rubbing his forehead. He was tired.

The meek answer came after 23 seconds. "My back hurts and I'm hungry, Sir!"

Negan sighed. Then cleared his desk, closed his laptop, switched the lights in his office off, went into the bar's storage room...

... and showed up in the Factory's club area 7 minutes later, holding a half peeled banana in hand. He took a bite, and watched the man sitting on the ground, with stretched out, spread legs, scrubbing the dance floor with a toothbrush.

He didn't say anything but smirked faintly, stepped closer and raised his foot, rubbing Paul's hunched back generously with the sole of his shoe. Then reached down and fed him a bite of banana.

Jesus looked up at his sadistic Daddy with full cheeks and a deep scowl. "Not funny."

Negan wagged his brows, taking a big bite himself.

Paul sighed, waving the dirty toothbrush in frustration. "Can't you see I'm really sorry, Sir?"

Negan squinted an eye. "I'm not convinced yet." He took the rest of the fruit out of its peel and put it into Paul's mouth. "You're not finished when you're tired, you're finished when it's done. We said five PM."

Paul huffed a breath through his nose and answered with full mouth, "Yesh, Shir." before he started to scrub the floor again.

"Good boy!" Negan brushed his fingertips over long, dark blond hair and left to go upstairs.

----

It was a few minutes after six in the evening when Daryl shifted on his ankles and flicked his head, kneeling in front of the TV to watch how Jamie Oliver cooked Swedish meatballs.

"Daryl." Negan sat on the couch, not looking up from his phone. "You wanna spell meatballs for me." He went through his social media accounts, finding more jealous, hateful fanboys than usual. Maybe it hadn't been the smartest move to send his sub out with a collar.

Daryl wiped a strand of hair out of his forehead, fidgeting nervously. "M, E." He smacked his lips, glancing at the TV, then down at the floor. "E, T, B, A, L, L, S." He turned around, looking at the man on the sofa for confirmation.

Negan smiled, rewarding the achievement with effusive praise, even though the spelling hadn't been correct. "That was good! Just one letter wrong. Go get your phone, I show you."

"Hm." Daryl felt crushed. He really thought it had been right. He got up to get his phone out of the bedroom, hesitating in the doorway when he saw Jesus on the bed, watching something on his laptop, with his headphones on.

"It's okay, I'm just editing the new vlog." Paul smiled, hiding his annoyance over a flood of hate comments underneath his last M.A.L. vlog. Obviously some people didn't like the fact that Negan was so fond of Daryl.

"Hm." Daryl had no idea what that meant, found his phone underneath the pillow and went back
Jesus called after him. "Don't watch the good porn without me! I'm there in five minutes!"

Daryl turned around, not sure if he should be angry or not.

"Come here boy. He's joking." Negan switched the TV off and held a hand out, then pulled Daryl down on the couch and close to his side, putting an arm around his shoulder. He took the man's phone and opened a text document. "Watch." He typed 'Tiger eats meat' and 'Daryl wants to meet Merle', marking 'meat' and 'meet' to show the difference. "See?" He wrote meatballs underneath. "You couldn't know it. Right? But now you do."

"Hm." Daryl stared at the small screen, feeling horribly stupid, and still wasn't sure if he understood the whole thing. "Yes."

Negan pulled his arm tighter around Daryl's shoulders. "Now show me your pictures. We'll print some out for your brother."

"Okay." Daryl liked that much better and tapped on the small square with the word 'photos'. He glanced at Negan, feeling proud when the man smiled as he flipped through the pictures.

Negan smirked, loving all the slightly blurry photos in Daryl's folder. There were some of Tiger, many of Paul, a couple showing just the living room floor, a lot of pictures of the sky, out of an airplane window, and one of a crinkled black latex glove, laying on a white pillow. He kissed the side of Daryl's head, and then frowned, when a photo of Shane popped up, together with a very upset looking Daryl, at the Eagle. "When was that?"

A hot blob of shame fell into Daryl's stomach. He didn't want Negan to see that. It was the picture where he was proven to be ugly. Too ugly to be with Negan.

"Boy." Negan raised his voice. "When the fuck was that! Does he come to see you at work when I'm not around?"

Daryl tensed, shaking his head. He didn't know what to say and didn't want to explain it.

"I asked you a question and I expect an answer."

Daryl scowled, feeling angry and embarrassed. He tried to take the phone out of Negan's hand and get up, but was held firmly in place.

"Answer. The fucking question, boy."

"I DON' KNOW!" Daryl's voice was strangely high pitched and sounded more desperate than angry. "Go away!" He jerked his shoulder free under Negan's arm and stubbornly grabbed his phone, breathing heavily.

Negan's tone was calm and in control as always. "You want me to go away?"

Daryl shook his head. He wanted to cry. He didn't know why he had said that. He didn't want Negan to go away and he didn't want to sit without his arm. He just didn't want to talk about the horrible photo.

"You want to apologize." It wasn't a question. Negan watched as Daryl fought with his emotions for 32 seconds, before he huffed a shaky breath and awkwardly turned around, digging his face into a broad chest.
"I'm sorry."

"You're forgiven." Negan put a hand on the back of Daryl's head. "You also answer my question tonight in your report."

"What question?" Paul slumped down at Negan's other side with his laptop, leaning in to kiss first his cheek, then Daryl's hair. "Did you propose, Sir?" He purred like a kitten and kissed Negan's cheek again, nuzzling his scruff. "Mmh, you smell good."

"I know." Negan tapped Paul's laptop. "And put that thing away. We do not watch fucking porn."

"Mh." Jesus sat up straight and nudged Negan's arm, gesturing to the screen. Youtube was open, a video of his own channel. He scrolled through the comments, looking serious, but didn't say anything. Just wanting Negan to read it.

Some people did not only say hateful things towards Negan's newest sub, but also argued about the fact that Daryl obviously worked at the Atlanta Eagle.

Negan kept stroking Daryl's head, making sure that he couldn't see the screen. He read eleven comments, from 'Who's that ugly hairball anyway', over 'Really, I don't get it, Negan could do so much better!', to 'Well, he's hot and seems kinda simpleminded. I'd fuck him'. He nodded, shutting the laptop, and kissed Paul's forehead. "Ignore it. Fucking idiots."

Daryl raised his head at the word 'idiots', and glanced at Negan, who smiled at him.

"Right boy? It's also almost time for work. You wanna go take a shower with Paul and pack some dinner."

----

Negan's sub had left and headed towards the Eagle at 6:57 in the evening, on his old Triumph Bonneville, after a heated discussion about the training collar around Daryl's neck. Negan wanted to take it off, as he was back from Florida, and the purpose was fulfilled. But Daryl had been so deeply upset about it, that Negan had let him keep it. At least for the rest of the day.

He got a bottle of beer out of the fridge, opened it, took the first large gulp on the way to the living room and switched the TV on as he slumped down on the smooth leather sofa, wearing not more than a pair of pajama bottoms. He was tired, and it bugged him that he hadn't been more careful about Daryl's identity and privacy. Experience had shown that the common crowd needed a bit longer to accept changes in his life, and the reactions towards Daryl at MAL had been very positive, so he didn't worry too much about some silly troll comments. But that half of the internet knew Daryl's name and workplace was a serious problem.

He took another sip of his beer, resting the bottle on his bare stomach, and then grabbed his phone, and opened twitter, going through Simon's follower list. He found the person he was looking for after a few seconds and sent him a private message.

Hey, big fellow.
You're having a job interview: Saturday, 01.02.2017, 10:00 PM, 1660 Peachtree St NE Atlanta, GA 30309
Negan

----

Eugene took his hand out of the gigantic jar of pickles, when his phone beeped with a new private
twitter message. He wasn't sure who dared to disturb his Friday night Negan marathon, where he watched each and every interview, Mister Leather contest, and Youtube video the internet had to offer, but who ever it was would have to wait. He had his priorities.

----

At 10:30 PM, Negan's phone vibrated. He inhaled deeply and opened half an eye, as he fished it off the coffee table, the funny monologue of a late night talker about the current US President, seeping into his sleepy brain. He was so fucking tired.

Daryl Dixon

Good: - words
  - pants
Bad: - meatballs
  - go away
Like: Negan is here, ride
Hate: work, toothbrush
Change: keeping the collar
Answer: he helpt me

30/01/2017  10:30 PM

Negan rolled over to lie on his back, smirking as he read Daryl's honest thoughts. Fucking puppy.

Good: - words -- I've mastered all my words like a fucking champion! Negan is the proudest man on earth!
  - pants -- I did cum right in my pants when Negan wanted me to. Makes him still hard just to think about it!!
Bad: - meatballs -- doesn't count, I got it right this time! I'm a fucking clever guy!
  - go away -- I was upset and said something that I didn't want to say. I'm forgiven.
Like: Negan is here -- He sure is, and he likes to have his Daryl around again :) 
  ride -- I loved to go on a motorcycle trip with Negan! Negan thinks it should be a regular thing now.
Hate: work -- Work sucks sometimes, but I still go and do my very best
  toothbrush -- I don't like when Paul is punished, but sometimes it is necessary
Change: keeping the collar -- I would like to wear Negan's collar all the time, but I understand that it isn't a permanent one, and he is the one to decide when I'm allowed to wear it
Answer: he helped me -- I want to explain to Negan why I needed help from Shane

----

An old Triumph Bonneville clattered back through the gates of the Leather Factory at 0:34 in the morning.

The two young men climbing off, were in good mood. One, because he got to ride on an awesome bike to work and back. The other, because he had the opportunity to legally rub his crotch against Daryl's perfect ass, while a roaring engine vibrated underneath his own.

Daryl helped Paul to hobble upstairs, helped to put his shoes off, and then felt something warm spreading through his chest, when he went into the almost dark living room and saw a tall man sleeping peacefully on the couch. On his back, his hair slightly tousled, phone still in hand, resting on his bare chest. It was one of the prettiest things he had ever seen.
He went quietly into the kitchen to put 50 Dollars on the counter, before a bolt of happiness hit his heart, when he turned around to make a blue mark at the fridge and saw a crinkled paper sheet hanging right next to his squares. Negan had really put up his words for everyone to see.

Paul came to drink a glass of water as quietly as he could, smiled brightly as he saw the new addition at the fridge door, and formed a heart with his fingers in Daryl's direction. Daddy was really a big softy sometimes.

They went to brush their teeth and then decided that they didn’t want to sleep alone in their basement rooms.

----

When Negan woke up around five in the morning, he was covered with a blanket and Tiger lay in front of the couch in a huge nest of pillows, sound asleep...

... together with two young men in underwear, their long hair splayed out in a chaotic mess, presenting their butts submissively as they were supposed to. They slept right next to each other, but without any physical contact, except for Daryl's index finger, resting innocently on Paul's thumb.
Puppy

Chapter Summary

Puppy, in which: PWP = Puppyplaytime Without Plot

... featuring Paul Rovia, a bunch of raisins, and no condoms at all

Chapter Notes

Awesome Art of course by IronyDM, go lick him --> http://ironybluegoat.tumblr.com/

On another note: Thank you for all your well wishes and patience! You are all so sweet
<3 *snugglesallmypuppies*

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Negan quickened his pace when the rainfall became more intense. He patted his thigh for Tiger, jogged across the street, over the store's empty parking space, and along the factory's driveway, the fine, wet gravel crunching beneath his boots. He unlocked the door and held it open for his soaked
dog, who ran eagerly upstairs, being no big fan of water, whether it was filled into a bathtub or falling from the sky.

Negan smoothed his wet hair back and unzipped his jacket, checking the time on his phone as he made his way up the staircase. It was barely seven. He had still plenty of time before his first and only appointment of the day.

"Ksst." He snapped his fingers, signaling Tiger to sit and wait in front of the door, while he took his shoes and jacket off. He looked around on his way through the living room, pleased that the big pile of pillows in front of the couch was gone by now. The lights in the bedroom were still on, though, and a pair of briefs in Paul's size lay next to the dresser. He picked it up, pulled his socks off and flung both into the laundry basket, then went to find one of the older towels for his dog.

The bathroom showed heavy evidence of its recent use. Toothpaste smearing on the sink, an empty shampoo bottle on the bathmat in front of the shower, the toilet lid open, and plenty of wet foot prints all over the floor. "Little shits." He gritted his teeth, grabbed a towel and switched the lights off, making a mental note to give Olivia a bit of extra money today.

Tiger happily wagged his tail when his owner squatted down to dry him off with a soft towel and rough, quick movements, providing a nice back massage as a side effect.

"Good boy. Go." Negan got up, gesturing for his dog to go in, then closed the door behind him, dropping the dirty, wet towel next to the doormat, before he went downstairs.

The white metal door to the club wasn't fully closed, and he could hear voices out of the playroom, as soon as he sat foot on the gallery. He listened for a moment, then made his way down the broad stairs and across the spacious room, noticing how both men fell silent.

He suppressed the tiny smirk that tugged at the right corner of his mouth, walking through the black rubber strips curtain.

Jesus knelt in perfect, graceful posture, his head submissively lowered, his hair freshly washed and dried, up in a messy bun, wearing a pair of black briefs.

Daryl was on his knees as well, but glanced up nervously through his still damp, tousled hair. His hands fidgeting behind his back, as he let out a slightly stressed breath.

Negan didn't say anything.

He went to the high steel cabinet and took his time to rearrange a few items, put some aside for later, threw an empty latex glove box into the trash, and cleared his throat, stepping in front of the impact-play shelf, to look through the different flogs and riding crops. He selected a black crop and tucked it underneath his arm, as he walked over to the two men kneeling in the middle of the room.

A bare foot with perfectly trimmed toenails nudged Paul's knees. He spread them a bit wider, not losing his posture.

Negan touched Daryl's damp hair, making him nervously shift on his ankles. "Why didn't you dry his hair?"

Paul answered in polite voice, keeping his eyes down. "I started, but we ran out of time, Sir."

"Mhm." Negan took the crop and brushed it lightly along Daryl's spine to correct his hunched back and shoulders, then ruffled his hair rewardingly. "Is that why my bathroom looks like a fucking pigsty?"
Daryl glanced up, rubbing his ear against his shoulder. "No?"

Jesus nudged him, daring him to stay quiet. "Yes, Sir." He used his most confident voice. "We wanted to be here by seven as you asked us to."

Negan nodded once, pursing his lips. "So it's my fault?"

Daryl looked at Jesus and then up at Negan, shaking his head.

"I just-"

"Ah!" Negan snapped the crop against Paul's upper arm to silence him. "Daryl. Answer my question."

"'s not your fault."

Negan arched his brows. "Damn right it isn't." He tilted Daryl's chin up, rubbing the dried, white toothpaste remains off his skin. "Being in a hurry is no excuse to make such a fucking mess."

Jesus didn't fully agree, but apologized abjectly anyway. "Yes Sir, we're sorry."

"Mhm." Negan stepped back a few inches, standing tall in front of his subs, with his shoulders pulled back and a widened stance, watching both for a moment, then addressed Daryl. "What did I say why I want you both here this morning. Tell me."

Daryl wasn't sure why he had to answer everything and Jesus was allowed to be quiet. It didn't seem fair. He exhaled soundly and flicked his head, shifting his ankles underneath his bum. "To play." He smacked his lips, pulling his index finger behind his back. "Before breakfast."

"I do want to play before breakfast." Negan agreed praisingly, holding the crop in both hands in front of his thighs. "With both of my boys. Did you understand that."

"Hm."

Negan lifted his brows and lowered his chin in a silent warning.

"I do." Daryl scowled a little, answering gruffly, because he really hated all that talking.

"Good. Show me your signal." Negan watched as Daryl raised his hand and formed it into a fist, with the little finger spread out. "Very nice. You show it to me when you need to stop, right?"

"Okay." Daryl took his hand down and put it behind his back.

Negan nodded, went back to the cabinet and put his crop down while he took his shirt off. Then got a handful of raisins out of a metal jar, marked with 'Treats', put them into the pocket of his pants, and snapped the crop against the side of his leg as he came back. "Paul. Come here."

"Yes, Sir." Paul rose gracefully to his feet, and kept a respectful 3-foot distance, his head lowered.

Negan grabbed him by the waistband of his briefs and pulled him closer. "Eyes on me."

Negan nodded, went back to the cabinet and put his crop down while he took his shirt off. Then got a handful of raisins out of a metal jar, marked with 'Treats', put them into the pocket of his pants, and snapped the crop against the side of his leg as he came back. "Paul. Come here." etc.

"Yes, Sir." Paul rose gracefully to his feet, and kept a respectful 3-foot distance, his head lowered.

Negan grabbed him by the waistband of his briefs and pulled him closer. "Eyes on me."

Jesus looked up, smiling faintly, admiring his Daddy's bare torso and the slightly wet hair. "You were caught in the rain, Sir?"

"Yes." Negan snaked an arm loosely around Paul's waist, holding the crop against his ass. "You know the rules, if I play with two, right?"
"Yes, Sir." Paul leaned in to nudge his tongue into the fine dark hair between Negan's pecs and then flinched and stood up straight again when his ass was swatted with a broad hand. "You are in charge, it's about your pleasure not mine, I focus on you at all times, I don't do anything without your consent, Sir."

"Repeat the last part."

"I don't do anything without your consent, Sir."

Negan dug his fingers hard into Paul's ass cheek, shoving their hips together. "Fucking kiss me good morning."

Paul got on his tip toes and was immediately pulled into an open mouthed, sloppy kiss, that made him groan and wrap his arms around Negan's neck. He could tell Daddy was in serious play mood and the thought alone went right between his legs.

"Good boy." Negan smirked satisfied at the needy expression in Paul's eyes as he pulled back. "Kneel. By my feet." He held him by the upper arm for support so he wouldn't have to put much weight on his injured ankle, and watched him crouch down at his right side, patting his head when the position was to his liking. "Eyes down, quiet."

Daryl watched the whole procedure with mixed feelings. He liked how good Jesus did, but he wanted to be the one to kiss Negan and kneel by his feet.

"Boy." Negan snapped his fingers at Daryl's jealous frown. "Are you fucking focusing on me?"

Daryl looked up defiantly and offered a half nod. "Yes."

"Good!" Negan gave him a stern look, tucking the crop underneath his arm. "Get up. Undress."

Daryl stood up with stiff legs. They felt weird after all the time on the hard floor. He put his hands to the waistband of his briefs, looking hesitantly at Negan. He didn't know why Jesus was allowed to keep his briefs on, and he wasn't.

"You want to undress for me? Show me your pretty cock?"

Daryl nodded. "Yes." He wanted to do it for Negan and clumsily pulled his underwear down, folding it into a weird triangle shape when he was done.

Negan let his eyes roam over the man's naked body, loving the mixture of innocents and embarrassment on his face. "Good job. Is that my underwear?"

"Hm." Daryl glanced at the weirdly folded briefs, even though he knew they were out of Negan's wardrobe. "Yes."

"Mhm. They're nice, right? Put them on the floor please."

Daryl looked unsure, flicking his head to get some stubborn strands of hair out of his eyes. Then, instead of just letting them fall, squatted down and carefully placed them on the ground, looking at Negan for confirmation.

"Thank you, well done. Now show me my puppy on all fours."

Daryl wanted to shake his head. He was naked and Jesus was in the same room. But Negan looked at him with the most friendly expression, obviously waiting for him to follow the order, so he sniffed
his nose and awkwardly moved on his hands and knees, glancing up through his tousled bangs.

"Look at you being so fucking good for me!" Negan rewarded the prompt execution of his order with encouraging words, dripping with pride. "Very nice, boy. I love seeing you like this. Right?"

Daryl felt warm and fuzzy inside. A tiny smile spread over his lips as he answered shyly. "Yes."

"Yes, I do." Negan widened his stance and held the cup of his hand out. "You wanna bring me my underwear?"

"Hm. Yes." Daryl nodded, attempting to pick up the pair of briefs and get up.

"No." Negan raised his voice into a firmer tone. "Use your mouth. Stay on all fours."

Something tight and hot clenched around Daryl's stomach, when he realized what was asked of him. He glanced at Jesus, who knelt like a statue next to Negan, his head lowered, showing no sign of mockery.

"No. Focus on me, bring me my underwear."

Daryl felt a little bit ill. It wasn't a long way to Negan, not even 10 foot, but it seemed like a round-the-world trip under the worst conditions from his point of view.

He considered to show his signal, but when he looked up, Negan gave him a nod with an encouraging, friendly smile. So he kept his hand on the floor and bent down, to pick up the strangely folded pair of briefs. He felt a hot flush climbing from the middle of his chest, over his neck and ears, to his cheeks, when he clamped the fabric between his teeth and slowly started to move over the cool floor. He watched his hands and heard his heartbeat pulsing in his ears. It felt like a million people would watch him, even though he knew that only Negan did.

His throat was painfully tight by the time he saw not only his own fingers on the floor, but also Negan's bare feet. He exhaled a breath full of stress and tension, as he bumped with his forehead against the dark denim of Negan's pants. He closed his eyes for a second, then raised his head a bit to place the small piece of clothing into the waiting hand, held out for him.

The praise he earned wasn't loud and exuberant this time, but spoken in deep, low, very comforting voice.

"Good job, Daryl." Negan placed a broad hand on the man's hair, fondling the back of his head lovingly. He tucked the pair of underwear into his backpocket and got two raisins out of the other, shoving them into Daryl's mouth without any explanation. "Very nice." He squatted down, watching him chew timidly. "Tastes good, right puppy?"

"Hm." It did taste very good and made Daryl's empty stomach rumble in hope for more. "Yes." He liked Negan's close face and bare chest. It smelled like soap and warm skin.

"Mhm. That's not what you wanna say, though."

Daryl avoided his eyes, trying to come up with a better answer. "'t tastes good." It sounded a bit rough but not unfriendly.

Negan arched his brows.

Daryl blinked through his tousled hair at the floor. "Sir."
"Much better." Negan stroked a strand of hair out of a pale forehead, then kissed it and got up, patting his thigh, "Here." expecting to be followed to the cabinet.

Daryl looked after him, not moving a muscle. Then glanced at Jesus in search for help, but he held his gaze obediently down.

After nine indecisive seconds, Daryl crawled on hands and knees towards the cabinet, stark naked, feeling ashamed and proud at the same time, as he finally bumped with his head against the back of Negan's leg, just in case the tall angry man hadn't noticed that he had followed the command.

Negan had noticed, but didn't say anything or look down. Instead he blindly shoved a raisin between Daryl's lips, stroked his hair affectionately, and then kept his hand on the man's head and guided him along, as he made a few steps to the right, to get something off the shelf.

It wasn't a leash, but a short lead. A 12-inch, black leather loop-handle, with a silver snap hook at the end. Negan squatted down with a sigh and attached the lead to the collar, then put the riding crop between Daryl's teeth, smiling. "Pretty boy. You wanna carry my crop for me, right?"

Daryl exhaled an uneasy breath, knitting his brows.

Negan cockily wagged his own, got up, took the lead and dragged Daryl along, back to Jesus.

Daryl liked that much better. He struggled a bit to keep pace with Negan, but he was allowed to crawl very close to the man's feet and firm fingers held the leather loop to lead the way. And they didn't let go, not even when Negan squatted down again, very close to Paul, speaking in low voice. "Eyes up, bugger."

Paul complied instantly, facing Daryl with a slight smile, adoring the riding crop held by freshly brushed teeth.

Negan tucked a stray strand of hair behind Paul's ear. "You like my puppyboy?"

Jesus looked directly into Daryl's eyes. "Yes, Sir. Very much."

"He's fucking pretty, right?"

"Yes, Sir. He's hot."

"Mhm." Negan held a hand under Daryl's chin. "Drop it."

Daryl's eyes darted nervously around. He shifted on his hands, exhaling an insecure sigh, as he released the crop and let it fall into Negan's hand. Then nudged his nose into the man's upper arm, to hide his face.

"That was so nice of you." Negan let him, and fondled the back of his head, planting a kiss on tousled hair, while he fished a raisin out of his pocket and popped it into his own mouth, then tilted Daryl's chin up for a kiss. "Such a good boy." It was a soft kiss, with gentle, broad tongue and a warm hand cupping the side of Daryl's face. Negan bit the raisin in half to release the taste and then pushed it between the other man's lips, finishing with a wet lick over a pale pink mouth. "Thank you so much, sweetheart."

Daryl melted into the hard floor like a puddle, warm goo spreading through his entire chest. He wanted to be good for Negan for the rest of all times.

Negan watched with a smile as Daryl chewed the small treat and swallowed, then touched the man's
lips with the leathery tip of his riding crop. "Lick."

Daryl looked at Negan through his long bangs and poked his tongue out, licking the small leather piece obediently.

"Fucking sweet puppy tongue." Negan touched it adoringly with his thumb, then pointed the crop at Paul's upper arm. "Lick." He pulled the short lead a little when Daryl didn't move immediately.

Daryl moved closer to Jesus with a nervous glance, before he licked the required spot of skin very briefly.

"Good boy." Negan rose to his feet and shoved a raisin between Daryl's lips, then patted his cheek. "Paul likes that. Right?"

"Mh." Daryl looked up, chewing. Negan was really very tall.

"Words!" The crop snapped against Daryl's ass cheek, making him flinch.

"Right." Daryl lowered his head and then flinched again when another sharp sting followed. "Sir."

"That's right!" Negan spoke a tone louder, pointing the crop to Paul's collarbone. "Lick."

Daryl didn't hesitate this time, flicking his tongue over the man's warm skin, twice.

"Lick." The black leather tip of the riding crop pointed at Paul's right nipple.

Daryl exhaled soundless, with a short glance up, and then complied, poking the small pink nub once with his tongue.

Negan jerked the short leash. "That wasn't licking, make it good!"

Daryl shifted on his knees and tried again, licking slowly, with broad tongue this time, then repeated it when Jesus sighed a small moan.

"Better." Negan reached down and hooked three fingers into the back of Daryl's collar, holding him in place. "Go on."

Daryl struggled for a second, the collar around his neck was suddenly much tighter. Then licked again, three times, before he planted an open mouthed kiss on the spit wet nipple and finally took it between his lips to suck. He was rewarded instantly by soft moans and a deep, comforting voice.

"Good job, being so nice to my Paul." Negan watched as Paul closed his eyes, enjoying the sensation. "You like that, boy?"

"Yes, Sir." Paul's voice was breathy, then his lips parted and his hand slid on Daryl's cheek, when the suction intensified.

"Mhm. You wanna put your arms behind your back, though."

Jesus complied and let out a little groan, as Daryl was pulled off abruptly with a wet sucking noise.

"Lick." Negan kept his fingers hooked firmly into the collar, and pointed the leathery tip of the crop to the corner of Paul's mouth.

Daryl glanced at Negan for confirmation, and was pulled up roughly by his collar, face to face with Paul.
"Lick like a good puppy."

Daryl exhaled against Paul's lips, then licked timidly, first the side of his mouth, then his upper lip, then his whole mouth.

Negan huffed a hoarse laugh, reveling at the sight of Daryl's clumsy licking and the expression of pure longing on Paul's face. "You wanna open your mouth boy, let him lick everywhere."

Jesus moaned loudly and slipped his own tongue out a little, not to engage actively, but in hope for more attention.

Daryl liked to lick Paul's mouth very much. It tasted good and felt nice. He angled his head a bit and licked the man's wet tongue, then dipped between his obediently parted lips and lapped the inside of his mouth as he was supposed to.

"Fucking good boy, Daryl." Negan let go of the collar and instead wrapped his fingers into long strands of hair. "That's some nice puppy kissing, right?"

"Hh." Daryl closed his eyes, flicking his tongue deep into Paul's mouth, earning another loud moan for his efforts, then pulled back for just a second to answer, "Yes, Sir." before he went right back to work.

"Look at you answering so nicely." Negan combed his fingers lovingly through Daryl's hair, watched for a while and then pulled him off, pushing his head against his thigh. "Paul. The bench. Small plug and lube."

Jesus nodded once, "Yes, Sir." obediently rose to his feet and walked off to prepare the play scene for one of his Dads.

"And a towel." Negan tugged the short leash and guided Daryl to a knee-high, broad bench, padded with thick comfortable leather cushioning and some leather straps hanging at specific spots at the edges. He tapped it with his crop. "Kneel, boy."

Daryl wanted to get on his feet but was stopped instantly with a harsh tug of his lead. So he stayed in his position on all fours and tried his best to climb on the bench. It felt very smooth and soft against his knees, much better than the cold, hard floor. He watched as Jesus brought several items, then eyed the heavy leather straps attached to the furniture. He didn't like them. "I 'don' wan' these."

"Mhm." Negan stepped close and grabbed the collar with both hands, left and right, arching his brows. "But we are not here because of the things you want, right? We are here because of the things I want. And if I want to use my straps to keep my boy in place on my bench, I will most certainly fucking do it." He stroked his thumbs along Daryl's jawbones, giving him a single nod. "You agree?"

"Hm." Daryl copied the nod and sniffed his nose. "Yes."

"Yes, you do." Negan went to the short side of the bench, dragging Daryl along to face him. "All fours." He snapped the crop against the man's thigh when there was hesitation. "You want to spread your knees, boy."

Daryl glanced insecurely up through long bangs. He moved his knees as far as possible to the edges of the bench, displaying his free hanging cock and balls, feeling tingles of shame and excitement spread through his body.

"That's how I want to see you. Good job." Negan let go of the short leash, tucked the crop under his
arm and unbuttoned his fly in one swift motion. "Get me hard."

The confusion on Daryl's face changed first into shock and then to shame, illustrated by a nice shade of red on otherwise pale skin. He wanted to show his signal, or shake his head, but Negan smirked and pulled his pants down a little, then freed himself from his tight briefs, tugging his flaccid cock twice. Daryl stared at it, then glanced up for confirmation, and finally moved a couple of inches forward. He nudged his forehead shyly against Negan's lower stomach, then his nose into short trimmed, dark hair, then his mouth against the incredible soft skin of the man's penis. He breathed warm air through slightly parted lips, planted a kiss somewhere he didn't dare to look, and then just angled his head and slowly took him in, with soft licks, sucking cautiously. It felt different, but he liked it very much.

Negan combed his fingers through messy hair, trying to contain himself when he looked down and saw how committed Daryl carried out the instruction, submissively blinking up at him with the most innocent expression. "Are you being so nice to me?" He stroked the hair out of a flushed face and suppressed a groan, watching Daryl's cheeks hollow as he swallowed rhythmically around him as if he would try to drink, sucking him in deeper and deeper, more and more avidly, unconcernedly producing loud sucking noises. "Fucking puppy. Feel it growing?"

"Hm." Daryl hummed contentedly. He did feel it. It stretched and throbbed in his mouth, and it was the most intriguing sensation.

"Mhm. You're getting me ready so I can fuck you, right?"

"Hm." Daryl opened his lips with a smack and pulled back a little, the growing erection becoming too big to hold it all in.

Negan blindly snapped his fingers, not taking his eyes off Daryl's face. "Paul. Prepare him for me."

Daryl tensed, and his eyes darted startled to the side, when he felt the thick leather cushioning shift behind him, before gentle fingers stroked his thighs and something warm and wet wedged between his butt cheeks.

"What's that, puppy." Negan grabbed the left side of the collar to hold the man in place and remind him of his task, pushing his hips forward a bit. "Paul is licking your gorgeous ass, right?"

Daryl exhaled through his nose and suckled twice noisily, before he pulled his mouth off again and looked back over his shoulder to see what's happening. "Yes."

Negan jerked the collar and grasped Daryl's chin, scolding. "Open!" He held stern eye contact when pale pink lips closed around his cock, sliding up and down his length. "Concentrate on my dick, boy." He watched as Daryl innocently popped his lips off the tip and then curled his tongue under it, licking along all the way before he opened his mouth wide and took it all in, as much as he could. "Mhm." Negan pulled him an inch closer. "Show me how I like it."

Daryl looked up with a little sigh, shifting on his knees when Jesus licked and sucked along his crack. He pushed his head down on Negan, feeling the man's bulbous crown at the back of his throat, causing him to gag noisily.

"Yeah?" Negan wrapped five fingers in long strands of hair, slowly pushing forward with a devilish little smirk. "That's where we go, right? All the fucking way down." His voice got hoarse and breathy at the sight of bulging blue eyes, welling up slightly, as Daryl obediently swallowed him down, his throat turning noticeably thick, occupied by the volume of his cock. "Good boy!" Negan pulled back after a moment, huffing a shallow laugh full of exaltation, seeing Daryl gasping and
coughing around his cock, adorned with thick, glistening spit. "You like that, puppy?" He moved the hair off the man's face, giving him time to breathe.

Daryl answered something similar to a 'Yes', defiantly refusing to release the rock hard erection he caused. He slurped around it and licked the underside, before he took it back in, gasping and closing his eyes for a second when something wet pushed past the tight muscle of his butt.

"Yeah, you do." Negan took Daryl's head in both hands and slowly slid all the way in, over a slick tongue, penetrating the twitching muscle of a gagging throat, deep down, until pale pink lips touched the short shaven hair at the base of his cock. "Fucking yes, boy, hold it." He tilted his head back, groaning, when Daryl struggled and gagged around him for twelve seconds, before he let go and allowed him to pull back off. "Damn, you're great." He panted, smirking, as he looked down, wiping his thumbs over the drool on Daryl's mouth and chin. "And fucking pretty."

Daryl loved the expression of pride and satisfaction on Negan's face and moaned, pushing his pelvis back against Paul's mouth, when a tongue moved magically deep into his insides, circling and prodding. "Hh." He closed his eyes, lapping hungrily at Negan's swollen cock, suckling at its head twice, then took it back in once more, seeing Negan's eyelids flutter as he glanced up. The sight made his stomach burn and his butt throb. He swallowed him down, gagging just once and then concentrated on the incredible naughty feeling of being used for pleasure, when a firm hand held him by the back of his head and strong hips rocked back and forth.

"Watch your teeth, boy." Negan slapped Daryl's cheek lightly, lost in the pleasure of fucking himself in and out of a hot wet mouth, feeling a tight throat contracting around him. He got eight full strokes, before Daryl put a hand up to dig four fingernails into the flesh of his thigh, running out of oxygen. "Yeah, good boy." Negan cooed, stroking adoringly through slightly damp hair, as Daryl smacked his gooey lips, spluttered and gasped for air, while looking up with pure worship in his teary eyes. He wanted to take a picture of this face, to capture it for all eternity.

"You're fucking hot, Sir." Jesus didn't stop his task, as he glanced up, spreading Daryl's ass cheeks with his hands. "Both of you."

"Mh." Negan stroked himself lazily, the tip of his dick nudging Daryl's cheek. "Are you eating out his gorgeous hole, boy? Taste good?"

"Yes, Sir. Delicious." Paul licked his lips, watching the pink opening contract as he rubbed it with both of his thumbs, and then plunged back in, nipping and sucking the glistening flesh, making Daryl mewl and squirm.

"Is that so nice, puppy?" Negan brushed the wet head of his cock along Daryl's lips, spreading some precum. "He's a good boy preparing you for me, right?"

"Hh." Daryl opened his mouth, offering his tongue in a silent plead for more. Negan's penis was perfection, all smooth and thick. Hard and solid but with the softest skin ever and pretty veins running all over. He wanted to lick it forever.

"No." Negan made a step back, took the crop out from under his arm and roughly put it between Daryl's lips, clanking it against his teeth. He pushed his head down on the thick leather cushioning. "You don't answer, now you don't have to do fucking anything with that pretty mouth." He squatted down, taking firm hold of the man's chin, as he looked him directly in the eyes from closest distance. "Horny puppyboy. Ass up! Arch your back." He wiped a bunch of messy hair out of Daryl's forehead, holding it back, and stroked himself slowly with the other hand. "Push out for me. Show my Paul how much you want his tongue." He watched Daryl's eyebrows knit, heavily panting through his nose and parted lips, and then holding his breath as he pushed his muscles down. "Yeah,
that's how it works, right? Push against his face." Negan raised his voice a bit, addressing Jesus. "Suck his fucking sweet hole, boy! Make it good, I want to see it in his eyes!"

Daryl whimpered and let out a desperate sob through his parted teeth, biting hard on the crop, when his rear nerve endings exploded in a sensation of wet, warm suction and licking.

"Yeah, look at that. Puppy loves it, right?" Negan pulled Daryl closer by his hair and licked the drool running off his parted lips. "You want my dick in there? Tell me." He licked again, angling his head. "Should I fuck you and fill that sweet hole with my cum?"

"Hh." Daryl panted in Negan's face. He wanted to cry. His thighs were trembling, his cock was so hard it felt like bursting, he pushed his butt backwards but Paul's tongue just wasn't enough, no matter how deep it was swirled in. He wanted to hide his face against Negan's shoulder, he wanted to ask him to go upstairs where the bed was, he wanted to beg for all the things the wonderful deep voice had told him.

Negan smirked faintly and nodded. "Okay then." He got up, fondling Daryl's hair for a second and walked off, disappearing out of the man's sight.

Daryl felt cold and helpless instantly, realizing that his jaw muscles hurt from clenching the crop so tightly between his teeth. He heard a familiar snap of fingers and in the next second, the thick leather cushioning shifted and the warm body behind him was gone. He glanced up nervously and then flinched when his hips were grabbed and he was pulled back to the other end of the bench, as if he wouldn't weigh anything at all. A broad hand rubbed his lower back soothingly, while Paul climbed on the bench in front of him with a friendly smile, straddling it in a 3-foot distance.

Negan wrapped a strong arm around Daryl's chest and neck and pulled him up in a kneeling position, back against his bare torso, kissing his cheek tenderly, speaking with hot breath into a pale ear, as he held a hand out underneath the man's chin. "Drop it." The crop fell instantly into his fingers. "Very nice." He rubbed his bare cock against Daryl's ass, licking and nipping his earlobe, pressing the man firmly against his body and brushed the crop over the front of his bare thigh.

Daryl closed his eyes, enjoying the upright position and secure hold, and then flinched when a sharp sting bit into his thigh, short and intense. Then it happened again, and a third time, making his skin burn and prickle and his heartbeat speed up. He turned his head, searching for help and comfort, as the crop came down on his thighs again and again. He found a claiming mouth, kissing him deep and sensual, while the pain stopped and instead a broad hand rubbed all the discomfort out of his sore skin.

Paul took the crop and placed it carefully on the floor, then moved a bit forward and followed Negan's hand signal, to suck Daryl's erection. He closed his mouth around it, moaning in pleasure at the feel and taste.

Daryl bucked his hips and arched his back, mewling into Negan's mouth.

Negan put a hand to the back of Paul's head, holding him in place for a moment, and intensified the kiss, enjoying Daryl's rapid breathing and trembling body, completely overwhelmed by all the different sensations, before he had to put an end to it and pull Paul off, sensing that Daryl was too close to climax. "You want me inside you?" He murmured the question against wet lips, licking them adoringly, while he stroked Daryl's bare chest with broad hand. "Tell me."

Daryl was almost sure that he nodded his head, at least that's what he wanted to do. "Yes." His skin felt like it was on fire, precum trickled down his thigh and his pulse drummed in his ears.
"Well, down then, present for me." Negan let go of him and watched passively how Daryl went back on all fours, his arms shaking slightly. "Down." He raised his voice in a sterner tone. "How do I want you to present your ass, show me."

Paul stroked through Daryl's hair, guiding him in the required position with a helping hand on the man's upper back, pushing him chest-down on the cushion.

Daryl closed his eyes, resting his forehead on Paul's bare thigh. He took a deep breath. The gentle support felt so good.

"That's better." Negan corrected the position to his liking, pushing the man's thighs wider apart, raising his ass higher, making him arch his back more, then examined Paul's work, probing the pink opening with experienced fingers. "Look at that, fucking nice job, boy. What a gorgeous hole, all ready for me, right?" He reached for the lube and spread a very generous amount along Daryl's crack, rubbing it in, then took advantage of the loosened up muscle and worked two fingers in, pretty easily.

Daryl groaned and tensed, digging his face into Paul's groin. He pulled his hips back, holding his breath.

"No, breathe." Jesus whispered and brushed his fingers through tousled hair, then took Daryl's left arm and placed it on the bench, so Negan could see it. "You can show your signal if you have to."

"Is Paul a good helper?" Negan spoke in a calm, clear voice, but didn't take his eyes off the beautiful opening his fingers had vanished into. "He takes good care of you, right?" He twisted and crooked them, and then swatted the man's ass cheek hard with his free hand, when he didn't receive an answer.

"Yes." Daryl flinched, pushing his butt against Negan's hand and the wonderful hot sensation spreading all over his skin.

"Yes he does." Negan moved his fingers out and immediately in again, rubbed the nub he found inside and feasted on the sight, when thick drops of precum drizzled onto the black surface of the bench.

Daryl groaned, feeling his cock twitch and leak, and spread his thighs a bit wider, nudging his tongue against Paul's skin, when a million flashes shot through his lower abdomen, making everything pulse and tingle.

"That's so nice, right?" Negan pulled his fingers back, spread a bit more lube around the twitching opening and then skillfully entered three, placing a steady hand on the top of Daryl's butt. "And you're doing so good taking three like a champ." He worked them deep in, twisted and turned, and then crooked them in a serious rhythm against the man's prostate, making him writhe and sob loudly. "Yes? You like that so much, boy? Look at the pretty puddle you make for me, such a good job." He shook his head in delight, seeing the streams of fluid running from the man's cock, every time he applied some pressure to a certain spot on Daryl's insides.

Daryl panted hot breath into the fabric of Paul's briefs, shivering and trembling, licking and nudging the hard cock he felt underneath.

Jesus tilted his head back, moaning, trying with all his willpower not to hump the man's face.

"Fucking gorgeous." Negan twisted his fingers, then pulled them back, applied some more lube directly on his hand and carefully worked a fourth finger in. He felt Daryl tense, and raised his voice
a little, speaking confident and encouragingly. "Good boy, Daryl, show me how I want you to push out for me."

Daryl groaned and grunted with the slight burning pain. The pressure was overwhelming, but he knew exactly what Negan was doing and he wanted it so much, there was no way he would show his signal or pull back. Instead he concentrated on the soothing fingers combing through his hair, and the task he was given, and pushed out, holding his breath and then inhaled deeply when Jesus told him to.

"Awesome job! Look at that!" Negan watched his row of fingers slowly twisting and turning, producing slick squelching sounds with the amount of lubricant he had applied. "That's fucking four fingers, boy!" Pride and excitement almost outweighed the arousal he felt at the sight of nearly his whole hand being inserted in the one and only hole he was fantasizing about at the moment. "Are you fucking amazing? Tell me, puppy." He crooked them, massaging the man's insides, keeping a steady hand on his hips.

Daryl let out a keening sob, that turned into a loud grunt, when his world lost balance for a moment. A sheen of sweat broke out all over his flushed skin.

Paul watched with dazed eyes how Negan worked his magic, knowing exactly what Daryl felt right now. Especially when Negan shifted a bit, applied some supporting pressure with the thumb and cautiously retracted his hand, leaving a horribly empty feeling. He bent down protectively over the man whimpering in his lap, and kissed his bare shoulder.

Negan almost lost it when he looked at the slick, gaping hole, pulsing and throbbing with the sudden emptiness. He rubbed it with his thumb, cursed something inappropriate and then pulled his pants down a little bit more and slicked up his painfully aching erection, nudging the swollen head against Daryl's crack, rubbing it up and down, to let him feel what he was about to do. "Push out for me, puppyboy, you wanna let me in there." He spoke in hoarse voice, heavy with lust at this point.

"You fuck him bare, Sir?" Paul watched, licking his lips. The thought of Negan entering that delicious ass without a condom, was enough to have him at the brink of orgasm. "Christ..." His voice got strangely high pitched for a second and he rocked his hips slightly against the delicious mouth teasing him through his underwear.

Negan showed a wicked smirk and then lost control over his facial expression, as he slowly pushed into the wet heat of Daryl's ass. He watched it go in, inch by inch, pulled back a little just to make the most of it, and was so in love with the noises Daryl made, he considered to get his phone out of his pants to record them as his own personal audio book for rainy days. "God dammit, boy..." He panted, digging his fingers in the flesh of Daryl 's ass cheeks, pulling him possessively flush against his groin, all the way down and in.

Daryl raised his head and arched his back with a loud grunt, the feeling of Negan's complete length filling him, pushed every other thought out of his mind. It was too much for a moment, too hard and full, but at the same time all he craved.

Jesus took Daryl's flushed face in both hands, briefly kissing pink parted lips. "You're so fucking hot with him."

Negan panted soundless as he started moving in slow deep strokes, pulling back until the head of his cock stretched Daryl wide, then pushed back in, deep and steady, watching his boys interact in their dazed state of arousal. "Let him suck." He nodded towards Paul, then pressed his dick once more slowly into the exquisite hot entrance of his boy's ass, feeling sweat breaking out along his spine, as he build up speed and force, his thrusts becoming more determined and relentless.
The unexpected offer made Paul's stomach flip. He exhaled against Daryl's sweat-damp face, pulled his lower lip with teasing teeth, and gave him another kiss, while easing the obstrusive fabric of his underwear down. Just in the front, letting his erection spring free.

Daryl didn't think. The way Negan rolled his hips against his ass, steady, hard thrusts stretching him, stroking his insides, each of his movements sent shockwaves up his spine and all through his lower body. He heard himself moan, felt his head spin and the rush of blood in his ears, as he opened his mouth and took Paul in, sucking desperately, in hope it would bring himself relief in some way.

"Oh ff-" Jesus cussed and groaned, he wrapped his fingers into Daryl's hair, tugging it, not having expected such force and expertise. He curled his fingers into Daryl's biceps, in an attempt to pull him off or make him slow down, but for some reason he ended up pushing him further down and moved his hips with the incredible sucking pace he was treated with. He raised his head and saw Negan staring at him, consumed by lust and greed, his lips parted, his dark eyes clouded with desire. He heard the slapping of skin against skin, Daryl's muffled hums and moans. Saw Negan dig his fingers hard into pale hips, pulling Daryl back again and again. It was too much. He couldn't help it and couldn't hold it any longer, feeling his balls tighten. He didn't want the screaming pleasure to end but was hopelessly lost in the drives of an embarrassing school boy orgasm after just a minute of feeling a hot mouth on him. His body started jerking in reaction to each time Daryl sucked and swallowed around him, he leaned back, squeezed his eyes shut and wrapped his fingers tight into long hair, holding Daryl's head down with all the strength he could muster, pressing himself as deep as he could into the man's throat as he tripped over the edge and came, afraid that the explosion might just kill him, end his life here and now, but that was okay, there were worse ways to meet his maker.

Negan gasped out a laugh, his breathing rough, when he felt Daryl tense and gurgle, heard him cough and gag with the gush of unexpected fluid filling his mouth. He grabbed him by the shoulder and pulled him up, flush against his chest, wrapping a secure hand around his collared neck, pushing his head back against his shoulder. "Naughty puppy, making Paul cum so soon."

"Shoot." Jesus held his spent cock with shaky fingers and collapsed into a heap of shame and giddy happiness on the messy leather cushioning, chuckling breathlessly. "Sorry."

Daryl coughed and turned his head, smacking his gooey lips against the side of Negan's neck, not sure what happened or how he managed to stay upright.

Negan slowed his pace for a few strokes, giving Daryl time to catch his breath. "Was that tasty?" He circled his hips, placing firm fingers on Daryl's lower belly, "Hm? Tell me, boy." then increased the strength of his thrusts again, angled his pelvis a bit, to stroke exactly right, finding the man's prostate with every move.

Daryl whimpered, "Yes." and then sobbed, pressing his nose into warm skin and the rough stubble fading out below Negan's jawbone into his neck area.

"Mhm." Negan closed his eyes when Daryl clenched his muscles around him and arched his back to make each hit more effective. "You also love this, right..." He slammed his hips hard against the man's butt, pressing in as deep as possible. "Having my dick up your fucking tight ass."

"Yes." Daryl wailed quietly, nudging his tongue into beard and skin, desperately wanting to kiss, as he pushed back, writhing against the tall, solid body.

"Yeah, I know." Negan rolled his hips without a pause, providing a steady pace, expertly setting all the wicked nerve endings in Daryl's lower area under fire. "Fucking horny puppyboy." He turned his head and put a secure hand to the back of the man's neck, holding him in place for an open mouthed, wet kiss, tasting like Paul's cum and raisins.
Jesus knelt up and moved closer, licked Negan's fingers on Daryl's belly, "You're fucking hot, Daddy." licked Daryl's chest, licked a path up to Daryl's nipple and sucked it, feeling warm and tingly when Negan stroked his hair encouragingly, never breaking his steady pace. He glanced up, seeing Negan share a messy kiss with Daryl and moaned at the sight, speaking around a spit-wet nipple. "May I touch him, Sir."

Negan didn't answer, didn't take his mouth off wet lips, didn't stop his deep thrusts, but put a firm hand on Paul's head and bluntly pushed him down on a level with Daryl's cock, then shoved a finger past his teeth, roughly forcing his mouth open.

Jesus groaned loudly, loving to be manhandled like that. He opened up wide and relaxed his trained throat, curling his tongue around the underside of Daryl's cock and wrapped his lips tightly around the man's length, creating a nice, wet cave. He adapted to Negan's hard rhythm, letting him fuck Daryl's cock in and out of his mouth.

Daryl sobbed into the kiss as if he was in pain, squeezing his eyes shut. He felt his insides curl up and cold sweat breaking out over his whole body. He put a hand up, digging his fingernails deep into the skin of Negan's neck, all his senses on overload.

Negan chuckled, biting the corner of Daryl's mouth as he pulled out almost all the way, and angled his hips, purposefully rubbing the swollen head of his cock over the man's prostate, again and again, making him writhe. "What's the matter boy?" He pressed his thumb between Daryl's lips, holding them apart and licked with broad tongue. "Are you getting your dick sucked?"

Daryl bucked his hips, wailing pitifully when Negan thrust balls deep into him in one smooth stroke, pushing him right down Paul's throat in the process.

"Oh yes?" Negan licked shamelessly over a flushed cheek, his voice hoarse and breathy. "Tell me how good it feels." He rotated his hips, putting a steady hand to the back of Paul's head to hold him in place. "You wanna cum for me?"

"Hh." Daryl sucked Negan's thumb, helplessly looking at his close face, silently begging for help, when every inch of his body felt too hot, on the brink of exploding.

"Yeah, you do?" Negan stilled his hips for a moment, cooing against Daryl's lips, moving his thumb inside the man's mouth. "You wanna tell me, though." He cocked his brows with a tiny smirk, in love with the desperate blue eyes staring at him as if he was the solution to every issue the universe had to solve. "What do you need. Tell me like a good boy."

Daryl moved a hand vaguely towards his butt, "Here."

"Yeah? Should I do this?" Negan thrust back and forth slowly, stroking along the man's prostate with painstaking accuracy.

Daryl stared at him, feeling his thighs tremble and his whole lower body pulse. "Yes!" His voice was louder than usual, shaking with sheer despair.

"Mhm." Negan nodded, his dark eyes displaying pure lust and superiority. "Who do you belong to, boy."

Daryl shuddered, Paul sucking down hard on him.

"Say it! Who do you fucking belong to, Daryl!" Negan built up speed again, hissing against wet-shiny lips.
"You." Daryl closed his eyes, panting soundly as he felt his balls drawing up tight, Negan's thrusts becoming almost brutal.

"That's fucking right, boy!" Negan covered Daryl's mouth firmly with a broad hand, pushing the man's head back against his shoulder, and let go. Fucked him fast and hard, in pure raw passion. Feeling Daryl's hot damp breath against his palm, sharp teeth biting into his fingers and the tight clutch of pulsing muscles gripping down on him hard, making him spurt gushes of cum, cursing obscenely with a loud grunt.

Daryl bucked, weeping in the breathtaking hold of strong arms, his head spinning. Negan whispered naughty words and sweet things into his messy hair. Paul licked his sticky cock and inner thighs like a kitten drinking milk, moaning softly. His body felt like a pulsing, liquid mass, without any bones or muscle, but that was alright, because being safely held upright by Negan, while his own world was out of joint, made him feel like the most protected thing existing.

Daryl had never been so sad during quiet time.

He sat on Negan's lap, chest to chest, feeling a comforting hand stroking up and down his spine, inhaling the familiar scent of warm skin and musky cologne, while listening to a deep voice, rumbling through a broad chest, telling about the date they would have in a few hours, with lunch and a movie, before they would all go to spend the evening at the Eagle.

Everything was perfect. Except for the horribly empty feeling around his neck, where a broad piece of leather was missing. Negan had taken the collar off, with the promise to put it back on sometime in the future. Now it was in the top drawer of the dresser in Negan's bedroom. Because Daryl didn't need a reminder of his place as long as Negan was around. Daryl knew that was the truth, but still he felt like being punished, incomplete and naked. He felt like crying. Not even the solid black plug, holding Negan's cum safe in his insides, made the sad feeling go away.

"I vote for popcorn." Jesus was snuggled up against Negan's side, his nose pressed into Daryl's bare shoulder. "And a slushie."

"Mhm." Negan brushed his bearded chin over the top of Daryl's head, hating how sad he was. But a collar this obvious just wasn't appropriate for every day life out of the house. Especially not for an insecure guy like Daryl. "How about you vote for Olivia packing you some carrot sticks so you won't end up fat and dead by the age of fucking fifty."

Paul smirked against Daryl's shoulder, knowing full well that Daddy was right. But that, eventually, he would end up buying him unhealthy snacks anyway. Because he was too cute to resist. And had perfected the art of nagging, to get what he wanted. At least most of the time. But Daddy didn't have to know that. "As you wish, Sir."

"Mh." Negan wasn't delusional, he knew he would end up buying junk food, but it was his job to make it seem like a hard-won treat. He tapped his fingertips lightly along Daryl's lower back, nuzzling long strands of hair. "You wanna eat some carrot sticks, boy?"

Daryl arched his back because Negan tickled him. "No." His answer was quiet, but he meant it with all his heart. Carrot sticks were not very tasty. He heard Paul whisper an excited 'Yes!' against his bare shoulder, and had to smile faintly, proud that he was on Paul's side.

"No?" Negan stroked Daryl's butt cheek, speaking secretively into his ear. "Should I pack some puppy snacks for you?"
"Yes?" Daryl's eyes darted interestedly to the right. He wanted that very much. And the collar and the leash. He turned his head a little and bit Negan's skin, right above his nipple.

Negan squinted his eyes, looking down. "Did you just fucking bit me?"

"Hm." Daryl sniffed his nose and unsuccessfully wiped some hair out of his eyes as he blinked up.

"Is that a nice thing to do?"

Daryl didn't answer, but lowered his head and bit again, harder this time. Then lapped the sore spot of skin with broad tongue, hearing Paul chuckle.

Negan gave him a stern look, gritting his teeth.

Paul moved a bit up, nipping grumpy Daddy's ear, before he whispered into it. "He can't speak, Sir. He's a puppy."

Chapter End Notes

more tomorrow...
like a damn romance novel

Chapter Summary

Just three (and a half) guys on a date. Because that's totally normal. And wonderful. And if you can't see all the sweet romance between the lines you probably need glasses :)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

On Saturday, the 1st February 2017, at 9:52 AM, Eugene Porter glanced at his phone and then up at the majestic building looming high into Atlanta's blue morning sky, with its enormous structure, radiating superiority and power, just like the man who lived behind those solid walls. He held his nose into the fresh morning air, inhaling deeply. Oh yes, the king himself was near. He could almost smell his alpha male cologne and all the testosterone oozing through the heavy concrete of-

"Excuse me..." Janitor Joseph pushed carefully past the stranger blocking the way to the dumpster for waste paper. "Just a little, I have to..." He carried a big box of shredded lubricant packages, smiling, as he emptied it into the trash container. "How's it going?"

"I am expected at an important meeting at 10 AM sharp." Eugene straightened his posture, letting his mullet blow in the gentle February breeze. "You should go and announce my arrival to your master."

Joseph blinked with open mouth, not sure what the bulky guest talked about. Maybe he was from a foreign country. Or Canada. "I could bring you to my boss?" He gestured to the heavy steel door leading to Negan's basement office. "I just don't know if he is still busy with his... morning activities?" It sure sounded like it, last time he walked past the man's personal entertainment zone.

Eugene agreed with the offer, tilting his chin up. "Take me to him."

----

Negan didn't look up from his laptop when someone knocked at the door. "Yes, come in."

"Sir?" Joseph peeked timidly through the door crack, relieved that his Boss was fully dressed and alone in his office. "Sorry to interrupt. But here is someone for an appointment."

"Yes. Send him in."

Joey pushed the door open and gestured for the stranger to step through, then closed it politely.

Eugene didn't dare to move, trembling slightly in all the glory and splendor of Negan's immediate presence.
Negan cleared his throat, making some notes on a loose-leaf paper, not looking up. "Take a seat. I still need a moment."

Glancing around in the mantuary this godlike person used as home office, Eugene became aware of the intimidating, very real situation he got himself into, and clutched his bag of cinnamon buns close to his chest, considering to just turn around and leave. Maybe nobody would notice.

"Suffering from hemorrhoids?" Negan underlined a paragraph he wanted to reread later.

The bag, Eugene was hugging tightly to his trench coat made a crinkling noise while some icing oozed through the paper, creating an ugly stain. "N-no?"

Negan flipped the page, underlining another part. "Incontinent?"

Eugene blinked irritated, not sure if the job interview had already started. "Nn-no, I'm n-not."

"Hm." Negan nodded, making a note about something he wanted to discuss with Daryl's lawyer, then put his pen aside and folded his hands, looking up. "Then why exactly are you still standing there like a petrified grizzly bear, even though I fucking asked you to take a fucking seat?" He watched as his guest swallowed and anxiously moved towards the grey sofa, staring at him as if he was the biggest crime boss in town. "SIT!"

Eugene flinched and sat down, squeezing his eyes shut for a second, sure that he would be shot or scalped at any second.

"That's better!" Negan knew he had to work on his hospitality, but some people just annoyed him more than others. He tried to calm down anyway and used a more friendly tone, before he would have to call Joseph with a mop, to clean up some piss and cold sweat. "Thank you for stopping by. As absurd as it may seem to you, I have a job opening that might..." He gestured towards Eugene, shaking his head, "Just be right for you."

Eugene dared to open one eye, nervously squinting at the beautiful creature speaking to him.

"Look." Negan sighed and got up, walking around his desk. "Let's be clear here, big fellow. I know who you really are." He leaned against the front of the desk, crossing his arms.

Eugene gulped, beads of sweat breaking out along his hairline, while his chubby cheeks turned into a deep shade of red, as he thought in shame of his secret Grindr account and the questionable pictures in feminine underwear he had posted there, in search for like-minded people.

"BUT-" Negan gestured with his hands, pursing his lips, "I have to admit you've made things a lot easier for me in Washington. You're loyal and quite resolute, I like that."

Eugene blinked, fighting for bladder control. The god himself complimented him.

"I need someone to keep the internet hassle concerning my boys tolerable. I am sure you've noticed that there is quite an uproar, since I've took Daryl out in public."

Eugene straightened his shoulders, nodding. "I am aware." And as soon as he would get home, he would delete any evidence on his own social media accounts, that could link him to possible Negan's-sub-bashing.

"I need some social media management. I don't want any threats, I don't want his name out there or any other personal information. I want the names of those not playing by the rules." Negan gave his guest a firm look. "I offer a fair salary, an office and the equipment you need. I expect that you
exercise absolute discretion. I expect loyalty towards this business and the people around me." He glanced up, when the loud, cheerful voices of Mister Rovia and janitor Joseph resounded from the corridor through the door.

"You know what you need, Joey? A hoverboard! Then you could cruise like a boss around the building! That would be fucking awesome!"

"Yes!" Joseph chuckled excitedly to that idea.

Negan sighed and rubbed his forehead.

Eugene stared at him with a blank expression. "The Swagtron T 6 rolls over bumps and inclines up to 30°, through mud, grass, rain, and gravel. It's self-balancing with a 12 mile range, 10” rugged tires and has Bluetooth."

Negan stared back, closed his eyes for a moment, inhaling deeply, and then gestured to the closed door. "ALSO, as you know, I am a very busy guy and don't have the time to watch my boys the whole day. Unfortunately, we had some incidents, that I'm not happy about. At their workplace and out on the street." He arched his brows, when Eugene just looked at him as if he would speak Chinese. "I don't want you to spy on them. I want you to spend the evenings at the Eagle and make sure that nobody with ill intentions bothers them. If there's a problem, you call me."

Eugene blinked his eyes and tilted his head to the side, trying to process the information. "Yy-you mean I get your number?"

----

Daryl felt shy. He had never been on a date before and wasn't sure why chopsticks had to be a part of it.

He glanced to the right where Jesus gracefully fished a bunch of rice noodles out of his broth and easily managed to transfer them into his mouth. He didn't even look at his bowl, but laughed happily when Negan made a vulgar comment about the genitals of a fictional politician.

Daryl looked down at his own plate of rice, strange eggs, and some kind of meat. His stomach rumbled. He took his chopsticks, one in each hand, and tried to pick up a grain of rice. It worked and he lifted it up, but just when he stuck his tongue out to reach it, his sticks slipped and the tiny grain fell back on the plate. He tried it again, impaling a piece of his strange eggs this time. The spongy food slid to the middle of his stick as he raised it to his mouth, so he angled his head and gnawed it off, like he would eat a corncob.

"It's egg foo yung." Negan took a piece off Daryl's plate, elegantly holding it between his sticks as if he had eaten like that his whole life. "It's good." He popped it into his mouth with a wag of his eyebrows, then picked up another one and held it out for Daryl to take.

Daryl ate it off his sticks, blinking embarrassed through his tousled hair.

"Why didn't I get baby short ribs?" Jesus leaned over to steal one of his desired meat bits off Daryl's full plate, clamping it between his bamboo sticks without any difficulties. "You always order the boring stuff for me." He nibbled the tender meat off the small bone, then placed it on an empty side plate, before he waved his sticks accusingly at waitress Wen, who carried a huge platter with the house signature dish, crispy skin Peking Duck in honey soy sauce, to table number 17. "See that? Everyone gets the exciting stuff. Urchin, shark fin, the neighbor's cat-" He shook his head, snagging another small piece of pork from Daryl. "Not fair."
"It's duck, you urchin. Stop waving your fucking sticks around or you can eat your boring soup on the sidewalk." Negan fed more Chinese omelette to Daryl, then beckoned waitress Wen over, as she tippytoed with her empty tray back to the kitchen.

"Ya please?" She smiled with rosy cheeks and made a half bow in front of her handsome guests. She was secretly fangirling over the three men since they had entered Hsu's Gourmet Chinese Restaurant, 45 minutes ago. She had a thing for western gay romances.

"We'll get number 18." Negan put a steady hand to the back of Daryl's neck, making him drink from his water. "And my boy prefers a fork."

"Hǎo hǎo." Wen took a mental picture of all the deliciousness right in front of her eyes, and then left the table, walking backwards, while performing three half bows, with an entranced smile on her face. This stuff would deliver endless content for her Sherlock fanfiction.

Jesus flipped through the plastic pages of the menu, "Yes!" celebrating the promising words 'Grilled Duck Dumplings' behind #18 with a nudge against Daryl's shoulder. "Daddy bought dumplings!"

"Hm." Daryl glanced at the menu that was held in his direction and opened his mouth for a tasty sea scallop in black pepper sauce from Negan's plate. Maybe dating wasn't so bad after all.

----

It wasn't very far from Hsu's to the AMC Phipps Plaza, and Daryl enjoyed every step of the way to the fullest, his hand being held in the secure hold of Negan's fingers, as if it was the most common thing ever for two men to walk hand in hand through the streets of Atlanta on a Saturday afternoon.

They stopped once, because a guy asked for a selfie with Negan. Then the phone rang and Negan told the person at the other end of the line that he wasn't available for the upcoming Monday. On Oak Valley road, Daryl tugged Negan's hand and pointed at a man driving by on an awesome Harley.

Around the corner, in front of Dick's sporting goods, he bent down to pick up a quarter, rubbed the dirty coin against his pants and handed it over to Negan, since it couldn't be cut in half.

Negan acknowledged the stipulated payment with two deep words of praise spoken against the side of Daryl's head, "Good boy." and then snapped his fingers for Paul, as they stopped at the side of the road, across from the movie theater.

Three cars passed, a sightseeing bus, a man on a bicycle, and a group of giggling girls, winking and 'wooing' towards the pretty guy in skinny jeans and messy man bun.

Jesus scowled at them, grabbing a handful of Daddy's leather jacket to make his affiliation known. "God, I hate when 17 year old girls give me dirty looks." He glared back over his shoulder, raising his voice, when he followed Negan and Daryl across the street. "I MEAN BITCH, I WILL F**K YOUR DAD AND MAKE YOU MY STEP-CHILD!" He flinched and rubbed the spot where Negan had slapped him. "Ou! That hurt!"

Negan squeezed the back of Paul's neck. "You fuck her dad?"

Paul ducked his head. "Well, I am physically capable of doing so."

"Mhm." Negan gave him a slight push towards the entrance. "You are also physically capable to hold the fucking door open for your elders."

----
'Suicide Squad. D10, D11, D12.' Adnan looked bored out of his mind as he put three tickets on the counter. The afternoon shift was really a pain in the ass. All the divorced dads dragging their spoiled brats out for some special weekend fun. 'That's $28.65.'

Negan put his credit card on the counter and rejected a call from his Sunday-morning dodge ball partner.

"Sorry, cash only today." Adnan gestured to the small credit card reader, and then hid it underneath an invalid ticket voucher, so the guest wouldn't see the cheese sauce sticking on the buttons. "The machine is... broken."

Negan gave the man a blank stare, put the credit card back into his wallet and got 30 dollar out.

"Sweet." Jesus read the advertisement for special ticket prices on the wall, nudging his Daddy's arm. "Only nine years and you will get the senior discount."

Negan pursed his lips, 'Thank you Mister Scrimper.' and pointed at the young man standing totally lost in the middle of the busy foyer, scratching his plugged up butt. He had sent Daryl to throw a used tissue into the trash, but apparently he couldn't find a garbage can. "Go, help him."

"Yes, Sir." Jesus got on his tip toes to kiss Negan's cheek and vanished in the crowd.

Slightly overweight Cordelia, standing in line behind a tall, handsome man, who wore the most delicious male fragrance, smiled enchanted. She had seen all episodes of Queer as Folk and was a big fan of the gay community. "What a sweet guy. You really make a beautiful couple."

Negan collected his change and tickets, and leaned in close, brushing her long hair with his lips as he turned around to leave, generously deciding to spice up her masturbation fantasies for the next couple of months. "He moans like a bitch and calls me Daddy when I fuck him."

----

They had still plenty of time, since the movie wouldn't start for another 40 minutes. So Negan sat down on one of the more cleaner couches in the entertainment area, tried to block out all the screaming kids running around, and read the latest Wall Street Journal news on his phone.

"Can I your coins."

Negan didn't look up, when a crinkled five dollar note was held close to his face. "May you have my change? What for?"

Daryl blinked through his long bangs and partly turned to gesture at the pin ball machine at the other end of the room, where Jesus waited with a hopeful expression on his face.

Negan put his phone down and tilted his head to the side, to see where Daryl was pointing. "You want to play?"

"Hm." Daryl nodded.

Negan stared at him warningly.

Daryl raised his shoulder to rub his ear against. "I wanna play."

Negan handed him his wallet. "Are you good at it?"

Daryl wanted to say yes, because he was very good at pinball. But then he decided against it, as the
last time he played at a pinball machine was years ago, and maybe he wasn't so good anymore. He shrugged. "Dunno."

"I bet you are." Negan put his phone up again to finish his read. "Two games."

He didn't finish his article. He watched as Daryl walked off, scratching his butt. He watched Paul giving him a high five, for receiving Daddy's wallet. Watched them slipping a coin into the slot, and heard the starting theme of the game, which was obviously connected to the Jurassic Park movies. The name of the game and a Tyrannosaurus were glowing in green and red on the vertical back glass.

Daryl had a firm stance in front of the machine, with a slight lean forward, playing in high concentration. After almost a minute he smirked for the first time. After two and a half, he chuckled and showed Jesus how the dinosaur in the game bent down to eat his pinball. After five he laughed, looking up happily at his friend. After seven minutes Jesus jumped excitedly next to the machine, giving vocal support because Daryl pushed the high score. After eleven minutes, the machine changed tunes and Paul almost jumped on Daryl's back, giving him a kiss on the cheek.

The corner of Negan's mouth curled up into a small smile, when both of them turned to look at him, proud of their victory. He could get used to seeing Daryl happy.

----

The staff at the AMC Phipps Plaza didn't seem to be very customer oriented.

Negan stood in a bit of a distance, talking to Rick on the phone, as he watched Paul and Daryl, trying to buy snacks at the counter. Paul ordered a drink and was sent with an empty cup to a dispenser. Then he asked for fresh popcorn and was pointed to a row of pre-made bags, sitting on a counter. When he attempted to ask politely for a freshly made tub, without butter, the staff scurried away like roaches on a hot stove, not feeling responsible for so much extra work. But they still wanted him to pay $21.09 out of Negan's wallet.

"Rick. See you at the Eagle tonight." Negan put the phone into his pocket and went up to the counter, reaching over Paul's shoulder to take the money out of his hand, then kissed the man's temple and pushed him a step aside. He cleared his throat, crooking his fingers towards the employee in red-white striped uniform. "Ksst. Come over here." He planted his hands firmly on the counter, palms down, and leaned forward. "What's that over there." He gestured with his chin to the FT424 Palace Popper-Popcorn machine.

"Ehrm..." Pete followed nervously with his eyes. "The popcorn maker, Sir?"

"Mhm." Negan nodded, brushing his tongue over his teeth. "You know how to use it?"

Pete looked confident. "I had a three day course."

"Very good. You want to take one of that big tubs and fill it with nice, fresh popcorn for me. No butter."

He did? Pete blinked a little perplexed through his glasses. The customer just stared at him, obviously waiting for him to get the job done, so he grabbed an empty popcorn bucket, glanced hesitantly back over his shoulder at the tall guy in leather jacket, and then pushed the button at the popcorn maker. It took three and a half minutes. Then he put a generously filled, large popcorn tub on the counter, between Negan's arms.

"That's much better. Now you scamper all the way around here and fix us a coke and a water."
Pete wasn't so sure about that. It was job of the customers to fill their cups at the dispenser.

"Chop, chop. You don't want me to miss the fucking commercials, right?"

Pete shook his head vigorously when the customer raised his voice. He gathered two empty cups and hurried around the counter, filling them in his personal best time.

Negan watched as the cups were put next to his fresh popcorn and pointed silently at the container with straws.

Pete fished two out and poked them through the cup lids, eyeing the intimidating customer nervously from the side, when he went back behind his safe counter.

"Well?" Negan raised his brows. "Don't you want to ask my boys if they want anything else?"

Pete's eyes darted anxiously from Negan's handsome face to the two young men in his company. "Ehm... would you like anything else, guys?"

Daryl glanced at the Nachos but shook his head. "Mh."

Jesus leaned on the counter next to Negan. "Snicker bites, sour Skittles, buncha crunch and the Bavarian legend pretzel."

Negan turned his head, giving Paul a blank stare, then looked back at Popcorn-Pete, alternating the order. "Fucking Skittles and some of that fat-dripping Nachos."

Pete got a bag of the required candy out, carrying it like a precious baby bird, then filled a tray of Nachos and gave the customer two extra tubs of salsa, before he punched his finger cautiously on the cash register. "$42.34."

Negan arched his brows at him.

"Please."

Negan held the hard stare, handing some folded bills over between two fingers. "Number four, D ten to twelve. Don't spill half of that shit on the way." He turned around and snapped his fingers, patting his thigh, expecting to be followed.

----

As soon as the lights went off and the huge screen went from black to moving pictures, Daryl Dixon slid to the edge of his seat and turned around to look over his shoulder, searching for the source of the noise. It seemed to be all around him. He looked back to where a huge pirate ship sailed over the entire length of the front wall, his eyes darting from left to right to see everything, before he turned to the left, because an employee with striped uniform was suddenly right next to his seat, tapping his arm.

"Your snacks, Sir?" Pete wanted to hand the big paper bag over, but the young man with tousled hair just stared at him.

Negan gestured to the floor, holding five dollar out. "That's how you wanna do your job from now on."

Pete put the bag down and accepted the money with a polite nod, feeling quite enthralled when his fingers brushed the customer's hand. "Yes, Sir. Enjoy your movie."
Daryl watched him disappear in the half dark, then got distracted by the 10-foot pirate on screen. He wore eyeliner and was really funny.

Jesus practically crawled over Negan's lap to reach the contents of the bag. "Is the coke for me, Sir?" He fished a cup, the Skittles and the popcorn out, spilling a good amount of popped kernels on the floor and Daddy's legs, as he maneuvered back in his seat, already sipping at his straw. "Oops."

"Sit!" Negan brushed his pants off, ignoring the family of five in the row behind him, who complained about all the noise while the new Pirates of the Caribbean trailer was shown.

"I'm sorry." Jesus smiled apologetically and held a Skittle in front of Negan's lips. "Thank you for the snacks. You are sweet."

Negan tilted his head with a blank look, but opened his mouth after five seconds, accepting the candy, biting down hard on Paul's finger.

"Mm." Paul leaned in close to flick his tongue against the corner of Negan's mouth, purring like a hungry kitten. "Yes, please Daddy." The shocked mother on G12 didn't seem to approve of the strange family bonds, and let out a remark about the presence of innocent teenagers, so Jesus ducked his head with a smirk and slumped back in his seat, sipping his beverage.

Once the movie had started, Daryl was gone, completely oblivious to his surroundings. He stared totally mesmerized at the screen, his stomach tensing with excitement. It was so loud and overwhelming, his brain had trouble to take it all in. The booming noises vibrated through his body and he flinched and blinked his eyes when a huge explosion spread over the whole screen. He wasn't sure whether he understood the story, but he liked the characters. They were bad guys like Merle but still fun and nice.

Negan watched from the side how Daryl sat at the edge of the seat, fidgeting on his plugged up butt, slightly shaking his head when a guy in the movie did the same, and then turned to him with a chuckle because the female protagonist pulled a baseball bat out of a box, claiming it as her weapon of choice. "'s like yours."

Negan wagged his eyebrows, smirking. "Mhm. That's my girl."

Daryl frowned instantly, looking back at the screen with nothing but hate in his eyes for the blonde young woman, especially when she put on a tight shirt with the evil print 'Daddy's lil Monster' in the front. What a bitch.

Negan huffed a laugh and wrapped his arm around Daryl's shoulders, pulling him close to his side. "She can kill all the opossums in the C wing while I fuck your gorgeous ass." He held his voice low, speaking close to the man's ear, inhaling the scent of long strands of hair. "Would you like that?"

Daryl shook his head. He didn't like that. There was no need for some woman to run around in the beautiful factory building. "I can do both." He meant it. And he would do an awesome job.

"I know, boy." Negan squeezed Daryl's upper arm, nudging his head against the man's temple. "You also wanna give me one of your fucking greasy Nachos."

Daryl listened to the deep, rumbling voice talking to him, and reached to the left where a tray of Nachos stood on his arm rest. He took one out and glanced at Negan's face, holding the small snack in front of his lips.

Negan put one of his boots on the backrest of the person in front of him, and opened his mouth, not
taking his eyes off the screen. He chewed, then nudged his head against Daryl's again. "Water."

Daryl blinked through his long bangs, grabbed the water cup out of his cupholder and held it out for Negan, who drank, not bothering to hold the cup himself.

"Good boy." He pushed Daryl's head down on his shoulder, leaning his cheek against long hair.

Daryl relaxed after 37 seconds, surrounded by the smell of tall angry man, squished against heavy leather, watching an awesome movie in a real movie theater for the first time ever.

Half way through the movie, Jesus pulled his feet on the seat to sit cross legged, cheering for Will Smith and his amazing body. A moment later, he felt five fingers at the back of his neck, but not to slap him. They tickled his nape, then squeezed him twice, before they started to rub soothing circles, sending comforting tingles all through his body. He glanced back over his shoulder with a smile, feeling far too enamored considering that he had a boyfriend at home. Especially when Negan smiled back and winked in the most sexy way.

Paul wanted to crawl over the armrest and kiss Daddy stupid. But he didn't. Instead he fished a Skittle out of the almost empty bag and fed it to him, a tiny hot flash shooting right into his lower belly when his finger was playfully bitten once more.

Going on a date with Daryl and Negan was one of the best ideas he had for months.

----

Even though it was still early, the Atlanta Eagle was packed, like every first Saturday of the month, because it was PEXXX, a men only, no-shirt-allowed party. And this time, Mrs Peletier had managed to land the real big deal, by luring the guys of the Natural Born Breeders into her fine location.

"Uuuh Daddies..." Jesus stepped really close in front of the event poster, hanging near the Eagle's entry doors. It showed six men above the age of 45, all proudly working in the gay porn industry. The catchy slogan 'Breeding and Seeding is what we do best' plastered in bold letters above their pictures.

"Yeah, you have enough of them." Negan grabbed his excited sub by the scruff of his neck, pushing him to the door.

Abraham blocked the way, crossing his arms. "Sorry, no shirts tonight."

Daryl blinked through his long bangs, not sure what to do.

"Okay." Jesus shrugged, his shirt already pulled half way over his head.

"Boy!" Negan snapped his fingers. "Go the fuck in there! Find Rick."

Abraham smirked faintly, generously letting Paul and Daryl through, his eyes fixed on the alpha male in leather jacket. He tilted his chin up. "You're that Negan dude." He huffed a laugh, looking him up and down. "Not sure what all the fuss is about. You look pretty average to me."

Negan straightened to his full height, stepping uncomfortably close in Mister Ford's private space. "Hh." He scrutinized the man's face, staring him square in the eye, impressed that there was no sign of backing down. That was his kind of guy. "I have some big events coming up. Contact me if you're interested in a second job." He held the firm stare another moment, then patted the doorman's shoulder and followed his subs inside.
...where he was immediately greeted by a surprisingly stubborn busboy, who tried to stand his ground in front of his persistent boss.

"Read the party theme!" Carol held a black leather harness up. "All the staff is topless!"

Daryl wrapped an arm across his chest, scowling at her, not sure why she always had a problem with his outfit.

"Is there a problem?" Negan put a hand to Daryl's lower back, directing his question at Mrs Peletier. "I thought I told you already that he wears what ever he feels comfortable in."

Daryl glanced up at the tall angry man, instantly feeling invisible and three foot taller at the same time.

"Are you telling me now how to run my business?" Carol was slightly irritated. She wasn't expecting the presence of another crowd drawing guest tonight.

"You should be so lucky." Negan huffed a laugh. "I'm telling you that Daryl isn't your fucking go-go boy."

"It's pecs night and he's a crowd pleaser." Carol waved the harness against Daryl's chest. "I'm not asking him to be naked."

"See, and that's where you are wrong. It's date night and I put that fucking awesome shirt on him because it pleases me. So it fucking stays on." Negan patted Daryl's butt. "Go do your work, boy. I'll be upstairs in the lounge. You wanna bring me a beer and a water, right?"

"Hm." Daryl nodded, glanced at Carol and then up at Negan. "Okay." He wanted to do that very much, and the fact that it was still date night, made his belly tingle.

Carol watched her employee leave, squinting one eye as she looked back at Negan. "Datenight?" She gestured with her finger. "So you two ... hm?"

Negan took the harness out of her hand and smirked as he leaned in close, speaking low next to her ear. "Have a private life? Yes we do."

---

Ever since he had started to work at the Eagle, there hadn't been a night as busy as this one. Daryl was constantly on his feet, running from one table to another, cleaned in between, helped behind the bar, and politely dumped down every drink he was bought by one of the many Tops crowding the place tonight.

At 10:40, he was already pretty tipsy and wished he could curl up in the cigar lounge between Negan's legs, but Dwight clapped his hands, urging him to serve the next tray of Vodka-Red Bull to table number 9.

He sniffed his nose, shook his wrist to let the much too long sleeve of Negan's shirt slide down, and grabbed the slightly wet tray, to juggle it through all the people occupying the club's first floor tonight. He put the drinks down, ignored how a guest complimented his butt, and watched out of the corner of his eye as Negan got up from his seat in the lounge, gave Jesus his leather jacket and wrapped an arm across Rick's shoulders, leaving with him. Down the stairs, vanishing midst the party folk.

Daryl pushed his way to the railing, trying to find Negan in the crowd. And when he did, he felt
anger and sadness explode in his chest like a heavy duty fire cracker, because the beautiful tall angry man walked straight up to the back room in the very busy cruising area.

There was only one reason for a guest to go there. And for a man with two subs on date night, there shouldn't be a reason at all.

"Daryl! Number 15 waits for the fucking beer!"

Daryl wanted to slam the tray into Dwight's face, flip everyone off, and leave this rotten club to sleep with his ugly face and horribly bare neck in front of the prison until it was time to visit Merle.

But he didn't. Instead he flung the tray in Dwight's hands, "I'm takin' a break." elbowed his way to the back of the room where it smelled like expensive liquor and cigars, pushed a handsome, muscular Daddy-type aside who excessively flirted with a long haired man wearing Negan's far too big leather jacket, and grabbed Paul's face, kissing him. Not nice, not gentle, but messy, with clanking teeth and a claiming tongue, spreading the taste of the alcohol he had consumed.

Jesus tensed for a second, totally taken by surprise, before he took over, instantly forgetting everything around him, pressing their bodies together. He slid a hand beneath Daryl's hair, holding him by the back of his neck to pull him even closer, lost in the rush of booze, hard beats and endorphins buzzing through their veins.

----

An impressive number of smartphones were held up in the crowd of people watching the spectacle in the Eagle's cruising area, where the most obsessed about man of the gay leather community posed for some pictures in the intentionally chosen, filthy surroundings of the club's back room. He had exchanged his trademark leather jacket and plain grey shirt for a black leather harness over his perfectly toned, hairy chest, and engaged in a serious alpha-male eyefuck session with his employee, who wore absolutely nothing to his dark tight pants and favorite boots.

They stood close, letting sparks and testosterone fly, with a very faint, toothless smirk and the most intense eye contact, silently battling the unspoken question, should I kill or fuck you.

The moment Rick placed a challenging hand to the front of Negan's waistband, the tip of Negan's tongue poked out between his bright white teeth, and they both leaned close enough to taste each other's breath in an almost-kiss, the people around started to cheer and holler, more than just a little turned on by the hot action right in front of their eyes.

"Niiiiice!" Simon snapped a last picture for the new Leather Factory magazine, very satisfied with the result. "Very artsy."

Carol looked from behind over the man's arm, pretending to be not really impressed. "Least you could do is make me a framed copy, for all the fracas you're causing here." Whether she would put it in her bedroom or use it as an embellishment for the club's grey walls, she hadn't decided yet.

Negan kissed Rick's cheek, rubbing his bare back briefly, as he leaned in close for some private words, thanking him for the spontaneous realization of their cover idea on the topical subject 'The Alpha Male Myth - The Art of Manliness'.

Rick just listened and nodded, putting his hands on his hips, when Simon showed him the results on the small display of his camera. He had to admit they were fucking hot, even though he felt a bit strange seeing himself like that with his boss. He glanced up, watching how Negan took several selfies with some clubgoers and then patted Simon's shoulder when Negan decided it was time to go
back to the lounge, before their beer got warm.

They pushed through the crowd, took the time for two more fanboy-encounters, rejected an invitation for a questionable group activity, and then stopped near the bar.

"Is that still part of your bonding ritual?" Rick tilted his head to the side, squinting his eyes in disapproval, as he spotted two men in the middle of the dance floor. One with tousled hair and freckled chest, just standing there with half closed eyes and a shirt hanging over his bare shoulder, the other wearing a far too big leather jacket, while he moved his slender body provocatively to the loud music, a firm hand on the other man's ass, shamelessly kissing and sucking a pale neck.

Negan's facial expression darkened instantly, seeing a stranger holding a small brown bottle to Daryl's nose, making him inhale deeply, before he turned around and rubbed obscenely against Paul, intruding their drunken dance.

He gritted his teeth, shoving a meaty guy in leather chaps aside and ruthlessly forced his way through the dancing people.

"Upstairs. Now."

The dark, icy voice hissed from behind in his ear, let Jesus freeze. He looked back over his shoulder, up into a cold face. In this moment, nothing would have given him the courage to disobey the order. He didn't make a single remark and didn't hesitate. Just lowered his gaze and left, as he was told.

The dance intruder didn't need to be asked. He vanished in the crowd on his own after a glance at Negan's face.

Daryl sniffed his nose and swayed a little, as a wild dancing guy bumped into him. He blinked his dazed eyes. A tall, very angry man stood right in front of him, wearing a black harness on his broad chest. He sniffed his nose once more, then chuckled, "Hs." looking haphazardly to the side. "'s mine."

Negan ignored the slurred comment, grasped Daryl's chin and yanked it up for a better view into the man's eyes. "How much did you fucking have." He took the shirt off Daryl's shoulder before it could slip on the floor.

"'m not yours." Daryl tried to pull his wrist free when Negan grabbed it to drag him off the dance floor. "'m naked." His chest, his back and his ugly neck.

Negan ignored it, wrapped his fingers even tighter around the man's arm and guided him through the partying people, blocking out all the curious looks and jealous comments.

Daryl stumbled twice on the stairs and tripped once over his own feet when Negan dragged him in an angry pace through the crowded tables towards the cigar lounge.

Simon sipped his Whiskey with a broad grin, highly amused by the two rebellious subs. "Finally! Teaching the boys how to hold their drink!" He raised his fifth glass of the evening for a toast. "Always told you you have to accustom the young ones to a certain amount of liquor."

"I outdrink you any day of the week." Paul grabbed the glass closest to him on the table and poured half of the content over his shirt and Negan's jacket as he tried to empty it like the British man he was at heart.

"Yes. Not this week." Rick took his glass back and wiped the beer off his dead drunk boyfriend and the precious piece of clothing he was wearing.
"You'll have it professionally cleaned by tomorrow evening." Negan sat down in a leather armchair, spreading his legs for Daryl to kneel between, then snapped his fingers and raised his voice when the man just stood there, not moving a muscle. "Down!"

Daryl looked around, clumsily wiping some hair out of his face, attempted to sit on a leather chair, then flinched and stood up again because he was kicked by a scolding boot.

Negan grabbed his arm and pulled him close, making him crouch down on the floor.

"How should I have it cleaned by then." Rick took the jacket off Paul's shoulders, wiping it halfheartedly with a paper tissue. "Tomorrow is Sunday."

"You'll find a way." Negan leaned back, his head tilted to the side, propped on thumb and forefinger, as he watched how Daryl looked from left to right, blinking through his tousled hair as if he had forgotten where he was. He nudged him with his foot, speaking in a calm voice. "Where's my shirt, boy."

Daryl looked down on himself, seeing a bare chest. It was gone.

"Ksst." Negan held the crinkled shirt in question up, cocking an eyebrow. He earned a lopsided smile and croaky chuckle for his magical trick. "You want it back?"

Daryl looked at him, nodding with a time lag of four seconds. "Yes."

Negan copied the nod, and then leaned forward with a sigh, to put the shirt gently back over Daryl's head and slipped his heavy arms through. "Is that better?"

"Hm." Daryl wiped his eye with the back of his fingers. He liked the tall angry man so much. "Yes."

"Mhm." Negan nudged Daryl with his foot again and poked a finger into the middle of his chest, forcing him to kneel upright. "Straight back."

Daryl shifted on his ankles and glanced up insecurely, not sure why his body felt so out of order. Under Negan's watchful eye, he put his arms behind his back and straightened his shoulders, feeling a little dizzy.

"Good job, that's much better." Negan rewarded the wobbly execution of his order with praising words in low tone and shoved a small raisin between the man's lips, before he patted his cheek and leaned back in a relaxed posture. "You wanna stay like this for me, right?"

"Hm." Daryl chewed, sniffed his nose and then glanced angrily to the side where a group of people walked by and hollered Negan's name, telling him that he was awesome and they loved him.

"Hey!" Negan nudged him hard with his shoe. "Eyes on me!" He gave Daryl a stern look. "I said you wanna stay like this for me. Learn how to behave in public!"

"Hm." Daryl nodded once, having difficulties to keep his eyes up and his back straight. His body felt weird.

"What was that?"

"Yes."

Negan stared at Daryl in silence.

Daryl smacked his lips and wriggled his bum on his ankles. His back hurt and he was thirsty. "Sir."
He wished Negan would hug him.

But Negan just looked at him with a serious face, "Damn well right that's how you address me in public." and then engaged in a conversation with Simon and Rick, about the new magazine and a trip to San Francisco they took together a year ago.

Daryl kept his head up and his eyes on Negan, even though the deep male voices, laughter, distant music, and all the alcohol in his blood made it really hard to stay awake. He wanted to turn around to see what Jesus was doing. He wanted to have a sip of Negan's beer. He wanted to rest his head against the man's thigh and close his eyes for just a second, but Negan expected him to kneel and behave, so he did, in hope for another raisin or a praising word.

He didn't get either, but after 14 minutes, Negan bent forward, laughing about something Rick had told him, and took a glass off the table.

"Oh Rick. If you do that, I bake you a fucking ass-shaped cake!" He held the glass in front of Daryl's lips and cupped the man's face with the other hand, holding him in place. "You can either eat or hump it."

Daryl drank in big gulps, watching Negan over the brim of the glass. It was water and tasted amazing because it was fed to him with a secure hand touching his face.

"Right, puppy? Wanna help baking a butt cake for Rick?" Negan pulled the glass off, letting Daryl breathe for a moment, but then proceeded feeding him the rest of the water, before he had a chance to answer.

Daryl tried to nod anyway. He had never made a cake before.

Negan smiled at him and held a finger up for a young man from Portugal approaching their table, asking for an autograph. He kept his eyes on Daryl until the glass was empty, wiped a drop of water off pale pink lips with his thumb, and put the glass on the table, then leaned back and beckoned the fan over, crooking two fingers. "Come here, boy. What's your name?"

The young guy stepped closer, speaking in heavy accent. "Nuno, Sir. May I express what an honor it is to meet you." He squatted down next to Negan's armchair, politely handing him a pen and piece of paper. "You have truly changed my life."

Negan smiled and signed the paper in silence, writing his name and, 'to sweet Nuno, you will make a good boy for a lucky Man one day!'. He pinched the guy's cheek as he handed the pen and autograph back. "Thanks for saying hello, Nuno."

Daryl wrinkled his nose at the pretty young man, but just briefly, before he looked back at Negan, trying to keep his shoulders up and his arms correctly behind his back.

"Thank you so much, Sir." The fan kissed the precious paper reverently, and left, giving the other guys at the table an apologetically look. "Enjoy your evening."

Rick raised his glass in the man's direction, watching him leave. "Cute guy."

"He's got potential." Negan shifted in his seat, getting a raisin out of his pocket and pushed it between Daryl's lips, then tickled his ear for a second. "What happened there?" He cocked his brows at him, speaking encouragingly. "Did you behave so well for me?"

"Hm." Daryl tried to lean into the touch, but the hand was gone too soon. "Yes."
"Yes you did." Negan smiled at him, sitting back in his chair, both arms relaxed on the arm rests. "You're my good boy, right?"

"Hm." Daryl rubbed his ear against his shoulder, hiccuping as he tried to say 'Yes.' His belly felt a little numb, but he was very good for Negan.

"Mh." Negan smirked, tilting his head aside, his cheek propped against two fingers. "Are you a drunk puppy?"

Daryl stared at him for a moment, then answered a small 'Yes' and opened his mouth for a raisin.

Negan squinted an eye, not losing his smirk. "No reward for getting drunk. You get a fucking punishment for that in the morning, right?"

Daryl slowly blinked his eyes, exhaling through his nose. "Yes." He really didn't like punishment.

Jesus climbed over the seat on his boyfriend's lap to reach the glass of beer he was holding. "Daddy fucked him bareback. It was fucking hot."

"No he didn't." Rick took the glass into his other hand, holding it out of reach. "And you've had enough."

Jesus giggled, nipping Rick's neck. "But it's true. It's still in there. We plugged it up."

Daryl turned to look over his shoulder, and touched his butt. The plug was still there, protecting Negan's cum.

Rick shot his boss an irritated look, and then felt a little strange when Negan just smirked at him in return. He wasn't sure what to say. "Really?" He put an arm around Paul's shoulders, pulling him close.

Negan kept staring across the table, watching in fascination how Rick reacted to the news, and blindly nudged Daryl's thigh. "What are you looking at, boy. Eyes on me."

"So you keep him?" Rick fondled the back of Paul's head, allowing the man to kiss his neck and cheek.

Negan didn't lose his relaxed posture, his arms wide spread, his feet firmly planted on the ground, a slight smile on his face. "As long as he wants to stay." He tapped one finger on the armrest. "Right boy? Come here."

Daryl wasn't sure what he was supposed to do, because he knelt already between Negan's legs. After a moment of hesitation he slid a few inches closer and put his head on the man's thigh.

"No. Look at me." Negan didn't move, rubbing his bearded chin with the side of his index finger. "Where's my plug."

Daryl flicked his head slightly, trying to focus his dazed eyes. "Here." He touched his own butt, looking up with an unsure expression, as if he wasn't sure if his answer was right.

"Yes? Are you taking good care of it for me?"

"Yes." Daryl nodded, clenching his muscles around the solid object. He did a good job.

"Mhm." Negan could see on Daryl's face when he tensed up to contract his inner muscles. "What else is in there. Tell me."
Daryl shifted on his ankles, smacking his lips. He wanted to point at Negan's crotch, but was corrected immediately.

"No. Hands behind your fucking back. Use your words."

"Your cum." Daryl answered with subdued voice, blinking his eyes rapidly because he felt dizzy.

"Oh yes? My cum is in your pretty ass?"

"Mhm." Daryl clenched his butt again, nodding. "Yes."

"How come? Did I fuck my puppyboy this morning and let him keep it?"

A small smile lit up Daryl's features. It had been a great morning. "Yes."

Negan nodded, his eyes glinting. "That was fucking nice of me, right?"

"Yes." Daryl wanted to hug the tall angry man and kneel between his legs forever.

"Mhm." Negan pursed his lips, observing Daryl's face with a slight smirk. "That's not how you wanna answer my question, though."

"Hm." Daryl shifted on his knees and lost his correct posture for a moment because he rubbed the back of his hand over his nose. "You're fuckin' nice to me." He said it quietly and his voice sounded rough and not very friendly, but Negan seemed to like it anyway, at least the smirk on his lips got a little bigger.

"How do you wanna address me in public, boy."

Daryl sniffed his nose, straightening his shoulders for his reply in defiant tone, as if the answer was totally obvious. "Sir."

"Clever puppy." Negan reached out and put a hand on the back of Daryl's head, pulling him close. "Let me see your mouth."

Daryl parted his lips and hiccuped, nudging his tongue against a salty finger, when Negan probed his mouth.

"Good boy." Negan slap-patted the man's cheek praiseingly, then pushed him against his bare chest. "You wanna suck. Make it real good."

Daryl exhaled against warm skin and shifted on his knees, putting his hands on Negan's thighs, starting to lick with wet tongue. He licked the man's nipple 14 times, then the skin around, and lapped the fine dark hair lovingly, hiccuping in between. The tall angry man tasted so very good.

Negan ignored it, talked for a few minutes to Simon, greeted a Top from Utah that he knew for years, laughed when Rick told a story about the stalking mail-man, and then grabbed the back of Daryl's neck and pulled him up, scolding him sternly. "Boy! I don't want a fucking bath!" He pushed him back down with pressure. "How do I want you to suck? Fucking show me!"

Daryl tensed and then opened his mouth wide, sucking the hard nub in as deep as he could, wrapping his tongue around it. He glanced up when Negan brushed the long bangs out of his forehead.

"That's better!" Negan held him roughly in place for a moment, then put his hand on Daryl's back, drawing circles with two fingers.
Simon laughed and got up from his seat, tousling Daryl's hair as he walked by, to get himself another drink and maybe a guy for the night. "Gotta love them all drunk and confused."

Negan didn't comment on it, just relaxed, enjoying Daryl's weight on him and the wet suckling noises, interrupted here and there by a hiccup. He looked over at Rick, watching with slight amusement how Jesus practically humped his boyfriend's lap.

"Paul." He spoke calm, almost in a soft voice, and waited patiently until an obediently muffled, 'Yes, Sir!' came back. "You wanna stop that. Serve your man, he had a rough day."

Rick shot him an angry look, wanting to object that he could handle his boy alone, but then didn't say anything, when Jesus stopped immediately and instead put a hand between his legs, massaging him expertly, while licking and kissing the side of his face.

To his surprise, there wasn't any gloating or mockery in Negan's eyes. The man just watched him with the slightest smile, seeming almost friendly.

Rick looked back, closed his eyes for a second because Paul slipped deftly fingers beneath his waistband, and then opened them again, feeling a weird tingle in his stomach, seeing that Negan still watched him, his expression changed into something darker, his lips slightly parted.

Negan spread his thighs an inch more, raking three fingers through Daryl's hair. "Good boy." He said it in deep, low voice, while looking directly into Rick's eyes, reveling on the mixture of discomfiture, surprise and longing he saw.

He wetted his lips, huffing a soundless laugh, and after a moment, got small grin in return.

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The cigar lounge was occupied until early morning, 31 empty glasses filled the narrow table in the middle. A forth guy, a Dom from Spain, had completed their little gathering, philosophizing with Simon about the Spanish cuisine and a Metal band from Madrid.

Rick laughed out loud, his eyes crinkling at the sides, and threw a broken match at Negan for a vulgar comment about Lori's private parts. "Shut up, asshole!" He reached to the side, blindly stroking through the chaos of his boyfriend's dark blond hair. Paul stirred for a second, before falling back into deep slumber, curled up on the seat next to one of his Dads, covered by a leather jacket, smelling like beer.

Negan grinned widely, shaking his head, "Don't deny it Rick, don't fucking deny it." and glanced down at Daryl, who had passed out on his chest, five fingers curled into the straps of his leather harness, holding on for dear life, while a thin trail of spit ran down from the corner of his mouth, glistening in dark chest hair.

Negan thought it was a fashionable accessory for date night.

Chapter End Notes
the answer is no. Negan and Mister Grimes won't be a couple.
Chapter Summary

In which... Negan glanced to the right as the premises of the Georgia State Prison came into sight, and used his most encouraging voice, patting Daryl's thigh. "Cheer up, Mister Dixon. You wanna spend a good time with your brother, right?"

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

-I always thought I might be bad, now I'm sure that it's true
'cause I think you're so good and I'm nothing like you -

Chief warden Ed Sulesky worked his 18th year at the Georgia State Prison, seven of them at cell house C, in maximum security. The 1048 inmates were the worst of the worst, all detained for serious crimes. Twelve of them on death row, in the last section of the building.

He knew everyone by name, knew all their idiosyncrasies, knew what they were here for. He was their only regular contact. He was the first person they saw in the morning and the last before lights-off. Did he like them? Maybe he wouldn't call them friends, but he respected them for who they were and certainly considered some of their personality traits as likable.

He unlocked the last security gate, signed in, and made his way down the hallway. The guys on death row had rather spacious cells, as they lived, slept and ate in them, 23 hours a day. They had a steel toilet, a steel sink, a steel footlocker and a steel bunk with a mattress 4 inches thick. A little personal decoration was allowed, as well as a simple TV-set, outdated video games and books. Meals, mail and bibles were passed through a slot in the bars.

What they didn't have, was privacy. Not only were they under video surveillance the whole time, but the cells were also open. Concrete walls on three sides, steel bars in the front, that looked out over a 10-foot-wide catwalk.

The inmates couldn't see into other cells, but they could look down the corridor by angling a piece of a mirror. They communicated with one another by talking down the hallway or yelling through a vent, or the plumbing pipes. Or throwing a long stick with a note attached to the person in the next cell.

Twice a week, they were let out for a two-hour trip to an exercise yard. Three times a week, they were escorted to the shower stall, where the water ran for five minutes.

It was numbing cold in winter, terribly hot in summer, and the non-stop din of hundreds of voices and noises, was only relieved by an eerie quietness on execution days.

Alone with nothing but time, they did almost anything to keep their minds occupied. They counted every dent in the walls, every crevice on the floor. They learned the heavy footsteps of their favorite
nighttime guard. They slept and wrote poetry, usually at night when there was less noise.

It was hell on earth. The waiting room for the death chamber.

Warden Sulesky passed the first cell. Wallace had a soft spot for Princess Diana. His walls were plastered with pictures of her, illustrating her short life.

"Good morning, Wallace." He tapped the bars with two fingers, earning a faint smile and nod from the inmate, who was busy writing a letter to his pen pal in Norway.

Inmate Roche in the next cell was the possible next candidate for execution. He was on death row for 11 years now. The brutal, cold blooded murder of a young woman and her little daughter had brought him here. He was hated among the other inmates. 'Baby murderers' were nothing but dirt in their eyes. A crime no real man would commit.

The warden greeted him anyway, before he went to the inmate of the third cell. His newest addition. Dixon, a quiet man, sentenced for killing his own father by bashing his head in, living in the most spartan cell, without any pictures, keepsakes or personal touches. The only items he owned were a bible and a row of books, about history, physics and the real deep questions in life, like what are we, where do we come from and where will we go.

Sulesky kind of liked him. He seemed brazen, impulsive and ill-tempered at first, but after a while showed that he was also extremely smart, with a refreshing sense of humor. Sulesky also thought that Merle Dixon had the heart in the right place. He just had a feeling.

"Hey Dixon, it's the big day. Nervous already?" He tried for a friendly tone. The inmate sat on his bunk, even quieter than usual, staring at a postcard he had received some days ago. It had the picture of an eagle in the front and just a short message in the back. 'I MISS YOU I COME TO VISIT SOON', written in the crooked handwriting of a third grader. It was from his younger brother, Sulesky knew that much. He also knew that it was visiting day, and Mister Dixon wasn't exactly looking forward to it. Until now, he hadn't requested a visit or phone call, and hadn't received one. When the visiting request from his brother came, he wanted to decline it at first, but changed his mind in the last minute.

The warden held some shackles out. "I'm taking you to the shower."

Merle didn't react for a minute. Then put the postcard underneath his pillow and slowly got up, wordlessly stepping close to the bars, with his back to the slot, so the warden was able to put the cuffs on his wrists.

Wilkins, from the last cell in row, held his small mirror out to see what's going on, and watched as warden Sulesky guided an inmate down the hallway. He wore the same baggy orange romper as they all did, with the black words Death Row on the back, along with the number 38459-001 instead of a name. Because that's really what they were in here. A number, waiting in line for their last day on earth.

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Olivia was busy with the second load of laundry, after she had to strip the bed first thing in the morning. The young criminal living with her boss had a rough night, full of mind shattering nightmares and a panic attack before breakfast, leaving the luxurious white bed sheets stained with vomit.

She tried to be as quiet and invisible as possible, as she did her household chores, but couldn't help
but to glance every now and then at the big black leather couch in the living room, where Daryl was lying, curled up with his head on Negan's lap, watching a sitcom on TV.

"Who's that now. His boyfriend?" Negan tried his best to follow the plot, when the Sheldon-dude on TV made breakfast for the Leonard-bloke, both wearing bathrobes in horrible designs.

"Mh." Daryl wiped his nose with the back of his fingers. "Jus' roommates."

"Hm." Negan took a bite of his apple, nodding. Then held it down in front of Daryl's lips. "Open."

Daryl did, taking two small bites and chewed them while staring at the big, elegant hand, resting on Negan's knee, holding a tasty green apple. He sniffed his nose, speaking quietly. "Are you a faggot?"

Negan stopped chewing, suppressing a smirk before he took another big bite with a crunching sound, speaking with full mouth. "I don't know. What's a fucking faggot?"

Daryl hadn't expected a counter question. He scratched his temple, tousling his hair in the process, then shrugged, feeling ashamed that he had asked. "'s jus' a word."

Negan ran his tongue along his upper teeth, then forced Daryl to turn around and look at him. He smiled faintly, stroking the long hair out of the man's face. "Faggot is an extremely offensive word for a homosexual man. Don't say it." He made Daryl bite from his apple. "Am I a homosexual? No I am not. I had sexual relations to men and women. I am bisexual." He arched his brows. "Although I am more attracted to men, I guess."

"Hm." Daryl nodded, listening attentively. He really didn't like the idea of Negan kissing a woman.

"What are you?"

Daryl stopped chewing. He wasn't sure what he was. He hoped he wasn't anything bad. So he pointed at Negan's chest, because Negan was the best person he knew. "Like you."

"I see." Negan pursed his lips, nodding. "You wanna try eating pussy and suck some nice tits?" He could see pure disgust spreading over Daryl's pale features. "You wanna do some sweet puppy licking with a pretty girl?" He wagged his brows, smirking. "Should I invite a nice woman to come and play with us next time?"

The disgust changed into a mixture of anger and horror. "No." Daryl turned around with a grunt and threw the apple core against the coffee table, giving the blonde waitress on TV a death stare. He felt his heart hammer in his chest and heat spreading over his neck and face. He was angry with Negan for saying such mean things.

Negan stayed calm, just took his hands off Daryl. "You have three minutes to pick that up, throw it into the trash and apologize."

If Daryl would have had another apple, he would have thrown that across the room, too. But he didn't have one, so he just got up with another defiant grunt, grabbed the apple remains, stomped into the kitchen to throw it into the trash, and came back, standing in front of Negan with clenched fists, exhaling soundly through his nose. "'m sorry." It was a mumbled apology that sounded not even slightly friendly or heartfelt.

Negan let it slip anyway and grasped Daryl's wrists, pulling him down on his lap with a sigh. "Come here, grumpy puppy. Sit."
Daryl did as he was told, moving stiffly to straddle the man's thighs, but as soon as he was close enough, didn't fight it any longer and nestled against a broad chest, digging his nose into the crook of Negan's neck. "I'm sorry." He really was.

"You wanna know what I think?"

"Yes." Daryl pulled his arms between both of their chests, closing his eyes as he rested his head on Negan's shoulder.

"I think you like this." Negan brushed his beard against Daryl's face. "And this." He rubbed three fingers along the man's hidden ass crack. "I think you like masculine bodies and a nice dick up your gorgeous butt."

Daryl listened to the rumbling voice vibrating from deep in Negan's throat. It made his stomach tingle.

"I think you are attracted to me." Negan wrapped his arms tightly around Daryl's back, purring into long strands of hair. "I think you are an absolutely beautiful, fucking hot, gay man. And I'm fucking happy about that." He felt damp, warm lips kissing the side of his neck. "But just because I know, doesn't mean you have to tell anyone else."

Daryl blinked his eyelashes against Negan's skin, fighting for the courage to tell the truth that hurt his stomach for weeks now. He smacked his lips and curled his fingers into the fabric of Negan's shirt. "Merle hates faggots." The broad hand that came down hard on the side of his thigh made him flinch instantly.

"I asked you not to use that word! It is very offensive towards people I like!" Negan waited six seconds before he rubbed the sting out of the sore spot he had spanked. "And he surely doesn't hate homosexuals. Most people just say that because they don't know any better. It's all a question of fucking education."

Daryl huffed a breath against the rough stubble beneath Negan's jawbone, then brushed his lips against it. "Yes."

Negan patted a firm butt cheek. "And you don't have to tell him. Just show him your awesome photos and tell him all about your pinball highscore." He felt pale pink lips curling up into a smile.

"Merle taught me pinball." At the small bar at the end of the street where the owner didn't care about age restriction and let the youngest Dixon play and drink with the big boys as long as he liked.

"Well, then he will be fucking proud. Now go and pick a nice shirt, you don't wanna be late."

----

Daryl's stomach felt numb and heavy as he sat on the passenger seat in the shiny black car, nervously pulling his fingers. His hair was combed, his pants were clean, and the words Hugo Boss were embroidered on the left side of his chest, on a 108 dollar long sleeved polo shirt out of Negan's closet. It smelled like tall angry man and the washing powder that Olivia used.

Negan glanced to the right as the premises of the Georgia State Prison came into sight, and used his most encouraging voice, patting Daryl's thigh. "Cheer up, Mister Dixon. You wanna spend a good time with your brother, right?"

"Hm." Daryl stared through the windshield. The huge bright white building didn't look very prison-like. More as an airport, or some kind of a castle, with rich green tutored lawns in the front, a mighty
watchtower and the flag of the united states blowing gently in the wind.

Negan parked the car on the left side between a red Dodge Caliber and an old Ford Focus with a 'Honk if you love Jesus' bumper sticker in the back. He looked at Daryl, smirking faintly and honked demonstratively, then shut off the engine and slid his shades to the top of his head. "Show me your arm."

Daryl touched his ear to his shoulder, then slowly stretched his arm out. Negan grabbed him by the wrist and leaned over, to the glove box, in search for a pen. He found a black one and pulled the cap off with his teeth, sighing.

Daryl blinked through his long bangs, watching as his sleeve was rolled up and the faded word written on his arm got a nice touch-up. N E G A N. It was the most beautiful word he had ever seen anywhere and it was finished off with a tiny added heart. Not red but certainly perfect. He glanced up at Negan, surprised by the small drawing.

Negan wagged his dark eyebrows, blindly closing the pen. "Not that you forget that you're my fucking sweetheart, right?" He pushed the sleeve back down and patted Daryl's arm. "Now you go in there and tell the person at the counter that you want to visit your brother. They will help you."

Daryl felt his skin grow cold in the split of a second. "Can I with you."

"May you go with me? No you may not. I'm playing Ping-Pong, downtown with my buddy while you're having a nice chat with your brother. Then I'll come to pick you up, right?"

Daryl felt too ill to speak. He had thought the tall angry man would go with him and do all the talking like he had done at the movie theater and the chop stick restaurant.

"Well? Go on, brave puppy. Don't let him wait." Negan leaned over Daryl's lap and opened the car door, then handed him an envelope. "Don't forget your sky pictures."

Daryl climbed out of the car like a sleepwalker, his legs feeling like pudding as he pushed the door shut. Negan smiled at him through the window, sliding his shades back down on his nose and started the engine. Daryl wanted to cry, his throat growing painfully tight.

Negan crossed the parking space, turned left to drive back onto the street, got his phone out to tell Simon he would make it on time, and then cursed when he glanced into the rear view mirror, "Fucking puppy." seeing a crushed young man with neatly combed hair, standing totally lost in the empty parking spot, staring down at his feet.

"Spoiler alert!" Simon's voice blared enthusiastically through the phone. "I will destroy you!"

"Sorry, another time." Negan turned the car around. "I'm on puppy duty."

----

It turned out, walking with the tall angry man through the prison doors wasn't scary at all. There wasn't an iron gate, or heavily armed guards, just a normal door, leading to a very nice reception area, with a long white counter and a red haired lady behind.

Negan snapped his fingers and pointed one down behind his back, walking up to the busy woman in his usual straight forward, yet charming way. "Mister Dixon has an approved visit at 10:30."

Berta, the annoyed receptionist, shoved a clipboard over the counter. "He has to sign in."
Negan checked the document for a second, then reached for Daryl's arm, pulling him close. "Write your name here, right on that line."

The pen was attached to a long cord. Daryl tugged it, glanced nervously up at Negan and then wrote his name. In crooked letters with far too much pressure on the paper.

Negan rubbed his back anyway and added a date, phone number and address, before handing the clipboard back.

Berta put her reading glasses on, studying the unusual hand writing, then looked up, pointing to a row of small white lockers. "He can store his personal items over there. Then take a number. He will be called out for security screening."

Negan took the envelope out of Daryl's hands, putting it on the counter. "Can he take that inside."

Berta pursed her lips and took the photos for a closer look, smiling slightly as she flipped through them. "Interesting choices."

Daryl didn't know what that meant, and glanced from the receptionist to Negan and back again.

"He can bring them." Berta was a little bit disappointed that she couldn't confiscate any nudes, considering how handsome the couple in front of her desk was. "We have vending machines in the visiting area. Put money on this and he can treat his relative to lunch. Visiting time is 70 minutes."

She put a small white card on the counter. It looked like a very simple credit card.

"Thanks." Negan collected the envelope and card, gesturing for Daryl to the lockers. "Go pick one. You wanna put your wallet and phone inside."

Daryl sniffed his nose, looking around the waiting area. It had green plants, rows of comfortable seats, a play corner for kids with clowns and circus animals at the wall, and a shelf with magazines, just in case the visitors got bored. It was almost surreal. The people waiting there looked friendly and normal. Like grandparents, wives with children, cousins and good friends showing by. Not like being related to a criminal.

He walked over to the lockers, picked the number 51, carefully put his things inside and fumbled a bit with the key, before he managed to lock the small door. Then flicked his head to get some hair out of his eyes and found Negan at the other end of the room, sitting down on a free chair. He went up to him and immediately crouched down on the floor next to the man's biker boots.

Negan put the brochure down that he was reading and stroked Daryl's ear with three fingers, leaning in close to speak in private. "That's so nice of you, kneeling for me like a good boy. But at the prison, puppies sit on chairs, right?" He patted the free seat next to him, smiling when Daryl blushed and looked at the other visitors, deeply ashamed, sure they would make fun of him. "Ksst. You still wanna focus on me, though."

Daryl got up and sat down, wishing he could be invisible.

"Here. I put 50 dollar on it." Negan held the white card up. "You can buy something to eat for your brother and yourself."

"Thank you." Daryl took it, feeling really ill. He couldn't imagine that somewhere behind these walls was actually Merle, waiting for him. He rubbed his nose with the back of his fingers, moving an inch closer to Negan, so their arms touched. "Where will you be."

"Where will I be?" Negan threw a challenging look at the guy openly staring at them as if they were
some attraction at the zoo, and put a firm arm around Daryl's shoulders, pulling him close. "Right here waiting for you, reading through all these girly gossip magazines until I'm growing a fucking vagina."

Daryl dug his face into the smooth leather of a heavy jacket, smirking faintly. "No."

"No?" Negan rested his chin on Daryl's head. "Should I play fucking jewels on my phone until you're back? I'll beat your highscore."

"Yes." Daryl closed his eyes. He wanted to hide underneath Negan's arm forever. But the red haired lady from the counter called '12. Security check.', and the number 12 was on the small piece of paper that Negan had gotten out of the blue machine on the wall.

"Be a good boy for me. You'll have a great time."

Daryl listened to the deep, low voice speaking to him, while a hard knot formed inside his chest. He hesitated a moment, then took his money card, the photo envelope, and left. Visiting Merle in Prison. ----

"This way." Warden Sulesky escorted inmate 38459-001 through another high security door with fingerprint scan, through a gate, along a short hallway, into the room for face-to-face visits.

The buzzer went off to signify the door was opening and a prisoner was entering. There were four metal tables with attached chairs, anchored to the floor. A Hispanic man sat across an inmate from cell block D, a tiny old Asian lady sat alone, waiting for her relative, three armed guards stood along the walls with watchful eyes, and a very nervous young man with neatly combed hair and expensive black polo jersey sat at the last table in the back of the room, anxiously biting his bottom lip.

"Hh." Merle stared at him, standing perfectly still, as the guard unlocked the cuffs and shoved him forward into the room. He almost hadn't recognized his brother. He looked clean, well groomed, wore fine clothes and the closer he got to him, the more prominent became the musky smell of luxurious soap and cologne. He chuckled with a bright joyful smile, trying to cover the discomfiture poking into his guts. "Hey, hey lil' brother."

Daryl's head shot up, his heart skipping a beat. There he was, looking absolutely normal despite the orange prison outfit. Slick and snarky as always. "Hello." He wanted to get up for a hug, but Merle was about to sit down already, lifting one of his legs over the seat with a big sigh, gesturing at the guard to his right.

"Don't mind him. They're all a bit clingy 'round here."

"Hm." Daryl flicked his head, nodding. He wanted to touch Merle's hand and say how much he had missed him, but didn't even manage to glance up for more than two seconds.

Merle did. He studied the man at the other side of the table with a slight smile. "Well, well, look at you. And here I thought you'd be dead by now all alone on the streets. But you seem to do... " He pursed his lips, tilting his head to the side. "Just fine."

Daryl nodded again, fumbling with the envelope beneath the table. "Got you a lawyer. He'll get you out here."

"Well, ain't that sweet." Merle huffed a laugh, seeming honestly amused. "The only thing gettin' me outta here is the meat wagon, lil' brother."
"No." Daryl looked up, knitting his brows. "He's the best. He'll help you."

The smile disappeared from Merle's features. He sniffed his nose, gesturing at Daryl's over all very neat appearance. "What's with the fancy golf club outfit. Where's your vest?"

Daryl flicked his head with an embarrassed chuckle. "Home. Wasn't sure what to wear here."

Merle kept a straight face. "You went back home?"

"Mh." Daryl shook his head. "Live here in town. Had to get a job to pay the lawyer."

Merle laughed. "Well ain't that somethin'. A place to stay, a job. Quite a life you got there while my ass rots in here."

Daryl shrugged, feeling guilty instantly. "Jus' cleanin' at some bar."

"Oh yeah? Rosco's? Pussycat? Is that fucker Bernie still around?"

"Dunno. Haven't been there." Daryl avoided his eyes. "Work at the Eagle." The 9 seconds of ear deafening silence he earned after his small confession made him sick to the bones.

Merle leaned back, tapping his middle finger on his knee, as he scrutinized his brother. "The cocksucker club? Takin' it up the ass now?"

Daryl grimaced, staring down at his lap. Anger and deep shame flooded his much too tight chest. "Jus' cleanin' there." He tried to sound confident but failed completely. "Told you I have to pay your lawyer, man." He sniffed his nose, threw the envelope on the table and got up. "I'm hungry. You want somethin'?"

Merle didn't answer. The clean, unfamiliar scent invading his nostrils as Daryl walked past him to the vending machine made him nauseous.

Daryl wasn't hungry at all. He felt like vomiting, staring through the glass front of the machine at the selection of snacks. He couldn't believe that he actually hoped for Merle to be proud of him. Proud of what? That he lived like a king in the awesome factory, with a cleaning lady and the most comfortable bed, while his brother suffered in prison, waiting for execution because of him? He was such an asshole. The biggest jerk ever.

After almost 4 minutes of successfully holding back the pansy tears trying to well up his eyes, he wiped his runny nose with the back of his hand, staining the much too long sleeve of Negan's expensive shirt, and selected the food that looked the healthiest. The small green display asked him to put the card in and then to take his snack out. It was a sandwich with ham and cheese and a bag of pretzels. He wasn't sure if there was gluten or sugar in any of it, but at the moment he didn't care much if he would get fat and die at fucking fifty. A second later he regretted his disrespectful thought, because Negan would certainly not be happy if he would get fat and die.

He collected his card and the food and went back to the table, briefly glancing at the guard, as he sat down. He handed Merle the sandwich and they ate in silence for eight minutes, before Merle nodded towards the envelope.

"What's that."

Daryl swallowed his pretzel, and a spark of happiness swirled through his stomach at Merle's conciliating tone. He looked up through his long bangs, pulling the photos out. "'made pictures for you."
"Hm." Merle stretched his legs out underneath the table and licked his fingers clean. "Hope it's some fine tits." He took the pictures and flipped through the first three, then looked a bit longer at the fourth and fifth.

Daryl couldn't help but feel a little bit excited. He craned his neck, wanting to see what his brother looked at, then shyly offered a comment. "That's Jesus. Met him on the streets."

Merle didn't say anything, looking at the next. It showed a large German shepherd.

Daryl smirked, "His name 's Tiger." then leaned far over the table, his eyes glinting when Merle flipped to the next photo. "That's Negan. He offered me a room and work." Pride and happiness dripped heavily off his voice. "He helped me to come here. He's waitin' outside." He liked the tall angry man so much and it was so nice that his brother could finally see him.

Merle stared at the attractive guy in the picture. He wore a leather jacket and had his arm around Daryl. They stood in a movie theater, looking like a happy couple on date night. He huffed a soundless laugh, but didn't say anything as he flipped through the next photos, all taken on an airplane, showing clouds and blue sky.

Daryl sniffed his nose. "We've been to Washington." He waited for Merle to react in some way, but nothing came. "Negan had to work there. I helped." He had. With packing boxes and everything. He had been good.

Seeing the life his little brother had built in his absence, all on his own, with friends, a job, and fucking pets, even traveling like some pansy ass white trash, made Merle's stomach boil with hate and anger. He couldn't believe what he saw.

Daryl flicked his head to get some hair out of his eyes, when Merle went back to the pictures of Jesus and Negan.

"Look at ya." Merle pursed his lips, crossing his ankles underneath the table. "Aaall them years I spent trying to make a man of you, and this is what I get." He turned the picture around for Daryl to see. "You his bitch now?"

Daryl blinked, something hot falling into his stomach like a heavy rock. "No." He mumbled his small answer, pictures of him and Jesus in the playroom shooting through his head.

Merle chuckled. "You're a joke is what you are, workin' for some faggot, cock suckin' democrat! Does he bang your ass good? 's that how ya pay for your new fancy life?"

His brother's hoarse, mocking voice cut into Daryl's heart like a hot knife through butter. He avoided his eyes, wrinkling his nose as he murmured an answer. "Don't talk about him like that."

"Or what, you kick your damn high heels off and punch my teeth in, Darlina?" Merle flicked the pictures carelessly on the table. "You really think you're more than a freak to that fag? Redneck trash 's all you are! He's laughin' at you behind your back! First chance he gets he's gonna scrape you off his shiny shoes like you're dog shit!"

Daryl blinked rapidly underneath the long hair falling into his face, as he leaned over with trembling fingers to collect his photos. He felt his throat tighten up and tears coming. He wasn't dog shit. He was a sweetheart. Negan had drawn it on his arm with black marker.

Merle didn't seem to care or notice. He popped a pretzel into his mouth, shaking his head at a picture showing a slender man with cowboy boots and a happily grinning guy with impressive mustache. "They ain't your kin. If ya have any damn nuts in that sack of yours you'd go back to where ya
belong and make me proud, man. Live the life I taught you while I sit in this shit dump!"

Daryl wiped the back of his hand angrily over his eyes, sure that everyone in the room stared at him by now. "What did you teach me. You were never even there."

Merle put both hands on the table, looking straight at Daryl with a serious expression. "Was there since the day you were born baby brother. Looked after your worthless ass until the day I ended up in here, didn't I." He wanted to add a snarky comment about the things his brother's arse was certainly busy with nowadays, but after a glance at Daryl's crushed face decided against it. "Ain't nobody ever gonna care about you except me. Ain't nobody ever will. Remember that when I'm waitin' on the other side for you, little brother."

----

After only 48 minutes, a person from the prison's security staff escorted a young man with tousled hair and puffy eyes back into the waiting area.

Negan put his gossip magazine on the table and got up, not saying anything. He touched Daryl's cheek briefly, then got his things out of the locker and led him outside, across the bright green lawn, the parking lot, to a shiny black Tahoe, where he stopped and just spread his arms a little.

Daryl lowered his head and immediately dug his face into the soft, comforting fabric of Negan's shirt, soaking it with muffled sobs and warm tears.

Negan pulled his jacket over the man's head, as much as possible, offering some privacy. He brushed his lips over long strands of hair, smiling faintly when he heard a quietly mumbled apology.

"Ate junk food."

----

Inmate 38459-001 was visibly shaken by his first visit. He punched the wall, the steel cabinet and finally slumped down on his bunk, cursing. Hating himself with every fiber of his being. Hating his big mouth. Hating all of his worthless existence. His brother had always been the sweet one. The only thing right and good about the dysfunctional Dixon family.

Daryl had also always been gay. He knew it. He just had hoped that Daryl himself would never find out.

The picture of the handsome man popped up in his mind, mocking him. The way Daryl's voice had sounded when he said his name, the way his face had shone when he had looked at the photo, he knew it wasn't just some meaningless guy.

He knew it the second he had seen the movie theater photo. The way this man had put an arm around Daryl, protectively and claiming. It made him jealous to the core.

It all made him so jealous that he wanted to scream and kill someone. Work, home, travel, friends... a relationship. 12 weeks without him and Daryl had managed to build up what no Dixon had ever achieved before. 12 weeks without him and Daryl was a normal part of society. 12 weeks without him and Daryl was happy. 12 weeks without him and Daryl didn't need his brother anymore. He wasn't alone on the streets missing Merle. He wasn't crying his sweet heart out under some bridge. He wasn't afraid of the day the state of Georgia would let him know that Merle Dixon had gotten his last meal.

No, Daryl had just carried on and did more than fine, smelling like some rich fancy person, on
business trips to Washington, with his pretty boyfriend.

Merle bit the side of his finger, staring out on the catwalk, through his bars, never being more aware of who he was and where it had led him. Dog shit. On the gates to hell.

----

It was almost noon when Negan pulled into the Factory's driveway and parked the car in front of the garage, taking his sunglasses off. "Please help Joey with the waste paper until it's time for lunch."

Daryl felt numb as he unbuckled the seat belt of Negan's perfect car, looking through the windshield at the wonderful factory building, where he was allowed to do easy work, for an amazing man, until he would eat a tasty hot meal in the most beautiful apartment. He really was living like a king, for someone who was much, much better than him, in an environment where he just didn't belong.

"Boy." Negan raised his voice a bit to pull Daryl out of his deep thoughts. "Go help Joey. Come upstairs for lunch at 12:30."

"Hm." Daryl glanced briefly at Negan, added a quiet 'Yes' and got out of the car, doing as he was told, feeling like the biggest prick on earth.

----

"You wanna eat." Negan tapped the table in front of Daryl's plate. "It's good."

It was really good. The best chicken and potatoes Daryl had ever eaten. But his throat and stomach just wouldn't cooperate. Pictures of Merle, devouring a simple ham and cheese sandwich in the visiting room, flashed through his mind, before pictures of a usual meal at his father's house displaced them. A can of cold Spaghettios, enjoyed on the stained old couch, because the Dixon family didn't own such things as dining tables and porcelain plates.

He looked up through his long bangs, reminded once more how perfect Negan was, sitting there all tall and beautiful, like a god on a throne. He wanted to crawl on his lap and hide for all eternity under his expensive white shirt. But he didn't. "Can I nap."

"May you lie down for a nap without lunch?" Negan knew Daryl was fighting with his emotions and the experiences he had made at the prison and decided it was best to give him some space. He nodded and snapped his fingers. "Put it in the fridge and eat it for dinner."

"Hm." Daryl moved his chair back, making a scraping noise on the pretty hardwood floor. He did as he was told and quietly went downstairs to his simple basement room, which was still so much better than the streets or a prison cell on death row.

----

"That's how you repay me, little faggot?" Merle was already strapped down in the death chamber, a man from prison staff preparing his lethal injection. "Living like a king while my ass gets roasted?"

"No I'm not." Daryl sat next to him, crying on the bed boys chair, holding a crinkled black latex glove. "I'm just earning money for your lawyer."

Merle burst out laughing. "Keep tellin' yourself that, dirty cock sucker! You're a worthless backstabber, 's all you are! See ya in hell, man, see ya in hell!"

"No! I'm sorry I can be better!" Daryl couldn't see much through his tousled hair and streams of
tears, when the executioner injected the poisonous fluid into Merle's vein, but he heard his brother scream in agony, before fire and flames swallowed him and left nothing but silence and some black dust, like he had never existed.

----

'We're on easy street... and it feels so sweet...'

The cheerfully happy music that Eugene played on repeat in his new office, blared through the walls and made its slow way into Daryl's drowsy mind as he woke up from the sickening horror and nightmares of his afternoon nap, leaving him drained and ill. He sat up, wiping some sweaty strands of hair out of his eyes and wanted nothing more than to run upstairs to hide between Negan's legs, where everything was quiet and okay. Where he was good and safe. Where nothing else existed. Only him and Negan.

But he didn't run. He just put his shoes on and the leather vest he hadn't touched for weeks. Olivia had tried her best to clean it, but the stench and dirt of his old life was still there and visible.

He sniffed his runny nose and looked at his fancy smart phone. It was almost time to go to work.

Wetness welled his eyes up and his chin started to tremble. He sat down at his small desk and started to write on a slightly crinkled paper sheet with a black ball pen. He used too much pressure and had punched seven holes into the paper by the time he was finished, but that was to be expected.

There were 755 dollar and 77 cent in his wrist cuff wallet. It was his half of the money he had earned. He put it next to his note and bent down to sniff at his mousepad, inhaling the faint scent of a faggot cock sucking democrat. The most wonderful person in the whole universe.

----

"As a Dom you are the leader, the enforcer, and most of all the protector. You have to be confidently in control of the situation at all fucking times." Negan put his arms behind his back, slowly striding back and forth in front of his audience. "Your job is to push the limits and boundaries of your sub, without ever going too far or breaking them. You want them yearning to come back and see you again. If they don't want to fucking come back, you did not do your job well." He arched his brows at the people sitting in first row. "You need to adopt the ideology that mistakes are fucking unacceptable. You do not learn how to land an airplane through trial and error." Negan paused his lecture when he sensed someone walking in the back of the room, making his way to the stairs. "Gentlemen. A moment." He smirked at Daryl as he walked up to him, keeping his voice low. "Already time for work, puppy?"

"Hm." Daryl tried to avoid his eyes. He hadn't known that the tall angry man would hold a seminar today. "Yes."

"Yes?" Negan fixed an open button on Daryl's black polo jersey. "Did you try to sneak out without telling me good bye?"

The deep, softly spoken words hit Daryl's stomach like a punch, knocking air, oxygen and life out of his body. He glanced up trying his best to shake his head, because his voice didn't work, not even for a small 'No' that would have been a big fat lie.

Negan squinted at the crushed look on a pale face and the shiny blue eyes looking at him. He took Daryl's head in both hands, but didn't say anything, just leaned in after a moment to plant a comforting kiss on warm lips.
Daryl felt exactly when it happened. The moment his heart broke, shattered into a million pieces. It was on a Monday evening, February the third, 6:23 PM. When he left the huge factory compound, climbing over a high chain link fence. Not like a king or sweetheart, but a criminal. Like ugly, unworthy Daryl Dixon, with a picklock in his pocket and a tiny dark green dinosaur figure.

Negan put his beer aside and tiredly rubbed his forehead when he answered his phone at almost ten in the evening. "Yes."

A monotonous voice answered, speaking a bit louder over the booming music. "This is Eugene Porter, social media manager and security officer. I am reporting an orange situation, Sir."

"What the hell are you talking about." Negan got up, glancing at the time displayed on the TV.

"I am reporting the ongoing absence of Mister Dixon, Sir."

Negan smoothed his slightly tousled hair back. "Daryl left work?"

"No, Sir. I am afraid he never reported for duty today in this premise."

"Is Paul around?" Negan took the phone into his other hand and went downstairs.

"N-no Sir, he left an hour ago with Mister Grimes."

Negan sprinted over the gallery, down broad metal stairs, across the empty club, into the simple guest room he had given to the young homeless man he had found on his doorstep a few weeks ago.

It was empty.

But a pile of crinkled bank notes lay on the small desk, next to a key and a note, written in the crooked hand writing of a third grader.

- THANK YOU FOR BEING SO GOOD TO ME I CANT STAY IN YOUR FACTERY SORRY FR BREKING THE RULE I BRING THE REST MONY

YOUR DARYL DIXON

-

There was a small drawing behind the word Dixon. An oddly shaped heart with a tiny puppy inside.

"Sir? I am awaiting further instructions."

"Thanks for letting me know." Negan put the note down, his stomach making an unpleasant turn before it started to feel really numb. "You can go home."
next one is my personal favorite
Chapter Summary

In which... Daryl needs to raise his left hand, to form it into a fist and stick his little finger out

Chapter Notes

Jesus gives this chapter a NC-17 for too much blood and gore

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The first night, curled up behind a dumpster, in a very questionable part of town, Daryl didn't sleep, not even for a second.

He was cold, his back hurt, and the guilt and sadness consuming his mind was truly sickening. He knew Carol was waiting for him. He knew Jesus was worried. He knew Negan was certainly very angry and disappointed.

But he also knew that Merle would be proud. So he tried to be brave and ignore his thirst and hunger, the cold and slight fear, the hard surface and most of all the need to report, brush his teeth, put money on the counter and snuggle up to the most perfect person he had ever met in his life.

He even missed the blue marker and the paper sheet on the fridge. Spending 52 more days at the factory, with the tall angry man, sounded like the best thing in the world right now.

He held the black, crinkled latex glove against his face, inhaling the scent, and closed his eyes.

Around two in the morning he sat up and took his shoes off, to put them neatly, side by side, underneath the dumpster. Hoping with all his heart that Negan would appreciate the effort, if he knew.

----

The first day, back on the streets of Atlanta, free like the wind, was a reality check.

There he was, Daryl Dixon, invisible to the world, worth not more than a glance full of disgust to a handful of people walking by, as he drank out of a fountain and later picked up a half eaten burrito, because his stomach started to ache from hunger.

Nobody cared when he wiped his nose into his sleeve because he had no tissue. Nobody noticed that his shoulders were hunched as he sat in front of a small store for office supplies. Nobody smiled at him or said his name. Nobody watched as he read the big sign of Herb's Bakery, closed his eyes, and spelled the words correctly letter by letter, very quietly. He got no raisin for his achievement and no high five.
But Merle would have been proud of him. Not for learning words like a champ, but for having the balls to be out on the streets like a man.

He sniffed his nose, with a loud, very unpleasant sound, causing the young woman who walked past him to cringe and mutter a disgusted 'Gross'. Then got up to find more food and a better shelter for the upcoming night, because it looked like rain.

---

It was raining the whole night. It was also cold and Daryl's belly hurt from the half eaten sandwich he had found behind a bench in the park.

He pulled his legs up to his chest, resting his chin on his knees, suppressing a soundless sob, as he brushed his lips over the black word written on the skin of his forearm. He missed Negan so much, it made him hurt everywhere, from his toes to the top of his head. He missed his deep voice and the comforting smell of his fingers. The very short hair at the back of his neck. The taste of his tongue. The way every room felt safe and quiet immediately, when the tall angry man walked through the door. Like he would perform some kind of magic. He missed everything about him. And most of all, to be good for him.

He cleared his throat, noticing the burning pain down there and how his nose started to feel stuffed up instead of runny. He pulled his arms tight around his body and damp clothes, hoping for some hours of sleep.

---

On the second day, Daryl watched two people in front of a supermarket, begging for money.

He wondered if he should try that as well. Not to buy food or something to drink, but to save up enough so he could put it on Negan's doorstep and pay off the rest of his debt.

But as he played the thought out in his head, the possibility of someone actually stopping to give him money, just like that, seemed as impossible as a flight to the moon.

So he went to sit someplace else, close to a tree surrounded by cigarette butts and other garbage, where hopefully nobody would see his ugly face. He fell into a light slumber after almost an hour and jerked awake 42 minutes later, when he felt someone sitting down right next to him, nudging his arm.

"One of my Dads made me watch all the old Monk reruns when I had the chicken pox." Jesus tucked a strand of hair behind his ear, leaning his head against Daryl's shoulder. "Knew that would pay off one day. Tracked you down all through town."

For a moment, Daryl wasn't sure whether he was dreaming or not, when the pleasant smell of cookies and Paul's shampoo reached his nostrils. He tensed, not daring to look up. He wanted to be angry, but the relief he felt was ten times bigger.

"Told Carol you are sick. So you have at least a week before you have to show up again."

Daryl heard it but didn't say anything in return. He wouldn't go back to work. He couldn't. Merle would look down on him for the rest of all times if he worked again at the cocksucker club.

Paul shifted a bit, fishing a smartphone, a pack of tissues and a banana out of his coat pocket. "And Daddy sends you this."
Daryl sniffed his nose, glancing at the items held out for him, feeling a big lump forming in his throat.

Jesus looked at him from the side. "Why did you leave?"

Daryl took his silly smartphone, the wonderful banana and the tissues that smelled even from a distance like the most comforting leather jacket, and tried to stop his bottom lip from trembling by chewing on it. He shrugged, then let his head fall.

"Your brother?" Paul tugged the rough fabric of Daryl's dirty pants. "Was it a bad visit?"

Daryl wanted to say yes. He wanted to ask Paul for advice and tell him everything, how much he missed Negan and how deeply disappointed Merle was. But no word came out. Just a shaky sob, as he nodded.

Jesus had thought so. "I'm sorry." He kissed the side of Daryl's dirty face and got up, holding a hand out. "Come on, I know a better place to spend the night."

---

Near 18th street, on the abandoned part of Atlanta's freight depot, between a supporting concrete bridge pillar and some goods wagons, covered with graffiti, was the most perfect spot for people who wanted to sleep outside. It was dry, not very dirty, and miles from anywhere interesting, so other homeless people usually didn't make the effort to come here.

The ground was covered in short dried grass and not nearly as hard and cold as the asphalt in the city. One could even make a small fire without anyone noticing.

Daryl liked it. He wasn't silly, and knew it was also much closer to the factory, but that was okay. There was no way Negan could see him underneath the railroad bridge, and the only store in the neighborhood was an Ikea, so not many people would have a reason to come to this part of town.

"Oooh shit..." Paul turned away, putting his hands to the sides of his face to shield his eyes, when Daryl gutted the two large rats he had hunted down with a brick stone in the old enginehouse. "Sure you don't want me to buy some hot dogs over there? They're just a dollar each, you know?" He grimaced at the squelching sounds behind him, where the dinner was prepared.

"Na." Daryl wiped his nose into the sleeve of his dirty Hugo Boss shirt and threw some bloody parts to the side that he considered inedible. "Merle made them with a barbecue glaze made with moonshine. Was really good."

"Yeah?" Paul glanced nervously back over his shoulder when Daryl put the rat skins carefully aside as if he planned to use them for something specific later on. "Well... too bad we don't have any... moonshine?" He had no idea what that was, but if it would cover the taste of rat, he was all for it.

"Hm." Daryl agreed, putting the rat meat on a long stick, to roast it over the small fire. It was really nice to make dinner with Jesus. He felt kind of proud that he knew how it worked.

"Is that what you ate before you came to the factory?" Paul thought it was safe to look again and sat down next to Daryl, crossing his legs.

"Mh." Daryl shrugged, poking the glowing wood with another stick to stir up the blaze. "Sometimes."

Paul smiled, brushing his hair behind his ears. "You're so bad ass. I just flirted with some old ladies
in front of the mall to get their change and then i stuffed my face with cake and burgers."

"Hff." Daryl snorted a laugh, then sniffed his stuffed nose, wiping his face with his sleeve.

"You know he will punish the shit out of you for getting sick out here."

The slight smile disappeared from Daryl's dirt stained features. He bit his lips, staring into the fire. 
"'wouldn't mind."

Jesus nudged his arm. "Whatever it is that makes you so upset, you could let him fix it. You know he can."

"Mh." Daryl wiped the back of his wrist over his eyes, shaking his head to some extent. "Nothin' he could do."

Jesus nodded. "You miss him don't you."

Daryl tensed, his throat tightening painfully. He briefly glanced at Paul with watery eyes, then poked his stick around in the fire again, trying to keep the pansy tears from falling. "Mh."

"I know what you mean." Paul put an arm around his shoulders, touching the sides of their foreheads together. "It's like they cast a magic spell over us. Or maybe they have some magic potion that they mix in our breakfast." He gestured towards the fire. "Who knows what he fills in your puppy cup when you're not looking."

"Hja." For some reason Daryl didn't fight the silly single tear tickling its way down his cheek. And the two or three that followed were okay as well. No one saw it. Just Paul, and Paul was the best friend he ever had. Almost like a brother. Or maybe even better.

----

Sleeping underneath the railroad bridge next to 18th street wasn't as nice and comfortable as a night in the big bed at Negan's apartment, but it was the best night Daryl ever had on the streets.

He had fallen asleep with his head in Paul's lap, where it smelled like washing powder, leather coat and cookie dough. He had listened to stories about a family vacation with Shane and Rick and how they got almost eaten by a real alligator on a golf course. Daryl wasn't sure how much of the story was true, and he didn't really care, as long as gentle fingers combed through his hair as if it wasn't greasy and dirty at all.

When he woke up in the very early morning, the fire was out and Jesus was gone. At first Daryl thought he had just dreamed it all, the rat-dinner and night filled with stories, but then he saw a small note, laying right next to a silly smartphone, some tissues and a banana. Saying 'Sorry, have to be at the store. Please contact him? Love you! -J.'

----

Daryl spent the third day back on the streets underneath his bridge. Eating the best banana that had ever touched his mouth, sniffing a tissue that smelled like leather, soap and Negan, hoping that Paul would come back.

He thought about his father. He thought about Merle. He thought about his life before he met the most wonderful person in the whole wide world. And a part of him wished that he could swap places with Merle and just be dead and stop existing, because as cruel as it was, he didn't want to have his old life back. A life without Negan sounded like hell. It would be cold again and very lonely. He
would be silly ugly Daryl Dixon again for the rest of his days. He didn't want that, it scared him. It made him sick.

But that's how it was because Merle was his family.

He sniffed his nose, ignored his aching throat and fumbled the black latex glove between his fingers, falling asleep leaning against the cold concrete of the broad bridge pillar.

A surprisingly loud beeping sound pulled him out of disturbing nightmares, sometime in the early evening.

He wiped tousled strands of hair out of his eyes and looked around, finding his phone right next to his foot. He hesitated a moment before he took it and touched the small screen. Something hot and really painful hit the middle of his heart at the sight of his background picture. A beautiful, safe, tall angry man with red scarf and black leather jacket, holding a baseball bat over his shoulder. He wanted to lick his phone and run back home... until he remembered that it wasn't his home and would never be. It wasn't even in his part of the world.

Daryl tapped the number 1 right next to the small speech bubble, feeling his stomach tensing. It was a message from Negan, but with a weird row of letters and numbers, underlined and in a different color.

Negan

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2REkk9SCRn0

06.02.2017 08:12 PM

Daryl tapped it with his finger and the YouTube site opened, starting a short film. About a boy with tousled hair, hiding in the bushes when the most beautiful guy walked by. He was so beautiful and awesome, that the boy's heart literally jumped out of his chest, and all excitedly ran after the amazing guy, to play with him and cuddle and just be as close as possible. The boy was horrified and tried everything to get his cheeky heart back, before anyone would see what it was doing. He ran after it, tried to catch it, but as he finally got a hold of it and pulled and pulled to make it go back into his chest... the heart clung so tightly to the beautiful, amazing guy it liked so much, that it accidentally broke. Right in the middle. And all the people around saw it and stared with judging eyes, knowing exactly what was going on.

The boy took the half he was holding and ran away, hiding behind a tree, where he sat, all dirty with leafs in his hair, crying all alone about his broken heart.

But the beautiful, amazing guy wasn't ashamed at all, not angry or mean. He went looking for the boy. And when he found him, he crouched down next to him and put the two pieces of the boy's heart back together. Just like that. He fixed it. And he smiled. And made everything good and right again.

And as he sat down in the grass, underneath the tree, right next to the boy with his tousled hair and cheeky heart... it turned out that the heart in his own chest was just the same, and they fit together perfectly.

Daryl sniffed his nose and wiped some long strands of hair out of his eyes. It was the best movie he had ever seen, even though it had no dinosaurs or motorcycles. He wanted to watch it again. On his place, sitting all alone in the dark beneath his secret railroad bridge. But just as he was about to tap play, his phone beeped with another message.
Negan

:) 

06.02.2017  08:20 PM

A message that didn't contain more than a small smiling face. But it was enough to fill Daryl's chest with warmth and happiness and the ache for strong arms and the smell of clean skin and leather. For almost a minute, before he remembered where and what he was and a cloud of dull, heavy sadness spread through him like a disease.

He touched the small display to his lips, closing his eyes, wishing everything could be good, right and okay.

----

Day four back on the streets was filled with rain and cold, a pack of half eaten chips out of the trash can and a rest of ice tea that someone had left at a bus stop. Daryl wrote 'Merle Dixon likes cake' into the dirt underneath his secret bridge. Then closed his eyes and spelled it correctly, letter by letter.

He blew his nose into one of the tissues Jesus had brought, inhaling the scent of leather and Negan.

He didn't make a fire that night. He didn't bother.

All he wanted was to curl up in the dry, short patch of grass, hold his latex glove and be invisible to the rest of the world.

But even after two hours he couldn't fall asleep. So he took his phone, staring at the beautiful pictures of the most amazing person he knew...

...and finally opened a page to compose a message. Not to actually send it. Just for comfort.

**Good:**
  -

**Bad:**
  - eating garbage
  - sleeping outside
  - money

**Like:**
  - tissue

**Hate:**
  - Daryl Dixon

**Change:**
  - all

He stared at it, wishing he could come up with anything good, but of course there wasn't anything. After a moment, and feeling his stomach clenching, he wrote 'reporting' behind *Good*. And after another moment, he sent it, holding his breath, instantantly wishing he could undo it and somehow get the silly message back. In his head he could hear Merle's mocking voice, calling him a purse carrying, backstabbing faggot. He wanted to throw the silly phone away. But then he didn't and clung to it for dear life, because it beeped right in his hand, making the display light up, providing a little bit of brightness in the dark of the night.

The message he received didn't contain words or a corrected report. But a picture of a big, safe hand with long fingers, fine dark hair and pretty veins standing out prominently. It rested on a white pillow. Daryl knew exactly where the pillow was. It was in the big bed on his side of the mattress, right next to Negan.

It was his place.
The fancy place he wasn't supposed to have because it was a place for cocksucking faggots. And because Merle's place was in prison now.

---

After a hard shift at the Eagle, Daryl just wanted to get back home and sleep.

He drove the old Triumph back into the spacious garage hall, put his helmet and jacket into the gear cabinet, closed the roll-up gate and made his way inside, through the red door, up the staircase, quietly, so he wouldn't wake Tiger up and make him bark.

It was dark in the apartment and Daryl didn't have to switch the lights on to take his shoes off and find his way into the kitchen, to put his money on the counter and make a blue cross at the fridge door. He even managed to hold the pen correctly, without making it squeak in protest. He blindly got the red cup out of the cupboard, filled it with tap water and drank in big gulps, then placed the empty cup into the sink.

He put his black backpack on the floor, at its place, where Olivia would find it in the morning, and quietly walked into the bedroom, immediately being surrounded by the pleasant, comforting scent of fresh laundry, soap and Negan. It made his stomach tingle and his belly warm.

The only light came from the alarm clock on Negan's nightstand. Small, red glowing numbers, showing the time. 00:52 AM. He was late today.

He went into the bathroom, undressed and brushed his teeth, peed and washed his hands, looked into the mirror and smiled faintly because the stylish grungy hairstyle that Jesus had put on him was still there and actually didn't look that bad.

He switched the lights off and tip toed to his side of the bed, trying not to move the mattress too much as he climbed underneath the thick blanket. He put his wrist wallet off and slipped it underneath his pillow, where a condom wrapper and latex glove were hidden.

As he pulled his hand back, it touched something wet. He wondered what it was and brushed his fingers over the cool, white sheets, finding more sticky, cold wetness, before his fingertips bumped against Negan's shoulder.

He sat up on his ankles, touching Negan's bare back. And the second he let his hand slide over the man's skin, he knew something wasn't right. It felt cold and somehow empty.

Before his brain started to comprehend the situation, burning hot sweat broke out over his body. He gasped, jumping out of bed, towards the light switch and as the room filled with glaring brightness, his mind went blank, seeing a lifeless Negan, splayed out in an awkward, unnatural position over the pretty white bed sheets, in a sea of red blood. His eyes staring into nothing, his skin pallid and blotchy, his throat cut wide open.

"Hey, hey lil' brother." Merle entered the room as if he had been part of the household his whole life, wiping his hands with a blood stained cloth. "Look at your fag. Thought he'd never stop gurgling your fucking name."

---

The phone rang at five in the morning. Negan was groggy but not asleep. He reached for it and pushed the button, hearing nothing but hoarse, ragged breathing and very faint traffic noises in the background.
"Boy, what's wrong."

He didn't receive an answer, but could tell that Daryl tried to reply, despite hyperventilating.

He sat up in bed, hating everything about the situation. "Kneel for me. Close your eyes." He kept his voice calm and controlled, hearing the rustling of clothes and shifting, as Daryl moved into a kneeling position. "Good job. Count to 248." The hectic breathing through the phone got calmer for a couple of seconds, but then changed into sheer panic, slight grunting noises mixed with the fight for oxygen. "Daryl." Negan got up, and walked into the bathroom. "Close your eyes and fucking count. Loud. I wanna hear you." He closed his own eyes when he heard a familiar voice pressing out numbers, obediently counting with deep breaths and shallow gasps in between. "Good boy. Keep on going." There was no pity in his tone, not too much sympathy, but clear, firm guidance. "248. Don't stop before that."

Negan washed, brushed his teeth and dressed, listening to Daryl's counting over speakerphone. He wrote a note for Olivia, so she would take Tiger for a walk. He drank a big glass of water. He put his boots, scarf and jacket on. Took his gloves and sunglasses, and jogged down the stairs, when Daryl was at 193 and sounded already much calmer, nervously smacking his lips because he mixed up two numbers. "Doesn't matter, keep going." He went out, opened the garage and went straight to the gear cabinet, picking out a helmet for himself, and another one for a passenger. He picked his favorite black Triumph, swung his long leg over the seat and put the spare helmet on the right handle bar, pushing the kickstand back with his foot. The shy voice mumbling through his phone counted the last five numbers up to 248. Negan listened patiently. "Very good. Are you feeling better?" He waited for an answer but all he got was a very quiet, 'Hm'. He let it slip, figuring that Daryl was nodding. "It's five fucking days now, boy. It's really time to-" He didn't get to finish his sentence, hearing a rustling noise and then nothing but silence when Daryl Dixon simply hung up on him. He pursed his lips, staring for a few seconds at his phone, "Little shit," then tugged it away, put his helmet on and left the garage and his property with roaring engine.

Daryl sat on the ground underneath his secret railroad bridge, his head between his knees, feeling absolutely devastated.

He hadn't used his brain when he had called Negan's number, jerking awake from a mind shattering nightmare, not able to breathe. He had yearned for him. His voice, his words, his help. Anything that would make it all better and okay again.

And now everything was worse than ever, because he had just disconnected the call, while Negan was talking to him. He couldn't imagine anything more disrespectful. It hurt his heart what he had done, when the only thing he really wanted, was to be good, for this one person.

He sniffed his nose, watching an ant crawl around on a blade of grass right underneath his bent legs, before his head shot up and he jumped to his feet, making an alarmed step backwards, when a very loud motorcycle left the road and came to a stop in a 30-foot distance.

His heart hammered so loud in his chest, he was sure it would jump out at any moment. He looked left and right, panicking, as he tried to come up with a way out of the situation.

Negan shut the engine off and pushed the kickstand down with his foot, calmly taking his helmet off as if he hadn't even noticed the man underneath the bridge. He put his sunglasses and gloves into his helmet, hung it onto the left handle and climbed off the seat with a sigh, smoothing his dark hair back, as he walked towards Daryl, looking anything but happy.
Daryl went into defense mode, making another step backwards until he stood with his back against the broad concrete pillar of the bridge. In the split of a second he got aware of his dirty clothes, smelly body, greasy hair and the fact that he had broken a million rules in the past days...

...and all he could think of doing, was holding his chin up, for a defiantly spat "What are you doin' here."

Negan pinched his nose, speaking in a low, very calm voice. "Down."

Daryl didn't want to and stayed stubbornly on his feet, his mind racing in search for a solution.

Negan didn't repeat his order, just snapped his fingers, pointing two down.

Daryl huffed a stressed-out breath, flicked his head to get some hair out of his face and after 22 seconds crouched down on the dry patch of grass, right next to a brown banana peel and the empty ice tea bottle he used to scoop water out of puddles.

Negan didn't seem surprised at all that his order got obeyed, pinched his nose again, nodding as he looked around, observing the self made camp. He nudged a rat skin with his shoe, then put his arms behind his back, slowly striding back and forth in front of Daryl. "What am I doing here?" There wasn't any anger or aggression in his tone, just a very unsettling calmness. "Five days ago, my boy took off, and after he finally had the decency to fucking call me, he hung up on me like some rude shit, before I had the chance to fucking finish my sentence. So here it goes, pay attention." He stopped his slow pacing, scrutinizing the nervously fidgeting guy on the ground. "It's five fucking days now. I really think it is time to stop this shit and get your ass back home where it belongs."

Daryl stared at the dirt stains on his pants, mumbling an angry reply. "'can't go w-"

"NO!" It was the first time Negan raised his voice. "You do NOT get to fucking talk right now! You get to listen! You ran off without explanation. You broke our agreement. You broke the rules. You don't care shit that I can't fucking sleep at night because I have to worry for your fucking health and safety! You are not alone! You have friends, a boss, colleagues, and you fucking have me! We all care and worry! So running off like that is a fucking selfish thing to do, boy!"

Daryl wanted to cover his ears. He wanted to vanish. He wanted to drop dead. He knew every word shouted in his direction was absolutely true, but at the same time there was nothing he could do to change it or make it better.

"You have one fucking job and that is to do as told! Everything else is my job and my problem! If you feel there is something really bad you can't deal with, you fucking tell me and let me find the solution!"

Daryl felt his chin starting to tremble and his skin getting hot. "'don' need you." The words were just mumbled in low voice but Negan heard them anyway, and replied in calm, low tone.

"Repeat that for me please."

Something much too big grew in Daryl's throat, choking him. He didn't want to repeat the evil words. He didn't want to hear them again.

"Well?"

He clenched his fists, then opened them and dug his fingernails into the dirt and dried grass he was kneeling on, fighting with himself and the tears he felt coming.
Negan gritted his teeth. "REPEAT, BOY!"

Daryl's head shot up, as he yelled as loud as his croaky, rough voice would allow. "I'M NOT YOUR BOY AND I DON' FUCKIN' NEED YOU!" He managed to keep his eyes up for one more second, before his head dropped with a loud sob.

Negan just watched him for a moment, then stepped closer and squatted down, the heavy leather of his jacket making a creaking sound. "But you're not allowed to lie. Isn't that right, puppy."

The comforting, soft voice and feeling Negan so close, made Daryl's heart hurt and all the dirt and dried snot on his face get wet with bitter tears. He wanted to apologize. He wanted to run away with Negan to the end of the world or Mars where they would be alone forever. He wanted his collar back. He wanted to yell at his brother for not liking the most wonderful person in the universe.

Negan tilted his head to the side. "Do you need me, boy?"

Daryl didn't dare to look up, but he nodded immediately and after a few seconds added a very honest, very tearful 'Yes."

"Yes, you do." Negan gently tugged the dirty fabric of Daryl's expensive shirt. "You need me just as much as I need you. I miss your sweet puppy face at home, you know that?"

Daryl shook his head. He hadn't known that. But he knew exactly what the tall angry man talked about. He glanced up through his long bangs and awkwardly reached a hand out to touch Negan's bearded cheek, noisily sniffing his nose.

"Oh yes?" Negan smirked faintly. "You miss my ugly old face as well?" The small smirk grew into a full smile when Daryl knitted his brows and after a moment of processing the terms 'old' and 'ugly' gave him a hard push, making him sway in his squatting position. "No? Is it not old and ugly?"

"No." Daryl said it very seriously, because Negan's face was the most beautiful thing he had ever looked at.

"Hm." Negan nodded and got up with a sigh, dusting his pants off. "Will you come home with me now, so I can wash all that filth off my puppy?" He held a hand out for Daryl, helping him up.

Daryl hesitantly got on his feet, looking at the awesome motorbike, the spare helmet and thought of the wonderful big bathtub, with the green bubbly water. He wanted to go home so badly. But he couldn't. He couldn't go back to live like a king, knowing full well that he had destroyed Merle's life forever.

He looked at Negan, shyly tugging the man's finger. "I can't." He didn't say it angry or with a stubborn attitude, but as honest as he could, wishing Negan would understand.

"Boy..." Negan sighed, scratching his eyebrow with his thumbnail. "Can we just go the fuck home and deal with everything else from there?"

Daryl bit his bottom lip, making a step back, then another one when Negan tried to grab his wrist, and finally raised his left hand, forming it into a fist, with a spread out little finger. "I can't, man!" His pleading voice was weirdly high pitched and kind of croaky.

Negan stared at him, rolling his tongue behind his teeth, putting his hands on his hips, then let his head drop. "Hh." He gestured, huffing a small laugh. "So you fucking need me but you can't live at my house. Is that what you're saying?"
Daryl lowered his gaze, wiping his nose into the sleeve of his shirt. "Hm."

Negan held a finger up. "One!" The shocked look he earned in return made him arch his brows. "What! You think just because you're sitting under a god damn bridge, you can behave like a fucking peasant? I bother to come here and ask you a question, you fucking make the effort to answer correctly!"

Daryl grimaced, feeling horribly guilty. "Yes."

"Good! Now tell me why you can't live in my house."

Daryl touched his ear to his shoulder and offered a half shrug, before he started to bite the side of his finger. "'s not right 's all. Can't live like a damn king, 'n he's in a cage."

"A king." Negan squinted, trying to follow. "What, because you sleep in my fucking basement and get three meals a day?" He shook his head when Daryl nodded. "Boy. That's not living like a king, that's the minimum care any human being should receive. Your brother gets the same in his fucking prison cell."

Daryl wasn't so sure about that. He sniffed his nose. "'don' want a fancy life like some fag. 's not what Merle taught me."

"Mhm." Negan figured where the hateful comment came from and instantly knew what all the drama really was about. "And what did he teach you. To live like this?" He looked around. "In the fucking dirt, eating sewer rats fresh from the fire?"

Rage and shame made Daryl's nostrils flare. He clenched his fists, spitting his angry answer right into Negan's face, gesturing furiously. "Shut up! You know nothin'! Jus' because you don' like him doesn' mean he's trash or somethin'!"

Negan's face took on a dangerously cold expression, making Daryl back down instantly. "You want to know what I think about your brother?" His voice was far too calm and controlled for the explosive conversation they were holding. "I think he's the biggest fucking blessing I have ever received in my god damn fucking fancy faggoty life. Because if he hadn't done the job already, I would sit in that fucking cell now. But thanks to him, I have the opportunity to be with you, and make you god damn fucking happy for the fucking first time in your life." He leaned in close, raising his voice. "RIGHT!"

Daryl flinched, feeling like a piece of shit. "Right."

"God damn well it is! But since your brother obviously doesn't appreciate when I give you a roof over your head and healthy food to eat, I will have no other choice than to stay here with you. So, what's for fucking breakfast. I'm starving."

Daryl blinked through his long bangs, watching sorely shocked as a beautiful tall man in leather jacket and red scarf sat down on the ground, on a patch of dirt and dry grass, underneath his secret railroad bridge. "You can't stay here." He wrapped an arm across his chest, as Negan took his cell phone out to write some messages and cancel all his appointments for the day.

"Oh yeah?" Negan didn't look up from his phone, stretching one leg out to make himself at home. "Why not? Because I have to sit in the fucking dirt and will smell like something died on me?" He took a selfie with peace sign, so Simon would actually believe where he was planning to stay for the next 24 hours, at least. "Or because I'll eat dinner from a trash can and some psycho will probably cut my fucking pretty throat at night while I'm sleeping in your classy outdoor bedroom here." He let
Rick knew that there wouldn't be any sushi lunch today, checked back with Olivia, and put his phone into his pocket, looking at Daryl, lifting his brows. "Not my problem. Deal with it." He pulled his legs up, resting his wrists on his knees, waving two fingers. "And now go catch me some fucking rodent like a good puppy. Told you I'm hungry."

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Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the long wait puppies, I am actually in Ibiza right now and don't have as much 'computer time' as I want to. But the second part is ready and up tomorrow, before I travel back home.
Chapter Summary

Part two... in which Negan would even buy a sandwich for Merle, Jesus wants a bed for his room, and Daryl learns a lot about flora and fauna

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

There was a brief rustle and shrill squeak, before Daryl fished his furry victim out behind a dirty coal box in the abandoned engine house of Atlanta's freight depot.

It was a big one. Together with the handful of berries he had found, it would probably be enough. He really wanted to go back now, knowing that the tall angry man sat all alone underneath the bridge and some psycho could come at any moment to cut his throat.

He sniffed his nose, wiped it into his soggy sleeve and gathered all his breakfast findings, making his way back out into daylight, along some rusty rails, the blackberry bushes, two old goods wagons, over a pile of brickstones, to the place where he had spent the past days, underneath his secret railroad bridge.

Negan still sat in the same spot, scratching the back of his left hand with two fingers. "Should I have preheated the oven?"

"Mh." Daryl shook his head, not sure what oven the man talked about, and held the berries out. He needed his hands free if he wanted to make a fire.

Negan glanced at the slightly squished blackberries in a dirty hand. "Look at that. And I buy that shit at Whole Foods for a fucking fortune." He popped one into his mouth, praying that he wouldn't catch the fox tapeworm.

Daryl watched him chew, hoping it was tasty. He raised his hand, shyly offering the rest. "You can have all."

Negan had feared something like that. But if he would eat it himself, at least Daryl wouldn't catch some disease, so he accepted the gift, loving the proud expression on a dirty, snotty face.

He watched as Daryl started to build a small, new fire, and after not even a minute nudged him with his foot. "Ksst. What the hell are you doing?"

Daryl looked up, wiping some hair out of his eyes with the back of his wrist. "Fire."

"Here?" Negan rubbed the sole of his shoe over the dry grass. "Surely not. Since the fine city of Atlanta is your fucking home now, you will treat it with respect and not burn it down."
Daryl sat back on his heels, looking puzzled.

"That stuff catches fire easily." Negan pulled some of the dead, yellowish blades of grass out, throwing them at Daryl. "You wanna make a fire on bare earth. So, fucking clear all that dry shit here away, please."

Daryl wanted to argue that he had made a fire here before and nothing bad had happened, but Negan stared at him, obviously waiting for the order to be followed, so he sighed, shoved his firewood out of the way and started to rake with bare hands through the dry ground, to get all the dead plant material out of the way.

"That's a good boy. And if you fucking sigh at me again you will volunteer to pull up fucking weeds from here to my god damn fancy house, is that understood."

Daryl threw a clump of dirt and dry grass to the side, grunting a small, 'Yes' as answer. Somehow living outside with the tall angry man was pretty stressful.

Negan leaned his head back against the concrete bridge pillar, exhaling loud and satisfied, then popped another blackberry into his mouth, chewing it with a slight smirk. Maybe he should change his career path and become a drill sergeant at the army. That would be a lot of fun.

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Negan couldn't deny, it was an interesting experience to watch the sweet, shy man he had gotten to know during the past weeks, to make a fire and prepare his breakfast.

He had cut, skinned, gutted and roasted the big rat with nothing but a piece of broken glass and his bare, deftly fingers, in under 30 minutes. It was obvious that he had done the exact same thing very often in his past life. The thought made Negan sad and angry, but kind of proud at the same time. After all, Daryl had found a way to survive without help from others.

"Hm." Daryl held a stick with cooked meat out, wiping his slightly soot blackened cheek into his dirty sleeve.

Negan smirked at him. "Look at my clever chef puppy." He sniffed at the meat and took a small bite under Daryl's hopeful eyes. It tasted okay. Quite pungent and gamey. Nothing he would have chosen to eat under normal circumstances, but he gave Daryl a thumbs up anyway. "Good job Mister Bourdain."

A very tiny smile tugged at the corner of Daryl's mouth. He didn't know who Mister Bourdain was, but Negan liked his breakfast and he had made it all by himself. He watched the man eat, feeling his own stomach rumble at the sight. He was really hungry. After two minutes, he moved a bit closer and tapped Negan's grey denims with one finger. "Can I some of your rat."

Negan turned the stick to take a bite from a different part of his roasted rodent, trying to keep his face neutral. "May you have a bite of my rat? No you may not. Sewer rats feed on waste and live in human feces." He pulled some meat off the bone with his teeth, fully aware that Daryl stared at him. "You could catch serious illnesses and obviously, I can't allow that." He wagged his brows at Daryl, taking another bite.

Daryl watched with horror as another piece of rat meat disappeared between Negan's lips. He sniffed his runny nose, scratching the side of his neck. "You don' get ill from rat." He had eaten dozens of them and never got sick. Not badly at least. But he wanted to take the stick from Negan anyway and throw the harmful breakfast rat away.
"Yeah?" Negan gnawed the meat from the rat's left leg. "They carry typhus, leptospirosis, plague, fucking ringworm... but I have to eat something, right? So, let's hope for the best."

"Hm." Daryl nodded horrified, already seeing the tall angry man with high fever and mortally ill, lying in the roadside ditch.

"Are you planning to offer me some of your cocktail over there or do I have to find my own?"

Daryl glanced at his puddle-water filled ice tea bottle, suddenly very sure that it most likely contained more germs than toilet water. "I'll get you somethin'." Maybe there was another abandoned soft drink bottle at the bus stop.

"No." Negan got up, handing Daryl the stick with the rest of his breakfast. "Hold that and wait here." He brushed the dirt off his pants. "Watch my bike and don't fucking eat my rat."

"Hm." Daryl glanced up at the very tall man towering over him, and then flinched when the back of his head was slapped. "Yes."

"That's better." Negan gave Daryl a warning look and walked off. "If some psycho slits your pretty throat while I'm gone, I'll knock your fucking teeth out."

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Negan had never been an IKEA-person, but it was just an eleven minute walk from the old freight depot, and the only store around. Besides, they offered a clean restroom, and puppy-breakfast that was surprisingly healthy.

Just as he went through the living room section, his phone rang.

'Hi Daddy, what are you doing?'

"How about good morning, Sir."

'Good morning, Sir, what are you doing? May I come by for breakfast?'

"No." Negan threw his most withering death stare at the mother, who didn't bother to stop her children from jumping like crazy on the NOCKEBY sofa for $1,199.00. "I'm not home."

Jesus squinted as he heard a friendly speaker announcement through the phone, about little Piper who apparently wanted to be picked up at Småland. "You are at IKEA? Are you buying a bed for my room?"

"No." Negan took a $3.99 AVSIKTLIG cushion out of a big metal basket, looked at it and flicked it back in. "I'm not even close to the fucking beds department." He studied the tag of a queen sized bedframe in dark wood, questioning the quality at a price of just $139.00.

Jesus didn't believe a single word. "I like the OPPLAND king size."

"Boy. I'm just buying a bottle of water. And you don't get a bed with fucking fabric covered headboard." That thing would be covered in cum stains after a month.

Paul wanted to argue that it's washable, but then decided against it because he was far too lazy to actually do that. Then it dawned on him, and he put two and two together. "Hey wait a minute, I know what you're doing!" He smiled, tucking some hair behind his ear. "You're visiting Daryl. Can I come?"
Negan went downstairs, a grey $3.99 fleece blanket under his arm. "I already told you, you stay off the fucking street. It's bad enough to have one of you out there." He looked around, searching for the fastest way to the checkout. "And you work at the store today."

"I know." Paul didn't even try to hide the disappointment he felt. Being with Daryl and Negan out on the street sounded like a dream come true.

"You wanna be good for me." Negan turned around, punishing the guy who pushed a shopping cart into his ankles with an icy look of sovereign contempt.

That was true. He wanted to. "Yes, Sir. Please hump him for me."

Negan squinted. "No. I talk to you later, boy." He heard a kissing noise through the phone before the connection was ended and the salesgirl asked him for his Ikea family card.

Another 12 minutes later, he left the building with two bottles of water, Swedish waffles, an organic BBQ chicken wrap, a smoked salmon sandwich, a snack bag with grilled chicken stripes, carrots, strawberries and string cheese, and a grey fleece throw. All for under 20 dollars, packed along with a free 2017 Ikea catalog, into a blue plastic bag. Maybe Ikea wasn't so bad after all.

He made his way back to the bridge, finding both, his motorbike and his sub unharmed where he had left them.

Daryl shifted nervously on his ankles, holding the stick with the roasted rat a bit higher, demonstrating that he really didn't eat it.

"Have you been good? All my property still there?"

"Yes." Daryl watched as Negan put a blue bag on the ground. A very pleasant smell came out of it, making his stomach rumble.

Negan took the stick and drove it with force into the dry ground, then grabbed a water bottle from the bag and squatted down in front of Daryl, sighing as he looked at the man's dirty face. "Did you forget how to use a tissue?"

Daryl sniffed his nose and avoided his eyes, wishing Negan wouldn't sit so close to him. "No." It was true. He just wanted to save the precious tissues and all their fantastic Negan-smell for later.

"Mhm." Negan pulled a single paper tissue out of his jacket pocket, not taking his eyes off Daryl as he wetted it with a swig of water from the bottle. "You have a fucking cold." He could tell by the color of the dried snot, left and right on the man's face. It was mixed with rather fresh soot and older dirt. Two small scratches that already started to heal were hidden underneath long bangs. He held Daryl by the chin and wiped him clean as much as possible, needing another tissue and more water after half a minute.

Daryl held very still. The fresh water and firm fingers felt so good, he didn't want it to stop, and pushed Merle's mocking laughter into the very back of his head, pretending he wouldn't hear it, because no rule in the whole wide world said that it wasn't allowed to have their face cleaned with a tissue and water, by a very tall, very beautiful man, underneath a secret railroad bridge.

Negan turned Daryl's face from left to right, checking for more filth he might have missed, and then pulled a third tissue out, holding it in front of the man's nose. "Blow."

Daryl blinked, taking a deep breath and did as he was told, surprised by the amount of snot coming out of his nose. He did it again, inhaling deeply, instantly feeling much better.
Negan kept his face neutral, cursing the fact that he had waited until day number five to draw a line to all this bullshit. He wiped Daryl's nose clean, threw the tissue somewhere near the rusty rails and put a hand on a pale forehead, feeling the temperature. It seemed normal and blue eyes stared at him as if he was the second Messiah. "Open your mouth."

Daryl did, automatically sticking his tongue out.

Negan smiled at the gesture. "Naughty puppy. I wanna check your throat." He bent Daryl's head back a little for a better look. It was red and sore. "Does it hurt?"

Daryl tried to nod, because it did.

"Hm." Negan hooked his thumb behind the man's lower teeth, leaned in close without real lip contact, spat a drop of saliva into his mouth as if it was the most normal thing to do, and got up, ruffling long strands of dirty hair. "Don't worry about it." He took his red scarf off and reached down to wrap it around Daryl's neck.

Daryl glanced up, putting his hands on the wonderful warm fabric. "'s yours."

"It is." Negan agreed, picking the water bottle up to take a sip, then nudged the side of Daryl's head with it. "And so are you. Fits together well." He gestured to the right. "Now go and set the... dead patch of grass over there. Time for your breakfast."

"Fucking open." Negan sat with his back to the concrete bridge pillar holding a piece of Swedish waffle out for the man crouching between his knees.

Daryl hesitated, knowing exactly what his brother would say to the high class, noble, fancy breakfast food he was supposed to eat.

Negan gritted his teeth. "You have two fucking options here, boy. Number one," He pointed to his motorbike. "You tell me that you don't wanna be my boy anymore and want me to fuck the hell off. In that case I will get up and leave." Then held the waffle up again, an inch away from Daryl's mouth. "Number two, you want to be fucking mine. Being mine means you do as you're fucking told and eat what I think is fucking best for you."

Daryl looked to the side, pulling some dried blades of grass out, then glanced up through his tousled hair. He managed to hold shy eye contact and wordlessly pointed at Negan's broad chest.

Negan raised his eyebrows, putting a hand to his ear. "What was that?"

Daryl sniffed his nose. "'m yours."

"Aha." Negan nodded in agreement and shoved the piece of waffle into Daryl's mouth. "Look at you making such good choices." He unwrapped the smoked salmon sandwich and held it up. "Open! Take a real bite, no nibbling."

Daryl coughed, his stuffy nose making a weird bubbling noise, as he opened his mouth really wide and then chewed with full cheeks. As soon as he had swallowed, Negan fed him the next bite.

"Good?" Negan copied the nod he received and made Daryl take a third bite. "Would your brother like it too?"

Daryl touched his ear to his shoulder, pausing his chewing for a second, then nodded. "Hm."
"Would he buy one if he'd find the money on the street?"

Daryl thought about that, then shook his head.

"Swallow." Negan took the sandwich down. "Answer."

"He wouldn' buy that."

"No?" Negan made Daryl take another huge bite, ignoring the bubbly-snorting noise his nose made. "Why not. What would he buy?"

Daryl swallowed, answering like it was really obvious, "Meth." before he opened his mouth for more food. He was so hungry, he could have eaten seven or ten of Negan's fantastic sandwiches.

"Mhm." Negan nodded, putting the last piece between Daryl's lips, then grabbed the bottle of water. "But he would buy one for you, right?"

Daryl chewed slowly, looking up at Negan's face, thinking about the question. Eventually he shook his head. "Meth."

Negan smiled faintly, making no big deal out of it. He held the bottle to Daryl's lips, making him drink. "Berries and rats are for free, right? Meth is not."

Daryl wanted to nod, but his chin was held firmly in place, so he kept on drinking. It was so much better than the puddle water.

Negan waited patiently, then put the bottle back into the bag, getting more waffle out instead. "I'd buy him a sandwich." He wagged his brows with a friendly smile, using his thumb to push the sweet treat into Daryl's mouth. "Even two. And an extra one for puppy."

Daryl looked up, feeling all light, warm and happy. He couldn't believe that the tall angry man said something so nice. To someone so ugly. Sitting in the dirt, underneath a railroad bridge.

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After devouring a BBQ chicken wrap, a smoked salmon sandwich, half a Swedish waffle, three strawberries and a cheese string, Daryl Dixon took a nap. Outside, on a patch of dead grass and dirt, his upper body lying on a blue plastic bag, his head resting on Negan's lap, while long fingers combed through his unwashed hair and a red scarf warmed his sore throat. He fumbled a crinkled latex glove between his fingers, listening to the faint traffic noises, birds chirping and a deep comforting voice, telling him about the year 1974 when Negan was a little boy and ran away from home after an argument with his mother about cleaning his room.

In the afternoon, Negan was bored, and wanted to know what 'free people' do all day out on the street. Daryl didn't have a good answer, other than sitting around, or hunting for the next meal.

Negan didn't approve of such an unproductive daily routine, and made Daryl kneel with straight back, to read difficult words out of the new Ikea catalog, and then practice mental math with the prices for dining tables, scented candles and armchairs.

At 5:11 PM, Daryl went to pee behind a goods wagon decorated with offensive graffiti, and came back to report that it had hurt like a motherfucker. Because it was the truth and the rule was to report when he was in pain.

Negan demanded an apology for talking like a construction worker, then asked a few questions,
while making Daryl wash his hands with Swedish mineral water. He told him that all was okay, and folded the empty blue plastic bag double, so Daryl could kneel on it.

At almost 7 PM, Pat, Mendoza and Griffith approached the small camp. They were usually staying at the Peachtree-Pine homeless shelter, but today it was closed due to pest control. Daryl jumped up from his place on the Ikea shopping bag, positioning himself protectively in front of Negan, ready to kill and slaughter, should anyone pull a knife or brick stone.

"Gentlemen." Mendoza, a man in his early 70th, lifted his old fedora. "We are looking for a place to spend the night."

Daryl scowled at the elderly guy. "No. Look somewhere else."

"Hey!" Negan snapped his fingers. "Is that any way to treat guests?" He pointed towards the old engine house. "Go pick some berries, grumpy puppy."

Daryl's head snapped around, looking shocked at Negan. "No?"

Negan lifted his brows, tilting his head just an inch to the side, as he changed his voice into a sterner tone. "I am fucking hungry. Berries. Now."

Daryl stared at the tall angry man for a moment, wishing he would change his mind and realize how dangerous it could be to socialize with strangers out here. But as Negan raised his dark eyebrows half an inch higher and pointed again towards the blackberry bushes, he gave up, and stomped off with a frustrated sigh.

Negan looked back at the three men in ragged clothing. "Sorry, he's a bit leery. Why don't you have a seat." He gestured to the dry patch of grass, offering a slight grin.

From a 70-foot distance, Daryl watched in horror how a pretty, tall man in leather jacket started a conversation with three complete strangers underneath a railroad bridge. He couldn't hear what they were talking about, but after a while, one of them opened his backpack full of holes and pulled a long, thin object out. Daryl's heart nearly stopped, until he realized that it must've been a pen, because Negan started to write something down on one of the men's arms. After a few minutes they got up and left, just like that, shaking Negan's hand as if they had been in a meeting.

Daryl frowned, halfheartedly picking three more berries, before he went back to his small camp, holding the required food out. "Where did they go." His question didn't sound especially friendly or polite, but Negan answered it anyway.

"Where did they go?" He took the berries, ate one and shoved another between Daryl's lips. "They were elderly people with fucking arthritis, who shouldn't sleep on the fucking street. I sent them to a social worker who will give them a better place to stay."

Daryl sniffed his nose, feeling a bit embarrassed. "Hm." He opened his mouth for more food and received two berries at once.

"Mhm." Negan smirked with a wag of his eyebrows. "Life on the streets makes you age ten times faster. Pretty soon I'll be grey and fucking wrinkly." He watched as blue eyes got big and pale cheeks got even more sallow. "Hope you're into real old guys."

Daryl looked up through his messy hair, deep concern displayed on his face. "Yes." He nodded, touching Negan's arm in sympathy. He would like the tall angry man no matter how grey or wrinkly he was.
At sunset, Negan finished a phone call with Jesus, and walked a few steps, because his ass hurt from sitting all day.

Daryl watched him in the half dark, feeling bad and guilty. He didn't want the tall angry man to be uncomfortable. He wanted him to be home in the wonderful factory, where all was safe and warm and cozy, with fresh water, a filled fridge and a big bed with a million pillows and secret things hidden underneath.

He got up and went across the rails, a pile of brick stones, through some wagons, to the blackberry bushes. He picked as many as he could find, eating just one himself.

When he came back to the small fire, Negan stood there, leaning against the broad concrete bridge pillar, his ankles crossed, reading something on his phone.

Daryl sniffed his nose and held the berries out. "brought you dinner."

Negan finished his text, put his phone away and offered a tired smile."Look at you being so nice to me." He ate three of them, then wiped the messy hair out of Daryl's forehead, pulled him close, and planted a kiss on it.

Daryl felt instantly like crying and hated himself for it. He dug his face into the smooth leather of Negan's jacket, wrapping an arm around the man's waist. "Can you go home." It was a quietly mumbled plead in rough voice, but came from the bottom of his heart.

Negan rubbed soothingly up and down the man's back. "Can you?"

Daryl leaned into the firm, broad hands, rubbing the ache and sting out of his spine. He wanted to say yes so badly. But Merle had always been there for him since the day he was born. Maybe not with nice food and tissues. But he was there and in the end sacrificed everything for him. He just couldn't betray him, with a safe, comfortable life. Hot showers, white pillows and bed sheets, eating homecooked food at a real dining table. Merle would never forgive him. So he dug his nose a bit deeper into Negan's jacket, refusing to lose the close contact, and shook his head. "No."

Negan shrugged. "Well, there you have your answer then. Can't go home when you're here."

Daryl felt his throat tighten and tears come. He didn't want that. It was mean blackmail. Staying out here was something he had to do, but Negan had no brother and could just go back home into his safe house, where no psycho could come with a knife or brick stone.

Negan heard a small muffled sob, glanced down, and spoke in soft voice. "Sucks, don't it. Realizing you care that fucking much."

It did. It sucked. It was unfair and made him angry. He clawed his fingers into Negan's jacket, then hit him with flat hand and punched his fist into a broad chest, hearing his croaky voice break. "Go home! don' want you here!"

Negan stayed calm, just took his hands off Daryl's back. "Down." When his order wasn't obeyed immediately, he changed his voice into a sterner tone. "Down I said!"

Daryl punched the warm leather jacket again, before he crouched down with a weirdly high pitched grunt, refusing to kneel with straight back or to look up while pansy tears and thick snot made his face ugly.
"I don't want you here, either! You are sick, you lost weight, you are not safe! You eat garbage and drink stuff that others wouldn't use to water their fucking plants! AND WHY?" Negan bent down, speaking clear and in the most serious tone. "Because your brother thinks you have it too fucking good in my basement room! That's bullshit and you know it! You really think he would trade a life in a house, with a bed and fucking food for a life here on the streets, like that? NO! He fucking wouldn't! Nobody would! And if he would really care about you he would want you to have the best damn life possible!"

Daryl squeezed his eyes shut, his head felt hot, his throat was tight and his ears hurt from all the words he didn't want to hear. He dug his hands into the dry dirt next to his knee, then threw some at Negan's pants, before he hit the man's leg, twice, yelling as loud as he could with his sore throat. "HE CARES FOR ME! ALWAYS DID! YOU KNOW NOTHIN'! HE'S GETTIN' KILLED 'CAUSE OF ME!"

Negan gritted his teeth, reaching down to grab Daryl's wrist in a vice like grip, jerking it up. "Fucking hit me again, boy, and you spend the whole night on your fucking knees with that dirty fire stick between your fucking teeth!" He jerked his arm again, hard, then let go of it. "Behave!"

Daryl held his gaze down, wrapping his arms tightly around his chest. Then moved an inch back when Negan squatted down in front of him.

"He will not be killed, that's a promise. And he is not in prison because of you. He is in prison because of your father." Negan tilted Daryl's chin up. "Did he take care of you? I guess. With the knowledge and resources he had. But the truth is, he was never in a position to give you the care you needed and deserved." He ignored when Daryl tried to jerk his head free, and just tightened his grip on the man's chin. "The fucking truth is, he would have needed someone himself who takes good care of him. Right?"

Daryl sniffed his stuffy nose soundly, mumbling a gruff answer. "Merle doesn' need anyone." Because Merle Dixon was the most badass man ever born. He was tougher and stronger than all the others.

Negan stroked a gentle thumb over Daryl's chin, then leaned in closer, tilting his head to the side. "Of course he does. Someone who makes him nice food and tells him good night when he goes to bed. Someone who kicks his lazy ass to school. Someone who tells him faggot is not a nice word. Someone who knocks his teeth out when he spends his money on fucking meth instead of healthy food. Someone who fucking teaches him that Daryl is too fucking precious to live on the fucking streets and deserves to live like a god damn fucking prince right next to the fucking king." He kissed a pale forehead. "It's a fucking shame that he never had that. The way you both had to grow up wasn't right. But that's over now. The past doesn't fucking matter anymore because it can't be changed. And you sitting here in the dirt won't make him feel any better, believe me. It doesn't help anyone. It just makes things worse." He arched his brows, forcing eye contact. "Now we'll get him off death row and try to make his life as good as fucking possible. We'll send him nice mail, we will visit him, we will speak to him on the phone, we will teach him some fucking manners. Right?"

Daryl wiped the back of his hand over his snotty nose, "Hm." then flinched when his cheek was slapped lightly. "Yes."

"Yes we will. And what is your job in all of that? Tell me."

Daryl stared down at his lap, pulling his fingers, then reached one out, pointing at Negan. "Do as you say."

"Yes? Is that what you wanna do for me?"
It was. He wanted to do everything the tall angry man said. "Yes." So he nodded, hoping with all his heart that the next order wouldn't be to go back home to sleep in a big marshmallow bed after a luxurious bubble bath.

It wasn't.

"Good boy. You wanna pick all my blackberries up from the ground, get more wood for my fire and write your report." Negan saw the relief in puffy blue eyes, watched as Daryl scrambled to his feet and started on his tasks, sniffing his nose soundly. "And use a god damn tissue. Fucking puppy."

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Good: - cooking
   - berrys
Bad: - fire
   - rude
   - hitting
   - phone
Like: Negan, brekfast
Hate: Negan on the street, angry Merle
Change: Negan on the street, homoseksual

Daryl liked to type his report. It was almost a step back to normal. Almost like being home. He just tried to ignore that he was sitting outside and the tall angry man poked with a stick in a fire underneath a railroad bridge, and instead tried to imagine the sounds of Tiger's paws on an expensive hardwood floor and a funny late night talker making fun of the President on TV.

"Are you done?"

"Hm." Daryl held the phone out for Negan to see.

Negan took it. "That's 'Yes, Sir.'"

Daryl repeated in shy voice, liking how his stomach tingled at Negan's demanding tone. "Yes Sir."

"Better. Now go clean your face, blow your nose and wash your hands."

"Okay." Daryl got up from his place by the fire and took one of the water bottles, fumbling a tissue out of the package. He had missed his tasks so much, and even though they weren't the same here on the streets, they were at least something.

Negan glanced over the slightly dirty phone, checking whether his orders were followed to his liking, and then started to correct the report. Smirking at the list of good and bad things.

Good: - cooking-- I cooked a rat for Negan, so he won't have to starve. That was very nice of me.
   - berrys -- I picked berries for Negan all day long, because I am a sweetheart.
Bad: - fire -- I wasn't careful enough when I wanted to build a fire. I don't want to harm myself or others and will make sure to take reasonable precautions from now on.
   - rude -- I yelled at Negan, because I was very upset. I will try to voice my opinion in a more appropriate way.
   - hitting -- I hit Negan because I was very upset. I want to use words from now on to express my feelings.
- phone -- I hung up on Negan, because I tried to avoid a conflict. That wasn't a nice thing to do. From now on, I will ask politely for a brief time out if I feel overwhelmed by the situation.

**Like:** Negan -- I more than like Negan. He is very happy about that.

breakfast -- I liked my breakfast because it filled me up properly and wasn't garbage. If I have a choice, I always wanna pick nutritious, safe food options.

**Hate:** Negan on the street -- I would prefer if Negan wouldn't live on the streets, because I care deeply about him.

angry Merle -- I wish my brother would take the time to think about my situation, and try to understand me better, instead of projecting his anger on me.

**Change:** Negan on the street -- I want Negan to live in a house, where it is warm and safe. Negan understands that very well. He wants the same for his boy.

homosexual -- I wish I wasn't gay, because it seems my brother would like me better if I was a straight man. But that's bullshit. I don't have to change, my brother needs to be educated. Then he will understand that I am perfect just as I am and see how stupid it was to judge me by my sexual preferences. Luckily I know the best fucking teacher in town ;-)
During all the days and weeks and months that Daryl had spent on the streets, before he had met Negan and now, he had never experienced a moment where it had been so much fun. Sitting around the fire with people he knew, between Negan's long legs, Jesus right next to him, eating as much pizza as he wanted to. Warm, fresh pizza right out of the oven, not from the trash can with bite marks from strangers.

It was like home had come to the street.

He listened to the cowboy-boots-guy talking to Negan about business, he listened to Jesus talking about two new dancers he trained for the Eagle, he watched Rick rolling his eyes when another piece of pizza fell on his clothes, this time on his pants, he blew his nose when a tissue was held in front of his face, and then repeated it with more force when Negan ordered him to. It was the best evening on the streets ever. Even better than eating rats with Paul. Because this time he wasn't hiding and all people sitting under the bridge were there because they liked him, despite the mistakes he had made, despite him being a cocksucker, despite his ugly face. They weren't angry with him and didn't laugh behind his back and nobody treated him like he was dog shit.

He wished Merle could see it. He wished Merle could be there too.

Before he left, Rick ruffled Daryl's hair and hugged Negan good bye, saying something into his ear, too low for others to hear.

Jesus kissed Daryl's cheek when it was time to go, right before Negan hugged him very tightly, telling him to be a good boy.

Daryl watched them leave, vanish into the dark behind a broad concrete bridge pillar. He heard a car door, then another one, and the sound of a car driving away. He sniffed his nose, wiping his face with the back of his hand. Feeling very bad and very lonely, when he was reminded that most people didn't live under bridges, but in houses. Fancy cocksuckers, or not.

When he turned around, he saw Negan lying down, in a patch of dirt and dead grass, next to the small fire, on his back, one arm behind his head, closing his eyes with a deep sigh.

It made Daryl's stomach turn before it felt really numb.

"Boy, come here, I'm tired." Negan held an arm out, not opening his eyes. "Bring the blanket."

"Hm." Daryl got the small, rolled up fleece throw and unfolded it a bit awkwardly, almost getting it in contact with the flames. It wasn't a real blanket. Not nearly long enough to cover Negan's tall body, and much too thin to actually provide some warmth. He knelt down next to Negan and started to drape the thin cover clumsily over long legs, but was stopped immediately.

"No. Lie down." Negan unzipped his leather jacket and wrapped an arm around Daryl's waist, pulling him on top of him. "It's too cold on the ground, you're sick."

Daryl tensed. He was dirty and smelled horribly. He was also much too heavy and Negan didn't even have a pillow. He pushed his arms into the ground, left and right of Negan's head, trying to avoid his eyes. "Can I sleep on the bag." If the blue bag was good enough to sit on, it would do for a night's rest as well.

"May you sleep on a fucking Ikea bag?" Negan looked at the close face, not even thinking about
loosening his firm hold around the stiff body. "No. You absolutely may not." He spread his thighs
enough for the other man to lie between, then hooked his legs over Daryl's, holding him in place.
"You do as I say. And I say you sleep on fucking top of me, because you are sick and the ground is
freezing. It's February." He took the thin fleece throw and put it over Daryl's body, then
handed him the phone. "Quiet now. Read the changes I made."

A strong hand pushed Daryl's head down on a warm, broad chest, that smelled like washing powder,
soap and Negan's skin. And the hand stayed there, making sure there was no wriggling around or
escaping. After a while it started to stroke gently up and down, over a pale ear and messy strands of
hair. Daryl stared at the small, bright display in front of his nose, feeling his vision getting blurry. He
didn't want Negan to sleep on the freezing ground in February because of him. He didn't want
Negan to be so nice and caring to a selfish asshole like him. But he wanted to be with wonderful,
warm, safe Negan for ever and all times.

He sniffed, letting out a single sob that was louder than intended, when a couple of tears soaked the
fabric of Negan's shirt, and blindly stroked the side of Negan's neck with trembling fingertips.

Negan kissed the top of Daryl's head, wrapping his open jacket as much as possible around the man's
upper body. "All okay, puppy. Read." He waited patiently, giving Daryl enough time to read
through his changes, enjoying the warm body and familiar weight on him. After almost six minutes,
he spoke in low voice. "Are you done?" He got a faint nod and almost inaudible 'Yes' for an answer,
took the phone out of Daryl's fingers, switched it off and put it in his pocket. "I want to talk about
your visit at the prison." He placed his hand, broad and very safely back on the side of Daryl's head.
"I want to apologize. I think giving you the photos was a big mistake. I didn't think it through." He
felt Daryl tense and shake his head, not able to accept even the possibility that there could have been
a mistake on mighty Negan's side. The reaction made him proud, showing that loyalty, trust and
respect were firmly in place. "No? Did I not fuck up?" He reached down, fishing a single raisin out
of his right pocket and shoved it between Daryl's lips, kissing the top of the man's head. "Good boy.
But I did. It is not nice to show other people what they can't fucking have, and how the world keeps
on turning without them, right? His time stopped the last day he saw you, in your fucking bad ass
leather vest, on the street. When he thought of you, he saw that Daryl in his mind. And then I send
you in there a few weeks later, being my fucking perfect puppyboy. That wasn't nice. I understand
that he was upset."

Daryl squeezed his eyes shut, wetness spilling out, getting caught in his dark blond eyelashes. He
dug his fingernails into the crook of Negan's neck and the fabric of his shirt, holding his breath until
the pressure in his throat got too much and it came out in a shaky sob.

Negan lowered his chin, speaking into the messy strands of Daryl's hair. "He is not angry that you
live in a fucking house and spend your time with me. He just didn't expect it. He thought you come
and tell him about your life on the fucking street, because that is what he knew, right? But he was
surprised by my sweet, well behaved Daryl and didn't know how to react. When people do not know
how to react, they often hide. And if they can't fucking hide they scratch and shout and bite, so
nobody sees how fucking anxious they really are." He grasped Daryl's chin, tilting it up for eye
contact. "Like puppy hitting me even though he more than likes me." He smiled, cocking an
eyebrow. "Right?"

Daryl pressed his lips together and nodded desperately, because he really more than liked Negan so
very much it almost made his chest explode. He moved up a few inches, wanting to kiss but then just
hid his face in the very warm place between Negan's neck and shoulder, where it smelled like
wonderful alpha male cologne and clean skin. He stayed there for a long time, listening to the dark
vibrations of a comforting deep voice rumbling from Negan's throat right into his stomach, where all
the butterflies swirled around like they were very surprised to have a performance at such a late hour.
"I will go alone next time." Negan combed his fingers through the long hair at the back of Daryl's neck. "I already applied for a visit in a w-" He paused, raising his head off the ground, as he felt a small hard nub on Daryl's skin. He propped up on one arm, holding Daryl's head down, as he brushed the long hair aside. "Hold still." There was a tick a few inches below the man's ear. Very small, it had just recently bitten. He pulled it out with his fingernails and flicked it into the fire. "It was a tick." He rested his head back on his forearm again, smiling as Daryl rubbed his neck with an insecure shrug.

"'doesn' hurt."

"Mhm." Negan wiped some messy long strands out of Daryl's forehead, teasingly moving his hips up twice, feeling the man's crotch on his own. "They don't really hurt but they carry Lyme disease and other shit. A tick is more life threatening than a fucking shark."

"Hm." Daryl sniffed his nose, processing the information, while he wondered how many deadly ticks were right now close to Negan's precious skin. Certainly hundreds. He could be dead before sunrise.

"Sleep now. It's bedtime for adventurous street puppies." Negan pushed the man's head back down on his shoulder, resting a broad hand on his hair.

Daryl was wide awake, staring into the small flames of the dying camp fire. It was warm and cozy, snuggled up to a tall, solid body, a firm arm wrapped across his back, five fingers on his head, as he listened to a steady heartbeat and even breathing...

...while they were in the middle of a death trap, lying on a hard cold surface in February, surrounded by risks and dangers, crazy throat slitting psychopaths, motorbike stealing thieves, disease carrying rats and deadly blood sucking ticks. No wonder people aged ten times faster on the streets. They had to hurry up with their life if they wanted to get 52 before they would end up dead in the roadside ditch.

Blue eyes darted nervously around, at any noise and sound. Daryl held his breath when he heard some rustling behind the concrete bridge pillar. Then put a hand protectively on Negan's bare throat, wishing he would at least still wear his scarf.

After 21 minutes and a huge plague spreading sewer rat running right past them, a shy voice mumbled a small request into the soft fabric of Negan's shirt. "Can I home with you."

Negan squinted and raised his head two inches from the ground. "May you go home with me?"

"Hm." Daryl wrapped the thin fleece throw around his index finger, not daring to look up. "Yes."

"Boy." Negan sighed, propping up on his elbows. "Now you want fucking home? Rick and Paul sleep at my place to watch Tiger."

There wasn't an answer for 56 seconds. Then a very rueful voice made a meek proposal. "You can in my bed."

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At 3:12 AM, on February the 8th, after 5 days on the street, Daryl Dixon was still smelly and dirty and uncertain about a life far away from any trailer park or shed in the woods.
But he slept peacefully in a simple basement room, in a narrow single bed, squished between the solid wall and a tall, safe body. Underneath a warm blanket, chest to chest with Negan. Who wouldn't die from typhus or Lyme disease, but make everything good and right again. Like a fucking king, without sword and crown, but with magic snapping fingers and the ability to transform any place into a safe bubble for the boy he more than liked.

Chapter End Notes

See you next week lovely people <3
Inner circle - Part 1

Chapter Summary

Part 1... in which Puppy is sick, Jesus is not forgotten and Negan gets a wife

Chapter Notes

Happy Sunday lovely Puppies :) *passes face masks and hand sanitizer because the b.o.y. is sick*

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Daryl jerked awake, momentarily not sure where he was.

It was bright, he was in a room, in a bed. His bed. He sat up and looked around. Negan wasn't there, the door was wide open and he could hear voices in a bit of a distance. Certainly at the club.

He climbed out of bed, and despite his stuffed nose, noticed the unpleasant smell of his skin and dirty clothes. His head hurt with each step and movement and somehow he felt a bit wobbly on his legs, as he walked out in dirty socks, wiping his nose with the back of his hand.

Negan stood near the bar, holding an unscheduled Sunday-team meeting, to make sure all the unfinished work from the day before would be compensated.

"Abe called yesterday. The doorman from the Eagle." Rick checked the notes he had made while his boss was absent. "He's interested in the job you offered. And the Valentine's Threshold is sold out, but we have about 220 more ticket requests."

"Put them on the list for March. And tell the bouncer I need him on Saturday." Negan didn't turn around when he heard a sniffle and cough, just held his hand out. "Let him come over and give him a briefing. Walk him through the location." As soon as Daryl was close enough, he grasped his arm, but didn't greet him. Instead he gestured at the newest addition to his company. "Big fellow. Be a gem and check if the Kaufman clinic or the medical center is open today. Daryl needs an appointment. Before noon would be good."

Eugene nodded, "I'll get back to you in 20 minutes." and walked off to his office, which was really more of a command center, the heart of the company. He knew he would be the most important member of the team in no time. Practically Negan's right hand man.

"Simon." Negan pulled a tissue out of his pocket and blindly held it out for Daryl to blow his nose into. "Can you help Rick in the office for a bit, and confirm the cruise. Five, if you want to come."

"Na, I'll pass." Simon winced. "This guy," He gestured up and down on his slender form. "Is not made for seafaring."

Rick didn't look up from his small notebook. "Sure? They have an open bar."
"So had the Titanic, and a lot of fine gentlemen got their drink with much more ice than they wanted." Simon shook his head. "No, you go and have fun kiddos. I'll guard the house and tend the livestock."

Jesus tried to suppress a chuckle on his place on the floor, losing his perfectly submissive posture at the fact of Tiger being referred to as livestock.

"What's so funny?" Rick was still a bit grumpy with his sub, since he had just sneaked out at 5:00 in the morning to go on a 2 hour walk with the dog, without telling anyone.

Jesus cleared his throat, straightening his back. "Nothing, Sir."

"Mhm." Negan wasn't exactly happy with Paul's behavior, either and snapped his fingers. "Go upstairs and wait in the bathroom. You clean him. No groping, no playing around."

"Yes, Sir." Paul rose gracefully to his feet and left the room, successfully hiding his happiness over the delicious task.

Daryl flicked his head, frowning. "I can do it alone." He was surprised by his hoarse, almost soundless voice, feeling a serious burning in his throat.

Negan snapped his fingers, pointing two down, ignoring Daryl's protest as he addressed Joseph. "I need the car out and fresh bedding in his room." Then put a hand on Daryl's shoulder, guiding him the last two inches into a kneeling position by his feet. "Open."

Daryl coughed when a thumb pressed between his lips to pull his lower jaw down.

Negan squinted, checking the man's dark red, sore throat, then held a hand to his forehead and glowy cheeks. "What do you wanna say in the morning."

Daryl coughed again and smacked his lips when the thumb was pulled back and dark eyes stared down at him with a serious expression. The first thing coming to his mind was 'Daryl Dixon', but then remembered that he was supposed to say that on the telephone. He huffed a nervous breath glancing at Rick and Simon, but they talked to each other about a new brand of whiskey they wanted to try for the Saturday event. Then he looked back up at Negan, shifting on his ankles. "'gmornin'."

Negan gave him a stern look, then nodded when a shy, croaky 'Sir' was added. "That's right. And what is the only fucking job you have in this house."

Blue eyes darted nervously around underneath long, messy bangs. "Do as you say."

Negan offered a single nod, then pointed towards the broad metal stairs. "Chop, chop. I will come for inspection in 30 minutes."

----

"He's angry." It was the first thing Daryl said, since stepping into the much too hot, greenish bathwater. He stared down at his fingers, partly hidden by soapy bubbles, while Paul scrubbed his neck and back.

Paul shrugged, drawing an invisible ice bear on Daryl's back with his wash cloth. "That's a good thing. It means he cares, you know?"

"Hm." Daryl sniffed his nose. He would have preferred if Negan would care without being angry. But he understood why he was.
Jesus chuckled, reaching deeper into the water to wash the man's lower region. "Sometimes I make them angry on purpose, just to see how much they care."

Daryl shot Paul a surprised look and squeezed his thighs together. "What happens then."

"Well," Paul tilted his head with a half shrug. "Usually I get punished. But that's nice, because someone who doesn't care about you wouldn't take the time to correct your behavior." He wriggled his eyebrows with a wicked smile, sliding his fingertips between Daryl's legs, gently pushing them apart.

Daryl's glowy fever cheeks got even redder than before, when he felt a washcloth and deftly hand on his genitals. He didn't say anything, just stared into the other man's face, and then angled his head a little sideways, because Paul leaned in close and nibbled his bare neck, tickling him with his beard.

"I missed you. Thank God you're back." Jesus brushed his lips over the hollow of Daryl's neck, slowly licking his pulse spot with broad tongue. "Please don't do it again." He let go of the washcloth and started to fondle the man's balls, sighing against a pale, damp neck, before his teeth made accidentally contact with the sensitive flesh, as a scolding knee pushed hard into his back.

"Interesting cleaning technique you have there, boy!" Negan grasped the back of the man's neck, pulling him off. "What did I fucking tell you!"

Paul winced with a meek smirk, tucking some hair behind his ear with a dripping wet hand, as Negan dragged him to his feet. "No groping, Sir?"

"Oh, no groping, Sir?" Negan copied the sheepish reply in open mockery, before he leaned really close, shouting an inch from Paul's nose. "WHAT ARE MY FUCKING ORDERS TO YOU! A FUCKING JOKE?"

The slight smile disappeared from Paul's face and got replaced by honest remorse, as he lowered his gaze. "No Sir. I'm sorry."

"Sorry my fucking ass!" Negan pointed to the bathroom door. "CORNER! NOW!"

Jesus didn't hesitate for a second, pushed past Negan, trying not to touch him, and left the room, positioning himself in the dining area, in the left corner behind the table, facing the wall.

Daryl's fingers trembled as he fumbled with the washcloth, unnecessarily wiping it for the 50th time over his wrist. Negan was really very angry.

"Have you been bad?"

Daryl was the only one left in the room with Negan so he figured the question was directed at him. He wanted to shake his head but then rather nodded, pulling the washcloth between his fingers, not daring to look up.

Negan sighed, sitting down on the brim of the bathtub, touching Daryl's freshly washed hair, then checked his ears and neck for possible remains of dirt, but didn't find any. "Yes? What did you do?"

Daryl inhaled, attempting to say something, but no word came out as Negan took the washcloth and rubbed his back with firm hand. He leaned into the touch. It felt so good.

"Hm?" Negan loved the very faint groan he heard as he intensified the pressure on Daryl's spine.

"What did you do? Sat in the bathtub as I told you while Paul touched you?"
"Hm." Daryl sniffed his nose, staring at the bubbles on the green water. "Yes."

Negan leaned in close to his ear. "No bad puppy then." He got up and waved two fingers. "Now come out there and dry off. Two minutes."

Daryl watched how a very tall, not so angry man put a huge bath towel for him on the sink, before he left with another one to the bedroom. He waited a second, then got up, splashing half a gallon of bathwater on the floor and froze immediately, not sure what to do now.

But Negan didn't seem to be angry about wet floors. "Don't slip."

The voice out of the bedroom didn't sound upset, just concerned, so Daryl stepped carefully out of the tub and dried off, rubbing the huge towel a bit awkwardly over his dripping skin and hair. He glanced into the mirror, thinking his reflection looked still sick, not very pretty, but at least clean. He coughed once, sniffed his nose soundly and went into the bedroom, holding the damp towel in front of his crotch.

Negan stood at the wardrobe, selecting different pieces of clothing. "Sit on the bed."

A big, light grey bath towel was spread out on the lower part of the bed, right in the middle, like a changing pad for an infant. Daryl scratched his temple, tousling his wet hair in the process, and hesitantly sat down, keeping the ball of crumpled damp terrycloth on his lap for cover, as he watched how Negan put an outfit out for him, placing trousers, underwear, socks and a dark blue long sleeved shirt on the dresser. He knew it was for him, because it was one of the pants that Negan had bought for him at the shopping mall, and the shirt was one of Negan's smaller ones. He wanted to get up to dress himself, but was stopped instantly by snapping fingers.

"No, sit." Negan went up close to the bed, tilting Daryl's head to the side, and started to comb his fingers through the strands of wet hair. Not really gentle or affectionate, but as if he was looking for something. "Tell me which rules did you break the past days." He tilted the man's head to the other side, pulling the hair apart there as well, checking his scalp.

Daryl clutched the damp towel-ball in his hands, feeling his stomach tense. "The money." He exhaled soundless, hating his weird, hoarse voice that sounded even uglier than usual. "Sleepin' outside." For a second he thought that would be all, but then remembered another rule and lifted his finger half an inch. "Hittin' you."

"Mhm." Negan nodded, pushing Daryl's head against his stomach, checking the long hair in the back and the skin behind pale ears. "What did I tell you what happens when you do these things."

Daryl wanted to wrap his arms around Negan's waist and say that he was really sorry. But then he didn't and just dug his nose into the smooth fabric of his shirt, three butterflies poking around in his chest, when he felt Negan's flat stomach underneath, knowing exactly what it looked and tasted like. "Punishment." He mumbled it quietly, but to his own surprise, the word itself didn't really scare him. Even a silent treatment was still better than a life without Negan.

"Very true." Negan finished his tick search in Daryl's hair and took the man's face in both hands, making him look up. "Until further notice, all your privileges are revoked. Tell me what that means."

Daryl felt nauseous instantly. He sniffed his nose, wishing he wouldn't be forced to have eye contact. "No food from you." He pointed blindly to the bedroom door, because the kitchen was on the other side.
Negan kept his face neutral, pinching Daryl's chin, before he let go of him and snapped his fingers. "Lie down please."

Daryl glanced over his shoulder at the towel covering the bed behind him, and stiffly bent backwards.

Negan arched his brows at the nervous blue eyes looking at him, and took the balled up towel, throwing it into the laundry basket. "You wanna lie on your back as I taught you. Legs up and to the side." He watched patiently as his order was followed and Daryl's red, glowy fever cheeks blushed a bit deeper when he presented his bare genitals. "Fresh water, healthy food, clean clothing, warm, dry shelter and unconditional protection aren't privileges. They are basic human needs and always free in this house." He leaned over Daryl, his arms left and right from the man's head. "Right? Privileges are watching TV, all kinds of treats, playing fucking Jewels, training with my bullwhips, being allowed to cum, and driving my fucking awesome motorcycles. None of that for you until I say otherwise."

Negan didn't sound angry as he explained the punishment, but he looked very serious, and Daryl didn't dare to blink, pulling his fingers nervously on his bare belly.

"If you want your privileges back, you fucking behave like an A+ student. No talking back, no hitting, no disrespect. You work, you learn, you answer, you do as told. You please me. You fucking focus on me at all times."

"Hm." Daryl nodded. The punishment really didn't sound that bad. "Okay."

"Good." Negan patted Daryl's cheek and stood up straight. "Arms above your head."

Daryl pressed his arms close to his sides, pulling his shoulders up. "What happens."

Daryl scowled, but slowly moved his arms up, feeling strangely exposed for such a tiny gesture.

Negan started to examine all the bare skin immediately, with rough hands. The man's sides, his arm pits, his inner thighs. "I am looking for fucking ticks that could kill you." He took one foot and spread the toes apart, then did the same to the other. "I am also checking whether you're clean because you will go to the doctor in an hour, and you just spent five days in the dirt." He felt Daryl tense as he touched his cock and balls, inspecting both, rubbing with his thumb over a tiny red spot he found, then patted the man's belly. "Turn around, present."

It all happened so fast, Daryl didn't have time to think it over, just clumsily moved to lie on his chest, with his butt in the air, tangling the towel-pad beneath his knees.

Negan slap-patted the man's thigh twice. "You wanna spread your knees and arch your back, boy!"

Daryl huffed a breath, feeling his heart speed up and his free hanging cock twitch once at the demanding tone and sexual posture. But he did as he was told, spread himself as wide as he could and raised his butt higher, digging his face into the towel when his ass cheeks were touched, both at the same time. Pulled apart for a close inspection.

Negan examined the man's exposed crack and hole, "Stay like that." and went into the bathroom, coming back after a minute with a damp washcloth and a tube of soothing aloe gel. He cleaned the are around Daryl's entrance once more, "Push out." probed the washcloth half an inch past the muscle, then threw it into the laundry basket as well and applied a generous amount of gel to the small opening, carefully massaging some in. He smirked when Daryl moved his pelvis back, wanting
more of the intimate touch. "You think I missed fucking your sweet hole while you were gone?"
Daryl's toes curled and he let out a small grunt into the tangled towel, when firm, slick fingers rubbed up and down his crack. He nodded, then added a hoarse, muffled, "Yes."

"Mhm. I did." Negan slid a bit lower, fondling the man's balls in the cup of his hand. "I also missed your fucking wicked puppy mouth sucking me off." More muffled words were spoken into the towel, along with a breathy sigh.

"Can I now."

"May you suck me off now?" Negan corrected the offer in friendly tone, tucking Daryl's penis twice, then stroked his crack again, applying some pressure to the small, pink hole with his thumb. "No, you may not. You were naughty and slept outside in the cold, right? Now you have a sore throat and can't service me."

A bucket of guilt filled the inside of Daryl's chest, making him feel horrible and a little bit ill. He turned his head to the side, trying to glance back over his shoulder to see Negan. "Paul can."

Negan pulled his fingers back, letting the words roll around in his head for a moment. He stared at Daryl with a proud glint in his dark eyes, smiling faintly. "Turn around."

Daryl did without hesitation this time, getting in the required position with his legs pulled up and spread widely to present his half hard cock.

Negan leaned over him, looking down at the pale, feverish face, and wiped some damp, messy strands of hair out of the man's forehead, nodding once. "Open your mouth."

Daryl parted his lips and poked his tongue out an inch, while a thousand butterflies made his lower belly hot and tingly. He watched in breathless anticipation as a thick drop of saliva trickled down from Negan's lips, right into his mouth. He caught it, swallowed and licked his lips, immediately opening for more.

"Fucking good boy is what you are. Focusing on my pleasure alone, right? Such a nice job." Negan's dark voice dripped with honest pride and praise, and he hooked his thumb behind Daryl's lower teeth, pulled his jaw down and spat another drop between the man's lips. "Proud of you."

Daryl couldn't speak or breathe. He felt so happy he thought he would explode at any moment.

Negan bit Daryl's red feverish cheek, got up and patted his thigh. "You wanna stay here like this and present your gorgeous tickless body for me until we leave for the doctor, right?"

Daryl wanted to and put his arms two inches higher just to prove it. "Yes."

Negan went to the bedroom door. "That's not how you wanna answer, though."

"Yes, Sir." For a moment, Daryl felt like the most beautiful person in the universe, when the tall angry man in the door frame turned around and winked at him with a warm smile, before leaving the room, leaving the door wide open.

----

Doctor Kaufman had seven employees. All female, all blonde and three of them named Candy. The rest wore name tags with 'Betty', 'Bobby', 'Carry' and 'Macy'. And not for the first time since coming to this particular physician, Negan seriously wondered if there was any secret initiation rite for this
club of receptionists, where you had to change your tit size to double D and your name to something with Y at the end.

"Good morning, Sir. Do you have an appointment?" Candy number two batted her fake eyelashes at the very handsome man in front of her, smiling brightly over the counter with her heavily bleached teeth.

"My partner." Negan squinted at her artificially painted face. "Dixon. 10:20."

"Ah yes, of course." She looked around, searching a little bit disappointed for the man's wife, completely ignoring the guy with red nose and tousled hair standing behind him, and eventually handed a pink clipboard over. "Your wife will have to fill that out. Candy will call you in as soon as the doctor has time for you."

Negan stared at her blankly, before lifting his 'excusez-moi' eyebrow. "My wife."

Her megawatt grin grew a little bigger, as she batted her eyelashes again and gestured to a room filled with too many people and not enough chairs. "But absolutely, Sir. You can sit down in the waiting room."

"Hh." Negan gathered the clipboard, three ball pens because most of them usually didn't work, and grabbed Daryl's arm, dragging him past an umbrella stand, an ugly cow painting and two bright green ficus trees, to the cream-colored waiting area.

He snapped his fingers, making Daryl sit on one of the ramshackle plastic chairs and handed him the clipboard and a pen. "You wanna fill that out for the doctor."

That wasn't true. Daryl didn't want to do anything for the stupid doctor. He wanted to get up and leave this silly stinking place, where they would certainly put him into a paper shirt and take a million blood samples, all to tell him that he had the sniffles. If Merle would see him now, he would most certainly throw a bottle of nail polish against his head, in the color pansy-pink.

Negan stood in the middle of the room as if he owned the place, unzipping his leather jacket while he looked around and then took the seat right next to Daryl, his legs spread, his feet firmly planted on the ground, his right arm on the backrest of Daryl's chair. Three middle aged housewives, Mister Wyzeki with the bad knee, and a young mother of twins openly stared at him, in a mixture of admiration and curiosity. He ignored them all, playing with the silver pull-tab of his jacket zipper.

Daryl took a soundly breath and started to write his name behind 'Patients name and address'. Somehow the line was too short, and the word Atlanta didn't fit completely anymore. Unsure what to do, Daryl held the clipboard in Negan's direction. "'s too short."

Negan took it without a comment and solved the problem by writing '1660 Peachtree St NE Atlanta, GA 30309' in elegant, small letters underneath the line. He also added the date of Daryl's birth and started to mark some tiny boxes with crosses, his dark eyes flying over the questions without difficulties. After a minute, he squeezed the back of Daryl's neck. "Ksst. Here, read number seven."

Daryl looked at the paper, reading quietly where Negan's finger pointed at. "Are you allert-" He smacked his lips, huffing a breath. "-allerg...ic?" He glanced up at Negan for confirmation and a firm arm wrapped tightly around his shoulders, pulling him close.

Negan leaned his head against the man's temple, reading the sentence in low voice to keep it private. "Are you allergic, or do you react hypersensitively to lidocaine, pain killers, narcotics, foods,
medications, band-aids or latex?" He turned his head brushing his lips over a pale ear. "Not fucking latex, that's for sure."

Daryl pulled his shoulder up, loving the warm breath tickling his skin, and then scowled at a person to his right who stared at him as if he came right from Jupiter.

"Here." Negan tapped the clipboard with two fingers. "Focus. Are you fucking allergic to anything."

"No." Daryl answered the question in gruff tone, glowering at the rude-staring-man.

"Good." Negan wrote a 'No' on the line and then pinched Daryl's arm, hard, without a warning. He earned a reproachful look for it and just shrugged, writing a 'No' under question number eight, 'Do you suffer from frequently nosebleed, or bruising without injury, resp. after light touches?' then looked up with a blank face at the 20-year old girl who not-so-secretly took a photo of him with her phone, to send it to her friend with the caption 'Reason for cardiac problems found'. "Rude." Negan held the accusing look a moment longer, enjoying the deep blush forming on her face while she waited for the cheap linoleum floor to swallow her.

Three minutes later, Candy #1 trotted with her most professional 'I was Miss Wal-Mart 2012' smile into the waiting room. "Mister and Misses Dixon please."

Negan sighed with a shake of his head, patting Daryl's thigh before he got up. "Come on wifey. Let's see if it's a fucking girl this time." He grabbed the man's arm, the girly pink clipboard, and left the room, ignoring the incompetent receptionist completely.

Candy was a little perplexed and needed a moment to catch up with the unconventional couple, passed by on her clicking stilettos and finally, a little breathless, opened a door. "Please. The doctor will be here in a minute. In the meantime Miss...ter Dixon?" She gestured to the young man with tousled hair, looking interrogatively at Negan for confirmation. "Can get ahm... undressed." She blushed violently at her suggestion.

Negan just lifted an eyebrow, waiting, clearly not planning to strip his boy in front of her voyeuristic eyes.

After almost eight seconds the message finally sank in, and Candy traipsed out of the room, closing the door.

Negan rubbed his forehead, feeling annoyed and fucking tired after a much too short night, and snapped his fingers towards the paper covered medical table. "Get up there."

Daryl wrapped an arm across his chest, looking around. The room wasn't very large, but cluttered with things like over sized Q-tips, wooden tongue depressors, funnel-lamps, enemas, and hypodermic needles in every size. He didn't like it one bit. "'ave jus' a cold." He didn't sound very polite, either.

Negan ignored the objection, "Sit." and bluntly went to the doctor's desk, scribbling something down on a small notepad, tore the page out, folded it up, and went back to Daryl who stood still stubbornly in front of the medical table. "You want it?" He held the small stamp-sized paper up between two fingers.

Daryl sniffed his nose, trying to hide his curiosity. "What is it."

Negan shrugged, smirking faintly. "Who knows. Sit."
Blue eyes darted suspiciously back and forth between the folded paper and Negan's face.

"You wanna sit on the table for me." Negan leaned in close, speaking in low voice. "You wanna sit, you wanna take your shirt off, you wanna greet the doctor when he comes in." He bit his lip with a smirk, cocking his eyebrows. "Right? Like a good boy."

It was true. Daryl wanted to do it for Negan. He also wanted to hug him and kiss his mouth. So he hopped onto the padded table and in an awkward motion pulled the shirt over his head, tousling his hair hopelessly but didn't seem to notice.

Negan did, poking his tongue against his back teeth as he silently studied the insecure man with the red glowing cheeks and running nose. "Mhm." He stepped closer, standing up to his full height, tilting his chin up, and pinched Daryl's nipple hard to force him as well in an upright position. He took the shirt out of his hand, giving him a firm look. "That's a good boy for me. Very nice." He brushed his fingers through Daryl's hair, smoothing it down. "You wanna greet the doctor and cooperate when he examines you. Because I want you healthy and on your best behavior. Right?"

"Hm." Daryl flicked his head, trying his very best to keep eye contact. "Yes."

Negan corrected the man's posture again by scoldingly twisting his nipple and pushing his shoulders back. "That's your reward." He held the folded note up. "You get it if you did a good job for me."

Daryl nodded, touching his ear to his shoulder, really wondering what the reward could be. Maybe a drawing or a secret.

"Negan!" Dr. Kaufman entered the room, with a grandfatherly smile, reaching for Negan's hand in greeting. "You haven't been here for a long time."

"Fit as a fucking fiddle."

"I can see that." Dr Kaufman nodded. "Good for you." He turned towards the man on the table. "You brought a friend?" He reached for Daryl's hand. "Good morning, you don't look so well."

Daryl wiped his sweaty palm on his pants and nervously shook the doctor's hand, trying his very best to make his voice work, but all that came out was a small, almost inaudible, "Hi." It wasn't what he originally wanted to say and glanced startled at Negan, horrified that he had fucked up the polite greeting.

But Negan smiled in the most friendly way, seeming not disappointed at all. "That's Daryl. He caught a cold and it hurts when he takes a piss."

"Let me guess." The doctor smiled, first palpating his patients lymph nodes, then pushing his tongue down with a wooden spatula. "A camping trip."

Daryl coughed and gagged a little, exhaling as he stared over the doctor's shoulder at Negan.

"Good guess. Right boy?" Negan wagged his eyebrows at Daryl, smiling encouragingly.

The doctor chuckled. "You young men with your need for adventures and totally ignoring the weather." He threw the spatula into the trash and handed Daryl a small plastic cup. "The toilet's down the hall, on the left side."

Daryl had to pee in a cup, hold still as his blood pressure was measured, cough when the doctor took
a listen of his chest with a stethoscope, answer questions about the pain he felt, and in the end
winced as Bobby drew blood from his arm. Not because it hurt, but because of her awful flowery
perfume.

He hated every second of it. But Negan watched him the whole time and obviously expected him to
be good and cooperate, so he did, and stood after 56 minutes behind Negan at the counter and
received a prescription for several medications, to treat his cold and bladder infection. He also got a
new appointment for the 2nd of March, to talk about his chronic sniffles.

As he walked out of Dr. Kaufman's office, following Negan's hand signal, he couldn't help but to
feel kind of proud. He had been at the doctor like a normal person. And Merle wouldn't have to
know, because it was a private thing to do.

Negan got his car keys out, pressing a button on the key ring. The double beep of a car alarm
deactivating echoed through the underground garage. He threw his jacket onto the backseat, shut the
door and patiently waited, with crossed arms, leaning against his neatly polished Tahoe. Daryl had
gotten distracted, walking past a row of parked cars, when he spied a motorcycle in between. A
brand new, neon green Kawasaki. He looked at it for a moment and then alarmed from left to right
when he realized that he was suddenly alone.

The corner of Negan's mouth curled up. "Ksst." He held the small folded note up, flicking it between
two fingers.

Daryl's head snapped around at the familiar voice, a mixture of relief and embarrassment on his pale
face. He wiped a strand of hair behind his ear as he walked up to the shiny, black car and the
beautiful man standing in front of it.

"There you are." Negan held the paper out for Daryl to take. "Are you a lost puppy?"
"Hm." Daryl cast his eyes down and sniffed his nose, trying to look casual as he unfolded his
reward-note. It wasn't a drawing and not really a secret. It said 'Special bedtime for Puppyboy'. Daryl
hadn't expected that and wasn't sure what it meant. He glanced up, wanting to ask, but then felt too
shy and didn't say anything.

Negan tugged him by he front of his t-shirt, pulling him close, speaking in dark, low voice next to the
man's ear. "It's a Negan-coupon. I'll feed you dinner, I'll give you a bath, I'll take you to bed and tell
you a fucking bed time story."

Daryl listened carefully, feeling excitement boiling somewhere deep in his chest. He liked the reward
very much.

"That's nice, right?"
"Hm." Daryl nodded. It was very nice. "Yes."
"Mhm." Negan nuzzled the long strands of hair covering a pale ear. "You deserve it. You did a
fucking great job for me up there at the doctor. I think I peed myself."

Daryl chuckled. It sounded a bit weird with his sore throat and stuffed nose, but Negan liked it
anyway.

"You think that's funny?" He pulled back, looking at Daryl with arched brows, and took the man's
hand, putting it right onto his bulge. "Is it wet?"

The smile slipped off Daryl's pale pink lips as he stared up at Negan, feeling a wonderful erection
hidden underneath tight, but perfectly dry pants. He shook his head. "No."

The tip of Negan's tongue poked out. "No? Am I hard?"

Daryl glanced down at the man's crotch for a second and then up again, huffing a breath as he squeezed it a little. "Yes."

Negan nodded, smirking. "Mhm. Watching obedient puppyboys being good for me makes me god damn fucking hard."

The sultry words spoken in deep voice, coming out of Negan's perfect mouth, let Daryl's inner muscles react instantly. It felt like everything in his lower abdomen would throb and pulse on its own. He blinked shyly up through his long bangs, curling five fingers into the fabric of Negan's shirt. He wanted to kiss really very badly. But he was ill and didn't want the tall angry man to catch a cold as well, so he just parted his lips a bit and poked his tongue out.

"You like me that much, don't you boy." Negan gathered some of his own saliva with his finger and smeared it over Daryl's lips, then leaned in closer and angled his head a bit, holding the man's mouth open with his thumb, as he spat on the willing tongue, displayed for him. He groaned, watching the translucent fluid on pink flesh, and spat again. "Swallow." His order was fulfilled instantly and he brushed some messy hair out of a pale face, exposing red glowing cheeks. "Are you my fucking pretty puppyslut? Tell me."

Daryl felt happy, warm and incredibly naughty all at the same time. He wanted to kneel and undress and go to Negan's bed. He wanted to lick the hard cock he felt beneath dark denims. He wanted to be a fag until the end of all times if it meant that he could be with Negan. "Hm." He nodded, meaning it with all his heart. "Yes." It was a private thing, between him and the most perfect person in the universe, in the underground garage of the Kaufman clinic. And Merle wouldn't have to know.

Chapter End Notes

Part two in a few hours. It has some of the 'ewww' things gay guys do, so for all sensitive!lady!puppies out there: Don't read Negan's bed time pampering for puppy :-)
Inner circle - Part 2

Chapter Summary

Enema play! Don't like: Cover your eyes please

Chapter Notes

Any Resemblance to Actual Persons, Living or Dead, is Purely Coincidental

It was Gregory's third *Boundaries in D/s* seminar in 7 months, but the fundamental facts still didn't reach him. He squinted at the tall, charismatic man striding back and forth in front of the audience, listened carefully and took notes, but still he didn't quite understand why every sub he tried to train, just wouldn't accept or respect any of his rules and limits.

"What many do not understand is..." Negan said putting both arms behind his back. "... you have to be strict at all times, no matter how emotional or upset the submissive might be. If anything, the reins have to be tightened to solve the problem. A sub that acts out, rebels or breaks the rules, is looking for safety and wants to see how secure their place really is. Giving them more space and freedom, letting things slip, increases the problem. If they look around and see blurred boundaries and no limits, they feel out of place and lost. They will feel like you let them down." He glanced at the young man kneeling in a bit of a distance, in perfect submissive posture, with his back to the audience. "The correct reaction is to keep them on a shorter leash. Don't coddle them. Be clear about what you will and will not tolerate, and fucking enforce it. They test the boundaries? You redraw and tighten them. You have to be in control. Allowing bullshit, will get you nothing but bullshit in return."

Jesus kept his gaze lowered but raised his right hand.

Negan noticed it out of the corner of his eye and glanced back over his shoulder, seeing a sleepy eyed Daryl peeking out of his basement room. He touched Paul's head rewardingly. "Good job. Go upstairs with him. Tell Olivia to give him food and meds."

"Yes, Sir." Paul's answer was quiet and respectful, as he rose gracefully to his feet and went up to Daryl, to guide him out of the club area and upstairs.

"Intentional misconduct is unacceptable and will never be rewarded with attention, positive or negative." Negan ignored how his listeners craned their necks, to watch the two pretty men walking quietly hand in hand up the broad metal stairs. "That's why repeated intentional misconduct always reflects on you, your competence and the level of control and power you really hold over your sub." He raised his brows at Gregory, who nibbled on his pencil. "In other words, a misbehaved sub is your own damn fault."

Gregory nodded, understanding exactly what the man meant and wrote the vital information on his
"That said," Negan glanced up to the gallery, making sure his boys had left the room and were out of hearing distance. "There is a difference between a brat and a disrespectful, badly behaved sub. Personally I don't want a fucking doormat and it would be a crime to knock all brattish behavior out of them. It is a denial of who they are. " He smirked, pinching his nose. "After all, the effort they put into the fun and games is matched by their devotion and deep desire to make you happy. A properly trained sub knows when it is not appropriate to be brattish. When pressed to be on their best behavior and given a good reason, a properly trained sub will not let you down." Negan stood straight and harshly snapped his fingers, giving his audience a stern look, making the entire first row flinch. "THEY GO TOO FAR - giving them 'the look' and a snap of your fingers, should get them back on fucking track instantly." He gestured with a tilt of his head. "For all other things- every room has four fucking corners."

----

Being sick in Negan's wonderful factory house was much better than being sick on the streets.

At noon, Olivia served chicken soup with very, very long rice noodles, and Negan scolded Daryl four times for slurping and spilling broth all over the table. But it was still very tasty.

At 12:32 PM, Daryl took his medicine with orange juice, because Jesus said it was the only way to get it down. Daryl thought that Paul was a little bit of a Pansy, because swallowing some pills was no big deal.

At 12:45 PM, Daryl was allowed to sleep in the big bed, with all the pillows and the thick, heavy blanket. The sheets were cool and felt like fresh laundry.

At 1:52 PM, Daryl jolted awake from a nightmare and hit his head on the nightstand. Olivia brought him camomile tea in a red puppy cup and a gluten free chocolate chip cookie, with a secretive wink. She cried for 11 minutes after that, because her Boss didn't approve of 'sneaking fucking treats to the b.o.y. while he was under punishment'.

At 2:36 PM, Daryl was really bored all alone in the bedroom, without being allowed to watch TV or play jewels on the silly smart phone. That was when he heard Jesus argue with one of his Dads in the living room. Two minutes later the door opened and a young man with long hair and triumphant smile handed a pair of head phones over. Daryl took them and the door was closed again. Another two minutes later, his phone beeped with a message.

Jesus

* waddle waddle waddle *

https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PL1dAAITS5P-a0wbcvga0ZrqJyC9nemiiL

*Made you a playlist because I love you and music is a basic need :)*

08.02.2017  2:40 PM

Daryl wasn't much of a music person, but he slipped the head phones on anyway and tapped on the link in the message, listening attentively to the songs chosen for him. He closed his eyes, imagining Jesus dancing at the Eagle.

At 3:13 PM, a tall angry man entered the room and said something that Daryl couldn't hear because
the Offspring were blaring into his ears.

Negan looked annoyed and reached down to pull a pair of red Beats off Daryl's head. "Open your mouth, I said."

Daryl blinked through his long bangs and did as he was told, just to have a thermometer shoved between his lips.

"Keep it in." Negan went out again, rummaged something in the kitchen, and came back with a fresh cup of tea, just when the small instrument in Daryl's mouth started beeping. He pulled it out and didn't seem very happy with the numbers on the small display. "Drink that." He handed Daryl the red cup and pinched his chin affectionately. "Sleep more."

Daryl did both, hoping the tall angry man would come back soon.

At 5:01 PM, after another nightmare, Daryl felt very upset and really guilty because Merle was in a horrible prison cell while he was in a comfy bed with camomile tea. Negan didn't comment on it, but brought his laptop to the bedroom and told Daryl to pick a nice motorcycle magazine off Amazon to send it to his brother, so he would have something to do until the next visit. Daryl had no idea what Amazon was and how all the shipping and paying should work, but Paul Rovia hopped down on the bed next to him, cross legged, and helped him. Then sent a picture of the magazine cover to Daryl's phone, so he could look at the gift that was right now on the way to the Georgia State Prison. Daryl liked it so much. He imagined how the postman would slip a big white envelope through the iron bars and Merle would be surprised and open it and then sit down on the bed to read all about the Route 66 and Harley Davidson bikes. Like he had done years ago at home, with his naked-women magazines.

At 5:39 PM Olivia brought more tea and a piece of gluten free toast without butter or jelly. Daryl turned it around in his hand, looking at it from all sides, wondering where the crust had gone.

At 5:49 PM, a large German shepherd stuck his nose through the doorcrack and sniffed, before a snap of harsh fingers made him rethink his plans. Daryl liked Tiger very much.

At 6:03 PM, Daryl was very bored and missed Negan a lot, so he took his silly smart phone and decided to look at all the pretty photos on Negan's Instagram account. The corners of his mouth curled up. He liked them all so much. Negan in a grey suit, looking like a person from TV. Negan on a deckchair with bare chest and sunglasses. Negan with Tiger outside. Negan at M.A.L. wearing sexy leather gear on a stage. Negan holding his baseball bat jokingly to Simon's head. Negan on an airplane, looking very relaxed with two young, sleeping men resting on his chest. Negan's smile grew a little wider and he tapped on the picture to make it bigger. Being in the sky with the tall angry man and Jesus had been so awesome. He stared at the image of them and glanced at all the comments on the left side. Some had hearts, some small yellow faces, and others said pretty rude things. Not about Negan, but about the man with tousled hair and far too big shirt, cuddled up to Negan's chest.

'Love you! But your taste in men is awful!'; 'Who's the creep next to Jesus?'; 'Looks like something the cat dragged in'; 'Negan, you have something on your shirt :D'

Daryl's stomach clenched and his ugly face started to burn like fire. He felt like puking. He felt like the most disgusting creature in the universe. He felt embarrassed and angry. He felt like reporting to Negan.

He climbed out of bed, wiped some of his messy hair behind his ear and opened the bedroom door. Olivia was in the kitchen, preparing dinner, the TV was on and Negan sat on the couch, petting Tiger's head.
Daryl plodded with naked feet over the expensive hardwood floor and stopped a few steps next from the big leather sofa, distracted by the action on the screen. There was a man on a horse, wearing armor, leading like a thousand others into a big battle.

"What's wrong, boy. I told you to stay in bed and rest."

"Hm." Daryl held his phone up for explanation, staring at the sword fights and carnage on TV. The battlefield was covered in light snow, that slowly turned from white to red. ...and then black when the TV was switched off. Daryl turned to Negan, frowning.

"Tough shit, hu puppy." Negan cocked his eyebrows, leaning back with an arm on the backrest. "Come here. Show me your phone."

Daryl couldn't believe that the tall angry man had really turned the fantastic movie off, just because he was briefly looking at it. After all, he hadn't planned on watching it until the end. He sniffed his nose a little affronted, and went closer, handing his phone over.

Negan looked at it, scrolled down with his thumb and knitted his brows, then patted the backrest of the sofa. "Sit." It was okay that Daryl hesitated for a moment. He waited patiently, scrolled further down in the comments, and finally put his arm around the man's shoulder when he shyly took a seat, and pulled him close. "Are those assholes leaving fucking rude comments on our pretty airplane picture?"

Daryl offered a single nod, putting his hands between his thighs. "Hm."

"Why would they do that?" Negan stopped at a comment from negans_slut687, saying 'probably a hustler he found at the airport. Negan doesn't do boyfriends.'

Daryl glanced at the small display, feeling ashamed and humiliated, so he just shrugged, mumbling defiantly as if he wouldn't really mind. "My face."

Negan nodded, agreeing to 100%. "It is because of your face. Because your face is as fucking gorgeous as the rest of you and all these pathetic fucks leaving bitter comments are god damn jealous." He pulled Daryl another inch closer, holding the phone up for him to see as he tapped on negans_slut687, to open the man's account. "See? 39 year old guy, 250 pounds, acne, and probably a fucking virgin still living at his mother." He closed the unpleasant collection of pictures and instead opened the camera. "Right puppy?" As soon as he held the phone up, Daryl turned his head, hiding his face against Negan's neck. Negan chuckled and turned as well, planting a kiss on Daryl's forehead as he took the picture.

He posted it with the unambiguous words, 'Sweetheart feels a bit under the weather. You wanna send him some positive vibes!' and added a red heart and small puppy emoji to his statement, then showed it to Daryl. "In an hour you tell me how many well wishes you have received, right?"

Daryl peeked at the phone with one eye. There was a photo of him and Negan on the wonderful Instagram page. It showed them both with closed eyes, and his head resting on Negan's shoulder, while he received a kiss on his forehead. It was a very nice picture.

Negan refreshed the page, to show the first comments, already too many to be displayed without scrolling down.

rpjesus Daddy! Puppy! ❤❤❤❤❤❤
"See?" Negan bit Daryl's earlobe. "Everyone loves my boy. Not sure if I like that." He nuzzled long
strands of hair, then nudged the man's arm. "Now back to bed. Learn some words for me and get that
fucking fever down." He watched as Daryl got up and obediently walked off staring at all the nice
messages on the phone...

... before he got his own phone out and sent a harsh rebuke to his social media manager in the
basement, for not getting the job done.

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At 7:34 PM, Negan took a glance into the bedroom because it had been quiet for so long. But Daryl
wasn't asleep. He sat on his side of the bed, wearing Paul's headphones, his finger on an open
magazine, reading the word 'D o m i n a n c e' in high concentration, while his phone lay right next
to him to check in between on new get-well wishes.

"Sir?" Olivia piped up from behind, still a bit intimidated since the whole cookie incident. "Mister
Grimes is downstairs."
Negan closed the bedroom door quietly, gesturing for her to go ahead. "Well, let him in."

She adjusted her glasses, nervously trying to explain the situation. "He doesn't want to come in, Sir. He asks if you could come outside for a moment."

Negan could tell that she was worried. "Thanks. Be a lamb and make us a nice lemonade." Half way to the door he turned around, giving her a warning finger. "No fucking sugar." He jogged down the stairs, hearing a hushed argument. The red door was wide open. Paul stood there, in his leather coat and beanie, wearing a backpack over his shoulder, looking royally pissed. Rick didn't look pissed. More like a beaten dog, his hair tousled, his lower lip split and a cut on his eyebrow featured fresh stitches.

"What the fuck happened?"

"We come from the ER." Jesus scowled and pushed past Negan, wanting to go upstairs, but was held by the arm.

"HEY! You don't fucking-"

"What!" The backpack slipped off Paul's shoulder and he furiously pushed it against Negan's chest, gesturing towards his boyfriend. "I had the situation under control! But he just had to interfere!"

Negan threw the bag blindly on the stairs, rolled his shoulders back, standing tall with open chest, his head high, giving Paul a silent stare with set jaw and a dangerous glint in his dark eyes, as he stepped forward into the man's personal space. He didn't say anything, just waited for Paul to get his temper back under control and remember who he was talking to.

Paul's chest heaved and nostrils flared, he clenched his fists, held the intimidating eye contact for a few seconds and then let his head fall against Negan's chest, exhaling soundly.

"Upstairs, shoes off, sit at the table." Negan's voice was clear and serious but didn't hold any aggression or rage. "Go."

Jesus didn't look up again. Just picked up the backpack and silently went up the stairs.

"He hit you?" Negan looked at Rick, inappropriately calm.

Rick put his hands on his hips, sniffing his nose soundly as he stared down at the black rubber door mat. "We wanted to have dinner together, talk about it all." He sighed, sounding seriously upset. "They started to argue. Turned into a fight."

Negan nodded once. He knew Rick had no chance against Shane in a physical confrontation. But he was impressed that he had tried it, to protect Paul. "Where is he."

Rick shrugged, gesturing somewhere towards the street. "Home I guess."

Negan pushed the door the last two inches open, stepping aside. "Olivia made dinner. You wanna go upstairs." It wasn't a question.

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Olivia was a bit confused as she served dinner. Her boss insisted on only two setting, while Mister Rovia and the young criminal knelt quietly, left and right from Negan's chair.

One absolutely still and quiet, the other seeming a bit nervous and fidgety.
Rick and Negan took their time, ate and drank, shared a story about the store, talked briefly about the situation with Shane and his reluctance to start rehab. Olivia served wine along with the main course and Rick lost his somewhat tense attitude and laughed about a joke Negan made. After the second glass he reached out and fondled the back of Paul's head.

After dessert, both men got up and Negan ordered Olivia to fix a plate for Paul. He was allowed to sit on Rick's chair to have dinner, and watched both of his Dads enjoying more wine and small talk on the couch.

Daryl had followed Negan's finger snap to the living room area and didn't understand why he didn't get any of the dinner food. It was like the Tops had a private evening and the subs weren't really invited. He gazed over to Jesus at the dining table, watching how he devoured awesome gluten-free noodle spaghetti without any zucchinis, but lots of red sauce and turkey meatballs.

"Boy!"

Harsh fingers snapped right in front of his face, making him flinch.

"You wanna focus on me, right?"

Daryl wanted to. He just was hungry. "Can I dinner." The question didn't sound very polite, but he tried to hold eye contact.

"May you have dinner?" Negan pulled a tissue out of his pocket and handed it to Daryl. "Are you very hungry?"

Daryl nodded. He was. "Yes."

"Olivia!" Negan didn't turn around to speak to his cleaning lady. "Puppy is hungry! What the fuck is taking you so long!"

"I- ...ehm-" Olivia worked the potato masher in a quicker pace, beads of sweat forming on her hairline. "Five minutes, Sir?"

Rick smirked, shaking his head. "Man, don't be so hard on her."

Negan sipped from his wine, playing with a strand of Daryl's hair. "I'm not her fucking grandma, I'm her boss. And I said Daryl eats at fucking eight o'clock."

Rick glanced at his watch. It was 8:12 PM. He winced, hoping Olivia would hurry.

"I can eat that." Daryl blinked through his long bangs, gesturing to Paul at the table. He really liked spaghetti.

"Or you are sick and eat what I tell you to fucking eat. Correct?"

"Hm." Daryl pouted, looking at his knees.

"What was that?"

Daryl sniffed his nose, pulling his fingers as he mumbled a better answer. "Yes, Sir."

"Mhm." Negan nudged him with his foot. "I gave you a tissue. You wanna blow your nose before you snot on my shirt again."

Rick watched them both interact, smiling faintly when Daryl inhaled deeply and blew his nose into
the thin paper tissue. "Training goes well."

Negan leaned back, rolling the wine glass between his fingers that sat propped up on his knee. "He's a natural."

Rick pursed his lips as he nodded, raising his own glass. "Have to admit you have a great eye for potential."

Negan scrutinized his employee, a slight smile spreading across his face. "I know."

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At 8:44 PM, Daryl opened his mouth for the 19th spoon full of mashed potatoes and steamed carrots. It wasn't as good as spaghetti, but still very tasty. He knelt extra straight and held his arms behind his back, because Negan smiled at him.

"Good?" Negan scraped the last remains of food off the plate, holding the last spoon full out. "You wanna more?"

Daryl thought about it, puffing his cheeks out before he swallowed, looking up at Negan. Then shook his head.

"You want a strike before bedtime?"

He shook his head again. "No."

"I thought so." Negan handed the plate over. "Put it into the sink."

Daryl got up and carried the empty dish to the kitchen. When he came back and wanted to kneel back down on the floor, Negan stopped him.

"No. Be a good boy and refill Rick's glass."

Daryl looked as shocked as if he was just asked to write an essay about Einstein's general theory of relativity. He wanted to shake his head, feeling his face get hot. But Negan stared at him, obviously waiting for the order to be fulfilled, so he went to the coffee table, decided to pick the green bottle instead of the one with the ugly white wine, and went to Rick who held his glass out.

"Hellooo puppy." Paul glanced up with a smile, from his place between Rick's legs, where he was busy snuggling his boyfriend's crotch and getting his long hair caressed.

Daryl didn't answer, and tried not to look at the cowboy-boots-man's face as he poured some of the red fluid into the glass, with trembling fingers. He wasn't sure how much he was supposed to pour in, but he didn't want to do the same thing again in ten minutes, so he filled it almost to the rim, and added another drop, then turned around to look at Negan, who gave him a friendly smile.

"Thank you." Rick tried to balance the very full glass to his mouth, without spilling anything. "Very generous."

Daryl thought it sounded like he had done a good job, and put the almost empty bottle back on the coffee table.

He went back to Negan, flicked his head and sniffed his nose. "I can give you wine." He wanted his offer to sound friendly, but it turned out rather stupid, with his croaky voice.

Negan didn't make fun of him, though. He spoke in a very polite, serious voice. "Thank you, I've
had enough. Right? But you wanna wait in the bathroom for me."

Paul's head shot up, almost bumping against Rick's wine glass. "Me too?"

"No." Negan got up with a sigh, stretching his back. "I owe Daryl a bath for being good. You entertain your man."

"Uuuuh a bath." Jesus purred like a lion cub, giving Rick's wrist a wet lick. "Sweet."

"Hm." Daryl pulled a neatly folded paper out of his pants pocket, showing it to Paul, feeling a bit proud.

"Special bedtime for Puppyboy." Paul read it out loud, giving Rick an accusing look. "How come you never give me a voucher?"

"Because you're not a woman on mothers day." Rick sighed, rubbing over the red stain on his shirt. He hadn't even realized that he had spilled his wine.

Negan took the note out of Paul's fingers, handed it back to Daryl and pushed him towards the bedroom. "Be good and undress, I'm there in a minute."

----

It wasn't even a minute. Daryl had just climbed out of his pants, when Negan entered the bathroom, heading straight for the bathtub. He unscrewed the shower head from the hose and instead attached a finger thick silver nozzle.

Daryl watched and froze, his shirt pulled only half way up his chest.

Negan rolled his sleeves up, "Chop, chop boy you wanna undress for me." and vanished into the bedroom.

Daryl craned his neck, but couldn't see anything, and proceeded to take his clothes off, giving the strange new addition to the bathtub a suspicious look.

"Good job. Underwear too." Negan came back, wearing one black latex glove. He let it snap against his wrist and grabbed a bottle of body wash off the shelf. He put it on the brim of the bathtub, along with a bottle of lube and then opened the valve, wetting a washcloth underneath the running water.

Daryl took his briefs off and awkwardly folded them up into a strange shape, before he placed it on the closed toilet lid, stalling for time.

"Come here." Negan held a hand out. "Get in the tub."

Daryl sniffed his nose, wrapping an arm across his bare chest. "'s empty."

"Yes. You already took a full bath today." Negan grabbed him by the upper arm, making him climb into the bathtub. "Now you get a puppy quick wash, right?" He wagged his brows with a smirk.

"YES!" Jesus shouted from the livingroom through a wide open door. "A CAT LICK!"

Negan didn't turn around, just raised his voice. "Entertain your man I said!" He kept Daryl in an upright position, when the man attempted to sit down in the empty tub. "No, stand."

Daryl squeezed his eyes and mouth shut, as Negan started to wash his face, none too gently, with a wet, warm washcloth, cleaning his cheeks, the corners of his eyes, his nose, before he rinsed the
cloth and put some body wash on it, scrubbing the man's ears, neck and shoulders. "Arms up." The order was obeyed without hesitation and Negan rubbed the soapy cloth in fast, efficient movements over the pale skin, leaving it slightly reddened and warmed up, wherever he was finished.

Daryl liked the rough treatment. It made his skin prickle and all the aches and tension disappear. Also, the tall angry man looked really very nice from such a close distance.

"What boy." Negan washed Daryl's chest and abdomen, smirking at the amorous glances out of blue eyes. "Am I fucking pretty?"

"Hm." Daryl took his arms down, wiping a damp strand of hair out of his face, then put his hand to Negan's chest, when he lost his balance for a moment. Negan was really fucking pretty.

"Hm?" Negan rinsed the washcloth and put more soap on it, then cleaned the man's inner thighs and genitals, with the same rough handling. "You wanna say it. You know I like whole sentences."

Daryl's lips parted, just as his legs, when a firm hand washed the most private parts of his body. He glanced down, watching for a second, then looked up at Negan's face, but couldn't get a word out. So he leaned his forehead against a broad shoulder, mumbling shyly. "You're pretty."

"Yes?" Negan didn't sound smug or surprised at all. He planted a kiss to the side of Daryl's head. "That's so nice of you, making such sweet compliments, right? Good boy." He finished his cleaning and put the washcloth over the brim of the bathtub. "Look at me." He took the man's chin, moving him back into an upright position. "Open your mouth. Wide."

Daryl did and coughed when two black latex fingers invaded his mouth, pushing his tongue and jaw down.

"Does it still hurt?"

Daryl tried to shake his head and gagged a little, the tips of Negan's fingers reaching the back of his throat.

"Nice. Good job." Negan slid his fingers deeper, just for a second, loving to watch the muscles contract in gagging. "You wanna drink a lot of tea tomorrow and take your fucking medicine. I want that pretty throat healthy, right?" He pulled his fingers back, patting Daryl's cheek. "Turn around, hands to the wall."

Daryl smacked his lips, liking the taste of latex on his tongue. He turned around, putting his hands to the cold tiles.

"Spread your legs, boy." Negan took the washcloth, scrubbing the man's back thoroughly, before going deeper to lather muscular butt cheeks and the space between. "You wanna sleep with my plug tonight?"

"Yes." Daryl didn't have to think about the answer. He liked Negan's plug. He looked down at his naked feet and twitching cock between his spread legs, bending a bit in his knees when his ass crack was touched and washed with a rough wash cloth.

"Mhm." Negan put the cloth aside and stroked a latex clad thumb up and down over a small pink opening. "You wanna push out for me."

Daryl inhaled and held his breath, putting his forehead against the cool tiles, as he felt something push inside him, just an inch or two, opening his muscle a bit.
Negan watched his black thumb disappear up to the first knuckle, twisted and turned it, then pulled it back out and squirted a good amount of lube on his latex fingers, making them slippery. He put the other hand flat on Daryl's lower belly, holding him steadily in place as he worked first one finger in, then two, loving the small, hoarse grunting noises Daryl made. "Is that so nice, puppy?" He crooked them and expertly massaged the right spot, spread his fingers, angled them differently, and feasted on the sight of warm, pink flesh around the black, shiny rubber material. "Hm? Tell me. You like my fingers up your ass?"

Daryl exhaled soundly, pressing his nose against the tiles. He felt his thighs tremble and the soles of his feet tingle, when some precum trickled down into the wet bathtub. "Yes." He liked it very much, and rolled his hips a bit, then moved back and forth on Negan's hand, wanting more of the wonderful pressure.

"Yes, you do." Negan confirmed, and felt his cock twitch, seeing Daryl fuck himself on his fingers. "Fucking naughty boy, look at you being so greedy." He allowed the self stimulation for a moment longer, then pulled his hand back and grabbed the silver nozzle, switching the lever at the tap to let the water run through the hose. He adjusted the temperature and water pressure, then put a safe hand back on Daryl's lower belly. "Push out." As soon as his command was followed, he lined the finger thick silver nozzle up at the man's opening and carefully slid it in, feeling Daryl tense immediately, as his insides filled with warm water. "What's that, puppy?" He cooed, stroking Daryl's belly soothingly. "Am I washing my boy?"

Daryl whimpered. He didn't know what to do, clenched his butt, then pushed it back, weird pressure and warmth spreading through his lower body.

"You wanna hold it all in for me." Negan raised his voice, waited a second, and then pulled the nozzle out, changing in a sterner tone when a gush of water came with it. "No. Hold it!"

Daryl breathed heavily, clenching his ass. He wailed, glancing back over his shoulder, but was unable to focus on Negan's face. It felt impossible to follow the order.

"See? Now you're good. Hold it. Focus on me." Negan patted the man's ass cheek encouragingly, feeling strong abs becoming rock hard underneath his palm. He waited another moment, then pressed two black latex fingers against Daryl's opening. "Now push out."

Daryl felt his head get hot and momentarily got confused with his body, clenched down even harder instead of letting loose, before he held his breath and pushed down, feeling a torrent of water leaving his insides, falling along his bare legs.

"Good job!" Negan's voice was deep and praising, as he waited for all the fluid to come out, enjoying the sight to the max, and then slid the nozzle back in, repeating the whole procedure. "Very nice. You wanna do it again for me."

Daryl was a little dizzy. It felt both, awesome and wrong at the same time, but he wanted to do everything for the tall angry man and his wonderful commanding voice, so he concentrated on the feeling of water filling him, and just as he thought he might burst, the nozzle was pulled out.

"Hold!" Negan stepped back a few inches, taking pleasure in the whole situation of his naked sub standing in the bathtub with spread legs, trembling slightly with the tension and physical exertion. "That's right. You wanna hold it all in for me." He waited longer this time, almost a full minute, then pressed his middle and index finger past the clenched muscle. "Push out." His order was followed instantly this time, bringing a satisfied smile on his face. "Look at you! What a fucking great job!" He moved his fingers back and forth while the last streams of water ran out, trickling down the man's thighs.
Daryl groaned, letting his head fall between his arms, then raised it again and bit into his own upper arm, not hard just needing his mouth to have contact with something. As his belly felt flat and empty again and the fantastic rubber fingers were pulled out, he pushed his hips back in a silent plead for more and earned a low chuckle in response.

"That's a good boy." Negan slid the nozzle in, and reached for Daryl's cock, stroking it slowly. "You wanna be so good for me, right?" He pushed the nozzle an inch deeper and angled it a bit so the out flowing water streamed directly against the man's inner walls. He leaned in to lick with broad tongue along an arched back, enjoying the muffled moans and hoarse grunts coming out of Daryl's throat. "Yeah you do. Making such nice puppy noises for me." He let go of Daryl's cock and reached over to the tap, turning the water off, speaking against the man's neck. "You wanna hold it all in for me?"

Daryl suckled the wet skin of his upper arm, the warm pressure in his body overwhelming him.

"Tell me, puppy. Should I pull it out and you keep all that water in your pretty ass for me?"

Daryl listened and nodded desperately. He opened his eyes and turned his head a bit, trying to see Negan's face. "Yes."

"Yes? That's how good you wanna be for me?"

"Mh." Daryl nodded again, his head sinking between his arms. "Yes."

"Good boy." Negan pulled out slowly, pleased when the tight muscle closed like a vice, not letting a drop out. He put the hose down and rubbed Daryl's butt. "Turn around."

Daryl blinked beneath his long bangs, trying to get his breathing under control. He shook his head. There was no way he could move.

Negan had a different view. "Sure you turn around for me." His voice was calm and casual as he started to clear some things away that he didn't need any longer. "Chop chop."

A mixture of a sigh and sob escaped Daryl's throat, and after 8 seconds of pondering his options, he started to turn around, on stiff legs, both hands on his butt as if it would help to keep it from leaking.

Negan smiled. His glove was gone and he dried his hands on a large towel as he stood with a 3-foot distance in front of the tub, loving the utter despair and slight embarrassment displayed on a flushed face. "Good job. You wanna give me a nice view, right?" He cocked his eyebrows and stepped closer, giving the man's wet thigh a slap. "Legs apart. Wide." His order was followed and he put the towel onto the brim of the tub, then rested his arms on Daryl's shoulders, looking him right in the eye. "Look down. You wanna see the pretty puddle you make for me." He nodded his head when Daryl shook it. "Sure you do. You wanna watch for me."

Daryl felt his heart stumble and his entire skin burn with crawling heat. He didn't want to watch but he wanted to be good for Negan, so he did what he was supposed to and lowered his head, staring at the wet bottom of the bathtub, some butterflies bumping against his stomach, as rewarding deep words rumbled from deep in Negan's chest.

"Fucking good boy, that's what you wanna do for me." Negan spoke right next to Daryl's ear, tilting his head down as well for a better view. "Go on, push out, show me where you keep all that water." He felt the man tremble and fight with his courage, before a very thin trail of fluid trickled along Daryl's left leg. He raised his voice instantly. "No. Push out I said!"

Daryl brought his hands up to Negan's chest, curling his fingertips into soft fabric and held his breath, pushing down hard. A thick stream of water squirted down between his legs. It was warm
and clear and incredibly naughty to watch.

Negan praised him immediately, his voice dripping with pride and pleasure. "Fucking gorgeous, look at that! What a good boy you are!"

The pressure faded and was replaced by pure relief and happiness, as the spurt of water got thinner and finally died down, but soft lips and a rough beard nuzzled the side of Daryl's neck, while he was showered with rewarding words.

"You are god damn fucking awesome, you know that?" Negan reached around and caressed firm ass cheeks and the twitching hole between. "Fucking puppy."

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At 9:43 PM, a shy man with tousled hair, wearing a nicely lubed-up butt plug underneath his far too big, light grey Ralph Lauren pajama, went into the living room, because he was supposed to say good night.

The cowboy-boots-guy had his eyes closed and his head tilted back against the backrest, looking deeply relaxed. The fly of his denims was open, revealing a pair of dark briefs.

Jesus knelt submissively between his boyfriend's legs, licking the man's erection through the fabric of his underwear. He looked up with a friendly smile, when the pleasant scent of musky body wash, powdery body lotion and fresh laundry found the way into his tired mind. "Mmh, bedtime puppy."

Daryl sniffed his nose, embarrassed by the intimate situation he interrupted. "'gnight."

Rick opened his eyes, seeming tired and tipsy, but not embarrassed at all. "Good night." He raised the meek rest of his wine and offered a small smile.

Paul reached out for Daryl's hand, caught one of his fingers and put it between his lips for a brief lick. "You're hard." He grinned to his observation.

Daryl pulled his finger back, scowling, and covered the erection underneath thin pajama bottoms with his hand.

"Go to bed." Negan came up from behind, poking Daryl's side with two fingers, then slapped the back of Paul's head. "Are you good?"

"Yes." Paul looked up and smiled, then felt his stomach flip flop in excitement when the tall man squatted down right beside him, touching his mouth with a firm thumb.

"Mhm. You wanna be real nice to your man until I'm back, right?"

"Yes, Sir." Arousal on the highest level shot immediately through Paul's system, receiving an order from one of his Dads, to please another.

Negan held the close eye contact a moment, then leaned in for a wet kiss. "Make it good." He got up, ruffling the man's long hair and followed Daryl into the bedroom. "Did you drink your tea?"

"Not all." Daryl pulled the blanket up to his chest, wriggling his plugged-up butt on the wonderful white bed sheet.

Negan picked the red cup up from the nightstand. It was cold and still half full. "You don't like it?"

Daryl sniffed his nose, shaking his head. It tasted bitter and not very good. "No."
"Hm." Negan shrugged and drank it himself.

Daryl watched with big eyes as the tall angry man gulped all the cold camomile tea down, except for the last bit. He kept it in his mouth, wagging his eyebrow and bent down.

Daryl pushed his head back, deep into the pillow and hesitantly parted his lips.

Negan didn't close his eyes as he fed the mouthful of tea to Daryl, not spilling a drop. He nudged their noses together and pinched the man's chin. "You wanna report and send it to me. I'll sit a while with the others, right?"

"Hm." Daryl stared up into the close face, wishing he could crawl underneath Negan's shirt and stay there forever. "Okay." But Negan just kissed his forehead, switched the lights off and left the room. He sniffed his nose, suppressing the urge to run after him, and instead fished for his phone from the nightstand.

**Good:** - doctor  
- Paul  
**Bad:** - street  
- sick  
**Like:** reward from Negan, homoseksual  
**Hate:** angry jesus, angry Negan  
**Change:** street

He sent it and tried to listen for noises from the living room, but there weren't any. No TV, no conversation. The brief image of Jesus licking the cowboy-boots-guy's penis like a big kitten popped up in his mind. Followed by the image of Negan watching them, petting Paul's long hair.

Daryl sniffed his nose and put a hand underneath the blanket, between his legs, because his inner muscles throbbed, making his cock twitch. Then he remembered that he wasn't supposed to touch himself and turned around, curling up on his side, gnawing on the side of his finger, wishing Negan would come back in, preferably with a black latex glove on his hand.

When his phone beeped 21 minutes later, he had almost drifted off to sleep, but opened the message anyway, squinting against the brightness of the small screen.

**Good:** - doctor -- I did a great job at the doctor. Negan is fucking proud!  
- Paul -- I thought of Negan's pleasure instead of being jealous. Negan more than fucking likes me for being so awesome!  
**Bad:** - street -- I made a bad choice. Next time I wanna speak to Negan before I put myself in danger.  
- sick -- My bad choice got me sick. I feel guilty. It is important to Negan that I'm healthy. I will take better care of myself in the future!  
**Like:** reward from Negan -- I like when Negan takes care of me.  
homosexual -- :) fucking awesome puppy. Negan would be a very sad man if Daryl wasn't such an amazing gay guy!  
**Hate:** angry Jesus -- I don't understand why Paul got angry. Negan explains it in the morning. All okay.  
angry Negan -- I don't like when Negan has to correct my (or Paul's) behavior.  
**Change:** street -- I wish I wouldn't have lived on the streets. It was a bad idea, got me in danger, got me sick and got the people in my life fucking worried. But it is over now, I am back home, everything else will be okay in the end. Negan will not forget my brother.
PS: Should I come to bed now?

Daryl sat up straight in bed, nodding to his screen, then glanced up in the dark room at the closed bedroom door. He wanted to call 'Yes', but remembered his voice, and the guests in the living room. So he sent a message back.

yes i want that please
daryl dixon

----

Daryl didn't mind that Jesus and the cowboy-boots-man would spend the night on the couch. He didn't even think about it. His tired brain was busy listening to the gripping bedtime story, told in deep, low voice, while he was held by strong arms, his face pressed against a broad, bare chest, his tongue and lips wrapped around a hard nipple.

"You know what happens then?" Negan had one hand underneath Daryl's shirt, drawing lazy circles on his back.

Daryl stopped suckling and nodded. He knew the answer. "You wan' me back." He pointed at himself for emphasis, because if the world would be run over by Zombies, he really wouldn't want to live in the village with the silly pretty, fancy houses. He wanted to live at the awesome factory with Negan.

"Mhm." Negan planted a kiss to the top of Daryl's head. "Damn well right I want my Daryl back. And the pool table and all the pool cues and chalk." He patted the man's plugged-up butt. "Then I load all my stuff up on the fucking truck and we head the fuck back home. Right? Sunday is karaoke night at the Sanctuary and Paul gets into mischief when he's home alone for too long."

"Yes." Daryl brushed his lips against fine, dark chest hair, then sucked Negan's nipple back into his mouth. He liked that ending very much.

Negan closed his eyes. "Good boy."
What happens in Sweden stays in Sweden

Chapter Summary

Just a tiny baby chapter... in which: ...not only the Lorax speaks for the trees but Negan as well, Daryl is just an innocent bystander, Jesus gets a bed and Beth would make Eugene very proud with her stalker qualities

Chapter Notes

Not important at all for the story or anything. Just a baby chap before the big V-Day on

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Beth high-fived herself and smiled brightly as she turned off the engine of her lemon-yellow Toyota Prius, that she had successfully parked between a silver Chrysler Voyager and a shiny black Tahoe, second row. That wasn't bad for IKEA on a Friday evening. She leaned back in her seat with a sigh, grabbed her bag and filled it with all the things she could find and would desperately need for her spontaneous shopping trip. Phone, keys, money, protein bar, sunglasses, and her pink, glittery Victoria's Secret water cup. She used the latter immediately, sipping soundly from the straw, taking a glance in the rear view mirror. She watched a man getting out of the car. Something about him seemed quite familiar, but she couldn't place it. He wasn't very tall, had long, dark blond hair, a full beard and - Oh! She snapped her fingers. He looked like Jesus! Of course. She nodded, still looking into the mirror, as the man opened the trunk of his car. Then she squinted, tilting her head, because there was something else about him that made her feel like she knew him from somewhere. Riding school maybe? Gymnastics?

A second man got out of the black Tahoe, very tall, very handsome, dark slicked back hair, sexy scruff, wearing a black leather jacket. Beth took another sip of her cup and then made big eyes, almost choking. Now she knew! Her Instagram crush!

"Oh my God." She turned around, glancing back over her shoulder. It was totally Negan! And Jesus! She craned her neck, searching for the one and only man she secretly dreamed about these days, ever since she had accidentally stumbled over his precious face in the broad expanse of the internet. Daryl Dixon. It hadn't been easy to find out any information about him, but lucky for her, there were enough crazy stalkers out there who were more than willing to go all 'private detective' on innocent people.

She leaned over the empty passenger seat to have a better view and was rewarded when the backdoor of the big, black car opened and a young guy with slightly tousled hair climbed out. He wore a black, very baggy hoodie with the Leather Factory logo on the back, complete with the trademark baseball bat and everything.

Beth ducked down two inches, gawking through the pane. She wanted to cry. He was so beautiful! Her brother Shaun had this crazy theory that pretty people from TV or internet, would just look normal and nothing special once you'd see them in real life, doing every day things. Man was he
wrong! If anything, Daryl Dixon was even more gorgeous here on this silly IKEA parking space, than on any photo the internet had to offer.

"Ohh holy-" She ducked another inch down when the tall, handsome leather jacket-man stepped up to Daryl, saying something she couldn't make out through the closed car door. He took the pair of headphones off Daryl's head, throwing them on the backseat of the car before he closed the door.

She couldn't believe that she was actually witness of a Negan-with-his-boys sighting out in the wild! Blessed be her rickety 24 dollar coffeetable for finally collapsing under the weight of a bowl of guacamole, or she would've never found the way to a Swedish furniture store on a Friday evening!

"Aww!" She put a hand over her melting heart when Negan walked off, snapping his fingers like a Boss, and Jesus took Daryl's hand to follow along.

She turned around, gazing through the rear window with hearts in her eyes, and then hastily unbuckled the seat belt and grabbed her bag when she realized that she would probably lose them if she wouldn't hurry.

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"Sweet." Paul stopped in front of the blue wall display where the store provided all kinds of helpful items for their customers, and filled all available pockets of his clothing with dozens of paper tape measures, miniature pencils and useful notepads.

"What the fuck are you doing." Negan squinted when a handful of small brown pencils wandered into his jacket pocket.

"They expect us to take that stuff. It's like a welcome gift, you know?" Jesus smiled, putting a tape measure around Daryl's neck. "Swedish hospitality."

"Mhm." Negan took the long paper strip back off, threw it somewhere close to the hook it was coming from and snapped his fingers, as he made his way up the stairs to the store's showroom-floor. "Move it boys." They would buy a bed, and that's it. He didn't plan to spend a minute longer in this elk infested building than absolutely necessary.

"Aye Sir." Paul grabbed another notepad, tucked a pencil behind his ear and followed one of his Dads upstairs. "Daryl, come. They have awesome meatballs here."

"Hm." Daryl sniffed his nose as he flicked his head to get some hair out of his eyes, glancing suspiciously at the young blonde woman who had just disappeared behind a huge cardboard display for BILLY shelves, after snapping a photo of him with her iPhone.

"DARYL!" Negan was already around the corner and definitely out of patience. "MOVE IT I SAID!"

----

Passing the living room section, Beth pretended to test the quality of the U-shaped NORSBORG couch and bounced twice on the seat cushioning, while she watched out of the corner of her eye how Paul Rovia scribbled something on one of his many notepads, tore the page out and put it on the armrest of a grey KIVIK sofa before jogging off to catch up with Negan and the man of her dreams.
She got up, looked from left to right, and snagged the small piece of paper, trying not to attract any attention. It said 'JESUS WAS HERE'. She looked after the three men, put the note into her overflowing hand bag and followed.

In the department for storage options, Beth pretended to be awfully interested in the GNEDBY cubical shelf, doing her best to be invisible, as just 9 feet to her left a young man with the cheeky words 'Be careful not to trip over my amazingness - it's everywhere' on his baggy white muscle shirt, wrote another note and hid it behind the red door of a KALLAX shelf, then walked up to Negan and took his right hand, because the other was already taken.

Beth waited 14 seconds, then opened the small cabinet door and took the paper out. It said, 'JESUS LOVES YOUUUU... and he wants you to buy this shelf'. She lifted her brows, then glanced at the price tag and decided to leave the note behind the door for the next customer.

She lost track of the small group of men for a moment, found them again in a realistically built showroom for a single apartment and hid behind a fake ficus when a deliciously deep voice scolded a young man for groping a puppy-butt. She wasn't sure what that meant, but a minute later she found a note on a TYSSEDAL cabinet, with the message 'One of my Dads is a party pooper - JPR'.

In the section for mirrors, Beth stopped longer than planned, shocked about her red cheeks and frizzy hair, then stepped behind the ISFJORDEN mirror, when the most beautiful man on earth walked by in a breathtaking three-foot distance, smelling like Vicks VapoRub and musky soap. He seemed a bit disoriented, sniffed his nose, flicked his head to get some hair out of his magically blue eyes, and then looked up kind of relieved when a 'Ksst' was to be heard, followed by a 'You wanna stay close, right boy?'.

She wanted to marry this perfect creature. Elisabeth Dixon. Their children would be so handsome, and have awesome hair.

In the department for dressers and wardrobes, it was easy to stalk and obviously just as easy to hide secret messages. Beth found three. One in the top drawer of a white HEMNES dresser with 'Jesus is hungry :(', one in the second drawer of a MALM cabinet, saying 'MEATBALLS!!!!!!' and the last one openly on a $199.00 BRIMNES vanity, 'JESUS HAS A PUPPYBROTHER AND YOU DO NOT'.

She put them all into her bag and followed the arrows painted on the floor, to the beds department, where she sat down on a MYRBACKA mattress to fake some buying interest and be in the right position to spy on the three men obviously planning to buy a bed.

Daryl was a more passive bystander, looking attentively up to a tall, very handsome man who held a lecture about stains on fabric covered headboards, while Jesus splayed out unimpressed on the bed of his dreams, smiling as he gave the mattress a light shake and jiggle with his full body weight.

But Negan's need for a hygienically clean environment won in the end and they decided to buy a KOPARDAL in Queen size because Paul was short, a twerp, and his basement room wasn't a god damn fucking palace.

Beth waited a minute until the men were around the corner, and went up to the holy piece of furniture, took a photo of it and found a page of an IKEA notepad, saying, "Daddy approved! Frame great for bondage and cuffs! xxjpr"

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"What's the matter boy." Negan looked up from his phone, when Daryl muttered something, throwing death stares through the crowded cafeteria. "I thought you wanted to focus on me."

Daryl gestured angrily with his forearm towards a young woman sitting near the windows. "Stupid girl's takin' pictures of me!"

Negan turned around to see where he was pointing, and sure enough was there a girl hiding with red face behind her iPhone, pretending to be busy. "Mhm." He nodded, pulling the chair at the small side of the table out. "You wanna sit here."

Daryl muttered something inaudible, changing seats so he was closer to Negan and with his back to the windows.

Negan handed Daryl a tissue. "Sure you wanna work tonight?"

"Hm." Daryl was sure. The horrible squares-list at the fridge mocked him every time he entered the kitchen. He wanted to put money on the counter for Negan.

Negan watched how the other man wiped his nose. "One." He said it calm and almost casually, but earned a shocked look out of blue eyes. He lifted his brows, not seeing any problem with his decision. "What, you can't answer properly because you have the fucking sniffles?"

Daryl scowled, having a stubborn answer in mind, but then didn't dare to say it because Negan tilted his chin down, giving him a warning look. He wiped the balled-up tissue once more over his nose, mumbling a gruff answer. "wanna work tonight."

"You wanna look at me and repeat."

Daryl sniffed his nose and looked up through his long bangs. "I wanna work."

"Mhm. Say it like a real good boy."

Daryl pulled his fingers underneath the table, when a naughty butterfly poked against the inside of his chest. "Wanna work tonight." He exhaled, his eyes darting nervously to the side for a second. "Sir."

"Good job." Negan praised in low, dark voice, very pleased with the other man's much calmer attitude, focused on him only. "How do you wanna sit for me. Show me."

Daryl shifted on his seat, straightening his back and shoulders, his eyes on Negan, looking for confirmation.

He received a single nod. "Very nice. That's how I like it, right?"

"Hm." Daryl nodded as well, wishing he could sit underneath the table, between Negan's legs. "Yes."

"Yes, I do." Negan confirmed with a friendly smile and moved an inch back with his chair, when Paul came with a single plate, full of meatballs, covered in gravy.

"Sorry it took so long. The silly bi..." Paul quickly changed his turn of phrase after a warning glance
from Daddy. "...eautiful lady at the counter wasn't working very efficiently." It was true. She was working like a snail on Valium. Paul sighed, put the plate in front of Negan on he table, his wallet next to it, and handed him a napkin and cutlery. Then sat down, frowning at a young woman near the window. "I think that chick just took a photo."

"I think you forgot my fucking water."

Paul looked around on the table, "Oh. Oops." and got up again, grabbing a black Hugo Boss wallet, to go back to stand in line at the serving counter with the Valium lady.

Daryl stared at the food, feeling his stomach rumble, and followed Negan's fingers with his eyes, as he pulled a tiny blue-yellow paper flag out of the mountain of meatballs.

"You know what flag it is?" Negan wagged his brows with a smirk, putting the flag-toothpick between his lips to lick it clean.

"Hm." Daryl knew the answer, his own tongue poking out as he stared at Negan's mouth. "Ikea." He was very sure about that, since the whole building was blue and yellow.

Negan drew his lips in, a happy glint in his dark eyes. "Very nice answer." He nodded, keeping his tone friendly and encouraging. "Almost right. It's the Swedish flag. IKEA is a Swedish company, they use the fucking national colors everywhere. Right? Good job." He held the tiny flag out for Daryl to take. "You want it?"

"Hm." Daryl wanted it very much, and shyly lowered his gaze when he received it. The wooden toothpick was still damp from where Negan had sucked the gravy off. "Thank you."

"You're welcome." Negan answered with firm voice and started to eat, ignoring that Daryl watched each of his moves with longing eyes.

After the third fantastic meatball had vanished between Negan's lips, Daryl flicked his head to the side and shifted on his chair, straightening his back even more. "Can I have a bite from you." He tried for a polite voice and hoped it came out alright.

Negan seemed to like it, swiped a meatball through a blob of cranberry sauce and fed it to Daryl. "Nice asking, puppy. Next time you wanna say please."

"Uuuh. Puppy training." Jesus purred like a wildcat in springtime, put Negan's water on the table and bent down to lick Daryl's ear, before he flopped onto his seat. "What do I get if I say please?"

"A warm handshake for remembering the fucking basic rules." Negan put a hand on his stomach, feeling not too well with all the cheap, processed food in his system. He moved the plate across the table. "Here. Share."

"Awesome." Paul's eyes lit up, as he grabbed the fork and gobbled two meatballs at once into his mouth, before handing the cutlery over to Daryl. "I bet it's elk."

"No, it's really him." Beth had exchanged her yellow shopping bag for a shopping cart when the group of men went downstairs to the store's marketplace-floor, to continue their shopping trip. "He's here with Negan and Jesus. I follow them for an hour now."

"But why?" Courtney at home on her duvet with romantic rose print, let her gum-bubble pop and
turned the page in her beauty magazine, providing zero to none understanding for her friend's strange obsession. "Will you ask him for his number or anything?"

Beth giggled and then ducked behind her empty shopping cart when Negan snapped his fingers in the bedding section, because he wanted to look at pillows and blankets. "No?" She blushed a little, when Jesus danced seductively up to Daryl, moving his hips like an exotic belly dancer. "I mean... I don't know, maybe?"

"Yeah but..." Courtney knitted her brows over an article about Cara Delevingne's new hairstyle. "Isn't he like gay or something?"

"Pfft." Beth pretended to study the quality of a neck supporting memory foam pillow for $39.99, while watching how Paul Rovia stood on his toes and angled his head, before his tonguelicked out for a taste of Daryl's lips. "He's not really gay? They're just... you know. Really close friends." She tilted her head as well to the side, staring openly how the man of her dreams actually returned the affection and engaged in shy tongue action right next to the hypoallergenic pillows.

Courtney popped her chewing gum again, dangling her feet in the air. "But isn't that other guy..." She snapped her fingers, searching for the name. "That hot gay dude. Isn't he like fucking Daryl?"

"What?" Beth was scandalized. By her friends blunt allegation, and the fact that Negan didn't seem surprised at all by the two men kissing. On the contrary, he read something on his phone and blindly tickled the back of Daryl's neck, while Paul deepened the kiss with a low moan. "You don't know that! That's just..." She gestured outraged. "You know.. internet gossip. It's just some kind of bromance." A really intimate, affectionate bromance, she had to admit, seeing how Daryl had his eyes still closed when Jesus pulled back, and Negan grasped Daryl's chin and tilted it up with a sexy little smirk, to kiss him himself. Not soft and gentle, but deep and primal.

Beth blinked, her mouth hanging open, while she forgot about Courtney at the other end of the line. She had never seen such a kiss before. So confident, hard and demanding... and mouthwateringly hot to watch.

It didn't last very long, but Daryl Dixon was totally captivated afterwards, following Negan with dazed eyes and slightly tousled hair through the aisles. Just like Jesus, who happily left another of his notes in a toothbrush cup in the bathroom department.

'Making Daddy horny - Check!'  

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After 16 minutes of strolling the self-serving warehouse, Paul jumped off Daryl's back, scratching his forehead. "Let's split up."

"Hm." Daryl agreed. It was ridiculous. He had no trouble tracking a deer through the forest, but couldn't find the STENLI cushion for the POÄNG armchair, just because they were in completely different places. "I'll go this way." He pointed to the right, checking the numbers on his small itemnote again.

"Alright. See you for Thanksgiving at auntie Mildrid's house." Jesus saluted, disappearing in the other direction with the item number for an UNDREDAL nightstand.

Daryl glanced back over his shoulder, puzzled by the comment, but Paul was already out of sight. So he concentrated on his task, searching the entire shelf 25, then the row next to it, the aisle next to that, and then flinched as he went around the corner for shelf 28 and bumped hard into a tall, solid body.
He glanced up and then immediately lowered his gaze. "I'm sorry."

Negan straightened to full height, widening his stance as he snapped his fingers and pointed two down.

Daryl looked up, shocked, feeling heat rise up his skin towards his face.

Negan arched his brows. "We're in public, right." The only answer he received was a nervous flicker in blue eyes. "Doesn't matter. You wanna focus on me." He snapped his fingers once more. "Down." The order was spoken in dark, silky voice, calm but demanding.

Daryl hesitated a moment, then crouched down, very close to Negan's legs, holding on with ten fingers to the man's pants. A big, safe hand was put on his head, stroking gently, before a raisin was shoved between his lips.

"Nice." Negan made another step forward, bringing his crotch against Daryl's face. "Smell."

There wasn't much to ponder and think about. Daryl was taken by surprise with the small command and timidly sniffed, then dug his nose into the warm denim of Negan's pants, inhaling the smell of soap, warm skin, and the intimate note that was purely Negan.

Negan watched from above, keeping the man's head in place with a firm hand. "You like my scent, don't you, boy."

"Yes." Daryl liked it very much, brushing his lips along the outline of a hidden semi erection, then parted them and poked his tongue out, where he detected the tip.

"Yeah." Negan moved his middle unashamedly against the man's face. "You're my fucking good boy. You would suck me off here and now, isn't that right."

Daryl nodded, feeling something in his lower abdomen twitch and tingle. He glanced up, hooking his fingers into Negan's waistband in an attempt to undo his fly.

"Yes, you would." A deep chuckle resounded from deep in Negan's throat. "You can't, though. You have to go to work now." He stroked the side of Daryl's face, then grasped the man's chin and bent down, looking him in the eyes from closest distance. He chuckled again when Daryl looked honestly devastated. "Horny puppyboy. Looks like I have to fuck you first thing in the morning then."

----

Beth sipped noisily through the straw of her almost empty pink, glittery Victoria's Secret water cup, watching through the rear view mirror of her parked yellow Prius, how two young men loaded an armchair, a nightstand, a rolled up mattress, several pillows and a feather duvet into the trunk of a shiny, black Tahoe.

God, they looked so soft and dreamy... she would most certainly have to follow them home and camp in their backyard, or maybe-

"Hi!" Negan opened the passenger door of the yellow car standing right next to his own, sighed soundly as he slumped down on the free seat and didn't give a flying fart that the girl behind the wheel almost got a heart attack. "I'm Negan." He turned sideways, propping his elbow casually on the backrest, as he gave the young woman a friendly smile. "And I do not appreciate you stalking my man."

Beth stared with wide eyes at the guy who bluntly invaded her private space, and blindly rummaged
in her bag with trembling fingers, searching for her phone to call the police or a pepper spray that she
didn't even own. "I took a class." She blinked and stuttered, finding a tub of hand lotion and dumped
it back into the bag. "-art of self defense." She went just once because the teacher was a bitch, but
she learned a lot in that 45 minutes.

"Mhm." Negan didn't care about her private life, reached unerringly out to fish the iPhone in glittery
unicorn case out of her bag and held it up accusingly. "Listen, Blondie. I don't give a fuck if you put
all the fucking photos you took of my boy the past two hours in your pink Barbie scrapbook to have
a cozy masturbating session when no one's looking. But if I find just one of them online-" He
paused, arching his brows at her. "Our next conversation won't be this friendly. Right?"

She moved three inches back, looking even paler than usual as she nodded her head frantically.

Negan nodded as well. "I am sure you want to answer."

Beth clutched her water cup close to her chest, feeling heat flush her face. "I won't put them online."

"Exactly!" Negan hissed, threw the phone back into her bag and grinned satisfied. "Have a nice
evening."

Beth watched as the beautiful, but very intimidating man got out of the car, flung the door shut, and
left nothing behind but a distinct smell of leather and manly cologne. She sniffed the air, then took a
nervous sip of her water, and hectically started the car.

"Where's the bed." Daryl mumbled his question a bit distracted and looked back over his shoulder as
a car left the parking lot with squealing tires.

"It will be delivered." Negan shut the trunk and patted Daryl's ass. "Get in. You don't wanna be late
for work, right."

"Wasn't that the picture chick?" Jesus got a notepad out of his pocket, tapped the tip of a miniature
pencil against his tongue and wrote 'Jesus has left the building' on a paper, tore the page out and
dropped it on the empty parking space to his right. "I bet she had the hots for Daryl."

"Mhm." Negan slapped the back of Paul's head on the way to the driver's side. "I bet you get a
fucking spanking at home if you don't stop to drop your fucking junk everywhere."

----

It was dark and quiet in the car on the way to the Eagle, and Daryl had trouble to keep his eyes open.
He didn't feel very fit and had no desire to work now, or to answer all the questions about his
absence to Mrs Peletier. But he needed the money and he wanted Negan to be proud of him, so he
blinked, rubbed his eyes and sat up straight, trying to wake up his tired muscles.

"Look." Jesus leaned to the left, his head against Daryl's hair, holding his phone up to show a picture
of a blue t-shirt. "I'll give it to Rick for Valentine's day. It's from the diner where we had our first
date."

"Hm." Daryl sniffed his nose, staring at the small screen. He knew Valentine's day from school. Ms.
Greene had asked her class to make red cards in heart shape, to give them to friends. He was the only
one who didn't receive one. But he had made a card for Merle, because he was his best friend.

Jesus leaned in closer, whispering. "Will you give something to him?" He nodded towards the man
behind the wheel.
Daryl rubbed his ear against his shoulder, shrugging. "Hm." He felt embarrassed. He had no gift for Negan and wasn't sure if he was supposed to give him one, because Valentine's day was for really good friends or loved ones. Not for criminals living in the basement.

Negan stopped at red lights, glancing into the rear view mirror. "What's with all the secret talk back there."

Jesus smiled, tucking some hair behind his ear. "Just told him how gorgeous you look in bathing trunks, Sir."

"Mhm." Negan didn't believe a word. "Daryl. Are you tired?"

Daryl flicked his head to the side. "No."

"Are you lying?"

Daryl frowned, then lowered his gaze, answering irritated. "I'm tired."

Negan dialed a number, then held the phone between ear and shoulder. "It's Negan. Daryl won't come tonight." He started the car again, listening to the person at the other end of the line. "Because I fucking said so. He hasn't fully recovered and I want him to rest. Yes. Will let you know. Bye." He threw the phone on the empty passenger seat and glanced into the rear view mirror. "You don't work tonight. You fucking sleep. And no orange juice in the morning for fucking lying at me."

Daryl met Negan's gaze in the mirror, feeling very relieved somehow. So he nodded, "Okay." and thought of the big, comfy bed at home, glad that the tall angry man more than liked criminals in basement rooms.

Chapter End Notes

will you make a card for the puppy, okay? Thank you.
Chapter Summary

Part 1... in which: ...rainbows, hearts and glitter swirl out of the factory's enormous chimneys, because it's V-Day in Atlanta, even for slutty puppies and horny tall angry men

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

"Hhh." Daryl grimaced, as waves of pure pleasure rippled through his whole body, his fingers clawing desperately to the rope that connected his restrained wrists to the headboard.

"No..." Negan shook his head, smirking a couple of inches above a flushed face. "Don't come." He slowed his rhythm, circling his hips and pulled out, until just the tip of his cock was inside, then thrust back in, very slowly. "Yeah you like that, don't you." Negan groaned, feasting on the sight, when Daryl tilted his head back, his mouth falling open as his sweet spot was struck with brutal accuracy. "You would spread those legs for me anytime I want, isn't that right." He leaned down, biting the lobe of a pale ear, licking around the shell with wet tongue. "My slutty boy."

Daryl gasped, arching his back, then turned his head in search for that perfect mouth, desperate to be kissed.

Negan rocked in and out at a slow pace, nudging Daryl's prostate each time. "Are you so very close? Tell me." He licked the corner of a reddened mouth, before generously sharing a brief, messy kiss. "You can't come, though. Naughty puppies are not allowed to come." He grazed a flushed cheek with his teeth, then pulled back, lifting one of Daryl's legs over his shoulder for a new angle, as he started a harder, faster rhythm.

Daryl stared up with dazed eyes and spread his thighs wider, letting himself get fucked, and just enjoyed how Negan used him, ground into him, deep and relentlessly, panting and groaning in lust.

"Yeah, fucking look at you." Negan let himself go, watching Daryl respond so unashamed and beautifully. "Is that what you want? Giving me your sweet ass so I can shoot my load into that fucking tight hole?" He growled, slamming his hips down hard, loving the way Daryl clenched his muscles around him. "Fucking boy, wanting to please me so bad, don't you." He bent down, licking the sweat off soft skin, feeling Daryl push back against him, meeting each thrust in desperation. He noticed heat centering in his groin, wanted to prolong it, but felt so wanton and heady after almost two weeks of not being able to fuck, that he had no real desire to control himself at that point. He gritted his teeth, every thrust revving up the need to fuck and rut harder and deeper. Their bodies were drenched in sweat and Negan let out a dirty curse when Daryl tilted his hips up, allowing for even deeper penetration and the exact friction he needed. "Yeah fucking make me come!" Negan wrapped a hand in long strands of damp hair, pushing Daryl's head hard into the pillow, when he could feel his orgasm cycling up through his heated body, starting as a static tingle in his lower back, spreading through his thighs, before it exploded out through his groin, the base of his cock throbbing and pulsating, as he filled the tight heat he was buried into, and collapsed onto Daryl, muttering filthy
Daryl choked out a sob, squished underneath a heavy body, surrounded by the intoxicating smell of skin and heat and sweat, his heart racing, his entire insides pulsing and twitching on the edge of climax, trapped in torturous bliss. He felt Negan's length spasm and throb inside him, hot breath hitting his ear and neck, and he sobbed out once more, biting down hard into the man's shoulder, as his hips jerked all on their own, sparks flickering behind his eyelids. Red, hot pleasure raced up his spine, making his fingers cramp and toes curl. He wailed, digging his teeth deeper into Negan's flesh, exhaling despairingly through his nose, as he came, releasing spurts of cum, to be spread between their sticky bodies.

Negan felt the man beneath him tense and jerk uncontrollably, the sharp pain of teeth biting into his shoulder, and cursed once more, wrapping his arms breathtakingly tight around Daryl, licking and sucking his neck, holding him as close as humanly possible. In that moment, not caring a bit that his strict order was disobeyed.

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"What the..." Negan raised his arm as something sharp and pointy poked into his skin. He flung a pillow aside, finding a Swedish toothpick-flag next to a condom wrapper, a crinkled latex glove, a single raisin and a torn out sheet out of Dr Kaufman's notepad. He sighed, looking accusingly at the man resting on his chest, in post coital oblivion. "What are you, a fucking hamster?"

Daryl raised his head and knitted his brows underneath his tousled long bangs, answering honestly, but sounded kind of offended. "No."

Negan studied the sweaty, flushed face for a moment, then wiped a strand of damp hair out of the man's forehead. "Grumpy puppy. You wanna kiss me good morning."

Daryl sniffed his nose, then planted a kiss next to a dark pink nipple.

"What do you wanna say."

Daryl brushed his lips against dark chest hair, mumbling shyly. "Good mornin'."

"Good morning to you too." Negan reached after the man's right wrist, checking if the red pressure marks from the rope had vanished by now. "You know what day it is?" He rubbed a slightly sore spot of skin with his thumb, then checked the other arm.

"Hm." Daryl knew. It was Valentine's day and Threshold. "Your party."

"That's true." Negan confirmed, combing three fingers through long strands of hair. "What would you like to do tonight?"

Daryl wanted to go to the movies with the tall angry man, or use the playroom. But that wouldn't work, because Negan had to be at the club all night. "Can I with you." His question didn't sound very friendly, but he snuggled up to Negan's bare chest, rubbing the side of his face against coarse hair.

"You want to attend the party?"

"Hm." Daryl nibbled at his finger, then flinched when his upper arm was swatted. "Yes."

"What do you wanna do at the party. Tell me."
Daryl wiped his nose with the back of his hand. He wasn't sure what to say. He could maybe clean tables or serve drinks. But most of all he wanted to be Negan's helper and kneel by his feet all night. "Be with you."

"Mhm." Negan patted Daryl's cheek. "Look at me." He grabbed the man's chin, holding it in place, insisting on eye contact. "It is an important event for my business, you know that. That means you will behave. No jealousy, no backtalking, no running off. You are next to me at all times. You focus on me at all times. You follow my fucking orders at all times. If you misbehave I will send you upstairs and you sit on the fucking chair until sunrise. Understood?"

"Hm. Yes."

"Good." Negan held the firm stare a moment longer. "How do you wanna address me in public."

Daryl sniffed his nose, giving a quiet answer. "Sir."

"Mhm." Negan cocked his brows. "How do you wanna address me here, in private?" A smirk tugged at the corner of his mouth, as blue eyes flickered nervously.

Daryl exhaled, smacking his lips. "Negan." It was the first thing coming to his mind, but somehow it wasn't what he really wanted to say. "Sir."

"Very nice." Negan smiled, liking the answer. "And how do I want to address you? Tell me." He pinched Daryl's chin then let go of him, not surprised when the man lowered his head immediately, hiding his face against a broad chest.

"Dunno." Daryl felt his stomach tense. Pansy and idiot, the first names shooting through his brain. But Negan had never called him that. Only nice words or his name. So he dug his nose into wonderful bare skin, mumbling a guess. "Sweetheart."

Negan squinted, looking down at the insecure man trying to be invisible on his chest. He combed his fingers through long hair, tugging it gently. "Yes? Is that what you think?"

A big hot lump formed instantly in Daryl's throat. He shook his head, not daring to look.

"Hm." Negan traced the outline of a pale ear with the tip of his finger. "But it's true. That's exactly what I wanna call you. After all you are my sweetie, right?" He didn't get an answer, but warm lips and a wet tongue wrapped around his nipple, sucking timidly. "I also want you to serve me in the fucking bathroom now, so you can wash your naughty puppy puddle off my chest. And then we will have a nice Valentine's breakfast, because that's what guys do today after a great morning fuck."

Daryl glanced up through tousled bangs, smirking faintly around a shiny nipple. They really had a great morning fuck.

Negan smiled back. "Fucking puppy."

----

Daryl liked Valentine's day.

He had been allowed to take a very long shower with Negan, he wore a shirt that smelled like wonderful tall angry man, and Olivia had made gluten free banana pancakes for him with a blueberry face, whipped cream and strawberries. It was kind of awesome.

"Good?" Negan glanced over his newspaper, watching how Daryl stuffed a whole pancake at once
into his mouth, chewing with full cheeks.

"Hm." Daryl nodded, managing to shove a strawberry to the pancake mash between his lips.

"You wanna eat slowly, though. And chew properly."

Daryl froze, then shifted on his chair and straightened his back, chewing very slowly.

"Good boy." Negan gave a single nod. "Much better."

There was a knock at the door and Daryl looked back over his shoulder, as Olivia hurried to the entry room. He couldn't see the hallway, but he heard a familiar voice and Olivia's enraptured squeal, when she received a red-pink card with a cat, saying 'You are purr-fect'.

"Hey, what happened to you?" Rick entered the room, pulling the collar of Negan's shirt a bit to the side, fully revealing the bluish teeth marks on his shoulder.

Negan folded his newspaper and put it on the table. "Excited puppy."

"Uuuh, love bites." Jesus took a very close look, and licked the mark before kissing Negan's cheek from behind. "Good morning, Sir. Happy Valentine's day."

Negan got up, returning the affection. "Have you been good?"

"I was." Paul smiled, wrapping his arms around the man's neck. "Where's my card?"

Negan arched his brows. "Asshole's red, lube's cold, get fucking naked and do as you're told."

Paul squinted one eye. "Is the romance somewhere between the lines?"

"Yep." Negan kissed the man's forehead, patted his butt and pulled back, snapping his fingers for Rick. "Let's go. It's almost noon."

Rick glanced at his watch. "It's barely 10:30."

"Mhm." Negan leaned from behind over Daryl's shoulder, biting his earlobe. "What time is it, puppy."

Daryl felt tingles in his stomach, when a rough beard brushed against his cheek. "Almost noon."

Negan groaned satisfied. "Good boy. No backtalking, right?"

"Hm. Yes."

"Oh please." Rick rolled his eyes. It wasn't almost noon.

Negan ignored the remark, nuzzling long strands of hair. "I'll get some work done with Rick and you go to Joseph. He'll show you the workshop. You wanna make a nice gift for me. He kissed Daryl's cheek. "Then you'll get one from me as well. Right?"

Daryl listened, forgetting to chew his breakfast. He could maybe make a mount for Negan's motorcycle, so he could transport his baseball bat. "Okay."

"Good. Take your phone with you. I'll let you know if I have time for lunch."

----
The factory's workshop was in the C Wing, which was awesome. Daryl liked it very much. It wasn't all tidy and fancy, but cluttered and smelled like wood and oil and paint and kind of dirty. Joseph hadn't stopped talking for the past hour. About tools, how to repair a water pipe, a three-legged gerbil he owned, the last comic convention he went to, and that he tried to come up with the courage to invite the girl of his dreams for a date. Daryl had listened to all of it, even though he didn't know what to say in return.

"I built a radio once, for my grandma. But she received an electric shock from it."

"Hm." Daryl glanced up for a brief second, then turned the small metal disc half an inch to the left, positioned the stamp for the last letter on the right place and cautiously hit it with the hammer, just once, before pulling it away, examining his finished work. It looked good.

"Gentlemen, time for a strip search." Jesus entered the room, speaking in a pretend strict voice, as he hopped up to sit on the work bench next to Daryl's anvil. "Is that for him?" He picked up the silver metal tag, reading the inscription on both sides. "Man, he'll absolutely love it!"

Daryl couldn't suppress a little smirk. He hoped very much that Negan would like it, even if he had to correct a small misspelling.

"Awesome." Paul handed it back with a bright smile. "What do I get?"

"Hm." Daryl avoided his gaze, rubbing his ear against his shoulder, as he fished a folded black, patterned bandana out of his back pocket. It was a bit dirty, but still very wonderful. He held it out for Paul to take.

"But I thought your brother gave it to you?"

"Hm." Daryl shrugged, sniffing his nose. "You can have it."

Jesus hopped off the work bench, hugging Daryl close to his chest, then stood on his tip toes to kiss him without a comment, his fingers buried deep in the other man's hair. Janitor Joseph busied himself with a dustpan and hand broom, blushing violently, when the kiss carried on for over a minute and even longer, before the two young men broke the intimate contact with reddened lips.

"Hey." Paul tugged the front of Daryl's shirt, smirking. "I have something for you as well."

----

"What the fuck are you doing here!"

At 12:29 PM, the door of an old, dirty staff room in the factory's C wing flew open with a bang.

Daryl flinched in his hiding place on the floor next to a broken kitchen cabinet, and stopped chewing his nougat filled chocolate when a tall, angry man appeared right in front of him, along with a large German shepherd. He sniffed his nose, glancing up through his tousled bangs. "'s from Jesus." He held a heart shaped box of chocolates up for explanation. It was almost empty by now, because Paul had given him the advice to hide somewhere and eat it as fast as possible, before the sugar-police would track him down and confiscate it.

"Aha." Negan didn't seem very happy about that. He snapped his fingers for Tiger to sit by his feet. "And you think it's appropriate that I have to fucking search you for thirty minutes while my lunch gets cold? If I remember correctly, I asked you kindly to take your fucking phone so I can contact
you!

Daryl blinked, wiping the back of his hand over his chocolate covered lips, before offering a quiet answer in rough voice. "Forgot it at the workshop."

Negan gave him a silent stare.

"I'm sorry."

Negan drew his lips in, then licked them. "Why are you hiding here."

Daryl sniffed his nose, shrugging. "Dunno."

"Mhm." Negan squatted down with a sigh, grabbing a red-white card that lay next to Daryl's shoe on the ground. It had a bear in the front and a big heart, saying 'I love you Beary much'. He put it back down. "Did you eat all the chocolate?"

Daryl flicked his head to the side, shrugging again. "Hm."

"You want to fucking answer, boy."

"ate it all."

"Yes you did." Negan nudged the man's knee. "Are you a bad puppy today? Coming without permission, biting, hiding, eating fucking candy instead of lunch. Not nice, right?"

Daryl sniffed his nose again, feeling guilty. He put the box on the floor, took a piece with a walnut on top and shyly held it up. "'s for you."

Negan was impressed by the clever tactic and in honor of good old Valentinus decided to let it slide. "Little shit." He ate the confectionery right out of Daryl's fingers, bit down on one and rose to his feet, ruffling the man's hair. "You wanna move your sassy ass up to the god damn dining table so you can eat your fucking cold chicken."

----

Eating cold chicken with even colder rice, kneeling on an expensive hardwood floor, next to Negan's chair, wasn't that bad.

"Drink."

A red cup with cold camomile tea was held in front of Daryl's lips.

"All."

He hesitated a second before he took the first sip, because it tasted really icky. But then just gulped it all down, trying to turn off his taste buds.

"Good job." Negan put the empty cup on the table, wiped Daryl's mouth clean with a napkin and pinched the man's chin. "Are you full?"

"Hm." Daryl's hands fidgeted behind his back, as he glanced up through his bangs. "Yes."

"Hm." Negan gave a nod. "Spread your thighs, straight back."

Daryl sniffed his nose and did as told, immediately feeling something in his stomach tingle.
Negan arched his brows, holding a balled-up napkin in front of pale pink lips. "Open."

Blue eyes flickered nervously, but the order was fulfilled.

"You wanna kneel like a good boy and hold this until I've finished my fucking cold lunch, right?" Negan put the napkin between Daryl's teeth and patted his cheek. Then grabbed his fork and knife, eating his chicken.

Daryl exhaled soundly, poking his tongue against the paper napkin, as he watched Negan eat. He felt embarrassed because he had to hold a napkin with his mouth. He also felt very guilty because the tall angry man had to eat cold food because of him. But most of all he felt very proud when after three minutes, Negan reached out, blindly caressing his cheek, praising him with a 'Good boy' in deep, comforting voice. He wanted to kneel in perfect posture, holding things in his mouth, for the rest of all days, as long as he was allowed to do it for Negan.

At 1:17 PM, Negan put his cutlery down and slid back with his chair, holding his hand out underneath Daryl's chin. "Drop it."

A hot flash of shame and excitement shot through Daryl's chest. He glanced up through his messy hair and opened his mouth, letting the napkin fall.

Negan took it, wiped the corner of his mouth, flung it on his empty plate and shoved a raisin between Daryl's lips. "Nice job." Before he got up, snapping his fingers on the way to the living room. "All fours."

The hot flash spread all through Daryl's body, making his heart beat faster and his throat tight. He looked back over his shoulder, but Negan just kept on walking, obviously expecting him to follow. So he put his hands on the ground, and timidly crawled on all fours over the spotless floor, feeling his pulse throb in his ears. He arrived at the big, black leather sofa after 56 seconds, not daring to look up, as he bumped with his forehead against Negan's knee.

"Look at you being so well behaved." Negan leaned back and spread his legs, feeding another raisin. Daryl leaned into the touch, kneeling between Negan's thighs. But not with straight back or in correct position. Instead, he lowered his head, hiding his face against the man's crotch and exhaled in relief as if he had just arrived at a safe destination after a very dangerous, three months trip through the desert.

"Good boy." Negan combed his fingers through long strands of hair. "Are you enjoying your place?"

"Yes." Daryl did very much, and mumbled the answer into warm denim, digging his nose half an inch deeper.

"You wanna show me what you made at the workshop?"

Daryl wanted to. But every fiber in his body rebelled against the idea of sitting up or moving a muscle. He inhaled deeply, brushed his lips along the outline of a hidden cock and then sat up with a nervous flick of his head, trying to get all the hair out of his face. He fished a small silver metal disc out of his pants and held it up. "'s for your key ring."

Negan took it, carefully looking at it from all sides. It was a round, silver tag with a small hole on the upper side. In the front, the word OWNER was stamped deeply into the metal. The W was obviously added subsequently, because it seemed a bit dislocated, half covering the O and N. The backside was all the better, the words TIGER and PUPPY neatly stamped without a spelling
mistake.

Negan brushed his thumb over the words, scolding the evil vermin fluttering around in his stomach to remind him of his warm, fuzzy feelings. He nodded, looking at the nervous man kneeling between his legs. "I'm the owner of Tiger and Puppy?"

Daryl avoided his eyes, shrugging. "Hm." Suddenly he felt really very stupid. Maybe Negan didn't even want to own him.

"Mhm. I am, right? Fucking clever boy." Negan reached out to cup the man's face and leaned in close for a kiss, speaking against warm lips. "That's an awesome gift, sweetheart. I love it."

Gooey happiness flooded every inch of Daryl's body, surrounded by wonderful deep words, the smell of alpha male cologne and the feeling of firm hands, gentle lips and rough beard. He opened his eyes to look at the very close face and then gathered all his courage to kiss back on his own, stroking shy fingers through the short hair at the back of Negan's neck.

Negan let him for a while, enjoying the innocent affection showed towards him, then took over with a groan and deepened the kiss, not stopping before Daryl was panting heavily into his mouth. "Good boy, kissing so nicely." He pulled back a bit, licking wet, shiny lips. "You wanna have a gift from me as well?"

Daryl tried to comprehend the question, his body busy dealing with all the butterflies and arousal. He nodded faintly, sighing when his mouth was licked again, with broad tongue. "Yes."

Negan copied the nod. "Yes you do. Turn around, it's on the coffee table."

Daryl's had snapped around. It was true. There was a real gift on the coffee table, wrapped in real paper, with a real bow on top. It looked like the gifts Jesus had received for his birthday. He sniffed his nose and scratched his head, tousling some hair in the process.

"Well, go on, open it."

All of a sudden Daryl felt like back at Ms Greene's class, where he was supposed to get up from his chair, walk up to the blackboard and solve a math exercise in front of everyone.

He glanced at Negan for confirmation, and then slid close to the table, turning his back to the one-man audience watching him, as he shyly reached for the gift and pulled it on his lap for more privacy. It felt soft. Maybe it was a whole bunch of souvenir gloves or napkins. He fumbled with the bow, got it off after half a minute and then picked at the tape holding the wrapping paper together.

The first thing he saw were dinosaurs. Lots and lots of them. He threw the paper to the side, getting the gift out. It were pajama bottoms. Very soft ones, in white, with a row of small bottoms in the front and pictures of green dinosaurs all over. He held the fabric close to his face and then dug his nose into, when his first suspicion got confirmed. It didn't smell like store or new or strange, it smelled like tall angry man! He turned around, looking back over his shoulder, surprise written all over his face.

Negan cocked an eyebrow, smirking. "Puppies enjoy clothing that smells like their owner."

----

Olivia winced and hurried to the front door at half past 5 in the afternoon, when it knocked, while her boss worked on his laptop on the sofa, a deeply sleeping, young man curled up next to him, wearing not more than a pair of pajama bottoms.
Negan put a finger to his lips, signaling for Rick to be quiet, as he entered the living room.

Rick stopped halfway, tapping his watch. "The briefing."

Negan closed his laptop and put it aside, carefully getting up. "A minute." He vanished into the bedroom.

Rick looked after him, putting a hand on his hip. There was a ribbon on the coffee table, the box of chocolates Jesus had bought, a bear-greeting card, and a bunch of keys he knew very well. They were Negan's, but had a new addition. A silver tag, with the word OWNER printed into the metal. He picked it up for a closer look, then froze when the man on the couch stirred in his sleep.

Daryl turned his head, took a deep breath, and after a few seconds fell back into deep slumber, his lips parted slightly, both arms laying in front of his bare chest.

Rick had to admit he was a gorgeous guy, even wearing pants with dinosaur print.

"Ksst." Negan came back, rolling his sleeves up. "Let's go." He crooked his fingers for Rick to follow, holding the front door open, making sure to close it as quietly as possible.

"Here." Rick handed him the keys, as they went down the stairs. "Will you bring him tonight?"

"Yes." Negan patted his pockets for his phone and notes.

Rick tried to keep pace with his boss, jogging after him. "Will you scene with him?"

Negan stopped at the white steel door to the club, smirking. "No. But you may watch when I prepare him later in the playroom." He wagged an eyebrow at his employee, holding the door open. "If you're good."

----

"You're live people." Paul sat on the bar counter, filming when Negan held a last staff briefing before the February Threshold. "As you can see, Daddy is in full boss-mode, which is totally hot. We also have two new guys on the team. Come by tonight and tell them hello." He turned the camera around, filming himself. "I mean... if you have a valid ticket."

"Eugene gives you a list of people you need to be aware of." Negan checked his notes for anything he might have forgotten. "He'll work the door with you and stays in contact with Rick. If there's a problem in the club, he'll let you know. We don't have additional security in the building."

Abe nodded, having his arms crossed firmly in front of his broad chest. He liked the factory and the club area here. It was much more masculine than the Eagle. More spacious and raw, without all the special gay touches, like rainbow flags, weird art, and glitter. No, all this steel and industrial design was more his style. Just like Negan, who didn't take any bullshit or nonsense, and seemed to have serious leader qualities. He appreciated that.

"Simon," Negan pointed a pen at his friend, "You work the bar. Stay sober." then arched his brows at the young man sitting on the counter with crossed legs, filming him. "Boy."

"Yes, Sir?" Paul put his camera down, smiling innocently. "I am prepared. Have some awesome playlists and tested the sound system twice. Everything is Fantabulous."

"Mhm." Negan wasn't fully convinced. "Remember the fucking theme. None of your hardcore metal shit, or Aiden gets the job back in March."
Paul didn't lose his bright smile. "Don't worry, Sir, you'll like it."

The gallery door opened with a squeaking noise and a young man made his way down the broad metal stairs. His hair was tousled and he wore nothing but a pair of pajama pants. He seemed to feel uncomfortable with all the eyes on him, so he wrapped an arm across his bare chest and held his gaze down as he walked through the club, towards his safe haven.

Negan held his arm out and pulled Daryl close against his side, as soon as he was within reach. "Did you have a good nap?"

Daryl nodded, burying his face into Negan's shirt as he mumbled an answer, "Yes." and after a moment added a small 'Sir', remembering that they were in public. His nap had been very good, until he woke up because a large German shepherd had licked his face and he realized that the tall angry man was gone.

"Can I hear you like that?"

Daryl sniffed his nose and hesitantly looked up, blinking through his long bangs for another try with shy eye contact. "I had a good nap."

Negan arched his brows, waiting, ignoring completely that the new doorman and Simon chuckled at his disciplinary measure.

Daryl's eyes flickered nervously to the right, before they focused again on Negan's face. "Sir."

"Good boy. You wanna go upstairs with Paul. Wash, clean out, dry off, put underwear on, come back and wait in the playroom." Negan waited a moment, giving time to let it all sink in, then grasped Daryl's chin, tilting it up a couple of inches. "Right?"

"Right." It was a very quiet, cautious answer, because Daryl's mind was already busy figuring out why he would have to do all that and come to the playroom. That's why after two seconds, he added a question in defiant tone. "Why."

"Why?" Negan spoke calm and clear, raising his voice a little. "You tell me. Why do you wanna do all that for me."

Daryl's initial response was to pull back and avoid eye contact, but the firm fingers holding his chin wouldn't let go, just like the arm wrapped around his upper body. So he huffed a nervous breath, glanced briefly to the left where Eugene was busy to show Abraham something on a clipboard, and then smacked his lips, trying to make his voice work. "You said so." It was such a quiet, timid answer that Negan didn't accept it and demanded a repeat.

"What was that?"

Daryl cleared his throat and tried again. "Because you said so."

"Aha." Negan gave a nod with stern look. "Smart boy. You wanna give me a kiss and start then." He didn't wait for Daryl to actually make the first move, just pulled him up and closer, kissing him deep and wet, pressing himself against Daryl's middle, while slipping a hand unashamedly beneath the waistband of new pajama bottoms, to stroke bare ass cheeks, making Daryl gasp and writhe.

"Oh boy." Jesus took his camera up, pointing it at the couple making out. "I ship it like FedEx."
next up, Part two, in which a straight couple (Jaa... don't know how that happened) is introduced, a true hero is born, and Mister Grimes might take a step back (into a whole new world)
Daryl flinched, pulling his hand back off a 10-foot bullwhip, when after almost twenty minutes of waiting all on his own in the factory's playroom, two men came through the black rubber strips curtain. One tall and beautiful, wearing a white shirt to a pair of grey pants, the other with a stain on his light blue denim shirt, following his boss with an amused expression, after finishing a funny story about his Ex wife and her new boyfriend.

"Daryl." Negan snapped his fingers, then patted the leather padding of the restraint table. "Come here."

Daryl was only wearing a pair of rather tight, black-white briefs and wrapped both arms across his bare chest, trying to cover up some nudity, as he walked towards Negan, shooting irritated looks at the cowboy-boots-guy.

"Eyes on me." Negan's tone was strict. "Sit." He watched how Daryl climbed on the table and immediately pushed his thighs apart, standing between. "Did you wash and clean out?" He felt the man's hair, noticing that it wasn't fully dry.

"Hm." Daryl sniffed his nose, scowling past Negan to where Rick made himself comfortable on a simple black chair, obviously planning to stay.

A firm hand came down on the side of Daryl's bare thigh, swatting none too gently. "One!"

Daryl's heart sped up, pulsing inside his throat. "Paul did."

"Good." Negan lifted Daryl's arms, checked his neck, his ears and fingernails, finding everything clean. "Rick is here because I want him to see how well trained you are by now. He will watch and assist me." He stepped half a foot back, shoving a raisin between Daryl's lips. "You are here because I want to dress you for tonight's event. You are also here to fucking focus on me only. No backtalking. You know the rules. If you wanna stop, you show me." He raised his left hand, formed
"Okay." Daryl nodded, feeling horribly nervous. He wished Jesus could be there instead of the cowboy-boots-man.

Negan planted a brief kiss to Daryl's lips. "Strip and lie down please. On your back."

Instantly, utter shock was written over Daryl's face. He shook his head, looking up with big eyes. "Ain't gonna strip."

Negan nodded, his voice calm and positive. "Sure you do. You wanna wear my plug tonight. Can't put it in through your fucking underwear."

Daryl scowled, wrapping an arm across his chest, waving the other towards Rick. "He'll see me!"

Negan tilted his chin up, raising to his full height. "He will see you because I don't mind if he does. You look gorgeous and I am proud to have such a pretty boy. You can either focus on me, strip and lie down, or you show me your signal."

Daryl sniffed his nose, scowled at a random spot on his lap for 23 seconds and then shifted around, lifting his butt to somehow get out of his underwear while still sitting, then defiantly threw it on the floor.

Negan pursed his lips, looking down at the poor piece of clothing. "Is that mine?"

There was no verbal answer, just a little shrug.

Negan sighed, scratching his eyebrow. "Two. And get off my fucking table."

Guilt and honest remorse flooded Daryl's mind, making his stomach cramp. He didn't mean to be so disrespectful.

"OFF!"

He flinched, hopping off the table, stark naked, crouching down on the floor to pick the abandoned briefs up, and with trembling fingers folded them into an odd shape. Then he wasn't sure what to do and just stayed where he was, trying to make himself as small as possible.

"Here." Negan patted his thigh.

Even so he wasn't ordered to, Daryl put the underwear between his teeth and crawled the short distance on all fours. There was no chuckle or mocking, not from Negan and not from the man sitting somewhere in the room on a chair to watch.

He exhaled soundly through his nose, as he bumped with his forehead against grey denims, his arms and thighs trembling.

Negan reached down, accepting the oddly folded pair of briefs. He tucked it into his backpocket, then put a hand on Daryl's head, waiting.

After nine seconds, a rueful apology was murmured. "I'm sorry."

Negan sighed again, squatting down, so he was almost nose to nose with Daryl. "Boy. I don't ask you to undress for other people. You do it for me. You are in this room for me. You are on all fours right now because you know I like to see you that way. Right?"
Daryl stared at his fingers, splayed out on the cold floor, noticing his eyes welling up. "Yes."

"I told you, it doesn't matter who is in the room with us. You always focus on me. You could walk butt naked through Atlanta as long as you walk right next to me. Nobody will touch you because I won't let them. And it doesn't matter what they think, because I like to see you that way, it makes me happy, and that's all you have to care about."

Daryl sniffed his nose, nodding.

Negan touched their foreheads together, speaking in a lower voice. "You're safe with me. No need to throw my stuff around, grumpy puppy."

"I'm sorry." It was a croaky repeat of the first apology, but came right from the heart.

"I know. You wanna go upstairs and play with Tiger for a while, or get back on the table so I can dress you for tonight."

Daryl wanted to hide underneath the big, heavy blanket in Negan's bedroom and suck a comforting nipple. But he didn't say that because it wasn't a choice he was offered. "The plug." It was the second best option, because playing with Tiger was without Negan.

"Mhm." Negan pinched Daryl's chin, "You may go on the table. Lie on your back. Present." and rose to his feet, turning to Rick, who watched with a faint smile on his lips. "Can you bring me a medium plug, lube and a glove?"

Rick got up without a comment, searching through the steel cabinet for the things his boss needed. He had to admit, he was impressed with the man's patience towards his new sub. Patience wasn't exactly a quality one would expect, knowing Negan from worklife.

Daryl climbed back onto the restraint table, stiffly lying down. The leather padding was soft but cool and somehow it was difficult to breathe in this position, even though Daryl wasn't sure why. But his throat felt tight and his lungs too small.

"Good job!" Negan put a broad hand on the man's heaving chest, rubbing soothingly. "That's what I asked you for, right?" He stroked Daryl's belly, then bent down for a gentle kiss on pale pink lips. "Are you so very nervous? Tell me."

Daryl nodded, he was cold and hot and maybe he had to pee. And then he flinched, when a firm hand swatted his bare thigh, reminding him to breathe and answer. "Yes."

"Mhm." Negan rubbed the sting out of the sore spot of skin, looking Daryl in the eyes from close distance. "Be a sweet puppy and present as I told you, so I can make you feel better."

Daryl did, pulling his knees close to his chest, then let his thighs fall to the sides, exposing his genitals and butt, as he was supposed to, while staring up into dark eyes, listening to a deep, soft voice talking to him.

"Good boy." Negan licked the corner of Daryl's mouth. "You want me to make you feel better?" He pulled back but stayed close to the table, allowing Daryl to reach for him and create physical contact if needed, while he selected one of the leather straps attached to the side of the table, and secured Daryl's right thigh with it, holding it in position. "Hm, boy? Tell me." He spoke in clear, calm voice as he bent over and fastened the left thigh to the table as well, making it impossible for Daryl to move into a different position. "Are you very safe that way? You also wanna put your arms above your head." He leaned close over the man's face, giving a nod. "Right? Show me how good you are."
Daryl knitted his eyebrows in distress, his mind racing. He couldn't really move his thighs anymore, the heavy leather restraints leaving him in a very intimate, vulnerable position for everyone to see. But after a glance up into Negan's encouraging face and warm eyes, he moved his arms above his head as he was told, even though he knew they would be tied down as well.

Negan nodded again, satisfied. "Aha, look at you being so clever. Good job focusing on me." He didn't have to look, securing both of Daryl's wrists to the small side of the table. He checked whether the straps weren't too tight and wagged his eyebrows at Daryl. "It's like this morning, right? You remember what I did with my restrained puppy in bed?"

Daryl nodded. He remembered it, and his stomach did as well obviously, because it tingled in excitement. "Yes."

"Yeah?" Negan took the black rubber glove Rick handed him, and put it on, letting it snap against his wrist. "Tell me, what did I do."

Daryl glanced at Rick, having totally forgotten about his existence. He panicked a moment, realizing his helpless, very open posture.

"Boy." Negan snapped his bare fingers. "Tell me." He held his rubber clad palm out for Rick, to spread some lube on it. "Did I fuck your sweet ass?"

Daryl watched the procedure, answering nervously. "Yes."

"Mhm. I did, right? And you were naughty and made a fucking sticky puddle, even though you are still under punishment. That wasn't nice." There wasn't any blame or anger in Negan's tone, as he spread the lubricant generously over Daryl's exposed crack, inviting Rick with a small gesture to stand next to him for a better view. "But you couldn't help it, right. You just like me that much, isn't that true boy."

"Yes." Daryl blinked through his tousled bangs, flinching with the feeling of cold wetness on his skin, and then arched his back, because the experienced, slick fingers caressing him, felt really good.

"Yes you do. You also wanna show Rick how nicely you can push out for me." Negan worked concentrated, probing the openly presented hole with two fingers and then suppressed a groan, when the pink flesh was pushed out for him, letting his fingers in. "Nice job! Show him your gorgeous hole."

Rick crossed his arms and widened his stance a little, as he watched Negan's technique. He had watched demos, countless times, but had never seen Negan play in private, not even really with Paul, because he had always felt a little uncomfortable with the image of perfect Negan handling his boyfriend, while he himself had often difficulties to do so.

Negan noticed the immediate change in Daryl's body tension, under the use of restraints. He relaxed completely, realizing he was unable to move anyway, and didn't have to work to hold his legs up and spread on his own, he just gave in and let things happen. "You're doing awesome." He placed a hand on Daryl's lower belly, exerting slight pressure, as he slid two of his fingers in deep, twisting and turning them. "Concentrate on me."

Rick tilted his head, seeing Daryl's eyes flutter shut and his whole face contorted in pleasure. "Did you fist him already?" He spoke in a more business like tone, as if he was analyzing a new product for the store. And his boss answered in the same manner.

"No. I want to give him more time." Negan pulled his fingers out two inches, then shoved them back
in, crooking them as he massaged a specific spot, making Daryl first gasp, then hold his breath and curl his toes. "He responds well, though." He pressed his hand down hard on Daryl's belly as he slowly pulled his fingers out completely, enjoying the small gaping opening, pulsing with the emptiness. "What about you? Made up your mind?" He nodded towards the lube, gesturing for Rick to give him more.

"I was drunk." Rick squinted, a mixture of defiance and embarrassment on his face, as he applied some more lubricant on a black, shiny latex hand. "I never said I want."

"That's true." Negan cocked an eyebrow, "I told you to think about it." then winked at his offended employee. "Offer still stands." He spread the lube around Daryl's entrance, pleased to see the man's cock twitch in anticipation. "You want my fingers back, puppy? Push out for me then."

Daryl opened his eyes, feeling his stomach flip, when he found Negan looking back at him with a sexy smile. He parted his lips with the familiar sensation of heat crawling over his skin, and held his breath, as he pushed down, opening his muscle. He was rewarded by wonderful pressure filling his insides, when two fingers re-entered him, and after just a moment, a third was added, stretching him and doing wicked things to his inner walls. He panted, looking down to watch. There was a wonderful muscular forearm, with a rolled up sleeve, emphasizing fine dark hair and veins standing out.

"Are you a naughty boy, watching me finger your ass?" Negan twisted his fingers and pushed them an inch deeper as he bent down, leaning from the side over Daryl's body, to share a deep kiss with demanding tongue.

Daryl flexed his arms, mewling into the kiss as Negan massaged his prostate with devilish accuracy. He felt his penis harden even more, and throb, as a stream of pre-cum was released. He groaned, bucking against the slick latex fingers as much as he could in his restrained position.

"Yeah?" Negan pulled back just enough to speak against wet lips. "Look at you, horny puppy... is that so nice?" He pulled his fingers out, blindly, while staring at Daryl's flushed face, replaced them with his thumb, fucking it in and out a couple of times, before he inserted the more challenging row of three fingers again, feasting on the pure pleasure displayed in blue eyes. "You look so hot all strapped down on my table, right? Being such a good boy for me."

Daryl nodded, then squeezed his eyes shut, letting out a breathy grunt when Negan pushed even deeper, enhancing the slightly burning pressure, stretching him wide. He tilted his head back, holding on tightly to the leather straps restraining his wrists to the table.

Negan licked Daryl's mouth, chuckling, then stood back up straight, holding his free hand out for the plug.

Rick handed it to him, nodding at the impressive puddle of clear fluid on Daryl's belly. "He's quite a leaker."

"Massively." Negan confirmed, looking at the wide, slightly curved, black silicone plug in surprise. "Is that the Avid Premium? Good choice. Forgot that I have it."

Rick nodded, gesturing at Daryl's twitching opening, as Negan pulled his fingers out. "Will keep him on his toes."

"It sure will." Negan purred in his best dark silk voice, slowly working the tool in, watching every stir and emotion on Daryl's face. "You like that one, boy? It's pretty big, right?"
"Hh." Daryl managed to open his eyes for half a second before he squeezed them shut again, panting and grunting heavily. The solid object seemed too much in the first moment, and then, when it was inserted all the way, his muscles contracted violently around it, not sure whether to fight it, or hold it in at all cost.

Negan twisted it a bit to the right, making sure it was securely in place, then gave it a push, nudging the curved head into the prostate, making Daryl groan and flex his spine. "Mhm... it will remind you of my dick all night, isn't that true puppy." He patted the man's exposed ass cheek, before turning to his employee, holding his latex hand up. "Can you take that off for me?" He smirked at Rick's irritated face.

"You could do that alone." Rick scrunched up his nose, but didn't hesitate to pull the glove off. Even tried to do it as carefully as possible, to not get any lube on the man's skin.

"I know." Negan watched, a slight smile on his lips. "But I thought you might enjoy doing it." As soon as his hand was free, he reached down between Rick's legs, squeezing his obvious erection, not surprised when he didn't receive any form of open resistance. On the contrary, Rick avoided his gaze instantly, staring blankly at Negan's shoulder, as if he wasn't sure what to do, or say, or think.

Negan stroked him for a second through his pants, then leaned in close, speaking quietly next to the man's ear. "Very nice. I like it."

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At almost seven in the early evening, Daryl Dixon sat with flushed cheeks and throbbing butt, on a leather padded restraint table in the factory's playroom, and held very still while Negan put a collar around his neck. It wasn't the black leather collar with Negan's name on. It was a rather thin, silver steel band. Solid and shiny. Snapped shut, it sat very snug around his neck, leaving just enough space to slide a fingertip underneath. There was a small padlock attached in the back to lock it permanently, and Negan put the fitting key onto his key ring, right next to the tag confirming him as OWNER.

"Like it?" Negan watched as Daryl cautiously ran his fingers over the hard object around his neck. Daryl shrugged. He wasn't sure. "Can I the other."

"May you wear the leather collar?" Negan squatted down, lacing up Daryl's mid calf combat boots. "Another time, yes. Tonight I want you to wear this one." He folded the white, knee-length socks down over the rim of the high boots and hid the shoelaces beneath the leather.

"Hm." Daryl lowered his gaze, knowing exactly why he wasn't allowed to wear the leather collar. It had Negan's name on it and everyone would know who he belonged to.

Negan got up, snapping his fingers. "Straight back, eyes on me." He stood between Daryl's thighs, waiting until his command was followed. "The black collar is for training and play. Others see it and know I train you. The one you wear right now means ownership. Others see it and know I kick their fucking ass if they dare to come near you. It doesn't need my name. They will know you are mine because you are next to me all night, right?"

"Right." It was hard to hold eye contact but Daryl did his best and nodded, liking the collar around his neck suddenly very much. He wished he could wear both collars at the same time, that would be awesome.

"It also means you represent me and my name. Remember that."
"Hm." Daryl flicked his head because a strand of hair fell into his eyes. "Negan." The most beautiful name he had ever heard.

A slow smile spread over Negan's face, reaching his dark eyes, making them glint. He nodded, once, "Exactly." and stepped even closer, to kiss Daryl deep and confidently, fully in control, daring the persistent butterfly in his stomach to shut the fuck up.

"Daddy and Daryl, sitting in a tree..." Paul singsanged happily as he walked through the black rubber strips curtain, hand in hand with his boyfriend, dressed for the night. "K-i-s-s-i-n-OUCH!" He rubbed the back of his head, giving Rick an accusing look. "Why is everyone always doing that?"

"Because you are a twerp with no manners." Negan finished his kiss off with a last peck to the corner of Daryl's mouth, then turned around, seeming impressed. "My, my, look at you." Jesus wore a tight, white muscle shirt to even tighter black skinny jeans, a black, folded bandana wrapped around his wrist, his hair almost completely hidden under a black, thin, slouchy beanie. Negan squinted one eye, beckoning him over with a crook of his finger. "What's that around your neck?"

Paul smiled, closing the distance with a seductive strut. "One of my Dads was in a possessive mood tonight."

Negan smirked as he pulled Paul against his chest. "Imagine that." He knew the collar. It was the one Rick used for play on his boy, when he felt especially dominant, or completely out of control and tried to remind himself of the role in this relationship.

Jesus rose to his tip toes, licking Negan's lips with pointy tongue. "Yes, please do. It was hot."

"Mhm. Have you been good? Pleased your man?" Negan wrapped his arms around the slender man, and reached down, feeling something solid as he rubbed a hidden ass crack. He gave the object a push, making Paul's eyebrows knit and a hint of arousal flash over the otherwise so happy face.

Paul nodded, speaking in all honesty. "Yes Sir."

"Good boy." Negan rewarded his sub with a gentle kiss. "You wanna go to your room and see what I got you."

Jesus pulled back, giving one of his Dads a suspicious look. "You got me a Valentine?"

"It's not a fucking Valentine, it's a token of my gratitude for your excellent sucking skills."

Paul wasn't fooled, smiling brightly. "It is totally a Valentine."

Negan arched his brows in a warning, pointing towards the exit. "Go to your room I said."

----

"So, would you please look at this and die from jealousy?" Paul slumped backwards on his brand new bed, right next to Daryl, and held a couple of musical tickets up into the camera for his audience to see. "Yes, you've seen correctly. And let me just tell you, for anyone that knows me personally, they know I'm a die hard Wicked fan at heart." He zoomed in on his face, smiling from one ear to the other. "Don't judge me. Go fuck yourself. And then one of my Dads because he's fucking awesome."

Daryl's head snapped around, punishing Paul with a deep scowl.Jesus winced. "I mean don't fuck him because he will kill you if you try and just when you think it's
over you'll be killed again by this guy." He pointed the camera at a pissed off Daryl, and then panned it up and down the man's body, showing the clothing he wore. Black mid calf combat boots with long white socks underneath, a black-white jockstrap covering not more than the front, a tight black muscleshirt and a steel collar around the neck. "In other news, check out his outfit. Uuuuh Mama." He turned the camera to film himself again, wagging his eyebrows. "I am predicting someone's getting laid tonight." He chuckled and turned the camera off, when Daryl punched his upper arm. "Ou." He threw it somewhere on his pillow and then turned to lie on his side, facing Daryl. "I'm sorry. You look really hot."

Daryl sniffed his nose and after a moment pointed a shy finger at the black leather around Paul's neck. "What does it mean." His question was spoken in quiet, rough voice and didn't sound very friendly, but Paul didn't seem to mind.

"It means no flirting with other Dads tonight. Which sucks because this hot guy from Cleveland is coming and he looks like Lenny Kravitz." He smiled at Daryl's puzzled look. "Yours is awesome, though. He never gave something like that to anyone."

"Hm." Daryl felt a little bit bad for Jesus. A no-flirting collar didn't sound very nice. So he sniffed his nose again and reached out to stroke the man's cheek, and after three seconds moved close enough for a kiss.

Jesus closed his eyes, sighing at the first lip contact and instantly entangled his limbs with Daryl's body as he deepened the kiss...

...before both of them flinched and froze, because something loud and vigorous hammered against the outside of the door.

"MOVE IT BOYS! WE OPEN IN TEN!"

----

Janitor Joseph was far too shy to actually attend one of the events his boss was regularly giving at the leather factory, but he was also a very big fan of good music and enjoyed swinging his hips in the storage room. Especially tonight, because Jesus did a phenomenal job, rocking the house with his DJ-skills.

He smiled brightly, tried to moonwalk towards the shelf with pickled onions, moved his arms and shoulders from left to right, and just started to twerk his butt, when the door opened and a nervous lady stepped in, adjusting her glasses with a shy giggle.

"Oh, I'm sorry I didn't know someone's here." Olivia pulled her shoulders up, blushing deeply with her tray of pink cake pops in hand. "I just wanted to bring these for the party. They're ehm..." She giggled again when Joseph pulled his pants two inches up after his wild dance session. "... you know, gluten free." They were also generously decorated with sprinkles and tiny sugar hearts, because Valentine's day always brought her into a very romantic mood.

Joey rubbed the back of his neck with a sheepish grin. He was never sure what to say in the presence of beautiful women. "They look really good." They really did and his stomach rumbled as if on cue, because he only had a very light dinner, three hours ago.

"Oh!" Olivia heard it and her motherly instincts instantly took over. She pulled a cake pop out of the self constructed styrofoam holder and held it out for Joseph to take. "Please try one!"

Joey chuckled, a couple of white doves flapping their enamored wings inside his broad stomach.
"Okay."

Olivia tucked a stray strand of dark hair behind her ear, watching gleefully as the man devoured the snack. She really liked him.

----

"I thought Olivia wanted to make snacks." Two hours into the event, Rick came back from the bar, with nothing for himself and a big, very clean glass of French spring water for his boss, even though he hadn't asked for a drink. "Maybe she's too shy to serve it."

Negan took it anyway. He was used to being courted in a certain manner. "Or maybe she remembered that this is not a fucking bachelorette party." He wasn't in the best mood. The February Threshold, with the cheesy Valentines theme, was his least favorite. All this lovey-dovey romantic shit made him nauseous. "Ksst." He snapped his fingers and pointed at the free seat to his right, when Rick attempted to sit on a random leather arm chair, several feet away. "Here."

Rick squinted, scrunching up his nose, "Why does it matter where I... whatever." but in the end decided to bite back the snarky remark that waited just at the tip of his tongue, and sat down where his boss wanted him to. He leaned back with a sigh, planting his polished Western boots firmly on the ground, and looked around. It was loud, thanks to his boyfriend. And packed, even though they had intentionally sold less tickets than for the past events. "Isn't that the guy from Vegas?" He nodded towards a young man in very sparsely outfit.

"No." Negan took a sip of his water. "That's Eric. We met him at DomCon."

"Ahh." Somewhere deep in Rick's overworked brain ringed a bell. "Right. The one with the tiny dick."

"Negan." A huge man with bald head and very muscular back, reached his hand out for a polite greeting from one top to the other. He wore a dark button down shirt and spiffy pants to his shiny shoes. Even a matching tie. "How's it going. Great party."

"Vincent." Negan didn't get up from his seat but returned the firm handshake. "Where's Lucas."

"Ah you know, we decided not to renew our contract." Vincent tilted his head with a faint smirk as he noticed the young man kneeling to Negan's left. He squatted down in front of him. "Is this your new boy?"

Daryl raised his head a bit, scowling out of fiery blue eyes. It was the third man in the past thirty minutes that crouched down on his eye level for a closer look. He started to feel like a prize winning Beagle at a dog show.

"Sure is." Negan cocked a brow, grinning. "Don't touch him, though. He bites."

"I can see that." Vincent chuckled and got back up, suppressing the urge to ruffle the man's longish hair. "Gorgeous. Leave it to you to find such a gem." He shook Negan's hand again and waved a good bye to Rick, as he left and vanished back into the crowd.

... a wild dancing crowd, that simultaneously threw their arms in the air, cheering loudly when the young DJ in cupid wings, announced a new song for a certain puppy, who was desperately missed on the dance floor.

"Oh please..." Rick closed his eyes with a sigh, rubbing his forehead, as the first beats of a 90's summer song blared through the speakers.
Negan rolled his tongue behind his teeth, trying not to smile, when Jesus adjusted his headphones and started to dance the 'Macarena' behind the turntables, frantically celebrated by his happy audience.

Daryl froze, staring with shocked eyes at the disc jockey on duty, as he heard his name and the invitation to dance. The immediate need to hide and puke out of embarrassment flooded his senses. He glanced at Negan, not sure what to do, and then wanted to cry in relief, when the tall angry man, spread his legs some inches wider and held a hand out, smiling the most friendly smile.

"What's wrong, boy. Tell me." Negan waited until Daryl knelt between his thighs, trying to be very much invisible. "Are you supposed to dance?" He arched his brows, copying the small nod he received as answer. "You can't though. It's almost midnight and you haven't fucking reported yet."

A rock as big as the Mount Everest fell off Daryl's heart. He turned around, glancing back over his shoulder, wishing he could tell Jesus that he had to report.

"Hey." Negan snapped his fingers. "Eyes on me. Get your phone out and do as told."

Daryl blinked through his long bangs, then flicked his head. "'don' have it here." He had meant to bring it, but had no pocket on his outfit.

Negan shifted on his seat, fishing his own phone out of his back pocket and handed it over. "You wanna make it extra good for me?"

"Hm." Daryl held the sacred phone like it was made of pure gold, then flinched when a heavy biker boot nudged his thigh, hard.

"Do you really want three!"

He shook his head, glancing up. "I make it good."

"Public!"

"Sir."

"You want to kneel correctly and repeat like a good boy."

Daryl huffed a stressed, soundless breath and straightened his back and shoulders, trying to make his voice work. "'wanna make it extra good, Sir."

Negan waved two fingers. "You may start."

Rick watched the whole scene and automatically adjusted his own posture. Not for Negan, just because his back hurt after a long day of work.

Negan stroked a rewarding hand through Daryl's hair and blindly held his water glass out for his employee to take. "Drink."

----

Even though it was almost midnight and there was no option to buy tickets at the door, the queue in front of the factory's club entry wouldn't get any smaller.

"HEY CREAMPUFF!" Abraham yelled and waved his hand, when an excited party guest in tight rubber outfit jumped up and down as he spotted a friend somewhere behind him. "GET BACK IN FUCKING LINE!"
Eugene stepped out of the club, having the situation fully under control in his dark blue trenchcoat, black shades and high tech headset. He held a clipboard up for Abraham to see. "I am to be informed immediately if this individual tries to enter the venue."

"Hh." Mister Ford wrinkled his nose at the unpleasant picture shown to him. The guy on the photo looked like Scarface, sporting an impressive height and overall intimidating appearance. "What's that."

Eugene lifted a page to look up the name. "He calls himself Beta."

Abraham snorted. "Idiot."

Eugene shook his head, flipping through all pages on his board. "Actually, there's no information about his educational attainment."

A smirk tugged at the corner of Abraham's mouth. "Thanks for the update. I guess I have it under control." He patted Eugene's shoulder, thinking he was kinda cute.

"Oh- ... ahm," Eugene glanced up, a bit disappointed that his assistance wasn't needed any longer. The new doorman smelled really pleasant. "Alright? I'll patrol the inner premises."

Abe nodded, looking after his sturdy colleague, not losing his smile, until he turned around to the waiting people and switched back into Hulk-mode. "YOU GOT TOO MUCH FAIRYDUST IN YOUR EARS, PRINCESS? GET BACK IN LINE!"

----

Three minutes past midnight, a young man with beanie hat and cupid wings walked through the empty hallways of the factory's basement, frowning at his phone and the 17 messages one of his Dads had sent him in the past hour, obviously dead drunk. He flipped through them, deleted all, and then nearly got a heart attack, when he went around the corner and almost stumbled over the janitor and Negan's cleaning lady, leaning against the wall close to the men's restroom, seriously making out. "Holy Jesus on toast!" He held a hand to his chest, catching his breath. "Sorry!" He chuckled, when the couple looked at him in shock, both turning into a dark shade of crimson. "Just on my way to tinkle." He shielded his eyes with one hand and waved the other. "Didn't see anything, keep going."

Olivia blinked behind her glasses when the young man vanished inside the club's men's room. After a second the door opened again and a hand was held out, giving a thumbs up. "Way to go, Joey! You're the man!"

----

Daryl looked uneasily around, chewing his reward-raisin for writing an awesome report. He felt uncomfortable standing at the bar counter. It took forever until it was his turn and all the guys stared at his ass. Probably because the jockstrap he wore admittedly covered his front, but not his butt cheeks. He flicked his head, huffed a sigh when another twink pushed him aside to order a beer, and scratched his bare, plugged-up bum.

"Boy!" Simon leaned over the counter as he noticed his friend's insecure sub between a bunch of horny, drunk guys. He smiled friendly. "What will it be. Vodka energy, Jack and coke? I mix a mean Margarita!"

Daryl shook his head and sniffed his nose, trying to speak loud enough to be heard over the music. "Scotch."
"Aah!" Simon understood, his smile growing wider. "A drink for Negan!" He took one of the extra clean glasses, filled it generously with the really good Scotch he hid beneath the counter and handed it over, then raised a finger. "Wait a second." He ignored all the guys yelling their order in his direction and got a small white plastic cup out of one of the glass-front fridges. It was filled with red jello. "Here. Treat for the boy."

"Hm." Daryl took it, mumbling a shy, "Thank you." and went back to the private area, reserved for Negan and his closest friends.

"Cute boy. You know him?" A stranger filled Daryl's empty spot at the counter, smirking at the barkeeper.

"Ahh..." Simon squinted, the guy seeming somewhat familiar. After two seconds he pointed a finger at him. "Wait, you're the doctor!" He remembered their one and only date vividly. And so did his prostate. "Henry. Right?"

"Harlan." The man was glad that he wasn't totally forgotten, and reached a hand out for greeting.

"Of course! Harlan!" Simon grinned widely, taking Harlan's hand and pulled him over the counter for a hug. "Fancy meeting you here!"

"Yeah." Harlan smiled. "You work here all night? Maybe we can sit down somewhere, have a chat... or I don't know..."

"Ahh..." Simon smoothed his mustache down with thumb and forefinger, thinking. "I'm sure I could take a minute off." He looked through the crowd in front of the bar, waiting to be served, and selected a young guy, barely old enough to be there, tapping his shoulder. "Hey, kid. You know how to mix a Margarita?"

----

At half past one in the morning, the proud owner of the worldwide successfully operating leather factory, made one of his mandatory rounds through the club, to mingle and greet some familiar faces. Obediently followed by his newest sub, who held his gaze lowered most of the time, licking the jello-shot he had received.

Negan talked to a group from England about his store in London. He took several pictures with guests, especially young subs. They stopped near the dancefloor where Negan greeted a couple from Canada and Daryl smiled into his white plastic cup because Jesus winked at him from behind the turntables. And they even went up to the gallery where some older Doms enjoyed a glass of wine and a more private chat, away from the party folk.

"I said it once and I'll say it again, this is a damn fine location you got here, Negan." A man in normal evening outfit raised his glass towards their host.

"It serves the purpose." Negan raised his glass as well, blindly rubbing the nape of Daryl's neck with a leather clad hand, knowing he was nervous being the only sub in a group of Dominants.

"I heard you collared a boy." A guy in his early 60's nodded towards Daryl. "Congratulations. He's a pretty one."

Daryl took his cup down, licking his lips. He wasn't sure whether these people talked about him, or not.

"Thanks." Negan tilted his chin up, squinting slightly. "But I didn't collar him officially until now."
Who knows if he wants to stay in the end." He squeezed the back of Daryl's neck. "Right, puppy?"

Something heavy and unpleasant dropped into Daryl's stomach. He wanted to stay forever and keep the collar until the end of all days. "Hm." He glanced at the tall angry man, looking frightened. "Can I stay." His question was spoken in rough voice, sounding not very friendly.

A warm smile spread across Negan's face, knowing better than to discuss such a topic in public. "Can you remember how to address me?"

Daryl nodded, nervously glancing at all the men watching him, before he focused back on Negan. "Sir."

"Thank you." Negan used a firmer voice. "You may stay as long as you like." He grasped the man's chin when he wasn't granted eye contact. "You also wanna go downstairs with me to greet more people, right?"

"Yes." Daryl's answer wasn't very confident, because he rather wanted to be alone with Negan. But that wasn't an option, and downstairs was better than here with the old questions-people.

Negan raised his brows in a warning, waiting for the small 'Sir', that was added after three seconds. "Good. Say good bye to my guests."

Daryl flicked his head to the side, then quickly lowered his eyes. "gbye."

The men chuckled and smiled at the insecure sub, wishing him a friendly good bye in return, then spoke a few more words to Negan, but Daryl didn't listen anymore.

He wanted to hold hands with Negan, go upstairs through the empty, quiet staircase, snuggle up in the wonderful big bed, wearing dinosaur pajama pants, and listen to good night stories about gruesome zombies and fantastic dogfood sandwiches, while sucking a comforting nipple.

"BOY!" Negan raised his voice and snapped his fingers more harshly, when Daryl didn't react. "I said we leave!"

"Hm." Daryl rubbed his ear against his shoulder and followed Negan down the broad metal stairs, scratching his plugged-up butt.

A few minutes after 2 AM, a car parked across two and a half parking spots, and the man who got out, was a bit wobbly on his feet as he walked towards the club's entry, an almost empty vodka bottle in hand.

Abraham watched him come closer, trying to stay calm. He knew him. He was an Eagle regular and not really a trouble maker. "Sorry buddy, only with valid ticket tonight."

"Hss." Shane huffed a laugh, waving his bottle, then took a sip. "A valid ticket he wants."

"All right, brandy blossom." Abe raised to his full height, making two steps towards the completely drunk man. "Why don't you sit down here and I call you a taxi."

"Fuck off." Shane pulled his arm back when the doorman tried to grab him. "Don't need a ticket." He slurred a little, trying to push past Abraham. "My man works here."

Abe squinted. "Really. And who's that."
Shane pursed his lips, looking around as if he tried to remember the right answer, then raised his bottle for another sip. "Rick." He chuckled, tilting his head to the side. "My sweet husband Mister Grimes."

---

"Eyes on me!" Negan snapped his fingers and patted his thigh when Daryl's head turned to the right as they passed the play area and obvious noises resounded from inside the dimly lit room.

Daryl blinked. He had just glanced for two seconds through the black rubber strips curtain, and he wasn't sure what he had seen. A guy in leather pants with a flogger, another guy restrained to one of the big x-shaped crosses and maybe someone wearing a gas mask. But that couldn't be true. He stopped again, glancing back over his shoulder, when he heard someone yell out in pain.

Negan gritted his teeth, turning around as his order was disobeyed once more. He grasped Daryl's chin, forcing eye contact. "Is it really so damn hard to keep your eyes on me! Maybe you wanna sit on the fucking chair for a while to think about it!"

"No." Daryl's answer came out more defiant than he intended to. He smacked his lips, huffing a breath, and tried again. "Can I go in."

Negan stared at him, then sighed, scratching an eyebrow. "May you go into the fucking playroom?"

Daryl did a half shrug, half nod, avoiding his eyes. "Yes."

"Alright." Negan took him by the hand, leading the way with firm steps.

As soon as they stepped through the entry, a murmur went through the room and most people stopped whatever they were doing, surprised to see Negan himself.

Daryl held his breath. The room looked very different. At least twenty people were inside, occupying the different play-options, and the lighting was all weird, much darker than usual and kind of red-purplish. He gave his small jello-shot cup a nervous lick and entwined his fingers tightly with Negan's.

Negan guided him past the large steel crosses, the restraint table, a spanking bench, and a bondage frame, to the other side of the room, near the cages. In the corner was a large, black leather armchair and he sat down, snapping his fingers.

Daryl didn't know where to look. He had never seen so many bare genitals before. There was a naked person in one of the cages, with his eyes covered and a red silicone bit gag in his mouth. Another guy was in a sling, his legs widely spread and a very big guy with beer belly and a black beard had his arm buried in his butt. Not just his hand, but his whole arm, all the way up to the elbow.

"Boy." Negan didn't snap his fingers again, just pulled Daryl onto his lap, taking the white jello-shot cup out of his trembling fingers. He wrapped a steady arm around the man's waist, speaking close to his ear, keeping his voice low. "You wanna know a secret?"

"Mh." Daryl nodded, watching with big eyes how a man was beaten with a paddle, until tears streamed down his face. But every time he was asked if he wants to stop, he shook his head and asked for more.

"I hid the jar with your treats, and all your plugs..." Negan brushed his beard against the side of Daryl's face. "And my gloves."
"Hja." A small chuckle escaped Daryl's throat. All this silly people wouldn't get any raisin or souvenir.

"You like that, don't you boy."

Daryl nodded, noticing how something tingled in the depth of his butt, listening to the deep, dark voice rumbling through a broad chest.

"Yes? Answer like my good boy." Negan moved his thigh, creating some friction for Daryl's ass and the inserted plug.

"I like that." Daryl turned his head, courageously brushing his lips against Negan's bearded cheek as he spoke. "Sir."

"Mhm." Negan turned his head as well, sliding a hand between Daryl's legs, squeezing his bulge. "What will I do with you when the party is over, tell me." He kept his eyes open, watching how dark blond eyelashes fluttered against pale skin, and pink lips parted, as he stroked Daryl with experienced fingers to full hardness, making him pant and blush in less than 30 seconds. "Will I bend you over the dining table and play with your sweet ass?" He licked the corner of Daryl's mouth, feeling precum ooze through the man's underwear. "Hm? Or should I fuck you on the floor. And then I sit on the couch and watch my fucking cum run out of your gorgeous puppy hole, while you crawl around on all fucking fours for me."

"Hhh." Daryl tensed, something hot pooling in his lower abdomen, his inner muscles throbbing around the deeply buried plug. He dug his fingers into Negan's arm, letting his head fall back against a broad shoulder, bucking his hips into the big hand stroking him.

Negan chuckled and took his hand off. "Fucking naughty puppyboy. You can't cum just like that. You wanna please me first, right?"

Daryl felt short from crying, licking and kissing the side of Negan's neck, rubbing his throbbing butt over the man's thigh. "Can I now."

"May you suck me off now?" Negan tickled his fingertips up and down Daryl's heaving chest, looking across the room at a guy openly jerking off while watching them, just like three other men at different places in the spacious room. He turned his head, speaking against pale pink lips. "No. But you wanna kneel and show everyone how much you like me, right."

It took a moment until Daryl had understood the order and moved down Negan's lap, to clumsily kneel between the man's thighs. He noticed several people looking at him, and didn't like it. He wrapped an arm across the chest, while squeezing his almost painful erection, and scowled at a nude person who wore something that looked like a metal cage around his penis.

Negan leaned back in his seat. "Arms behind your back. Eyes on me." He waited until Daryl's posture was to his liking, then beckoned the stranger over, making him stand close to his side. "That's a chastity device. It's locked just like your collar and keeps him from touching himself and making naughty puddles when he's not allowed to." He arched his brows at Daryl's bewildered face. "Right? Should I get one for you?"

Daryl shook his head. He didn't want such a thing and he didn't want that silly naked person standing so close to Negan. "No."

Negan patted the stranger's bare butt, "Thanks, boy. Go, please your man." and gave Daryl a stern look. "I am asking again and you wanna answer correctly. Should I get one for you."
Daryl sniffed his nose, shifting nervously on his ankles. "No, Sir."

"Mhm." Negan held the firm stare for a moment, then took the jello-shot and squeezed the cup a little, before sliding his tongue under the gelatin to suck it into his mouth, not caring at all that Daryl had licked his red treat for hours before, getting it well coated with his saliva. He put the empty cup aside and leaned forward, grasping Daryl's chin with his gloved hand, to pull his lower jaw down.

Daryl held his breath, his heart hammering in his chest, as he obediently opened his mouth and in the next moment tasted something sweet and jiggly, followed by a demanding tongue, and strong lips covering his own for a deep, sensual kiss. He melted into the ground, totally forgetting his surroundings, when claiming fingers wrapped into his hair to pull him even closer and hold him in place.

A dull vibrating sound, made Negan sigh in annoyance and break the kiss. He got his phone out, glanced at the display and immediately called back, blindly stroking Daryl's hair. "What's the problem." He listened for a moment, then got up, the phone still at his ear. "Right. Where's Rick."

He snapped his fingers, grabbed Daryl's wrist and pulled him along towards the exit, through the black rubber strips curtain, the crowded club area, towards the bar... where a very young man tried to serve seven guests at once, juggling a cocktail shaker in each hand.

"Who the fuck are you!" Negan bellowed over the counter. "Where's Simon!"

Noah shrugged, staring intimidated at the tall angry man yelling at him. He had really no idea what was going on.

Negan cursed, barking into his phone. "No police, I'm there in a minute." He ended the call, and rubbed Daryl's wrist soothingly as he dragged him through the packed room, past the dance floor, towards the DJ booth.

Jesus took his headphones off, leaning down when Negan signaled for him. He covered one of his ears with one finger, trying to tune out the loud music. "Something wrong, Sir?"

"Throw a mix in, take Daryl to your room. Stay there until I come."

"Of course." Paul didn't hesitate a second, able to tell by the man's serious tone that he had good reasons for his order.

Daryl tugged Negan's hand, not liking what he heard. "Can I stay with you."

"No." Negan wasn't in the mood to argue or explain himself, and made it clear by one stern look. "Go with Paul. I come and get you in thirty minutes. You obey!"

Paul hopped down his podium, smiling reassuringly, as he entwined his fingers tightly with Daryl's. "Don't worry, Sir. We're on our way."

----

"I have to inform you that I will call local authorities in case of physical violence!"

"WOULD YOU ALL CALM DOWN FOR A MINUTE HERE!"

"DON'T TELL ME WHAT TO DO ASSHOLE!"

"Shane. Just give me the bottle, please. Then we will talk."
Negan heard male voices yelling, outraged and angry, even before he opened the door. The big fellow, his new doorman, Shane, Rick. He gritted his teeth, rolling his shoulders back to display his full height, as he reached for the handle and stepped outside.

His presence silenced the turmoil instantly.

"Hh. Great." Shane huffed a laugh, gesturing with the remains of his broken bottle. He held it by the neck, the bottom part was gone, making the rest a fatal weapon. "What took you so long? Too many holes to breed?" He shook his head, chuckling.

"Shane," Rick held his hands up speaking in a conciliating tone. "Just put it down."

"Or what? The puppet master will give me one of his famous lectures?" He lifted his brows, faking a frightened expression. "Uuuh! I'm pissing my pants!"

Eugene held his phone up with trembling fingers, scared to death by the life threatening situation. He had never been in a bar fight before. "G-gentlemen, I really think calling the police would be-"

"Bug out." Abraham held his hand up, stepping in front of his co-worker to silence him.

"Yeah, bug out idiot!" Shane lifted the broken bottle for a sip, then chuckled when he realized that it didn't contain any Vodka anymore, and waved an arm towards Negan, looking disgusted. "Go back wanking your wiener to his pretty face."

"Shane, you're drunk." Rick made a step forward, touching his partner's arm. "Let's go home and we'll talk."

"Oh Shane you're drunk!" Shane pushed the man off. "That's all you can say!" He rubbed a hand over his short hair, grimacing. "But you forget that you're the fucking reason, man." His voice sounded a bit croaky as he sniffed his nose and grimaced again, gesturing at his boyfriend. "It's all you. Everything."

Negan pursed his lips, his face as neutral as his voice. "Rick. Go back in."

Shane laughed, "Oh, here we go!"

Negan ignored it, repeating his command in the same calm manner. "Go, wait inside."

"I'm not going inside?" Rick gave his boss a confused look.

"You can speak when he's sober. Go inside and find Simon."

"Right, should've known." Shane puffed his chest out, putting his arms up behind his head, making two steps forward, then three back, before he nudged Rick's ankle with his shoe. "He fucks you now?" He sniffed his nose, his face contorting in pure disgust. "Is he good? You like spreading your legs for that bastard?"

Rick squinted, standing a bit taller as he raised his voice in serious anger. "Stop that bullshit! We never-"

"OH NEVER!" Shane pushed the other man back with his chest, then swung his broken bottle to gesture somewhere to the left. "DON'T TELL ME IT'S BULLSHIT!"

Negan gave Abe a small nod, watched as he took Shane in a vice like choke hold, and calmly repeated his order. "Rick. Do as you're told." He snapped his fingers harshly when his employee
didn't react instantly. "Now!"

Rick scrunched up his face, looking back and forth between his boss and his partner, sighed, and finally marched off, throwing the door shut behind him.

"Oh god!" Eugene covered his face with shaking hands. He knew the situation would escalate.

"FUCKIN' TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME!" Shane wheezed and struggled in Mister Ford's strong hold, trying to kick himself free.

"Come on, stop it, Pumpkin!" Abraham bent Shane's arm painfully, letting the broken bottle fall out of his fingers. "We're calling you a nice taxi and you take a sweet long nap in your cozy-" His head flew back with a groan, stars exploding in front of his eyes, when something hit his nose like a sledgehammer.

"FUCKING BASTARD!" Shane stumbled free, bent down to grab the bottle and furiously bolted towards the tall man in leather jacket, swinging his makeshift weapon.

"NOO!" Eugene saw it, screeching devastated. He didn't think. He didn't hesitate. He just did his job, saving the life of the only man on the planet, worth dying for. He made a jump to the right, touched the heavy leather of a holy jacket for the split of a second as he pushed Negan aside as hard as he could, and in the next second screamed in agony when something sharp cut into his chest and he fell to the ground, going dizzy as his head hit the asphalt.

His drowsy brain registered shouting, punching, and another man going down. Fine smelling Mister Ford yelling right into his face, calling him a god damn idiot. Then just darkness for a while, until he heard the wailing siren of an ambulance. People talking, hands touching him, pain and discomfort, his body being lifted to somewhere else, before everything went dull and kind of peaceful.

He blinked and forced himself to open his eyes as a leather clad hand patted his cheek and a deep voice spoke to him.

There he was. Unharmed. Flawless as always. With the most beautiful face the Lord had ever created. Mysterious dark eyes. Magnificent, manly beard. Perfect lips. Smelling like pure heaven.

With the last bit of strength he could muster, he reached up to touch Negan's stunning features. "I love you." He really did. And teared up a little with all the tragedy, as he was moved into the ambulance and the doors closed behind him. Kevin Costner was nothing compared to him. Nothing.

The paramedic locked the backdoors, and patted Negan's shoulder in sympathy. "Just a scratch, Sir. A few stitches and your husband is as good as new."

"Thanks." Negan gave him a blank look and then tiredly massaged his forehead as the ambulance took off. He really hated fucking Valentine's day.

Abraham chuckled, carrying an unconscious Shane over his shoulder. "Will follow them by car!" He really started to like the gay community.
Chapter End Notes

:)
Gloomy Sunday

Chapter Summary

Tough week for the puppy, starting with ...a gloomy Sunday

Chapter Notes

Since it seems to become a trend lately: Please don't contact me only to hate on this story (or the author). If you don't like the concept of Dominance/submission, just find something else to read. I put my social media out there because I like talking to my readers, and the comment section isn't the right place for endless chit-chat. But I am done arguing with hateful, small-minded people, who only contact me to lecture me about a lifestyle that I am very familiar with for half my life. It is rude and unnecessary. Please find something else to do with your time.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Holy Mary, mother of God..." 91 year old Mrs Montgomery took a shaky hand off her rollator and crossed herself, as on her way to the hospital chapel a very intimidating group of men came towards her. A very tall person, with serious face and slicked back black hair, wearing a leather jacket and biker boots. He snapped his fingers harshly, giving a mysterious hand signal for two other men who followed him at a brisk pace. One had long hair like a woman and wore a black leather duster, the other a dark blue hoodie, with the hood up, looking like a true gangster. They had their fingers entwined, holding hands as if they were a married couple.

Her mouth hung open. She was shocked, sure these horrible people would rob her and after that set the whole Grady Memorial on fire, as part of a satanic rite.

"Ma'am." Negan glanced at the elderly lady crossing his way, greeted politely, then patted his thigh as he went around the corner.

"Ma'am." Jesus smiled friendly, feeling bad for the sweet lady, she seemed kind of frightened, maybe she had gotten lost in the endless hallways of this facility.

Daryl didn't say anything, because the old lady totally gave him the evil eye, probably judging him for his shabby shoes. Well she could go fuck herself. Not everyone was born rich and could afford fancy Christian Louboutin footwear.

"Boys!" Negan raised his voice. He had a Sunday phone conference with Spain in an hour and wasn't planning on being late. "Move it!"

Paul squeezed Daryl's hand and they quickened their pace, jogged after the impatient man, around the corner, along a very long corridor, through a door that opened automatically, and entered ward 19, where it smelled like cheap bean stew and disinfectants.
Daryl sniffed his nose, feeling unwell immediately. Some of the doors along the corridor were open, revealing strange beds, I.V. poles, and sick people in bathrobes.

Negan snapped his fingers a last time, stopping in front of room 19-07, and then made a step back when the door opened and a tall guy appeared, just as he reached for the handle.

"Hey Abe." Jesus smiled brightly, seeming not surprised at all to see Mister Ford here. "Great debut last night." He took a half bow to show his respect for the man's wrestling skills.

Abraham looked a little flustered, wiping his palms at the back of his pants. "Guys."

Negan just gave him a diplomatic nod, knowing exactly what the man was going through, "Ford." and pushed past him into the room.

Paul tipped his invisible hat with a grin, "See you later Abes!" and dragged Daryl along, following one of his Dads to visit the leather factory's very own bodyguard.

---

At 11:56 AM, Daryl slumped in a chair near the window, in a very spacious hospital room. His arms crossed on the cold window sill, watching thick rain drops hitting the pane. He sniffed his nose, resting his chin on his arms, ignoring the nurse, who was busy to serve a covered plastic tray with food, to one of her more important patients.

"Enjoy your meal, Mister Porter." She placed it on his nightstand, smiled brightly as she took the lid off, and then traipsed back out of the room.

"Sweet." Jesus crossed his legs on the bottom end of the high tech hospital bed, snagging a cracker that got served to the cucumber-salmon soup. "That's really good food." He chewed with full cheeks, taking a second and third cracker, because he was really hungry. "You know, for a hospital."

Eugene wasn't a patient with private medical insurance, but his new boss had upgraded his meek, existing cover to the best treatment available. He nodded, tucking a white napkin into the collar of his shirt, then grabbed knife and fork, examining his lunch. "Acceptable to most palates." The serving size was not generous enough for his taste, but the spread was not bad. Soup, salad, steak for main course and warm apple pie for dessert, plus a small cheese platter with a selection of several local cheeses. He would just ask for a second helping. After another sponge bath.

"Daryl?" Paul held a cracker in Daryl's direction, but the man just shook his head, not even turning around, or looking up. Paul knew Daryl was in a very bad mood, ever since the last night, when he had learned about the incident with Shane and Negan. First he had been furious. Then very quiet. And now he just sulked and wanted to be on his own, not doing anything, or talk to anyone.

"Okay." Jesus pursed his lips, deciding to let him be, and put the cracker into his coat pocket for later. He cleared his throat, turning back to Eugene, who devoured his beefsteak."I'm glad you can sit up. Are you in pain?"

"Excruciatingly." Eugene still had his mouth full, when he shoved the next piece between his lips.

"Hm." Paul tucked a strand of hair behind his ear, nodding. "I'm sorry, man. Somehow I feel responsible. After all he's one of my Dads and everything. I feel we could have done something to prevent that."

"The reason why male victims of domestic violence are often reluctant to report victimization, concerns socio-cultural stereotypes of masculinity." Eugene didn't look up from his plate, putting a
fried tomato on his fork. They were really good. "The victims also tend to feel protective of their abuser and therefore remain silent."

"It wasn't like that. He didn't abuse anyone, he just drinks too much." Paul wrinkled his nose, shrinking a bit on his spot on the bed. "I guess."

The chair screeched over the polished linoleum floor as Daryl jumped up, stormed to the door in his much too big hoodie, "'m takin' a piss!" and flung the door shut behind him.

Eugene registered it, eating a slice of cheese. "Complex post traumatic stress disorder."

"No." Jesus looked back over his shoulder at the closed door. "He's just really glad that you saved Negan."

---

Negan took a deep breath in front of door number 18, then straightened his shoulders as he entered.

Shane sat on the edge of the bed, in front of his untouched food. He wore a hospital gown that revealed a good part of his back, a nasty scratch, and some bruises along his neck. He knew who his visitor was, but didn't move or turn around. "What do you want."

"Hm." Negan strolled through the room, randomly picking up an orange he found on a side table. "What do I want? A cute pet pony would be nice," he threw it in the air, caught it with the other hand and put it back on the table. "Peace on earth of course," He pinched his nose, walking up to Shane and snagged a piece of carrot off his plate, popping it into his mouth. "And for you to get your fucking shit together and treat your boys the way they deserve it."

He didn't get a snarky remark, sarcastic statement, or angry outburst in return.

Shane just stared at the window. "Fuck off."

Negan didn't. He took an old newspaper off the chair standing in the corner, flung it on the table, and sat down with a sigh, folding his hands in front of his stomach as he stretched his long legs out.

Shane turned, staring at him blankly. For a full minute, before Negan said something.

"I don't like you. Never have. But I know deep fucking down you are an okay guy." He paused, tilting his head to the side. "Otherwise they wouldn't love you. Right?"

Shane huffed a quiet laugh, shaking his head, as he avoided his eyes.

"I also know that you need help." Negan fished a small note out of his jacket pocket, flicking it onto the bed. "It is payed. You go there tomarrow and fucking stay until you are better. If you're lucky, your boys will forgive you and take you back. It's worth a try." He rubbed the scruff on his chin, getting up with another sigh. "However ... if you decide to keep this shit up and don't accept help, I will take over from here and make the decision that they are not able to make."

Shane stared onto the cold food on his plate, clenching his fists. "Get out."

Negan walked over to the bed, picked up the note and placed it next to the man's plate, holding his finger on it for a few seconds. Then reached out and squeezed Shane's shoulder. "Don't be an asshole. Fucking do it for them. And call me if you need anything."

Shane didn't move. He heard the door fall shut, leaving him with nothing but ear deafening silence
and the loud war in his head. He scrunched up his nose, wiped his face angrily with the back of his wrist, when the food got blurry in front of his eyes, and then flung the small piece of paper somewhere to the right, not caring where it landed.

----

"Where's Daryl. I said no one leaves the fucking room."

Jesus switched the iPod off, he had brought for the injured hero, and turned around when the door swung open and a tall, angry man entered the room. "Hello, Sir."

Eugene took the pair of red Beats off his head, nervously clearing his throat in the presence of the holy creature in leather jacket. "S-since h-he expressed the desire to void h-his bladder I would assume that h-he is visiting the toilet facility." He gulped, blinking once. "O-or the local g-green area. D-depending on his preferences f-for urination."

"Had to tinkle." Jesus clarified, reaching a hand out when Negan came closer, and took hold of the man's jacket sleeve. "How did it go?"

Negan combed three finger's through Paul's long hair. "Good. Don't worry about it." He patted the man's cheek, then handed him his wallet. "You wanna go, get Eugene some magazines from the store."

Paul leaned in, to plant a kiss on a smooth, black leather sleeve, "Will do." and untangled his legs, gracefully hopping off the bed. "Anything for you, Sir?"

"No, thanks." Negan went around the bed, picking up the only piece of food left on the tray. An evil, gluten containing cracker. He took a bite anyway, then flung it onto the empty plate because it tasted like cardboard.

"Okay, be right back." Paul left the room with a small smile and the plan to buy the healthiest snack he could find at the hospital's gift shop.

"Mhm." Negan watched the door fall shut, and sat down on the edge of the bed, drawing his lips in, as he gave the nervous guy in bed a firm stare. "So. How are you feeling."

Eugene blinked, pulling the blanket an inch higher. "G-good?" For a minute he had considered to lie, and say that he would only survive with an organ transplant, so he could walk around for the rest of his life with a piece of the King himself, deeply embedded inside his body. That would have been so romantic.

"I'm glad to hear that." Negan nodded, rolling his tongue behind his lips. "I spoke to the doctor. He said you will be released tomorrow."

"O-okay." Eugene curled his fingers into the blanket.

Negan arched his brows. "I want you to take three days off. Take it easy. Rest at home. On Thursday you come to my office. Then we'll talk about your future at my company." He gave a single nod with a faint smirk, patting Eugene's chubby cheek and got up.

Eugene didn't dare to move, watching paralyzed as the beautiful man walked out of the room, leaving an intoxicating cloud of leather, expensive hair gel and very manly cologne behind. He inhaled deeply, closed his eyes for a moment, and then hid the half eaten cracker, with its perfect teeth marks and precious DNA traces, in his nightstand.
There were three free chairs along the wall in a random hallway of the Atlanta Grady Memorial, but Daryl sat on the floor anyway, next to a man-high pot plant, his knees pulled up against his chest. He sniffed his nose, scowling at the stupid display of his silly phone, when he once again failed to complete level 99.

He noticed heavy footsteps coming closer, and a pair of black biker boots stopping right in front of him, but he didn't look up.

Negan held his hand out, his face serious. "Get up and give me your phone."

Daryl's eyes flickered nervously for a moment, but he held his head lowered. "Why." He spat his answer defiantly, then sniffed his nose again.

A dark chuckle resounded from deep in Negan's chest. "Get the fuck up." There was no need to raise his voice. His tone made clear that further dissent wouldn't be tolerated.

Daryl knew that, and still scowled at his phone for 12 seconds, feeling heat crawl up his face and ears, before he actually muttered something unintelligible and rose to his feet, his hands clenched to fists at his sides.

Negan made one step forward, slowly. "Phone."

Daryl flared his nostrils, staring at a random spot on the floor, then thrust the phone into Negan's hand.

Negan put it into his jacket pocket. "I told you before we started, we need to hurry because I have a fucking important phone conference. So, maybe you care to explain why you sit here and play fucking jewels, even though you are under fucking punishment, and make me fucking search your disrespectful ass for almost twenty minutes."

Daryl wished the hood of his baggy sweater would provide more space to hide his face. But it didn't, so he held his gaze down, shrugging.

One finger was held up in a silent warning.

Daryl exhaled soundly through his nose, mumbling in angry voice. "Told you I didn' want to come."

"And I told you, it is common courtesy to visit friends and colleagues at the hospital. I also fucking told you, that you go because I fucking said you go."

"'s not my friend."

"Still you do as you're told."

Daryl felt nauseous. Heat boiled in his stomach, making it hard to breathe or speak, and the answer he gave, was almost too quiet to be heard. "No I don'."

"You wanna look at me and repeat that."

Daryl pursed his lips, then wrinkled his nose underneath his long bangs, and after almost 32 seconds raised his head. It wasn't easy to say anything, looking at Negan's face. And repeating the small evil words was absolutely impossible. He shook his head, feeling his jaw starting to tremble.

Negan watched him quietly for a moment, then reached a gentle hand out, pulling the man's hood
down to reveal hopelessly tousled hair. "You don't wanna follow my orders anymore?"

Daryl's vision got blurry, his throat painfully tight, and the trembling spread from his jaw to his lips, as he tried to shake his head again.

"Yes?" Slightly cool fingers combed the long strands out of a pale forehead. "Are my orders stupid?"

A shaky huff of breath escaped Daryl's throat, before he nodded, wanting to hide underneath a heavy leather jacket very, very much. "Hm."

A man walked by, giving Daryl's teary appearance an appraising look.

Negan brushed the tip of his tongue along his teeth with a sizzling sound, staring back at the stranger as he pulled Daryl close against his broad chest, and then demonstratively kissed the top of his head. "Did I tell you to wait in Paul's room?" As soon as the guy was around the corner, he spoke in low voice, brushing his bearded chin over messy hair. "Was that a bad decision?"

"Yes." Daryl heard his own croaky voice, but didn't feel ashamed because he was allowed to hide his face against smooth leather and the rest of the world could just go to hell, he didn't care.

"Did you want to keep me safe like a brave watch puppy?" Negan stroked his hands firmly up and down the man's back, thinking he felt kinda small underneath the much too big hoodie he was wearing. "But that wasn't necessary, right? The situation was under control. Eugene got hurt because he made a very impetuous move. Nobody would be injured now if he wouldn't have tried to be a fucking hero."

Daryl listened, not sure if that was really true.

"And if I know that I won't be able to watch you for a while, wearing jockstraps in a club full of horny, drunk guys, it is my job to bring you somewhere safe until I have time again."

"Hm."

"What is your job. Tell me."

Daryl sniffed his nose, then brushed his lips against damp leather. It tasted salty. "Do as told."

Negan nodded. "That's exactly right. You do as you're fucking told and trust my decisions, whether you like them or not. I am in charge. You don't disobey me. And sure as hell will you not run around behaving like a disrespectful little shit."

Daryl listened to the stern words, felt the strong arms holding him safely, and noticed how all the anger, fear and tension disappeared from his body, leaving him calm, a little bit guilty, and very much in place. "I'm sorry."

"Mhm. Backtalking, disobedience, playing games on your phone, and making me miss my fucking important conference. You know what that means?" Negan grasped the man's chin, tilting it up for eye contact.

Daryl wasn't sure, but guessed anyway. "No orange juice."

"No fucking orange juice?" Negan arched his brows, huffing a laugh. "How about no juice, no dessert, no bathroom service, and no sleeping in my fucking bed tonight!"

Daryl's face turned paler than usual, while something cold and heavy formed inside his stomach.
"Where do I sleep."

"Where do you sleep?" Negan smirked and patted Daryl's butt. "On the floor, where naughty puppies belong."

----

At half past six Negan looked up from his work and closed his laptop. Daryl was sound asleep, curled up in his much too big sweater, on the grey couch, producing a small spit puddle.

Negan watched him for a moment, considering to call Carol and cancel work again. Hell, he should cancel that whole job for good, and give the boy something nice to do at the store, or wherever he wanted to work. Fuck the money and stupid fridge list. But then again, that would be a really bad learning experience and against his own rules. So he sighed, got up and reluctantly shook the man's shoulder, to wake him up. Unsuccessfully. Daryl stirred for a second, wrinkled his nose, wiped his cheek with the knuckles of his fingers and went completely still again.

Negan's lips curled up into a slight smile. He squatted down, speaking in low voice. "Boy. Time for work." He brushed the long strands of hair from Daryl's collared neck and leaned in close, licking the tight steel band and the warm skin it rested against. He did it again, then planted open mouthed, wet kisses along the intimate accessory, while reaching unerringly between Daryl's legs, cupping his bulge. "You wanna wake up and earn my half of your money, right."

Daryl sighed a deep breath and rolled onto his back in his drowsy state, his thighs falling open to allow more access.

"Oh yes? You also wanna wear my collar for work, right? Show everyone who you belong to." Negan bit Daryl's jawbone lightly, then watched blue eyes flutter open.

"Okay." Daryl blinked. The bright light hurt his eyes and the tall angry man looked really beautiful. He also smiled at him and smelled very good.

"Mhm. Say it like a good boy."

"I show it."

Negan stroked some hair out of Daryl's forehead, looking serious. "What will you show."

Daryl sniffed his nose, pointing shyly at his neck. "Yours."

"My what."

Daryl sighed. He really hated questions and talking and Negan had stopped touching his penis.

Negan pulled his lips in, arching his brows at the sigh he received.

Daryl blinked, feeling guilty, "I'll show your collar." and after a moment added a small, rough, "Sir." to his sentence.

Negan nodded, pecking the man's lips, "Sounds like a good plan, boy. You go do that." then rose to his feet, holding a hand out.

Daryl took it and was pulled up immediately. He really didn't want to go to work.

Negan patted his butt. "Get ready, I'll wait in the car."
A minute after midnight, a stunning, tall man in leather jacket, stood on the balustrade of the Eagle's first floor, both hands on the railing, looking down at the dancefloor, to watch a young man with long, dark blond hair and full beard, dancing to the driving beat of the blaring music.

After his third beer and second glass of Jack Daniels, Paul wasn't his typical happy self, but danced aggressively with two men at once, openly making out on the dancefloor.

Negan watched, but let him, knowing how much Paul tended to keep everything in, just to please others and not having anyone worried. It was okay that he found a way to let some steam off.

"What are you doing?" Carol nudged her guest's arm as she stood next to him, trying to make it seem casual.

"Crocheting a fucking potholder." Negan was tired and not in the mood for small talk with this lady.

"Funny." She smiled, staring in the same direction as he did, to find out what he was so interested in. "Sure that Daryl is feeling well enough for work again? Because he did an awful job tonight. Several guests complained about his rude attitude."

Negan knew it was true. He had watched him all evening, denying answers, turning down tip, and giving his personal best to appear as unattractive as possible in his baggy clothes and unkempt hair. "Well, maybe it's that time of the month again."

Carol turned to look at him, squinting. "It's no laughing matter."

"Actually it is." Negan chuckled, then gave his attention to the man walking up to his left, soundly sniffing his nose. "Right, boy?" He pulled a tissue out of his jacket pocket, holding it to Daryl's nose.

"Hm." Daryl scowled for a moment, then inhaled deeply and blew his nose, before he repeated the process, blinking at the tall angry man through his tousled bangs.

Negan wiped Daryl's nose, then handed the used tissue over. "Throw that into the trash please and go get Paul. Time to go home, so you can report and make a new mark at the fridge. It's been a while, right?" He got a dull little shrug as answer, along with a gruff 'Okay', and then watched as the man walked down the stairs, angrily slapping a hand off, that tried to grope his butt. Maybe a night on the floor really wasn't the worst idea.

Daryl had obediently built a nest, right in front of Negan's nightstand, as close to the bed as possible. With several blankets and all the trinkets he normally hid under his pillow. And after 13 minutes, five shy fingers had found their way over the bed frame, onto the mattress, and waited right in front of Negan's chest for much needed affection.

Negan had granted it after 16 minutes. His arm was pulled out of bed after 21 minutes, before 11 minutes after that Daryl had fallen asleep, breathing evenly, warm damp huffs of breath against Negan's broad palm.

At almost two in the morning, Negan's arm started to ache and get numb. He wriggled his fingers free and turned to lie on his stomach, so he could offer his other hand for a while, placing it on Daryl's head. It was grabbed instantly, with ten fingers, holding on for dear life.

Negan closed his eyes, stroking his thumb over a pale forehead. "Sleep."
At 2:38 AM, Shane rubbed his face and sat up, looking around in the dark room. It still rained outside, and every drop hitting the pane, sounded like gunfire to his aching head. He felt nauseous, his skin crawling as if he was attacked by an ant colony.

A sip of cold herbal tea didn't make it any better. Hitting his head with the heels of his hands, made it worse.

He chuckled into the darkness, then cursed and got up to kick the mocking little piece of paper on the floor. He kicked it a second time, then pinched his nose before he bent down to pick it up.

*Talbott Recovery*
*5448 Yorktowne Drive*
*Atlanta, GA 30349*

Chapter End Notes

next up... overcast Monday
"You're early." Rick looked up from his cash register when the entry door opened, a large German shepherd ran through, and his boss appeared, dragging a young man with tousled hair along.

"Yep. Busy day." Negan smoothed his damp hair back and snapped his fingers, so Tiger would stop shaking his wet fur.

Daryl looked around, wrapping an arm across his chest. "Can I stay in your house."

"May you stay in my house?" Negan tugged a strand of long hair behind Daryl's ear. "Yes. This is part of my fucking house. And I need your help here today." He patted the man's side encouragingly. "Go, help Paul in the storage room. I'm there in a minute."

"Hm." Daryl sniffed his nose, and left to the back rooms of the leather store, to find Jesus.

"He seems grumpier than usual." Rick looked after him, cocking an eyebrow.

"He knows where I'm going today." Negan leaned with both arms on the counter. "Keep him busy. Treat him well. Call me immediately if there's any fucking problem."

Rick filled the register with coins, biting back a smirk. "Are we talking about the dog or the boy."

Negan grasped the man's chin, giving him a warning look, and after a long, silent moment simply nodded once, before he vanished through the back door towards the storage room.

----

"Mmh. Happy birthday to me." A very delighted smile spread over Berta's whole face, making her shine like a Christmas tree, as the door opened and a stunning, tall man stepped up to her counter in the reception area. She knew him. He had been here before. "Well, good morning." Her smile grew a little wider. "Where's your friend today?"

Negan unzipped his jacket and put a sheet of paper on the counter. "Let's skip the small talk, I'm late.
Approved visit. 10:30."

She handed him a clipboard, a small white plastic card, and a key. "Straightforward, that's how I like it."

Negan signed in, sent a message to Daryl, saying 'You wanna be good for me, then you'll get a reward', and then went to put his belongings into the locker with the number 31.

He had to admit, he was a little bit nervous. Meeting Daryl's relative was kind of a big thing, and he hoped he wouldn't make things worse.

He sat down in the waiting area, not sure why he flipped through one of the lesbionic magazines about Natural, Holistic Health Care for Women. And the gum-chewing Latina to his right, obviously wondered the same, as she gave him a once over, probably trying to figure out if he was gay, straight, or something in between.

"Your turn, handsome." Berta flirted from her place behind the counter and pushed a button, to open the door for her new favorite person. "Security screening." Whoever worked today in the screening room was a damn lucky person.

----

"Argh...man." Paul leaned back, sitting in a heap of empty cardboard boxes, and sighed dramatically. "That was my third. I must be pregnant." He threw the empty pudding container somewhere behind him, holding his super flat belly. "Damn you Rick."

Daryl knitted his eyebrows, not sure what Paul talked about, and then frowned again when he opened a new box with Leather Factory fan shirts. They were black, with white front print, saying 'NEGAN'S COCK FANCLUB'.

"Sweet." Paul leaned over and pulled one out in S. "Finally one in my size."

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING, BOYS?" Rick shouted from the store, because nobody came to fill the shelves with new merchandise.

Paul balled the shirt up and stuffed it underneath the shirt he was wearing. "WORKING, SIR!"

Daryl blinked and hesitantly started to unpack the goods. He didn't like the shirts and would have preferred to hide them all. In the fridge or the broom closet.

"So, and what does your brother look like?" Jesus got up to help Daryl sorting the shirts by size. He batted his eyelashes. "Does he look like you?" He saw himself already in the middle of a tasty Dixon sandwich.

"Hm." Daryl shrugged. He wasn't sure. They had the same skin and eye color, but other than that looked very different. "No. He looks good." He was tall and strong and had always dated a lot of girls. Sometimes two or three at the same time.

"Better than you?" Jesus squinted one eye, saving a shirt in M for Rick, just in case. "I doubt that, because you look really awesome. But if he comes even remotely close..." He nudged Daryl's arm. "Man, then Negan will have a really great day. Two pretty Dixons."

----

"Come on." Warden Sulesky escorted inmate 38459-001 through a high security door with
fingerprint scan, through a gate, along a short hallway, into the room for face-to-face visits.

The buzzer went off, to signify the door opened and a prisoner was entering. Three armed guards stood along the walls with watchful eyes, and two of the four metal tables were taken. A girl with long blonde hair sat across a skinny, teary eyed inmate from cell block B, and a very tall man with neatly slicked back hair, perfectly trimmed beard and pretty features, sat at the last table in the back of the room, both arms relaxed on the table, staring confidently at the person coming through the door.

"Hh." Merle stared back at him, as the guard unlocked the cuffs and shoved him forward into the room. He recognized him immediately. It really was the man from the photos. And in the flesh, he looked even more attractive and powerful, owning the back part of the room with a pleasantly musky smell of luxurious soap, cologne and warm leather.

Merle chuckled and followed the guard, shaking his head with an amused smile, as he lifted his long leg over the seat, sighing. "So, how's life out there these days for a democrat."

Negan studied the man at the other side of the table, taking his time. Merle Dixon was cocky, outgoing and brazen, his facial features rough and marked by a hard life. Distinctly older than Daryl, with grayish stubble and hair, not much taller though, and in all his appearance the exact opposite of his younger brother, except for fiery blue eyes, expressing defiance and a hint of insecurity at the same time.

The corner of Negan's mouth curled up into a slight smile, as he leaned back, stretching his long legs out underneath the table. "I suppose you know who I am?"

Merle leaned back as well, hating the other man's pleasantly deep voice and obvious confidence with every fiber of his being. He pursed his lips, nodding. "The fag, banging my brother's ass."

Negan grinned, chuckling. "That's absolutely true. In fact, that's the reason why I was almost late for this little matinée." He arched his brows, giving a nod. "I am a sucker for a good morning fuck."

The cocky smile disappeared from Merle's face and was replaced by a hard scowl. "Why are you here."

"I am here, because your brother works his gorgeous, well-fucked ass off to pay for the best lawyer in town, while you treat him like a piece of shit in return." Negan gestured with his hand. "And obviously, I can't allow that."

Merle snorted a laugh, considering to end the visit and go back to his cell. To the only two things keeping him company. A silly postcard from Washington and a motorcycle magazine.

Negan's voice got as serious as his face. "My name is Negan. Your brother broke into my house to steal my shit and fucking money. I gave him a room in my basement and the opportunity to work, so he won't starve or freeze to death on the fucking streets. Now he owns a fucking toothbrush and a pair of fresh underwear. He doesn't have to eat garbage from a god damn trash can like an animal. And he has a safe roof over his fucking head every night. I am sure that's what you want for him." The ice cold death stare he received, got betrayed by a flicker of concern in blue eyes, that seemed suddenly very old and almost tired.

"What do you want."

Negan shoved a piece of paper across the table, under the alert eyes of warden Sulesky. "He needs you. It is not a fucking option that you get executed. You will cooperate with this lawyer and get
your ass out of here."

"I don't owe him anything." Merle dismissed the paper, his face blank. "I did my share."

"I know. That's why I owe you."

---

Rick wrinkled his forehead and squinted to the right, when one of the young men in his care, noisily slurped a big mouthful of Fettucini Alfredo through his lips, his nose an inch over the plate. "What are you doing?"

Daryl didn't notice that he was spoken to. The awesome pasta without any vegetables tasted like a piece of heaven.

Paul nudged his arm.

Daryl nudged back, but didn't look up, as he sniffed at the contents of a silver container. It didn't smell like much, so he shoveled a spoon full into his mouth. It tasted like coffee and somehow sweet, but he liked the pasta better, so he went back to that and continued eating.

"Would you mind?" Rick put his own fork down, raising his voice into a sterner tone. "You eat like a caveman."

Daryl looked up, his cheeks puffed out with food, and realized that the cowboy-boots-guy stared at him. So, he chewed three more times, swallowed, and straightened his back, staring back with a slight scowl. "What."

Rick squinted even harder at the defiant demeanor, feeling conflicted. He knew Daryl wouldn't dare to behave that way with Negan around, and he couldn't accept behavior like that towards himself. Not when Paul was there. So he inhaled deeply, putting on a serious face. "That's no acceptable behavior!"

Anger spread through Daryl's chest, making his heart beat faster and his muscles tense. He didn't like the threatening tone he was spoken to.

Jesus felt a little unwell with all the testosterone around him, and leaned over the table to snag the silver container with the dessert. "Hey, who wants tiramisu? I think they made it fre-"

Rick didn't lose his hard stare, asserting his authority. "Sit and be quiet!"

"Okay." Paul zipped his lips and slumped back down on his chair.

"And you," Rick scrunched up his nose, gritting his teeth, when Daryl still scowled at him through tousled long bangs. "Sit up and keep your elbows off the table!"

Daryl flared his nostrils, and after a moment got up, breathing heavily as he stared at the other man in rage. "No."

Rick got up as well, tilting his head to the side. "Sit. Now."

Daryl flung his fork across the table, "Ain't doin' shit you-" and then flinched and lowered his gaze, when a tall angry man stepped into the store's small staff room, banging a broad hand against the door frame.

"Hey!" Negan wasn't happy at all, coming back home after an appointment at the prison, just to find
his boys eating unhealthy pasta with cream sauce, fighting like hens in the chicken coop. "What the fuck is going on!"

"He doesn't show respect!" Rick hissed, more than frustrated that his boss saw how his authority was openly questioned.

"Boy." Negan snapped his fingers, "Go. Wait upstairs for me."

Daryl didn't say anything, leaving the room after 7 seconds, not looking up.

Negan glanced at Paul who ate a dessert out of a silver container, his head submissively lowered, but slightly smiling. Then patted Rick's shoulder and leaned in close, speaking in low voice. "Well, Rick... it was worth a try." He touched the small of the man's back. "Not your fault."

----

Inmate 38459-001 was very quiet after his second visit. He didn't shout and curse, didn't punch the wall, or the steel cabinet, he just sat down on his bunk, staring into space.

He couldn't hear or see the rain outside, but he knew it was there because the catwalk in front of his cell was wet, after some officers had walked through, escorting a prisoner to the doctor for an insulin shot.

He wished he could smell it, and feel it on his skin. Rain. Just one more time. One day, outside in the woods, with crisp morning air and fresh, green life all around him. Joking with Daryl, sharing a bag of beef jerky, waiting for a real big deer, so they would have meat for weeks.

He squinted, cracking his knuckles, and after a while huffed a laugh with a shake of his head. Of course his brother wouldn't go hunting anymore. He lived now a respectable life, went to the grocery store to buy his lunch, and most certainly ate it at a real table from a fancy porcelain plate. With him. The pansy cocksucking democrat.

And he couldn't even be pissed about it, because that god damn faggot seemed pretty much okay. He wasn't an uptight shiny-shoes business style schmuck, carrying his nose in the air and some pink powder puff up the ass.

No, obviously he was a decent bloke, a bit foul-mouthed, down to earth, no bullshit. Someone one could hang out with, for a drink and a game of poker.

Someone who maybe wouldn't rob a bank with you. But wouldn't turn a hungry, homeless thief over to the police, either.

He seemed like someone who would take the time to visit a piece of redneck shit at the prison, because he didn't necessarily consider himself as something better.

He seemed like someone who would maybe look out for the one good thing the dysfunctional Dixon family had ever created.

Merle pinched his nose, a pang of grief and jealousy shooting through his chest. He wished his execution day would come before next Monday. Before the next visit. So he wouldn't have to see this man again. And his little brother could just go on, living his new life.

----

As Negan entered his apartment, he found Daryl standing by one of the high factory windows,
watching the drizzle outside.

He took his shoes off, hung his jacket up, draped his scarf over a hook of the coat rack and went to fill Tiger's bowl with fresh water. Then sat down at the dining table with a red cup and the newest issue of 'Outdoor Life'. "Daryl. Come here."

Daryl wasn't sure if he wanted to. He was angry and didn't want to be scolded. He also didn't want to hear what Negan would say about Merle. It hurt his guts just to think about it. But after 12 seconds of hesitation, he turned around anyway, wiped his nose with the back of his hand and went towards the table.

Negan flipped through the magazine, feigning interest in all the articles about hunting, fishing and survival hacks. "Sit. Report what you have done while I was gone."

The chair made a scraping sound on the expensive hardwood floor when Daryl pulled it back and sat down, glancing at the awesome pictures of different outdoor tools. Hunting knifes, slingshots and hatchets, even a 4 tines fishing spear. He wished he could have one of those.

"Well?" Negan turned the page to a more boring article about brown bears.

Daryl pulled his fingers underneath the table, wondering why his cup stood there with juice inside. "Opened all boxes." He sniffed his nose and flicked his head. "Put things on the shelf."

"What kind of things." Negan found a surprisingly interesting article on pages 33 and 34 with the bold headline 'Survive Anything! 46 skills to stay alive - from the backcountry to your backyard', then cringed a little when the first skill explained in detail how to amputate a limb.

Daryl shrugged. "Shirts n' lube." He thought a moment about all the merchandise he had stored away, then smacked his lips, adding a slightly embarrassed, "Dicks." to his explanation.

Negan kept a straight face, reading 'How to stash a 30-year food cache'. "Dildos for play. They look like penises, right."

"Hm." Daryl nodded. They really did, except for one, because it had looked like a snake with heads on both ends and was purple. "Yes."

Negan looked up, and to Daryl's surprise, took a sip out of the red cup. "Did you behave while I was gone?"

"Hm." Daryl watched as Negan licked his lips and put the cup back down. Luckily it wasn't empty. "Yes."

"Mhm. Did you behave for lunch?"

The question produced an immediate scowl on Daryl's face. "Yes."

Negan smirked slightly, arching his brows. "Did you sit straight and chewed ten times?"

Daryl squinted through his long bangs, answering defiantly in rough voice. "No."

Negan stayed calm. "Why not?"

Once more, rage started to boil in Daryl's stomach. "'m not doin' it for him!"

"Why not?" Negan closed the magazine, loving how Daryl tried to keep his temper under control
and after three seconds pointed angrily at the steel collar around his neck, as if it was the most obvious answer to such a stupid question. "Mhm. You wanna fucking say it. Why are you not doing it for him."

Daryl wrinkled his nose, staring at the edge of the wonderful brown dining table. "He's not you." His words were quietly spoken in rough voice, sounding not polite at all, but Negan seemed to like it anyway.

Very much, because he moved back with his chair, spread his legs and snapped his fingers, commanding a small. "Here." And then watched patiently how Daryl hesitantly got up, and a bit stiffly crouched down on the floor, not looking up as he slid as close as possible towards an openly presented crotch. "Good boy." Negan said it in low voice, but his words were still dripping with pride, before he emphasized them even more with two raisins out of his pocket, shoved between pale pink lips. "Are you mine?"

Daryl nodded, "Yes." and buried his nose into a warm groin, closing his eyes at the sweet taste in his mouth and firm fingers in his hair. He liked the tall angry man so much.

"Yes you are." Negan stroked the long hair aside at the back of Daryl's neck, exposing the small padlock that held the collar securely in place. He tugged it. "And what are you representing with this. Tell me."

Daryl sniffed his nose, then dug it deeper into wonderful rough denim that was soaked with Negan's scent. He gave a muffled answer. "Your name."

Negan nodded. "That's right you do represent me and my name. You don't have to follow orders that aren't coming from me. But you wanna be on your very best behavior at all times, no matter where you are. Right?"

Daryl listened, loving the deep, rumbling voice and praising tone. "Right."

"Yes you do. You wanna make me proud and show people what a fucking good boy I own."

"Hm." Daryl really wanted to. Making Negan proud and being his boy, were two of the best things in the entire universe.

Negan combed his fingers through the man's long hair, thinking he might need a little trim sometime in the near future. "You know what I did while you were working at the store?"

Daryl tensed, holding very still. He didn't want to hear all the horrible words that Merle had probably said to Negan. It made him feel nauseous.

Negan tilted his head to the side, letting the silence slip, and made sure his tone of voice was as calm and positive as possible. "I met your brother, right? He is a cool dude." It wasn't even a lie. Under other circumstances, he would find Merle Dixon's company very entertaining. "A rude little shit like you." Negan chuckled. "I would have bought him a beer, but they don't sell that at the fucking prison."

Daryl's head shot up. A truckload of giddy, hot bubbling happiness filling his insides, as he wiped some annoying hair out of his eyes to see Negan's face better.

"I told him we come next Monday again for visit." Negan gave an encouraging nod. "Right? Until then you can send him something new to read."

"Okay." Pictures of Merle and the tall angry man together in the prison visiting room popped up in
Daryl's head, eating sandwiches from the vending machine and talking about awesome motorcycles. He wished next Monday could be right now.

"And on Wednesday we go see your lawyer. He will explain the next steps to help your brother."

Daryl stared up at Negan's face, his mind overflowing with joy and relief. He wanted to ask a million questions and take a photo with his silly phone, of Merle and Negan together. Outside of the prison. somewhere nice. Maybe in the woods or here at the factory.

Negan cocked an eyebrow. "Good?" The only answer he received was a very genuine smile, spread all over a pale face. He smiled back. "You want your reward now and nap for a while?"

Daryl held the eye contact bravely for 21 silent seconds, then lowered his head back into Negan's lap, wrapped his arms tightly around the man's waist and rubbed his face over the bulge hidden underneath a row of buttons. "Can I serve." It was a small muffled question, that didn't sound very friendly or polite, but he felt proud that he had dared to ask it.

... and Negan seemed to like it, because he didn't correct the imperfect request, and instead unbuttoned his fly, spread his thighs a little more, and then caressed the back of Daryl's head, watching him licking, sucking and gagging in utmost adoration.

----

"Hmmm, you smell like Daddy." Jesus wrapped his arms from behind around Daryl's neck, sniffing the side of the man's face soundly, then licked it.

Daryl pulled his shoulder up, a proud little smile spreading across his reddened lips, as he turned the page in his awesome reward magazine. He had done very well.

Paul grabbed the red cup from the table, took a sip and put it back down. "Oh my god what's that?" He looked shocked at the article on page 44, that explained how to viscerate fishes.

"Guts." Daryl sniffed his nose, loving all the detailed pictures. "'s an awesome knife."

Jesus wrinkled his nose, feeling his stomach getting numb from all the blood and gore. "It looks...big."

"Hja." Daryl thought so too. He wished he had one. He could catch the possum from the C block and make dinner for Negan and Merle once he was out of prison.

"Uh... well..." Paul blinked and avoided his eyes when Daryl flipped to the earlier article about amputating limbs, just to compare the knives. "...maybe it's better if I let you read and I just... you know..." He rubbed the back of his neck and gestured towards the front door. "...see if Joseph needs help with the waste paper."

"Okay." Daryl didn't look up from his magazine, blindly taking a big gulp of his reward-juice. The only thing missing on these 60 pages of awesomeness, was a picture of Negan.

----

At no more than 3 minutes after midnight, a young man with black backpack was leaving Atlanta's number one gay leather bar, jogged across the wet street, and headed back home, a bunch of banknotes in his hand. 118 Dollar. He hated every one of them, and after 12 minutes of running through the light drizzling rain, when the silhouette of a huge factory building appeared on the dark night sky, he honestly considered to accidentally lose the money. Just pretend it had fallen down
without him noticing it. But then he felt really bad to just think such a mean thing, because it was money for Negan and they had an agreement in writing.

So he didn't lose it and obediently carried the bills over another street, an empty parking space, through a gate, and all the way up to a red door, that he was able to unlock, because he was trusted with a key. As always, he didn't bother to switch on the lights in the staircase, went upstairs as quietly as possible, unlocked the brown wooden door and took his shoes off, right next to the coat rack.

He patted Tiger's head and went into the kitchen, to put all the crinkled bills on the counter and make a cross on the paper sheet at the fridge. He stared at all the horrible blue marks that were already there, feeling a bit ill.

"You're early." Negan came out of the bedroom with wet hair and a towel around his waist. "No fun today?"

"Hm." Daryl shrugged and winced when the sharpy made a screeching noise on the paper because he used too much pressure.

"Mhm." Negan went behind him, wrapping his slightly damp arms around the man's waist, as he nuzzled the side of his head. "First strike. Happy fucking Tuesday." He felt Daryl tense and then heard him sigh in frustration for getting the earliest strike ever, at not even one in the morning. "What is it with you and work lately. You don't like it anymore?"

Daryl put the cap back on the pen, sniffing his nose. "I like it." It was true. The work wasn't so bad. He just hated all the money he earned.

"Is that so." Negan made Daryl turn around, studying his tired face.

Daryl glanced up for a second, then avoided his eyes, and after a moment rested his forehead against a bare chest. "Can I in your bed."

Negan chuckled. "Fucking puppy, changing the subject." He kissed the top of Daryl's head, patting his butt. "Go brush your teeth and report. Then you may sleep in my bed."

----

At 2:01 AM, Negan cursed silently when his phone beeped. But Daryl didn't even stir. He remained sound asleep, squished into the mattress by a tall, heavy body, safely covering him from head to toe, hiding him from the rest of the world.

Negan tried not to move too much as he reached towards the nightstand, hoping that it wasn't an emergency of some sort.

It wasn't. He squinted his eyes against the brightness of the small screen.

*Rick Grimes*

*see you tomorrow*

*17/02/2017  2:01 AM*

It was a pointless message. Of course they would see each other, since Tuesday was a normal work day. But Negan knew it was a 'good night' between the lines, from someone who was too proud to admit that he went through a tough time and right now slept alone, because his partner was in rehab.
He typed a few words, then put the phone on his pillow and switched it to vibrate.

*He'll be fine. You wanna sleep now.*

17/02/2017 2:04 AM

Chapter End Notes

Next up... rainy (fluffy sweet) Tuesday
"...keep your umbrella around, you're gonna need it. As you can see, impressive amounts of rainfall in this area, close to Atlanta, anywhere from three to four inches. And as it looks like, we're not going to get a break soon." The weather lady on TV, turned to the camera with a big smile, showing her pearly white teeth. "So, moms and dads, you will have to get creative and find ways to entertain your little ones, since you will be cooped up inside for a while."

"See?" Paul looked accusingly at the tall man next to him on the couch. "That's why I'm bored. You're not creative enough."

Negan looked up from his laptop screen, turning his head in deadly slow motion, staring in cold silence at his sub.

Paul cleared his throat, pulling his shoulders up, as a sudden chill ran down his spine. "Yeah... or I just help Olivia clean the bathroom, because that's always a lot of fun?" He cleared his throat again. "Sir."

Negan squinted, as he gave a nod to this idea. "Right. Do that." He watched Jesus leave on svelte feet, shook his head and continued with his work. One of his new shirts was about to be removed from the store in London, because a disgruntled customer felt extremely offended by the graphic and text, printed on it. "Holy crap, people are fucking stupid." He forwarded the mail to Rick and Simon, then wrote a reply to his store manager in the UK. He wasn't yet finished, when a slightly crinkled paper sheet, with at least a dozen of small holes, was held in front of his nose.

"I'm done."

Negan took the paper and skimmed over the text. The first line was written by himself, the next five sentences came from Daryl, looking a little crooked.

*Explain, how can Paul survive, if he gets lost in the woods:*

*he has to scout*
*he has to build a fire*
*he has to find shelter*
*he has to find water*
*he has to find food*

"Very good." Negan held his hand out. "Give me your pen please." He received a black leather factory ball pen, held the paper sheet against his screen, and scribbled some amendments to Daryl's text.
Explain how can Paul survive, if he gets lost in the woods:

1. he has to scout - Why should he scout the area?
2. he has to **bild** a fire - How can he safely **build** a fire, without causing a forest fire?
3. he has to find **shelter** - What if he can't find **shelter**?
4. he has to find water - Where should he look for water?
5. he has to find food - Which food is NOT safe to eat in the woods, for Paul?

Write the answers to the corresponding numbers:

1. 
2. 
3. 
4. 
5. 

He handed it back, along with the pen. "Go, sit at the table and finish it."

Daryl took it, saw all the new words and numbers on his paper and frowned. This wasn't fair. He had been finished already.

Negan started typing on his laptop again. "Chop chop, boy."

Daryl exhaled soundly and turned around, walking back to the dining table. He really wished it would stop raining already and he could wash the car outside or help Joseph to repair the broken part of the fence. But it didn't look like it would stop anytime soon, and Negan had the strange rule that working outside in the rain was 'a fucking no-no'. So he sat back down on his chair, made a scraping sound on the expensive hardwood floor as he moved closer to the table, and huffed a stressed breath, curling his fingers into the long strands of his tousled hair, as he bent over the paper sheet with all the new questions.

His hand would probably fall off by the time he was done with all this writing.

----

Negan closed his notebook after 42 minutes, put it on the coffee table and went to the kitchen to drink a glass of water. Then another one, before he filled a red cup and brought it to the dining table, where he put it right next to a slightly crinkled paper sheet. He watched a moment from above, then leaned from behind over Daryl's shoulder, five fingers firm on the table, studying the answers written in crooked handwriting.

**Explain**, how can Paul survive, if he gets lost in the woods:

1. he has to scout - Why should he scout the area?
2. he has to **bild** a fire - How can he safely **build** a fire, without causing a forest fire?
3. he has to find **shelter** - What if he can't find **shelter**?
4. he has to find water - Where should he look for water?
5. he has to find food - Which food is NOT safe to eat in the woods, for Paul?

Write the answers to the corresponding numbers:

1. **to find yousful things. a tin for cooking or a shard**
2. he has to clear the weeds and all dead gras and dig a hole into the ground
3. he can stack branches into the ground and cover it with brush and leaves
4. he can follow birds or look in the gras
5. barrys, mushrooms, wasps

Daryl held very still, loving the tall body all over and around him. He could feel Negan brush against his back, a rough beard rubbed against the side of his head, he saw a strong arm right in front of his face, leaning on the table, with veins standing out and dark hair all over. He could hear him breathe, could smell his skin, and when Negan started to speak, the deep, rumbling voice sent vibrations through his whole chest.

"He can find water in the grass?" Negan tapped his finger on the number 4.

Daryl sniffed his nose, "Hm." and thought Negan's fingernail was really very clean and pretty. "Dew."

"Really?" Negan turned his head, looking at Daryl from the side. "How can he drink dew?"

Daryl shrugged, feeling embarrassed, being looked at from such a close distance. He pulled his too long sleeve even longer, all the way over his fingers and moved his arm from left to right close above the table. "So. He swipes through the grass." His answer was quiet and spoken in rough voice. "'t soaks full with water."

"Hh." Negan had to admit that never in a million years he would have thought of such a thing. "And how does he get the water out of his fucking sleeve then?"

Daryl flicked his head, shifting on his chair a bit. He glanced for half a second at the close face right next to his own, and then took his covered wrist up to his mouth and sucked at the fabric to demonstrate the technique.

"Hh." Negan seemed honestly impressed. "Look at you, clever puppy. I will definitely buddy up with you, if we get lost in the fucking wilderness." He squeezed the back of Daryl's neck twice, smiling, then grabbed the pen to add punctuation marks and correct some spelling mistakes.

Daryl sniffed his nose, liking that very much. "Okay." Of course he would have to find a very safe shelter for the tall angry man, without ticks or typhus-rats.

"Okay." Negan put the pen down, nudging his nose into a warm, happily glowing cheek. "Then we do that." He planted a kiss on a pale ear peeking out between long strands of hair, "You did a fucking great job. I like your answers very much." then stood back up straight and rubbed the man's upper back. "Go and show it to Paul, so he learns something as well."

Warm tingles spread through Daryl's chest, along with a small smile over his lips. He looked down on all the words he had written on the paper and then felt his heart stumble for a second, when he found a drawing of a heart underneath it all, together with a smiling face and the words 'Awesome work, boy! Proud of you!' written in elegant handwriting.

----

"Ksst." Negan nudged Rick's arm and nodded towards the two young men in the more kinkier section of the store.

They were too far away to hear what they talked about, but Daryl held a leather-silicone bit gag up, one out of the new 'Strict' range, and obviously asked Paul a question about it. Because Paul took it out of his hands, explained something to the silicone part in the front, and then gestured for Daryl to open his mouth.

Daryl complied, parted his lips wide, letting Jesus put the black rubber bar between his teeth, and
fasten the straps on the left and right side at the back of his head, holding the gag safely in place.

Daryl poked his tongue against the solid object, looking a bit uncomfortable when he realized that it prevented him from closing his mouth and talking, but Jesus cupped the side of his face, providing firm eye contact, as he spoke about the strange thing Daryl was wearing, before he leaned in to lick a small trail of drool, that formed in the corner of the man's mouth.

"Oh come on." Rick dropped his pen on the counter, wanting to put an end to the illicit demo in the middle of the store, but Negan grabbed his arm, chuckling.

"No, let them."

Rick squinted, gesturing with one hand. "I can't sell it anymore, his spit is all over that thing."

Negan's dark eyes glinted in adoration, seeing Daryl smile around the black bar in his mouth, when Jesus obviously said something funny. "Good. He should keep it."

"But how do I stack the branches?" Jesus had to admit he got fond of nap time. He actually was pretty tired after lunch and dancing all night at the Eagle was much easier with a little refreshing shuteye in the afternoon.

Daryl sniffed his nose, glanced at the man next to him in bed, and then held his arms up, in A shape. "Like this."

"Ah. Like Eeyore's house." Paul pulled Daryl closer against his side, feeling a bit cold, and the rain drumming against the pane didn't help much.

"Hm?" Daryl pulled his fingers on his chest, embarrassed that he didn't know what Jesus talked about. It happened very often and made him feel incredibly stupid.

"You know, the donkey." Paul brushed his cheek against the other man's hair, and after a moment grabbed his phone, tapped one-handedly on a few symbols and letters, then held it up for Daryl to see.

It was a video on Youtube, about a bunch of stuffed animals, living in the woods. One of them was a grumpy donkey and he had really a house made of branches, in A-form. Like a wooden tent.

"Hm." Daryl nibbled at the side of his finger, watching attentively. "Yeah, like that."

"I don't know man..." Paul threw the phone somewhere to the right and then arched his back to pull an annoying tiny pillow out from underneath his body. It was black and white and he had no idea where it came from. "It looks kinda cramped. How do you fuck in such a shed?" He turned his head, looking at Daryl from closest distance.

"Hm." Daryl frowned. He wasn't sure. He had always been alone in his branch shelter.

Paul smiled, batted his eyelashes, and after a moment, rolled over to lie on top of Daryl. "It could work like this maybe." He pinned Daryl's hands down on the pillow and seductively moved his hips against the man's middle, then leaned in close for a kiss.

Daryl exhaled soundly through his nose, surprised by the sudden change of events, but after a few seconds closed his eyes and parted his lips, opening his thighs a little because something in his lower belly tingled happily.
And then both flinched and froze, when something loud banged against the outside of the door.

"Fucking go to sleep I said!"

Paul chuckled, his lips still on Daryl's mouth. "I swear he's secretly Batman or something."

-----

Normally, Rick spent his afternoon tea-break outside to get some fresh air, but today it rained and for some reason he didn't feel like sitting all alone in the staff room, so he took his cup with the glorious 'Lord of the Rings' print and went into the club, just to stand quietly in the background while his boss held one of his seminars.

"RESPECT." Negan looked at his audience. "Every submissive owes a Dominant respect. Right?"
He arched his brows at the first row, then shook his head when several people nodded in agreement.
"No. Gentlemen. Believing that you're entitled to it simply by virtue of the fact, that you call yourself a fucking Dom is a sure-fire way to be labelled a wannabe, and makes you appear a childish fool, annoying and fucking clueless." He paused a moment, making sure he had full attention. "You do not get respect by walking up to a submissive and order him to fucking worship you. Respect is earned." He nodded at his listeners, then put his hands behind his back and slowly started to stride back and forth. "You can't just announce your dominance and expect a sub to fall at your feet. Subs respond to dominant personalities, not bossiness, or fucking arrogance."

He didn't stop talking, as he walked to the side and picked up one of the empty chairs standing there. "Action speaks louder than words. If you want to be respected, if you want someone to follow you, prove that you are a leader." He placed the chair at the end of the first row, then raised his arm and crooked two fingers, blindly beckoning his employee over. "Show that you are in control of the situation. Be consistent. Prove you are trustworthy. Take responsibility."

He put a safe hand on Rick's back, as the man obediently walked up, because his boss had gestured for him to do so. He guided him to the free seat, making him sit down, then proceeded with his lecture, speaking a bit louder. "A man with these characteristics can usually be spotted across the fucking room. His vision, confidence, and power is evident in the way he stands, his posture, his voice, his eye contact... the way he carries and presents himself." He showed a small smirk and tilted his head to the side, cocking his brow at Rick, who wanted to sip his tea, but then forgot that he actually held a cup in his hands, as he stared up at his boss. "A natural submissive or even a neutral person, will get stars in their eyes and feel drawn to such a man." He pinched his nose, pausing a moment. "Put into practice, this means I do not fucking demand or even force respect. Instead I prove that I am worthy. Day in, day out, I prove that my sub is safe with me, that I am reliable, that I am in control at all times and that I am taking full fucking responsibility."

Negan went up to his employee, took the cup out of his hands, drank, and gave it back, briefly cupping the man's face. "Do I encourage respect? Heck yes, I do. I make it clear to my subs that it pleases me greatly to be treated with respect. BUT- "He shrugged, sending a friendly smile through the room. "If I am doing my job well, deserving of their respect... I am automatically instilling a genuine desire to please me, and therefore I will always be treated with respect, regardless of any rules or titles."

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"Are you making such a sweet mess on my floor?" Negan stroked himself lazily, watching the stark naked man kneeling in perfect posture in front of the couch, nicely gagged up, leaking serious amounts of drool and pre-cum. "Hm? Tell me... is it so nice to watch me?"
Daryl stared at the man on the couch, sitting there completely naked, his thighs spread widely, pleasing himself with a slight smile on perfect lips. He wanted to be closer so badly. He wanted to be the one to touch Negan's penis.

"Mhm. Look at your pretty puppy cock being so hard for me." Negan said appreciatively, rubbing the head of his own dick with his thumb, spreading the wetness. "But you wanna concentrate on mine, right?"

Daryl grunted around the silicone bar between his teeth, parting his knees a little wider and then squeezed them tightly together because his bum twitched at the same time as his erection. He fumbled with his arms behind his back, needing to touch himself desperately.

The pleading look out of blue eyes made Negan chuckle. "Horny boy. Keep your hands off. You're not allowed to touch yourself."

Daryl wanted to say something but didn't know what, and the solid bar between his lips made it impossible anyway, so he exhaled frustrated, looking from Negan's rock hard cock up to the man's face and back again.

A satisfied groan escaped Negan's throat, as he stroked himself, seeing thick trails of saliva running down the corners of Daryl's mouth and dripping down his chin. "Good boy, Daryl." His voice got more breathy. "Are you so very pretty for me?" He got a little wail as an answer, loving the blush on otherwise rather pale cheeks. "Yes you are... letting me see your fucking gorgeous puppy face, so I can shoot my load, isn't that right." He had to close his eyes for a second and tilted his head back in pleasure, when Daryl actually nodded for an answer and straightened his back a bit more. Negan huffed a deep chuckle, then copied the nod, licking his lips as he stroked himself from root to tip, producing beads of pre-cum, that seeped from his opening and slid over the rim of his cock. "Yes? Should I cum on all that sweet freckles on your chest?" He heard his own voice getting more husky, stroking at a faster pace. "Hm, boy... tell me. Or here in my hand, so I can feed it to my puppy for dinner."

The dazed expression on Negan's face and all the dark, wicked words made Daryl's brows knit in blank despair. He whimpered and nodded, rubbing his bare ass on his ankles, trying to soothe the pulsing and throbbing but failed miserably.

"Yeah, of course you want that..." Negan spread his thighs a bit more, groaning again, knowing he was close and didn't plan to prolong it in any way. "Come here."

Daryl didn't hesitate for a second. He slid closer, kneeling between the man's bare legs and didn't protest when his head was harshly pushed down, deftly fingers unbuckling the leather straps holding the gag in place.

"Give me that fucking slutty mouth." Negan threw the bit gag aside and fisted a hand in long strands of hair, devouring Daryl's gooey wet lips, panting and groaning, as he pumped himself over the edge.

Daryl dug his fingernails into Negan's bare thighs, trying to keep up with the hungry mouth and aggressive tongue attacking his face, the lack of oxygen making him dizzy. But he didn't care, because Negan bucked and cursed, calling him sweet filthy things, as he came hard, just because of him.

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At 5:59 in the very late afternoon, Olivia came back from her trip to the grocery store, juggled two
big, brown, slightly soaked paper bags through the door, glanced briefly into the living room, gasped in shock, and instantly turned on her heels to leave again.

"I think someone's at the door." Jesus didn't bother to look up from his place on Daddy's lap, lazily licking Negan's lips. He tasted like beer and puppy.

"Hm." Negan returned the affection, angling his head a bit to give better access.

"Should I go, Sir." Paul stroked his fingers through the short, dark hair at the back of Negan's head, then traced the tip of his tongue along the man's lower lip.

"No." Negan felt too relaxed and comfortable to allow any interruption. A cold beer in hand, a warm boy on his lap, and another boy snoozing stark naked, curled up next to his thigh on the couch, sticky wet puppyface still buried into his broad palm, after feeding him with a generous amount of liquid protein.

Rainy afternoons couldn't get much better.

Chapter End Notes

Next up... cold Wednesday
Cold Wednesday

Chapter Summary

No fluff today because it's cold

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It was pretty cold on Wednesday the 18th of February, in the early morning, as a young man in leather duster and knitted beanie sat on one of the factory's loading docks, his head leaning tiredly against Daryl's shoulder.

The last night at the Eagle had been long and exhausting. His new go go-cage-dancers needed far more training then he had expected.

He yawned twice, then squinted one eye, when the janitor walked by, obviously not minding the heavy rainfall. He had the most joyful expression on his chubby face, whistling a chipper tune, as he carried a big box of expired pickles to the dumpster, and then waved happily because a black, shiny Tahoe rolled slowly along the driveway, stopping right in front of the loading dock.

Daryl nudged Paul's arm and they jumped off, made three steps through the rain and climbed onto the backseat.

"What's up boys, you look tired." Rick grinned from one ear to the other as he looked back over his shoulder. He had a great night, after a nice message from Shane out of rehab, and half a bottle of red wine.

Paul grumbled something unintelligibly, as he fumbled with the seat belt, because cheerful, teasing Dads in the morning were just not right.

"Daryl. Buckle up." Negan glanced into the rear view mirror, as he drove onto the street, and then slapped Rick's fingers when he tried to put some of his annoying country music in. "Don't even fucking think about it."

"Oh come on." Rick seemed a bit disappointed, but sat obediently back in his seat. "You're all no fun in the morning."

Negan shifted gears, giving his employee a side glance. "I had three fucking hours of sleep."

Rick smirked, even though he felt a sudden pang of frustration. "Don't fuck all night then."

Negan gave him another side glance, hearing an unhappy undertone. "Mhm."

Rick avoided his eyes and turned to look out of the side window, still smirking, but with a deeply wrinkled forehead and a silent curse on the tip of his tongue, that he bit back with all the willpower he could muster.
Jesus didn't even open his eyes, nuzzling the red scarf around Daryl's neck, smiling faintly, and whispered into long strands of hair. "Daddy has the hots for Daddy."

Daryl wrinkled his nose and had no idea what exactly that was supposed to mean, but for sure did he not like the strange atmosphere in the wonderful big shiny Tahoe this morning.

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Ria's Bluebird wasn't very busy at 8:30 on a Wednesday morning, especially not on a rather cold, rainy day.

"What will it be, guys?" The waitress whipped her notepad out and wished she had put on more make-up this morning, because the four men at table 12 were real cuties.

Rick closed his menu and was just about to order, when a deep, rumbling voice did the job for him.

"Two Matcha tea, two orange juice, the yogurt and fruit, an omelette, and an English muffin."

The waitress scribbled everything down, smiled at her notepad, "Okay, thank you." and walked off, with a small glance back over her shoulder at the tall, gorgeous guy who could definitely be her new Daddy.

"You didn't even ask what I want." Rick squinted across the table.

Negan didn't look up as he sent a message to Simon. "Did you want orange juice and an English muffin?"

Rick scowled, then arranged the cutlery on his place mat new. "Not the point."

"Here." Daryl tapped Negan's arm and held a quarter out, that he had found on the seat. As long as they were here, he wouldn't have to make a silly blue mark on the fridge for the money he handed over, so it was okay.

"Is that mine?" Negan switched his phone off and put it down next to the napkin.

Daryl nodded. "Yes."

The serious expression in half hidden blue eyes tickled something in the left side of Negan's chest. He sat up straight, holding his hand out. "Are you a good boy?"

"Hm." Daryl placed the coin on a broad palm, felt oddly proud, and flicked his head because his long bangs were annoying. "Yes."

Negan nodded and stashed the dirty, sticky coin into his jacket pocket. "See? You are a good example for others at this table." He wagged his brows, looked for a moment at his co-worker, and then addressed the young man wearing headphones at a breakfast restaurant. "Isn't that right, boy!"

Paul flinched and took his white Beats off when a heavy biker boot kicked him hard underneath the table. "Yes, Sir?"

"I said only a rude shit would wear fucking headphones at breakfast."

"Sorry." Jesus smiled, putting them around his neck. "New Jared Leto." He grabbed his cutlery, looking around on the still empty table. "So what did we order?"
"Two Matcha tea, two orange juice, yogurt and fruit, an omelette, and an English muffin." Waitress Gwendolyn put everything from her tray onto the table, smiling friendly. "Anything else, guys?"

Negan remained silent, arching his brows at the man sitting across from him, challenging him to add something or change the order.

Rick shot him a reproachful look, then turned to the waitress. "No thank you. Everything is perfect." It really was. He loved orange juice and English muffin, he was just irritated that his boss knew that.

She walked off, leaving her tall, extraordinarily attractive guest with a satisfied smile and his Matcha tea.

"Sweet." Paul dumped all the fruit on his plate into the bowl of yogurt, squeezed half a bottle of maple syrup on top and started eating. Then straightened his posture and chewed his apple ten times when Negan stared at him warningly.

"So, which lawyer is it? Randolph?" Rick sipped his orange juice, appreciating that it was obviously freshly made.

Negan put a piece of omelette on his fork and fed it to Daryl. "Philip."

"Really?" Rick seemed amused, cutting his muffin into 21 small pieces, instead of biting right into it. "Thought someone would have killed him by now."

Daryl glanced at the Cowboy-boots-guy, slowly chewing his egg. He really wasn't hungry and he didn't like the conversation.

Paul popped a yogurt covered blueberry into his mouth and gently nudged Daryl's foot underneath the table, feeling a warm pang in his heart when he was nudged back after three seconds.

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The young man behind the desk of 'Blake and Partner' peeked curiously over his computer screen, at the unusual couple in the waiting area. He knew the tall guy in leather jacket was Negan. And he was almost certain that he had seen the other man before, as well. He seemed familiar somehow.

Daryl pulled the red scarf over his chin and lower lip, as he looked around in the horrible office, where everything was white and gold and much too posh for someone like him, and wished he could get off this silly white leather chair and kneel between Negan's legs.

He had the feeling that something wasn't right with his chest. It felt too small and tight. He stared at some weird painting in golden frame, nervously tapping his foot on the floor. It looked like a dog sat in paint and had wiped its ass all over the place.

Negan briefly tickled Daryl's knee with two fingers. "You wanna sit still for me."

For a moment, Daryl wasn't sure what was asked of him, until a broad hand splayed out on his thigh. He felt better immediately and held very still, sniffing his nose. "Where's Paul."

Negan switched his phone off and tucked it away. "Rick and Paul are at the gym. You see them again in the afternoon."

"Hm." Daryl thought about that for a moment, pushing the scarf back down off his chin. "Lifting weights?" They were both pretty skinny. He wasn't sure if they were very good at that.
Negan snorted. "They're probably on the treadmill for a couple of minutes, drink a fucking protein shake, and then check out the hot guys lifting weights." He cocked an eyebrow at Daryl.

"Hja." Daryl chuckled. That was certainly true.

The tip of Negan's tongue poked out between his teeth. "Should I go to the gym? Get more muscle?"

A soft smile spread across Daryl's face as he looked at the most beautiful man he had ever seen. "No." His answer was quiet and sounded kinda rough, but he meant it with all of his heart.

"No? Am I pretty enough?"

Daryl blinked through his tousled bangs, nodding.

Negan tilted his chin up, smirking faintly. "Say it."

"Hh." Negan studied the man's face, insecure blue eyes, the way he sniffed and wiped his nose with his knuckles. "You wanna kiss me?"

Daryl noticed his palms getting sweaty and his heart speeding up. "Okay." He nodded, trying to hold eye contact as he leaned closer, nervously flicking his head to the side, just a moment before he put his lips on Negan's perfectly still mouth. It was just a peck, and he opened his eyes, just to look directly in glinting brown counterparts. He sniffed and kissed again, then a third time, and could tell that Negan smiled, just before his head was grabbed by two firm hands and his lips were parted by a demanding tongue.

Milton cleared his throat. "Mister Blake can-" He got interrupted by a leather clad finger, that got raised blindly to request a moment of silence, for a very intimate kiss.

"Well I... yes." Milton blinked behind his glasses and lowered his head in embarrassment, to type something on his keyboard that made no sense at all.

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Philip chuckled, putting his ankle over his knee, when two of his clients stepped into his office. "Negan." He didn't get up and didn't reach his hand out, but instead leaned back in his chair with a bright smile. "Thanks for stopping by." He nodded at the nervous, very clean man in his company. "Mister Dixon. You look good."

Daryl mumbled something similar to a 'hello', watched how Negan unzipped his leather jacket, sat down in a free chair in front of the desk, and for a moment considered to just crouch down between his legs, pretending to be invisible. But Negan patted the free chair next to his own, so he sniffed his nose and sat down as he was supposed to, covering his chin with a red scarf that smelled like leather and familiar cologne.

"So," Negan leaned back with a sigh, putting both of his arms on the armrests. "Where do we stand, how do we proceed."

"Hm." Mister Blake pursed his lips, nodding. "We appealed to a higher court and it looks good. What I need now, is more information about the physical and sexual abuse, the damage, the emotional trauma. If possible I need dates, times, witnesses, evidence. And we need to commission an expert opinion." He folded his fingers in front of his chest, looking back and forth between his clients.
Negan rubbed his forehead. "What are his chances. The truth."

Philip, shrugged, gesturing with his fingers without unfolding them. "The most likely outcome is that the death sentence will be overturned."

Negan thought a moment about it, then turned to Daryl. "You want to give Philip more information?"

Daryl had all ten fingers curled into the fabric of his pants, stared down at his lap, and tried to breathe somehow. He wanted to go home.

"You don't have to." Negan spoke as calm and steady as he always did, lending his words substance. "We will find another way."

"Mh." Daryl wanted that. He wanted to go home and find another way. Curl up next to Tiger in the grey dog bed, or on the floor between Negan's legs and never speak a word again for the rest of his life.

But he shook his head anyway. Because Merle was in prison.

"Boy." Negan reached out, gently pinching Daryl's upper arm. "You want to go home and think about it first? We can make a new appointment, it's not a problem."

Daryl shook his head again, not looking up. "No."

Negan tried to keep his own feelings in the background, looking at the man behind the desk. "I will give you a list of people you will call as witness. Including me."

"Very well." Philip sat up, looking through some papers, found what he was looking for, got a dictating machine out of his drawer and put it on a pile of folders. "Should we start then?"

Daryl's fingers cramped into the denim of his pants. "Can you go." The small request was spoken in rough, croaky voice, very quiet, but loud enough for Negan to hear. He felt horribly guilty to ask such a rude thing, but there was no way that he could say any of his ugly secrets in Negan's presence.

Negan got up and leaned with both hands on Mister Blake's desk, giving the man a very serious look. "As if he were your own."

"Good boy." Negan patted the side of Daryl's scarf-covered neck, "I wait outside for you, staring at that hideous, ugly-ass painting." and went to open the door.

Philip chuckled, shouting after him. "Hey, that's a hand signed Boccioni!"

Negan flipped him off on his way out. "That's your problem, not mine."
Daryl tried to focus and concentrate on the way home.

On the dashboard, the swishing noise of the windshield wipers, the scent of leather and musky cologne, Negan's voice, as he spoke to a business partner in Massachusetts via his hands-free device.

He tried not to think of anything else. Not about Merle or Dad. Not about all the treasures in his shiny silver box. Not about belts and shards and bed sheets full of stains and holes. He tried not to think of the lawyer and the small recording device. And not of the ugly horrible voice coming from it, when Mister Blake had to wind back at one point and played a few seconds of the material he had recorded so far.

He just breathed in and out when Negan stopped at red lights, read the word Downtown on a big, green sign above the street, closed his eyes, wriggled the toes in his shabby old leather shoes, as suddenly a gush of saliva gathered inside his mouth, before he gagged and coughed and retched, when the car started again and the stench of vomit filled the inside of the wonderful shiny Tahoe.

"Call you back." Negan threw his headset off, glancing at Daryl who stared at him in shock, with big, round eyes, hastily wiping the vomit on his chin and shirt with shaky fingers.

"I'm sorry." His voice was hoarse, full of shame and bewilderment.

"All okay." Negan looked back on the street, searching for a place to stop. He spoke a bit louder, keeping his tone calm and positive."Nothing happened. Joseph has to clean the car anyway, right? His fucking crumbs are everywhere." It was true. French fucking butter croissant.

"Hm." Daryl breathed heavily through his nose, gagged again and then covered his face with ten fingers, feeling a strong hand on the back of his head, when Negan parked the car one-handedly on an almost empty Target parking lot.

Negan shut the engine off, flung his sunglasses on the dashboard and got out.

It was painfully quiet for a moment, like someone had sucked all noise and movement out of the universe. And then the door was opened and the silence got replaced by the sound of teeming rain drumming on wet asphalt. Fresh air made the acid smell of vomit a bit more tolerable and breathing easier.

Negan didn't say anything, just unbuckled the drenched seat belt and guided Daryl off the seat, out into the open, making him stand with his back against the cold, wet car.

Daryl wiped his hand through the mushy wetness on his chest and noticed the red scarf was dirty as well. He looked horrified up at Negan, but saw nothing but raindrops and a gentle smile on his face. "Your scarf."

"Does a great job protecting my collar, right." Negan made a step closer and cupped his hand around the back of Daryl's neck, speaking calm but assertive, when the man retched again, his entire body cramping up. "You wanna breathe, boy."

Daryl put his hands to Negan's chest, wanting to push him off because no vomit should go on perfect biker boots. But then he coughed and clawed his fingers into the man's open leather jacket, leaning his forehead against a safe, broad chest. He listened to rain and deep, soothing words, footsteps and a shopping cart being pushed by in some distance, car doors opening and closing. He panted, tried to take deeper breaths, felt a thick drop of saliva running down his lower lip, and watched it fall to all the raindrops on the wet asphalt, between Negan's black shoes.

Negan bent down to kiss tousled hair. "Clever puppy, puking all that shit out. Doesn't belong there,
right?"

Daryl closed his eyes, concentrating on the broad hand massaging the back of his head.

"Bet your brother would fucking love that."

Something tugged at the corner of Daryl's mouth. Merle would really like that. He always doubled over laughing when Daryl had to vomit and said 'Guess that tasted better going down than coming up, son!"

"You can take a picture of the car seat and show it to him on Monday. He'll high-five you."

Daryl smiled, digging his nose into Negan's slightly damp shirt. He more than liked the tall angry man so much.

Negan pulled Daryl close, wrapping his arms tightly around the man's body, tilting his head down to speak into long strands of wet hair. "Fucking awesome fighter puppy."

It was cold and it rained and curious housewives craned their necks to gawk at the male couple hugging in front of a big, black Tahoe on Target's parking lot, on a late Wednesday morning.

... but that didn't matter, because Daryl Dixon wasn't a little pansy asshole anymore. And a wonderful red scarf protected the warm steel band around his neck, from evil vomit, gruesome shit, and all the ugly things in the world.

Chapter End Notes

see you tomorrow... or not, because it's a Misty Thursday
Shopping at the Leather Factory's main store in Atlanta was a must-do on Mikey Miller's list, as he traveled all the way from Idaho, for the first time without parents and younger sister, but instead with his best straight friend Julia, who loved Negan just as much as he did himself, but was also a die hard Jesus fan.

Apparently they hadn't planned their trip very well, because it was almost sunset on this foggy Thursday, when they finally entered the sacred premises of the world's most famous leather store. And once inside, the wide selection of kinky merchandise was almost overwhelming.

They went through every aisle, touched something here and there, took some selfies next to a Negan cardboard stand-up, squealed behind the cockring shelf when Rick Grimes walked through the store as if he was just a normal person, and then picked a shirt each, from the Negan's Cock Fanclub, along with a couple of Leather Factory ball pens. They went to the checkout, hoping and praying for a Jesus or even Negan sighting, but after almost 12 minutes, they still stood alone in front of the counter, looking a bit confused when nobody came to cash up.

"Maybe they closed already and we got locked in." Julia glanced suspiciously around, noticing they were the only customers left.

"Yeah, you're right." A bright smile grew on Mikey's face, perceiving all the possibilities.

"Hi." The entry door flew open and a tall man in slightly damp leather jacket entered. His dark hair neatly slicked back, his beard perfectly trimmed, looking stunning and confident, as he walked up to the check out, casually touched Julia's shoulder, and stepped behind the counter, attempting to serve the customers since his employee obviously took a piss break. "Sorry, for the wait."

"Oh, we don't mind." Julia said, dying a little as she handed the shirts over the counter and her finger came in contact with a leather clad hand, while the scent of a true alpha male cologne filled her mushy senses.

Negan whipped a black paper bag out, granting his customers a sexy grin. He figured they weren't from here and had probably traveled all across the country just to shop here, so he generously decided to make their experience a good one. "Where are you from?"
"Boise, Sir." Mikey swooned, holding a hand on his racing heart. He couldn't believe this really happened. Negan was right here and talked to them, and he looked even more handsome in reality than on any picture he had ever seen.

"Mhm." Negan gave the young man a seductive look, with low groan. "Good manners. What's your name, boy?"

Mikey's pounding heart stumbled, before it stopped for a moment. "Michael."

"Nice." Negan tilted his head, blindly taking the money that Julia handed over the counter. "You want a picture, Michael?"

The young man nodded, his face pale, except for deeply blushed cheeks.

"Okay, Michael from Boise." Negan smiled, signed both of the shirts, put them to the ball pens into the bag and gave it to Julia. "What's your name honey."

Julia suppressed a squeal, bouncing a little up and down. "I'm Julia. You are so awesome!"

Negan squinted one eye, leaning secretively in her direction, "I know." then waved them both over, inviting them to step behind the counter. "Come here then. Make it a nice one." He didn't mind that Julia was a bit sweaty and Mikey actually teared up, as he held the phone up with shaky fingers. He posed for a second photo, kissed the girl's cheek, hugged Michael with a comforting back rub and then pinched his chin with a wink. "Be good."

Michael wiped his eyes, nodding, completely overcome by his emotions. "Yes, Sir."

Julia gathered the black paper bag, and bravely stepped a last time in front of the beautiful, tall man, nervously looking up at him. "Could you tell Jesus that I am a really big fan and I love his channel?"

The tip of Negan's tongue poked out between his lips, shaking his head with a smirk. He searched for something beneath the counter, found what he was looking for, and held two tickets out for his fans to take. He liked them and had still some spare promotion tickets, so he figured why not. "Tell him yourself." He wagged his eyebrows, raised a leather clad hand for a good bye and disappeared into the back rooms of the store, since his employee still hadn't come back.

He was already through two doors, when he heard Julia's excited scream, as the two fans from Idaho realized that they had received a couple of free tickets for the biggest Gay's and Friend's Cruise available. He smirked, picked a small empty box up from the floor, put it on a shelf, unzipped his leather jacket, went through another door, and found a man with grim face, scrubbing the staff room's perfectly clean table with a dish sponge. "What the fuck are you doing here. You had customers."

Rick didn't look up, just paused a second and then scrubbed harder. "Taking a break."

"Mhm." Negan went a step closer, just watching. "I asked you to call me if you need an unscheduled break. You can't leave the store unattended."

Rick's eyes flickereded from left to right. He gritted his teeth, cleaning another corner of the table, chipping the varnish with the amount of pressure he used. "Couldn't."

Negan rolled his tongue behind his teeth, seeing a shattered old flip-phone on the floor, broken in two pieces. He nudged it with his shoe.
Rick noticed, scowling at his dish sponge. "Can't you just go? I'm sure you have something important to do!"

Negan ignored the angry request, staying calm. "He quit rehab?"

Rick paused for a second, wiping his forehead with his wrist, before he continued torturing the table. "Guess not."

Negan nodded, drawing his lips in. "What did he say." He didn't get a reaction or reply, but he watched Rick's knuckles turning white and his eyes getting shiny. So he stepped closer and pulled the sponge out of the man's fingers. "You want to answer." He put a firm hand on Rick's shoulder holding him down when he tried to stand up straight, and instead shoved a chair underneath his butt, making him sit down. "What did he say."

Rick sat, staring blankly at a random spot in the room, his fingers shaking and wet from the soapy water. He wanted to answer, but the words wouldn't find the way from his brain to his mouth. He just parted his lips, and then shook his head to some extend, feeling his eyes seriously tear up, when the big, warm hand on his shoulder squeezed him and then slid around the back of his neck, to the side of his head, pushing him against a flat stomach. He let it happen, stiffly and tense at first, but as soon as he felt five strong fingers caressing his cheek, his ear, his slightly sweaty hair... he just gave up, feeling a tear trickle down the side of his nose.

"He is transitioning. Give him some time, maybe he's getting it together." Negan didn't speak with pity or any hint of spite, but kept his voice calm and neutral. "And if not, you'll manage. It's not the end of the world." He tickled the man's ear for a moment, then splayed his whole hand out broad over the side of his face, just resting it there.

Rick closed his eyes for a second, hearing a faint gurgling sound in Negan's stomach, the scent of washing powder and worn leather reaching his nostrils. He could feel a hard belt buckle, standing in stark contrast to the soft flesh underneath a white shirt, and thought that it would be really easy right now to just turn his head and bury his face into all the comfort that was offered. But he didn't. Instead he felt a second tear rolling down his face, stopped by the soft fabric of a shirt, and heard his own voice saying what he still couldn't believe. "He broke up."

At first, he didn't get a reply or comment to his confession, but three fingers combed rewardingly through his hair, very slow, and very comforting, for a long time. And then when eventually deep words rumbled through a broad chest, they sounded really convincing.

"He is scared and ashamed. He doesn't mean it. Give him time." Negan looked down, patting Rick's cheek. "Right? Go, close the store and have some dinner. Olivia made fucking pizza."

Rick wiped his nose with the knuckle of his thumb, huffing a laugh. This woman just wouldn't give up in her natural desire to feed the men in her work-household properly.

Negan patted the man's cheek again, a bit rougher this time, looking not all too happy. "Yeah. I thought you might like that." He shook his head, pulling back to slowly break the contact. "I'll take the boys to work. Sleep here tonight. Paul has a big bed."

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It was still early. The door was open for guests but not too many had found their way into the dusky rooms of Atlanta's number one gay leather bar. Maybe they were a bit intimidated, because Thursday was Heavy Metal night and Paul Rovia used the opportunity to hold his go-go dance rehearsal to the hard beats of his personal 'Come on Daddy! Fuck the shit outta me!' -playlist, emphasized by some
questionably slutty leather outfits and the use of two fog machines.

Negan leaned against the counter of the club's main bar, sipping his Scotch, watching his sub rolling his hips to the music, pretend-fucking one of his dancers. In a cage. Both wearing black briefs, black boots and black harnesses.

He huffed a laugh with a shake of his head, took another gulp of his drink, and then frowned when a young man in baggy shirt went by, serving a glass of beer to a local customer.

"Thanks, sweetie." The man held a couple of dollar bills out, smiling casually.

Daryl scowled, refusing to take it. "Ja, keep it." He spat his angry reply, seeming almost offended by the gesture, and walked off.

"Hey!" Negan crooked two leather clad fingers, beckoning his sub over. "Come here, now!"

Daryl's scowl got deeper. He hated that the tall, angry man watched him work. It was like he wanted to make sure that he earned as much money as possible, and that just wasn't fair. "What." He felt a little nervous and fumbled with the empty tray in his hand, when he heard a dark chuckle.

"Yeah, right." Negan smirked coldly, putting his glass on the counter. "Fucking look at me."

Daryl raised his head two inches, glancing sheepishly through his long bangs. Negan didn't seem very amused.

"Do we have to talk about pathetic work ethic again?" Negan gestured at the innocent guest, sipping his beer in a ten-foot distance. "What the fuck was that!"

Daryl sniffed his nose, shrugging. "Served a drink."

"Oh, really!" Negan arched his brows. "Because from here it looked like you offended a customer by rejecting tip and talking like a rude shit!"

Daryl wrinkled his nose and lowered his gaze, just to have harsh fingers snapping into his face.

"I said fucking look at me!" Negan watched as his order was reluctantly followed and made sure his displeasure was openly displayed in the warning stare he gave. "I expect you to bring that guy a drink on the house and apologize for your inappropriate behavior."

Daryl knitted his eyebrows, shock and anger in his small answer. "No?"

Negan tipped his head to the side, not sure if he had a hearing problem. "Excuse me?"

Daryl was torn between rage and desperation, wanting to yell something, but swallowed it down and instead exhaled soundly, huffing a grunt, as he stared at the silver buckle on a heavy black leather jacket. "Ain't gonna apologize." He said it quietly, but the defiance was still obvious in his rough voice, mixed with shame and insecurity. There was no way he could go to that guest and say sorry.

Negan held his hand out. "Phone."

Daryl looked up, confusion on his pale face. He sniffed his nose, got the silly smart phone out of his back pocket and warily handed it over.

Negan took it, tapped his finger on the display, swiped his thumb over it a couple of times, tapped again and gave it back. "Corner. Time out until the alarm goes off." He pointed to the left, showing the dark corner between the stairs to the first floor and the bar area. "Then you may apologize. To me
Rage and anger disappeared after the first two minutes. Guilt and embarrassment balanced each other out, after the third minute of standing so close to the wall, he almost touched it with the tip of his nose.

Four times had he glanced back over his shoulder, and every time a pair of dark, watchful eyes had looked back at him, giving him the reassurance that he wasn't alone or unprotected.

The loud club noises were attenuated in the little space, almost hidden beneath the stairs, and it smelled like old wood and basement. Not the good basement where he lived in the wonderful factory. But ugly, moldy basements, like the one where Merle's dealer lived, and secretly cooked meth.

He didn't like this corner. It wasn't nice and comforting like the one upstairs near the cigar lounge, where he always hid to play jewels or look at pictures of Negan's Instagram.

No, this one was near all the unpleasant things. The dancefloor, the cruising area, and the silly guest with the stupid beer and the god damn tip that nobody wanted to have. Except Negan. Because he had been robbed by a criminal and they had an agreement in writing.

Shame flooded Daryl's chest. He didn't mean to hold money back from Negan, or to manipulate the horrible fridge list. He wanted to do a good job for him and make him proud. He wanted to pay all the money back, so Negan could buy a new awesome camera, to take pictures of Tiger and motorcycles and all the leather things he liked.

He wanted to be a good boy and apologize. He wanted to kneel and ask for forgiveness. He wanted to report and say that his heart hurt and his throat got tight from the ugly blue marks on the paper sheet.

He wanted to be with Negan. And he looked back a fifth time, to see a tall, very protective man looking unwaveringly in his direction, making sure no one came near him. Not to touch, or speak, or mock. It made his stomach ache and the need to run back and say sorry got overwhelming. But he didn't, because that wasn't what he was supposed to do.

So he leaned his forehead against the cold wall, closed his eyes for a second, and then opened them again to stare at the display of his phone. At the time, displayed on a fantastic picture of a tall man in leather jacket, with baseball bat over the shoulder, and a red scarf around his neck.

He stared at it for seven more minutes, until his phone made a noise that it had never made before, and asked him if he wanted to snooze or dismiss. He didn't want to do any of it, turned around and walked back to the bar, as fast as he could, holding the phone out for Negan to see. "'m done."

Negan tapped the dismiss button, no hint of anger on his face. "You want to apologize?"

Daryl answered immediately, nodding with a very serious face. "'m sorry."

"Yes? What are you sorry for."

Daryl flicked his head, bravely holding shy eye contact, as he gestured to his mouth. "'m a rude shit."

Negan kept a straight face, nodding in confirmation. "That's true, you were. Are you done backtalking now?"
"Hm." Daryl nodded, wanting to ask for a raisin, but didn't dare. "Yes." The word hitched in his throat, when someone bumped hard into his back, making him stumble a step forward.

Negan grabbed his arm, holding him steady, as he shot the clumsy stranger a death stare. "Seems you're not the only rude shit in the house tonight." He pulled Daryl close against his chest, rubbing his back. "Right?"

"Right." Daryl hid his face immediately in the smooth leather of Negan's jacket, inhaling the comforting scent.

"Good boy." Negan kissed the man's hair. "Tell me what I want you to do here."

Daryl sniffed his nose, pressing all of his body against Negan's tall form. "Earn money."

"No. I want you to give your very fucking best at all times."

"Okay." Daryl wanted to do that. But he wished he could do it at home, without other people around.

"Mhm. You also wanna go and apologize to that poor guy over there. Right?"

Daryl listened to the deep words, vibrating through the man's broad chest, and felt like he was supposed to dive into a volcano or swim with sharks. He nodded anyway. Just once and very faintly, mumbling a shy confession. "Don' know what to say." He really didn't. And there was no way in hell, that he would hug that person or shake his hand.

"You tell him you're sorry for your rude attitude. Say you had a bad day." Negan partly turned around, tapping the bar counter with two fingers to get the barkeeper's attention. "A lemonade."

Jorge, behind the counter, smiled at his VIP guest, thinking it was kinda cute that he ordered a lemonade after two glasses of Scotch. "Sure." He winked, filled a glass with yellow fluid and handed it over. "On the house, Sir."

Negan smirked and gestured a thank you over the loud music, then held the glass up for Daryl to see, chuckling when the man opened his mouth automatically for a sip. "Not for you, puppy. Bring it to the guest and say sorry like a good boy." He patted his butt, "Chop chop." and then felt fucking proud, when a young man with tousled hair and a small snot stain on the sleeve, walked through all the people, put a glass of lemonade on one of the tables, and brought a surprised smile to a stranger's lips, when he flicked his head and shyly apologized for being a rude shit earlier.

----

The Eagle was packed at half past eleven in the evening, when Paul climbed back into one of the cages near the dance floor, after a little break, to tinkle and send a good night message to one of his Dads.

He liked the song. It was a banger with hard hitting beats, perfect to dance and sweat. His colleague in the second cage seemed to agree, copying his moves face to face with a sly smile, interacting nicely, much to the delight of the partying crowd.

...that parted like the Red Sea, when the gay God himself entered the dancefloor, proud and confident, dragging the Eagle's busboy along, five fingers securely wrapped around a pale wrist.

Jesus saw him, turned around and rolled his hips, his arms above his head, showcasing his perfectly shaped belly button, and then grabbed the bars, to greet one of the special people in his life with
serious bedroom eyes, moving his half naked body seductively inside the cold metal cage.

Negan seemed completely unfazed by the little show in his honor, closed the distance with firm strides, and without hesitation stepped onto the knee high platform, to stand right in front of the cage. Straight and tall, his stance wide, his head high, looking smugly at the dancing guy behind the bars, as if the whole building was his own, including this cage and the man inside.

"Hello Daddy..." Jesus flashed him a sensual smile, snaking his sweaty body against the metal bars, before he licked them, his eyes glinting in a mixture of fake innocence and devilish temerity. "You can come in here and fuck me."

"Why would I." Negan tilted his head to the side, shoving a hand between Paul's legs, massaging his bulge, unimpressed by the large crowd of people. "I can stay right fucking here and do it."

Paul's smile faltered a little, as his face contorted in arousal. "Yes, please." He spread his thighs a little wider, still moving his body to the hard beats of the music, and then groaned when five strong fingers reached through the bars to grasp his chin and pull him in for a messy, open mouthed kiss, wet and aggressive. He rose on his tip toes, grabbed the bars a little higher to pull himself up, and closed his eyes, overwhelmed by Negan's possessive demeanor and tongue work, forgetting his own name and everything around.

----

Mrs Peletier, up on the balustrade of the Eagle's first floor, cursed and muttered something under her breath, watching her most crowd drawing guest standing on a platform, devouring one of her dancers through the black bars of a cage, for everyone to see. While her cute busboy stood submissively by his side, holding on to the man's trouser leg with five clawing fingers, after working a whole shift on his very best behavior.

Investing in go go-dancers, new lighting and two silly metal cages, was one of the best decisions she had ever made for her struggling business.

Chapter End Notes

Are you ready for this story... I mean WEEK, to end? I am :) ... NOT *cries*
"You want me to fist you, boy?" Negan brushed his lips against a pale pink mouth, adoring how dark blond eyelashes fluttered shut, as he worked three of his fingers a little deeper into the man's slick, warm hole.

"Yes." Daryl pulled his knees a little higher, his entire body still tingling and buzzing in post coital bliss. He wanted that so much.

"Mhm." Negan licked the man's jawbone, then bit it. "I have to say... my cum feels fucking good in there." He twisted his fingers, watching fascinated how Daryl's lower lip trembled, very slightly. "Filled you up good. Isn't that right, puppy."

"Kh." Daryl exhaled soundly, his loose limbs jerking uncontrollably, when a certain spot on his insides was stroked by three knuckles, one by one. He reached down to touch Negan's wrist, wanting to urge him deeper somehow.

"Horny boy. I just fucked you for an hour." Negan traced Daryl's lips with the tip of his tongue, let a drop of spit trickle down on them, admired his work for a moment and then kissed it off, with slow, lazy, sucking kisses.

Daryl groaned, melting into the expensive white bedding like a puddle of goo. And when the soft, warm lips suddenly disappeared, he blinked his eyes open and reached for the close face looking down at him, stroking a bearded cheek with shy fingertips. Negan was so nice and pretty.

"Are you petting me?"

Blue eyes blinked again, staring up in pure devotion. "Yes." He was.

Negan's lips curved in a glimmer of a smile that made the corners of his eyes wrinkle. He didn't say anything, just slowly pulled his fingers free, touched their foreheads together for a moment, kissed
the man's left knee as he sat back, and gave the twitching, pink opening, decorated with thick white fluid, a last admiring rub with his thumb. "Mine this weekend."

---

At 8:04 AM on a Friday morning, Daryl sat on his chair at a big dining table in Negan's apartment, eating his oatmeal. He glanced towards the high windows. It was grey and cold outside, but the rain had stopped for now. A storm was supposed to hit the area in the next hours, but maybe that wasn’t true, because it looked absolutely calm and windless.

"Boy." Negan turned the page in his newspaper. "Refill my cup, please."

"Hm." The chair made a scraping noise on the expensive hardwood floor as Daryl got up, carrying Negan's empty cup into the kitchen. Olivia wasn't there today, because she had an appointment at the dentist. Daryl felt bad for her, imagining big drills, forceps and a lot of pain. But he didn't mind that she wasn't working, because he liked serving Negan himself. He had done it in the bathroom, had prepared breakfast all by himself, had run downstairs to get the newspaper, and now he got more tea. He was a pretty good servant.

The tea that looked like sewage and tasted of soil and the woods, was still hot when Daryl generously refilled the cup. He knew Negan would make him drink half of it and he looked forward to it. On the way back, he stopped at the fridge, glancing at the paper sheet with all the blue marks. It looked different at daylight. He sniffed his nose and thought the empty pencil-squares were still more than the crossed-out ones. But he wasn't sure, so he started to count. Then smacked his lips and flicked his head after the first eleven, because he got the numbers mixed up and had to start again. He whispered along and put a finger on the paper sheet for the last seven. In the end he counted 46.

46 empty pencil-squares. 46 days left in the basement room. 46 days with Negan. He wondered if the tall angry man felt ill as well when he thought about that.

"Boy. Tea."

Daryl looked up and carefully carried the very full cup back to the table, placing it next to Negan's plate. Then sat down and moved his chair a few inches closer to Negan's side. 46 days were really not very much, but still better than 30 or 5 or no day at all.

---

After breakfast, Negan had to be at the store, and then worked at the office. Daryl had hoped that he would be allowed to go with him and kneel in front of the desk to listen to the conversations the tall angry man held on the phone. But then he had just received a list with a lot of other things he was supposed to do, and none of them was right next to Negan.

He folded laundry, cleaned the kitchen, cleaned the bathroom, took the garbage out, changed a light bulb, watered all the pot plants in the house, and then carried a box of new rubbergloves, lube and disinfectants from the store to the factory's very own play area, inside the club.

There was music playing, and a man on the floor, doing sit-ups on a black yoga mat.

"Cheer me on, puppy!" Jesus grunted, his hands clasped behind his head. "I'm doing two hundred!"

Daryl knitted his brows, and looked back over his shoulder, as he carried the box into the playroom. He put it on the steel cabinet, put everything on its right place, threw an empty glove package into the trash, and went out again, scratching his temple when Paul performed another sit-up, then twisted, touching both elbows off his knees in turn. "What are you doin'." His question in rough
voice, didn't sound very friendly or polite, but Paul didn't seem to mind.

"Working on my beach body." He smiled brightly, touching elbow to knee again. "Can you hold my feet?"

Daryl sniffed his nose, "Hm." and crouched down by the man's feet, holding his ankles in a firm grip to keep them from moving. "Are you going to a beach?" He watched Paul's sweaty face contorted in exertion.

"No." Jesus panted, going back to regular sit-ups, making them shorter and quicker. "But I'm planning to bask in the sun on the cruise, you know? Need to be in shape for all the hot sailor boys." He grinned, then grunted, because all this exercise was really exhausting. "But you know what?" He did three more repetitions, then dropped back on the mat, an arm over his eyes, as he tried to catch his breath. "All I want right now is a donut!" He made a wailing noise to express his dilemma and then peeked out underneath his wrist, smiling, when Daryl chuckled. "I love when you do that. You sound like Ernie."

Daryl let go of the man's ankles, insecurely wiping a strand of hair out of his forehead. "Hm?"

Paul propped up on his elbows. "You know, Ernie? From Sesame street. You sound like him when you chuckle."

Daryl sniffed his nose, not sure if he was made fun of or not, but just as a precaution, boxed Paul's shin. "Shut up."

Jesus laughed and slumped back on his 78 Dollar Yoga mat, because every muscle in his body protested against the idea to get up or continue the workout. "But it's true! You're doing the cute chuckle thing and he does this..." He wrinkled his nose to demonstrate Negan's face while smiling. "You're both adorable. Deal with it." He waved his hand, tolerating no dissent. "And now carry me to my bed please." He would just go in regenerating hyper sleep until it was time to hoist the anchor.

----

In the afternoon, Daryl sat at the bar counter in the Leather Factory's huge club area, snacked on his freeze dried organic peas and sweetcorn from Whole Foods, and suspiciously watched all the buzz happening around him.

A whole team from Hales Photo had invaded the factory, setting up their equipment, arranging lighting, and talking to the boss about the details. Jason Hales did the commercial photography for Negan's company for years by now, and knew everything had to be on point if he wanted his money and a positive recommendation.

Daryl watched when a young woman dragged a big black suitcase through the room, and the cowboy-boots-man came in, looking particularly handsome, with fresh cut hair and a very sharp outfit, that differed a lot from his usual denim shirt and well worn pants.

"Boy!" Simon smiled brightly, patting Daryl's back as he walked by. "Hope you put your Sunday best out, it's family picture time!" He laughed and vanished around the corner to prep his mustache for the special occasion.

Daryl sniffed his nose, holding a pea against his lips, totally forgetting to eat it, as he warily looked around in search for the tall beautiful man, who would certainly allow him to hide between safe legs. He couldn't see him at first, but he heard the familiar snap of fingers, that was just for him, and turned around, seeing Negan at the other end of the room, crooking a leather clad finger.
Daryl smiled relieved, popped the crunchy pea into his mouth, jumped off the high barstool, and walked up to Negan, ignoring everyone else and all the noise and chatter in the room.

"Good boy." Negan brushed a hand through long strands of hair, feeling whether it was completely dry. "Did you wash as I told you?" He tilted the man's chin up, adjusting the steel collar, then lifted first the right arm, then the left, checking his sleeves for snot stains. He found none.

"Yes." Daryl glanced at a guy with hat and beard, fumbling with a camera.

"Mhm." Negan snapped his fingers again. "Eyes on me." He waited until he had full attention, then spoke in clear tone. "We take all the promo shots for the Factory today. You wanna be on your best behavior and do as told." He raised his eyebrows in a warning. "Right?"

Daryl wrapped an arm across his chest, not liking that at all. "Are you takin' a picture of me."

"Am I taking a picture of you?" Negan tucked a strand of hair behind Daryl's ear. "No I will not, but Jason will. You are my boy and part of the team, right? Everyone wants to see my pretty Daryl." He watched the color drain from the man's face, leaving it paler than usual, wide blue eyes looking at him. He smiled, cupping a warm cheek. "Nothing to worry about. All you got to do is focusing on me."

----

For an entire hour, Daryl sat on a chair near the empty dance floor and just watched Negan posing for the camera. First in his trademark outfit with leather jacket and baseball bat, then with bare chest, leather pants and boots, holding a riding crop, and in more casual clothing after that. He looked beautiful in all of his outfits and Daryl was in awe, not daring to blink while he watched the whole process, out of fear to miss something important.

Negan checked every shot taken, on the photographer's computer, criticized some, wanted a couple of changes, and then snapped his fingers for Rick to join him in front of the camera.

They posed for a row of pictures, then together with Simon, and in the end, Jesus stepped into the spotlight, licking his fingers because he had just eaten a slice of orange, and posed for Mister Hales as if he had done it all his life. He smiled, he looked serious, he knelt, he posed between both of his Dads and then alone with Rick, giving the camera his best submissive look.

"Boy, come over here." Negan snapped his fingers, holding a hand out.

Daryl looked up startled and shook his head, because it was the first thing coming to his mind. But Negan gave him a very stern look, not even snapping his fingers again. So Daryl got up and obediently walked over to him.

"We do a group shot." Negan combed his fingers through slightly tousled hair, smoothing it down. "Go kneel next to Paul." He pointed to the right, expecting his order to be followed.

Daryl got nauseous as he walked over a strange white fabric that covered the whole floor, bright lights shining into his eyes. He pulled his shoulders up and tried not to look anywhere, when he crouched down next to Jesus, who nudged him and leaned in close to whisper an important secret.

"Her barn door is open." He gestured as discreetly as possible to the young lady assisting the photographer, sporting a wide open fly. He lowered his eyes, chuckling, and then looked up in protest when the back of his head was slapped.

"Behave." Rick positioned himself behind his boyfriend, putting a hand on the kneeling man's
shoulder. Negan did the same behind Daryl, tickling the back of his neck for a second.

Mister Hales squinted through the viewfinder, then looked up again, waving his arm. "Buddy, can you get closer and smile a bit?"

The leather factory's social media manager moved an inch closer to Simon, tilted his chin up, and gave the camera the exact same blank look as before. "Can you do sepia? I'm doing my best work in sepia."

"Ehm..." Mister Hales looked once more through the view finder, "Okay? That's.... better." and took a test picture. Then another one, because the young guy in the front had looked up at the tall man standing behind him. And on the third picture, the dude looking like Jesus himself, held two fingers up behind his friend's head. "Okay, folks, for real now!" He smiled encouraging, and took a perfect group photo to represent the worlds most famous leather store, on the fourth try.

It was a good one. Daryl saw it afterwards on the computer screen, and to his surprise, he didn't look as ugly as he thought he would. He looked perfectly normal, kneeling next to a happy Paul Rovia, while four tall, proud men stood behind them, and one of them had a wonderful safe hand on his shoulder, signaling who he belonged to.

"Sweet. Team Negan." Paul glanced at the screen as well, sucking at another slice of orange. "We could totally go on tour."

"You could totally go and get a fucking mop to clean up all that mess." Negan waved a hand towards the trail of sticky orange juice on the floor.

"Yes, Sir." Paul got on his tip toes to give one of his Dads a sticky peck on the cheek. "You look hot in the pictures."

"Mhm." Negan patted the man's ass. "I look always fucking hot. Go and do as told."

Jesus smiled, kissed him again and jogged off.

"And you wanna undress." Negan wagged his brows at Daryl, feeding him a raisin. "Time for some pictures with my puppy."

----

Jason Hales had done nudes before, for other customers, but also for Negan and his business. Not in the sense of porn, but actually very tasteful and artistic.

This one was no different, even though the model seemed to be a first-timer and needed far more pep talk than everyone he had ever worked with before.

Every person who wasn't desperately needed had to leave the room, the boss himself insisted on a radiant heater close to the shooting area, and the general atmosphere was supposed to be calm and as uneventful as possible.

The photographer stayed in the background for a while, giving Negan and his sub some privacy for preparation. He worked on his laptop, but every now and then glanced over his screen, to see if his clients were ready.

Negan was fully dressed, looking flawless in his appearance. Neatly slicked back hair, perfectly trimmed beard, wearing his leather jacket, but casually open. He sat on a chair in front of the camera, stroking long strands of hair, as he gave the naked man kneeling between his thighs some time to
adapt to the situation. "What will I do with the picture. Tell me."

Daryl tried to get his breathing under control, burying his entire face into the rough denim covering Negan's crotch. He inhaled deeply, closing his eyes as the familiar intimate scent overtook his senses. He wasn't sure what the picture was for, but he had a guess. "In the magazine."

"Maybe, if you like." Negan agreed, feeling hot breath soaking his pants. "But I will definitely put it into my wallet. Right? Then I see my pretty puppyboy everywhere I go."

"Yes.\" The image of the tall angry man shopping at Whole Foods for kale and bananas popped up in Daryl's head. The silly sales girl at the cash out could flirt all she wanted, because Negan would only look at the photo in his wonderful black leather wallet.

"That's a good idea, right? You would like that.\" Negan stroked the hair at Daryl's neck to the side, tugging the small padlock of his collar.

"Yes.\" Daryl would have liked that very much. They could also hang it up in the playroom, in case silly Marc sluts came over for play.

"Mhm.\" Negan brushed a hand over the man's upper back and shoulder, finding his skin warm."You wanna come up here on my lap, like a good boy.\" He gestured discreetly for the photographer to come over and begin his work.

Daryl sniffed his nose, hesitated a moment, and finally got up with a shaky sigh, scrambling to his feet a bit awkwardly. He felt a deep blush crawl over his chest, face and ears, his heart drumming nervously all the way up to his throat. But then, all of sudden, it wasn't bad or difficult at all. Negan just took over as he always did, pulled him down on one of his knees, covered all the parts that were too private and just for his eyes to enjoy, wrapped a secure arm around the naked body and didn't mind at all, when Daryl closed his eyes and held on to him in search for comforting contact.

Daryl wasn't sure when exactly the photos were taken, but that didn't matter, because in the end he loved them all.

There was no ugly face and nothing to laugh at. He didn't look silly or like a pansy. Not like a faggot or dog shit. Not even like a criminal. He looked like a very good version of Daryl Dixon, almost strong and a little bit pretty. He looked peaceful, like he was in the safest place on earth, very much loved and protected. He looked like he belonged right there. Pure and bare, with all his scars and imperfections. Held proud, safest by a tall, beautiful man, who was maybe just the owner of the worldwide successfully operating leather factory to most people. But was a real king, a true God, and a whole new life for Daryl Dixon.

----

It was half past seven, when Daryl slowly walked down the metal stairs to the club, close to the wall, keeping his head down when he approached Negan. The whole team of the photographer was still there, enjoying an after work drink with their customers at the bar.

"Time for work?\" Negan turned towards him, keeping his voice low. He brushed some long strands of hair out of Daryl's forehead, giving him a closer look. "Pretty boy. I'm predicting a lot of fucking tip for you tonight.\" The corner of his mouth curled up into a smile and he pulled a package of paper tissues out of his leather jacket. "If you use these, and don't wipe your snot into my awesome shirt, of course.\" He held it out for Daryl to take, raising his brows. "Right?"

"Right.\" Daryl nodded, rubbing the side of his face against his shoulder.
"On your best behavior all evening. Right?"

Daryl nodded again, instantly wondering whether hiding in the dark corner next to the cigar lounge would be considered pathetic work ethic.

Negan leaned in, speaking right next to the man's ear. "You want to wish me a good night before you leave?"

Daryl shook his head after a moment of hesitation and after another moment, turned his head to look at Negan, trying to hold eye contact. "I can say it later." It sounded rough and not very friendly, but he was glad that the words were out.

Negan watched him in silence, rolling his tongue behind closed lips, and then leaned close to his ear again. "I guess I will wait for my Daryl to come back home then."

"Okay." Weird bubbles of heat popped inside of Daryl's stomach, sending tingles into his lower abdomen, when he listened to the deep voice, and felt warm breath brushing his skin and hair.

Negan winked at him and watched him turn around and walk away, a pack of tissues in hand. "Wait!" After three seconds he stopped him and followed, pulling his key chain out of his pocket. He selected the smallest key, right next to a small round tag confirming him as OWNER, and brushed the longish hair at the back of Daryl's neck aside, unlocking the silver steel collar. "I need that for a little while."

Daryl touched his bare neck, his blue eyes clouding over with fear and worry instantly.

Negan gave him a reassuring smile. "You get it back." He pinched Daryl's chin. "Now go. Make me proud."
Chapter End Notes

I hope everyone is ready for a stormy Saturday
"Aha, yeah..." T-Dog was a bit irritated when a very big guy with mullet and dark blue trenchcoat opened the door to the private section of Negan's factory, blocking the way inside. "Listen buddy, I really have to speak to the boss."

"Negative." Eugene crossed his arms, knowing instantly that this individual meant trouble. "Nobody is permitted to enter this facility unless specifically authorized by the senior management."

"What's going on here?" Simon took a bite of his grissini, pushing past his personal assistant.

"This individual requests an audience with the boss to barter hot goods."

"Hey, hey, hey! You wanna say Theodor Douglas is a dishonest guy?" T-Dog raised his hands defensively. "Come on, I'm just bringing his stuff back!"

"Sorry, boss is not home." Simon held his hand out. "Can I see?"

"Yeah, sure." T-Dog pulled a camera out of his backpack and handed it over. "A guy put it in pawn a few weeks ago. I checked the memory card and recognized Negan. Thought he might want it back." He sniffed, wiping his nose with the back of his fingers. Getting in trouble with the big dude in town was really the last thing he needed.

"Hh." Simon looked at it from all sides, switched it on and flipped through the pictures on the display. "Oh man, that was a great night!" He laughed as he recognized the photos, then waved the camera at the friendly stranger, "Thanks man, he'll appreciate that." and disappeared with it back inside.

"No problem?" T-Dog craned his neck, a little perplexed. He had hoped for a little reward, or at least a firm handshake by the boss himself. But the sturdy security guard in trench coat, just shut the door in his face.

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Negan was without a doubt the smartest person on the planet, because his prediction was true, a
Daryl did receive a lot of tip. 129 Dollar until eleven o'clock.

Presumably because it was Friday, 90's party, the people were in a good mood, and the Eagle's busboy served their drinks holding his head high and his chin up. He said 'hello' and 'thank you', he answered a question to his relationship with Negan with a 'Hm' that sounded not as gruff as usual, and when a guest on the stairs groped his butt, he didn't slap him, but politely shoved his fingers off.

"Puppy!" Jesus jumped on Daryl's back, as the man passed the packed dancefloor, and kissed his cheek from behind. "What's in your magic backpack, I'm starving!" Go-go dancing was almost as exhausting as a thirty minutes workout for the perfect beach body.

Daryl pulled his shoulder up, but the corner of his mouth curled into a small smirk. "Dunno, sandwich or somethin'."

"Sweet." Jesus jumped down, and led the way to the staff room. "Every pickle found has my name on it."

Daryl stuffed a handful of crinkled dollar bills to the others into his wrist wallet, following along through the crowd, and then felt something warm and fuzzy in his stomach as he got his phone out and found three messages from Negan. One containing a photo of the afternoon shooting, showing him naked on Negan's lap, one saying 'Are you good for me? Tell me.', and the last one reminded him to eat dinner and report. He liked the tall angry man so much.

"Reporting?" Paul shut the staff room door behind them and sat down, instantly digging through the black backpack on the search for almond milk and anything edible.

"Hm." Daryl nodded, his eyes glued to the small display, before he held it up, proudly showing the picture for Negan's wallet. "Look."

Paul put the milk bottle down, wiping his wet lips with the back of his hand, as he took the phone, his eyes wide. "Fuck. me." He swiped his finger over the screen, zooming in on the details. "You look like the royal couple of the gay world!" He purred in deep appreciation. "So majestic."

"Hm." The butterflies in Daryl's chest happily flapped their wings, when Paul handed the phone back, leaned in close, and kissed his cheek. "You two are amazing together. I'm so glad he keeps you."

Daryl sniffed his nose, half shrugging, half nodding, as some of the butterflies stopped their happy dance. "A while." 46 days. And in not even an hour, it was already one day less.

Paul sat back, unwrapping a sandwich. "What do you mean?"

Daryl shrugged again, avoiding his eyes as he opened a new page to type his report. "Can keep the room until I'm done payin' off." He sniffed his nose again, feeling a pang of real pain in his heart.

Paul paused with his teeth already on the sandwich, then took it back out of his mouth. "Did he say that?"

"Hm." Daryl nodded, not daring to look up.

Jesus thought a moment about it, then shook his head and took a big bite, speaking with full mouth. "I'm sure he doesn't mean it that way." He pulled a pickle out between the bread slices and ate it separately. "You should talk to him about it."

"Hm." Daryl stared at his phone and then on the black word on his arm. It was a bit faded out, but
still there, with a small heart next to it. Maybe he should.

----

Negan looked up from the TV, when a gush of wind and rain lashed against the high factory windows. It started to get real nasty outside. He put his beer down and instead picked his phone up, seeing two incoming messages, both from Daryl. The first contained an answer to his question. A full sentence, in correct spelling, that made him feel ridiculously proud.

_Daryl Dixon_

_I am good for you._

20/02/2017  11:23 PM

He smiled at his phone, then opened the report in the second message.

**Good:** - breakfast  
- picture  
- cleaning  
- laundry  
- plants  
- work  
- light  
- bathroom  

**Bad:** - i was not bad

**Hate:** without collar  
**Like:** Negan, picture, weekend  
**Change:** the paper in the kitchen and the room

Negan pinched his nose, read the whole report twice and then made his changes and a mental note to buy a truckload of raisins for the boy with a proud long list of good achievements and not one thing on the bad side.

**Good:**  
- breakfast -- I made awesome breakfast for Negan  
- picture -- I focused on Negan and had my picture taken like a champ!  
- cleaning -- I cleaned the kitchen and the bathroom  
- laundry -- I took care of the laundry  
- plants -- I watered the plants  
- work -- I am doing a great job at work and make Negan fucking proud!  
- light -- I changed a light bulb  
- bathroom -- I served Negan in the bathroom

All this is called service. I did an excellent job serving Negan today.

**Bad:** - i was not bad -- I didn't do anything bad today, because I focused on Negan and all my tasks. I answered, I followed the rules, I served, I made Negan proud all day long. He thinks I am awesome and deserve a big reward when I get home :)

**Hate:** without collar -- I feel unwell without my collar, but I get it back in a little while  
**Like:** Negan -- Yes you do. And Negan more than likes his boy.
Negan loves the picture as well. He thinks it is the best he has ever seen.  
weekend -- Horny puppy :)

Change: the paper in the kitchen and the room -- I want to explain what I want to change exactly, when I get home.

PS: I also want to stay safe and take a taxi to get home, if the weather is too bad!

Negan sent it, switched the TV off and went to take a shower. This day had been very productive.

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Daryl left the Eagle ten minutes after midnight on Saturday the 21st, with more than 200 Dollar in his pockets and a silly smart phone firmly in hand, because it contained so many wonderful praising words and the best picture that Negan had ever seen.

He looked up and wrinkled his nose as raindrops landed on his face, but didn't think the weather was bad enough to spend money on a taxi. He just hid his phone underneath his shirt, wrapped an arm across his chest, and squinted against the wind and lashing rain.

After two minutes, he started to jog, and after five he stopped at a minimart to buy something nice for Negan. Although, once inside, he couldn't quite decide what he should get. They had no pretzel M&M's and most things contained sugar. So he wandered a bit clueless through the aisles and after almost seven minutes, picked a tin of R.M.Williams Leather Wax for $14.50, because the description said that it would protect leather and was designed to repel water. That sounded like a good thing because Negan really liked all his leather things and it rained very much lately.

He payed for it, tucked the flat tin of wax into his pocket and ran the last three blocks home. The weather was really bad.

His hair was wet, and thick drops of water ran down his face, as he unlocked the red door and went up the stairs, not bothering to switch the lights on.

He took his wet shoes off in front of the apartment and instantly felt like entering a safe bubble in another universe, as he stepped through the brown wooden door and was greeted by familiar smell, cozy warmth and a large German shepherd. He squatted down for a moment, scratched Tiger's ear, nudged the dog's black nose with his own, and then went into the living room.

The lights were on and Negan wasn't there, but he could hear noises from the bathroom. He sniffed his nose, wiped his wet face with a too long sleeve and made his way into the kitchen. The leather wrist wallet obviously was treated with water repelling wax already, because all the crinkled dollar bills inside were perfectly dry. Daryl pulled them all out, put them right in front of the Vitamix blender, felt really proud as he looked at the impressive pile of paper money, and then reached for the blue sharpy to cross out day number 46.

He pulled the cap off, and squinted at the fridge door, before something dull and hot hit him like a punch into the guts, drawing all the oxygen out of his lungs. The paper sheet looked like a piece right out of a nightmare or horror movie.

There was no empty pencil-square left. Not one. All of them were marked with an ugly blue cross and underneath them were horrific words written, blue as well, saying 'Guess what boy, you are done'. A blue smiley-face with a winking eye was drawn behind the mocking words.
Hot lava pooled all around Daryl's guts. He couldn't breathe. His ears were drumming. He wanted to yell and shout and cry, as panic poured into every inch of his body. But he just stood there, frozen in place, feeling cold pain in his chest.

He saw Negan come out of the bedroom, tall and beautiful with bare chest and soft grey pyjama bottoms. He heard a deep voice talking about property being safely returned. He saw the smile on a perfect face. He saw a horrible black camera in big, safe hands, that wasn't supposed to be there.

He saw his world crumble right in front of his eyes. 46 precious remaining days wiped out just like that, leaving him with nothing but an empty, inescapable zero.

"Boy." Negan arched his brows, then snapped his fingers, when Daryl just stared at him with a blank face and shocked eyes. "Did you understand what I just-" He wasn't able to finish his sentence when an iron like fist punched him in the chest, taking him completely by surprise, just as the furious grunt when Daryl grabbed the camera and threw it across the room. Making it shatter into several pieces, that mixed up with the wooden splinters coming off the expensive hardwood floor, where the heavy object hit like a small angry asteroid from outer space.

"WHY DID YOU DO THAT!" Daryl yelled at the top of his lungs, the water running down from his dripping wet hair, blending with the tears welling up in his eyes. He pushed Negan again, "YOU HAD NO RIGHT!" but this time didn't even make him stumble. He avoided his eyes, gesturing weakly with his arm, hearing his own voice break, "I had more time." and then didn't care one bit when five strong fingers wrapped around the back of his neck, and he was dragged through the room as if he wouldn't weigh anything at all. He didn't care that he was practically thrown into the corner behind the dining table. He didn't mind when deep, dark, very cold words were yelled right next to his ear, daring him to stay put and not to move a muscle.

It didn't matter.

For almost an hour. A lonely, silent hour, in the dimly lit dining area of a nice apartment, on the top floor of a huge Factory in the industrial region of Atlanta.

Daryl felt cold underneath his soaked clothing, but he didn't tremble and didn't flinch, when lightning crackled in bright streaks through the high factory windows, creating a shadow at the wall that looked like him.

Heavy wind and rain pounded against the pane, as angry thunder roared through the night.

Tiger got up from his thick pillow and trotted through the room, just to slump down next to the man standing perfectly still in the corner.

Daryl saw it and felt his left foot get a little warmer, where the dog generously spread its body heat. He wriggled a toe and then heard Negan walk around in the living room. Heard him clear away the remains of the camera. Heard him curse as he inspected the small crater in the damaged hardwood floor.

Before it got quiet again, except for the storm outside.

Another ten minutes later, Negan took a specific chair from the table, carried it to the middle of the living room and snapped his fingers.

The noise sent electric tingles up Daryl's spine. They spread over the back of his neck and let the shells of his ears glow.

He sniffed his nose after almost a minute, before he turned around and walked through the room,
feeling numb and full of shame. The seat felt strange underneath his butt, but his strained body seemed to be thankful for the opportunity to rest.

"You think I kick you out because the debt is payed off?"

The deep voice cut through the silence like a hot knife, that went directly into Daryl's heart.

"Did I tell you the basement room is yours as long as you pay off your debt?"

A painful lump formed in the back of Daryl's throat, announcing new tears, that he tried to hold back on all costs.

"You didn't want to earn money, because you didn't want to finish your blue marks?"

A shaky breath was the only answer Daryl gave, when he lost the battle and a single tear trickled down his cheek. He wiped it off hastily and lowered his head an inch more.

"You tried to tell me tonight in your report."

Somehow, the last question sounded softer and as if the question mark was missing.

"Answer."

Daryl's chin trembled and he hated it, staring down at his damp pants, his silly shaking fingers, trying to form a single word with his croaky voice. "Yes."

Negan watched the miserable figure sitting with hunched shoulders on the chair, and felt touched and frustrated at the same time. He walked off to the kitchen counter, and flung a photo on Daryl's lap as he came back. The most recent picture taken of him, together with the boy he considered his own. "I went to visit your brother. I was willing to live under a god damn bridge with you. You sleep in my bed and I kiss you good morning." He gestured to the photo, "This is how I want my name represented." sounding more bitter than he intended. "You really think I don't want you here anymore just because there aren't any more marks to make at the fucking fridge door? Am I really that inscrutable?"

A thick, salty tear dropped down on the beautiful photo. The most beautiful photo Daryl had ever seen. The tall angry man wasn't angry. His voice sounded hurt. The sound made Daryl's heart ache. He didn't want to lie and shake his head, but he couldn't nod either. So he just shrugged somehow and tried to wipe the nasty tear off the wonderful picture. "I'm sorry."

"No, you know what?" Negan waved a hand, then rubbed the corner of his mouth with his thumb, sighing. "Maybe I was. He looked towards the windows shaking his head. "Maybe, unintentionally, I held back and wanted to keep the door open." He pinched his nose, watching the heavy rainfall wash down the pane. "All this, is as new to me as it is to you, boy." He paused, then turned back to Daryl. "Did I have more subs than I can count? Fuck yes. Did I have a boy up here in private? Yes, I did, and you know him well." He stroked a single strand of wet hair out of Daryl's forehead, with one finger. "But I never had this. A boy that I wanted to keep because I more than fucking like him." He took the man's chin, tilting it up to create eye contact. "So I apologize if I haven't made this fucking clear enough." He waited a moment, studying Daryl's pale face. "You do not need to be scared anymore. I won't kick you out. I won't leave you. You are my Daryl ever since I invited you up here. And you will officially be my boy." Something warm and very sincere flickered through dark eyes. "You just have to answer me one question. And it's a big one." Negan didn't break eye contact as he squatted down and took the photo off Daryl's lap. He didn't seem nervous to ask, and tilted his head slightly, a small smile on his lips, knowing the answer was given already many weeks
ago. But he asked anyway, looking firmly into insecure blue eyes. "Do you want to be mine?"

Daryl heard the simple question, spoken in a very deep, very comforting tone, he heard the howling storm outside, and the steady rhythm of his own heartbeat, as he stared at the most beautiful man he had ever met. He flicked his head to get a long, damp strand of hair out of his eye and then mumbled a small, "Okay." that sounded not very friendly, and got him a low chuckle in response.

"One more try, puppy."

Daryl glanced down nervously, needed a moment until he could look up again, and then reached out with two clumsy fingers to touch Negan's face, somewhere close to his jawbone, feeling warm skin and rough beard. "I wan' to be yours." His voice was low and sounded rough, but Negan didn't seem to mind.

He held the firm stare for a long silent moment, smiled faintly, and then nodded and winked at Daryl, before he got up and vanished into the bedroom.

Daryl pulled his fingers, not sure if he was supposed to follow or maybe sleep alone on the chair, for destroying the horrible camera and the expensive hardwood floor. But Negan came back after just a minute, holding his key ring and a silver steel collar.

He snapped his fingers. "Come here. Down."

Daryl got up and walked a bit stiffly, as he tugged the wet fabric of his pants that stuck uncomfortably to his inner thighs.

Negan ignored it, and waited patiently until the man knelt by his feet. "You wanna know what I did while you were out working?"

Daryl looked up, thinking Negan was really very tall. "Yes."

"I went to have my collar engraved. Can you imagine why?"

A couple of butterflies fluttered zig-zag inside Daryl's stomach. He knew exactly why and wanted to say it. "Your name."

"Mh." Negan nodded, holding the collar out for Daryl to see. There was his name on the outside of the shiny steel band, discreetly small at the side, engraved in plain, unadorned block lettering.

Daryl read, 'property of Negan' and then blinked nervously and scratched his temple, when Negan turned the collar to show him the inscription on the inside. Daryl's heart skipped a beat and his stomach got tight and hot. He sniffed his nose, glanced up at Negan and down again to read the words once more.

-strong, smart, beautiful. Mine.-

Negan stroked a steady, broad hand along the side of Daryl's head as he walked around him, to stand at his back, "That's what you are. Right?" He squatted down, placed the steel band around the man's neck and brushed longish hair aside to securely lock the small padlock, then kissed the warm skin right underneath. "Just in case you need a reminder."

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On Saturday, February the 21st, at almost three in the morning, a large German shepherd lay curled up by his owner's feet, in front of a big, black leather couch, while a nasty storm lashed wind and
rain against the high factory windows, the moon and some flickering lightning the only light falling into the otherwise dark room.

"What's that." Negan patted the round, solid object in the backpocket of Daryl's pants and pulled it out, squinting at the red label on top.

Daryl blinked his eyes open, sitting on Negan's lap, chest to chest, sucking a hard nipple, as he listened to the rumbling thunderstorm outside. "'s for you."

Negan reached down to grasp Daryl's chin, pulling it up. "You bought me a gift?"

"Hm." Daryl felt embarrassed somehow, wishing the gift would be a golden watch or a motorcycle and not a silly tin of wax. "'s for the rain." He sniffed his nose, then avoided his eyes.

Negan tilted his head to the side, daring the mouthy vermin in his stomach to shut up. "You bought leather wax so my awesome jacket won't get ruined in the fucking rain?"

Daryl pulled a shoulder up for a half shrug. "Yes."

A slight smile curled the corner of Negan's mouth up, as he studied a pale face and blue eyes, half hidden by messy long bangs. "You like me that much?"

"Yes." Daryl thought his owner looked really very nice at night and he smelled good too.

Negan shook his head, then pulled Daryl closer for a deep, slow kiss that turned out sickeningly gentle. " Fucking puppy."

Chapter End Notes

I am wishing you a really nice weekend and hope to see you all next week in the playroom/bedroom for Negan's favorite sexual practice :) (extra raisin if you know what that might be)

... and now, if you'll excuse me, I have to take a shower to get all that sticky fluff off me. I feel like I'm coated in honey and cotton candy ;/

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