"I will cut pieces off of Daryl, and put ‘em on your doorstep. Or better yet. . . I will bring him to you and have you do it for me." What if Negan wouldn't have had to take Daryl all the way to Alexandria if he needed to have Rick do it for him? What if all he had to do was bring him right down the hall? What if instead of forcing Rick to produce for him after threatening to kill him, Negan merely eliminated the threat of Rick having time to rally and rebel with his friends? An Alternate Storyline that starts right after Negan starts to break Rick, this follows a tale in which Negan takes Rick back to the Sanctuary and Rick is forced to comply with the sadist's wishes or suffer the consequences. But can Rick take Negan down from the inside out? And if he can, will he still be the same man coming out on the other side? Due to the different situation, there will be obvious OOC on Rick’s part, but most of the rest of the storyline of Season 7 remains the same. More dubcon than noncon, but the warning is there for those who might disagree with the dubcon rating. Master/Slave relationship is included, as well as Character Death. Reviews are encouraged, Flamers are not. Hope you enjoy!
“Even extreme grief may ultimately vent itself in violence—but more generally takes the form of apathy” -Joseph Conrad Heart of Darkness

Part 2 Page 8

Prologue

Rick walked down the pale hallway, bloodshot eyes focused on the knobless door at the other end. With every step he took the weight of what he was about to do seemed to bear down on him more and the black cane in his right hand shook. As he walked through the beams of light given off by the windows looking in on the unfinished hallway from the outside world, his head throbbed in its swollen state from the hammering he’d taken from his enemy just days before. Even without looking at a mirror, he knew that it was grotesque in its swollen, wounded state. But those injuries were nothing compared to the injuries that had happened to him over the course of the past two years. Upon reaching the door, he felt his heartbeat speed up and he sucked in a deep breath that strained his battered chest, attempting to calm himself down. “You can just walk away Dad. You don’t have to see him. We can keep him alive if you want, or we can kill him. It’s up to you. But you don’t have to be here for either one.” Carl whispered. Rick turned around to stare at his son, ignoring the twinge in his twisted leg as he twisted around to face the younger man. The war with the Saviors had molded Carl as the teen he’d been ripped from had turned into the man that now stood before him, and the changes that Rick continued to notice floored him.

Carl had now reached Rick’s own height, his steel blue eye piercing into Rick’s own as it looked into his soul. Although Carl’s words had attempted to be comforting, Rick knew that eye would turn quickly to disappointment if it saw what now lay at his core. Carl frowned at Rick, the long haired man’s back straight and braced, the muscles that now defined his lean figure tight beneath the plaid short sleeve shirt he wore open over his ripped and stained white wife beater. Rick recognized the jeans his son wore as one of his old pairs, Carl having grown into them as he’d taken on his new role in the Alexandrian community. From what Rick could see his son had acquired a new bride in the process, given the dinged up ring that was now wrapped around his offspring’s left hand ring finger. It drove home just how much he had missed of his son’s life and made him realize just what he’d lost while he’d been away.

“No Carl,” Rick said, trying to keep any shakiness out of his voice, “I appreciate the offer, but I have to do this. I have to face him.” It would be hard to explain why he needed to see the monster beyond the door, and he hoped that Carl wouldn’t ask him why. To be honest, he didn’t fully know the answer. But something was wrong and something in him was telling him that doing this would help him in some way. Carl frowned, his blue eye seeking his father’s own for further clarification as to why this was so important to Rick. Seeing none, his son sighed, lowering his head and taking his hat off with one hand whilst the other ran through his hair, pushing through the thick brown locks he’d inherited from his mother, “Alright Dad. Do what you have to do. Just know I’ll be out here for you if you need me.” Rick nodded, forcing a smile across his face, “Thanks son. I appreciate it.” Carl nodded, offering a pseudo smile to his father and resting his right hand on the gun holster on his right hip, “Just remember I’m right here if you need me.” Rick nodded in understanding and turned to gaze at the old, chipped surface of the basement door.

The thought of opening it and facing the monster on the other side threatened to paralyze Rick, but he forced his arm forward and pushed the door open. Swinging inward the barrier opened with a loud creak, revealing the wrought iron bars of the cage that took up half of the room beyond. Rick breathed hard as his heartbeat reached new heights and he walked slowly into the room. Michonne and Maggie stood beside the cage, their backs straight as the first held a Katanna and the other an assault rifle. Rick glanced at each of them in turn, seeing the same look he’d seen in every other Alexandrian’s eyes—even in Carl’s—since he’d first woken up. It was a look of pity and betrayal all in one, and he didn’t blame any of them for giving it to him.
Sure, they all knew he’d done everything with the goal of taking the enemy down and saving everyone, but the things he’d done to accomplish his task had taken him far too close to the darkness for anyone’s liking or comfort, even his own. So, while everyone voiced forgiveness, the distance they physically and emotionally maintained revealed the betrayal they had felt and couldn’t deny, none of them were that good of a liar. It made Rick wonder just what he’d won in the end. The family that he had longed for or a community where he felt like a stranger in a crowd?

“Well would ya look at that. I’ve fucking got a goddamn visitor. Sorry I couldn’t have something to fucking drink or eat waiting for ya, but you know, in a shitty cell. . . kinda limits your goddamn options,” Negan remarked, and Rick’s blue eyes darted to the man leaning against the opposite wall, that cheshire grin still firmly in place even with the cloth of the sling holding his dislocated right arm wrapped around his thick neck, some sloppily dressed bullet wounds littering his body, and discolored bruises making his face a prism of yellow, purple, and black. Even sitting in the cell before him, the man had a presence that commanded attention like no one else had in Rick’s lifetime. It chilled Rick to know just how powerful the man still seemed to be after all that had happened. He’d lost- Rick had taken out his weapon of choice and helped Alexandria bring his cult of followers to their knees- yet his mere voice still had a pull on Rick that made him straighten his back and lock eyes with the other man’s own. And as his obsidian eyes rested on Rick, the smug look they portrayed let Rick know that the ruthless man behind the bars knew just how he still affected the former Sheriff. “Why don’t you motherfuckers leave us alone. Rick and I need a little time for a heart to heart,” the sitting man drawled, the laziness in his voice representing the irony he’d always held. He was in a situation where he was probably in constant pain and death waited just around the corner, and yet he was talking as if he and Rick were in a living room about to have a chat over some beers.

Maggie and Michonne looked like they were about to say something and object to what Negan was suggesting. But before they could say that they were staying no matter what, Rick spoke up in a shaky, hoarse voice even as his eyes were still trapped within Negan’s own, wishing he could at least fake the confidence he knew he didn’t have in him, “It’s ok, he’s right. I need to talk to him. Alone.” He glanced at Michonne who frowned at him, jaw set firm. Her eyes no longer held the warmth like they had before, and even though he knew the reason why and understood it, that fact cut deeper than her sword ever could. “Come on Michonne, Maggie,” Carl said behind him, “No one’s going to try anything, and if they do we’ll be right outside.” Rick bristled at his son’s words. The way Carl spoke, Rick belonged in the cell right beside Negan. Maybe he did. That thought settled like a brick in Rick’s gut. Did he want to be alone with Negan so badly, did the idea of being away from the others and their judgmental eyes seem like such a breath of fresh air, because he belonged in the cage with the killer?

Michonne and Maggie sucked in deep breaths, glancing at Carl, Rick, and the monster in the cage. He swore that those eyes held more contempt for him than the former Savior Leader as they walked past him and out of the cage. He was told that he would have 10 minutes, and the door was shut behind him. He closed his eyes for a moment, and sighed as he felt his body relax. He wished that wasn’t the response his body had, but how could he deny it? The tension he’d felt in that moment had threatened to crush any resolve he had left.

“So what the fuck was so important for you to come visit me about, Ricky boy?” Negan slurred, tilting his head to the side and smirking at Rick, his good arm coming around to lace its hard fingers in with those of his limp one’s hand. Rick grit his teeth, opening his crystal blue eyes and taking steps forward to where he was only inches from the bars, his cane tapping against the floor as he drew closer to the cage and the emissary of darkness waiting on the other side of it. Looking into Negan’s smiling, waiting face, finally having the upper hand with the monster he’d come to fear so much, he had so many words bubbling up inside of him, but none seemed to make it to his lips. After so much torture, so much pain, a part of him wanted to wrench the cage open and finish what he’d started just days before and end the dark haired man smirking back at him.

But as he gazed at Negan, he knew that that would never happen. As fast as the thought of killing Negan had entered his mind, it seemed as though his natural response was to discard it. A part of him
even wondered if he’d be able to do it. There was something about Negan that made him feel like
while he could hit him and take him down, there was no way anyone could ever end him for good.
The other man seemed like a driving force of nature, so much more than a mortal man.
He sucked in a deep breath, being on the other side of the bars and still feeling like he was the one
trapped, not Negan. Negan chuckled, smirking at him, “What, don’t have anything to fucking say to
me? Well that’s a fucking shame, because I gotta tell ya, after all that goddamn excitement the other
day it’ll be pretty fucking boring if we just sit here staring at each other. . .I know! How about you
boast about how you fooled me and won against me?” Rick blinked, “I . . . just wanted to make sure
you were locked in for good.” Negan chuckled and shook his head, rising up to saunter towards the
bars, exuding confidence in spite of his obvious limp, “You fucking shit. The way you have lied to
me for so long, that attempt seemed weak at best.”
Rick gulped hard, taking a step away and stumbling as he accidentally moved onto his injured leg.
At that point Negan was at the bars, and chuckling, his firm hand shot through them and grabbed
the front of Rick’s black wife beater, yanking Rick hard against the bars, though not enough for them to
ring, “Let me fucking help ya before you fall on your goddamn ass. Then I’ll tell ya why that fucking
lie just shows me what a goddamn failure I lost to.” Sucking in a deep breath, Rick felt tears of
gratitude spring to his eyes. While Negan terrified him, this seemed so much more normal to him
than the way the others behaved around him. It was like a breath of fresh air, it was something he’d
grown used to. And he hated himself for being so thankful for it. Or at least, he should have hated
himself.
Negan sneered at him, his hot breath hitting Rick in the face, “Ya see, even if I thought that you were
telling the truth about why you fucking came here, I’d still think you don’t know what the goddamn
fuck you’re doing. What you should be doing is boast about your victory over me, you little shit, not
‘make sure’ I’m ‘locked in for good’,” he spat at Rick’s feet, dark eyes boring into Rick’s, “I mean I
might have fucked your brains out bitch, but don’t you have enough goddamn sense to know how to
fucking act when you’ve won? I mean, aren’t I the one who ended up in a cage in the end? Doesn’t
the fact that you were smart enough to blind me with good fucks and acts of violence as you tore
down and took over my inner network just stroke your fucking ego? That should be what you’re
fucking saying to me. Not the lame attempt you just fucking put up.”
Rick breathed hard, gritting his teeth and locking his jaw as Negan continued, the smirk on the man’s
face growing by the minute, “I mean, After all the planning and manipulation, aren’t you happy you
finally won? Aren’t you proud of what you’ve fucking done? What the fuck do you goddamn feel
Ricky? Tell me that.” Rick gulped, his glassy blue eyes revealing the realization Negan was forcing
him to face. It was something that somehow he’d always known, but had forced himself to deny for
the greater good.
“Nothing, I . . .feel nothing,” Rick whispered hoarsely, the cane shaking violently in his trembling
hand, “I don’t feel bad for what I did to beat you, all the people I killed. I don’t feel proud that I
finally won. I don’t feel anything.” His shoulders sagged as he gazed into those pitiless black eyes,
“I’m NOT anything.” he whispered the words leaving him empty like a hollow shell. His hand
 jerked, the cane clattering to the floor before he fell to his knees, Negan’s hand still gripping the hem
of his black tank, stretching the material, gazing at the ground, feeling lost, confused, and empty. All
his life he had been something. He’d always felt something as a result of being asked to play a role.
But now, he felt nothing. There was no role for him to take on. It seemed like no one wanted him for
anything any more. He was merely a faceless entity, floating in time and space, with no purpose and
no one who needed him.
In fact, they all acted like they wanted to avoid him. Even Judith. Hell, she acted like she didn’t even
know who he was. Who was he anyway? He was nothing, and therefore he felt nothing. Negan’s
grin stretched wider across his face, and the chuckle began to rumble in his chest and up his throat,
before he tilted his head back, eyes closed as his laugh began to rise up out of him and flood the cell.
Finally Rick was faced with the reality he’d subconsciously known since he’d awoken but had never
faced head on: he may have taken Negan down, but he hadn’t won. Not by a long shot. Ever since
the bastard had waltzed into his life, he’d been fighting a losing battle.
Things Change

Chapter Summary

And we are back to two years prior to the Prologue of this tale! Rick has just nearly cut off his son's arm the day after he came up against the force that is Negan for the first time and Negan has rocked his foundation of support by taking a crucial part of Rick's group from him: Daryl. But Negan isn't through yet, and things don't go nearly as smoothly for Rick as they did in the traditional show story line. In this chapter Rick learns that he has little to no chance of fighting back in the future, because Negan decides to SHUT THAT SHIT DOWN now.

Chapter Notes

I want to formally thank GettinGrimey for the wonderful comment left on the Prologue, along with all the Kudos received from other readers as well. Your support encourages me, and makes me strive to live up to any expectations you might have of me. I will ATTEMPT to make each chapter update not too far from the previous one, I assure you all, and will do my very best to proofread each one to the point where they are a pleasure and joy to read. Without further ado, I do hope you enjoy this chapter just as much if not more than the last.

Also, any lines from the show that are used here, I do not own. Just the part of this plot that is original I own, but I seek to make no profit. *thumbs up* and that's my disclaimer.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Maybe not today! Maybe not tomorrow! I will cut pieces off of. . . hell’s his name?” Negan looked to one of his men and Rick followed the obsidian gaze, recognizing the man Negan now referred to as the one who had been such a loudmouth before out on the road. He sucked in a deep breath-a vain attempt to calm himself down-his nerves now frayed in ways they had never been before. With all that had happened since the Savior Leader and Lucille had first come out of the RV and started their fun punishing the group, Rick’s mind, spirit and body had been thoroughly exhausted. Sweat covered his trembling body, and he thought about shoving his blood soaked jacket off. But he couldn’t move. In fact he couldn’t do anything. For the first time in a long time, Rick Grimes had no idea what to do next.

He could no longer think straight, his thoughts having become a jumbled mess that left him in a state of paralysis both mentally and physically. His state of confusion was only worsened by the loss of Daryl, his right hand man. Even though they had had their moments apart, ultimately Daryl had always been there to support him and fight for him when it really mattered. Suddenly a bang from the van Daryl’d been shoved in grabbed the attention of him and the others, and Rick jerked his head around as Negan whistled appreciatively to the sounds of a struggle as the Archer, loyal to the end, tried to continue to fight and get back to Rick and the group. Once the banging and thumping had ceased, Rick sighed, hanging his head. Just like that small act of rebellion, their entire situation was hopeless.

Rick shuddered, gazing into the dirt beneath him, tears building in his eyes. Not once since Glenn
had saved him in Atlanta had he felt so lost. At the thought of Glenn, he glanced at the corpse that had been his living and breathing friend just the day before. The father of Maggie’s unborn child now lay in the dirt, his head like hamburger meat with pieces of bone poking through the slop that had been his brain. His eyes shifted to Maggie and his heart clenched as she, still in clear physical distress from the ailment that had gotten them all out on the road in the first place, continued to sob silently, breathing heavily and bending over, consumed in the sea of emotional and physical pain she found herself in. It caused him to remember the pain he’d felt at Lori’s loss, and he could only imagine that hers was only intensified by the fact that she had just watched the sadist they were to now produce for bash her husband’s head in himself. Just that quickly, Glenn had been ripped from their group. He swallowed the sob that threatened to emit from his throat, unable to stop the crystalline rivers that streaked down his face and through the blood and grit caked there as he shuddered.

So much had changed in such a short time. Carol had left, Morgan had gone after her, Glenn and Abraham had been killed, and now Daryl was gone, most likely to be tortured slowly at wherever Negan called home. The thought of Daryl held down while Negan had his way cutting apart the Archer gripped Rick with fear for the other man’s fate. Shutting his eyes, Rick bowed his head further as he realized all too well that today might have been the last time he’d see the Archer alive. It made him wish that they’d never woken up that morning, hell, it made him wish they’d never even attacked the Hilltop outpost. It made him wish he’d never heard the goddamn name Hilltop.

“Better yet, I’ll just bring him to you and let you do it for me,” Negan’s voice came back into Rick’s senses as the black haired man leaned closer to the brunette, rolling Lucille around so that the larger end of her was underneath Rick’s chin, forcing him to look up and into the pitiless eyes of the sadist. The man’s eyes were two black pits of malice that seemed to swallow Rick in their gaze, threatening to drown him with the psychological and physical pain the bloodlust within them promised to create. Rick let out a shuddering breath as the man’s words chilled him to the bone. Negan turned to his son and muttered for Carl to get back in line. Carl didn’t make a move to get back in line other than moving to kneel and enter into a wordless stare down with the Savior Leader. “I said back in line, young man,” Negan growled out, and the rest of Rick’s group tensed, hearing the cruel intent lacing the man’s words. Rick gulped, eyes locking onto his son, the thought of him getting hurt terrifying to him. Glancing at his father, at first Carl looked like he was about to protest, but Rick quickly shook his head, lips shaking along with the rest of his body as he gazed at his son, “Just get back in line Carl. Do as he says,” the man whispered.

Carl’s steel blue eyes bore into Rick’s own and Rick saw the battle raging within his son. He understood that battle all too well, and knew he was the reason it was there. Carl had for the longest time been taught that fighting was their best chance for ultimate survival, and Rick had been his primary teacher. Rick had always fought to get ahead in the dystopia they had found themselves in and up until now he’d come out the other side relatively unscathed. To Carl, that had meant that fighting would lead to victory and survival. But this situation was different, that much was clear, and he hoped that Carl would realize what Negan had forced Rick to face as the truth: fighting against this opponent wouldn’t work.

Negan had too much muscle and resources for Alexandria to be able to wear the Saviors down and take them out, meaning that however hard they hit them, the man whose dark eyes now bore into Rick would only strike back even harder, taking out more of the people they loved until he’d torn the group up into nothing but a bunch of broken people.

Carl frowned at his father for a moment longer, then nodded stiffly, “Sure dad.” As the one eyed teen crawled back to be a part of the main lineup, Rick turned from his son after giving him a grateful, shaky smile to look up at Negan. Negan smirked, “Smart move Papa Bear. Keeping your Cub in line. I woulda hated to splatter his brains all over your fucking miserable face. Now, where was I? Oh yes, if you or your goddamn group try to rebel against me, I won’t simply cut off pieces of Daryl. I will have you fucking cut pieces off of the asshole for me. After all, you’re both going to the same goddamn place, and I think . . .” He jerked his wrist at that, forcing the tip of the bat against Rick’s chin more so that the barbs cut into him, digging into his skin and making ruby streams flow slowly...
out of the skin there. Negan’s dark eyes watched as the rivers moved over and into the barbs and
grooves of his beloved bat, his gaze lingering on them as he licked his lips and spoke his next words,
“I think that it will have SO much more of an impact if you have to do it. It might help keep you in
line with what I have planned for you,” lowering Lucille, Negan cocked his head to the side, a
Cheshire like grin spreading across his face, teeth flashing as his obsidian eyes refocused on Rick,
prodding Rick in the chest with the end of the bat, “Don’t you agree?”
Rick’s mouth fell open, disbelief flooding him as he stared at Negan and processed what the Leader
was saying. The man had to be kidding. It would have been hard enough for Alexandria to provide
for Negan-much less stand up to the man-with him there, but without him? Now they had no chance
at all of doing the latter of those things-hell, they barely would be able to do the first. Looking at the
other man’s smug face, he realized that that was just the point of the Leader’s decision.
Negan shot up before Rick had a chance to say anything to try to convince him otherwise and tossed
the axe towards the RV, the weapon sliding in the dirt once it landed. Rick’s eyes watched it move
away from him, and not for the first time he wished he could have taken the man out with it before in
the RV. His arm moving down, the Savior Leader grabbed the back of Rick’s jacket, his calloused
fingers wrapping around the fur collar firmly as he yanked Rick backwards, making the other man
grunt and wince as his ankle was twisted and he was tossed onto his ass in the dirt, yelping as his
back slammed into the earth and he had the wind knocked out of him as Negan let go. “NO! YOU
CAN’T TAKE HIM!” A thud caught Rick’s attention and he jerked his head around to see a bloody
knot forming where the butt of the Savior’s gun had hit his son in response to his outburst.
“CARL!” he shouted, trying to lunge closer to his boy lying motionless on the
ground, but Negan
only grunted and slammed Lucille into Rick’s middle, making Rick cry out as he was slammed back
into the dirt. A harsh boot caught Rick in his side and he yelled, eyes shut tight as he rolled on his
side and curled up on himself instinctively before Negan’s hand was grabbing his collar again as the
man yanked him around to face the earth beneath him, Rick gasping as he was forced to catch
himself on his hands and knees and stare into the dirt with shaky blue eyes, turned completely away
from his son. “Stay down and shut up for a moment. Kid should be fine, and we’ll load you on up
with Daryl-boy soon enough,” Negan remarked as if dealing with an impatient child. Sucking in a
deep breath, Rick shut his eyes tight, curling his fingers in the dirt into fists, waiting for the man’s
next move.
“NO! YOU WON’T TAKE HIM!” Michonne snapped suddenly, her resolve slipping, and Rick
jerked his head up, tensing. Negan’s bat clocked him across the head, as if to keep him from moving.
Rick cried out before collapsing in the dirt, hearing his group scuffling about and shouting around
him, trying to rush to their leader’s aid. Rick panted against the rough earth, unable to resist his urge
to figure out just how much damage had been done as he with shaking fingers reached back with his
right hand to tenderly touch his now bleeding head. He let out a shuddering breath upon realizing as
the pain slowly ebbed away that while he would have a huge knot at the base of his head soon, his
skull was still intact. He panted, eyes wide as he breathed hard through his nose-bloodied by his
impact with the dirt beneath him- and heard Negan address the others.
“NO! No one moves! From now on, anything, and I mean ANYTHING you do against me, results
in punishment for your FEARLESS LEADER! In fact, I saw three of you fuckers try to get up. Not
to mention all five of you shouted, and cutie with the dreadlocks? Yeah, I’m talking to you
sweetheart,” even with his face in the earth Rick could hear the man’s cheeky grin, “You actually
managed TWO STEPS TOWARDS HIM! Tell me, is there something special about you? Has he
stuck lil Rick Jr in your chocolate pussy yet?”
He heard Negan chuckle, clearly having Michonne’s expression as confirmation for the suspicion,
“Well, let’s just say if you want Rick Jr to stick around for much longer you BEST stay in line. But,
as for right now. . . ” The last words came out as a growl, moments before the firm toe of a steel boot
was placed in the small of Rick’s back, and he shuddered beneath Negan’s weight as the man
pressed a portion of it down upon him. He closed his eyes tightly, not even turning his head, not
wanting to see the Cheshire grin crossing the man’s face as the Leader continued, “It’s time to decide
Rick’s punishment for that little skit ya’ll just put on for us. I know what you’re thinking. That this
time should be a fucking warning. But you all SUCK at those! So I’m just going to make sure you motherfuckers know that I mean what I goddamn fucking say! So... That’s 10 swings from Lucille for each person who got up, each who shouted, and for each step you took, Hot Chocolate. Now Rick..."

The steel toe dug deeper into Rick’s back, and Rick groaned at the explosions it created along his spine, “I hope for your sake that your back can take this. Hell, I won’t even put my full weight into it, because I would just hate for it to break before you do. Still, this is going to. Hurt. Like. A. Bitch! I’d brace myself if I were you.” Rick felt a bit of weight lift off of him even as the foot stayed in place, and knew Negan was leaning back and preparing for the first hit. In spite of Negan telling him to brace himself and in spite of Rick knowing that would be the best thing for him to do, he couldn’t calm himself down, everything was happening too fast, his breathing coming in short quick gasps as the thought of his punishment weighed down on him. That hit to the back of his head let him know enough: even without Negan’s full weight behind her Lucille could make his world explode with pain. That thought terrified him. Finally he started to still himself, gritting his teeth together as he clenched his jaws.

When the Leader above him seemed to think Rick was ready for the first strike the hit finally came. With the force of a sledgehammer, Lucille came down between his shoulder blades and Rick arched himself, gritting his teeth to keep from yelling in pain, breathing hard through his nose and staring straight ahead into the ground. “1...” Negan breathed out in a soft voice. His jaw radiating pain from how tightly he’d been clenching it, he opened it to pant as he tried to mentally prepare for the next hit. It had been the tip of Lucille that time, focusing all of Negan’s force into one spot. It had hurt like a bitch, but he thought, maybe, he could handle a few direct hits like th...

“AAAAAH!” Rick roared, head tossed back as the second hit was more of a batter’s swing across the middle of his back. The difference between that hit and the last, along with the fact that the pain of the first hit hadn’t fully ebbed away before it had come, caught him by surprise, wrenching the cry from his throat. “That’s what I love to hear, 2!” Negan laughed.

The next two hits were much of hte same and in rapid succession, the bat going across the brunnette’s entire backside one side to the other and back again, causing pain to explode across it and for Rick to jerk with each hit and start to wonder if his ribs or spine would break in spite of Negan claiming that that was not the intention. Still with each hit he made an effort to only hiss and not cry out as he had on the second hit. On the fifth strike, he heard a crack and gasped, pain flooding him before he leaned forward slightly heaving out heavy breaths as Lucille cracked a rib and bruised his lung. He didn’t think the bone broke fully, but the pain was enough to make his eyes water and to cause fresh snot come rolling down his face as a low rattling moan rolled out of his throat and he lowered his forehead slowly to the ground. “Ooooh, someone struck gold, now didn’t she?” Negan hissed, sneering down at the fallen man, “Must hurt like a bitch, huh Rick?” Rick breathed hard and buried his face deeper in the dirt, groaning as the pain, though ebbing away, still lingered within him.

“Well, I hate to break it to ya, but thanks to these motherfuckers here you call your friends, you got five more to go, and Lucille’s really enjoying playing with you. But I am going to help ya out a bit here...” He stepped away, moving his foot off of Rick only to kick him in his bruised side. Rick cried out as he rolled over and his injured back landed on the ground, gazing with teary, pain filled crystal eyes at the sky, a beautiful picture that stood in sharp contrast above him when compared to the horror occurring where he lay. A shadow shifted above him, and he darted his fearful eyes to the Leader that now moved to stand over him, his boots firmly planted on either side of Rick’s hips, “I figure she won’t mind playing with your fucking front if I make the hits a bit harder... what do you think?” the man cocked his head to the side as if waiting for an answer.

None came as Rick groaned at the sadist’s words and closed his eyes, about to suck in a deep breath and brace himself for what was to come, knowing that there was nothing he could say that would alter the course of upcoming events. He heard the wind singing before the bat made contact. It was another sledgehammer hit, straight into the middle of his chest, knocking any breath he had hoped to have right out of him before Lucille was dragging down his shirt, ripping it open and causing fresh blood to stream from him, his body jerking up towards Negan as he cried out at the pain. He panted,
flopping back down with eyes shut as tears rolled down his cheeks and he lay in the dirt, the pain rolling over him in waves that threatened to drown him and send him into a void of unconsciousness. For once, he welcomed the idea. Anything to get away from where he was.

Only a second passed before Lucille was singing through the air again and right into his stomach, and Rick lurched forward at the swing. Jerking up almost into a sitting position as she dragged away from him again, her barbs tearing at his abdomen, he panted, head tucked in, eyes squinting and catching sight of the blood seeping from his wounds. The pain filled man choked out weak sobs at the pain flooding through him, praying for it to drown him. His prayers went unanswered, and he resorted to instead try to tell himself that there were only three more hits to go. It did little to console him as Negan stood waiting and he lowered his shaking body back down onto the dirt, gazing at the sky that blurred as tears pooled in his crystal blue eyes.

“Heh, good joke Lucille,” Negan slurred after a moment’s pause, making Rick’s eyes dart to the man hovering over him before the Savior was shouting out, “Let’s see what ol’ Ricky boy had for BREAKFAST!” Rick hissed as the other Saviors laughed around him, his stomach instinctively tensing before the bat slammed into Rick again, harder this time, and Rick grit his teeth feeling his gut lurch more, his back jerking at the hit, the former Sheriff not having the energy to rise up off of the ground. All of it had been leached from him with the swing of the wooden instrument of torture that was dragging away from him once more.

“Ah, nothing yet? Well, perseverance should have its fucking reward. . . sooner or later” Negan chuckled, and the second hit came even harder, sending the bile up his throat and into his mouth. Rick lurched to the side to avoid hurling on himself, arms wrapping around his midsection, dry heaving into the dirt between sobs, eyes closed tight, the vile liquid leaving a sour taste on his tongue. “And there we fucking go!” Negan chuckled, and began to twist his wrist, twirling Lucille about at the end of it like a windmill, surrounding his victim like a predator with its prey, “Now, I promised your bitch over there that I wouldn’t take lil Rick Jr just yet. . .” Rick groaned, eyes opening to stare across at Michonne, his teeth gritted as he swam in the pain surrounding him. In spite of the pain he felt, he didn’t want her to feel responsible, and he hoped he conveyed that somehow.

“But let’s make this last hit count for something goddamn memorable!” Negan shouted, wrenching Rick’s attention back to him and Lucille as the man jumped slightly before swinging Lucille down. Rick screamed, eyes open wide and head tossed back as the bat slammed into the crotch of his pants, his dick exploding in pain that made him see stars right before he blacked out.

As he was dragged out of the darkness by the pulling words the man above him was saying, Rick began to pant into the dirt with the quick rapid breaths of a scared, injured animal. His body, which had already been flooded with pain, now had it all seem to culminate at the epicenter that was his crotch. Logic told him the hit shouldn’t have broken anything, mostly because there were no bones there to break, but damn it all if it didn’t hurt the worse. Curling up he tried to steady his breathing.

“Anything else ya’ll do, results in something similar,” Negan was saying loudly above him, “I mean hell, even if you don’t like me, think of poor Rick! Unless of course you don’t give a shit about him,” he chuckled and Rick grit his teeth as Lucille’s blood covered barbs moved down to his face, one eye opening and gazing up at Negan who smirked down at the pain and suffering he saw in the other man’s crystalline depths, long scratch marks forming in his bat’s wake across Rick’s cheek.

“Then Lucille and I will have some real fun with you, you little shit. . .But for now, I suggest you shut up so I can load you.”

Rick shook all over as he stared up at Negan, eyes pleading for mercy before he opened his trembling lips, even that movement causing pain to spike through him. Even as he spoke he knew the request would be foolish, and yet he needed to try to attempt to save himself. He knew that what he currently felt was merely a taste of what waited for him wherever Negan’s destination was, and that thought horrified him. “P-please, I could get you more stuff, if I stayed. I was supposed to produce . . .that’s what you said. How can I produce for you if I’m not here?” Negan’s face contorted in anger and he pushed Lucille down into Rick’s face.

Rick grunted, eyes squint shut as tears leaked out from them and Lucille dug into his cheekbone,
splinters embedding in his skin as his bone creaked in pain. As dots popped before his eyelids, he choked out a whimper. Negan growled, “I said Shut Up Rick. Or do I need to hit you one more time for you to get that message? But to answer your question. . .” he knelt down and grabbed Rick’s chin, jerking the man around as he moved Lucille away to just hover over near Rick’s face as he was forced to stare at the monster above him, “You will produce for me and I’ll fucking decide how. Whether it’s entertainment, whether it’s items, hell whether it’s just some goddamn stress relief or batting practice, you will produce for me. But it won’t be with your fucking pussy-ass group. See I know that even though you have made some dumbass decisions, you’re smart Rick. Sure it would take some time, but given the chance you would rise against me with these motherfuckers. Hell, you already said you’re gonna goddamn fucking kill me. So I’m taking you with me, just like you said I could. Consider it a security measure. And just to make sure you don’t try anything fucking stupid where we’re going. . .Remember Carl?” Negan leaned down and breathed on Rick’s ear as he whispered to him, his sweaty musk flooding Rick’s senses. Rick knew that from there on, the smell alone would be enough to make him sick because of all the dark things that had come into his already dangerous life with it.

“The rule for your pals here applies to you and him. If you irritate me or vex me to the point where I deem your actions punishment worthy, you will get punished. But if I so choose Carl will get punished too and trust me, by the time I’m done with him, you’ll wish you never stepped out of line. He would too, but you know, he’d be dead.” The words chilled Rick to the bone, and he glanced at his still unconscious son lying sprawled on the ground. “So when I say Shut Up, what are you gonna fucking do Ricky?” Negan slurred, pulling away and locking his gaze with Rick’s own, the threat lurking in his eyes daring Rick to say anything other than what the Leader wanted. Rick gulped, licking his split lips and ignoring the copper taste that lingered on them, “I’ll shut up.” Negan smiled and nodded, “Now there we fucking go.” Standing up quickly, he grabbed the collar of Rick’s shirt, and Rick almost heaved again as he was hoisted up and forced to stagger into a standing position, attempting to stand on his swollen ankle and nearly falling over.

“Now!” Negan shouted to the others as he began to back Rick up quickly towards the van holding Daryl. Rick grunted, and as he almost fell backwards due to the force of the man before him he grabbed onto the Leader’s arm, praying that the man didn’t punish him later for that action. He wouldn’t have grabbed Negan at all if he wasn’t so desperate for some form of physical support. Luckily, Negan didn’t seem to notice or care as he addressed the group. “I know this will be goddamn tough, hell before all you motherfuckers start producing I would SUGGEST you pick a new leader! After all, Rick here will be having to fill a new fucking position. One that I hope he fills a bit better than the last candidate.” The doors to the van opened behind Rick and with a shove from the monster before him he was tossed in, slamming on his cracked rib on the metal van floor and wheezing as the doors were shut with Negan snarling at the monsters behind him, “Bind him and gag him,” before Rick was shut into the dim light of the van, his mind trying to catch up once more with what was going on.

That was for naught as two pairs of hands instantly were on him, one pair shoving a piece of smelly, dirty cloth between his jaws and tying it behind his bleeding head as the other quickly wrapped coarse rope around his wrists and ankles before both pairs slammed him against the side of the van. Rick flung his head back, yelling around the gag before his head slumped to be hanging forward. Slowly he lifted his head up to stare at the surprised, bound and gagged Daryl sitting across from him. He had been longing for his friend’s presence just moments prior, but in no way had he longed for it to be like this. Daryl had taken a nasty blow to the head in his struggles before, a side of his forehead split open from the butt of a gun, and yet the Archer was more horrified by Rick’s appearance than he was worried about his own circumstances. “Rick?” he tried to say around his gag. Suddenly the butt of the gun came flying out of nowhere and slammed into Daryl’s stomach, making the other man lurch forward and lean over the butt, groaning at the hit. Turning their heads, the two stared at the two Saviors who had bound them up. Both men had bald heads and various tattoos, wearing dark hoodies and pants and holding rifles as they knelt behind the two seats that made up the barrier between them and the front of the van.
Chapter End Notes

So what did you all think? Are we excited for more? Disgusted by something that happened? Excited and disgusted and worried? Please don't hate me for leaving you on a cliffhanger of a scene, I assure you the next chapter will be up soon! Three words: CAR RIDE TIME! But seriously, please let me know what you all think, I welcome any constructive criticism and compliments!
One Uncool Car Ride

Chapter Summary

A car ride to the Sanctuary. Simple, rather uneventful. Maybe some radio playing, chit chatting, napping? But a car ride with Saviors? Rick and Daryl could never have understood how uncool that shit is.

Chapter Notes

As some of you might have noticed, I added a few extra warnings to this fanfic. Those are not meant to deter anyone from reading this story, they are, as their category name would suggest, warnings. I never like reading anything that I think is going to go one way then takes a sharp u-turn and goes the complete opposite, and I don't expect you to like it either. I want to appreciate anyone and everyone who has read this fic so far, who has left kudos on this fic so far, and who has left wonderful comments on this fic so far. It is because of that appreciation that I want to make everything clear and straight: this fic is not going to get better until it gets a lot worse. Is Rick going to live? Yes, he is. We know that from the Prologue, which happens after all of the events of this fic take place. Is it going to have physical torture in it? You better believe it. This is Brutal Negan, a man who wants to take everything and either kill or break down others to meet his own ends. Is this fic going to have sexual abuse in it? You better believe it. This is Brutal Negan, a man who wants to take everything and either kill or break down others to meet his own ends. Is this fic going to have sexual abuse in it? No, it is more based on the psychological effects that the mind can have as it attempts to adapt to the abuse. Is this fic going to have a happy, loving ending, or is it simply going to end? It is simply going to end. Because not all stories are going to have happy endings-although I love the ones that do. Some are going to be about the darkness of humanity, and those are the kind that I seek to write. I like to try to push the limits of the human psyche, to portray it in an artful way as I push the limits of myself as a writer. Now, again I am not saying this to offend or deter, but I just want to make sure that no one reads this fic and gets upset by it. That being said, I appreciate and love all of the support guys! I have taken this chapter and made it as eventful a car ride as I can! Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

One of the men looked at both prisoners with cold blue eyes, “Here’s how this is gonna go,” he muttered, taking out a dirty yellow note pad and slapping it on the floor of the van while his accomplice pulled out a black sharpie, his dark eyes watching the two of them as he popped off the cap of the marker and quickly scrawled two words at the top of the sheet. He was the next to speak, “For every movement or sound you make, Dee and I are going to make a tick mark on this sheet here. Every tick mark is going to contribute to a sort of punishment orchestrated by the big boss man out there. Understood? You pricks are allowed to move to answer our questions, by the way.” Rick breathed hard through his nose and nodded slowly, Daryl doing the same. It was ridiculous, the task set before them, but they were in no place to explain how performing it would be impossible. Dee smirked, “Good, you guys aren’t quite as dumb as you look.” “But they are dumb,” Dark Eyes chuckled. “So fucking stupid,” Dee snickered back. Rick closed his eyes, the pain radiating through
his body seeming to agree with him. Every part of him seemed to scream at him that he had been an idiot to get himself and his group in this situation.

After a few moments there was a bang on the side of the van right behind Rick making him jerk, tensing as intuition told him just who and what the cause of it was. The man who Negan had looked to before for Daryl’s name slid into the front seat, looking over his shoulder and smiling at the two bound men, “Everyone comfy? Good!” With that he turned back around and there was a pause before the van jerked to life and Rick grunted, catching himself on his hands to avoid falling on his side as the van began to bump along, leaving the rest of their group behind. The sounds of the sharpie against the paper met Rick’s ears and he groaned, closing his eyes and bracing before twisting around and slamming his wounded back against the metal wall behind him in an attempt to keep himself still as Daryl grunted and attempted to stay upright too. Thinking his current position might work for the ride, Rick allowed himself to relax for a moment, right before another bump tossed him onto his side, his bound hands flying out to slam palm first into the van floor to keep his head away from it.

Gazing at his tied up hands pressed against the van floor, Rick wheezed out around the gag as his injured rib moaned from being slammed against the side of the vehicle along with the rest of him. “You can stay like that if you want,” Dark Eyes chuckled, “We’ll have to add another tick mark for that wheezing shit though.” Rick just sighed, closing his eyes as the van rocked back and forth, the sound of the sharpie like a funeral knell for him. His body tensed just at the thought of the punishment those flippantly placed ticks would lead to.

For what felt like an eternity they kept moving like that, the Savior up front humming along to some song playing on the van’s disc player while the two Saviors in the back of the van watched Rick and Daryl attempt to stay still. Roughly a half hour into the trip Dee pulled out an old battered box of Menthols, taking one out and offering another to his comrade. Together the two men had filled the back of the van with their smoke, making the prisoners’ eyes water and making them choke on the material tied in their mouths as the smoke entered their noses and strangled their lungs. Any time they did so, another tick mark would be put down, specifically by Dee as he would take the marker form Dark Eyes, the blue eyed man smirking as he did so. It made the former Sheriff wonder if the idea behind the cigarettes had been to make them earn more tick marks. But as the two Saviors continued through the box and the man up front let down a window as he drove, all the brunette could do was stare at the van floor, hoping that they ran out of the things soon and try to refrain from coughing as much as possible.

Occasionally Rick would glance at Daryl through the smoky atmosphere filling the van. Each time he did so, he found the Archer gazing right back at him, having taken on a similar body position as Rick after he had fallen a few times as they’d hit bumps on the road. Even though he continued to make the effort-he couldn’t just not look at Daryl during the ride-each time their eyes connected, it filled Rick with more guilt. Even if he could try to tell himself a million times that they had attacked Negan’s men to help Hilltop, the inescapable truth was that it had ultimately been his decision for Alexandria to go on the offensive and alert the dark king that was Negan of their presence. While at the time they thought they were slaying a beast, now it was clear to Rick that going forth and attacking the Savior outpost was like attacking the Grecian Hydra but with a small variation: when he cut off the head that had harassed Hilltop, instead of getting two more heads, it was a very big, very dangerous head that had come at him. And that head attacked viciously and from what Rick could tell it would attack again and again and again.

After over an hour of driving he heard a heavy sigh from Dee and glanced at the two Saviors set to watch them. They had been talking quietly to themselves between drags and passing back and forth a rusty metal flask Dark Eyes had pulled out from his pocket. Dee seemed irritated: apparently they had run out of cigarettes. The dark gaze he cast Rick and Daryl as he spoke those words reaffirmed what Rick had assumed: he was more irritated that he couldn’t torture them with the tick mark causing white sticks than he was about not being able to smoke. That fact only reaffirmed to Rick that he wanted to stay as far from that man as possible.

Dark Eyes chuckled and reached behind himself to pull out a yellowed white binder filled with
sheets of tattered paper, “Calm down ya bastard. We still got this,” he held up the flask and shook it, the liquid inside sloshing around, “And this. And they got enough tick marks from your weak ass idea of torture.” Dee smirked, putting out the last of the cigarettes on the van floor, adding the butte to the pile of little white stubs that he’d made beside him, “Weak huh?” “You and your idea to make them hack up a lung? Sorry man, but that doesn’t hold a goddamn candle to Negan in the pain department,” Dark Eyes chuckled, opening up the binder, “But enough of that, let’s get started back on this shit. Where’d we leave off, number 28? Might as well spend this fucking ride working on the next one.” At that the man up front tilted his head back, “Hey you fucks. Don’t you damn forget Negan gave you a job to-”

“Oh don’t fucking worry about it!” Dee chuckled, revealing busted and chipped teeth as he shot Rick a cruel grin, “O’l Pops over there’s so beat to hell he won’t try anything and Robin Hood over here...” he nodded at Daryl, his teeth instantly gritted around the gag as the man continued, glowering at the man and clearly not liking his idea of a nickname, “Or ex-Robin Hood, since Dwight took his crossbow. Anyway, this guy ain’t gonna try anything, cuz if he does...” He held up his handgun, twisted it around, and put the butt of it in Rick’s direction, “The old man gets a few more blows to roll his head around with, since we can’t feed ‘im any bullets...” he finished with a look of pure disappointment on his face, like a kid that had had his Christmas present taken from him.

“Fine, they just better not get out of hand. Otherwise Negan’s gonna rain hell down on you motherfu-” the man up front began. “Hell Simon, they’re already fucking tied up,” Dark Eyes muttered, rolling his eyes and shifting the notebook into his lap as Dee put the gun away, “Maybe you’re just worried we’ll win the crossword before you.” “You know I don’t do that shit,” Simon muttered, then lifted something to his mouth. Rick thought it was a sandwich of some kind as the man munched on it. “Only cuz you can’t keep up,” Dark Eyes chuckled as Dee pulled out a plastic bag of chips and ripping the bag open shoved a handful of them into his mouth. As Dee began munching on the chips, Rick’s stomach seemed to seize up and he groaned, hanging his head and hoping it would keep quiet. The last thing he needed was for it to start growling and possible earn him more tick marks. “Shut the fuck up Dum,” Simon snapped, the man’s jab getting to him a little. As Dum shrugged off Simon’s comment, Dee began to read what was on the paper, “Alright, 1 down, 5 letters. Stately home.” “Manor,” Dum remarked, scrawling into the book as he grabbed a handful of chips for himself. At that Rick and Daryl glanced at each other, each sharing the same look of disbelief. Here they were, captives of a cult of killers, and two of said killers were doing a crossword puzzle? What the hell was that?

For another hour he and Daryl sat watching the two guys have arguments and discussions as they attempted the word puzzle. “So number 10 across, 7 letters. Justice...” Dee murmured. As the two men pondered amongst themselves what the word could be, Rick sucked in a deep breath, letting it out in a groan as his dick hardened and burned at the same time. The brunette bowed his head, glancing at his crotch, knowing fully well just what was causing it to be that way. But how the hell was he supposed to let the men know? Or was he not supposed to let them know? Was he supposed to just go on the van floor? Was that one of Negan’s ways to get to him? It was as he pondered this that he noticed Daryl shifting his thighs across from him and realized his friend had to do the same thing he did.

Dee was the first to notice Daryl’s movements, “What the hell-?” “I told you to watch them,” Simon called back. “We fucking are!” Dum snapped, “Damn it, Robin Hood here is shifting around like he’s got ants in his goddamn pants. Either that or he has to take a- damn man, you gotta take a fucking piss?!” Daryl breathed hard and held his head down in a form of ashamed affirmation. Dee smirked and leaned forward, sliding his hand down to Daryl’s crotch, squeezing and making the Archer growl in his throat before shooting Dee a look that-if looks could kill-should have made the thug a dead man. “Yeah, you’re probably ready to burst like a fucking water balloon aren’t you? Well go ahead man, take your goddamn piss. See how many fucking tick marks that shit’ll make!” the Savior taunted, glee filling his words. “Fuck no,” Simon called back, “If those two pricks are going to piss it’s gonna be outside this goddamn van.”
Dee rolled his eyes, sliding his hand away from Daryl as he sat back against the front seat, “Damn Simon, don’t be such a pussy. They could clean it up afterwards.” “No way, gotta make a run to Hilltop right after this shit. Negan’s orders. And I am not going with piss sloshing around in my van. I’ll let the others know we need to stop. Does old man back there need to go too?” At that Dum looked at Rick who nodded slightly, pressing his thighs together and praying that the man’s hands stayed clear of his own crotch. Dum appeared to be the less sadistic of the two men sitting with them, but he was also a Savior who had just watched Rick’s friends get their heads bashed in and Rick get beaten. That was enough reason not to trust the man. Luckily the man didn’t make a move towards him, and Rick was grateful for that.

“Yeah man, I think this prick’s gotta go too,” Dum called to the front. Simon nodded, spoke on some sort of radio, and in no time Rick and Daryl were feeling the van slow to a stop. Rick wished he didn’t feel so relieved by that fact. Sure he would finally get to piss, but everything had been some form of twisted with the Saviors and Negan before, and it was sure to be that way this time. He grunted, jolting slightly as the van stopped, and waited in silence as he prepared as best he could for whatever might come next.

The van doors swung open, flooding the dark van with light that made Daryl and Rick shut their eyes against the sudden invasion. Dee and Dum as one got up, and grabbing the two guys’ shoulders, pulled/pushed Rick and Daryl out of the van, forcing them to stand in the blinding sunlight surrounding them. Daryl merely grunted beside him but Rick couldn’t hold back the moan as his aching, sore, injured muscles and bones were forced to move out of the position they’d held for so long. Gazing at the ground for a moment, shifting his weight off of his hurt ankle, he sucked in a deep breath, trying to calm himself in preparation for whatever might happen next. Once a few breaths had come and gone in that vain attempt and he had felt some joints pop in ways they shouldn’t, the man lifted his head and saw the pine trees surrounding them on the old dirt road. A few walkers could be seen far off in the trees, but those were far from the immediate threat who was imposing on his situation.

Most of the other Saviors were still in their vehicles, but-of course—one man stood before them, his boots planted firmly in the dirt, the head of Lucille pressed into the earth as he leaned forward on her, gripping her handle tightly. Just the sight of her made his body ache even more. Diverting his eyes from her, he focused on Negan, waiting on the man to address them and hoping that he could get through this with little pain.

Negan smirked at both of them, “Told ya you’d be pissin’ your pants soon enough, now didn’t I?” Walking forward, he twirled Lucille at the end of his arm, her swiping dangerously close to both Rick and Daryl’s crotches, making both men instinctively arch their hips a little away from her and the man wielding her, “But you assholes just couldn’t wait until we got to our destination, you just had to go RIGHT GODDAMN NOW!” he shouted the last, leaning towards Rick so that he got more of the impact of the shout. It caused his already sore head to ring as he winced and closed his eyes.

Lucille was suddenly up near Rick’s cheek, and he shut his eyes tighter, tears leaking out as her barbs lightly grazed his face, his breathing becoming quicker at her presence. Chancing a pleading glance at Negan, hoping that the man wouldn’t do worse than that, he saw the satisfied smirk on the Savior leader’s face that showed just how much Negan was enjoying this. “Well,” Negan purred, tilting his head to the side, “I guess when ya gotta fucking go, ya gotta fucking go, now don’t ya?” Turning, whipping Lucille away, he walked a few steps away from Rick and Daryl, tossing a hand up and waving it flippantly at Dee and Dum, “Guys, drop their pants. They’ve already been kept waiting.”

Rick jerked his head down, staring as two firm hands grabbed at his pants’ belt from behind, quickly undoing it, his button, and his zipper before gripping the hems of his pants along with his boxers and jerking them down to his ankles. Feeling his face go red with embarrassment at effectively being panted in front of so many of the enemy, he looked over and saw the same thing happening to Daryl, who grunted and tried to elbow Dee away.

“Hey!” Negan shouted. Rick shot his head around and stared at the Savior leader as he swung
Lucille around to point at Daryl, “Man’s trying to help you the fuck out. Now you accept that and move on, or Lucille here is going to have some more fun with Rick, and by the looks of things…” he turned to Rick, smirked, and shook his head, “Ol’ Papa Bear can’t take much more right now.” Rick shuddered around the gag, a tremor running through him at Negan’s words. He didn’t want Negan to be right, not after all that had happened. But he was. Rick couldn’t take much more of Lucille, he knew that much. He prayed Daryl would comply, at least for the moment. For both of their sakes.

“Ok, so, which one of you sorry shits is going to start us off huh?” Negan chuckled, “Rick?” he swung Lucille around and brushed her just slightly along Rick’s aching member. Rick whimpered, eyes squinted, the action irritating the puncture wounds still along his dick and balls from the hit before. “Tell me, is your dick naturally that fucking big or is Rick Jr just a bit too hurt by my girl here? I shoulda warned you, she plays pretty goddamn rough,” Negan rumbled from low in his throat, leaning closer to the former Sheriff, malice playing with mischief in his obsidian eyes. Rick merely shuddered in response, bowing his head and hoping Negan didn’t really expect a response. Negan took a step back, smirking, and turned to Daryl, “Or will it be Daryl? Mr. Arrows? Cuz I gotta tell ya’ll, one of you motherfuckers has gotta start us off so that we can get on with it and be done with this piss party and get back on the fucking road. So who’s it gonna fucking be?” Daryl growled from low in his throat, eyes narrowed as he glowered at Negan.

Negan frowned hard back at the Archer, “Now I did warn you about not fucking behaving, but it seems that hasn’t quite sunk in yet. Maybe an example of what I mean is what you goddamn need…” Rick sucked in a deep breath, eyes widening, and was barely able to brace himself before Lucille came fast and hard, slamming into his crotch. His crystal eyes shut tight as he screamed around the gag, staggering back and crying out as he stepped on his hurt ankle, falling to his knees with the bat’s barbs scratching and ripping at his dick, piss surging forth over his thighs and onto her upon impact. Daryl shouted around his gag and lunged but Dee and Dum held him back as Negan let himself be tugged closer to the ground so that Lucille remained in Rick’s crotch area. “I warned ya, Daryl. You can’t say I didn’t warn ya,” Negan tsked, frowning at the man, “Now look what you made me do to poor Rick. And Lucille here, now she’s got piss all over her pretty surface. Aw well, at least we finally fucking got started…” pulling Lucille away and causing Rick to moan as the action made her tear at his skin more, the man wiped her across Rick’s face, making him groan. As her barbs scraped him and piss entered the wounds making them bum, tears formed at the corners of Rick’s eyes and he bowed his head, heaving an exhausted sigh. “Way to go Rick. At least someone is trying to make this fucking work.” Rick glanced up at Negan, seeing the man giving him a cold smirk from where he stood up over the former Sheriff, and lowered his tear filled blue eyes back to the ground, breathing out a weak sob around the soaked gag.

Chuckling at the man, Negan turned to Daryl, “Now, unless you want me to hit Rick a few more times, you’re gonna grab your little arrow in your hands and aim for the goddamn ground. Understand?” Daryl glanced down at Rick, apology in his eyes as he gazed at his pain filled leader and nodded. This was Glenn all over again, yet somehow worse as Negan drew out Rick’s torture. Sighing, he gripped his dick and in no time his yellow stream pattered against the earth at his feet. “There we go,” Negan slurred, smirking into Daryl’s face, “Wasn’t that hard, now was it?” Turning to Dee and Dum he smirked, “What are ya waitin’ for. Pull Arrow-Boy’s pants up and get Papa Bear off the ground. We got more ground to cover, and I DO plan on getting home by nightfall.” As Dee yanked up Daryl’s pants, Rick was quickly hauled to his own feet, moaning as he was forced to stand on his twisted ankle and piss ran down his legs from his thighs. Hanging his head he watched as Dum pulled up his pants, just before a gloved hand tilted his chin up and Negan’s face flooded his vision, that Cheshire grin still in place. Rick tensed under the hand, fear flooding his eyes as he gazed into Negan’s obsidian depths. “For your sake I hope we have no more fucking interruptions before we get where we’re going. You look sorry as shit,” the Leader murmured, before patting Rick hard on his cheek and turning, waltzed away. Rick didn’t know what he had been expecting, but he sighed, slumped forward and allowed himself to be guided back into the van,
relief flooding him that he hadn’t gotten it.
Rick felt his body tense up as they stopped yet again after he heard Simon talking on a walkie talkie
to someone who he thought was Negan. He had to stop himself from falling forward with the force of
the brakes and heard another two ticks being put down, hearing Daryl fall and slam into the van
floor. Considering that he had been able to catch himself on his hands, he figured he should feel
lucky, but the pain he’d been immersed in kept any feelings like that at bay. Glancing over, he saw
his friend get up with blood streaming from a new cut across his forehead, his entire face beginning
to swell.
He turned to the men as Dum moved closer, pulling a water bottle from behind him. “Don’t try
anything,” the man hissed, eyes locking with Rick’s own, “I’m gonna take that gag out and give you
some water. That is ALL that is about to happen. Nod if you understand.” Rick nodded quickly, the
thought of even hot water comforting to him, and had the gag slid out from between his teeth. He
breathed out, happy to get the rough material out of his strained jaws. Sucking in the stale air of the
van, happy for even that to be filling his lungs, he had a moment of relief only to have the top of the
bottle pushed against his teeth, Dum firmly holding true to his word that that was ALL that would
happen. Latching his lips on it, he tried his best to take long, slow sips so that what he was drinking
wouldn’t come right back up. Something told him the men wouldn’t take his gag out again, no matter
how nasty he made it. Hell, they’d probably laugh at him as he wretched around the material.
Glancing at Daryl who was receiving similar treatment, he knew the other was doing the same as he
was.
Once the water was gone, the men pulled the bottles away and slid the gags back in and Rick
glanced at the front window of the van, seeing buildings. Were they at their destination? He didn’t
think they’d be giving the two of them water in the van if they were. . . So why had they stopped at
some town? Dee, who looked confused himself, asked Simon why they had stopped. Simon
laughed, saying that Negan had to make a quick “grocery run”. Rick sighed, slumping forward.
Whatever that meant, he felt like it wouldn’t bode well for him.
After a few minutes of waiting the
van pulled away from its spot without warning and Rick groaned as he shifted yet again. Two more
ticks.
The hot van floor’s ridges rubbed up and down against Rick’s temple as he slowly awoke. He didn’t
know how long he’d been asleep, or even when he fell asleep, but some movement out of the
ordinary had awoken him, he knew that. Looking up from his spot on the floor, he saw Daryl up and
on his knees, and figured the other man had felt it wise to risk moving to see where he was. To him
that meant one thing: they had finally arrived. As he struggled to get back up into a seated position,
wincing at the itchy stickiness that had formed between his skin and his pants where he’d pissed on
himself, Rick saw the two men make even more tick marks on the sheet, which to the brunette’s
chagrin was quite full. Had they counted the movements he’d made while he was asleep too? Could
he not catch a break even for those?
Turning his head, getting on his knees, he went to straighten his back, sucking in a deep breath as he
did so, various parts of his spine popping and screaming in pain. Sleeping on the hard van floor had
decidedly NOT done wonders for the hits he’d taken from Lucille. Turning his head, he looked out
the van windows as best he could and was just barely able to see a tall chain link fence with a huge
gate ahead of them, numerous police barricades and spikes with walkers either chained to them or
tossed upon them surrounding them. The sky was a mixture of gray and purple as night had begun to
fall upon the area, and behind the gate was a huge warehouse. As he watched, the gate was opening
for some of Negan’s trucks to go through. He felt his entire body tense up, knowing all too well
before Simon said it that the rest of his painful existence lay beyond that fence, “That’s right ya
pricks, we’re here. Welcome to the rest of your motherfucking lives. . .”
With that, hands grabbed both Daryl and Rick before Dee and Dum slammed them down on the van
floor. Rick cried out around the gag, eyes shut tight as the rib that had broken before dug into his
lung, almost puncturing it and his nose snapped like a twig. Dum flung the burlap sack over his head,
leaving him gagged and in the smelly bag. “Sorry kiddos, you won’t have those shits off until you
get to your new digs,” Simon laughed.
After a few moments of being held down as the van maneuvered into the compound, Rick heard the lock of the doors turning just before he was shoved near them, the ridges of the van slamming across his front and making him moan in pain as another pair of hands, seemingly out of nowhere, grabbed him as Dum took out a knife and sliced through the rope at his ankles, freeing them so that he could attempt to walk on his healthy one and the one that had been twisted. From what he could hear, Daryl was getting the same treatment, moments before the two were hoisted out of the van.

As he was forced to stand in the chilly evening air he tilted his head down, trying to ignore the blood streaming from his now broken nose over his lips and teeth and down his chin to drip onto the earth beneath him. “Here you are sir,” he heard Dee walk past them before the rustling of papers met his ears. “Damn, wiggle worms aren’t they!” Negan laughed from just a few feet in front of them before footfalls were heard as the sadistic man stalked closer. From what Rick could hear he couldn’t tell who they were coming for, but he had a sickening feeling it would be for him.

“Damn Rick, do ya ever learn,” Negan tsked. Rick didn’t even hear the wind singing before Lucille made contact. Rick cried out behind the gag as the strike came to his head, hard enough to make his head spin as Lucille pulled away from him, her barbs tugging at the bag. Reeling from the blow, he staggered to the side, unluckily onto his bad foot. Moaning, trying hard to remain standing he breathed hard around the gag, shaking and hoping the assault was over just before the next hit came, Lucille slamming behind his good foot’s knee, her barbed wire tearing into his pants and ripping them open just before drawing blood from the sensitive skin underneath.

Rick stumbled forward with the strike’s force, his knees buckling before he was in the dirt, the stones there cutting into his pants and skin. He hung his head, breathing hard as he felt Negan leaning over him, blood seeping from the fresh wounds on the side of his head as even more streamed from his nose. “You know, after all that’s fucking happened, Idda thought you wouldn’t have enough goddam energy to earn so many marks, Rick. I figured that not moving would be a good fucking recovery time for you. But if you don’t want to rest, hell who am I to fucking stop you? After all, Lucille is just having the fucking time of her life drinking from you, making you goddamn bleed.”

Rick gave a shuddering breath behind the gag, his head still radiating with pain, and shifted his weight slightly as he knelt in the dirt, expecting one more hit at least. Instead the presence he felt above him pulled away, shouting, “DWIGHT! Take Daryl to the Hole! He’ll pay for his tick marks later. Simon, take some men and go to Hilltop. Dee, Dum, grab Rick and follow me. It’s time to get him acquainted with his new job.” Moments later, two firm hands grabbed Rick by his armpits, hoisting the man up as he grunted from the treatment and heard the scuffling Daryl gave at being taken away from him before he was led away. Moving forward with them, he felt his heart sink even lower. What the hell was in store for him now?

The men walked behind Negan, the group moving in silence as they made their way to their new destination, moving far from the fence to the point where the sounds of walkers gave way to the sounds of crickets and cicadas. As Rick’s mind lingered on the transition, Negan began to whistle from up in front, a joyful tune that Rick felt was far too inappropriate for his situation, yet perhaps perfect for the other man’s own. What caused injury to Rick only caused joy for Negan, that much had become clear, and there was nothing he felt he could do about it. He sighed and hung his head, trying to force himself to just keep moving forward, his legs working mechanically as he made his way up wooden steps and onto some hollow sounding planks. “Welcome home,” Negan suddenly hissed and Rick jumped as the bag was jerked off and tossed aside, his face flooding with that of Negan, illuminated in the orange glow of buzzing electric porch lantern lights.

Chapter End Notes

So, what do you guys think? No flamers, please, but constructive comments and critiques are welcome! Next chapter should be posted soon!
Chapter Summary

So Rick has finally made it to Negan's house. What does this mean? It means it's time for him to learn just what his new role in life is, and just what the consequences are for misbehaving in that role. It's all made very clear and simple: Misbehave enough, and Negan will SHUT THAT SHIT DOWN!

Chapter Notes

I am sure that due to my Author's Note in the past chapter I have without a doubt lost some readers. But I regret nothing regarding that warning (after all I would never want anyone to feel deceived into reading something they aren't going to enjoy) and to all of you who wish to continue to read my fanfic, I am happy that you are continuing with me as I post chapters! That's the kind of thing that just... tickles my tities, to paraphrase Negan. So, with this chapter, we are due in for a very violent introduction into what Rick’s life might be like. Warning: dismemberment mentioning, nudity, and a whole lot of Lucilling. I hope you enjoy the chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Negan smirked at him and Rick’s eyes moved around as he took in the porch of the Victorian. The wood of the house was painted a clean white color whilst the shutters and trim were a deep hunter green. The large door of the house was hunter green as well, inlaid with an oval stained glass display of some beautiful flowers with a Lucille going up the center of the picture. From the two massive double windows of the porch hung gorgeous white window boxes holding plants that were flourishing well.

From what he could tell the place was incredibly well kept, with even some white rocking chairs and a large wooden swing completing the idyllic environment. All that was missing was the dog on the front porch steps and the kids playing out front in the yard and it could have been the set for any happy country scene in a movie. Through the window to his left he saw a lounge like room with many attractive women in black dresses and lingerie moving about and talking within. Some were drinking and most were sitting around on the plush furniture of the room as if they were bored. As if a zombie apocalypse wasn’t going on outside their walls. The whole home seemed to scream an irony that even Michonne’s descriptions of Woodbury didn’t match. He didn’t know if it was that this place felt more be comfortable than Woodbury or if Negan was so much more violent than the Governor that caused the greater sense of contrast.

As Rick watched the women a gloved hand gripped his chin and his head was turned so that once again he faced Negan head on. He diverted his eyes to his boots, not wanting to meet the man’s smug gaze. “Dammit, ya’ll fucking broke his nose too? This is just not your goddamn day is it Rick?” Negan murmured. Rick heaved a deep sigh around the gag, thinking that that was one of the biggest understatements he’d ever heard. “It was an accident,” Dee said defensively, “Can’t help it if the prick’s not tough.” Negan made a humming sound, twirling Lucille about slowly at the end of his arm and Rick’s eyes darted over to watch as the bat swung, hoping that he’d get a few more moments of reprieve before getting acquainted with her again.
Negan smiled, clearly enjoying the look of apprehension the brunette was giving his weapon as he murmured, “Yes, I guess you are right about that. Let Dr. Carson know that he’ll be seeing a new patient tomorrow.”

Rick’s eyes moved back to Negan’s as the man continued to smile at him, confusion filling his crystal depths at Negan’s words. Dr. Carson? But he was at Hilltop, why would Negan take Rick there if he just got him here? Shouldn’t he have just stayed in the van with Simon? Go to Hilltop with him? Negan chuckled, perceiving his confusion as surprise regarding him offering that Rick go see a doctor, “Hell, I’m not a total fucking monster Rick. Besides, I can’t fucking keep beating up on you if you’re fucking dead. . . Well I could, but it wouldn’t be much goddamn fun.” Tightening his grip before releasing Rick’s chin, the man then turned and pressed the doorbell button set to the right of the door, “And I do love beating you, you sorry shit.” Rick hung his head, gazing at his torn shirt that clung to his bloody, scratched and bruised chest and stomach. His dick still hurt like hell from the two hits it had taken and he was 99.9% certain Lucille had taken some of the outer skin from it on that second hit. The aches in his back, ribs, and knees along with all of that were proof enough to support Negan’s claim. If he didn’t get help soon, he WOULDN’T be alive for much longer. He just hoped that that help came sooner than the next hit from Lucille, but he doubted it would.

At that moment the door was opened and Rick glanced up over Negan’s shoulder to see a gorgeous brunette with long hair swung to the side open the door for Negan, her dark eyes glancing at Rick before focusing on the Savior Leader. “Hi, Sherry, miss me?” Negan drawled and with Lucille in hand held his arms open expectantly to the woman who nodded, albeit stiffly, and walked into his embrace, wrapping her long slender arms around his back as he hugged her whilst being careful to keep Lucille away from her smooth skin. Rick blinked as a look of what appeared to be disdain flickered in her eyes with Negan’s own eyes not on hers-her chin resting over the killer’s shoulder as she hugged him- before she closed them and turning gave the Leader a kiss on the neck. As she pulled away, she was about to speak when Negan chuckled, “Fuck, sweetheart. I think we can do a bit goddamn better than that shit.”

Gripping her neck in his bare hand, he pulled her to him and locked lips with her. Making a grunting noise, the woman closed her eyes tightly and returned the deep kiss as Negan rubbed her cheekbone with his rough thumb. Rick supposed that to most the way she was kissing his eyes so firmly as she kissed him would portray passion. But given the look that had passed over her eyes before, Rick would guess that she was enduring the kiss more than she was enjoying it. Trying to please the man before her in spite of her anger. Finally pulling away Negan grinned and looked over his shoulder at Rick, “Hard to find a good bitch these days. Luckily I have quite a few gorgeous ones in there. Big titties and tight asses, and all are here by their fucking choice, of course. . . ” he turned and smirked at the brunette who he still had his hand on, “Ain’t that right doll?”

Licking her lips, she nodded, “Of course, Negan.” He chuckled and patted her cheek, and she glanced at Rick, nodding in his direction, “We didn’t know you’d be bringing anyone back with you. . . is he your new pe-” “Shhh!” Negan suddenly remarked with a chuckle, putting his thumb on her lips, “Yeah you’re fucking right, but Ricky boy here doesn’t know what the hell is going on yet. And I kind of want it to be a goddamn surprise til he REALLY finds out. Like a . . . ” Negan turned his head and gave the bound man a malicious smile, his eyes almost going fully dark with his evil intent, most of the light leaving them, “Birthday present.”

Sherry pulled away from Negan’s grip and Rick saw some sort of pity in her eyes as she looked at him briefly before turning her cold gaze to Negan, “You’re an asshole.” Negan, still looking at Rick, smirked, “I KNOW!” He turned to Sherry, “And you fucking love me anyway. So how fucked up does that make YOU? I mean, other than how fucked up I already goddamn make ya,” he laughed at that, bucking his hips towards her, wrapping an arm around her waist and pulling her closer, pressing his own crotch against the crotch area of her dress. Putting a hand on his chest to steady herself, Sherry frowned at Negan, tilting her head, “Very, I guess,” she remarked in a resigned tone.

Negan chuckled, “Don’t act so down about it doll, that’s the reason you and all those other girls in there are living life so goddamn well. Now you tell them that I will catch up with them later, but I really need to get Rick here up to his new room before he falls down. Man’s taken some hell of a
couple of hits today. It might take a while, but once I get him acquainted with what is expected of him, I’ll be back to take care of you all.” Sherry nodded, “Of course.”

Casting one last look that said nothing but “I’m Sorry” to Rick, she gave Negan one more kiss on the cheek, hands gripping his shoulders. Chuckling, the man pulled her closer, turning his head and kissing her on her cheek as well, his hand sliding down slightly and grabbing her ass firmly through her dress. Rolling her eyes and turning on her heel, the woman walked firmly back into the house and to the living room where Rick saw her through the window speaking with the other girls, Negan slapping her hard and loud on the rump as she went, making her jump slightly. Some acted excited at the aspect of their Leaders’ return, but Rick couldn’t help but notice that some acted as if they couldn’t care less.

“Damn that hot fucking bitch. Tanya is the best for a good blow, but Sherry is the best pussy I have EVER stuck my dick in,” Negan chuckled, “Now, come on,” the last two words were in a demanding growl as Negan turned and grabbed Rick by the arm before he jerked the man into the house. Rick grunted against the gag, slamming into the cream colored wall of the main hallway as he stumbled across the threshold, breathing hard through his nose as he tried to stay upright, Negan’s grip an iron clasp around his upper arm.

The man gave him a moment to steady himself then marched further in, Dee and Dum following behind them. Rick panted against the cloth, struggling to keep up with the man, the rooms about him passing in blurs. He barely had time to take anything in, his eyes focusing on the burgundy carpet beneath him and his feet as they struggled across it. Twice his feet couldn’t keep up with Negan and they were dragged as he nearly fell on his face as the man made his way to an oak stairway that moved off to the right side from the main hall as the carpet continued on in its path to the back of the home.

“Come on now, upsy daisy,” Negan remarked, jerking Rick’s arm as the man continued his quick pace up the staircase. Rick grunted around the gag, eyes watering at the pain in his injured ankle as he was forced to walk on it as he made his way up the stairs, both ankles banging on the lips of the stairs as he went and causing new pain to radiate through his shins. Once upstairs, Rick and Negan made their way down yet another hallway, heading straight for two large oak doors that, if Rick was keeping up with the geography of the house accurately, would lead to a room overlooking the front of the structure.

Rick gulped, knowing that what Negan had wanted to be the surprise lay beyond those doors. Shutting his eyes tight and gritting his teeth around the gag he sucked in a deep breath through his broken nose as Negan paused before the door, letting go of Rick’s arm.

As Rick opened eyes, Negan’s face was inches from his own, smiling at him like the cat who was about to pounce on the mouse, “Here’s your mother fucking surprise Birthday Boy. Now, I’m gonna leave that gag in your fucking mouth to start out with. Don’t want you freaking out on me until the preliminary speech has taken place. Don’t you fucking worry though, it’ll come out soon enough. Now, are we goddamn ready to see what’s behind Door number fucking 1?” Rick breathed hard and bowed his head, unable to bring himself to nod and hoping that that action of submission would be enough for Negan. He was exhausted, hungry, and filled with apprehension at what would come next. Right now he just hoped that Negan would get it over with. After all, there was no way to avoid what was coming. Why draw it out?

“Well, ready or not, here we fucking go,” Negan chuckled, then turned and flung the two doors inward, “Hello Benny boy!” He marched straight through, swinging his arms out in a way of presenting the doors beyond the doors, “We’re baaaack!” With a shove from behind, Rick stumbled in after him, coming to his knees on the red carpet, his hands flung out before him to stop him from falling flat on his face. “Have I fucking told you that I just love seeing you like that?” Negan remarked from above in a tone that from anyone else would have been endearing but with him just seemed more cold and sadistic. Rick merely gazed at the floor, hearing the men close the doors behind him before a large muscular hand was moving through his hair, stroking his scalp before Negan dug his fingers in deep, scraping against Rick’s skin and making the brunette wince.

Chuckling before jerking his head back and painfully bending his prisoner’s neck, Negan gazed
down at Rick with confident, malicious dark eyes, “Well take a goddamn look around Ricky. You won’t be seeing much outside this fucking room for a LONG time. Hell, you might NEVER see anything outside of this room again. So you might as fucking well get goddamn acquainted with it.” Rick grunted and blinked a few times to get the wetness in his eyes away before gazing about him, surprise flooding his crystalline depths once more at what he saw. He’d expected a dungeon or a torture room of sorts, and that was certainly not what he now saw. In the center of the room was a huge ornate dark oak desk, clawed feet carved into the ends of the legs and a wide front with an ornate “N” engraved in the center spread across its front. To his left was a smaller table, far less ornate than the desk and with piles of folders and papers strewn about upon it and two heavy wooden chairs set beside it. Above that was a detailed map of the area tacked to the wall, numerous colored lines and notes having been written upon it. The lines formed many different shapes with letters and lists tacked on top of them but three shapes stood out. There was one small place with a huge red “H” on it and a list tacked to the front of it, another slightly larger area with a huge blue “K” on it with a smaller list, and finally a large area circled in green with a huge green “A” on it. No list was tacked to it, and Rick knew all too well what that location and the H one were. He sighed, knowing that all the areas represented communities under Negan’s control. Rick glanced at a calendar posted beside the map, a large blank sheet of paper with perfectly drawn squares going across it with numerous dates scrawled within them. It was surprising he was able to make any numbers out, given the amount of notes on it. But he supposed that if Negan controlled so many groups, he would in fact need to have a lot of pick up dates and events scheduled and written there. He just hadn’t pegged the guy as a number puncher, so the calendar and map both were a bit of a surprise for him. Behind the large desk was a massive balcony with two french doors that led out into the night. To the right of the desk was a roaring fireplace, the fire caged in safely by a screen so that its flames merely illuminated the oriental rug laid out before the hearth, set between two puffy black arm chairs and a small oak table. Above the fireplace were two hooks set into the wall that were currently empty. In the corner of the room closest to the door on that side, Rick saw a picture of a beautiful woman, hanging on the wall right beside a wet bar and fridge. To the corner at his left Rick saw a large dark oak chest with a lock on the front pressed against the wall. While his stomach churned at what might be inside, he was stunned by the ornateness and elegance of the room as a whole. Once again, just like the rest of the home, it was a sharp contrast to the situation at hand, the chandelier dangling from the center of the ceiling, a rose metal masterpiece of leaves and vines with all of its bulbs shining bright finishing off the ironic ensemble. “Fucking nice, isn’t it?” Negan said in a guttural growl, releasing Rick’s hair and patting Rick’s shoulder firmly before he walked over to the wet bar, tucking Lucille under his arm and pouring himself a glass of whiskey. Tilting the glass, leaning his head back as he guzzled it down, he turned and smirked at Rick, smacking his lips and chuckling at the bewildered look on Rick’s face, “You weren’t fucking expecting this shit, were you? You’re fucking lucky, you know that? Goddamn special. My wives don’t even get to come in here unless in extremely special circumstances. You are about get to fucking be here all the time.” He turned and smiled at the room before them, reveling in the fact that he knew just how magnificent it appeared to be, “Course, you haven’t even seen the best fucking part yet. . . Goddamn shame.” He held Lucille up lazily, and pointed at Dee and Dum, “You two, bring Ricky over here. Drag him if he can’t walk. . . in fact, fucking drag him anyway. I LIKE seeing him on his goddamn knees.” Like clockwork two hands were under Rick’s arms and he grunted as he was forced to shuffle on his knees to keep up as the men dragged him over to Negan’s feet. As he was dropped before the Leader, he saw Lucille twirl before his face before pointing back towards Negan’s desk as the sadist slurred in a husky, deep voice, “Take a look at your new fucking home, Papa Bear.” Rick followed Lucille to where she was pointing, feeling a lump grow in his throat as he did so that doubled with what he saw between the desk and the double doors behind it before said lump dropped into his stomach. His heartbeat quickened as he sat there, eyes widening in fear. In a large wrought iron cage resembling a dog kennel with bars that were set INTO the floor, was an
extremely pale man. The man was staring at him from where he had been lying on the dirty mattress behind the bars of the cage, his dark green eyes wide with surprise. They were dull eyes, not that much different from the corpses that Rick had had to examine from time to time at the morgue. Lifeless. “Now don’t you be goddamn rude, Benny Boy,” Negan growled out, and Rick glanced up to see a smirk on the man’s face, “Sit straight fucking up for Rick.” The man in the cage grunted, lowering his head, his long, unkempt brown hair falling over his face as he slowly moved his body to do as instructed. At first Rick thought the slow movements were due to malnutrition, but then Rick thought more about what he was seeing and decided that wasn’t the reason, or at least not the only one.

The kid was underweight but not skeletal. Rather, Rick felt his slow movements were largely due to injury. Most of the man’s skin was scar tissue atop scar tissue, no doubt the handiwork of Lucille. Numerous odd shaped bulges were also all over his body, as if bones hadn’t been set right once they’d been broken. His face was full of scars and had a nose that looked like it had been broken three times at least. But perhaps the greatest drawback of all, Rick realized with a sickening lump in his stomach, was that the kid had no hands, merely knobs at the ends of his thin arms. Around his neck, pulled tight to the point where it looked like it was embedded in his skin, was a small silver chain. The end of the chain dangled from the man, but looking at the man’s crotch as he surveyed him, Rick sucked in a deep breath and clenched his own sticky thighs beneath his pants as he looked at the lack of anything dangling there on the man. Apparently “Benny Boy” had lost one of the things that had signified him as a boy in the first place.

“Hell, don’t be goddamn rude, say hello Benny boy!” Negan laughed, sauntering away from Rick and up to the cage. The man in the cage merely continued to stare at Rick in surprise for a few moments, as if processing that the former Sheriff was staring, with eyes bloodshot and nose broken, right back at him, wishing that being gelded wasn’t the introduction Negan had been so excited about. Lucille slammed hard against the bars, making “Benny” jump and focus on Negan as Negan leaned down and growled, “I said don’t be fucking rude! I would think after all this goddamn time you would have gotten that fact through your fucking shithead of a skull! God knows I’ve beat you hard enough-to hell and back again- for SOME sense to get stuck the fuck up in there! Hell, I even took your fucking stick from you to take your goddamn attitude down a fucking notch! When I said to say hello, that wasn’t a fucking order so much as another goddamn lesson in fucking manners! Now, do you need Lucille to drive the point of that motherfucking lesson home, or can you figure out what to say your goddamn self?!”

The smaller man—who had jerked back at the rattling bars—turned to Rick, and opened his mouth... before a spark ignited in his eyes and turning he spat at Negan’s boot, some fluid actually meeting its mark, “Dck oo o dn, fff e s eeer, no wha appn oo e.” As Negan growled and moved towards the narrow side of the cage that appeared to have a kennel door styled gate built into it, Rick breathed hard around the gag as the man in the kennel continued to glare at Negan, barring yellow and black teeth at the sadist. Rick wondered if the “black teeth” were teeth at all or if they were merely gaps in his mouth, souvenirs of Negan’s rage. He worried about what would happen next to the man though, because even though he couldn’t understand what the man had said, he understood all too well when the man was talking that there was one good reason for the impaired speech: the majority of the man’s tongue had been removed.

Rick gritted his teeth, his entire body tensing as Negan, clearly knowing the man hadn’t spoken a simply stunted “Hello” to Rick, wrenched open the door. Grabbing the slender chain in his hand the Leader yanked the younger man out, sprawling him on the floor before slamming his boot down onto the middle of the man’s back and putting the end of Lucille against the back of his head. “You goddamn motherfucking little shit,” he growled before turning to Rick, rage in his dark eyes. Rick pressed himself against the wall his breaths coming in short, quick gasps, his heart slamming repeatedly against his injured rib cage, wanting to put as much space between him and the Savior Leader as possible. He had been hurt and sobbing before, but what he was watching now was horrifying. He wanted nothing more than to get up and run as far from Negan and as far from what was left of “Benny” as possible. Negan suddenly calmed down and that Cheshire grin returned to his
face as blood began to trickle from beneath the younger man’s long brown hair as he twisted and
turned Lucille into the back of the now grunting naked man’s head. “You know why I had the carpet
in this house become fucking red Rick? So that the goddamn blood doesn’t fucking stain it too much.
And when you’re dealing with morons like this motherfucker, there’s going to be a LOT of fucking
blood.” Rick let out a shaky breath, trembling all over. Dee- or was it Dum- walked forward and put
a firm hand on his shoulder, as if expecting Rick to bolt. “That won’t be necessary, Dum. Rick here
knows the fucking consequences of trying to fight me. Don’t you Rick?” Negan locked eyes on Rick
who nodded quickly.
As much as he was terrified of what he was sure would be a less than inspiring “introduction” to his
new job, he knew that Carl being in the position of the man on the floor would terrify him more. He
had no choice, no matter how mortified he was, other than to stay just where he was and let Negan
do what he was going to do to him and to Benny. Negan nodded, a satisfied, low hum rolling out
from the back of his throat, “Yeah, you fucking know. So, Rick, I guess it’s time for a proper
introduction to the hell your life is about to fucking be. I’ll start by pointing out the obvious. This
man isn’t one of my right hand men, or any sort of worker for me, or any of the other people under
me for that matter. You see, he’s been demoted, just like you will be, down to a simple little
motherfucking term. A goddamn term that has been used for years! ‘Pet’. Just like every other person
who thought they could be balls enough to be an alpha dog against me and try to motherfucking piss
all over my goddamn territory. It’s ok though, you all don’t fucking realize what you’re doing and I
goddamn understand that. I also understand that you all have fucking survived for so long AND led
goddamn groups, and I think that’s just fanfuckingtastic, so I also cut you a goddamn break: I don’t
fucking kill you. But you best believe I fucking train you, whipping your asses into shape. You see
Rick, aside from creating a fucking awesome group, I have honed my skills at taking alpha dogs like
yourself, and turning them into my little bitches. Granted, some of you do need more fucking training
than others. Take Benny Boy here. . .”
He chuckled, and swung Lucille around and slamming the side of her into the man’s head with a
loud CRACK! Rick jumped slightly as the man grunted and fell still on the ground, having no doubt
been knocked out upon impact. Negan stepped off of him and made his way to Rick, slowly as if
approaching a wounded animal that might strike out at any moment. Rick most certainly was the first
part of that description, but decidedly not the second. He tensed even further against the wall, eyes
focusing on Negan’s own cold yet joyful ones as the man drew nearer, Lucille a windmill at the
man’s side. For once Rick wasn’t watching her though. Rather his blue eyes were trapped within
Negan’s own.
He’d never seen eyes like that-such a mix of opposing emotions-not even in the worst criminals he’d
ever come into contact with. They paralyzed him even more than the sight of the sprawled man
across the room from them, even more than the thought that he may very well be that man one day. It
was a mixture of anger and happiness, passion and calculation, that he saw in those eyes. All
swirling together to form black pits that promised to destroy all that he was.
“I don’t fucking ask for much,” Negan slurred, a smirk coming across his face that assured Rick that
he most certainly did as he twirled Lucille around at the end of his gloved wrist, “But when you give
me a goddamn blowjob, I don’t expect you to try to take my dick the fuck off with your goddamn
dirty teeth. Which, as you can probably guess, is what Benny tried to fucking do one day. But
Lucille here, she might think sometimes that she should be the only goddamn thing I swing at
shitheads, but she knows just how much my lil Negan means to me personally and she fucking
respects the hell out of that. So she wanted Benny to fucking pay for hurting my goddamn cock. And
do you want to know just how she made him do that?” With that he swung Lucille around and
slammed the bat, just below the barbed wire, into his open palm and knelt down before Rick, cold
eyes bearing into the brunette man as if they were about to go straight to his soul, “We had his
motherfucking hands laid across my beautiful fucking desk there, and Lucille came down on those
little shits until they were so broken and splintered and ripped apart that that sorry ass piece of shit
goddamn BEGGED for me to cut them the fuck off. After that, all he could do was use his mouth to
get me off without my dick being up his ass. With mouthguards, of course. Pretty goddamn ironic.
Tell me, Rick, will we ever have to fucking do that to your pretty little hands?” He shot his hand out and grabbed Rick’s wrists, jerking them out and away from the man and holding them firmly in the air betwixt the two of them, “Will we have to teach you that fucking lesson too?” he mused, rubbing Rick’s skin beneath his calloused thumb.

As Rick alternated from staring at his hands and at Negan, the Savior Leader began to rub the barbed wire of the bat up and down against them and Rick felt his eyes bead up as the barbed wire rubbed against his skin, scratching it and pulling some of the skin this way and that, causing blood to slowly trickle from his fingers and onto the floor “Will I have to let Lucille fucking teach you how to do a proper goddamn blowjob?” Negan remarked calmly, blinking at Rick.

Rick locked eyes on him and shook his head “no”. Negan smiled, “Good. See Rick, I think that you will be an extremely better Pet than Benny ever was. And you know fucking why? Goddamn motivation. You see, you have been the leader of your old group for a fucking long time. And THAT...” He moved Lucille up and under Rick’s chin, tilting the man’s head up higher, her barbs cutting into the skin there once again, “Is why you already know about being responsible for others, and THAT will make you a fast learner because THAT means you have a lot more to goddamn lose if you fucking misbehave. You see, Benny belonged to this community we were dealing with a year ago. When they finally decided they wanted to motherfucking rebel against us, which was in and of itself an idiotic move, Benny stepped up as their motherfucking leader to try get them to fucking win a fight one day when we were going to pick up supplies. He was the son of the goddamn leader or something. Anyway he soon learned that that was a BIG mistake. We defeated them, and I stated that as long as he agreed to some new fucking peacekeeping terms, I wouldn’t kill his motherfucking family. Well, Benny wasn’t too bright, as you can damn well imagine, and had quite the fucking mouth on him, even as I killed every single member of his family, and all the other men. After all, I didn’t know how fucking many of them would be dumbass leaders like him, if given the chance. So you see, even when Benny had something to lose the fucker didn’t know how to handle the responsibility, and when he came here with nothing to lose...”

Negan shook his head, ticking his tongue, eyes closed, “Let’s just say I enjoy my dogs to have spirit as much as the next owner, but some dogs just DO NOT LEARN. Nothing but trouble, that boy.

One day, I finally had enough of that tone of his and I did the thing most pet owners would when they are tired of the way their fucking dog barks. I took that ability away. Of course, most would have the vocal chords manipulated, but we can’t afford to do that shit here...” he laughed a little and smirked at Rick, eyes flickering dangerously, “So I just took out the bastard’s tongue. Then I had someone grill it up and grind it down into his next meal. I must say it has been rather entertaining hearing him try to insult me after that, but even that can get rather boring. And taking out his little dick didn’t help his fucking attitude at all. So, while I have had fun with Benny, he has outlived his goddamn usefulness and long fucking story short, I think I’m ready to move on to a new Pet. One that might not be quite as much trouble as him, because this one I think understands all too well the severity of the consequences his actions can cause. ...Now isn’t that right, Ricky?” Reaching up, the man jerked the gag out with his finger tips and Rick shot his head down, gasping in breaths of fresh air, his body heaving with each intake, savoring the air as it came flooding in. Negan let him have the freedom for a moment but then that firm hand was on Rick’s chin, jerking his head up and Rick paused in his deep breaths, staring at the Leader. “I said, isn’t that right, Ricky?” Negan hissed, eyes narrowing slightly, daring Rick to say no or not answer him.

Rick gulped hard, licking his dry, cracked lips, “Y-y-yes, yes. I understand.” Negan leaned closer so that his hot breath was on Rick’s face, “Yes what?” Rick choked out a weak sob, Negan’s nails digging into the marks Lucille had already made on his chin, forcing more blood out of the wounds, “Yes sir.” Negan smiled at him, “Good boy. See, you’re already learning! Now, most of your job’s tasks will be introduced to you gradually, but tonight Lucille and I are just going to have a bit of fun with ya. Not beating you any more, hell knows you don’t look like you could take much more of that,” Negan chuckled, “But before any of that, it’s time to put my old dog down, wouldn’t you say? Hell, can’t let you both share the same goddamn kennel.” Rick felt tears start to seep down his cheeks. He didn’t want to see someone else get killed, not after Glenn and Abraham, but he knew all
too well that he was going to be at Negan’s mercy for the foreseeable future, and he’d be damned if
he didn’t want to keep the man happy because of that. He certainly didn’t want him to be angry. . .
the mutilations Negan had talked about so flippantly were by far enough to convince him of that.
“Y-yes sir,” Rick whispered hoarsely. Negan smirked at him, “Good!” Getting up, slapping his
knees as he did so, the Leader walked back over to the body lying on the floor, “Now, Rick, I
normally don’t give goddamn treats to my pets, certainly not in the beginning, but I know how rough
these past two days have been for you, so I’ll go ahead and give you one. It’s a goddamn choice, and
one that you can make all on your fucking own!” He turned and grinned as he hovered over Benny,
pointing Lucille at Rick who blinked back, wondering what the hell the choice could be about.
Negan smiled, “You can either be blindfolded as I kill this goddamn prick, able to hear but not
having to see me bludgeon his sorry ass to death, or you can watch it. Every goddamn bit of it.
Choice is yours. . .” Negan smiled and tilted his head as he held out his hands, Lucille lazily held in
the right one, “But I do need an answer now. Got a lot of other shit to attend to. Even after I’m
fucking done with you.”
Rick grit his teeth as Dee and Dum moved forward to force “Benny” to his feet. He knew what the
easy path would be: listening blindly. But he also knew that Negan would probably, being the sadist
he was, enjoy him watching more. And right now keeping Negan happy was his best bet at staying
alive, no matter how it hurt to give in to the thug. He sucked in a deep breath as Benny, was forced
to his feet and nodded, “I’ll watch.” Negan grinned at him, the smile stretching from one ear to the
other, “Well HOT DIGGITY DOG! Been a fucking while since someone I offered that goddamn
choice to had the balls to decide that one. You can bet this sorry fuck never would have,” the man
chuckled, and his eyes lit with a playful fire as he smiled at Rick, “Fuck Rick, I think I’m really
going to enjoy you here. And not just because this keeps your goddamn group in line, but because I
have a feeling you will be a whole hell of a lot of fun to goddamn play with. Enough goddamn talk
though. Here we go!” Gripping Lucille in both hands, he twisted his body around and Rick braced
himself, forcing his eyes to watch as the bat slammed hard into the man’s side, far harder than Negan
had been hitting him. The man roared in pain as his side seemed to shatter beneath the blow, the hit
certainly waking him up out of his dazed state.
Rick jumped as each strike came at the man, Dee and Dum staying out of Negan’s way as much as
possible as they tried to keep the naked man before them standing as a target. As the man was
pushed between the two men as a way of keeping them out of Lucille’s strike zone and of keeping
him upright, Negan struck him everywhere, breaking legs, ribs, and the rest of the man’s arms as
strangled cries could be heard from the former “Pet”, only to be rivaled by the sound of bones
snapping beneath Lucille’s merciless blows. She sounded like thunder as she went about her
business and blood was flung throughout the room, splattering the cream colored walls, splattering
Negan, splattering the men, and even splattering Rick himself even from so far away. Through it all,
Lucille just kept flying through the air, pieces of skin trailing behind her from time to time as Negan
worked his way around the man, laughing darkly as he beat him to death.
As the Leader slammed Lucille so hard against the man’s head his neck cracked and his skull was
flung to the side in a way that made Rick’s own neck and head ache, the man went limp and began
to fall. “LEAVE HIM!” Negan ordered, holding Dee who had reached forward to grab the kid,back
with Lucille pressing against the other Savior’s stomach, leaving “Benny” to fall to the floor in a
crumpled heap. Whilst there, the kid began to curl in on himself instinctively. No matter how much
he hated Negan, Rick knew the kid was in torturous pain and would do anything to make the pain
stop. It wasn’t enough-Rick knew that nothing would be enough to make it stop at that point- as
Lucille came slamming down in a sledgehammer hit right on top of the man’s side, eliciting a sharp
cry from his throat as Negan continued his assault. But Rick didn’t look away. He couldn’t.
Any time Negan had his back to him, Dee and Dum had their eyes on him, ready to tell their boss if
Rick ever diverted his own eyes from the scene before him. It was their monitoring alone that assured
him that looking away would only cause pain for him. So he continued to watch as blood was flung
this way and that as the victim’s cries filled the air and each bone broke and pieces of skin were torn
gsavagely away. Until finally those cries stopped and the blows slowed, and no bone on Benny’s
body moved. Rick let out a breath he didn’t even know he’d been holding as Negan stopped, leaning forward and pressing Lucille’s thicker end into the red carpet as he heaved a final satisfied sigh that came out more in a growl, blood streaming down the bat in rivers as the Leader leaned over his now dead prisoner, resting on his beloved weapon for support, head bowed. “Take him the fuck away to the warehouse. Get him fitted into the goddamn fence before he fucking wakes up. I’ve fucking got this shit here,” the man breathed out.

Rick gulped, knowing just who Negan was going to deal with next, realizing for the first time in minutes the wetness streaking down his cheeks, making pale rivers in the blood crusted there. He watched as Dee and Dum picked up the body and hurriedly carried what was left of Benny out of the room. Groaning, Negan turned and Rick saw the red splattered all over the Savior Leader as he walked firmly to the armchair closest to him, the one that was facing Rick, and sat down, putting his boots up on top of the small table before the fire and draping Lucille across his lap, gazing at the fire for a moment before turning to Rick and smirking, “Damn, even when I had my goddamn back turned, I felt your fucking eyes on us. You have NO idea how much that fucking got to me.” Lifting up one hand, he made a beckoning sign, and Rick gulped hard as Negan continued, shivering in a cold sweat that had started with the first strike Lucille had dealt out to Benny, “Now come here. One Pet’s gone to help with my fucking security so it’s fucking goddamn time to break the new one in.”

Chapter End Notes

So what do you all think? Brutal? Exciting? Good? Bad? Looking to get the next chapter posted within the next few days! Comments are encouraged, I really do want to know what you all think!
Right In The Old Pocket

Chapter Summary

I didn't want to be a catcher. It was thrust upon me.-Mickey Cochrane

Rick has now been inducted into being Negan's new Pet. Out with the old and in with the new, as they say. Time to breathe, relax and curl up by the fire with his new Master right? WRONG. The preview to Rick's new role in Negan's twisted society is over, now it's time to start a little something I have come to call . . . CATCHING TRYOUTS. The real trials of this tale are about to begin for Rick Grimes.

Chapter Notes

Hello wonderful amazing readers. For those of you who have stuck with me, welcome back! I was overwhelmed with happiness at the comments that were passed my way with the release of the last chapter. It touched my heart, warmed my soul, and encouraged me to push forward with this chapter! I cannot use enough words to express the thankfulness I feel towards every single one of my commenters. For those of you who are just now starting to read my wonderfully dark and brutal fanfic, I certainly hope you have enjoyed this alternate tale thus far.

I do apologize for the fact that this entry has come so long after the release of the last chapter, given the quicker pace previously set. But, as coming back from vacation and being thrust right back into a full time job can always do (not to mention a boyfriend's Metal Battle of the Bands in which his/our band won- HELL YEAH TOMBSTONE BLUE!), life quickly went from having plenty of time to write and proofread to a hectic time in which all writing and proofreading must be done before or after work (and when my lover is not working on his own tale on his laptop and I get to steal it away given the fact that my own laptop is older than a Velociraptor but not nearly as fast . . . or smart). - clears throat- but enough excuses about lack of time to work on this chapter, let's move on to the real reason why this chapter has taken a little longer to post: its content.
I promised you dub con (which to some may seem non con) and here it is. Yes, you heard me right. This is the first sexual abuse chapter of this lovely tale, but certainly not the last. It has been fun and also exhausting to write, and in my hopes that it will be a chapter worthy of your reading, it has also taken a lot more proofreading in order for me to be 100% completely happy with it. Fair warning: it does involve anal insertion and of course full male nudity.
I also would like to thank everyone for the comments regarding the spacing between paragraphs and the length of the paragraphs. I agree, sometimes when there appears to be no spaces between long paragraphs, even a delightful story can appear as a wall one must scale to get to the wonderful feeling the words can portray, and I hope to have made that wall appear a little less difficult by keeping most paragraphs rather short here and adding extra spacing between them.
But enough of me jabbering on. You're not here to read reasons why it took so long to post this chapter, how your critiques have helped me immensely, or any of this stuff! On with the chapter!
Rick grit his teeth and stood up, staggering as he did so and leaning on the wall behind him for support. Slowly he began to limp towards the armchair until he stood before Negan. Every muscle he had was shaking as his hearthammered against his rib cage, flooding his ears with its rapid beat. Tears pricked at his eyes threatening to fall as Negan smiled calmly, a lazy look in his obsidian eyes that flickered with mischief in the fire’s glow.

Rick let out a weak sob of desperation as Negan turned to his side, gripping something outside of Rick’s sight. While he feared what Negan was about to do standing there waiting for the inevitable seemed far worse to the brunette. As he stood there millions of scenarios, each one more terrifying than the one before, ran through his panicked mind. He began to shake so much the tears that had been in his eyes quickly ran down blood splattered cheeks, falling onto his jacket, sliding down the leather and out of sight.

Negan chuckled as he pulled out his hunting knife, “So goddamn excited you’re about to fucking cry Ricky baby? Sorry to fucking keep you waiting, had no idea you were so goddamn ready to get started.” His dark eyes and Rick’s crystal blues watched as the fire flickered red across the steel surface of the knife before he lunged forward, grabbing Rick’s wrists. Rick sucked in a sharp breath and was about to jerk away from the man but before he could so much as move his arms Negan sliced clean through the ropes binding them. “Calm down ya prick,” the man growled out, smirking up at him, “Just decided I’d free ‘em so you could goddamn use ‘em. Now, I want your fucking clothes off. I ain’t a goddamn hollywood queen and my bitches don’t wear fucking outfits. In other fucking words, strip your shit.”

Rick closed his eyes and bowed his head, letting out a shuddering breath and gazing at the floor as he opened them. As he gazed at his boots, he knew he needed to do what he was being told, but this was Negan and even though he had resigned himself to doing whatever the man wanted undressing would leave him naked and vulnerable.

“Hell, come on now,” Negan chuckled, reaching forward and gripping the front of Rick’s pants, jerking on the hem and making Rick stumble forward as it unsettled him, “I’ve already seen the goddamn embarrassing half ya fucking puss. And I gotta fucking tell ya, while I am enjoying this I can’t spend all goddamn night messing around with ya. Got some fucking ladies waiting on me downstairs. So I’m not trying to rush ya, but I want those goddamn clothes off. RIGHT THE HELL NOW.” he shouted the last, making the chandelier tremble above and making Rick wince at the threat lacing his tone.

Once the sounds of the trembling metal had quieted down, Rick grit his teeth, reaching up and gripping the hems of his brown leather jacket before slowly sliding it off and dropping it with a heavy thump onto the floor. Reaching down to the hem of his shirt he gulped, pursing his lips as he gripped the material firmly and began to pull it off, hissing as the pieces of cloth that had shredded and melded with his wounds ripped away part of his skin in passing.

Pulling it quickly over his head once it was away from his torso, he tossed the bloody tattered cloth onto the floor and then went for his pants. He grit his teeth and bit his lip, gnawing on it slightly before letting out a sigh and undoing his belt and button. Mentally counting to three, he gripped the hem and jerked them and his boxers down. Tugging his boots off and staggering as he did so, his swollen ankle making taking its boot off all the more difficult, Rick grunted, trying his hardest not to lose his balance. After pulling and tugging at it he finally popped the boot off before gathering it, the other boot, the pants, and the underwear, balling them up and tossing them to the side to accompany the remains of his shirt. Once he was fully nude, the former Sheriff slowly straightened, his back
screaming in protest at all of the movement he’d just engaged in, and looked at Negan with blurry eyes, even more humiliated than he had been at any time in the past 48 hours.

Negan let a slow smirk slide over his face, “See, now was that really so goddamn difficult? And look at how fucking handsome you are, all beat to hell and with all that goddamn blood on ya. Couldn’t have fucking seen it with all that shit on you and hell, it makes Lucille just want to paint you red a little goddamn more,” he chuckled, swinging Lucille around with a lazy grin and Rick tensed as she touched his hip, some of Benny’s old blood moving onto him as she slid on down towards his crotch, the area still swollen and cut up from before, leaving a trail of scratches in her wake. Rick sucked in a deep breath, trying to brace his shoulders and look at the flames of the hearth as she moved gently over the organ, trying to prepare himself in case the bat drew back and came for another swing at it. “But I did fucking tell you I wouldn’t beat you any more, now didn’t I?” Negan said, and shook his head, bowing it, “Damn me and my goddamn motherfucking word.”

Tilting his head back, the Savior Leader smiled at him, “I guess Lucille is just gonna have to have her goddamn fun some other fucking way. Emphasis on the fucking part. Go over and bend that sweet body of yours over my desk and I’ll get the pretty girl fucking ready for ya. You know what they goddamn say, ladies fucking first. So let’s see if you’re a better catcher than you are a goddamn pitcher.” With that the sadist pointed with Lucille towards the prescribed location and Rick tensed, his eyes immediately going to the wide end of the bat.

The blood there—a mixture of his, Glenn’s, Abraham’s, and Benny’s—covered the wood and wire, with pieces of flesh, cloth, and hair sticking to the bat’s barbs in some areas. He knew his piss had also coated it, making her a mess of human pain and suffering. But it wasn’t the drying fluids and humanity that lay upon the weapon’s surface that terrified him. Rather it was the concept of having Lucille’s girth up his arse. It was the thought of something that huge going somewhere he had never expected anything to go that sent a shiver down his spine.

He bowed his head, shutting his eyes tightly and hoping that Negan would listen to his next words and consider them given his compliance thus far, “Please, please just let me rest. I swear I will do whatever you want tomorrow, but please, not this. Not now. P—” He was cut off with a yelp as Lucille slammed hard into his thigh, sending him onto one knee. The hit had been hard, far harder than any he’d felt before. As she pulled away, more blood streaming from his thigh where she’d torn into him, he put a hand there subconsciously, the area radiating in pain. The lack of a cracking sound had been the only thing assuring him that she hadn’t broken bone. “Damn you, Rick. And your fucking tryout was going so goddamn well! Then you had to fucking go and insult my beautiful girl like that?! Not cool Rick, not goddamn fucking cool,” Negan snarled, standing up, “You ungrateful motherfucker, I wasn’t wanting to teach you another goddamn lesson tonight. This could have gone fucking smooth as shit.”

Rick didn’t have time to even meet the man’s gaze before his hair was grabbed and head wrenched back so that he gasped and his neck was bent painfully. The other man glared down at him with dark eyes, “But I suppose that some fucking lessons just can’t be goddamn skipped, can they? Gotta fucking drag this shit out, don’t you you fucking bitch. Tell me, Rick, what are you now, you goddamn piece of shit?” Rick sucked in a shuddering breath, tears peaking at the corners of his eyes once more and when he didn’t speak Negan growled and slamming Lucille back against Rick’s thigh made him cry out as she was then pressed there, the man above him twisting her back and forth, making Rick’s vision blur as pain radiated from the area. “Goddamn answer me you fucking piece of shit,” Negan snarled, spit landing on Rick’s face. Rick gulped, his breathing coming in short rapid pants, his heart slamming against his abused ribs.
“Y-you said I was-” he began. Negan’s eyes narrowed even more before he jerked his arm, tossing Rick forward so that he caught himself on his hands, staring at the carpet beneath him. He panted, watching as droplets of blood landed on the burgundy material. Maybe it was smart, having it be red, he thought, as Negan snarled from above him, moving Lucille away, “Try again, you piece of motherfucking shit.”

Rick cried out as Lucille came around and slammed into the side of his head, flinging him to the side so that Rick’s temple slammed into the hearth. His face exploded in pain and a scream was wrenched from his throat as he made impact, the hearth cutting the skin of his forehead open as his ear felt like it was shredded where she made contact, blood pouring from it as a ringing filled his ears and blood flowed down his face onto the hot stone, the front of his head throbbing in agony. Putting a shaky hand on the carpet, Rick tried to steady his breathing before moving to rise back up off of the harsh hearth. Negan was there in an instant, putting his foot on the small of Rick’s back to hold him steady as Lucille pressed against the back of his head, pushing his face into the stone as she twisted back and forth into his scalp making his broken nose flare in pain along with the rest of his face as it was pressed into the jagged stones.

Rick whimpered, feeling like his head was about to break open and seeing dark spots and bright stars flash before his eyes, tears leaking from them as Negan growled, “I said to fucking ‘Try again’.” Rick choked out some blood as he panted against the hearth. He knew he had to say it the way the Savior Leader wanted him to, otherwise this was the end of the line. And if he died, what would Negan do the others? He had said he would kill Carl if Rick “vexed” him. He figured not saying what Negan wanted definitely qualified as “vexing”... “I’m... I’m yours, I’m your Pet,” he whispered. “And what kind of goddamn Pet are you?” Negan hissed, and Lucille pushed Rick further against the stone, causing the pain to intensify to the point where Rick’s stomach clenched and he felt bile racing up his throat. “I...” Rick sobbed, his tears and blood streaming onto the floor, “I want to be a good one.”

“And what do Good Pets fucking do?” Negan said, the threat ebbing slightly from his voice to be replaced with cold satisfaction, and Rick sighed hard against the rock, the heat of the fire not helping ease his pain in the slightest, the blood still streaming down his entire face and over his chin to patter against the carpet below.

“They goddamn obey their Masters,” Negan answered himself, “Now, is that what you’re about to fucking do?” Rick shuddered and nodded, “Y-yes sir,” he whispered, the blood from his face running in and coating his tongue, making him feel even sicker. “Fuck yeah you are,” Negan remarked firmly, and Rick groaned as his hair was grabbed and he was pulled off the hearth. He hissed at the action, and stared at his blood on the stone and carpet. Letting out a breath, he shuddered as Negan dragged him around by the hair to drop him in the general direction off the desk. “Now get the fuck up and go to the goddamn desk. The batter’s up, time for the fucking catcher to get in goddamn position.” the Leader hissed. Rick shut his eyes tight, and gritting his teeth made to get up only to groan as his world spun and he lost his balance. At that moment Lucille swung around and smacked him across his bare back, tearing at him and pushing him forward.

Gasping, he lurched to the side, grabbing the small table and almost falling over it in his attempt to stay upright, the world spinning beneath his feet. The blood going down his throat and that were too much and he finally heaved onto the carpet, red vomit splattering over the table top as well. Sucking in a deep breath, hearing Lucille tap against the hearth behind him, he stiffened, the man and his bat clearly expecting Rick to move forward. As his back screeched in pain and blood trickled down from the wounds she’d just caused, Rick understood the unspoken threat Negan had just sent him: move quickly or get hit. Gritting his teeth, he tried to walk away from the table but felt his world lurch again and he slammed onto the floor, his hands splayed about on the carpet there. He froze as he heard Negan take a step forward and Lucille stop tapping.

Sucking in a deep breath, he began to do what little he could, crawling on the floor as quickly as...
possible until he was finally at the desk, trying to ignore the spottiness of his vision and the moments of darkness that passed by his eyes. Gripping the edge of the furniture and lifting himself up and over it, he collapsed on the wood and prayed that everything would quit moving around him. He closed his eyes and breathed deeply as he tried to relax himself, attempting to quell his nerves and block it all out just for a moment. In the distance, he heard Negan walking about whistling and rummaging around but he didn’t pay it any mind. What could he do anyway? The answer was simple: nothing but take whatever hell Negan had decided to dole out to him.

The thought sent a chill down his spine but Rick just tried to remain still and lay there, waiting for the devil to return. After what felt like a century passed, Negan marched up behind him and a firm hand was rubbing up and down Rick’s spine, “Time to fucking break ya in Ricky boy. Now I need your tight little ass to be a teensy fucking bit higher, so be a goddamn doll and pull yourself up on that desk just a little more. That way Lucille and I can get a good look at ya.” At that the man patted Rick firmly on the latest cuts he’d received from Lucille, making him whimper and curve against the desk, eyes shut tightly at the action and the pain it caused to radiate down his front.

As Negan stood behind him, waiting, Rick heaved a sigh and moving his hands up, gripped the edge of the desk and pulled himself over it, groaning as he flopped down again, his pelvis now resting along the edge closest to Negan. He didn’t care how pathetic he acted right now, all he wanted was for this to be over with so he could rest, dots dancing throughout his vision as he faded in and out of consciousness and blood continued to stream from his forehead to pool on the desk. Negan made a satisfied hum, or at least Rick hoped that was what it was, before two firm hands gripped his ass cheeks. In spite of his resolve to just lay there and get it over with, the former Sheriff couldn’t help but tense up at the callous hands groping his thighs as the man behind him used his knees to spread Rick’s dangling legs. Making a satisfied hum, the Leader let his hands pull Rick’s thighs apart, revealing his tight asshole. “Just like a new fucking mitt. Tight as shit and ready to be worn in,” the man murmured, “You have got one fine ass, bitch. Mind if I inspect ya a little fucking closer?” Rick shuddered, closing his eyes and feeling Negan squeeze his rump tighter, clearly expecting an answer. And he knew that only the answer Negan wanted would be acceptable. He shook his head, lips trembling and making his breathing rattle. “Fucking sweet,” Negan remarked smoothly.

Rick sucked in deep breath after deep breath as a rough thumb inched closer and closer to his hole, willing himself not to pull away from the Savior Leader. The left hand’s thumb circled it a few times before rubbing over and along its edges and dipping in. Rick grit his teeth at the pressure, shutting his eyes tight and hissing at the pain as Negan forced his thumb inside of him. “Tight as a goddamn choke. Damn you really haven’t fucking done anything like this before, have you?” Negan chuckled, moving his gloved hand up to rub Rick’s hair, being sure to dig into Rick’s head wound at the base of his skull, making Rick moan as his vision blurred and darkened again. Lowering his head, the former Sheriff shook it, biting back the whimpers that fought to be released. “Well then, Lucille and I will be so fucking goddamn honored to be your firsts Ricky. Now I want you to move your hands back here, and hold those pretty little cheeks open for me. I gotta prep my little lady here. She wants to skip the first fucking three bases and slide right into home so goddamn badly.”

Rick moaned gently, the thought of the bat ramming up inside him almost paralyzing to him, and reaching behind himself and gripping his ass as best he could given the awkward position he was in, the brunette slowly pulled his thighs apart to the point where he thought Negan had had them at, knowing that even if his face wasn’t covered in blood it’d probably be just as red. Embarrassment rolled off of him in waves along with his pain as he laid there, holding himself open like a slut for the monster behind him. And even though he knew the purpose was to avoid pain, that didn’t ease any of the humiliation as Negan chuckled, rubbing one ass cheek almost affectionately before moving his hand away from the man, the “Good boy” clearly implied.

Deep breath after deep breath fell as he tried to remain conscious enough to continue to hold himself
open, not wanting further injury more than he didn’t want this to happen. He thought he heard a bottle cap open, but at this point any other sound seemed like it was either underwater or a million miles away. Seconds stretched on like centuries as he lay there, trembling as he awaited the inevitable. Finally the hand was back, between his shoulders as Negan leaned over him, sounding as if he was speaking through a plastic tube, his voice was so distorted, “Alright, here we go, Ricky. Ya still with us?” Rick gulped hard, hating the copper going down his throat and nodding, his lips trembling, “Y—yes,” he managed hoarsely, hoping Negan heard him, especially given how hard it was for him to hear the Savior Leader.

Negan growled gently and pressed down hard between his shoulders and forcing Rick further into his own blood on the desk, and he moaned, adding what he felt the man was wanting to hear, “S—sir.” “Good boy,” that deep, muffled voice rumbled back at him, “Now Lucille is gonna take this nice and slow at first. I even put a fucking condom and lube on her for your goddamn convenience. And believe you me, she wanted to fucking take you bareback, especially after hearing how much you didn’t want her before. Now what do you say to that, you piece of shit?”

Rick choked out a weak sob, wishing the man would just get it over with. Drawing this out only made it all that much worse. But then, that was probably the point. “Th—thank you,” he whispered. The hand on his back rubbed him firmly, “There we go. Already learning better fucking manners, aren’t we? Yes, you’re definitely gonna be my favorite, such a fast learner.” It was then that a pressure started between his thighs and Rick moaned as Lucille started to get pushed against his unprepared hole. Burning sprang up from the protesting skin as she pushed against the bottom of the opening, the top part of her knob—Rick quickly learned with slight relief that it was in fact the handle that Negan was intending to fuck him with, not her barbed end—pushing against the top ridge of the hole, waiting for it to give.

He sobbed, his body tensing as he pushed his forehead against the desk, causing more stars to flash in his vision. Negan was a mad man. You weren’t supposed to put shit into a hole that was made to get shit out of you. You just weren’t. . . Rick moaned, whimpering against the desk as his legs began to shake from the pain surrounding his anus as the pressure continued, his toes and fingers curling at the agony he was in as the rough bat attempted to open him wider. Negan patted the middle of his back, “Yeah, I know it fucking hurts. But you’re doing so goddamn good. Just calm the hell down, try to fucking relax. It’ll all be over soon.” It already is over, Rick thought with a sob. It was over the moment Negan had stepped out of that RV. Nay, it was over the moment he’d agreed to go to Hilltop . . .

After being under such constant pressure, the skin suddenly tore a little and Rick gasped, as pain flooded through him unlike anything that had happened before, his fingers extending out and releasing his thighs briefly, forcing them to clamp down on the bat, her barbs scraping lightly against his ass as he stared ahead of himself, his breath caught in his throat as blood began to pour from his rectum, trickling down his thighs and legs. In that moment as he held his breath and froze, Negan grunted and Lucille was shoved in, the Leader taking the opportunity provided by the tearing skin to get her knobby head inside of the man on the desk, turning the escape of Rick’s breath from a gasp into a cry of pain as she went down into him, past her slender handle and to the beginning of her wider end, nestled as far inside Rick as she could get, his shredded insides on fire at the intrusion, his asshole ignited in a sharp, stinging pain at the unnatural invasion.

As Negan paused, Rick began to take in deep breaths, attempting to calm himself down and to relax as previously instructed to no avail. Suddenly he hissed, eyes shut tight, tears flooding from them at the pain as Negan slowly began to rotate her larger end, forcing his anus to stretch around her as she moved about in clockwise circles, every movement one that caused pain to vibrate through Rick as she tugged and pushed against him, his muscles both constricting and retreating around her as if trying to figure out what the hell to do with the foreign object wedged inside him. Negan’s fingers
curled on Rick’s back, the fingernails of the man biting into his wounds there, “Goddamn she loves just how fucking tight you are. To be honest, I’m goddamn jealous of her, but I’ll be in there soon enough, and all due respect to Lucille, I do have a bit of a BIGGER presence.” Negan chuckled, “But enough fucking talk. My baby girl’s ready to pound into your fucking ass, you little bitch. If you’re lucky, you’ll learn to enjoy it and settle in for the ride.”

Rick grit his teeth, his fingers digging into his thighs so hard he wouldn’t be surprised if blood was coming out of the skin there. As Lucille slowly pulled out to where just half of her handle was buried inside him he tried once more to relax, hoping that if he could do that it would be a bit easier. But then all thoughts of relaxing flew out the window as she tore through him even more as Negan slammed her right back into him, making him jump and cry out as she ripped him in two all over again.

For minutes that seemed like an eternity the bat pulled out and slammed into Rick, pounding into him as he cried and sobbed, jumbled words begging for mercy that wouldn’t be found, Lucille tearing at his asshole and making it burn as hot blood trickled down the former Sheriff’s legs. After the first three slams, his hands subconsciously left his thighs to grab at the desk, trying to pull himself away from the torture his back side was enduring. Even though Negan did lean more of his weight on him to ensure that he was kept in place, the sadist didn’t order for his thighs to be grabbed again. Not that that helped much, as now not only was his asshole now being rubbed raw but the insides of his thighs were as well as the wood moved quickly against them, on occasion with barbed wire catching on his skin and making him scream as it tore at him there.

The screams seemed to only egg Negan on as he shoved the bat into him, the force of the man enough to lift Rick off the desk and slam him right back into it with each hit. Each time he hit the desk Rick’s pain was only intensified as his dick rammed against it, getting even more swollen and bloody as scars from the previous injuries dealt to it were reopened. With every hit of his head against the harsh wood his head spun and rang.

For minutes that seemed like centuries they went on like that until finally Lucille pulled back and didn’t return. Rick shuddered and collapsed, lips shaking against the bloody surface of the torture table, eyes wide as he stared at Lucille who was now placed delicately on the desk beside him, a green condom wrapped around her handle that was covered in shit and blood. The knowledge that it was his blood made Rick choke out a sob, closing his eyes. “Well fuck Rick, guess who fucking passed phase one of his goddamn try outs?” Negan muttered, slightly out of breath.

The fake praise only made Rick sob harder, the audacity of the monster behind him to make light of what just happened enough to make his pain ten times worse. He felt like Negan had taken him by his sides and ripped him in two, leaving him sobbing on the bloody wooden desk. That on top of the previous beatings left him not just wracked with pain but exhausted by it. He was pulled out of his half awake haze when words were uttered by the man leaning over him that chilled Rick to the bone, “On to phase 2: My turn.”

Chapter End Notes

Before any of you get mad at me for cock-blocking Negan, please understand: the next chapter has already been written, and was in fact supposed to be a part of this chapter! But, I didn’t want to put too much of a good thing in one chapter, and I assure you, the next chapter should be up soon (especially seeing as I have tomorrow off and hardly any plans! YAY! Lazy day!). So, what did you think? Good? Brutal? Well Written? All of
the Above? None of the Above? As always, comments are appreciated and treasured!
Keep those reviews and constructive critiques rolling, I love each one! Always checking
my email! And thanks to all who leave kudos! Love my little thumb-uppers!
Only If You Want To

Chapter Summary

Rick has passed Round 1 of Catcher Tryouts, now Negan is ready to move on to Round 2. But only if Rick wants to. . .

Chapter Notes

I'm baaaaaack. . . and I want to apologize first off for any wait that has been endured for this chapter. I love that you guys are enjoying reading this thus far, and wanted to get this chapter out sooooon much sooner, but between frustrations at work and my need for this chapter to be 100% where I needed it to be, it has taken me a substantial amount of time to proofread it, even though some parts of it were already written whilst the last chapter was posted (I actually thought most of it was posted, but for the sake of intensity purposes, I did touch up a few parts and add others). I adore you all and enjoy your comments immensely, and wanted this chapter to rise up to any expectations! Fair warning: this chapter is intense, and graphic, and if after proofreading it one final time my mind is blown, I can only hope that it will blow yours in only the best of ways. As can be expected, a borderline-noncon/dubcon warning is EXTREMELY IN ORDER. DON'T LIKE, DON'T READ!

In short, I hope you enjoy the chapter, I shall see you in the author's note at the other side. ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

As rough hands wrapped around his hips Rick choked out a sob before he was pulled closer to the edge of the desk behind him. He wanted to beg, to plead with Negan not to fuck him. The idea promised him only more pain that a part of him wondered if he could physically take. He already felt emotionally spent. He knew the man would be thicker than Lucille and the mere thought of the Leader up his asshole made it tighten in fear and anticipation. But he didn’t dare say a word as the thumbs of the monster behind him worked in rough circles against his skin. Instead he just shut his eyes, trembling as he anticipated the inevitable. After all, the last time he had pleaded with Negan, where had it gotten him? A place with more pain than before that caused his head to spin and his vision to blur.

“Tell me Rick, do you want this?” Negan asked, and Rick opened his eyes, staring at the desk before him as the man pressed his hips against him, pushing his crotch hard against the brunette’s ass, forcing his cock to slide up against his crack, “Because I goddamn want it, but it’s not gonna be fun unless you motherfucking say you want it too, you little shit.” With that he jerked his hips back and bucked hard against Rick’s thighs, making the brunette jolt against the desk and moan.

“And not to motherfucking rush you, but I want a goddamn answer now. . .” Negan hissed, and leaning over him and gripping Rick’s hair wrenched the man’s head back so that Rick gasped and stared at the world outside, wishing he could be there, wishing he could be anywhere but where he
was. “P-please, please. . .” he moaned, wishing that Negan would reconsider his demand and just get on with it all. This was going to be painful enough without having to ask, and he knew it would be even more painful if he asked for the wrong thing. Negan wanting to hear his consent was just a formality. It wasn’t a question, it was a demand to hear what he wanted to hear. But if Negan understood him he didn’t let on. No, he was going to force those words from Rick, and that fact was cemented by the monster’s next ones, “Please, please. . . what?”

Rick licked his chapped lips, the revolting taste of copper falling on his tongue as he closed his eyes. He knew what he had to do, knew what he had to ask. But the thought of saying what Negan wanted-asking for something every part of him dreaded the reception of- kept his tongue tied. The words got caught in his throat, choking him with the audacity that he would have to ask for more pain. Instead, all that came out of his lips was a sob. “

Damn, Rick. Fucking hell,” Negan hissed in his ear, “Ok.” Leaning back, the man tapped his fingers once more along Rick’s hips, and Rick gazed at the desk, shaking all over as new tears filled his crystal blue eyes before Negan gripped his hips firmly and patted them before leaning away, moving his cock away from the man lying across the desk in his own blood, “Dammit Rick, if you really don’t want it, this doesn’t have to goddamn happen. Seriously, I don’t want to fuck you if you don’t want it.” Rick stared ahead of himself, his body wanting to sigh with relief as his mind was still stunned by the man’s apparent sudden change of attitude. What the hell was happening? Had it really been that eas. . . “I mean, I’m sure with time, even your brat of a kid or your bitch of a lover would be happy to say those goddamn words to me, wouldn’t they?” Negan murmured, and the threat was right back in his voice, his words striking like venom to Rick’s mind.

Rick stared ahead, his breath hitching in his throat as he trembled. All that he’d been through, all that was being asked of him now and that would surely be asked of him in the future, it filled him with agony and pain. But the thought of Carl lying beneath Negan, of getting fucked by Lucille, getting fucked by NEGAN himself, that filled him with a dread and fear that he hadn’t before reached. And Michonne. The thought of the proud woman who had become like family to him brought so low made a weight fall into the pit of his stomach.

He sobbed, “N-no, please no. I’ll do it, I’ll say it, but please no,” he moaned, bowing his head and pressing his face against the desk. “Please, let it be me, just me.” And, unlike the words he was about to utter, those were unfortunately the truth. He would do what Negan wanted now and on and on until he somehow got out of this mess. He would be what the man wanted as long as it took to keep his family safe. “Please, fuck me,” he whispered hoarsely, “Just fuck me.”

A satisfied growl from behind him later and Negan was back, rubbing his sides with his fingers and rocking his hips against Rick’s own. “Speak the fuck up,” the man hissed, a sadistic lilt in his voice, “Didn’t quite goddamn catch all of that.” Rick sobbed again and lifted his head off the desk, “Please, Fuck Me. I want you to fuck me!” Negan chuckled, “Well, now that fucking changes things, doesn’t it you goddamn little shit. Brace yourself, this is going to be rough for you.”

Rick sucked in a deep breath, hissing as the thick head of Negan’s cock pressed against his opening. Squeezing his eyes shut, he grit his teeth as fire shot up his spine. “Goddamn you’re still so motherfucking tight aren’t you you little shit? I goddamn love it. I would offer for ya to fucking relax, but it seems that all you motherfuckers have goddamn issues with that . . . at least for the first time,” the man chuckled behind him, gripping Rick’s thighs tightly, nails biting into the whimpering man before he started to push through the shredded remains of the first ring of muscle.

Rick pressed his forehead hard against the desk, moaning through clenched jaws as Negan grunted and forced himself against the meager resistance that Rick’s body gave, force feeding himself into Rick’s battered body. His wrists twisted so his fingers curled around air as his body slowly gave way
to the man behind him, Lucille not having been nearly enough preparation for what he was going through.

Lucille had torn at him, but he could tell that she was far smaller than the man behind him. And while her handle slimmed down and offered his body some relief at moments, Negan was far thicker, and that thickness ran all the way down his cock. Rick’s breaths became shallow and quick as his heart pounded and Negan continued to push on through his rectum, as unrelenting in his pressure then as he had been with everything else regarding the brunette. Tears streaked down Rick’s face as he moaned, eyes shut so tight his head sparked with pain as he longed for the bat he’d so recently dreaded the presence of. As Negan forced his way through him like a sword through flesh, Rick couldn’t even imagine how he would feel pounding into him when it already felt like the man was tearing him in two.

“Yeah, fuck yeah, I know. It always goddamn hurts the first fucking time,” Negan murmured, reaching up and rubbing Rick between the shoulders and then up and down the man’s spine. Rick choked out a sob, whimpering. Though the words held a comforting meaning by themselves, the way the man spoke it was as if this was a joke to him. The fact that he spoke so flippantly only deepened the insult of the situation.

“But don’t you motherfucking worry, you’ll get fucking used to it Ricky Boy,” sliding his hand down Rick’s bruised spine, he gripped Rick’s hips and rubbed his thighs with his thumbs as he continued to push into him, “All in goddamn due time. I’ll make you a natural bottom soon fucking enough. Then you’ll fucking enjoy this too, you little shit. Just you wait. You’ll be a motherfucking cock slut in no time.” Rick choked out a weak sob, the thought of one day enjoying what was happening to him more terrifying to him than what was going on.

Finally the man was seated down to the hilt inside Rick, who by that point was close to hyperventilating as he lay against the desk, eyes wide and legs spread far apart to accommodate the other male’s close proximity. Negan let out an appreciative groan, his warm thighs pressed against Rick’s clammy ones, his hands gripping his hips firmly while his dick stretched Rick’s hole in ways he felt it never should be stretched. Wiggling his hips he made Rick whimper as his already raw insides were shifted about by the movement, “Goddamnit you feel so goddamn motherfucking good. Been awhile since I’ve been in someone so fucking tight.” There was a pause as Negan leaned down, and Rick shuddered as the man kissed the middle of his back before breathing his hot breath on it, “I don’t know if I’ll enjoy beating you more than I’ll enjoy fucking your tight little ass, Rick Boy. But I am just SO GODDAMN EAGER TO FIND OUT. What about you, you little shit?”

Negan breathed out a satisfied sigh and arched his hips back, making Rick moan as his dick rubbed against his raw entrance and caused it to burn, “So, you want me to fuck you, is that right Ricky?” Rick gulped and nodded quickly before he had a chance to really think about his response, “Y-yes sir, I’m eager! I’m eager!”

Rick shuddered, lips trembling as he stared at the bloody desk with bloodshot eyes, his heart feeling like it would break out of his rib cage, fear racing through him as he failed to formulate a response, his mind just barely hanging on to reality. Negan growled, and gripping the back of Rick’s head with one hand, snarled as he pushed his forehead hard down into the desk, making more blood stream forth and causing Rick to shut his eyes tight and cry out in agony. “ANSWER ME YOU FUCK!” the man shouted, making Rick’s head ring. “Y-yes!” Rick shouted, fear driving his answer rather than honesty, tears streaking down his cheeks, “Y-yes sir, I’m eager! I’m eager!”

With that the sadist slammed back into him, pistoning his hips forward and setting a wild pace that made Rick scream and throw his head back down against the desk, gripping the wooden table top
with his fingers so tightly he felt some nails split against the surface. Negan pounded into the man fast and hard, pushing further with each thrust, ripping and tearing at his insides in a way that caused pain that Rick wished he would either die or pass out from. He was on fire, each thrust from Negan causing new pain to fly through him, encasing him in agony. His breaths came in short, quick gasps and in some moments he seemed to forget how to breathe at all.

“Jesus Fucking Christ!” the Leader shouted, and Rick yelped as he was slammed down and held against the desk firmly as Negan altered his angle and put his plank of an arm across the middle of Rick’s back, making him wheeze, tearing and pulling at Rick’s asshole more as he struck harder, his dick a jackhammer as it dug deeper inside the sobbing man beneath it. Twice Rick lost his footing from the force of the man’s blows, his feet slipping and forcing him to slide more towards the penetrating object shoved up his ass before he would scramble back onto some sort of footing, using his hands to quickly grab the other end of the desk and yank himself further up on it. Negan would merely chuckle at his ministrations, as if they were some sort of sick joke.

After the third time Rick had attempted his awkward scramble, Negan grabbed the man’s arms and held his wrists firmly behind his back, making Rick pant as the man took the ability to pull away away from him. Jerking back farther than before, the man lifted Rick physically off of the table before slamming him right back down into it, knocking any wind out of the man and making him wheeze, “Enough fucking wiggling around, you little shit.” Rick sobbed as he began to get slammed into the desk with each hit, feeling more like a ragdoll each time, his Dick exploding with each hit as his body jerked around Negan due to the pain.

After what felt like hours of endless torture he felt his stomach twist as he felt the thick rod wedged up inside him seize up. He didn’t have to be a novice at this to know what that meant and he choked out a sob as Negan’s thrusts become more erratic and he was pushed back down onto the desk as the man fumbled about before a black booted foot slammed hard on the desk behind him making him jump as Negan grabbed hold of the structure before hoisting himself up to be on his knees behind Rick, bearing down on him as the desk shook and he leaned over to press down on Rick’s hands, pushing them against his back.

Rick whimpered as the man seemed to threaten to crush them as he continued to pound into him and a now free hand slid up to turn his head and cover the side of his face, forcing his cheek into the desk whilst Negan drove into him as if he wanted to fuck Rick through the furniture beneath them until it broke in two, pushing down into the man as far as he could go.

Rick’s chest fought to expand, and as his insides began to convulse with the pressure of having the Leader on top of him, the man jerked about behind him and a finger drove into his eye, causing Rick to close the organ off tightly as another finger pressed hard onto his broken nose, making it spark with pain that sent stars up in front of his closed eyelids. “GODDAMN YOU MOTHERFUCKER!” Negan roared, and Rick cried out, almost falling over the other side of the desk as he was jerked up so that Negan now stood behind him, the desk rocking back and forth as he was forced onto his hands and knees, his hands gripping the desk that by now was a good half of a foot behind his chest in regards to distance from the french doors.

Rick panted, trying his best to stay upright rather than fall over the large chair before him and into the bars of his cage when Negan slammed a slap hard into his ass. From far off it seemed, he heard Lucille roll off the piece of furniture.

“Fuck!” Negan shouted, “I’m gonna fucking cum, you motherfucking prick! Fucking fill you the hell up! I’m about to paint those fucking walls white, I’m gonna cum so hard you won’t ever get me out! Jesus CHRIST! You fucking motherfucker! And you better scream my name, you motherfucker. Scream my name right the fuck goddamn now!” And, as he had said before, Negan was true to his
word, as he leaned back and grabbing Rick’s hips, made the former Sheriff break out of his silence and cry out his name hoarsely as he was forced backwards, head bobbing as his body was forced along Negan’s thrusting cock, slamming onto Negan’s dick in time with the man’s pistoning hips once, twice, thrice, before with a roar the Leader came violently inside him.

Rick tossed his head back, arching as his mouth opened in a wordless cry when he felt the Leader’s dick erupt inside him, pressure like never before being unleashed within the orifice. Tears leaked from his eyes as his lips gave shuddering gasps and he felt every bit of the sadist’s liquid streaming forth, coating his insides as Negan continued to thrust inside him after a moment’s pause, painting and marking Rick as his own.

Negan’s nails of his right hand bit into the Sheriff’s thighs as he held him still, the final spurts of cum flowing out of him and inside the kneeling man as Rick panted and stared at the ceiling, watching the pictures the flickering flames made on it. After a few moment of remaining like that, Rick flopped down against the table as Negan fell to kneel behind him, his palms slipping in the blood from his head that had fallen on the oak surface as he breathed hard against the desktop.

“You’re fucking mine, you little shit. You’ll always be mine goddamnit,” Negan’s muffled voice was there again as his hand moved into Rick’s hair, squeezing and releasing the man’s scalp as Rick moaned into the wood and a mixture of cum and blood trickled down between his legs, “Mine to fuck, mine to hit, mine to have you do whatever the goddamn fuckity fuck I think of. Hell you’ll be mine even if I decide to put you the fuck down you little shit. You’ll be right the fuck on that fence, biting and snapping and keeping people the fuck away. You’re mine, Rick Grimes. And you always will be, now fucking won’t you?” Rick sobbed weakly against the wood covered in his own blood, the smell of it revolting to him, “Y-yes sir.”

Negan leaned over him, jerking his hips forward and forcing another whimper from the man as his dick—even large when softened in aftershock—rammed up into him again and made Rick cry out before the sadist was back, hissing with his warm breath on Rick’s ear, “Say it. Say you’re fucking mine, Say you’re mine. Look at me and fucking say it.” Rick’s lips trembled as tears raced down his cheeks along with the blood. He turned his head, gazing at Negan with pain filled blue eyes, shaking all over with the man just a blurr above him given the blood and water flooding his vision, “I—I’m yours. Always yours, Negan.” he whispered, shaking all over and hoping that his words would be enough to appease the Savior Leader.

The fingers in his hair rubbed his scalp in circular motions, and the words that he both longed for and dreaded came tumbling out of the killer, chilling him to the bone even though his body felt as if it were on fire, “Good Boy.”

Chapter End Notes

. . . so, what do you think? Good? Bad? Intense? Please let me know down below! I have the next chapter written (that is a goal of mine, to have a rough version of the next chapter(s) written whenever I post one, to help me keep up with updating), so hopefully it will be up soon!
Let's Up The Dosage

Chapter Summary

So Rick has been literally and figuratively fucked. But Negan's not quite sure he gets it yet. So in true asshole/sadistic fashion, Mr. Bam-Bam is going to become Mr. Point-Out-The-Obvious before leaving our hurt hero to stew in his wounds and the severity of his situation. But not before he gives Ricky Boy a special kind of task.

Chapter Notes

And I'm back. For those of you who are still with me and are still reading this fic, I want to both say thank you and sorry for waiting so long and patiently and for the wait itself. I was NOT expecting for it to take so long to post this chapter, mostly because I was not expecting to have copious amounts of writer's block and anxiety regarding posting it. I have played with this chapter, stared at the screen wondering just how to word things and just what to write, and even wondered if this chapter was worthy of the story. Not to mention worked on a Female Negan cosplay that has been so much fun to pull together (including getting a real leather jacket that I'll be wearing to Metal Shows, Game Shops, and Bars in addition to any convention or occasion that may deem cosplaying appropriate!), and am now working through making a Lucille with my boyfriend. He provided the materials including a bat blank found at an antique mall, and now we've sanded the beauty down, put on the pre-stain, and are going to put on a few more stains in between working and writing before wrapping barbed wire around her pretty body and nailing it into place. A fun project if there ever was one, but time consuming as well.
So here we are. Chapter 7 of this tale, which if you haven't noticed has had its name altered. There will now be a Part I and Part II of this story, with Part I's ending leading into Part II and Part II's ending leading back to the prologue. This was done so that this story didn't turn into a massive mass of words and story telling, and so that moments wouldn't be overlooked. So, in case any of you were wondering if I plan to continue this tale, believe me, I am. It's just taking some time to write and proofread. Which brings us back to this chapter. There is a lot of Negan gloating in it, I will go ahead and point that out, and at first I was worried that that would be far too repetitive, but then I figured "Hey, Negan's kinda an asshole, he's going to want to rub things in people's faces, it works." Which is how the first major Writer's Block was overcome. Now, if you think that it is repetitive, I apologize, please leave a polite critique down below. In spite of any perceived repetitiveness, I do feel that this chapter, as a transition chapter (which the next one kind of will be too) is necessary to the story for both moving it along and for implanting the reader into the emotions of the characters. So, please, sit back, enjoy, and comment down below! Or give me Kudos, both are appreciated!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Rick didn’t realize that he’d blacked out until the burning sensation of the dick pulling out of his ass dragged him back into his grim reality. He hissed, tears leaking out from shut eyes as his fists
clenched before Negan jerked him back towards the edge of the desk furthest from the balcony doors. His mind raced, wondering if Negan would want an encore of what had just conspired. . . and wondering if he would physically be able to endure one.

When Negan walked away Rick opened his eyes, watching as the Savior Leader went over to the fireplace whilst pulling up his dark grey pants to where they were halfway up his thighs. A part of him was grateful for Negan leaving him on the desk rather than further assaulting him. Another part of him wasn’t quite willing to relax just yet. Everything was twisted with Negan, and even though he was walking away now the sadist could be right back, bringing more pain for Rick with him, in an instant.

He shivered as the gate blocking the fire from the rest of the room was dragged away, the metal releasing a shriek as it raked across stone. Turning back to Rick’s clothes, the black haired man grabbed the brunette’s boots, tossing them towards the door before grabbing Rick’s shirt’s remains and bringing them to his dick. Rick blinked, watching as Negan wiped his cock clean before turning and haphazardly tossing the tattered shirt into the fire before refastening his pants around his hips. The shirt was soon to be followed by Rick’s pants, boxers and socks. Grabbing the brown jacket that remained, the man looked at it for what seemed like an eternity before turning and tossing it into the hearth as well, watching the flames flare up as they engulfed the remaining piece of Rick’s wardrobe. Rick felt tears race from his eyes and over his broken nose as he watched the orange teeth eat away at a portion of his identity that Negan had in no more than 3 minutes tossed so flippantly into the hearth. He knew that Negan intended to break down his identity just as the fire broke down his clothing, only choosing to keep the parts that suited his dark intentions. Until he was done with those too, of course. Then, according to Negan, Rick would be dead but out on the fence surrounding the compound, mindlessly gnashing his teeth and keeping intruders away. Still serving the evil man even in death.

Negan’s shoulders heaved in a sigh as he put his hands on his hips, gazing into the flames as they tore at the meal he’d just fed them before moving forward and dragging the gate back into place. Walking back towards the man lying on the desk, he watched Rick with pitiless obsidian eyes. A slight flicker of mischief in them let Rick know that the man wasn’t through with him, moments before he opened his mouth and began to poke at the wounded, shredded animal that Rick felt he was even more. He tensed.

What would he give to have Negan merely accept that he’d won, that Rick had accepted that he was the man’s possession and be done with it. But no, in true sadist fashion, Negan was about to drive his ownership of Rick and the victory that entailed home, repeating the fact that he had won to Rick in his own callous fashion as a way of forcing Rick to accept reality once more. The physical torture of the evening might be over, but the man walked in a way that let Rick know that he was coming to provide Rick with a harsh emotional and mental session of pain. Rick shut his eyes tight and trembled against the desk, knowing nothing he did or said could hold the man off seconds before Negan began. He choked out a sob just as Negan began, wishing he’d just be done with him for the night.

“What’s wrong Ricky? Sad your fucking leader costume is gone? What, did that goddamn jacket make you feel motherfucking strong? Did those goddamn shitty ass boots make you think you could walk over any fucking obstacle you came the fuck across? Or was that just your favorite motherfucking shirt? Or was it the goddamn pants? Tell me did they make you feel strong like your fucking Daddy in them? Did that fucking shit make you think that no matter how big the goddamn boogie fucking man was you could still beat him? Well I got some goddamn motherfuckity fucking news for you Ricky…” At that he paused beside Rick, that cheshire grin of his having slowly slid into place during his small speech. Rick slowly opened his blue eyes to gaze up at Negan, silently pleading for the man to just let him be.
Leaning down and picking up Lucille with one hand before moving her back up and close to Rick’s face, merely three inches away from his nose, Negan hissed as he continued, “Those motherfucking clothes weren’t worth goddamn shit against me and my beautiful girl here. And now that they’re motherfucking gone, you’re just my sniveling little bitch, lying on my goddamn desk with your motherfucking ass in the air. I would say that you better not fucking forget that, you motherfucking piece of shit, but I know how goddamn hard some lessons are to motherfucking learn.

“You might think that you’ve goddamned learned it, but you haven’t. That rebellious streak will raise it’s fucking ugly ass head every once in a goddamn while and piss me the fucking hell off. It’s just a matter of goddamn time. But don’t worry. Lucille and I will be patient with you, no matter how many goddamn motherfucking lessons it damn well takes. It will not be a pretty pill to swallow, but we’ll make sure you motherfucking do just the fuck that. Now won’t we beautiful?” Negan murmured the last as if to a lover, and leaning the bat over Rick’s head, he ran its bars against him, scraping at his bruised and bleeding skin. Rick closed his eyes and whimpered at the pain it caused to radiate through his head.

Negan chuckled, moving Lucille away. Leaning down and reaching out with one hand, the man rubbed the side of Rick’s head with calloused fingers, pressing into any head wounds he came across and making Rick moan, closing his eyes tightly. “You know, you are gonna be a HELL of a lot of goddamn fun to fuck around with Ricky,” Negan hissed, smirking at the brunette who whimpered as Negan’s hand slid down towards his ass, his harsh fingers raking over his spine, “Fucking goddamn, you’re gonna be my new fucking favorite pet, I know you goddamn will. And it ain’t just about me sticking my goddamn dick into your little cockhole, you little piece of shit... although I gotta say I do motherfucking enjoy that...” at that moment, a hard finger jammed up into Rick’s sore hole and he whimpered, closing his crystal blue eyes as hot tears raced anew before that finger was followed by another.

His face contorted, his breathing growing deeper and more ragged as Negan twisted his fingers inside of him, pushing against the sore, raw, bleeding rectum of the man on the desk, “It’s about how I can fucking twist and turn you and get you to give me shit that is so raw and so goddamn emotional!” Negan shouted the last before shoving his whole fist into Rick’s ass, making the man whip his head around to where he was facing the window and cry out, yelping as his entire body tensed up. Moving his head away from Rick’s face, Negan rolled to where one arm pressed down beneath him onto Rick’s back, forcing the man to be pressed against the desk. Rick choked out a whimper as the air was slowly forced out of his lungs, pressing his broken face into the wood as Negan’s husky voice hissed over his ear as lightly as the wind but so much deadlier.

“And Ricky,” he moved his hand back a bit then slammed it into Rick again, making Rick grunt, head bowing as both Negan and the pain that shot through him made his body jolt, “I am going to so mother fucking enjoy wrenching every goddamn fucking emotional moment, sound, and face out of you. I know you don’t want to fucking give them to me, but just like with your motherfucking, sorry ass group, I’m going to take what I’m motherfucking due. One way or another. You can include them or not include them, it’s your goddamn choice,” the man chuckled at the words like they were the joke Rick knew them to be. The truth made them that way. Rick didn’t have a choice here, because the alternative option was unthinkable.

In spite of all the pain he was in and was sure to be in, he couldn’t bear the thought of anyone else from his group being in his position. That made the decision easy. “Goddamn understand me you little shit?” Negan murmured. Rick nodded, whimpering as the fist pushed further inside him. He vaguely wondered if the goal was for Negan to make it into his large intestine. . .

"Y-yes sir, I . . . I understand,” he whispered. Negan chuckled, and leaned back, the hand whose arm had been across Rick’s back patting the brunette firmly, “That’s motherfucking good. That’s
what I like to goddamn hear. Good, fucking sensible reasoning. Helps to better the fucking training, and speaking of bettering the training. . . I have something for you to wear. Consider it a gift from me to you. Not like the goddamn clothes you were wearing earlier. Like I said, my motherfucking pets don’t wear clothes. But this is something for you to wear that I think will cause a hell of a lot of improvement in your new education’s motherfucking pace.” pulling out his hand from Rick’s asshole, the man wiped it in Rick’s curls and the faint smell of shit mixed with Negan’s own musk and cum met Rick’s nostrils. Holding back the urge to vomit, Rick panted, turning his head slowly to watch as Negan took a step away, fumbling in his pocket once his hand had been wiped clean.

Rick’s stomach turned at the Prong Training Dog Collar Negan pulled out of his jacket, the silver prongs gleaming in the light of the room like vicious teeth. The collar had clearly been elongated with additional prongs and he dreaded the reason why the elongation had to be done. “Picked this motherfucker up for ya in that town we stopped at,” Negan remarked, “I got it to help with your goddamn training. . .But we won’t need to fucking use it much, will we Ricky?” His dark eyes darted up, silently challenging Rick to do anything other than agree with him. Rick shook his head, biting his lip, “N-no sir. . .” he chanced a glance up at Negan, bloodshot crystal eyes pleading with the Savior Leader as he spoke his next words, “Y-you won’t need it at all. I’ll. . . I’ll do whatever you want,” he choked out a sob, shaking all over as Negan sighed and leaning forward gripped his hair in a tight fist, pulling Rick’s head back as he slid the collar over the man’s head, the prongs scraping Rick’s forehead and nose and making him hiss through gritted teeth as they came down to rest against his throat.

“But I got it for you, Ricky baby. The least you could do is motherfucking wear it. . . and give me a goddamn ‘thank you’ for it. . .” He finished the last as a snarl before wrenching back on the ring linked to the collar’s chains, earning a gagging noise from Rick’s throat as he was yanked up off the desk by the man’s actions.

He moaned as the blood loss he’d endured on the desk along with the sudden change in position made his head spin. He groaned as his bare knees collided against the desk before they went slamming into the floor as he collapsed. Leaning forward, Rick sighed, the prongs digging into him as Negan stood above him, his spine and backside sending fire to his brain in protest at the quick changes in position. His hands fell to hang limp before him, his broken finger nails inches from the red carpet beneath him as he closed his eyes and tears raced down, both from the embarrassment he felt at the presence of the chain around his neck and the pressure it applied against his throat.

Suddenly the collar was jerked up as Negan leaned down, making himself eye level with Rick, his dark eyes boring into the man’s crystal blues as they slowly reopened, “So what do you goddamn say Ricky? Come on, this is an easy fucking lesson. I suggest you motherfucking keep it that goddamn way.” Rick gazed at Negan, gulping as he licked his lips, his Adam’s apple sliding up and down and causing the prongs to scratch at his skin, “Th-thank you. sir. “

Negan smiled, “Better. Much better. Now. . .” Twisting around, the man stood, yanking hard on the chain and making Rick crawl to keep up with him as he marched quickly around the side of the desk. The red carpet passed beneath his fumbling fingers and pain filled eyes in a blur as his lightheadedness threatened to send him into darkness and as a result the floor. But he didn’t want to even think about what Negan might do to him should that happen right now. So, they moved like that for a while before he saw the bars of the cage door swinging open along the edge of his periphery.

He let out a sigh he hadn’t realized he’d been holding, hoping that this meant Negan was finally done with him. . . at least for the night. He needed medical attention, his dizziness and the blood still flowing-though at a much slower rate- from his head were proof of that. But more than anything he wanted to rest and try to process things and figure out just what he was to do with the situation at
hand. He couldn’t do that with Negan beating him, leaving his mind in scattered tatters of what it once was with each second of interaction.

Negan grunted from up above him and once the cage was fully opened the collar was jerked towards it and Rick choked slightly before crawling quickly in, groaning as he made his way onto the old, soiled mattress lying there. He had no idea what the stains and smells upon it were, much less where they came from. But at that moment he didn’t care as he collapsed upon it, eyes shutting as he shivered against the rough material, longing for Michonne's arms as they wrapped up together beneath his comforter in Alexandria. Opening his eyes, rolling onto his side to watch Negan, he saw the Leader walk back towards the part of the room closest to the map on the wall. For the next few minutes all Rick heard were thumping sounds as the man moved things about. Rick breathed hard, closing his eyes and letting himself fade away for a moment.

Slamming came from nearby causing Rick to jerk awake, his senses suddenly on high alert. He had no idea how long he’d been out but now Negan was kneeling at the open door of the cage with a bucket of soapy liquid, some firm thick black gloves, light brown cloths, pliers, a staple gun, and a bottle of rubbing alcohol on the floor just inside the cage in front of him whilst Lucille was held firmly in his now cleaned and gloved hand. Rick tensed at the sight of her and Negan tossed her into the cage onto the mattress.

Rick jerked away, panting hard as his heartbeat shot straight back up, staring at the murder weapon. Even without Negan holding her the bat seemed to give off an ominous presence. “Listen to me, Rick,” the man muttered, but Rick only continued to stare at the bat. The condom still sat snug upon it, making her surface completely covered in blood and grime. Where his friends’ blood ended and Benny’s began, or where even his blood, piss, and shit were he had no idea. All he knew was that the mere sight of her and that dirty green condom made his ass tense at the memory of her being wedged up inside of him.

“I told you to MOTHERFUCKING LISTEN!” Negan said in a louder voice, causing Rick to be jerked out of his trance with the horrific instrument of destruction, his frightened and tired eyes focusing on Negan instead. Negan smiled calmly, “Good boy. Now, I am about to have to goddamn go. My beautiful fucking wives are waiting on me to stick my dick into a few of their sweet ass pussies,” he smirked mischievously at that, “Although I must mothefucking say that if given the choice I’d love to stick it into that ass of yours again just a teensy fucking bit more. Or perhaps between those sweet crimson lips of yours. Damn I’d love to feel you choke around me. My cock is motherfucking goddamn twitching at the mere thought of it...” The man’s words forced Rick’s eyes to dart down to his crotch, where lo and behold his cock was starting to swell, the bulge rising against the Leader’s gray jeans.

He gulped, shuddering at the thought that the man was getting off on his emotional pain alone, ass tensing at the thought of Negan grabbing his ankle and wrenching him out of the cage to go for Round 2. After all, the man obviously had no problem taking what he wanted. But for once his greatest fear wasn’t realized as Negan did nothing of the sort. Instead the man let out a long loud sigh that jerked Rick’s eyes back up to his own obsidian pits before continuing.

“But mothefucking duty calls so that will have to just goddamn wait. I am NOTHING if not a fucking exemplary model of a husband. I will be back in the morning to feed you if I see fucking fit to do that and continue to mothefucking introduce you to your new role and the tasks it will goddamn entail. For now you can goddamn sleep here, but only after you clean Lucille the fuck off. She has had to do quite a lot of goddamn work over the past few days as you mothefucking well know, and although I like seeing her all dirty, she needs to be all goddamn shiny and new again to ensure proper fucking maintenance. So here’s what you are goddamn going to do for me before your fucking head hits that mattress, Ricky,” Negan muttered, and Rick stared at him in disbelief, the
thought of what he was about to be asked to do for the man almost unthinkable. But then again, this was Negan, the man who seemed to do the unthinkable and demand it as a passion, so Rick kept his comments to himself as the sadist continued.

“You are going to take my goddamn pliers and pull out those staples holding her pretty red barbed wire in place. One by every motherfucking one. Then you are going to use the fucking gloves that I have so graciously provided for your motherfucking self to pull her goddamn wire away and clean it up all nice and pretty with this water here. Next, you are going to clean all the grime off of her, wash her the fuck down, and once she’s dried you are gonna fuckiong rub her down with this fucking alcohol. Once her motherfucking beauty treatment has fully goddamn dried, you are going to wrap that barbed wire back around her pretty, smoking hot body and lock it into place with this nice little staple gun here, and you are going to motherfucking do it without goddamn hurting her.

“And you are going to do ALL OF THAT GODDAMN MOTHERFUCKING SHIT without so much as attempting to off yourself. Yes, I know it is tempting after the first initiation as my pet-hell even with warnings others have fucking done it- to just go the fuck out and away from all of this. . . But then, what fun would that motherfucking be for anybody? Certainly not for me. In fact, that would make me SO goddamn angry and pissed the hell off, and that would mean that you wouldn’t be fucking happy, even if you are dead. Because do you know what goddamn happens when I get angry Ricky boy? People die. Your people as a matter of goddamn fact. And what kind of heartless person would take the easy motherfucking way out and leave his asshole friends to suffer instead? Tell me, is that you, Ricky boy?” Rick gulped and shook his head, “N-no sir.”

Negan smirked, “Good motherfucking answer, Rick. So you know what’s about to goddamn happen? You’re gonna clean your friends, yourself, and the previous holder of your current position off of Lucille all nice and fucking compliantly, and then you’re gonna kneel before me and present her to me all shiny and new again tomorrow morning, ready to bash more goddamn motherfucking asshole brains in. Do you understand me? Understand what I’m motherfucking asking you to goddamn fucking do?” Rick shuddered and nodded quickly, lips shaking as he whispered back, “I... I understand. Y-yes sir, I understand.” Negan’s cruel smirk stretched out over his face and reaching in, he patted Rick hard on his bruised cheek, making the brunette wince, “Good boy. Now there’s a bucket. . .”

He pulled out of the cage and as he locked it with one hand, pointed in the corner behind Rick and to the right. Rick slowly turned his head, staring at a steel bucket in the corner of the cage, “It’s your shit and piss can. I’m sure Benny Boy already fucking used it before you got here, but you can clean his shit and yours out tomorrow. I sure as hell won’t goddamn do it for you. Any body parts from Lucille can go in there too.” Rick turned back around, watching as Negan walked around the desk and out of his vision field, before the chandelier was turned off so that the only light in the room was that of the fireplace and the moon. “GOOD MOTHERFUCKING NIGHT YOU SORRY SHIT!” Negan shouted, moments before the door slammed closed.

Rick stared in the direction of the door for moments that stretched for eternity before turning to Lucille, staring at the bat as she lay before him, disgust mixed with horror forming like storm clouds in his crystal blue eyes. His body shuddered from the wounds dealt to him by the bat, and his mind was still reeling from seeing his two friends and now Benny get beaten to death by her. Bowing his head, pressing the palms of his fists against his eyes, he began to moan and yell into his drawn up knees, snot flooding from his nose. In that moment he no longer was Rick Grimes the leader, and without Negan there, his dark eyes dancing at Rick’s pain, he no longer felt the need to hold the expression of pain inside of him.

And so he began to weep. His throat grew scratchy as he wailed into his legs, curled up atop the dirty mattress that now also held his enemy’s murder weapon, the one that the man had literally and
figuratively fucked him with. He wept for that fact, wept for Glenn, wept for Abraham. And finally, he wept for himself, until he became so lightheaded he slumped to the side of the cage, his forehead pressing to the bars and howling in pain as he gazed with blurry eyes at the bat and the things left to clean her, attempting to calm down with shallow, quick breaths that slowly evened out. He hadn’t felt this much despair even when he’d been backed into the dilemma of whether or not he was going to kill Shane. And this time it wasn’t his former best friend pointing a gun at him that was making his only option clear. Rather it was a sadist pointing a baseball bat at everyone else.

He rolled his head around so that the bruised and bleeding back of it pressed against the dark bars for a change as he gazed up at the moon and stars outside. Even through the glass he could still hear the sounds of night. Just two nights before he’d sat on his porch with Michonne, anticipating the new life they had thought they could lead over a bottle of Moscato. Now all that seemed centuries away. He choked out a sob, acknowledging that he didn’t even know if he’d see her again, or any of them again. He might see Daryl, perhaps, but for all he knew Daryl could be worse off than himself. He choked out a sob and turned to the bat lying beside him again and crawled closer, reaching over her and gripping the gloves Negan had left him. Had “graciously” left him, as he recalled the man saying. Something about gracious and Negan just didn’t go together.

He gulped, closing his eyes and pulling the gloves on. He was going to have to swallow his pride and his objections, and try to be whatever the hell Negan wanted him to be. He would have to play along with the sadist’s dark intentions, at least until he could figure out a way to get back to Alexandria and lead a fight against him.

Gritting his teeth, he picked up Lucille and the pliers before shuffling to the end of the cage nearest the shit bucket. Trying to refrain from wretching at the intense smell coming from the bucket combined with the smell of his own shit on the bat, he slid the condom off, tearing it slightly as he pulled it over the handle’s abnormal shape. Tossing the disgusting thing inside the bucket, Rick sighed and as his vision swayed betwixt blurry and clear he began pulling staple after staple out of the wood, trying his best to make straight pulls out of so that he didn’t damage the wood unnecessarily. He didn’t want to think about what would happen to him should he damage Lucille. For minutes that felt like decades, one by one the small pieces of metal fell into the pile of piss and shit in the bucket, making muted thumps as they found their final resting places in the pile of defecation.

Rick closed his eyes as the last one dropped in and began to pull the barbed wire off slowly, having to stick Lucille between his sore thighs in order to manage the wire with both hands, trying to ignore whose skin, hair, brains, and tissues were on it and the bat even as he pulled them out of the material’s grooves. One by one the pieces fell into the bucket as he forced himself to focus on the task at hand. The intensity of his focus made him sway multiple times until finally he breathed hard as he leaned against the bars of the cage, gazing with tired, weak eyes at the unwrapped bat as he continued to pull debris off of her wooden surface, choosing to lean against the cage rather than stay upright and risk falling into the bucket.

Finally he was done with that unlikeable task and groaning he shifted around, staring with half lidded, glassy eyes at the other end of the cage where the water bucket, alcohol, staple gun, and rags were. Groaning at the space that seemed far too long for him to crawl across, his head feeling heavier than it ever had before, the man groaned and forced his torn backside around to move stiffly towards the door of the cage. As he moved his world began to tilt again and he panted, eyes shutting tight as he bowed his head, trying to right himself.

When he thought he was ok again the brunette lifted his head and moved forward at a slightly quicker pace, attempting to get there before another dizzy spell. Unfortunately for Rick that only meant he began to fall as his world swirled about him and he cried out upon slamming against the
bars head first as they rang upon impact, feeling as though his skull had been split open. It was then that he felt it, the beckoning chill of unconsciousness.

Negan’s demanding words and orders fresh in his mind, Rick groaned as he made one final attempt to stay upright. Earlier, unconsciousness would have been a dream come true, but what if he didn’t finish the bat? What would Negan do then? Dropping Lucille and grabbing for the bars, Rick panted, unable to get a good hold due to the congealing blood coating the gloves. So down the former Sheriff went, sliding down and slamming once again into the bars, making contact at the point of the bars just before they met the floor. That last hit did him in and Rick moaned as he fell out of consciousness, the faint sounds of the crickets outside the last things to enter his senses before he was dunked under the darkness and into the cold ocean of obscurity.

Chapter End Notes

Now, I know I've said it before, but I am going to say it again. The next chapter will hopefully be up soon! I close the next three days at work, which should give me mornings to be able to focus on the next chapter more. I've already looked at it again (an additional time since writing the raw rough draft version) and am thinking that no perceivable writer's blocks will be found. But of course, I make no promises. So what did you think of this chapter? Was it worth the wait? Ready to read more? Going to start to incorporate scenes from the show soon (maybe three chapters from now?), which of course means that I do not own the dialogue that is present in the show, but I will own the way I twist the scenes around. Again, hope you all enjoyed the chapter, see you guys next time!
Hold My Hand

Chapter Summary

... And Please Let It Go.

Chapter Notes

Hello everyone! I know that this post came rather quickly after the last one, but as a little heads up regarding what I will be attempting to do in the future... from now on, I will be ATTEMPTING to post a new chapter every Monday. But, as most of you might know, Writer's Blocks are a very real thing and so... *clears throat* attempting is the key word here. But regardless, you have this chapter now and so here we go!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Rick was in a dark void, numb as he hung in the black expanse. There was no ground beneath him nor walls surrounding him. No sky or roof above his head. He merely hung in the darkness. It felt as if he was floating in a great pool of water, muffled sounds not quite reaching him as if they were pushed away from him until they were hundreds upon thousands of leagues away. Yet there was no liquid surrounding him. He was simply there, a nonentity in the void. There was no time, no forward or back. And rather than fight it, Rick let himself fall into that embrace.

Far too long he had felt both the responsibilities of leadership and the sense of powerlessness at not being able to protect those he was forced to have follow him. It was a responsibility that he had never truly wanted and yet he’d always felt it thrust upon him to the point where it felt more like stocks than a mantle. He had never had a real choice in the matter, had never truly wanted that position. The only reason he had denied it from Shane was to save his own life, and although he had few regrets regarding that death, the leadership role he’d had to take on afterwards had felt more like a punishment than a reward, driving himself to the brink of rage more than once. And no matter how much he appeared to upset the people around him, subconsciously wanting SOMEONE ELSE to take on his role, they had refused to release him from the pressures he felt. Even when he’d openly shirked his leadership duties at the prison in the hopes of being simply a father to Carl, the responsibilities had fallen right back upon him.

Perhaps the worst part was that whenever something grim occurred, the blame had always been on him as if he’d wanted the job in the beginning. And along with that blame came the responsibility of accepting the consequences of the actions of the group, not just himself. That amount of accountability was daunting, especially when he hadn’t asked for it in the first place, or even wanted it for that matter. It had always been a role he’d had to take on out of necessity, right from the beginning.

But now, in the darkness he was free from all of that. He could let someone else take on the responsibilities of protector and leader. In the void, away from judgmental eyes he was himself and nothing more. He welcomed the freedom the void had to offer, and found that he would be content floating in it for all eternity given the alternative was what had been his reality for so long. Rick
sucked in a deep breath of the stale yet fresh air around him and let it out slowly.

As if sensing his contentment and wanting to end it, the words that had been so muffled before suddenly intensified in volume and clarity so that he began to hear them as he was suddenly pulled upwards. He couldn’t tell if the darkness was spitting him out or if something was pulling him out. Either way his soul ached as it knew the end result would be the same.

“NO,” he choked out, wishing to remain in the quiet darkness. But the pull continued and distinct voices began to echo across the expanse. Carl’s, Daryl’s, Carol’s, Morgan’s, Gabriel’s, Eugene’s, Maggie’s, Michonne’s, and Sasha’s voices came across the void to him, calling to him in words that at first he didn’t understand. Even people he didn’t expect to hear—for he knew they were already gone as casualties in his reign as leader—began to call for him: Glenn, Abraham, Aaron, Tyrese, Hershel, Beth, Andrea, Sophia, Shane, Lori, Dale. All of them calling to him, and as he continued to be pulled or pushed towards the top of the void, their words gained even more clarity.

They were crying out for his help, all wondering why he wasn’t there for them. Why he had failed them as a leader, why he wasn’t fighting for them like they felt he should. Why he had let them fall into the hands of a monster. “I didn’t want to be, I still don’t. . . I can’t be. . . don’t you understand? I can’t be your leader, I can’t save you, I can’t!” He pleaded, wishing it could be true. And yet he knew it couldn’t be. No matter how much he tried to escape, he realized as he writhed in the invisible grip that encircled him and dragged him out of the darkness that he would NEVER escape those responsibilities. It didn’t matter if he didn’t want to be the leader, or if he couldn’t. He was. Life had forced that burden upon him and there was no taking it off. For him there was no way out. Still, he longed for it, longed for that comforting solitude. Longed for the time and place when he wouldn’t feel the responsibilities of being leader and protector.

Suddenly the voices melded into one, calling his name over and over. And as he listened, all male mannerisms fell away, leaving a voice not of any of the people he’d attempted to lead, but one he’d heard just recently, ripping him out of his subconsciousness and into a pain filled reality. “RICK!” Sherry shouted, grabbing his shoulder in one hand and his chin in the other, shaking him frantically as she attempted to wake him up, “Oh god, Rick, please! Wake the hell up!”

Rick was jerked awake, frightened blue eyes flying open as he stared at the woman who had come to kneel in his cage, her dark eyes wide and staring at him. He saw a gruesome bloody mark on her right cheek and knew with grim realization that he had struck one of Negan’s wives as he’d tossed and turned in her grip. His breath came in quick, short gasps, spots forming in his vision as his mind tried to stabilize itself within reality. His head felt like it would crack open just from the effort.

Beams of sunlight now illuminated the room, their light penetrating his pupils and causing him to squint, the light too much for his migraine to take without spiking. “Oh god, thank god you’re awake,” Sherry whispered, her face pale, “I—I came in. . . sn-snuck in, t-to check on you, and . . . god, I thought you weren’t breathing! Oh my god, there was so much blood. I . . . I thought . . . I thought you were too far gone!”

Rick breathed hard, “Y—you should have let me keep g-g” he failed to finish, darkness over taking him again as his head rolled back, out of her manicured grip. “OH GOD! No, stay awake!” she gasped, shaking him a few moments more. But Rick felt far too heavy to do anything more than a flicker of the eyes, groaning at the rough treatment. “Oh GOD!” Sherry gasped, dropping him onto the mattress and making sure he was a safe distance away from the bars, “I’m going to get Negan! Hold on! He’ll. . . he’ll take you to Carson!” she gasped, and he heard heavy footfalls as she backed out of the disgusting kennel quickly, the clang of the cage door shutting, and the small patting of footsteps as she rushed away.
As he vaguely wondered why the Hilltop doctor would be there and not at his own settlement Rick groaned and let himself fall out of consciousness yet again, head lulling back as his dirty curls lay against the mattress. As the sweet darkness slowly wrapped itself around him once more, he vaguely noticed that his left shoulder was pressing into Lucille’s removed barbed wire, it lying just beside his upper left arm as he pressed against it and the mattress.

Remembering Negan’s words regarding how he needed to have her clean and rewrapped by that morning he groaned, hoping to fall out of consciousness before Sherry returned with the sadist in tow. As the door banged open and he heard a shout of words he couldn’t comprehend in a voice he knew and feared all too well, he finally got something he wished for as the darkness quickly overtook him, swallowing him in the peaceful ocean once again before the cage door was reopened, offering him the escape he craved.

Rick found himself once again within the duty free void, his soul welcoming the cold. He longed to never leave that place, and in his mind he pondered why he felt he had returned there. Had he been here before? Had there ever been an end to it then? He hoped not. He hoped it could remain the way it was. Luckily, it looked like things might turn out that way. It seemed pretty endless now... It was then that sound entered the void and he moaned as his mind was slowly dragged back to the conscious world and all the pain that it held waiting for him. No, he didn’t want this, he didn’t! He wordlessly pleaded for the darkness to take him back within its cool embrace, but any pleas fell on the silent air and were forgotten. Instead his senses seemed to slowly re-awaken as he was plunged back into reality.

His forehead felt tight and his nose gave soft throbs of pain like mini heartbeats, as did the rest of his body. It made him wonder what could have happened to cause such pain to be inflicted. Had someone attacked Alexandria again? What was going on?

He sucked in a deep breath of stale air. In spite of all the pain grounding him in reality, the brunette still felt unnaturally light as the sounds around him melded into the light noise created by movement some distance away. He frowned, wondering who else had gotten harmed by whatever or whoever had harmed him. Were they the ones causing those sounds? He sighed, deciding on his next course of action-seeing as he felt he would have to at some point do it in order to take stock of the situation at hand and his eyelids finally didn’t feel like bricks bearing down upon his pupils. Slowly he opened his dulled blue eyes as he gazed up at a cream colored ceiling. Rick frowned. His ceiling in Alexandria was a gray color. And he didn’t think the infirmary ceiling looked like this either... it was as his ass twitched and the skin around his rectum gave a sharp spike of pain in retribution that recent events came flooding back to him.

The flood of memory and the emotional pain that it carried with it gave him the beginnings of a new level of migraine and he moaned, closing his eyes again as he waited for the pain to pass. After what felt like a century it finally did so and he sucked in a deep breath through his mouth. Letting it out and opening his eyes once again, the ex-Sheriff gazed at the pale ceiling above him with a renewed, grim clarity as he tried to access his physical situation via what he could feel and see.

From what he could tell he was naked beneath a very light sheet placed on top of him, and a tightness he felt over the bridge of his nose and down near his chin let him know he had to have a breathing mask on. The horizontal pressure that crossed his shoulders, torso, waist, thighs, and calves made him think that he must be strapped to the surface beneath him, his arms firmly at his sides and his legs held in place against the surface beneath him to prevent movement of the legs or feet.

In addition to said pressure, his arms also felt like they were being pinched. As he glanced his crystal blue eyes down at the left one he saw a clear tube with some sort of liquid flowing through it from an IV and into the major vein of the arm. A little ways up his arm from that spot was another IV tube,
linked to another bag, this one filled with yellowish liquid. His right arm sported a tube with blood flowing through it and into him from that IV’s bag. He breathed hard through the mask, assuming that fluids, antibiotics, and blood had to be now linked to him via the IVs and their needles. That was his best guess anyway. He didn’t know the specifics of hospital care.

Tilting his head up and looking towards his feet he tried to take in the rest of his body. From what he could tell a firm plaster cast had been placed around his previously injured ankle and based on his touch sensations alone it appeared that bandage tape and gauze had been placed over the major wounds Lucille had left along his upper torso and crotch area. From the lack of any repulsive smells in his nose, he assumed he had been somewhat bathed, or at least his hair had been cleaned.

As his ears picked up a louder version of movement nearby Rick jerked his head up and to the left in the direction of the sound. Facing that section of the dirty curtain that surrounded his gurney, he watched and waited for more distinct noises and movement. As he screwed his forehead up to try to catch more of the sounds around him he winced, whimpering behind the mask as his forehead held a sudden tightness. Moving his head back against the stiff pillow beneath it he closed his teary eyes, relaxing his forehead to ease his pain as the sounds became clearer, accompanied by approaching footfalls.

“So how long is he supposed to remain here?” a cold voice could be heard saying and Rick darted his eyes back to the dirty curtain as it was pulled away quickly and Negan himself stepped through it, frowning at a tall, lithe man with a balding head of light sandy hair. Negan wore his typical attire, or at least the attire that Rick had come to associate him with, and the other man wore a long doctor’s coat. The two seemed unaware that Rick had awoken so for now he closed his blue eyes and listened to their conversation as best as his drug addled head would allow.

“He will only just now be coming off of the anesthesia,” the other man stated in a detached, technical tone. “You need to understand, he suffered at least two concussions. That’s going to leave him extremely at risk regarding brain and bodily functioning, and he will be disoriented at times. He might even suffer from some bouts of memory loss. He needs his body to be relaxed and pain free in order to heal for a period of time before he can take on anything too strenuous again. That’s why he’s here in the first place and hooked up like this. You pushed too . . .” “Watch what you say Doc,” Negan muttered darkly, and Rick felt his body tense in response to the growl that accompanied the threat in the Leader’s voice regarding the doctor’s words.

Unfortunately tensing was the wrong thing to do according to his damaged rib cage and he found himself coughing against the breathing mask, eyes watering to the point where tears leaked out between closed lids and down his cheeks. He honestly didn’t know if they were caused by the pain in his chest or the fact that his cover had been blown. Perhaps it was a little of both.

“Well look who the fuck is waking up,” Negan remarked, a jovial edge replacing the irritation he had heard from the man before. Rick grit his teeth, forcing himself to breathe in through his nose and out his mouth in an effort to calm himself down, hissing at the complaint that his reset nose gave him in response to the action. He shivered as a hard hand was placed over his bangs from his right side, pushing them away from his forehead and wiping cold sweat away from his brow. He knew whose hand that was even before the sadist spoke to him. “Open those blue eyes for me, Pet,” Negan said in a guttural, possessive growl.

He shuddered, not wanting to do so. But all the same he opened his glassy blue eyes, blinking away two tears that streaked down onto the pillow beneath him before looking through his blurry, unfocused vision at the monster within whose grasp he now lay, both figuratively and literally. His ass still stung from just what that meant. His breathing quickened as the palm against his head tensed and Negan’s fingers dug into his scalp. He moaned, eyes squinting at the pain as he gazed pleadingly
up at him. Negan shook his head, tsking through his teeth as he frowned down at him, “Just couldn’t take a few fucking hits and some goddamn ass fucking, could ya? Not even enough to fucking clean Lucille off after she goddamn helped clear up your mistakes for you.”

Rick shuddered visibly, his heart racing as Negan leaned down, hissing on his face, his stale morning breath hitting Rick and making his eyes blink rapidly, “And now you’ve also fucking gotten Sherry into trouble, you sorry ass motherfucker. She wasn’t supposed to be in that fucking room but for whatever goddamn reason she felt like she needed to check up on you, you little shit. Couldn’t fucking gone smoothly, she checks in on you, she leaves after you’re ok. But you weren’t ok, and you fucking hit her. I don’t like it when my dogs hit my ladies, you pussyass motherfucker. If it’s not ok for me to fucking hit them then you better motherfucking believe it’s not ok for YOU to!”

At that his free hand snaked down to Rick’s and gripped Rick’s fingers between his own. As Rick’s eyes widened at the pressure that was then applied, Negan sneered, eyes going dark in his anger, most of the light leaving them. The man’s hand began to tremble and Rick paled at the display of pure rage, “For that I would normally motherfucking take your goddamn hand, but perhaps I’ll just break your fucking fingers instead. You won’t need ’em right now any-fucking-way. I’m having Sherry fucking do your job- rewrapping Lucille- as punishment for her goddamn actions, without any goddamn gloves. Hope you’re fucking proud of yourself, you motherfucking bitch.”

As the fingers locked with his obtained an almost crushing pressure, Rick didn’t have a chance to feel proud, or sad, or guilty. Instead he tossed his head back against the pillow behind him, feeling pain start to streak through him from the base of his skull as it pressed against the rough material, panting with eyes shut as tears streamed down. Pain flooded over him, coming down to focus on the fingers of his hand as Negan began to bend them back to painful lengths, applying more pressure with each passing second.

“Please, please I didn’t mean too,” he whispered hoarsely, not sure if Negan could even make out his words from behind the mask. “What the fuck was that? Couldn’t goddamn hear ya,” Negan sneered and reaching down with his other hand grabbed Rick’s mask and yanked it away from his face. In spite of the influx of fresh air, that forced Rick’s lungs to work harder, straining against his injured chest as he began to gasp in gulps of air, whimpering between breaths as the strain on his fingers continued to build up.

“Please,” he begged, his voice small and trembling like a child, tears streaking down from eyes shut tight in pain, his body arching up due to the pain and pressing against the straps holding him down, “P-please, I . . . I didn’t mean to hit her, I swear! I didn’t know she was there, otherwise I wouldn’t have. . . I swear I wouldn’t have if I had known! . . . Just please, please, no more, I . . . I can’t take any more pain. Please. . .” he opened bloodshot eyes and gazed at Negan pleading with dark eyes that held no mercy to give.

“Please, please don’t break it. I didn’t mean to do it, ask her, she’ll tell you I didn’t mean to,” he blubbered as tears and snot rushed down his face, shaking all over to the point where he started to feel the bed shake around him. His heart raced and his breathing became short and labored as he heard the metal railings of the structure rattling beneath him.

“Negan, this won’t hel. . .” the doctor began and Rick prayed Negan would at least pause to consider what the other man had to say. He had actually forgotten the other man was there but now the other man might be his salvation from more pain. He clung to that meager sliver of hope. Apparently the Savior Leader had forgotten as well, or at least he acted like it as Negan ignored Carson and leaned down, sneering into Rick’s face once more, “You sorry fucker, I know you didn’t mean to. That’s why you still have the hand. But you’ve got to learn you sorry shit: anything you do, on purpose or fucking otherwise, is gonna have goddamn consequences with me.” With those words, Rick knew
that any hope he had of Carson shielding him from his punishment had left the room. He wished it could have taken either him or Negan with it.

Rick felt his heart beating wildly in his chest, panicked eyes staring into Negan’s cold obsidian depths as the man continued to add pressure to his hand, which by now was popping in multiple areas under the strain, each pop sending a spike of pain to his brain, “Please, please no, I’ll do anything you want, I swear, just please don’t! Please!” he yelped, his voice growing high pitched in terror at what was about to transpire. Negan’s snarl was the only reply Rick received before he wrenched his hand around, his fingernails digging into the back of Rick’s hand. For a moment it seemed the two stared at one another, his dark merciless eyes gazing into Rick’s own teary blue ones. Rick’s breath caught in his throat, and he swore Negan stopped breathing as well, rage and anger at the man on the bed roaring within his eyes like a dark fire. Then the moment was gone as he grunted, gripping Rick’s fingers and twisting them with a jerk.

Rick wrenched his head back against the gurney and screamed as the fingers of his right hand were dislocated, sending a massive wave of pain up his arm. His sore chest rose and fell rapidly as he gazed at the ceiling, shaking all over. He whimpered between gasps of wet, tear sodden air as he rode out the aftershock of the pain and Negan pulled away, turning to Carson, “Fucking patch him up. Up the goddamn pain medication if you fucking have to to help him heal. Contact me when you’re done and we’ll fucking decide how much longer he can motherfucking stay here. And don’t you dare goddamn tell me what the fuck to do again, you sorry ass. You might be a Doctor, Carson, and you might do a lot of motherfucking shit for me and my people. . .”

In the corner of his vision Rick watched as Negan marched up to the Doctor, continuing to stomp into the man’s personal space until he had him backed up into a far corner of the curtains to his left, anger rolling off the Leader so intensely that Rick was partially surprised he couldn’t literally see the deadly waves. “But I can always grab another goddamn Doctor from that motherfucking place you left behind you sorry shit,” Negan growled, and Rick trembled at the dark intent laced within the man’s words, “You fucking goddamn remember that. Do your job, keep your goddamn motherfucking mouth SHUT, and you’ll be just fine. And your fucking son will be able to stay with those goddamn cowards and play with his little doctor toys. Just like you want him to.” With that he shoved the Doctor closer to Rick, Carson staggering as he did so, grunting un-appreciatively and rubbing his shoulder from where Negan had pushed him.

Growling the Leader pushed through the curtain about halfway before he turned back to the two men, his dark eyes instantly focusing back on Rick who shrank back into the bed, eyes wide and body jerking with fear at the monster of a man across the makeshift room from him. Just those devil eyes being focused on him caused fear to grip Rick in far tighter a grip than the man’s hand had just had on his fingers. “You better be goddamn grateful that I’m even letting him patch you up so soon, you motherfucking animal. I should fucking let you stay like that for a moment, make you pay for what you motherfucking did,” Negan muttered, eyes narrowing, “What the fuck do you say to that?”

Rick’s mind was racing a million miles a minute as Carson altered one of his IVs, pushing yellow fluid from a syringe into it of his IV bags. Rick darted his eyes over to the doctor, lips shaking as he began to feel the effects of the medication upon his brain. Grateful for the doctor knowing that Rick would need anesthesia in order for him to be able to work on his hand efficiently, Rick sighed as the soft embrace of the drug wrapped itself around his troubled mind, at first to the point Rick couldn’t even process what Negan had just said. When his quickly fogging up brain managed to process it though he shuddered, licking chapped lips as he turned his eyes back to Negan, whispering, “Th-thank you,” Negan tilted his head and raised an eyebrow, clearly expecting more. Rick gulped, adding a quick “sir” to the end of his statement. Negan smirked, “See you soon you sorry fuck.” Turning he marched out, whistling as he went.
Rick didn’t have much time to think of the irony of the jovial whistling and the rage he had just seen overtake the man. As his world tilted—or perhaps it was just his mind that did the tilting—he knew one thing: he hoped he would not be hitting Negan’s wives again any time soon. It was then that he noticed the aged hand moving the breathing mask back over his lips, Carson apologizing noncommittally as he hissed when the mask was pressed down onto the bridge of his healing nose yet again.

As he began to breathe deep, slow breaths of the stale, medicated air, he noticed his world becoming darker, the edges of his consciousness being encroached upon by a cool darkness. It was so similar to the one he had felt before and yet somehow different and unnatural. Still, he willingly fell into the cold embrace of this new form of unconsciousness as he felt the doctor take up his twitching, broken fingers and begin to move them around.

Rick floated in the sea of drugged unconsciousness for what felt like ages before he slowly began to rise to the surface of it again. He knew this feeling well, and although he disliked it—in that he was sure only more grim reality awaited him—he gave in to the feeling, giving up on the notion of pleading with the darkness to hold onto him tighter. He knew that wouldn’t work, so why bother? His mind was exhausted from the times he’d already tried to do that.

As he neared the state of consciousness he felt something different—a strange pressure from up above as if something was trying to hold him down inside the void he had enjoyed the presence of for yet another short time. He longed for that void and welcomed the pressure. He would willingly fall back into the blissful sea. But the contrast to that pressure was still there, in that there was still something that was constantly pulling him back towards the living, an unbreakable tie that he could never sever. But it wasn’t the traitorous drive of his body to regain consciousness after being in the void for so long that formed this tie. Rather it was a voice: a forlorn, regretful voice. His breathing quickened as he heard the voice he had come to know as Sherry’s become more distinct. He remembered deeply and vividly the effects of the last time he’d heard it and he groaned, his body tensing at the memory as the brunette began to speak.

“I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean to get you in trouble, and I REALLY didn’t mean to make any for myself. I was only trying to help, I swear Rick. I swear I wasn’t trying to hurt you any more than you already had been.” Rick groaned, opening his blue eyes slowly, his vision distorted upon awakening. Sighing he slowly rolled his heavy head towards her voice, to his right. His body felt like it was made of lead and for now turning his head towards her was the best thing he could manage in the way of acknowledging her presence. Sherry was sitting to his right in a dress similar to the one he’d originally seen her in, a form fitting black dress whose hemline came to just halfway down her thigh with two thick straps wrapping over her shoulders. It was at first glance a simple black sheath style dress, but upon further inspection it greatly accentuated her breasts and the length of it teased at what lay beneath the fabric’s folds. The clothing forced her body to scream confidence, which given the sorrowful look in her eyes, she didn’t currently feel.

Chapter End Notes

I know I took some liberties with Rick’s unconscious moments, but that has always been a favorite of mine, describing and writing within the void that unconsciousness brings! I can’t guarantee that I will linger in it for much of this tale, but there may be moments here and there where it pops up! Comments and Kudos are appreciated!
Some Good Old R&R

Chapter Summary

And of course by that we mean Reawakening and Revelation.

Chapter Notes

And so this will be the first . . . TECHNICALLY Negan free chapter. Good, easy time for our dear Rick, right? Or will he find threats in other places? Get ready for a spoonful of sugar before the medicine is poured down and Rick's eyes are opened to a new darkness as it presents its place in his current situation.

And yes, I do know that I am two days late. . . sorry readers! It was not my intention! But when your predictable work schedule of Mondays off is changed, well, it kind of fucks around with scheduling. Hope this chapter is worth the wait!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

As his mind began to clear itself of its drug induced haze Rick noticed something odd about Sherry, or at least odder than usual due to the fact that their situation was anything but normal. Everytime he had gone to the hospital to check in on a friend he had felt compelled to place a hand upon them as a way of silently reassuring them that he was there for them. That felt so different from merely standing by a person and offering comforting words. The latter felt less personal. That to him had always made it unacceptable to not touch someone you visited in the hospital. And now, contradicting that assumption, Sherry wasn’t touching him.

In fact it seemed that she was making sure she didn’t touch him, perched safely away from his IVs with her hands grasping her knees. Those hand were covered in bloodied gauze and bandages, and Rick had to guess that they were there to help her wounds procured from wrapping Lucille as they healed.

Her worried eyes focused on his dull ones and she sucked in a shuddering breath, contracting and stretching her unnaturally pale cheeks. Her entire face held an abnormal coloring, as if she had applied large amounts of concealer to it in an attempt to hide where he had struck her. Or at least, that’s what he thought. In spite of its attempts to clear itself, his mind still felt fuzzy from the painkillers so he couldn’t be sure. Maybe she really looked normal. Or maybe it was the light from the fluorescent bulbs above that made her look so pale.

Sighing behind the mask, he moved his attention to himself, ready to inspect just what had been done to him since the last time he had been conscious. He had the same IVs from before, but now he did not just have the red cord attached to his right arm. He had another clear cord in that arm as well. He blinked, lifting his right hand slowly, partially not wanting to see it and acknowledge the painful experience from before whilst at the same time wanting to survey what had been done to fix his ill-received injury. He sighed, looking at the heavy bandages wrapped around his right hand, being able to see and feel splints that had been placed around his fingers to keep them in line whilst he healed in spite of any movements he might make. Following his gaze to his hand, Sherry grit her teeth and
moved her focus back to Rick,

“The extra cord is antibiotics to fight off any infections from your opened wounds. Carson added it to your regiment and upped the painkillers he had already started you on after Negan came to take a look at you. . . Even though Carson recommended that you stay here longer to recover unhindered, Negan said he wanted you back in his office by the end of next week, whatever it takes. And Negan. . .he . . .” she sighed and bowed her head, shaking it slightly, “Well, in case you can’t tell, Negan always gets what he wants. One way or another,”’ she muttered the last in a resigned way, like it was a truth she had been forced to accept.

For a moment she sat there, her fingers tapping against her bare knees, gazing at the floor as if ashamed of something. The moment lasted for only a second, and then her dark eyes refocused on Rick’s, her hands moving together to clasp one another over her knees, her thumbs twiddling with each other. Sucking in a deep rattling breath, she paused for a moment before continuing, as if pushing her shame aside to continue on her quest of telling Rick whatever it was she’d come there to say.

“I don’t know if you heard me before, but I’m sorry for getting you in trouble. I was just trying to check on you,” she said in a voice devoid of most emotion. There was a twinge of guilt in it but nothing more, and because of that Rick wasn’t sure if the guilt he saw in her eyes was genuine or just an illusion created by his drugged state of mind in response to the tone of her words.

‘But even if you do feel that way, then why? Why do you even care?’ Rick’s tired mind wondered. In spite of him not voicing such an opinion her dark eyes flickered with recognition as they accurately gauged his unspoken question. She sighed, flicking her hair over her shoulder with a jerk of her head, looking at the curtain across from her rather than at him, as if looking at him for too long was upsetting for her. And maybe it was.

Maybe him being literally strapped down to the bed was an expression of what she figuratively felt like. Maybe it was too much of a reminder for her regarding how trapped she was. Or maybe she just felt like she was above this apology—or whatever it was supposed to be—and wanted to be away from him. Maybe it was a little bit of both? After all, Rick figured she couldn’t be fully innocent. She was married to the monster who in some way had put him in this position, after all. Maybe that meant that on some level she agreed with what Negan did. She sighed and turned back to him, “ I know what you’re thinking.” Rick’s eyebrows raised involuntarily. Did she really?

She rolled her eyes, nodding as if agreeing with what she was about to say, “Me worrying about you enough to apologize sounds weird. I’m with Negan, why should I care? On that note, why would I even have bothered to check on you then, or why would I check on you now?” She bowed her head, reaching up with one hand and running the fingers of it through her dark locks.

“I mean, I got in trouble then and could get in trouble now. Negan only thinks I came to see Doctor Carson about my hands, if he knew I was visiting you he’d be furious. But Rick, you need to know. . .” she looked back up at him, her eyes imploring him to listen to what she was about to say, “Things aren’t what they seem here. We might be with Negan—hell, I’m definitely with Negan—but it’s not always because it is our Plan A. Sometimes it’s our back up plan to our back up plan. I guess what I’m trying to say is it’s not as clear cut a choice as it might seem. We don’t all do things—we aren’t all a part of the Saviors—solely because we want to. We do things—we join the Saviors—because we need to. It’s something we do so that we can survive. Sometimes to do that, you have to just do what he wants.”

“And if you do, he’ll take care of you,” the voice of the Doctor sounded, seemingly picking up where she had left off. Rick groaned, rolling his head over to gaze at the man as he entered the
makeshift room. Carson locked eyes with Sherry who slowly stood up from the bed, looking at him expectantly. Holding out a white stick over Rick and between them, he spoke, “You need to go now Sherry. I need to speak with him about his recovery, and Negan will wonder about you if you take too long here. I promised you the time it would take for this test to be completed and you knew I couldn’t give you any more of it,” he remarked as if feeling the need to defend why he had cut into their conversation.

Sherry nodded, “I understand, thank you, Doctor.” She took the stick from him and Rick blinked, acknowledging it as looking like some kind of pregnancy test. He remembered Lori buying them when they’d been hoping for a baby the first time. His eyes moved to her, unable to stop the curiosity from forming inside himself at what result it might bear upon the stick, mirroring the curiosity he saw in the brunette woman’s eyes. But hers wasn’t the happy curiosity that he and Lori had felt. Rather, this was one of apprehension as she inspected the test. He understood that worry. After all, he assumed that only one person could be the father of any of her children and he highly doubted that the world needed a little Negan running around bashing people’s heads in.

After looking at it for a few quiet seconds during which the room was so silent one could hear a pin drop, she gave a sigh of relief, shoulders sagging, “Oh thank GOD.” Quickly she moved to the curtain to leave, then turned and looked back at Rick one more time, gazing at him with pity replacing the guilt he’d formerly seen in her eyes, “Be safe Rick. Just do what Negan and Carson say, they’ll take care of you. And always know,” she sucked in a shuddering breath and let it out, a flicker of pain flashing through her sorrowful gaze, “It can get worse. Oh God, it can get so much worse.” Rick heaved a heavy sigh from behind the mask. He would follow Sherry’s advice but her words regarding Negan getting worse fell far short of the level of consolation expected from words typically left to someone awaiting recovery.

Turning, the woman opened the curtain and walked out. Carson jerked the curtain closed behind her as he turned and marched over to Rick, back stiff and his face expressionless, “Listen to me and listen well. I’m going to tell you what I did to help you and what you need to do to get better, and will only go into such depth once. In other words, listen to what I say, don’t mess up your recovery, and you should be fine.” Rick had to hold back a scoff at the man’s words. He doubted he would be in charge of anything he did from here on out but if the doctor wanted to inform him of how fucked up Negan had gotten him physically who was he to argue? His silence seemed to be the only go ahead Carson needed to begin his speech.

“For starters, you didn’t just twist your ankle like Negan previously thought. You fractured it,” Carson said in a voice devoid of any emotion other than disapproval, taking out a stethoscope from his pocket and putting its two earpieces in before leaning down and pulling the thin blanket from Rick’s chest. Rick tensed as the cold metal found his naked chest, breathing in a deep breath as Carson continued his inspection.

He blinked as he watched Carson look at his silver watch as he listened to Rick’s heartbeat and breathing patterns. Pulling away he began to undo the straps around Rick’s shoulders and torso, muttering “Don’t try anything,” in a way that let Rick know he didn’t really expect the injured man to do anything but comply.

Sliding his long arm behind Rick he leaned him up, making Rick’s back pop and causing a groan to rumble from Rick’s chest before the doctor’s other arm snaked across Rick’s front to help hold him steady. Rick jerked as the cold end of the stethoscope was placed in the middle of his back, and understanding the unspoken command the brunette closed his eyes and breathed in deeply before letting the air leave his lungs. He winced as he did so at the pain it caused in his tight chest.

“I righted it as best as I could and put it in a splint and cast for you,” Carson continued, “The longest
time those will be on is 6 weeks, but they might come off earlier if you elevate the ankle when you
can and keep most of your weight off of it.” he let a pause hang in the air as he slowly moved Rick
back onto the pillow with a sigh. Rick understood the unspoken comment that that silence screamed.

Carson doubted- much like Rick doubted himself-that Negan would let him recover the way the
physician was prescribing. Rick began to feel a little bit of pity for the man. He knew from
experience that working hard towards something could seem futile when the chances of things going
the way you needed them to were slim to none.“Once they are off I will then give you therapy
exercises to perform when you have the chance in order to help your muscles strengthen,” Carson
finished, pulling the covers back over Rick.

“As for your rib, I realigned it as best as I could and took a sample of fluid from your chest cavity to
ensure there is no internal bleeding. There isn’t any and the rib should heal on its own. The pain
medication and antibiotics I’m giving you should help quicken that recovery. They should also help
your skull with its recovery areas at the base of your skull and forehead. Speaking of your forehead. .
.”

He moved a gloved finger to hover above and point at Rick’s forehead, “I have put 10 stitches in to
help close up your wound here. If you try to avoid striking it, the process of recovery should be
complete and the stitches should be coming out within two weeks. So try not to hit it on anything and
open it up. I would say try to avoid any more immediate tears to your anus to improve its healing, but
that’s unlikely to be an option.”

Rick sighed, closing his eyes, feeling extremely tired although he had just woken up. He doubted he
would be able to help with the head injuries any more than the anal ones, but he would try to avoid
Lucille at all costs, regardless. Honestly he felt that had been the plan from the beginning, it just
wasn’t going that well for him.

“As for the concussion you sustained-which along with your blood loss caused your dizziness- it will
only be aggravated by too much brain activity, so I suggest you try not to overexert yourself
physically or mentally. Or at least, no more than is required of you,” Carson continued, and Rick
opened his eyes slowly, gazing with his glassy depths at the man as he frowned at him, hovering
over him, “In other words do as you’re told and Negan and I will take care of you.” Rick blinked,
raising his eyebrows and mentally noting that that was not the first time he had been told that in the
past few minutes. Moving his lips he managed a muffled thank you through the mask.

Carson frowned at him, “Oh you’ll thank me. And if you want the pain meds to keep being used on
you you’ll keep thanking me, once you’re well again.” Rick’s eyes widened at the flash of dark
intent in the doctor’s eyes, replacing the cold detachment he’d seen there just moments before. He
grit his teeth and Carson leaned down, muttering at him with his head hovering just inches from
Rick’s face as a hand rested on the portion of the blanket above Rick’s left thigh, sliding slowly up
the inner leg, “What I mean is this: those meds are not easy to come by, and if you want to keep
getting them. . .” he began, his hand darting over to the edge of the bed and under the covers to grip
Rick’s dick painfully, making Rick moan and close his eyes.

“You’ll do whatever the fuck I want you to and keep quiet about it,” Carson hissed, “And don’t you
even think of running to Negan. He would only laugh if you told him, you filthy animal. Sure, he
might give a shit if someone touches his wives but he could care less about me taking his little pup
out for a goddamn walk. Hell, he might even thank me for keeping you ready for him,” the Doctor
paused at that and Rick’s glassy blue eyes moved to the ceiling as he shuddered, unable to bring
himself to continue to look at the man’s face full of dark intentions as the lewd words poured from
his mouth. The brunette gazed with miserable eyes at the ceiling, unable to bring himself to care
about disrespecting the Doctor by diverting his gaze. Luckily Carson didn’t force him to refocus on
his face. Rather he leaned forward, hissing venomously in Rick’s ear words that chilled Rick to the bone.

“That means that each time I call you in for a goddamn check up and slide my thermometer up your ass, you’re going to put on a show for me you little whore. And if I ask you to suck my popsicle stick, you are gonna goddamn do it like you’ve wanted it between those puffy lips since before you can remember. You will be showing me just how grateful you are for the things I’m doing for you or I’ll stop fucking doing them for you. I will cut you the hell off, do you understand me? Then, Negan will continue to make your life painful and poor Doctor Carson won’t have ANY pain medicine or antibiotics to make you better. Now, do you understand your position?”

Moving his free hand up the Doctor gripped Rick’s cheeks firmly and jerked his head so that he faced him so fast that his vision swam once more as the world moved about him. Rick panted hard behind the mask, staring at the man as a grim smile crossed Carson’s face and pain radiated in the former Sheriff’s cheeks.

Carson sneered, “Your choice is simple, you dog. If you don’t do what I want, you’ll just keep getting kicked around until you die. Then Negan will move on to someone else from your group and keep going on down the line of potential victims until all of them have been tortured and destroyed. So I will ask you again, do you understand your position here?” Rick stared at the man, shuddering at the doctor’s words.

He hadn’t thought Carson was a good guy per se but his words chilled him in a way the brunette had never expected. “I said ‘Do we understand one another?’” The doctor hissed as he twisted Rick’s dick, making the wounds upon it open up as it was bent and causing Rick to let out a choked whimper, tears streaking down his cheeks and over the doctor’s fingers as he nodded quickly.

Once again he had been faced with a dilemma that wasn’t a true dilemma, and once again a farce was being put on with him reluctantly becoming the star as he “chose” his only true option. Carson chuckled and sliding his hand down from Rick’s face, patted Rick hard on his sore chest, making the brunette groan. “Good, you keep up that attitude and everything should be fine,” at that he walked away from Rick who gave a shuddering breath as he laid his head back against the bed, gazing at the ceiling with dull eyes and pouring over the Doctor’s words in his mind.

At first he had perceived Carson’s comment about Negan laughing at him should he out the man as an empty threat that the Doctor had said in the hopes of keeping Rick quiet. Negan seemed far too selfish to want to share Rick, and a part of him doubted that the man would allow Carson to fuck him. But then he had to wonder: Could Carson fucking Rick be a part of Negan’s plan to break him? To take from him any sense of true relaxation between Negan’s constant assaults on his psyche? If that was Negan’s idea of a plan, it wasn’t one that was necessary.

He would comply with Negan regardless of Carson fucking him or not. But could he tell that to Negan and avoid punishment at the same time? What if talking about what Carson had said was against the rules Negan had formed in his sadistic mind? What if talking about what Carson had said got Rick, or got Alexandria, in more trouble whether he knew that it was against the rules to speak about it or not? He shuddered, imagining Negan’s full wrath being taken out on the community. Simply put, that was NOT an option.

‘I’m going to have to do what he wants, whatever it is. Anything else is too risky at this point,’ Rick mentally acknowledged as the oxygen was pumped into his mouth through the mask. In that moment it still seemed like such a small price to pay for the safety of those he cared about. At least until he could find a way out of the mess he found himself in. Unbeckoned, Sherry’s words came back to the forefront of his mind: ‘We don’t all do things—we aren’t all a part of the Saviors—because we want to.
We do things—we join the Saviors—because we need to. To survive, sometimes you have to just do what he wants.’ Rick wondered how many times that statement would ring true for him here.

The next four days passed by in a blur for Rick. The next time he awoke after Carson’s “talk” with him, his straps were for the most part gone, with padded cuffs the only things restraining him as they were buckled around his ankles and wrists, elongated straps leading from them to the gurney to allow for minimal movement. In the moments between his drug induced naps Negan never visited him, which was relieving. Nor did Sherry pay him a second visit, but he really didn’t expect her to in the first place. Although she had been apologetic to him, her words to him had had made clear to him one thing: though she might pity him, at some point it would have to be every person for themselves with the Saviors. Given that thought, he understood her refraining from visiting him. He highly doubted that Negan would allow visiting hours.

Even Carson didn’t visit him much other than to change out the bedpan he was forced to use and bring him what could only be described as the most disgusting nutritional smoothies Rick had ever had, all of which left a disgusting after taste in his mouth. Carson often took that time to check on Rick’s wounds and their progression regarding healing after Rick was forced to take a makeshift bath with the doctor watching him, taking a wet soapy cloth and ridding his body of any feces, urine, or sweat that may be on it.

He often tried to perform that task as quickly and efficiently as possible, attempting to hide as much of his body from the perverted doctor as he could whilst at the same time trying to clean his body thoroughly enough to prevent sores and infections. During the attempts Rick made at blocking parts of himself from the man’s eyes the doctor scoffed and Rick supposed the man’s skepticism did have some logical foundations: he had already seen the brunette naked, why would it matter if he did or didn’t see more of the man on the bed?

Still, given the man’s future demands regarding his body Rick wanted to keep some sort of distance between himself and Carson for as long as he could. Once that task and the following inspection had been completed, he was normally left with a plastic cup of ice cubes as a feeble way of sating his thirst.

Whenever he was awake and without a visitor his drug addled mind wondered about what Daryl might be going through, or where the Archer even was. He hoped Daryl was better off than he was and hoped the Archer was able to see some way out of his situation. Any thoughts were mere speculation of course, as Rick was unable to see much of anything past his curtain.

The best he could really do regarding his own situation was assume that his gurney wasn’t the only makeshift patient bed in the room. At first it was because he figured there had to be a reason for the curtain, but as time passed and Rick began to hear some muffled sounds from the sides of the curtain to his left and right, that suspicion was confirmed even more. Unfortunately in his current state he couldn’t hear much more than a blur of sound, and certainly couldn’t make out tones of voice or the words formed by the speakers, and his analysis of the “infirmary” didn’t go much further than that before he blacked out again.

On the fifth morning, or rather what he thought to be the fifth morning given he had already had twelve smoothies and he guessed that that meant four mornings, four lunches, and four dinners had passed, Rick woke up to a sight other than a cream colored ceiling hovering above him.

Rather he awoke on a hard, red carpeted floor, his IVs-minus the one that had held blood for him—hanging from hooks up above him via a temporary clothing rack stretched across the inside of the top of a makeshift kennel.

Rick tensed, eyes widening as he stared at the bars surrounding him, and the morning light streaming
in through them from a sun that hung in the outside sky just beyond two french doors. He began to
breath quickly, his body tensing all over as he acknowledged where he was moments before the
heavy doors to the room opened and Negan’s voice was calling to him, “Awake yet, Pet?”

Chapter End Notes

Don't worry, some things from the show stay the same in my tale, and Carson's fiery
death in the furnace for the most part will too. He gets what's coming to him, in other
words...Eventually. As for Sherry, her actions and concern for Rick are explained
later, and no, there will be no romantic entanglements! Next chapter Negan takes the
stage again and bam! We are back into Pet Training! (I literally heard my mental
representation of Negan murmuring over my shoulder "I'm baaaack." Yes, you are
Negan. . . good boy.) So, brace yourselves! Going to try to get it posted Monday, but if
work doesn't comply enough for me to be able to do that, please know I'm trying!
I Need You To Know Me. . .

Chapter Summary

. . . a little bit more.
So Rick has woken up back inside his Kennel to a brand new day, and a brand new lesson. And just to keep things interesting, Negan decides to turn that lesson into a little game, a game with sweet rewards and grim punishments.

Chapter Notes

Yes, it has been a while since I last updated. . . a LONG WHILE. I deeply apologize for the long wait, and am extremely sorry if any of you wondered if this story was going to continue or not. I hope the posting of this chapter does confirm the continuation of this story, and feel that you are owed an explanation for the lateness of the chapter:
In addition to the events of a full time job that can be helluva lot of stress. . .
My boyfriend got fired from a job (which he hated but that was still a source of income), primarily because he got stung by a wasp at a delivery place and tried to point out to HR the safety issues he has experienced, RESULTING IN TERMINATION. . . leaving him a moody, angry mess. So, been leaving work and coming home to help him with that. . . And it did happen right smack dab in the week after his birthday. . .
My 26th birthday rolled on through on the 22nd, which means that I got to go into the world of Health and Dental and Vision insurance for myself. Finally got that all sorted out. . . What a present. . .
Oh yeah, and since I use my beloved's laptop to work on this tale, and he has been home almost all the time I have been home and has been on it watching stuff with me or applying for jobs or filing for unemployment, I have had almost no access to my story, which means that the huge writer's blocks regarding this chapter have taken FOREVER to sort out. And believe me, they have been huge. . . parts of me still wonder if this chapter is worthy of you guys. . .
So yep, that's been my July. . .
Now, in the positives!
I have a new Betta Fish! Actually it's my first fish, in spite of the fact of me being a manager in a pet retail shop, I have never gotten an animal from there to take care of in my free time. But now that I have him I love my little baby, and he is definitely an Alpha Betta (super aggressive and loves to flare out. . . he has attacked both his snail "Lucille"(she was quickly returned before he could kill her) and his own ornaments, the latter actions resulting in me treating him with antibiotics so that his scars don't get infected, cutting up tablets into portions that are appropriate for his tank size. . . all the powder that was spread out as a result of it seriously did not look like medicine, if you catch my drift). Wouldn't trade him for the world, and he has been a wonderful thing for me focus on! He is a black bodied red finned Crowntail Male Betta, and, if you haven't already guessed, he has a skull as an ornament that I call "Glenn", and a miniature dollhouse bat leaning against it. He is flaring and rushing around his tank as I type, just like he does when I need to be perked up. . . and his name is NEGAN! I love my little angry aggressive Alpha Betta! I take pics constantly and post them on social media, he is without a doubt easily one of the loves of my life! Has an attitude, knows what he wants to eat and when he wants to eat it. . . he is just so perfect! Now I have two tanks
set up for Deathstroke and Jareth Bettas right beside his, and am waiting to find some equally Alpha Bettas for this guy's distant brothers! I shall not have ugly babies, and will settle for nothing less than two more beautifully handsome Crowntail males. This is Week 3 of my search.

I also have completed my Negan Halloween Cosplay (minus wrapping real barbed wire around a stained bat. . . but really I have to use a McFarlane replica for the costume in public anyway. . . Something about a bat wrapped in real barbed wire sets people on edge. . .)! Got the jacket, got the shirt, got the scarf, got the jeans, got the boots, got the glove, got the black hair that I have been dying that way for a long time now! And of course, got Lucille! Boyfriend has a metal band Halloween show at a local bar, where there will be a costume contest, so I also have a place to wear it all!

And finally, I have time. Time to work on this story and make it as perfect as it can be. Time to focus, and work on chapters. Because my Boyfriend has a job now, as an overnight truck driver! I get to see him in between (although I do find that I miss him and we will be working through a couple's book as he works this job(where you write your story essentially by asking questions), not because we are having any issues, but because the last time we did it we had so much fun and bonded a whole helluva lot, and the time apart gives me time to straighten my stuff, get tasks done, and of course, work on Metamorphosis. Not an ideal situation, but it is definitely gonna work out!

I know this has been a long note, but I feel you all deserve an explanation for your wait. So now, sit back, and enjoy this chapter, which is only a third of the chapter originally intended for this post. But you know, kept working with it, tweaking it, adding stuff in. . . all for your enjoyment, I hope!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

As Negan’s voice was followed by the sound of the Leader’s firm footsteps walking towards him Rick’s breathing started to compete with his heart rate. He ducked his head, closing his eyes and cradling his swollen hand against his chest as he curled up on the floor. In that moment he didn’t care if it made him look like a child hiding from the Bogeyman. All he could do was remember all too well what had happened the last time he’d seen the sadist. His hand throbbed at the memory of Negan jerking his fingers out of place.

As the black haired man’s boots stopped near the door to the kennel and the sound of Lucille rattling across the door’s bars met his ears Rick winced, his whole body jerking at the sound before he twisted his neck and tilted his head up to gaze up at the man outside the cage with shaky blue eyes. His breathing seemed to stop all together as he gripped his hand tighter, fear and panic rolling over him in suffocating waves.

Negan chuckled and let a slow smile cross his face as he looked in on him, a raging force of nature bundled up like a spring, just

Even though Rick was only a few inches shorter than the man leaning down beside the cage in less than a week he had been made to feel like a child trying to hide from the monster in the closet. It fed the standing man’s ego and left him craving more of that feeling of authority.

Rick stared at him as Negan looked in on him, a raging force of nature bundled up like a spring, just
waiting to continue his assault upon Rick’s body and mind. He imagined that there must be a million thoughts and ideas running through the Savior Leader’s mind, but if he was right then Negan had perfected his poker face: his face remained emotionless, not revealing any hints about what was to come. But Rick was sure that it would be painful, whatever the future events might be. With Negan it was always painful. . . It was as he contemplated this that Negan opened his jaws and let words as smooth as velvet float over his tongue.

“Well rise and motherfucking shine you little shit. Did you goddamn sleep well?” Negan chuckled at the audacity of his chosen words and Rick shuddered, blinking with worried eyes at the devil incarnate as he continued, “Well, goddamn ready or not, it’s time for a brand new motherfucking day. Now, is this going to be a good fucking day or a bad fucking day?” His cold eyes focused on Rick’s blue ones and Rick sucked in a deep breath before licking his chapped lips.

His entire body shivered in anticipation for what might be on Negan’s itinerary and as Negan moved to crouch in the open door way, expectation radiating from those dark pits he called eyes, Rick knew this was a question he would be required to answer, and only in the way that the other man deemed acceptable. “I want it to be good day,” he whispered. And that was the truth. He didn’t know if he could handle a bad day. . .

The cheshire smile crossed Negan’s face and he nodded, “Well hell fucking yeah you sorry shit. I goddamn want that too. Now, do you want to goddamn know how it can start being a good motherfucking day?” Rick shuddered and nodded.

Negan smirked, luckily not seeming to require a more verbal answer as he leaned closer and flicked a finger against one of Rick’s IV tubes, “To goddamn start with, you can get those motherfucking drugs out of your goddamn arms you little bitch,” he muttered in a husky tone, a frown crossing his features to replace the grin that had been there moments ago.

“Each goddamn second we have these fuckers sending their goddamn fluids into the mongrel you are it’s depleting our goddamn resources- MY GODDAMN RESOURCES-and so I’m not gonna motherfucking have them stuck in you any fucking more than I goddamn have to. That pussy ass motherfucker Carson said you still goddamn need them, and that’s why they are still fucking inside you now. And just because I’m a motherfucking saint I’ll let you have them in you in your goddamn down time as much as he motherfucking says you need them in you. But not in the time in-the-fuck-between. I don’t believe in spending too much on a motherfucking mutt and I want your goddamn mind clear for what’s gonna fucking happen today. Got some goddamn things I want you to fucking remember you little shit. Now do you motherfucking understand that shit? Do you goddamn get it?”

Rick nodded slowly. The thought of getting off of the IVs and allowing the pain from injuries past as well as any pain Negan was about to deal out to him made his heart race but he knew there was no point asking Negan to reconsider his decision. He knew all too well that that could lead to the man taking the IVs away from him permanently, Carson’s orders be damned.

Negan smiled, his eyes glittering darkly, “Good. So get to goddamn work, you fucking bitch,” Negan leaned into the cage and took out some things from the right pocket of his jacket before he tossed them onto the floor between them. Rick sighed and rolling over onto his stomach leaned forward, using his good hand to pick up the alcohol soaked gauze and bandages Negan had offered him, mentally noting the small bag of plastic caps on the floor beside where the gauze and bandages had been laid out, assuming those were for closing up the IVs.

“You have five motherfucking minutes to get those tubes out of your goddamn arms and get the fuck over to me. Then we’re going to goddamn play a little motherfucking game.” Negan remarked, turning and marching off and around the desk to the room beyond the kennel, tapping Lucille against
the wooden surface of the office furniture in passing as an unspoken threat.

Rick watched him go then turned back to the gauze, reaching out with his good hand and beginning to close up the catheters for his IVs as best as he could remember Hershel teaching him back when Carl had been healing from his gunshot wound. Just thinking about that incident as he fumbled with his one good hand and tried to use his stiff one to aid in his quest brought to light all that had changed between now and then. The deaths he’d encountered since had more than once threatened to drown him in sorrow. Now they acted as distractions as he tried to pull the needles out and apply pressure with his thighs against his arms at the same time to help the gauze staunch the blood flow coming from his veins with the removal of the needles. He sighed as he fumbled about, hoping that the pressure he created didn’t break the needles off.

Having to keep up such pressure and place the bandages on himself with just one good hand ended up making most of the final product of the first bandaging attempt nothing more than a mangled, bloody mess. He sighed as each second saw him get covered more and more in his own blood and saw the bandages he was attempting to use ruined. The blood loss and lack of pain medication made him both lightheaded and more aware of the present situation all at once, making his head spin and his fumbling increase. Getting another set of bandages, abandoning the mess of adhesive and gauze that now lay on the floor of his cage, he focused on trying to make the next set work better for his first needle mark.

After more bloodshed he was finally able to bandage up the final needle mark. After only needing two tries with the bandages with the next mark, one remained. Sighing, he turned and tried to prepare the materials for the mark just as a shout from Negan made him jump, “What the hell is motherfucking going on over there?! What, did you fucking fall asleep bitch? Finish getting the goddamn things patched up and get the fuck over here! I ain’t got all goddamn motherfucking day! And don’t you goddamn let any of that motherfucking medicine spill the fuck out!”

Rick breathed hard, staring at the floor. Even though he hadn’t truly forgotten about the man-after all, the task he was attempting to perform was because of the sadist-the focus required to try to bandage his arm had pushed thoughts of the Leader from his mind, at least temporarily. He wondered if Negan knew that and if that was the reason the man had chosen to re-announce his presence right then. Even if it hadn’t been the monster’s plan, it had performed that purpose regardless, causing Rick’s entire body to immediately tense up.

After a moment’s pause Rick groaned and quickly put the bandage around the final wound as best as he could, holding his bad wrist over it and pressing it against the area before turning and blinking at the carpet just beyond the cage door. After double checking that the IV tubes and bags were plugged up by the provided caps to the point where no fluid would spill out, he began to shuffle on his knees towards the front of the cage, leaning on the bars and trying to ignore the carpet burn he was receiving to now accompany the burn of the alcohol cleansing his needle pricks.

Two feet outside of the cage the plan of shuffling on his knees in order to keep pressing down on the bandages met its first road block as Rick’s world spun again and he fell to the right. He grunted as the side of his head banged on the desk making him see stars before he hit the carpet. He moaned, eyes watering as he curled up against the red material, holding back the tears that sprang up in his eyes, caused by both the amount of stress he had been under recently and the pain that was returning to his senses’ attention due to his injuries.

The days he’d spent hooked up to IVs in the makeshift infirmary had done little regarding giving him a reprieve from the turmoil his life had turned into. If anything, his time there had only made his situation seem worse due to Carson’s revelation and Sherry’s warning. It was clear to him that Negan would fuck him and beat him, and when he’d go to the infirmary the doctor would fuck him in
exchange for the medications he would need because of Negan. It was a vicious cycle of pain and
Rick knew all too well who was getting the bum end of that deal. And if Sherry was someone to be
trusted to know what she was talking about on the matter, his best bet was to sit there and take it all.
Such a scenario was enough to make anyone cry in despair, as the tears trickled down his cheeks and
into the carpet.

“Tell me you motherfucking sorry ass piece of shit! Am I goddamn going to have to motherfucking
drag your sniveling, pussy ass over here by that goddamn collar, or can you motherfucking manage
to pick yourself the fuck up and come on your own?” Negan’s voice rang out across the small
expanse between them, laced with impatience. Rick moaned, lifting his head and gazing up with
tearful eyes at the edge of the top of the desk closest to him. He had to get up, had to go to Negan. The
alternative’s result would be far worse, he was sure of it.

Reaching up with shaky hands, he used the desk to pull himself up and continued to crawl across the
floor. One thing was clear: if Negan wanted him in front of him as soon as possible staying on the
floor any longer wouldn’t improve his situation at all. Therefore the only place to go was forward
and so he crawled up until he had rounded the man’s occupied armchair and shifted around so that
he knelt before Negan, shaking all over and gazing at the man’s boots. “Look the fuck at me,”
Negan said in a commanding, cold voice that was devoid of any human emotion other than complete
and utter domination. His tone alone radiated the strength he knew he had over Rick. It sent a chill
down the former leader’s spine. The unspoken threat was not lost on Rick’s ears, and after wincing,
he began to look up at the man, shaking.

Finally, jaw clenched and crystal blue eyes trembling, he moved them up the man’s gray jeans,
noting Lucille laying lazily across the seat of them. His teary pupils lingered on her remembering all
the pain she had caused him before his gaze moved up to focus on his tormentor’s face. Dark eyes
danced in Negan’s sockets, this time not because of a fire in the now empty hearth but because of the
mirth the man felt as he sat above Rick, looking down on his prey.

It didn’t make Rick feel any safer that those eyes were soon accompanied by the man’s grin as it
slowly slid into place moments before he tilted his head to the side, lifting a gloved finger from the
hand that gripped his bat’s handle, pointing at Rick, “Well Ricky, I goddamn have to motherfucking
say I am fucking loving the sight of you kneeling before me all goddamn bloody and scared. As a
matter of motherfucking fact, I probably fucking enjoy it with your sorry ass a hell of a lot more than
I’ve fucking enjoyed it with any of the other pussy ass fucks who have been in your goddamn
position. So congrats on that motherfucking little victory. You are officially my favorite fucking
bitch. But do you want to goddamn know how you could make it a bit fucking better for me, and by
goddamn consequence you, Ricky?”

Rick grit his teeth and in that moment of hesitation, the curls at the edges of Negan’s lips began to
twist down slightly, his eyes darkening another shade towards total soul swallowing pitch, “Well,
goddamn do you, you sad fuck?” Rick noted the man’s hand twisting tighter around Lucille, and was
sure that if the glove hadn’t been covering the man’s fingers he would have seen Negan’s knuckles
turn white. He didn’t want to think about what usually followed that. “Y-yes,” Rick said, voice
trembling as he looked into the dark obsidian depths that threatened to swallow him whole. Negan
frowned, tilting his head and arching an eyebrow, expectant. Rick’s mind panicked, rushing to try to
find a solution for the issue, a way to resolve the man’s irritation. Finally he figured it out. He licked
his lips nervously, “I mean, Yes sir.” His eyes darted to the man’s hand and as it relaxed slightly, he
felt his mind and body relax as well. He’d held off punishment, at least for now. He could only pray
that he would continue to do so. As Negan cleared his throat, Rick took that as a hint to move his
eyes back to the man’s face, and let them move back up to refocus once again.

Instantly Negan’s smirk was back in place, “Good boy. You’re motherfucking learning goddamn
fast. Still, you are making some motherfucking mistakes, and regarding what you asked so motherfucking nicely about. . . If I were you-and believe me I sure as fucking shit am glad I am not-and I wanted to make my goddamn time here a bit motherfucking better, I would DEFINITELY motherfucking work on getting to me a hell of a lot goddamn sooner, you sorry fucking piece of shit. And. . .” he turned and leaning over to the small table that was now beside his armchair, housing a tray of fruits, cheese, cold cuts, and crackers, “I would most def-fucking-initely do a better job at closing up those goddamn needle holes. Because honestly you look like a goddamn kindergarten motherfucking art project gone to shit. Doctor Fucking Carson advised that I keep you hooked up to those fucking IVs for at least two more days, or at least keep you hooked up during your ‘down time’. . . But I won’t motherfucking risk you goddamn wasting my fucking resources just to follow his pussy ass orders.”

Pulling a green grape off of its stalk, he turned and with his thumb flicked it into the air, opening his mouth and catching it, jaws clamping down around it viciously before he began to chew, looking with smug eyes at Rick whose stomach couldn’t help but growl and tense up at the flippant action with which the Leader ate, “And with that all motherfucking cleared up, let’s move the fuck on to our goddamn little game. It’s a game about damn trust, Rick. That means it is a motherfucking way for your goddamn shitty ass self to earn a little fucking bit of mine and prove to me that you’re finally getting goddamn onboard with how things are going to fucking be for you in the forseeable future. If your sorry ass does well in the game, then it’ll get rewarded, if it doesn’t . . . well,” Negan gave a dark chuckle, eyes glinting at the man kneeling and staring up at him from the carpet, “I think you can motherfucking figure that shit out. Now, are you fucking ready to goddamn play?”

Rick stared at Negan. A game about trust? What on earth could that possibly entail? Really, the possibilities were endless. His mind instantly went to the trust falls that some shrink had said they needed to do in a workshop at the police station one morning. Ironically, he and Shane had been paired up together. Hell, they had been awarded for their instant pick up on the exercise, flawlessly falling back into one another’s arms. Funny how that AWARD WINNING relationship had worked out. . .

As his thoughts dismissed the trust fall scenario, they went to darker places, places that he felt were more in tune with the evil man sitting before him in the chair, watching him with studying dark eyes. His mind plunged into darker places and scenarios of games Negan could twist into being “trust” games. His ass tensed at the thought of what the man could have in store for him, along with the rest of his body. But what choice did he have really? Negan would make him play anyway, one way or another. And he preferred this way as it was offered to him, the way of acceptance of his fate. From what he could understand about his role in relation to Negan, the more he accepted openly what the man wanted to do, the situation seemed to promise less pain. It was with that thought in mind that he nodded, “I want to play,” he whispered hoarsely.

Negan smirked, and pulled a grape off of the stalk again. But instead of eating it himself the Leader tossed at Rick, who scrambled to catch it only to hold it in his hand and stare at the man in the armchair, “Good goddamn answer, Ricky. This game always goes so motherfucking well when both parties are eager to get the fuck started. A quick explanation: it’s a game of fucking questions and goddamn answers. I ask you the question, you give me the answer. It’ll start out pretty damn simple, and then work its way up into harder levels. You are to answer me motherfucking honestly, and always look me in the goddamn eye when you do. I don’t care if the answer is fucking awkward as hell, understand? And I will tell when you are goddamn lying. Those times will of course lead to goddamn punishment, whilst, the motherfucking truth will be rewarded.”

Rick grit his teeth, gripping the grape just short of crushing it. He had a feeling that his honesty wasn’t going to be judged on its genuine merit but on whether Negan liked his answers. If the man felt that his answers were “unacceptable” or “without detail”, he was sure to get punished regardless
of how truthful they might still be. Negan lifted Lucille up as if to emphasize that fact and moved the
tip of her to Rick’s closed hands, moving her beneath them so that her barbs dug into his fingers and
pushed them up towards his face.

Rick trembled at the pain, and bowing his head opened his hands as Negan verbally instructed him to
eat the grape so they could start. Obeying the dark haired man he munched on the grape slowly,
trying to savor the taste of it. He had no idea if he would get rewarded at all, after all, and knew he
needed every ounce of strength he could find in this place. As the final juices moved over his tongue
and down his throat the brunette lifted his head back up to look at the man in the chair as he tried to
mentally prepare for the interrogation that was bound to occur next.

“First damn question . . . You will always be motherfucking Ricky to me, you little cockslut,” Negan
drawled, twirling Lucille about as he rested his head to be propped up and to the side of his bare fist.
Rick’s eyes followed the bat’s swings, tensing when Negan would move her a bit too close to
comfort at him. A few times he physically jerked, the barbs coming to be mere inches from his skin.
Such actions only made Negan grin and chuckle, the man reveling in the fact that he had such an
effect on the prisoner. “But what is your full fucking name? What the fuck did your whore of a
mother name you when she spit you out of her fucking cunt?”

“Richard Grimes,” Rick whispered, eyes not leaving the bat. He jumped as Negan arched her back
up and brought her down like a sledgehammer against the floor beside him. He stared at her as she
lay against the carpet, panting as the swing had only missed him by centimeters, and darted his eyes
to the man in the chair, instantly remembering the rule he’d violated, “I . . . I mean, Richard Grimes.
That was my full name, sir.” he added the last for good measure, in case his delayed refocusing on
Negan’s face wasn’t enough to appease the beast before him.

It seemed to do the job as Negan arched his eyebrows suggestively, “So, was there ever a fucking
Mrs. Grimes?” Negan slurred, “Before Miss Hot Chocolate I mean? Damn that bitch is smokin’ hot.
Hell, I even fucking considered asking her to be one of my wives right then and fucking there. Since
I was already gonna goddamn make her fuck buddy my little cockslut bitch . . . Bet she’d fucking
enjoy my goddamn marshmallows in her hot cocoa, after having to goddamn settle for your sorry ass
for so fucking long.”

Negan’s words struck Rick hard, and in spite of himself he glowered at the monster in the chair with
a look that he wished would kill the man on the spot. He wasn’t sure if the mention of Lori, who he
had thought loved him but had gone for Shane, and the mention of Michonne doing something
similar to that was what got to him, or if it had merely been the thought of Negan laying his hands on
Michonne. But for a moment he felt anger rise up in him, filling him with a false sense of courage
and causing him to let that rage out at Negan, no matter how idiotic his actions were. “She’d never
agree to marry a monster like you,” he snapped. Negan narrowed his eyes, and out of the corner of
his own, Rick saw Lucille coming so fast he had no time to react. He cried out as the bat came down
like an axe on his shoulder, hearing it pop as pain exploded across his whole world from his
collarbone before he went down and to the side, panting as the bat moved away.

He stared at the blood red carpet for ages it seemed. Finally Negan leaned down and with his bare
hand gripped Rick’s chin before jerking it up so that Rick’s glassy, pain filled eyes stared into
Negan’s own, which were filled with irritation that bordered on rage. “Well would you fucking look
who wants to act like he’s gone to the fucking pits of Hell and gotten his balls back. Listen you sorry
cockslut piece of shit. I know you loved the goddamn bitch- probably more than you goddamn love
anything else in this whole fucked up world- but you better motherfucking face reality, and you
better goddamn do that shit fucking quick. The motherfucking bottom goddamn line is that you
won’t be back with that sweet ass for a VERY long time, in fact I goddamn intend for you to
NEVER go back to her-or your motherfucking kid- again.”
As Rich trembled at the thought of never seeing Michonne or Carl again, Negan let a soft smile cross his face, “Or, at least not the way you fucking intend to. Now what does that goddamn mean? It means that that fact motherfucking alone frees that piece of hot pussy up for me. And when I ask her to fucking come back with me and be my goddamn bride- should I fucking choose to do so- it’s her who’s going to give me a goddamn answer, not your sorry ass. And if she fucking says yes, I will bring her right the fuck into this room, bend that fine ass over my goddamn desk, and fucking force you to watch as I goddamn plow into that chocolate pussy of hers. And I won’t take her rough and hard. I can make people motherfucking want me in ways that they never goddamn thought they could, Ricky. I will make her motherfucking scream my name to Hell and Heaven, and beg for me to cum inside her motherfucking cunt. I’ll fucking make her forget you, forget every fucking thing that attracted her to your sorry ass. And I will make you goddamn watch, you little shit. I’ll make you watch, and watch, and for good measure I’ll make you motherfucking watch again. Hell, I’ll even make a goddamn home movie of it.”

Rick choked out a sob, not sure if the emotional pain of what Negan promised or the pain from his shoulder area was worse. “Please, please, don’t do it. Don’t ask her. Do what you want with me, but plea—” Negan sneered, “Well look who is goddamn selfish. I tell you I will make your old whore happy- and she will be once she comes around to the idea of me making her feel fucking amazing- and you ask me not to? Who the fuck do you think you are? I mean really I’d be doing her beautiful self a goddamn favor, even if you don’t count the amazing fucks we would have. Living here has got to be TEN TIMES better than living in that shithole of a town you’re from, and it’ll only be that much motherfucking better since she’ll be here as one of my goddamn wives. Now she can say yes or she can say no, but it’ll be her decision, not yours. Just like it will be my decision to ask her, not yours. So you best motherfucking focus on answering your own goddamn questions before you move on to ours. Understand that shit, you sorry cockslut? You piece of fucking selfish trash?” Rick grit his teeth, rage and hurt welling within him, but decided not let any of it out, only glaring at Negan with a look that he wished would kill the man gripping his chin. But he was concerned that it held more evidence of his miserable situation than anything.

Negan chuckled, amused at the anger and sadness that temporarily had replaced the fear that had dwelt in those crystalline eyes for so long, “I’m waiting for your goddamn answer, you fucking pussy. Or do I need to fucking hit you again to remind you just how this goddamn motherfucking game works?” With that he jerked Rick’s chin up and back, stretching his neck uncomfortably and causing Rick’s eyes to water as his dislocated shoulder screamed in pain, “Y-yes sir, I understand,” he whispered through tight jaws, emotional and physical pain combining as one to try to hammer away at his soul.

Negan chuckled, releasing his chin. “Good, and as your goddamn reward for answering me. . . as I did motherfucking promise that there would be a goddamn reward for each honest answer. . .” Negan moved out of the chair and around Rick, pushing the man down into the floor with a firm knee before Rick could fully grasp what was going on. Rick panicked, breathing hard and staring fearfully into the carpet as Negan moved to grip his now injured arm with one hand and his dislocated shoulder joint with the other.

When Negan had first moved onto him Rick’s mind had panicked at the thought of the man’s dick up his ass again, as a way of further proving his point regarding his dominance of the situation. But now he knew just what the man was about to do and without pain meds he knew it would be even more painful, “P-please, please no,” he whispered, voice trembling, “I. . . I’m sorry, for my rudeness, sir. Please, just leave it alone. I’ll be f-f-fine, just please don’t. . .” he felt tears streaming down his cheeks, and he buried his forehead into the carpet beneath him, “God, please don’t do it. Master, please don’t do it. Not now. I c-c-can’t take it. No, please. . .” he begged between sobs, his entire body shaking beneath Negan. “Calm down, you little bitch,” Negan said, chuckling, “I have no fucking use for your goddamn pussy ass with one arm, and I fucking know that you goddamn know
this needs to happen, so just motherfucking take your goddamn reward.” “Please no,” Rick whimpered, “Please, please Master, please don’t do thi-AAAAAAAAAAH!” his body exploded in pain as Negan jerked his arm back into the socket, his shoulder flaring in a wave of agony that caused Rick to shriek before falling back out of consciousness.

Chapter End Notes

Soooo, what do you all think? Hoping to proofread the next part later today, hopefully to post it tonight! It was meant to be posted with this chapter, but before I knew it I had nine pages already, so . . . wanted to spare you guys from a huge page of text!
Chapter Summary

The "trust" game continues, with more questions to strike cords with Rick as he is forced to decide between giving Negan the information he wants and getting a reward or refusing Negan and receiving only pain from the ever present Lucille.

Chapter Notes

As promised, here is the next chapter! Yeah, yeah, I know that I had said "today", but my idiotic self forgot that I am slipping back into my old ways of writing by night. Especially since my bf works night shifts. So to me, it is still the same day in which I posted the last chapter, although to you all it might not be. Regardless, I appreciate both comments from the last chapter and look forward to more!

This chapter picks up right from where the last left off (for those of you who feel it is unfinished, let me explain: that chapter and this one were supposed to be together originally, a little interrogation in which Negan searches for information to better himself and to use against Rick in the future. Which means that the first automatically leads into the second). I apologize for any choppiness that might have been felt between that chapter and this one, and hope that the quality of what's going on makes up for it. And speaking of quality... more action is promised in the next chapter, I understand that sometimes just dialogue can be boring to read. To those people who despise it, I am sorry. But this chapter and the one before are meant to show Negan forcing Rick to be honest with him even when he doesn't want to (which is a way of making it easier for Negan to read Rick as the former Sheriff's imprisonment continues), show some areas in which Rick will be able to wiggle into Negan's vulnerable points later (kudos if you figure out where those areas are), let Negan gain information to better his resources, cause Rick to feel the pang of betrayal a little, and to give Negan ammo to use with breaking Rick in the future. So, after going back and forth regarding putting both of these "Boring" chapters in the story, I decided that they were in fact necessary, and hope that you all don't mind them. Action is soon to come, I assure you!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Rick was snapped out of unconsciousness with a harsh slap across the face. He cried out, the strike from the Savior Leader causing his nose to spike in new pain and his head to ring. Jerking his head up, he shot his crystal eyes open as reality set about reintroducing himself to the pain radiating from his shoulder and arm. Unfortunately he was also introduced to an irritated looking man who now held him in his grasp. Literally.

He stared with wide, fearful eyes at Negan, the Leader having his gloved hand wrapped firmly around Rick’s throat as he leaned over the man from where he once again sat in his armchair, Rick being held up off the ground by his iron grip so that his limp fingers just barely brushed the floor.

Rick panted as his mind quickly recapped what had just happened. Seem...
caught back up on recent events, Negan sneered, “You goddamn pussy. Can’t take a little motherfucking pain?” Rick breathed hard, the action proving to be difficult with the man’s firm grip on his windpipe. He hardly thought that the pain he had just experienced counted as “little”, but luckily Negan didn’t seem to require an answer currently.

Instead the Leader continued, “Well, now that your Sleeping Beauty self has woken back up, I goddamn think it’s motherfucking time to continue our game, don’t you? Well it doesn’t goddamn really matter what you fucking think, does it Ricky? We’re going to fucking goddamn continue anyway. Aren’t we?” Rick gagged as Negan jerked his hand up higher along with his neck, “Y-yes sir,” he whispered, tears beading up in his eyes, “Whatever you want.”

Negan smirked, “Good fucking answer, you sorry shit. I swear, it takes a motherfucking while to get through that thick-ass skull of yours, but when I do, you goddamn catch on quick. So, let’s continue with me asking your sorry cocksbit self ONCE AGAIN . . . Was there a Mrs. Goddamn Fucking Grimes? Tell me, whose pussy did you stick your dick inside before all this shit fest started? I can’t personally see the goddamn appeal of you as a motherfucking stud, but hell. . .” Negan smirked, his teeth gleaming as he sneered at Rick, “That runt of yours had to motherfucking slide out of someone.”

Rick breathed in a fresh breath of air between his teeth as Negan released him so that he went back onto his ankles and thighs as he knelt on his own once more before the sadist. He looked down and glanced at the man’s bat as Lucille resumed her twirling, working in a clock like motion as Negan lazily twisted the wrist of the hand holding her. Rick grit his teeth, debating whether or not to tell Negan about Lori—hell he could make something up and Negan would never know. Maybe a one night stand? Carl was given up, or adopted? That along with a multitude of other possible stories went through his mind, with him finally deciding that since she was gone it shouldn’t matter. . . besides, he wouldn’t have a chance to check stories with Carl, and if Carl said something different, Negan would know that one of the two of them had lied. Rick didn’t want to think about what would happen then . . . He looked up at Negan, frowning and setting his jaw firm, trying to keep his emotions in check.

"Her name was Lori.” “Lori,” Negan slurred, letting the name roll off of his tongue, gazing up at the chandelier above, his eyes floating on the intricate patterns of it, “Beautiful name for most likely a motherfucking beautiful woman that deserved way fucking better than your sorry goddamn ass. What was she like?” Rick sighed as Negan’s curious dark eyes refocused on him, “She was long and skinny, we met in High School first, got married later. She had long brown hair, brown eyes. . . she was a school teacher before it all went down.” Negan chuckled, “Well if that ain’t the goddamn worst description ever. You’re so motherfucking technical Rick. Give me some fucking details, man.” Rick blinked at him, silent.

Seeming to think Rick needed him to explain just what he was looking for, Negan sighed as if exasperated and continued, “How did her fucking pussy feel around your goddamn cock Ricky boy? How was she as a goddamn fuck buddy? Did she motherfucking make you feel like the luckiest goddamn man in the world? Did she give you the goddamn honor of taking her fucking V-Card?” at that Negan paused, clearly expecting Rick to answer his questions. Rick sighed, not wanting to give such intimate details to the merciless killer. But he had to tell Negan something, that was clear. He locked eyes on the sadist, “She was amazing. Beautiful. She did make me feel like the luckiest guy in the world. Even when we argued, I still thought she was the most amazing woman. I loved her.”

Negan chuckled, “So you’ve always had a goddamn stubborn and rebellious streak haven’t you you fucking shit? Just couldn’t let the happy motherfucking marriage last. Had to goddamn go and ruin it, didn’t you, you sorry piece of motherfucking shit. You little bitch.” Rick grit his teeth firmly, unwilling to point out that Lori was often the one that started arguments to try to get rises out of Rick.
It seemed too disrespectful to her memory, no matter what she had done to him. “We worked through it. Were working through it, anyway,” he whispered, and he looked then not at Negan but at the balcony windows as his chest seemed to tighten up as the pain of what could have been swelled up inside him. And right on cue to make him relive the tragedy of Lori even more was Negan’s next question, “‘Were’, huh? Tell me, you sorry shit. How did she . . . you know . . .”

“Walker ate her,” Rick whispered, and was surprised at the lack of tears running down his face. He afforded the lack of such emotional activity to the fact that her death had been so long ago, and continued, turning and looking at Negan who waited expectantly for him to continue. “A long time ago. I wasn’t there to save her,” he whispered his teeth and looked down at his fists that were now closed to the point of having white knuckles as they rested upon his knees. He was just resolving to refuse to give Negan any more information than that when the Leader prodded further, “What happened to the walker?”

Rick frowned up at him, “Why does it matter?” he muttered. Negan narrowed his eyes darkly at him, “That motherfucking reason is none of your goddamn business. All you fucking need to know is that I goddamn want to know, so it fucking matters enough to you. Now you goddamn tell me my goddamn answer, Ricky, or Lucille will have another go at you.” Rick glanced at the bat as Negan brought it to a stop to hold Lucille about a foot from Rick’s head. The threat was all too clear and Rick sighed, bowing his head and continuing, all the while wondering why Negan was so curious, “I found it. It was still . . .” he heaved a deep breath as the image of the walker lying on the floor of the prison re-entered his mind, filling him with revulsion before he continued, spitting out almost in a snarl his next words, “It was still fat from eating all of her. The piece of shit couldn’t even move it was so full. It was just sitting right there against the wall. Taunting me. Egging me on to finish it. And so I did. I took my goddamn knife and I started stabbing it. . . Stabbed it in its stomach, stabbed it all over. I stabbed it so many times. So much that a part of me thought my arm would fall off. But it still didn’t feel like enough,” he growled the last word, talking about the instance putting him back in the moment and forcing him to revisit the injustice he had felt “And that’s what happened to the damn walker. Happy now?”

A moment after he had snapped at Negan, Rick tensed, realizing the disrespect that had laced those final words. He hadn’t even looked Negan in the eye, a requirement the other man had demanded from the beginning of the game. He bowed his head further, shutting his eyes tight and anticipating the hit that he felt was sure to come next, opening his mouth with shaking lips, ready to apologize. His entire body began to tremble uncontrollably. But before he could get the words out Negan spoke instead, and not in a way that Rick expected.

“Damn that sucks,” Negan murmured gently. Rick frowned, not sure if the pain he felt was making the man sound sympathetic or whether the man truly was displaying such an emotion. The former Sheriff slowly tilted his head up to blink at the monster sitting before him. For an instant, Negan’s face softened, a look of momentary sympathy entering his eyes. Then that look was gone, as his eyes became emotionless and cold and he turned, picking up a cracker from the tray and leaning forward to hold it out to Rick, close to the man’s mouth, “Damn, what a motherfucking way to die, huh? Goddamn tragedy.”

Rick grit his teeth before leaning forward and letting his mouth move over the food offered in the man’s hand, eyes focusing on the carpet rather than Negan’s face. It had to have been a trick of the light, he was sure of it. Negan didn’t sympathize. He antagonized. He only wanted Rick to relive the horror and pain so that he would be in more turmoil, Rick knew it. It was all a part of Negan’s plan to break him down. That notion was reassured with Negan’s next words, uttered by the Leader as Lucille resumed her twirling and his boot nudged Rick away from him to sit back on his ass on the floor, “Next question you sorry shit.” There was a pause, and then Negan proceeded with his
“Where in the fucking hell did you and the late motherfucking Mrs. Lori Grimes raise that mini serial killer of yours? By the damn way, what’s his name? Didn’t quite motherfucking have time to goddamn catch it before.” Rick frowned and looked at his hands as they rested on his knees, looking at the red streaks of dried blood that lay across their surfaces. He clenched his hands around the knees and looked up, frowning at Negan, “We lived in a place called King’s County. It’s in Georgia, near Atlanta. That’s . . . that’s where we raised Carl. That’s where he was born,” he said in a gentle voice, memories of happier times racing through his mind.

Thoughts of times before all of the shit went down and people started dying left and right made his eyes blur. It all seemed like such a different time now. Almost like it was a dream that hadn’t really happened. “Goddamn, moved all the fucking way up here from fucking Atlanta. I’m guessing you started moving before the goddamn bombing. . . Tell me were you there when that shit went down? Were you on the outskirts of the motherfucking city? Did you fucking see that shit? Hear the goddamn screaming? Damn I wish I could have been there. . .It’s a wonder they didn’t do that fucking shit in Washington . . .” Negan remarked. Rick sighed, closing his eyes, “Lori and Carl saw it but I didn’t.” Negan chuckled, “Don’t tell me you goddamn slept through that shit show . . .” Rick tensed at the accurate prediction and opened his eyes. Looking up, he locked his crystal blues with Negan’s obsidian depths, “I might as well have been sleeping. I was back in King’s County’s Hospital. In a coma.”

That response was clearly unexpected as Negan’s eyes widened, his eyebrows twitching up in curiosity, “Well damn, what the fuck happened to cause that shit?” Rick grit his teeth, his scar twitching as he recalled the fateful call that had sent him and Shane- back when they were friends- out and after the criminals. Could still remember the shock and pain he’d felt as the bullet slammed against his Kevlar suit. “I got shot,” he said in a hoarse voice, the memory of the impact seeming to knock the breath out of him all on its own, “Right here,” he continued, putting the tip of a finger against the scar on his chest. “Well Jesus Fucking Christ, don’t tell me you were in a fucking police standoff,” Negan chuckled. “I was,” Rick remarked, blinking at him. Negan smirked, “Well, maybe you’re a bit tougher than I thought Ricky Boy. What the fuck did they do?”

Rick looked down, “I . . . I don’t know. I don’t even remember,” he remarked, the incident seeming to occur ages ago. He remembered the pain and waking up to a world so unlike the one he’d grown up in, but that was about as specific as his memory went, especially right now with his mind all muddled. Negan blinked at him, “Ok, I accept that. Guess I’ll come up with my own little crime for them to have committed later. Ya gotta goddamn tell me though, Ricky boy, what the fuck were you?”

Rick frowned and looked up at him, confused. Didn’t Negan already say he knew Rick had been a cop? Negan chuckled at the befuddled look crossing the victim’s crystalline eyes, “I goddamn mean rank, pet. Keep the fuck up.” Rick bristled, his pride once against hit, “I was Sheriff Deputy.” Negan smirked, eyes glinting, “Well damn, look who made something of himself before this whole shit show went down. I myself was a goddamn gym teacher. And baseball coach, of fucking course. Varsity won each season I coached them . . .” he said, straightening in pride.

Rick’s eyes widened. Somehow Negan’s affinity with the baseball bat and his leading the group of Saviors fit the gym and coach motif perfectly, but the thought of the sadist urging children through things like the presidential fitness challenge also seemed like some sort of joke. Negan smirked, “What, can’t fucking see it looking at me right now? Well I doubt most would see any of your previous profession in your naked bloody ass kneeling in front of me.”

With that the man turned and picked up what appeared to be a chocolate covered strawberry. He
looked at it with a bemused smile on his face before he slid it slowly into his mouth. Rick grit his teeth and lowered his eyes. Those reminded him of his and Lori’s first date, yet another unwanted memory. Shane had gone with him to get chocolate covered strawberries and the flowers he’d shown up on her doorstep with, ironically enough. Even more ironic was the fact that she hadn’t even eaten them. She was allergic. “Still you did answer my question, so here,” Negan’s voice suddenly remarked, and Rick looked up, expecting some other piece of food in the man’s hand. But no, it was that same strawberry, only with the chocolate now missing from it. And from the sadistic glint in Negan’s eyes as he dangled the wet fruit in front of Rick’s face, he knew just what the man wanted from him. It turned his stomach, but at the same time he knew all too well as he glanced at Lucille just what the punishment for not doing what Negan wanted would be.

So, swallowing his battered pride, he leaned forward and moved his mouth over the strawberry, trying to ignore the growing smile on Negan’s face as he bit into it close to Negan’s fingers before pulling back to sit on his butt again. Trying to ignore how good the strawberry tasted, with hints of the chocolate still on it. He didn’t want to think of anything in a good way in relation to Negan, fearful that the second he relaxed he’d be opening himself up to more pain.

He sighed, a long rattling breath as it left his lips, and clenched his good hand against his knee, the after effects of Negan dislocating his shoulder then popping it into place still on his mind, residuals of pain he didn’t want to experience again. “Don’t look so down, you little shit. You’re getting pretty damn good at this game, Mr. Deputy. Now, onto the harder questions. Round 2.” Rick grit his teeth. He had a feeling that this was where the game of trust turned into a real interrogation. The questions, although they might have dug up some grim memories and elicited painful emotions, had been easy enough up until now. He had a feeling that things were about to be more intense. He wondered if he could handle it.

Leaning back, Negan motioned to Rick’s arms, “Do you have any goddamn idea how fucking much your need for antibiotics and fluids affects us? Two days greatly fucking depletes our damn resources Rick, and you should have motherfucking learned as leader of your pathetic group that resources, especially THOSE kinds of resources, are HARD to fucking find. You wouldn’t happen to know of where in the hell we could find more, would you, bitch?” picking up a piece of cheese, the man put it in his mouth and swung Lucille around to point at Rick. Rick trembled as he looked at the man and his bat before lowering his eyes, sucking in a shaky breath. Yes, he knew of a place, but first off he didn’t want to jeopardize any of the patients there. He was sure Negan and his men would strip the place clean and leave them for the dead. Or leave them dead, dependent on what happened there. He couldn’t tell Negan about it. Besides, it was in Georgia. Why would Negan want to look that far? No, best not to mention Grady “No,” Rick whispered hoarsely. “Why not look at me when you answer my question, Rick,” Negan hissed his name, sneering.

Rick grit his teeth and closing his eyes, sucked in a deep breath before opening them and looking back up at Negan. Knowing all too well that the meaning of the man’s words might have equated a question but coming from the Leader the phrase was far more an order. Negan tilted his head to the other side, frowning at him, jaw set firmly, “Now, I will ask you afucking again. Do you know of any goddamn place where I could find some more fucking meds?”

“No,” Rick whispered again, his voice trembling more than before, and shook his head for added benefit, hoping the look in his gaze didn’t betray him. He tried to avoid glancing at Lucille, feeling like that would betray him even more. “You don’t know . . . or . . .” Negan turned and gripping another chocolate covered strawberry off the tray moved and held it before him, between him and Rick, flopping it so that the pointed end faced Rick as if the Leader was offering it to him. “Do you just not want to tell me where the fuck I can find the shit I goddamn need?” Negan hissed, and Rick looked at him, gulping and licking at his dry lips. Looking between the strawberry and Lucille, Rick understood: he could either lie to Negan and suffer the consequences, or tell the man what he wanted
to hear-betraying Grady Memorial-and be rewarded.

He didn’t want to tell Negan about Grady, but he didn’t want to get hit again. Not only did he physically not want any more pain to accompany what he already felt, he also didn’t want to need more medical attention that he would be indebted to Carson for. His ass tensed at the thought and he sucked in a deep, rattling breath that strained his hurt ribs. ‘Remember, they killed Beth,’ a voice in his head offered and he found it to be his own as he let out a sigh, deciding to tell the Leader about Grady but to try to protect them all the same. A compromise that he didn’t necessarily want to make but that he felt he needed to. For his-and their-sake. “I . . . I do know of a place,” he whispered, shaking all over, sweat beginning to form all over him as he trembled beneath Negan’s cold stare.

The tension in the air seemed to be transitioning to an almost physical presence in the room, and everything seemed to fall silent around him as if smothered by it. He grit his teeth and uncomfortably glanced down before the tip of Lucille was underneath his chin, tilting it and his head up. He gulped hard and looked at Negan with teary eyes, wishing he knew how to read the cold look Negan was giving him in order to know if the bat would soon be swinging at him again in an instant. “Go on,” Negan muttered, holding the strawberry just beneath his cheek, keeping the chocolate treat safely away from his stubble there. Rick sighed again, “Grady Memorial Hospital. But . . .” Negan leaned back, frowning at him, “Grady Memorial, I haven’t heard of the motherfucker. Where the hell is it?”

The man interrupted him, swinging Lucille down and away from Rick. “A-atlanta. . .” Rick said, lowering his gaze in shame and hating himself more with each word, “I . . . I didn’t tell you b- because I didn’t think y-you would want t-to g-go. . .” “Watch it, Rick,” Negan hissed, and Rick moaned as the man leaned forward and pressed the larger end of Lucille into his throat, not only puncturing him with her barbs and gagging him by her presence as she pressed into him but also pushing the prongs of his collar in deeper. Rick gulped as the prongs began to break his skin and closed his eyes, shaking all over.

“Don’t you goddamn lie to me, you fucking bitch,” Negan hissed venemously, “And how many times do I have to fucking tell you to goddamn look at me when you talk to me? Dammit Rick you were doing so well before you started fucking up with your answers. Such a motherfucking disappointment.” with that he pushed Lucille in deeper and tilted her up, forcing Rick to tilt his chin up along with her so that he gazed with glassy eyes up at the man once more. Negan gazed at him with angry obsidian eyes for a moment before turning and opening his mouth slowly bit into the strawberry, munching on it slowly, tongue whisking out to grab the liquid and chocolate that threatened to escape down his chin before turning to Rick and swallowing it all, smacking his lips, “Now I want you to goddamn answer me with a hell yeah or fuck no. And I will know if you try to lie again, you sorry ass motherfucker. Did you really not tell me because you don’t want me to fucking go there and grab what my people goddamn need from this Gary Misery Hospital or whatever the fuck it’s called?”

Rick shuddered, lips shaking and Negan’s eyes narrowed to dark slits, as the Leader leaned forward even more, impatience rolling off of him in smothering waves, “It’s a simple goddamn question you little shit. Now you tell me hell yeah or fuck no or Lucille here. . .” he rolled Lucille away from Rick’s neck and along his skin up to the side of his head, and tapped him there hard enough for Rick to whimper and close his eyes slightly before gazing at the man’s boots, “Is going to fucking rattle that brain of yours around to remind you to talk when you are goddamn spoken to you little shit.”

“Y-yes, sir,” Rick whispered, lifting his head to gaze at Negan with glassy pleading eyes. Negan sneered, “Now how fucking hard was that goddamn shit? And it cleared things up too! Gay Milleninal Hospital is fucking operational, and has some goddamn medicine in it. And YOU don’t want me to go there out of some fucking sense of goddamn loyalty. Why the fuck not? Did they fucking help one of your goddamn people? Tell me, was it the fucking brunette bitch who lost her shit when I slaughtered Mr. Kinky Chinky? Cuz I gotta tell ya, you might have wanted to take that
pussy back as fucked up as she looked,” the man chuckled at that.

Rick bristled at the man’s racial slur and losing his composure snapped, “Her name was Beth.”

Negan’s gaze darkened but he tilted his head, leaning forward and smirking, “Who, Mr. Eggroll or his bitch? I mean, normally I would assume the one with the cunt, but I try not to fucking judge.”

“Neither of them,” Rick muttered, his eyes lowering again, “Beth was the one they helped. . .” his voice trailed off and he shook as the memory of the gunshot going through her head just moments after they had seen her again went through his mind. “Do I need to fucking put your head in a goddamn brace to remind you to goddamn motherfucking look at me?” Negan hissed, reaching forward and twisting the collar around on Rick’s neck, gripped the ring at the end of its chains and jerked up on it, the prongs digging into Rick’s head wound as he moaned, gazing up at the man who now was merely a breath away from him with teary eyes staring into Negan’s dark ones. Tears streaked down his face, both from the treatment and the memory of Beth.

Negan growled and jerked on the chain,“Don’t make me fucking twist your arm. As fragile as you fucking are it might pop out again. Hell, I might even motherfucking break it. And you don’t goddamn want that shit now do you, Ricky boy? So, who the fuck is Beth? Goddamn humor me.”

The thought of Negan twisting his arm to the point of breaking it seemed to make Rick’s hand and shoulder throb even more and he gulped, knowing it might be days before Negan would let it begin to heal properly. He began to speak quickly, holding back the details of Beth in honor of her while providing the essentials to the Savior Leader, “She was a girl we found early on. . . She got separated from us and injured. . . Ended up at Grady. . . They fixed her. . . Made her work for them to pay for meds. . . We came and. . .” Once more the sight of the blood flying from Beth’s skull reentered his vision and he shuddered, shutting his eyes tightly, tears streaking down once more, “It happened so fast. . .” he gasped as Negan twisted his hand slightly, frowning at him. Rick choked over the man’s wrist as the monster before him started to strangle him as his gloved knuckles pressed against Rick’s bleeding throat.

“What happened so fast?” Negan whispered, as if they were sharing a secret. Rick blinked some tears away, opening his eyes and forcing himself to focus on the man’s face as his lightheadedness increased, “Sh-she stabbed the hospital leader. . . the policewoman in charge. . . and she. . . she shot her;” he finished quietly. There was a pause, and then. . . “You fucking pussy,” Negan hissed, his tone demeaning as a slow smile spread across his face, “Some bitch, who I’m guessing fucking deserved to get stabbed, shoots your little whore and you let her fucking live and keep her goddamn facility. And I bet Beth woulda been a fucking beauty too. Probably woulda taken her on as a wife, wouldn’t I? Bet a motherfucking three way with me and her and your little slice of chocolate pie would have been one hell of a time! And you let the motherfucking uniformed cunt just walk away from that. Let her shoot your girl Beth and walk away. You fucking piece of shit. Maybe you’re not as good a leader as I fucking thought. Maybe you don’t give a shit about your goddamn people . . . Maybe. . .” “Daryl shot her,” Rick snapped, his already injured pride reeling from the hits Negan was trying to deal out to him.

He had to take up for himself somehow in the face of such disrespect, “He killed her and we offered for her people to come with us. They said they would stay so we took Beth and we left. That’s what happened. We didn’t let her just walk away.” Negan paused, and a look flickered in his obsidian eyes that was indiscernible to Rick. As he tried to comprehend what it meant, Negan pulled back, tossing the chain away and pushing Rick, making him jump off of his hurt ankle as he nearly fell onto it, his hands shooting out to catch himself before he slowly reached up with his left hand and rubbed gently at his bleeding neck. A crunching sound met his ears and he glanced up as Negan ground a cracker between his jaws, swallowing it before speaking again, “So, regardless of whether the goddamn leader was shot or not, you decide to fucking hide a place from me that fucking caused the death of some super hot girl? Even if the cunt did die, that is some twisted fucking loyalty right there.”
Turning, he gripped another cracker, and chomped down on it, munching on the piece of food so the sound of it crunching between his teeth was the only thing that filled the room as he gazed at the empty hearth. “Trust game’s fucking over, and I’ve goddamn decided something,” he muttered after swallowing. Turning to Rick, he frowned at the former Sheriff, “I’ll figure out later if I want to send people down to motherfucking Atlanta to see what Garfield Minstrel has to offer me, but I’ll offer you a way to make up for fucking lying to me right now.” Rick blinked up at him, and Negan tilted his head, frowning at him, licking his lips and smacking them, “I’m fucking thirsty. Go over to the goddamn wet bar and pour me some fucking Scotch on the Goddamn Rocks.” Rick blinked, processing the request. Negan wanted him. . . to pour him a drink. . . after all the man had done to him, such a simple request seemed odd to say the least. Negan’s face tensed in irritation suddenly, rage flooding his dark eyes at the perceived insubordination, “Well?! What the goddamn fuckity fuck are you waiting for you little shit? Or do you want me to beat your ass like the motherfucker you are to get you the hell over there?” Negan snapped, eyes narrowing, moving his right foot up to bend it across his left thigh, “Scotch. NOW,” he smacked Lucille against his boot for emphasis, and Rick jumped slightly before nodding.

Turning he gripped the armchair behind him before slowly rising, pulling himself up. In the next instant Lucille came crashing down on his right shoulder, effectively stopping him and making him feel like his clavical was cracked as he cried out, eyes shut tight as he slammed down onto the seat. He panted, hands gripping the arms of the chair, shaking all over as pain radiated from his shoulder. He heard the Leader get up and step firmly forward to where he stood right behind him. Feeling the collar get grabbed, Rick panted as Lucille’s barbs grazed his left ass cheek, dipping down to just move over the rim of his asshole, “What the fuck did I tell you, you little bitch?” Negan growled out, jerking Rick’s collar back, making the prongs dig into him once more as blood trickled slowly down his chest.

Chapter End Notes

Soooooo, what do you guys think? I will try to get the next chapter up soon! I assure you it will include a certain person's dick, in some other person's hole(s)! ;) Please comment, your comments fuel my inner plot bunnies!
A Drink Fixed, A Reward Forced

Chapter Summary

Negan continues to tear at Rick's psyche, starting with his last lesson and leading right into the next. With some scotch to wash it all down, of course.

Chapter Notes

So the first thing I want to do is apologize for the long wait you all have had for this chapter, which quite frankly I am nervous about. I have proofread it, have modified it, and can only hope that it is good enough for the eyes of my faithful readers. Again I ended up halving my next chapter, to ensure that the length might be more... manageable. Daryl gets mentioned in the next chapter, and in the chapter after that, we definitely get to see Negan interacting with the show's favorite Red-red-red-red-red-red-redneck. With Rick in tow, of course. Anywho, I hope you all enjoy this chapter. Again, sorry if it fails to impress, but I did my best to get something out to you all. Since I last posted, I actually lost a job and so now I've been job hunting, hoping to get a job again so me and my boyfriend can continue our house hunting, and so you can just imagine the stress from that alone. Not an excuse, but a way of letting you guys know something of what is going on. I had dedicated over three years to that job, put up with tons of shit and emotional baggage, and they terminated me on a technicality that in all reality probably shouldn't have mattered. Hoping to hear from my "new?" job this week in a positive way, fingers crossed for the light of my tunnel to finally switch on.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Rick panted, eyes wide as his body trembled in pain. His fingers dug into the arms of the chair, his nails spiking at the strain his grip caused. He could hear Negan chuckle behind him before the Savior leader jerked back further on the prong collar chain, forcing Rick to stare through blurring eyes at the ceiling of the room rather than the material of the armchair that sat before him as his lungs found it harder to breathe by the second. His mind raced in anticipation of what might be about to happen, and as Lucille continued to press in on his asshole, a portion of her larger end’s tip entering him and causing the barbs surrounding it to scrape at his abused opening, his mind went from a race into an all out panic.

The thought of that part of her going any further inside him caused Rick’s heart rate to reach new levels and tears to race down from his eyes as he choked out a sob. Her narrower end had been bad enough. But her bigger end going inside him? A part of him wondered if that were humanly possible. Unfortunately what he thought or wondered mattered very little in this situation, that much had been made clear to him by now, and if Negan wanted to put her thicker end in him, he would most certainly find a way to try. Because that was all that mattered right now: what Negan wanted. That fact alone left him with his only option: begging the monster behind him to seek an alternative route. No matter how unlikely it was that Negan would listen to him, he had to either redirect the man’s course of action or stall the man long enough to abate his fate.
“P-please,” Rick whispered, staring back at the man as Negan’s hold on him tightened, forcing the prongs deeper inside his skin and more crimson out of his neck, “Please just tell me what to do, and I’ll do it. I’ll do whatever you want, I’ll get you your drink, I’ll do whatever you need me to do, just please. . .” he shook all over, and moaned as Negan arched a black eyebrow, running Lucille up his spine, pressing in and dragging her against his prey as she pulled at Rick’s skin and made more blood stream down his back, a gory picture that only his sadistic torturer would find attractive.

Rick sucked in a deep breath, trying to push the fresh pain that caused on top of the agony he was already in away from his mind. He vaguely wondered just how much pain he’d be able to take before he faded out of consciousness once again. A part of him longed for that, another part feared that that wouldn’t go over well with the Leader behind him. And displeasing him was the last thing he needed to do, he knew that all too well. So passing out was the last thing he needed to do, no matter what brief relief it would bring him. “Please just tell me what I did wrong,” Rick whispered, his voice unable to be any higher in volume than that due to the man’s strangling hold on his throat, “Please, just tell me, Master,” he added the title to try to get Negan to let up on the pain, anything to appease the man and hopefully avoid any further injury. But in spite of his words, Lucille only continued her climb, and he panted as she found his injured collarbone.

For a moment she circled around it, her barbs lightly grazing it, the ever present threat teasing him as Negan blinked down at him, his face drawn into a serious frown that held annoyance in its creases. The farce of that face was betrayed by the menacing glee that Rick saw flickering in his obsidian eyes. He grit his teeth and licked his lips nervously, his whole body shaking as his heart began to race faster. Negan was getting off on his pain, the cat fucking around with the mouse before the pounce, as it were. But when would Negan tire of his game of predator and prey? When would he pounce? And what could Rick do to keep him from doing so? What could Rick do that would please Negan more than the act of punishing him would?

“P-please, Master, I’m sorry for what I have done, please, please have mercy. Just tell me what I need to do. Please, just tell m-ack!” he gagged as Negan’s eyes narrowed and the leader twisted his wrist around, pulling the chain of the prong collar tighter, cutting off Rick’s ability to speak entirely. Rick’s eyes widened in his wordless panic, and he tensed all over, waiting for Negan to make his move.

“I goddamn will if you motherfucking shut up, you little shit,” Negan murmured, as if coddling a child that was taking a particularly long time learning his lessons, before he pressed in further with the bat on Rick’s shoulder. Tossing his head back, Rick shut his eyes tightly and shrieked as pain exploded from that spot, causing stars to flash across his closed lids. Negan stood there moments after he’d let up on the pressure from the bat, waiting for Rick to quiet himself. At first glance that might seem like he was attempting to give Rick a brief reprieve, a moment to catch his breath. But Rick had a feeling Negan wasn’t quite so kind. If anything, he felt the man was making sure that nothing, not even pain, would distract Rick from the Savior leader’s next words.

Finally Negan spoke, in the same calm manner as before, “Now that that little goddamn fucking fit is over, tell me you sorry piece of shit: how did I goddamn tell you I liked motherfucking seeing you?” Negan said gently as if dealing with a particularly dense child, and Rick opened his pain filled blue eyes, tilting his head back and gazing at Negan, chapped lips shaking as he looked at the man above him. Waiting for a proper response to come to mind but in his pain filled state unable to find a single one that he felt would satisfy the killer behind him.

After a few moments of giving Rick the chance to answer, Negan rolled his eyes and frowned at the former Sheriff with a sigh, portraying disappointment as his eyes showed enjoyment, “I SAID I like motherfucking seeing you on your goddamn knees, you sorry cocks... so, unless you goddamn want to fucking irritate me more, you are going to motherfucking crawl like the bitch you are to that
fucking wet bar. Then you can motherfucking stand up, understand you sorry shit?” Rick nodded quickly, doing his best to ignore the pain it caused in his shoulder and throat, “Y-y-y-yes sir, of course, s-s-s-sir.” Negan smirked, a look that chilled Rick to the bone, “Good boy.”

Rick stared at the man for a moment in disbelief. He’d been anticipating the man to go further with what seemed to have been a mini-lesson for Rick. . With a dark smirk, Negan let go of the collar, smacking Rick across the back with Lucille and causing him to yelp as pain shot through him across the back side of his rib cage, the force of the blow tossing him onto the carpet again, closer to the fireplace. Rick trembled, hating that he had let up his mental guard for even a minute as Negan kicked his thigh harshly with his boot, ripping a strangled yelp from the injured man’s lips, muttering, “Now, goddamn get to it, you sorry fucker, I’m motherfucking thirsty.”

Moaning gently, favoring his injured shoulder, Rick slowly moved up onto his one working hand and knees, gazing with bleary eyes at the carpet before shifting, forcing himself forward and towards the wet bar, trying not to think about how pathetic he probably looked and focusing instead on the mechanics of moving his arms and legs forward. Finally reaching the base of cabinet that made up the counter of the bar he sucked in a deep breath and reached up with his left hand, shaking all over as a part of him expected Negan to strike him again. When no hit came, he gripped the wood before grunting and hoisting himself up to lean over the bar, wincing and leaning off of his injured ankle as he did so, his back both popping and screaming in agony at having to change its positioning.

Rick panted, leaning over the sink of the bar and gazing into the emptiness of the drain, waiting for his spinning vision to steady itself before blinking around at the numerous small, medium, and tall glasses lined up along the edges of the dark green granite countertop. Deciding on a medium one for Negan and hoping that the Savior Leader didn’t want anything bigger or smaller than that, he pulled it closer and placed it in the sink. Taking a white rag that hung from an O-ring hook over the cabinet, he ran water in the glass before wiping it down.

Trying to remember as much as he could about Shane’s wet bar, he set the glass down on the edge of the granite and leaned down, moaning gently as he did so and gritting his teeth together to try his best to stifle his sounds. He didn’t know if they would irritate Negan or excite him, but he really didn’t want to find out regardless. He didn’t see either situation working out well for him in the end.

Opening the cabinet beneath the sink, he found a small ice chest and groaning, using his left hand, pulled out the scoop provided there with some cubes already resting within it. Moving it up, he poured them into the glass. He watched as they clinked together inside the crystalline vessel, swirling about as if in a tribal dance. The hope that it would be a dance wishing for Negan’s satisfaction regarding the drink flitted across his mind, and Rick contemplated how no other drink in his life had meant so much.

He sighed, closing his eyes before opening them again and turning back to the cabinets to the right of the wet bar. There would be no way of satisfying the sadist if there was no drink in said glass, after all. Gritting his teeth he gripped the jagged door knob in his one good hand and pulled the dark oak door open, revealing numerous bottles of liquor hidden within.

Next came the tough part, he realized as he faced the screw-top bottle of scotch that sat on the second shelf. He both wondered why it was screw top and felt a severe lack of surprise that the bottle’s very manufacturing would only make his task more difficult. Gripping it and pulling it out to rest it on the counter beside the sink, he leaned over it and wrapped his right arm around the bottle tightly, hoping the container wouldn’t slip and shatter on the floor and moaning at the pain of moving his shoulder blades in such a way.

Tensing around the bottle and trying to ignore the slight numbness that caused throughout his arm’s
nerves, Rick then used his left hand to twist at the cap, popping it off before he leaned against the wall, panting with teary eyes as he gripped the bottle and turned it over, watching as the glass slowly filled with the amber liquid, hoping that its presence would at least put a pause in Negan’s swinging of Lucille at him. If not then all of his pain-filled ministrations would have been for naught, something he honestly didn’t think his psyche could handle. “That’s good Ricky,” Negan’s voice suddenly slurred from behind him, and Rick jumped as the callous hand of the killer rubbed his shoulder, nails raking against the scratches made by Lucille moments earlier. The motion caused his hand to jerk and for scotch to spill out around the glass, racing down the sides. Honestly it was all he could do not to drop the bottle.

Rick’s heart pounded in his ears as he stared at the liquid, frozen for a moment before quickly putting the bottle back upright on the counter, his hand shaking and making the glass base rattle against the counter top. He barely kept it from falling down into the sink as he waited, nerves wracked beyond repair it seemed, for Negan’s next move. When none came and the man’s hand merely rested on his shoulder, his fingers twiddling against Rick’s now bloody, clammy skin, he shuddered and closed his eyes, taking advantage of the man’s apparent hesitation to try to prevent the man from reaching a less than desirable conclusion regarding his next move, “I—I’m sorry, I. . . I didn’t mean t-t. . .” Negan paused for a moment that stretched on like eternity, then chuckled darkly behind him, slapping his shoulder hard and making Rick utter a stifled cry through his teeth, bowing his head and shutting his eyes against the pain before the man leaned forward and grasped the glass.

“Calm down ya shit. I won’t goddamn punish you over a little bit of fucking spilled scotch. . . At least you fucking got the damn shit in the goddamn glass. As slow as you were motherfucking moving, I goddamn wondered if you’d ever fucking manage that! . . . Shame that it fucking spilled though, I outta fucking make you goddamn lick it off of the fucking sides, but I’ll use the fucking rag for once and goddamn leave it for you to goddamn clean the rest up off the goddamn counter. Then I damn well want you to fucking join me across the goddamn room, can you motherfucking understand that shit?” Rick opened his eyes in disbelief as the man’s hand grasped the rag and brought it to where he stood behind Rick.

As if tugged by some invisible force, Rick turned his head, staring as Negan chuckled, eyes glinting darkly at him, a crooked, malicious smile on his face as he shook his head and turned to the glass with the rag. As he was lifting the material to the slim, flat surface of the sides though, the man paused and his eyes flickered back to Rick before his smile turned into a larger, playful smirk. One that didn’t make Rick happy but rather sick to his stomach. “Unless you goddamn want to fucking do it anyway. Tell me Ricky Boy, how fucking much would you want to goddamn lick my scotch off this fucking glass? Goddamn tell me, do you want to clean it the fuck off like the bitch we both damn know you goddamn are?”

Rick gulped, glancing at the liquid streaking down the glass then at Negan’s smug face. He didn’t like scotch, not particularly, but he didn’t want to pass up an opportunity to try to please Negan. . . and to try to stave off future punishment. . . no matter what it cost him concerning embarrassment. In ways, he supposed he’d already been embarrassed far worse by the man.

So, leaning forward, sticking his tongue out slowly, he raced it up the side of the cold glass, shaking all over both from the strain of leaning closer and from the darkness that only intensified in the man’s eyes as he watched the brunette’s tongue slide up and catch the liquid sliding down the vertical surface. “Good goddamn choice,” Negan murmured and turned the glass in his hand, his teeth gleaming in a horrid smile as Rick continued to race his tongue up the crystalline surfaces, the small amounts of liquid doing little to quench his parched throat. Pulling the glass away finally, Negan smirked at Rick, leaning in to where the two of them were mere inches apart. His hot breath hit Rick’s face and it caused a chill to go down the brunette’s spine as he waited for the mad man’s next move. He watched as the other man’s tongue flicked out and raced over his lips before moving back
inside his caverns. The brunette’s glassy blue eyes watched the man’s lips quirk in a soft rolling chuckle as he caught Rick watching him so apprehensively.

Rick bowed his head, breathing hard and clenching the fingers on his left hand only to extend them again as he leaned back and gripped the wet bar for support. Negan’s musk, his scent, his presence, it made it difficult for him to breathe, much less stand. It was so smothering, so consuming. Like a wave that had hit him and was dragging him beneath the ocean’s surface. Any relief he found was bitter, and the moments in between threatened to crush him and rip him apart with their pulls upon his soul. Suddenly the killer’s hand with the drink in it moved up and the rim of the glass closest to Rick pressed into his scruffy chin before forcing his head up so that his worried blue eyes gazed into Negan’s conceited black holes.

Negan didn’t say anything for a moment, then tilted his head, shaking it. “Now how the fuck about that. You fucking spill my Scotch and I let you goddamn lick some off of my motherfucking glass. Something for your goddamn thirst and HELL, it’s alcohol at that. Look at what you’re goddamn making me do, Ricky Boy. I always goddamn try not to do it with my pets, especially not in the motherfucking beginning, but I can’t seem to goddamn help it with you. . . I guess what I’m trying to say is that I realize that I’m goddamn. . . well, I’m motherfucking spoiling the fucking shit out of you. Now what the fuck kind of owner does that goddamn make me? Well, now that I’ve fucking spoiled you I guess the motherfucking least I can do is teach you some goddamn manners. Salvage my goddamn training of you at least a motherfucking bit. So, let’s help you learn some motherfucking manners. . . In fact, I’ll set you up to know the right fucking answer off the fucking bat. Make it even easier on you, you goddamn worthless piece of shit. Now, I just gave you something you fucking didn’t goddamn deserve Ricky boy. What do you motherfucking say?”

Rick sucked in a deep breath, the taste of the Scotch on his tongue becoming more repulsive to him by the second as the man by which it got there pushed him even further, his hand clenching around the countertop to the point of splitting the tips of his nails against the hard stone. Letting the breath out he bowed his head and whispered a shaky, “Thank you, sir.” Negan smirked at him, and tossed the rag he’d been holding at the man’s good hand as it gripped the counter. Rick jumped as the material fell onto the floor, Negan moving the glass away in time to take a sip of the scotch before Rick could bump it in his quick movement. “Now that’s a goddamn good boy, so go right the fuck ahead and fucking clean up the counter. When you’re done, I’ll be at the goddamn map, you sorry ass fucking bitch.” Turning, he marched across the room, and Rick watched him go, shaking slightly before turning and quickly wiping off the counter.

Once he had wiped up the liquid then wiped the counter down with soapy water as a precautionary measure not against ants but against Negan’s wrath, he wrung out the rag as best as he could and laid it in the sink. Once that was done he took a step back, bowing his back and slowly lowering himself to the floor once more before turning and blinking with pain filled eyes at Negan, his shoulder throbbing with each heartbeat.

Assuming that Negan would want him to crawl over to him, Rick grit his teeth and began to force himself towards the killer as he stood across the room from him, in spite of every part of his body wanting to get up and get as far away from the Savior leader as humanly possible. A part of his brain screamed that now would be the time to do it whilst the sadist was blinking at the map, sipping at the drink in his glass with his firm, wide shoulders turned to Rick. Rick gulped as his eyes temporarily darted to the two large oak doors that led to possible freedom whilst his mind went back to another time when Negan’s back had been turned to Rick, like right now, as if the former sheriff was nothing to him.

Instantly Rick felt like he had back in the RV, staring at Negan’s turned back as he attempted to start the damn vehicle . . . “I’m gonna kill you,” Negan had chuckled, “Are you kidding me? Did you
see what just happened? What I JUST DID?” he had then sighed, “You just. . . Your best chance. . . Is to stand up, grab that axe, and drive it through the back of my head. See how ya do!”

Rick breathed hard as he continued to move towards the Leader, painfully closing the distance between them. The flippancy Negan had spoken with then was the same as the one with which he stood now. He gave Rick the opportunity to attack or escape because he knew the man wouldn’t succeed. Because he knew that Rick knew his chances were better facing the torment the man might have in mind rather than running or fighting for his freedom.

Rick blinked as he continued to move, eyes flitting to Lucille as she sat propped up with her narrower end lying against the edge of the desk whilst her thicker end, stained with Rick’s blood, pressed against the floor. That made Rick wonder. . . maybe he did want Rick to attack, because he would find it hilarious to take Rick down again. Unfortunately for the madman, Rick wasn’t going to try that, and even if he wanted Rick to attack, Rick figured the man was smart enough to know that Rick knew a cold truth the Savior Leader had tooted around from the beginning . . .

Negan had known the minute he’d walked out in that circle created by Rick’s group that he was untouchable. Unbeatable. An unstoppable force. And now, Rick knew that too. All he could do was try to appease the determiner of where that force would be directed next. For his and Alexandria’s sake. Those were the thoughts running through the brunet’s head as he forced himself across the room until he sat beside Negan’s booted feet, head bowed and hands in his lap, gazing with teary eyes at them as his body throbbed. No, if Negan wanted him to fight, he’d be disappointed. Rick would never chance putting any of his loved ones, his family, in the path of the sadist’s potential wrath.

He waited like that for what seemed like forever, chancing glances up at the darker haired man every now and again to see what Negan would do next, waiting until Negan would acknowledge him and perform the next “lesson”, whatever it may be. Knowing that moving away from that spot, when Negan had specifically told him to join him there, was not an option, no matter how much he wanted it to be. If he wanted to keep everyone safe, it couldn’t be his wants that mattered, but Negan’s. And so he waited, and as the minutes ticked past he felt the anxiety within him grow as he wondered about what horrible thing Negan was going to do to him next . . . and hoped that he would be able to handle it . . . at least to some extent.

As Negan brought the glass down on the table with a loud thud, Rick grit his teeth and tensed all over, staring at the sadist as he moved his hand away from the half empty glass of scotch and grabbing some paper from a portion of the desk closest to the wall, pulled it towards himself. Grabbing a sharpie from somewhere else on the tabletop and putting the cap between his teeth, the Savior Leader proceeded to open the pen, turning and spitting the cap in Rick’s general direction where it hit the man’s chest and made him jump.

Rick found himself staring at it as it went to the floor, rolling under the desk and out of sight. “Make yourself goddamn useful and get it the fuck up,” Negan muttered, and although the man leaned seemingly distractedly over the table, writing something down on the paper he’d pulled towards himself earlier and seemingly not putting much emphasis on his demand, a quick cutting look from his dark onyx eyes let Rick know that his new lesson had begun, which was most likely the same as the one the man had seemed hell bent on teaching him repeatedly thus far: to do what Negan said, regardless of the request. Rick gulped, his body tensing as it remembered the negative consequences that could occur with such a lesson’s failure.

With those consequences in mind, the brunet moved slowly under the table, glancing at Lucille as she leaned against the desk on the side of Negan closest to him. It was the killer’s left side, not his right one, and so Rick knew that since it would take more time for Negan to reach over and grab her
to swing at him, she was there solely to remind him of what would happen if he misbehaved, and Negan’s ability to harm him regardless of how much he appeared to be at a disadvantage.

Turning, he began to search for the discarded cap as Negan continued, “So, I fucking obviously know ya got my guns, and I fucking assume ya got meds. . . seeing as the Hilltop shipment seemed to be motherfucking low in inventory on them the last goddamn time we received shit from there. . .” there was a pause as Rick found the cap and Negan let his words sink in. As Rick’s good hand closed around the item, Negan continued, nudging Rick’s leg as he did so, “Tell ya what you sorry fuck, if your motherfucking people don’t give me too many goddamn problems, I might consider letting those fucking pussies keep the guns, or at least a goddamn few of them. Enough to fucking get more supplies for my own community I’m trying to fucking build here . . . But if I’m gonna hold off on that goddamn Gory Memory and all those motherfucking asses living there, I’m gonna have to get most of your fucking friends’ medicine.” “Y-you said half, before. . .” Rick whispered automatically.

He was thinking of Carl, and how in a split second his son had gone from being fine to needing immediate medical care when he’d lost his eye. He was thinking of Maggie, and her unborn child. Who knew how much more medical care they would need? He thought of Judith. She was still growing, what if something happened to her? In that moment his mind went to all of those places, but clearly not to the one he needed it to because in one movement, Negan grabbed Lucille in his left hand and twisting his wrist, slammed her hard down on top of the table. “What the fuck was that?!?” he snapped, and Rick jumped, staring wide eyed at the floor, the desk table shaking around him.

“N-nothing, I’m . . . I’m sorry, sir,” he said quickly, hoping Negan would let his previous comment slide due to his rapid apology. “You listen to me, and you listen damn well, you fucking piece of motherfucking pussyass shit. . . I decide what’s fucking half,” Negan muttered, and Rick gasped, his bones popping in his injured ankle as Negan stepped on it, slowly and painfully as he put his weight down on the healing joint. Bowing his head, he moaned with fresh tears racing down his face, “Y-yes sir,” Rick let the words tumble out, tears streaming down his face, “S-sorry, I’m s-s-sorry for qu-qu-questioning you.”

“That’s more like it,” Negan muttered in a still-disapproving tone, and pulling his foot off of him, kicked Rick sharply in the same ankle. Rick jumped, whimpering as he banged his head and back against the table, before bowing his head with his eyes shut. With an irritated growl from Negan, Rick quickly backed out from under the table, moving around and facing Negan’s side again, gazing at the blurry boots of the man and hoping that that was what his growl had meant. Offering up the pen cap, he felt it get snatched out of his hand and heard it get popped back on the sharpie. Shuddering, he waited for Negan’s next move.

“You’re learning a bit quicker now,” Negan muttered after what seemed like forever. Rick had little time to find any relief in those words, though, as the sound of a zipper being undone was heard. Rick glanced up and stared as Negan pushed his gray jeans and red boxers down to his knees, “So maybe you goddamn deserve a fucking reward. . . Tell me, do you goddamn agree? Does the Goddamn Motherfucking Georgia Pussyass Peach of a Fucking Shitty Sheriff deserve a treat?” Negan slurred and Rick jerked his eyes up to the man’s face, seeing the look of malice in the obsidian rounds as the man smirked down at him, gripping his own cock and rubbing his fingers up and down it, teasing his tip with precum before working the liquid up and down the thick member, fondling his balls gently when he’d reach the base.

Rick instantly tried to look anywhere but at Negan’s hand moving up and down the man’s cock, finally resting on the map on the wall. He blinked at the A scrawled where Alexandria was. Where his family was. The reason he was here, the reason he’d continue to accept what Negan and even Doctor Carter would do to him. “You want to fucking help them, you might as well watch, you
fucking slut,” Negan grunted in a husky voice, and Rick turned, blinking at him with glassy eyes as the man smirked a crooked smile down at him, “I’m doin’ this for you now, you fucking shit, but one day you’ll be required to fuckin’ do it. And who knows what’ll be the consequence if you can’t… Maybe I take your kid’s other fucking eye. Make him all fucking symmetrical.” Rick grit his teeth, doing his best to hold back a retort, and moved his eyes to Negan’s cock, forcing himself to watch the calloused hand pump it up and down, back and forth.

Rick felt his breath quicken as the man closed his eyes, continuing his obscene ministrations to his cock as he used his other hand to lift his glass to his lips. Drinking some of it as he continued his stroking, he moved his gaze back to his cock. Twisting his wrist around to grip his dick tightly at its base, the man lowered the glass and let the last of the liquid within race down the upper side of his cock, “But for now, how’s about this for a fucking treat, you fucking piece of shit? How about I offer you the last of my drink, you little cockslut?”

Rick watched as the brown liquid moved along the man’s cock as it trickled down towards the floor, following the ridges of the veins of Negan’s dick as the long organ twitched at the tickling sensations. “I . . . I . . .” Rick stumbled over his words, trying to find a reason for himself to not get “rewarded”, especially not the way Negan wanted him to be. He knew he had to be careful, though. If he angered the man he didn’t want to think what the consequences would be. He gulped hard as a drop of scotch fell to the floor. “Well?” Negan slurred, his tone malicious and expectant. Rick darted his blue eyes up to the Savior leader’s, pleading with him, “I don’t . . . I don’t deserve a rew-”

Negan chuckled, and putting the glass down, reached down and around to grip the back locks of Rick’s hair and pull him forward, so that his cock pressed against the brunette’s lips, precum and scotch slipping between Rick’s closed lips to his tongue. Rick felt his heart race in anticipation, the smell not an attractant but a deterrent. He darted his eyes up, feeling tears bead up in them, silently begging the man to not force him to do what he was clearly wanting him to. He’d take the man fucking him, pounding into him and tearing at his insides, to this. Somehow that seemed less humiliating. . .

Negan let a cold smirk cross his face, “No need to be fucking scared you pussyass piece of shit. You see, it’s ok Ricky Boy. You have to goddamn understand, whether you motherfucking think you deserve one or not is goddamn irrelevant you little shit. Ya see, I fucking decide when you get something to motherfucking drink and when you don’t, and when you goddamn eat and when you don’t. And if I decide I want to see those puffy pink lips of yours sucking motherfucking scotch off my goddamn thickass cock as I ram it inside that little tight fucking throat of yours. . .”

He thrust forward and Rick gagged as the man entered him, forcing his way through the brunette’s lips. Rick instantly opened his jaw to avoid harming Negan’s cock with his teeth, knowing that doing so would not help his situation. With that, the brunette man shivered, eyes shutting tight as tears streaked down to fall onto the carpet below as he whimpered around the intrusive organ, his mouth widening all the way as his nose was forcibly buried in the man’s dark pubic hair. “That’s just what’s gonna fucking happen,” Negan finished darkly with a chuckle.

Chapter End Notes

Soooo, what do you think? Mostly this was supposed to be a tame chapter, with Negan just continuing to fuck with Rick, trying to tear his psyche down to make him the perfect slave/pet. Please comment! I’d love to hear what you all think! And I hope it was worth the precious time you spent reading it! Did you guys like the "Bartender Rick" part? Just
so you know, he does surface again as a way of Rick working his way up a little in Negan's point of view in order to be able to try to alter the situation in his favor. He may not be able to do much of anything. . . but he can fix a drink! ;)

When To Speak & When To Be Silent

Chapter Summary

Negan takes his lesson of teaching Rick when to talk and when to use his mouth for other things to a whole new level.

Chapter Notes

Hello everyone, miss me? I apologize for not updating in so long, and apologize if I have lost anyone through not updating or through the intensity of this story. I have felt guilt settle within me each time I have come on here and read other people's magnificent stories without updating my own, but honestly, there have been some stressors for me this holiday season which I will not go into because I doubt anyone would want to hear of them, and this story, due to its intensity, can be a hell of a thing to write or proofread. For those of you who are still with me, I will say that this is a chapter that has a lot of intensity and a lot of detail. I promise that soon we will start to see Rick getting the upper hand on Negan, but of course, the bad must get worse before it can get better, and I have never said that this is a happy tale.

I also want to, out of respect for all of you, give you a warning. It can be considered a trigger warning, but I will just put it as a warning: IF YOU DO NOT LIKE STRANGULATION OR THE EFFECTS OF ASPHYXIATION, DO NOT READ THIS CHAPTER.

PLEASE, PLEASE, KNOW YOUR OWN LIMITS, AND EITHER DON'T READ IT OR STOP READING IF YOU THINK THAT THIS WILL BE TOO MUCH FOR YOU. I WILL HAVE THE NEXT CHAPTER POSTED VERY SOON (IT IS AT LEAST 3 QUARTERS OF THE WAY COMPLETE). IT WAS ACTUALLY GOING TO BE A PART OF THIS CHAPTER, BUT I CUT THIS CHAPTER SHORT, SO THAT IF YOU DON'T READ IT, YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO FOLLOW ALONG WITH THE NEXT CHAPTER JUST FINE. I REPEAT: IF YOU DON'T LIKE STRANGULATION, DO NOT READ, JUST WAIT FOR THE NEXT CHAPTER WHICH WILL BE UP SOON! YOU WILL BE FINE!

That being said, I do think that this chapter is relevant, because again it plays a role in breaking Rick down and leading into the next chapter. For those of you who are willing to continue on, I hope you enjoy this chapter in all of its brutal glory. It was very difficult to write and proofread, but as with all my stories, I stick by it as it forms on its own, and while it is intense, I do marvel at the details put into it, and hope it is well worth the read. Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Rick breathed hard around the man’s cock, sucking in a deep breath tainted with the Leader’s natural musk through his nose and letting it out as best he could around the appendage currently lodged inside his maw and poking at the back of his throat. As his warm breath moved over the sensitive organ, Negan’s hand found his brown curls, tangling within them as he groaned appreciatively at the unintended stimulation, jerking his hips forward and forcing Rick to fight his gag reflex, swallowing
the bile back down his throat and willing himself not to jerk away from the man’s hips. He doubted that would be acceptable, after all. But perhaps that effort would be all for naught anyway, since given the size of Negan’s cock which was currently trying to block all of his airways and the fact that it was NOT one of the things he’d love to have there, he didn’t know if he could perform in an “acceptable” manner anyway.

He felt like he could barely handle the man’s dick in his mouth and throat with it being still, and that was just by holding his mouth around it as if it were some cheap cocksleeve you’d get at a specialty store. He expected that he would need to do a lot more than that to please the man above him, and quite frankly, he wondered if he’d be able to do anything of the sort. Giving a whine to the sadist, tears beading at the sides of his eyes due to the strain his jaws currently felt, Rick silently begged Negan to take the cock out of his mouth, his body shaking as his hands clenched against the carpet beneath him. Anxiety raced through him, not just at the thought of giving Negan a blow job, but at the thought of potentially giving him a bad one. Even if Negan had been the one to suggest this from the beginning and so technically would be to blame for receiving a shitty performance Rick knew that he and Alexandria would most likely pay for any mistakes he made or anything he failed to do.

The pressure that arose from that threatened to smother him with fear and anticipation. “Now, now, calm down Ricky boy,” Negan slurred from up above, and Rick shivered, choking out a weak sob around the man’s cock, the man’s coddling tone not helping him in the slightest as it pulled him out of his own thoughts.

“Listen to me,” Negan continued in that calm, husky tone. Rick paused, trying to let the man know he was paying attention as his glassy eyes gazed ahead into the skin that stretched between the man’s thighs, at the balls dangling just inches from his face, at the pubic hairs threatening to tickle his nose and make him sneeze. Yeah, he was sure that would yield really lovely results . . . closing his eyes, he tried to block all of that out and focus on Negan’s next words, which oddly were taking their time to come forth. What was he waiting for? “I saaaaaid, LISTEN! AND WHEN I SAY LISTEN YOU BETTER GODDAMN LOOK AT ME YOU FUCKING PRICK!” At that Lucille came down like a sledgehammer on Rick’s backside. Rick yelped as pain sparked and shot up his spine as he felt like a rib was cracked by the force of the man’s strike. He quickly darted his bloodshot eyes up to the face of the man in front of him, just barely keeping his teeth from biting down in his pain.

Negan let a smirk cross his face, eyes glinting with malice as he twirled the bat around at the end of his arm, some of Rick’s blood flying off and landing on the man on the floor, “There we go, now is that gonna be so fucking hard to understand? To goddamn look at me when I’m fucking talking to you?”

Rick shivered and shook his head, trying his best to ignore the sickening feeling of the man’s wide cock moving in and out of his mouth as he did so, brushing against the insides of his cheeks and gliding over his tongue, leaving a revolting taste of scotch and precum in its wake. He wanted nothing more than to spit the cock out, or better yet, bite it off of the man in front of him. The taste alone nearly made him want to wretch, and the fact that the hardness of the organ proved Negan was getting off on shaming Rick like this only made him hate it more.Negan chuckled and wiggled his hips a little, “I know it’s hard now, but don’t worry Pet, you’ll get fucking used to it. Trust me, with those lips of yours, you’ll be a cockslut in no time. Soon, you’ll beg to have me in that mouth of yours, craving my taste. But for now, you better do your damn best to fake it for me, you sorry shit. After all, if I’m not happy, then you certainly won’t be happy for long, now isn’t that right you fucking prick?” With that he jerked his hips forward.

Rick moaned as the man’s actions forced the organ to move further into his mouth, the fingers of his left hand digging into the carpet as his nose fought to get oxygen into his struggling lungs, that function alone getting tougher by the instant as Negan’s hips collided with his face, busting his nose
with the man’s sudden force and causing blood to start streaming from his nostrils and over his lips and chin. Negan paused for a few moments before getting a firmer grip on his hair and yanking, making Rick whine in pain. “Fucking keep up asshole, I asked you a goddamn question. . . DAMN I hope that you’ll learn to answer me with a bit more goddamn promptness in the future, because the way you’re acting right now is just fucking pathetic. . .” Rick’s lips shivered as the fresh blood from his nose continued to race over them, moving down through his beard and onto the carpet below, but he nodded, forcing his head up and down.

Negan chuckled and jerked harder on the man’s hair making Rick utter a muffled wail around the cock in his mouth, wondering vaguely if he’d have any hair on his head while he was Negan’s prisoner, “Atta boy, now if only you could do that like ten fucking times faster next time, you’ll be on the right track. Now you can suck, you can lick, you can play with my balls, you can deep throat me. Hell, you’re definitely gonna be doing THAT, and I would suggest you do your goddamn best to relax for that part,” Negan chuckled, and pivoting his hips back, pulled his cock out slowly to where the head of it was just between Rick’s red lips, the slow gradual motions causing his dick to slowly get coated with the blood coming from Rick’s nose.

Rick felt his heart race as he gazed at the saliva and blood covered cock as it moved out of him, feeling the round head of it just inside his lips. Unable to bring himself to look at the length of the cock in front of him for much longer, he closed his eyes, knowing that his face was red with shame as Negan continued, “But you better not goddamn bite.” With that he thrust back inside Rick so quickly the man had no time to prepare himself, making him gag as his eyes shot open. Rick didn’t have a minute to adjust before Negan chuckled, beginning to rapidly pump himself in and out of the man, mercilessly assaulting Rick’s tightened throat as the man tried vainly to relax the channel to accommodate the rapid repeated invasion caused by the man’s thrusts.

Rick panted and gagged around Negan’s thick cock as his shoulder, forced to move with the man’s movements, screamed in pain, Negan’s hand holding his scalp firmly beneath his fingers and forcing Rick’s head to remain around his cock as he thrust in and out of the brunette. The taste of the Scotch, Negan’s precum, and his own blood was revolting as the Savior Leader moved quickly and forcefully across his tongue and between his lips at such a rate that split Rick’s lips open in multiple places. Rick scrambled to stay upright as Negan’s assault forced his face to make contact with the man’s hard hips with each inward thrust and rocked his body with the man’s passion, hands splayed against the carpet, trying desperately to prop himself up on them. He struggled even more to breathe, forcing his bile down for fear that that could only make things worse. He wouldn’t be surprised if Negan kept fucking him even as he hurled up whatever was in his stomach around the man’s member.

As the nerve endings in his shoulder twisted and pinched together in such a way that made his arm go numb and slack, he almost slammed into the floor and yelped as he quickly put his broken hand on the floor to try to stay upright, screaming as pain shot up it. That alone threatened to take his consciousness away from him, but as with most things recently, Rick was nowhere near that lucky.

His struggles only seemed to egg Negan on, and as he moaned and grunted around the man’s cock it only seemed to grow, serving to further strangle him. As his oxygen supply continued to diminish in spite of his attempts to breathe through his nose, Rick’s throat began to contract and expand rapidly as his body went into a form of panic that could only be brought on by a desperate need for air.“Ooooh fuck yeah,” Negan groaned and Rick glanced up to see in between the black spots that peppered across his vision a picture of the man with his head craned back, rocking his hips with that same insane grin on his face that had been there when he’d bashed Glenn’s head in, “Damn I knew my dick would feel so goddamn good in that prick mouth of yours! Goddammit I LOVE BEING
"MOTHERFUCKING RIGHT!" Rick closed his eyes, letting his tears of pain and sorrow fall down his face.

He had thought that nothing could be worse than the physical anguish of Lucille, and a part of him still thought he had been right in that, but another part of him was beginning to wonder if Negan’s sexual assaults were worse than his bat. It was just so much more personal this way, and in that moment, he wondered if he would rather be beaten to a bloody pulp than deal with this. As he pondered this and Negan fucked his throat raw, he felt the man slow and his crystal blues opened to blink as he looked ahead at Negan’s slowing hips. Was Negan done? Had he somehow felt that whatever point he had been trying to make had been made? Was it all about to be over? The hand left his head and he let out a sigh of relief around the hard cock in his mouth, temporarily getting feeling back as his shoulder was allowed to relax. He slowly put his uninjured hand down to be a new support, relief flooding him at the man’s mercy. That relaxation lasted only a moment before he was forced to gag again and whimper around the Leader’s cock as the ring to his collar was grabbed. He coughed out sobs around Negan’s dick, grateful he hadn’t bit it in surprise as the prongs dug painfully into his skin. “Fucking lick your bone and play with your balls, you little bitch. Like a Good Pet should,” Negan hissed darkly, “And you better fucking look at me when you do it. Let me see those crystal blues.” Rick gulped hard and slowly raised shaking eyes to Negan’s own smug dark ones. There was no more pleading in his gaze. He knew that was never going to work. So instead he began to work his tongue around the man’s cock as he slowly lifted his bad hand to fondle Negan’s balls, trying to remember how he liked his own fondled whenever Lori or Michonne would pleasure him in such a way.

If given the chance, he wasn’t sure if he would let anyone do this to him ever again. He knew he couldn’t be as bad as Negan, but just the memory of this would be enough to take any pleasure out of the experience, he was sure. It was like a twisted form of being scared straight... The ball fondling was easy enough even with his damaged hand, but his tongue was another story, his maneuverability with it daunted by how far Negan was pushing into his mouth as well as the man’s girth. His tongue strained from the effort, causing even more pain to enter his senses and causing more glassy tears to build up in his eyes as he tried to wrap the tongue around the fat, stiff cock. Negan flashed his teeth at the man with a smile, seemingly enjoying Rick’s pathetic effort, “Yeah, fucking hell yes that’s goddamn turning me on. You like my fucking dick in your prick mouth, don’t you Ricky?” Rick breathed hard through his nose and nodded around the cock, trying not to wince as the action caused the prongs to dig deeper against his skin.

"Now, I’m gonna start going back and forth again, and you better make it worth my fucking while. I want you fucking licking and sucking on me like it’s the best feeling in the goddamn world to serve me this way, you fucking understand me?" Negan remarked coldly, and Rick’s eyes darted over as the man laid Lucille down on the desk once again, the unspoken threat of her pain in addition to the agony Rick felt still very much there. Rick nodded, the dick sliding back and forth between his swollen, broken lips, the salty precum leaking out of his mouth making them sting. “Good boy,” Negan praised in a frighteningly calm voice, “Then let’s go in for fucking Round 2 with that slutty mouth of yours.” Moving back, he thrust back inside, and the rapid pace from before began anew. Rick tried his best to do what Negan wanted, licking and sucking at the man as best as he could manage. But no matter how hard he tried to please the sadist he felt like a kid fumbling about as he attempted his first dance with a girl-to his credit this was his first time giving a blowjob-and he wished that the consequences regarding error would be just as minimal. But this wasn’t some girl he was trying to impress. This was Negan, the Leader of the Saviors and one of the
people that determined whether Rick, Carl, or any of his group would live to breathe another day. That made his inability to function his tongue properly around the man’s cock seem so much more detrimental. He tried to keep his hand on Negan’s balls moving as quickly and gently as possible to help compensate for his self-perceived inability to suck the man off properly and prayed to any god that might be out there that that would be enough to appease the man as Negan jerked periodically on the collar around his throat, making him gag and choke around his cock.

He supposed the man sought to cause the vibrating sensations that such actions brought about because every time he succeeded in strangling Rick and forcing crystalline tears from his baby blue eyes he gave guttural grunts and husky words of satisfaction as he continued to throat fuck the former sheriff. Unfortunately while that did serve to please Negan, it also made Rick lightheaded, his mind in a constant fog as he forced himself to continue looking at the man above him.

Minutes passed by like years as they continued on like that with Rick praying the man would finally cum but dreading the moment when he would. “Oh fucking Christ,” Negan muttered, gazing down at him with that insane, smug smirk on his face, his eyes as black as pitch as he rocked his hips back and forth quickly, “Goddamn it you little shit, I’m about to fucking cum. And you better fucking believe it, the thought of cumming in that pretty little prick mouth of yours is so goddamn tempting. But with how you’ve lubed me on up. . .” an evil look went through his eyes like a flash of fire at that, “It’d seem a shame to waste this sort of fucking OPPORTUNITY. . .”

Before Rick knew what was happening he had been grabbed by his cracked shoulder and before he had a chance to cry out he was slammed onto the table, pressing down on the paper Negan had been writing on and the wet, opened sharpie. He was only just lucky enough to miss the now empty Scotch glass. The last thing he needed was a bunch of glass digging into him. Unfortunately the quick movement did make him land hard on his injured hand, forcing a strangled cry from his lungs as it felt like the hand was rebroken, the healing bones snapped anew and popped out of place. He grunted, panting with wide eyes as he stared at the map and as he felt Negan twist the chain of the collar in his grip, the man behind him pulling on his neck to force Rick up higher on the tabletop. Gagging  and hacking up mucus, blood, and precum, Rick quickly scrambled up further until his ass was in the air and he was allowed to fully collapse against the wood. “Damn I can’t wait to be in that tight ass again,” Negan hissed with a smirk.

Rick choked out a sob, slowly lowering his forehead to the table top and wincing as pain radiated from his stitches and the pressure forced blood to ooze out from between them. “Spread those goddamn legs for me you fucking slut, unless you don’t want me to ram inside that fine ass of yours . . .” Negan let the question hang in the air, using one hand to slap Rick’s right butt cheek hard. Rick moaned and slowly widened his legs, his breath coming in quick, shattered gasps as his heart began to race, memories of the last time Negan had fucked him causing his anxiety level to rise even more. No, he didn’t want Negan inside him, but how could he deny the man? After all, who knew what suffering would occur if he didn’t do what he said?

A part of him was expecting Negan to prolong the pressure like the first time and slowly enter him, and so he was surprised and his cry got caught in his throat as the man pushed right into him in one move, one hand holding his chain whilst the other’s nails dug into his thigh. As he gasped, staring ahead at the map, he tried to determine whether this was any better than before. In a way he supposed it was better this way, in that Negan had taken him quickly and not drawn it out. But the sharp burning pain from his anus where Negan had just ripped him anew and the tightening grip of the pronged collar begged to differ with that opinion.

“Damn,” Negan muttered, jerking Rick’s head back and Rick grunted, his eyes staring straight at the “A” written on the map. For a moment all the people he’d been forced daway from flashed before his face, and he shuddered as Negan repositioned his thighs slightly behind him, his skin rubbing against
Rick’s, “I don’t know if you felt better last time or if you feel better this time, you little shit. Guess we’ll fucking find out.” Rick sucked in a deep breath as the man’s hips moved away slowly before jumping and crying out as the murderer slammed back into him.

For ages it seemed Negan pounded Rick into the table, the brunette’s crotch slamming into it repeatedly as the pronged collar held his neck tightly, making Rick’s sobs get caught in his throat and held there causing only grunts, moans, and gurgling sounds to come out of his lips as blood trickled down onto the table below, Negan’s other hand holding his ass down. The slaps of the man’s skin on his and the man’s grunts were the only things he heard from Negan for those moments he was thrust against the table. Twice Rick tread the line close to unconsciousness as pain both ripped through his backside and exploded in his crotch, and both times he welcomed it before rejecting it. Nothing would make him happier than to be able to leave what was happening to him, but he knew that even if it wasn’t his choice, Negan would blame him for blacking out and the punishment for that would be far worse than what he was currently enduring.

So he held on, panting as sweat poured from him and Negan pounded into him, tearing him in two like the unstoppable force he was, the brunette wishing for the man to reach his climax and cum inside him if for no other reason than for it to be over. “Goddamn, you’re so fucking tight,” Negan grunted behind him, “Dammit I want you tighter though. I want you so goddamn fucking tighter!” At that the man twisted his wrist and Rick gasped, staring at the ceiling as the chain of the prong collar wrapped around Negan’s hand and the prongs dug into him tighter as the collar was shortened, cutting off his windpipe almost entirely. As the spots began to dance in his vision the man behind him rammed into him harder and Rick whimpered as the struggle for oxygen reached a new intensity.

At first Rick attempted to bring in more air as best he could through his mouth and nose, but when Negan tightened his grip Rick felt his body give up on that, a numbness spreading through him as his jaw and head became heavy and his body started to convulse in protest to the lack of oxygen, forcing his ass to tighten around Negan’s firm, invading cock. Rick’s world went black but for the man ramming into him, the tightening anus being shredded and rubbed raw due to its closer proximity to his dick. Blood raced down his legs and to his shame piss pattered on the carpet as his body went into panic mode, writhing beneath Negan on the table before them. He swore he heard Negan say something about how good it felt, seemingly ignoring the thin stream of liquid leaving his dick—at least he hoped that was the case—but once more everything the man said sounded like he was underwater, and Rick try as he might couldn’t figure out the words with absolute certainty.

His lightheadedness grew with each passing moment as the collar choked at him and dug into his skin, making tears pour from his eyes as blood streaked down from his throat. In sharp contrast to that lightheadedness, a splitting headache was also beginning down the middle of his skull, his ears popping with each passing second. That was all he could feel, his fingers and toes becoming numb as his limbs became slack, ceasing their erratic movements. All he could sense was the feeling of the man behind him pounding into his ass mercilessly as his anus— the only active thing on him—convulsed, contracting and retracting around the man’s dick as it pushed inside him, and the sounds of the table ramming against the wall before them. Rick welcomed the cold grip of unconsciousness as it beckoned to him, hoping to escape the heightened pain. Perhaps Negan was offering him a way out in this twisted lesson of his. If so, Rick was without a doubt willing to take it now. This was torture like he’d never felt, and he wanted out. He wanted out of it so badly . . .

Suddenly another pounding was heard, and he heard Negan shout something. His forehead screwed up in confusion, his pale lips twitching as his brain tried in its sluggish state to process what his body was hearing. He panted, slowly opening his blurred eyes, and gazed ahead of him, his mouth trembling as he gazed at the bottom of the map before him. The faint sound of a door opening reached his ears. Almost immediately Negan stopped moving, his dick still wedged up inside of
Rick, and Rick’s head was jerked back, making his world spin as he threatened to fall out of reality once again. In Negan’s jerking movement, part of the chain unraveled from his hand, loosening the collar and allowing Rick’s airways to open back up. Gasping in air for the first time in what felt like forever, Rick bowed his head, staring at the blood splattered desk beneath him, unsure if said blood was from his forehead, his nose, or his neck, sucking in deep breaths as his lightheadedness slowly ebbed and his headache gently receded, his hearing becoming normal in time to hear Negan address whoever had entered the room. Those had to be the sweetest gasps of air he’d ever taken, he was sure of it, as his nerve endings tingled and sparked back to life.

“I TOLD you to wait a GODDAMN MINUTE!” Negan shouted, jerking on the collar again, and Rick whimpered, eyes closing temporarily as the man continued, “CAN’T YOU SEE I’M FUCKING BUSY?!” “I . . . I know what you s-s-a-id s-s-s-sir . . . B-b-but you said th-th-that w-h-w-h- w-h-when,” a timid voice began and Rick groaned, turning his head slightly, looking through tear filled eyes as an obese man with greasy hair and a small equally greasy beard addressed Negan, his small eyes darting about the room in fear, seeming to not want to look at the man fucking his victim at the desk.

“Fat Joseph, you better spit the hell out whatever the FUCK you came here to say to me, or I’m going to lose my GODDAMN patience really quick. And if that happens, you can fucking take what I’m goddamn dealing out to Rick yourself,” Negan snarled, jerking back on the collar and making Rick choke out a sob, head hanging forward as he closed his eyes at the prongs digging into him, “Believe me, you do NOT want to make me lose my motherfucking patience. Does he Rick?” With that he thrust into Rick hard, slamming Rick’s hips into the table and making him yelp before shaking his head quickly, “N-no sir,” he managed between gasps, “He doesn’t.” “Good boy,” Negan muttered so only the brunette could hear, before the Savior Leader turned to “Fat Joseph”, “So, what the fuck did you come here to goddamn tell me?”

“I . . . I left the door un-unlocked l-like y-you s-s-a-id s-sir,” Joseph said quickly, having a slight tremor in his voice in spite of gaining a bit of confidence whilst Negan and Rick had been talking, “An-and Daryl has es . . . he has gotten out,” he stammered the last phrase out quickly. Rick’s eyes widened as he stared at the bloody, marker covered table beneath him. Daryl had gotten out? He felt a flicker of hope begin in his stomach. After all, even if he was stuck here, if Daryl could get to Alexandria or Hilltop, he could help them fight back. That at least gave them all a chance.

“Aaaah, has he now?” Negan slurred, and Rick’s hope was threatened by the smug tone of the man’s voice, “Figured the dog would take the chance to run.” He grunted and thrust into Rick again causing the brunette to let out another whimper, “Ok, you go get some men and make sure the mutt doesn’t fucking get anywhere past the goddamn compound, Fat Joseph. I’ll finish up here and Rick and I will be on our way.” Fat Joseph nodded quickly, having made an effort to only barely acknowledge Rick the entire time, “Y-yes sir, of c-c-course s-s-s-sir.” Turning, he rushed out, slamming the door behind him.

“Now, where were we?” Negan slurred, not wasting any time before slamming Rick’s head back down on the table with the force of his next thrust. In no time the jackhammer pace had resumed as Negan began to thrust once more into Rick’s sore ass. Reaching up, his fingers dug into Rick’s scalp before he flung the brunette back onto the table, pressing Rick’s nose and forehead into it like he wanted Rick to be pushed through the wood.

Rick panted, his head spinning from the pain it caused, and leaning over him, Negan breathed hard on his ear as his elbow shifted to push Rick’s head into the table and the hand that had been in his hair gripped the collar, jerking it back to start to make him gasp for air again against the wood, “Here’s what’s about to goddamn happen Ricky boy. We’re about to go fucking remind your friend just who’s boss here, you fucking piece of shit. See, I’m motherfucking trying to teach him a lesson
and the fact that he’s motherfuckin’ tried to escape means that he failed my pop quiz and needs that lesson really hammered home. You are going to try to motherfucking ensure that the hammering doesn’t come from my pretty girl Lucille here,” he hissed in Rick’s ear, “And if you don’t try to help, it’s only going to get fucking worse for you, Ricky boy, and him. Because then I will MAKE you help me hammer it home.”

Rick gulped hard around the collar, tears leaking out of his blue eyes as he choked out a sob. He didn’t want to help Negan at all with whatever the man was trying to teach Daryl, but he certainly understood the threat in the man’s voice and gulped hard before whispering hoarsely, “Wh-what lesson is that?” Negan growled, and jerked harder on the chain, making Rick moan, “You should motherfucking know, you fucking piece of goddamn shit. After all, it’s the same lesson I’m trying to teach you, and that you’re going to eventually fucking learn for fucking good.”

Negan chuckled, “The lesson is that it’s best if people do what I fucking want, because I can always make life so much worse. Your motherfucking buddy Daryl, I want him to be one of my right hand men. He’s got fight, and from what I can tell just by how fucking stubborn he’s being, over the past few years he has been pretty goddamn loyal to the bitch of a leader you were. Now, all that loyalty is going to be put towards me, one motherfucking way or another. And you’re going to help me guide him to that motherfucking conclusion. Soon he’ll be a powerful tool for me to use to reshape this whole goddamn world. Even if I have to break him to fucking pieces to do it. Hell, you know what they say about making fucking omelettes. As for you, I’m gonna make you the best goddamn pet I’ve ever had, sucking me off and being a goddamn fuck toy for me to use as I take each step closer to my goals. Ricky boy, I’m gonna make you the best fucking cock slut there is. You see, the more I fucking fuckity fuck the hell out of you, sooner or later…” he chuckled and a rough tongue raced up Rick’s ear lobe as the man jerked behind him, thrusting his cock deeper inside the brunette and making him whimper before he continued, “You’re gonna fucking love having my thick dick up that fine ass of yours. It’s gonna get so goddamn natural that not having my thick ass cock inside you is going to feel so awkward that you’re gonna be fucking on your hands and knees, BEGGING me to stick it back inside you. You understand me, you motherfucker?” Rick sucked in a deep breath and in that moment Negan paused before biting down hard on his ear lobe. Rick shot his head back, pushing the wounded rear of it against the man behind him’s hand and causing new pain to spike as his blood raced over Negan’s tongue. Negan let go of the lobe and Rick panted as he stared at the map, blood trickling from the ear and down his neck, Negan’s words more painful than the ear that was now throbbing with each pulse. His plans for Rick and Daryl shook him to his core. Sure he’d assumed that Negan would torture them, but to hear the man actually say his plans and ideas made him shake with fear.

Negan growled suddenly and jerked his hips forward, slamming Rick— and by consequence his still injured dick—into the table, “I SAID, DO YOU MOTHERFUCKING UNDERSTAND ME?!” Negan snapped, jerking Rick’s head back via the collar and making him gag around it. “Y-yes sir!” Rick whispered, panic dripping from his voice as his world spun and he fought to breathe. “Good boy,” Negan chuckled, “Now I want you to finish me off.” Rick’s breath caught in his throat, this time not due to the chain around his neck, its prongs causing rivers of red to streak down his chest, “Y-you want me to . . . to . . .” “You fucking heard me, you sorry ass bitch. I want you to move that little prick asshole of yours up and down my dick, from right where you’re standing. Buck back into me, you goddamn slut. Make me fucking cum,” Negan slurred, chuckling, “Then right before I cum, just because you took so goddamn long right there to fucking answer me, I’m gonna teach you something else to do with that throat of yours. Hopefully all of this will make you better at answering my goddamn questions in the future. Because, if today was any indication, most of the time you SUCK at giving me the right answers ahhhnnnnd, you take too goddamn long to give them the rest of the time. Now start bucking and get ready to open that mouth wide, Ricky, because we’re going to see if you can swallow my cum a little bit faster than you can talk.”
Rick grunted in the next moment as he started to force himself to move back against Negan, who had gratefully started to slow his thrusts down a little to allow Rick to move. That did little to ease Rick’s emotional pain, though, as he forced his body back on the cock of the man behind him, forcing his torn, ripped, bleeding arse hole along Negan’s spit and blood slick cock. Tears streaking down from shut eyes, Rick sucked in a deep breath, face contorted in concentration as he forced the cock deeper within himself, before letting that breath out panting as he continued to force his trembling, injured body backwards against the man who had caused him so much pain. Negan chuckled in amusement and grunted in pleasure at his antics.

After Rick had carried on like that for what felt like forever, Negan let loose three more thrusts that slammed the unexpecting male against the table so hard he was sure the man had cracked his pelvis before bringing a hand down hard on Rick’s injured shoulder, jerking his cock out of the man’s ass so quickly it made Rick shriek at the burning sensation and pain as the nerves in his shoulder were pinched again. Both pains shot through him at paralyzing speeds, and he landed on the floor on his injured back, screaming and arching back as his wounds were made worse by the impact. Before he made to rise a knee came hard down on his chest, knocking the breath out of him and causing him to finally fade out of consciousness just as the spurts of cum from the man kneeling on him could be felt hitting his face and neck. Rick let out a shuddering breath through his trembling, blood soaked lips as the semen struck him, the cold embrace of the darkness quickly taking him from Negan’s moans.

Chapter End Notes

Sooo, did anyone make it to the end? I certainly hope so, and I hope you enjoyed it. I would love to hear thoughts, good or bad. I understand how intense this chapter was and have to say that I even surprised myself. Very difficult to proofread, but I certainly hope it was worth it. There won’t be a lot of strangling in this story, I can assure you of that. This is mostly just Negan being a fucking asshole. :) But if you want some more strangling, let me know and I will consider it. You guys are awesome, I hope it was worth the wait and the read, please please comment if you can! And, as with everything Negan does in this story, please . . . do NOT try anything he does at home! At least not in this way!
The ONLY Way It Was Going To Really Go

Chapter Summary

Rick and Negan meet up with Daryl in the hopes that Rick can convince Daryl to do as Negan says. But really, there was only one way it could all go. . . from bad to worse.

Chapter Notes

Hello everyone! This chapter took a minute, grew from 5 pages to 11 over the course of proofreading, but I certainly hope that everyone enjoys it.
Disclaimer: This chapter involves a modified version of a scene from season 7, episode 3. That means I watched that scene over and over and over again to try to get everything just right!

“My love is deeper than the holler, stronger than the rivers. . . Higher than the pine trees growin’ tall upon the hill. . .” The voice of Randy Travis rolled on in the background, creating the perfect relaxed atmosphere for the couple tangled up together in the bed of the pick-up parked beneath the Georgia sky. Rick smiled behind the kiss, his hands wrapped around the brunette woman beside him, holding her tight in the bed of his truck. Pulling away, he gazed at Lori with a smiling face that caused his blue eyes to sparkle in a way that rivaled the stars shining down on the two of them. Their King’s County High graduation robes lay discarded along with the rest of their clothes at the end of the bed, their naked bodies free to be kissed by the warm pre-summer breeze. They’d left the graduation bonfire early to have their own more private celebration, but the 12 pack of beer that sat beside the battery powered radio behind Rick had as of that moment been left untouched.

What HAD been touched was every inch of his and Lori’s bodies, the woman gazing at him with swollen lips and eyes filled with love for her high school sweetheart. Her long brown locks were a mess that made her look like the sexiest goddess Rick could have ever imagined, and the feeling that her dark eyes sent through him ignited him. It was the look she gave him each time they made love to one another, and one that he was severely addicted to. They’d only gone all the way a few times, but every time left Rick both satisfied and craving more of the woman beside him. For a few moments, Rick smiled at his girlfriend, simply unable to do anything but sit there, gazing at her and imagining what a lucky young man he was as the radio played behind them.

Lori chuckled suddenly, bringing Rick out of his daze. Quirking a crooked, eye crinkling grin, the grad smiled at the love of his life, “What is it?” She shook her head, that grin still in place on her face, reaching up and stroking his brunette curls. They were always unruly if they ever grew past the roots, and were some of the things that Rick detested the most about himself, especially since he felt people didn’t take him very seriously while the curls were in place on his head. One moment that had cemented that feeling had been when he’d stepped out of the shower after a hard workout with Shane. Shane, who had been flipping through a playboy magazine on his bed, had looked up and laughed as Rick had moved the towel away from where he’d been drying his hair. He had claimed Rick’s long locks looked like a dirty mop, and that had been enough confirmation of Rick’s own
preconceived notion to have him keep it closely cut to his head from then on out.

That had been about a year and a half ago, six months after Lori and Rick had become official. Lori hadn’t liked the change, having been a fan of being able to card her fingers through Rick’s longer locks, and so to humor her he had let them grow out again for graduation. After all, the next day he would be going to . . . “I’m just savorin’ this moment, Rick. The peacefulness, the crickets playin’. . . that goofy smile you’re givin’ me,” Lori murmured, smiling lazily at him before rolling over onto her back and turning her head so that her brown eyes were still on Rick as she arched her spine, stretching and simultaneously causing her breasts to lift up into the night, two deliciously gorgeous mounds standing peaked against the warm spring air, “After all,” she sighed, resting back on the blanket, a pout making its way across her plump lips as a look of longing entered her eyes, “Tomorrow. . .”

Rick sighed and hung his head as he gazed at the threads of the blanket beneath them, “Lori, we talked about this. If I wanna get the head start I need then I need to head to the GPSTC Police Academy in Forsyth tomorrow. Shane’s goin’ with me, and you have plenty of people here to hang out with this summer. Not to mention, you gotta get ready for college, Miss School Teacher.” “I know there’ll be plenty of people, but not a single one of ‘em is the one I wanna hang out with,” Lori pointed out. Rick sighed, locking his crystal blue eyes with his girlfriend’s dark brown pupils, “Lori, we talked about this,” he repeated calmly. Sometimes it seemed like they were on the same wavelength, but sometimes it felt like her stubbornness would just not let him appease her. Still, he repeated what he’d tried telling her a million times already, “Babe, the sooner I leave the sooner I get back.” “And what if your feelings for me change over that time? What if you come back and it’s not the way it was before?” Lori whispered, a hint of worry and concern in her tone, “What if you’ll be changed? What if I’m different?”

Rick chuckled, “How long do you think I’ll be gone babe?” leaning in, he tilted her chin up and pressed his warm lips to hers before pulling away, gazing into her concerned eyes with as much love as his own could convey. “The only thing that will change about me is that I’ll get leaner, more muscular. Honestly, I can’t see how THAT is a bad thing. Can you?” Lori smiled weakly, eyes still full of unspoken concerns, and shook her head, reaching up and stroking Rick’s cheek with her palm. He smiled and turning, pressed his lips to her hand before turning back to her, “And as much as I’m gonna miss my beautiful, sexy girlfriend, it’ll only make comin’ back home all that much sweeter. And you’ll only keep gettin’ more beautiful to me anyway, sweetheart.” Lori smiled a little wider at that, two hot tears racing down her cheeks, the origins of which Rick wasn’t 100% sure about. Were they happy tears, relieved tears, sad tears? Or were they a combination any one of the three?

Leaning down towards her, he kissed them away all the same before pulling back and grinning at her, “Now, how about you have one of these beers over here?” rolling over he grabbed one out of the cooler they were chilling in, “Just ‘cause I can’t have any alcohol doesn’t mean you can’t. . .” “Actually, Rick, I can’t either. . .” Lori whispered suddenly. Rick’s eyes widened and he dropped the beer. As it smashed against the blanket and began to soak into the material, Rick turned, staring at her, a whirlwind of emotions beginning within himself as he processed what she had just said. She smiled weakly and rested her hand on her stomach, “Are. . . are you mad?” she murmured. Rick

“Mad?” Rick whispered, before grinning and rolling on top of her, gazing down at her with the biggest grin on his face before lunging down and kissing her firmly on the lips prior to pulling back up, “I’m ecstatic! This is great news! I’ll get you a ring, as soon as I can! And then, then we will get married! As soon as I get back!” She smiled up at him, tears of happiness streaking down her cheeks. He WAS SURE that was the cause for these! “Y-you mean it?” she murmured. Rick
grinned at her and lunging down again, kissed her firmly once more before dotting her neck with kisses, love bites, and hickies, “Do I mean it? Hell, of course I do! This is great news! We’ll be a family, Lori. And there ain’t nobody I would rather have one with! Me, you, and our baby!” “If only it was yours...” a gravelly but masculine voice that made Rick’s skin prickle sounded suddenly behind him. Whipping around, he stared at the Walker now standing at the other end of the truck bed, Shane’s glazed over eyes not holding the confusion/hunger that most Walkers’ eyes did. Rather, they held a dark intent as he stood at the end of the blanket, staring at them with a gun pointed right at Rick.

Rick grit his teeth, narrowing his eyes before growling out, “Carl’s mine, Shane.” Shane smirked, tilting his head back, the dried blood on his chest gleaming in the moonlight, “Now how can you be so sure Rick? I mean, after you learned Lori switched over to me when all hell broke loose, didn’t you fucking wonder?” he took a firm step forward and fired a shot. Rick roared in pain as the bullet tore through his calf, but Walker Shane ignored it and walked closer, “I mean we all ran together, didn’t we, Ricky boy? What if you weren’t Lori’s first like you thought? What if I plowed into her pussy long before your prick even thought about it?” Rick growled, his hand on his leg, glaring at Shane, “Shut the hell up Shane. That’s fucking bullshit and you goddamn know it. Lori wouldn’t have done that to me, she wouldn’t ha...” Turning to Lori, he started, jumping back as she too now had a Walker-style face, her cheek hollowed out as she gazed up at him with sad eyes, empty of the soul that had ignited his being just moments before.

“Oh god, Lori!” he gasped, scrambling up before a firm hand caught him by the back of his neck. Panicking, he was about to twist out of the grip, believing it to be Walker Shane’s, before the hand clenched around him and he registered the leather covering the other man’s grip before he was slammed face first into Lori’s gaping stomach. The smell of death and blood flooded his senses and Rick began to panic as Negan’s voice cut through the void, “Course she would have, Rick. After all, you were never meant to FUCK. You were meant to BE FUCKED.” Just as the man’s dick was breaching Rick, some voice, further away and yet still the same, began to call to him, shouting his name over and over and over. Telling him to do something. But how was he supposed to do something? His face was buried in the gaping stomach of his undead wife. How was he supposed to even move? How was he- the ice cold water struck Rick across the face, wrenching him from the dream turned nightmare with a jolt.

Rick’s head was pounding as cold water splashed across his face again. Coughing and sputtering, he jerked his head away from the water, bringing his uninjured hand up to wipe the water and blood out of his eyes. “Wake the fuck up you prick,” Negan growled from above, his boot nudging Rick’s injured side before moving to tap impatiently against the blood red carpet. Rick groaned, curling up slightly before moving his hand down to steady himself as he rolled onto his knees and looked up, blinking reality back into focus. His head was pounding and he felt like his head had been split down the middle. In that moment, he longed to return to his nightmare, if only to escape the monstrous reality he’d been forced back into. There was a saltiness on his tongue along with the coppery taste of blood, and he remembered Negan cumming on his face. He shuddered.

Suddenly there was a jerk on his collar, ripping him out of his self-inspection. Rick yelped and lifted his numb fingers up to feel the latch of the chain leash now attached to his collar’s ring before his sorrowful blue eyes darted up to Negan. The man stood, now fully clothed and composed, over him, his cock tucked safely back into his pants. The only thing that let Rick know that what just happened really happened was the pain his back side was in and the cum on his tongue, face, neck, and chest. It stung at his eyes and he reached up to wipe it off with his uninjured arm. “Get up you shit, we don’t have much time thanks to your pussy ass fainting spell,” Negan snarled, jerking again on the short chain that was attached to Rick’s collar.

Rick gagged, gazing with trembling, bloodshot blue eyes at the carpet before gritting his teeth and
slowly forcing his body to rise up into a crawling position, remembering Negan’s order for him to only crawl. This earned a chuckle from the man and a pat from Lucille on Rick’s rump that might have been intended to be comforting but only caused him to tense in anticipated pain, “Good boy, learning your lesson from before. But we gotta get to your fucking redneck piece of shit friend, and I ain’t got fucking time to have you crawling around behind me. So get the fuck on your feet for once you sorry shit. Savor it, cuz you might not be allowed to do it again any time soon.” “Y-yes sir,” Rick forced out through his lips, slowly rising as Negan walked over to stand in front of him, trying his best to stay off of his angry, pulsing ankle.

Instantly the man grabbed Rick’s face with the bare hand holding the handle to his leash, and Rick jumped slightly at the sudden movement as his head was jerked up, Negan’s hand firm on his jaw as the man’s obsidian eyes bore into his own, a deep frown set on the Leader’s face, “Now here’s how this is about to go, you fucking prick. I am about to do most of the talkin’, so that should make it goddamn easier for your sorry ass. What you are going to do is fucking agree with me when I need you too, and when you get the chance, try to fucking persuade that dumbass dog of yours to accept his new master. And you better goddamn try your fucking hardest, because if I don’t get what I goddamn want then you and Daryl are going to fucking regret it. Understand?” Rick nodded, tears beading in his eyes at the pain in his jaw, “Y-yes sir.” Negan smiled and his eyes darted up and down Rick, taking in his bloody, broken form, “Good. Now you better fucking keep up.” turning around quickly, making Rick dodge Lucille as she swung through the air behind the black haired man, he set a quick pace that Rick had to stumble and stagger to keep up with.

After almost falling into the Leader going down the stairs, the back of his neck getting scratched by the prong collar as Negan moved quickly to the first story of the house, Rick breathed a sharp sigh of relief as his bare feet touched the floor of the main story. But he had little time to relax as Negan set about at an even faster pace past the room with his wives in it, yanking Rick along as he whistled and strutted his stuff. Rick panted, slamming against the walls as he lost his balance in following the mad man, catching a glimpse of the women in the room as he passed, legs flailing as he fought to catch himself. He didn’t think Negan would stop for him if he fell, after all. As Negan opened the door before him, he could see for just a second Sherry, her face full of fear and worry as she looked at what her “husband” had done to Rick. He didn’t blame her for her reaction. He couldn’t imagine how he looked but he was sure he didn’t look particularly good. She stood there with her drink, looking at him a lot longer than the other wives who glanced at him then looked away, drinking whatever drinks they’d made and eating whatever food had been provided. Suddenly he was yanked out the door by Negan, struggling to quickly close it as he went through it.

The rocks and dirt dug into Rick’s feet and toes as he stumbled behind the Leader as they made their way under the blazing sun to the main compound, the sounds of the shouts of men and the groans of hungry Walkers reaching his ears as his eyes fought to adjust to the bright, glaring sunlight. Shortly, they approached the warehouse style buildings of the place. Was this where he’d been kept when Carson had cared for him? He imagined so. A hospital wing, makeshift as it may be, would seem out of place in Negan’s cookie cutter home of lies.

Rick found he both loved being outside and that he felt saddened by the experience. He sought to breathe in fresh air, but his nose was still busted and any intake or release was filled with pain. Multiple times he almost fell forward as they approached the large concrete set of buildings and he wondered how in the hell he was able to keep standing. That was the moment when the man in front of him came to a sudden stop. Rick grunted and staggered, falling to his knees in the dirt to avoid hitting Negan, the pain of the cement beneath him now filling him in addition to the plentitude of pain he already felt. Rick shuddered, gazing at the ground and silently thanking whatever god there was that he’d been able to stop short of hitting the sadist. He only was able to do that for a second before Negan reached back, grabbed Rick’s bangs, and jerked his head back, making Rick gasp in pain before focusing on the chain link fence and gate before him, and what lay beyond them.
It looked like they were near the back of the factory-style building closest to them. There was what appeared to be a smaller building that had been built in front of where they stood in between two larger buildings, blocking the majority of what appeared to be a small alley made by two sides of the two bigger gray structures from view. From what Rick could tell from his spot on the ground, the alley held multiple motorcycles. He could see Daryl’s old bike amongst them, and from what he could see in the center of the alley was Daryl, in a dirty sweatshirt and some equally dirty sweatpants, surrounded by Negan’s men with Fat Joseph having a gun trained on him. From the distance, it didn’t look like Daryl had been through much, aside from what had happened to him before he and Rick had been separated upon arrival at the compound.

He was barefoot and his hair was greasy, but he certainly looked better off than Rick. “Here we fucking go,” Negan murmured, and Rick winced at the smugness in his tone. After a yank on his bangs that made him groan, Rick staggered to stand upright, bowed his head, and followed Negan through the gate in the fence, around the smaller building, and towards the circle of the men, Negan whistling happily as he broke through the circle and turned to stand in front of Daryl, Rick being twisted by the leash to stand right behind Negan’s left side, wincing as he was forced to put some weight on his injured ankle. Sucking in a deep breath, he was only able to bring himself to glance up at Daryl, shame and guilt written all over his features as his blue eyes felt tears enter them anew as he gazed over the sadist’s black leather shoulder at his friend.

He had been dreading doing Negan’s bidding regarding persuading Daryl, but standing there, just feet from his best friend who had become like a brother to him, in the condition he was in with Daryl’s eyes full of concern towards him and hatred towards the man standing in front of him. . . it threatened to make Rick break down and weep right there. Negan chuckled, a soft “Ah” coming from his mouth before turning and smirking with devilish eyes at Rick, knowing the turmoil that raged within the brunette behind him and the unexpected pain this meeting was about to cause, “Are we PISSING our pants yet?”

Rick felt his heart hammering in his chest as the man’s dark eye chilled him to his core, daring him to defy him by acting against Negan’s previous instructions, “Now, it’s been a minute since you two sad fucks saw each other, and clearly quite a bit of shit has happened. So perhaps introductions are in goddamn order. . . Daryl, is it?” he glanced at Daryl for a moment, then looked back at Rick, “You know my PET here, I’m su-” “Rick,” Daryl rasped out. Making Negan turn back to Daryl and causing Rick’s jaws to grit together as his heart dropped to his stomach. If he had thought Daryl would do what was needed to make this interaction easier, that thought was dashed immediately.

“What?” Negan hissed in a surprisingly calm tone, taking a firm step forward. That tone and his movements were more terrifying than his growl, Rick felt. “His name is Rick, you narcissistic son of a bitch,” Daryl growled, glaring at Negan, “And I’m gonna beat your fucking face in for what you’ve goddamn done to him.” At that he lunged forward, and Rick felt his heart seize up and his mouth open in a plea that never came as the gunshot went off and Negan took a step back as Daryl landed, panting and growling, on the ground, the bullet having torn into his right shoulder just as that arm had lifted to grab the Savior Leader.

Negan chuckled down at the man on the ground, eyes alight with an inner fire, “WELL LOOK. AT. YOU!” His boot connected hard with Daryl’s jaw, making the redneck roar in pain before landing on his back. Seconds later, that boot came down hard on Daryl’s chest as Rick was jerked forward with Negan’s firm step, knocking the wind out of the sweatshirted man. Rick felt for Daryl as he wheezed, his head slamming into the concrete and beginning to bleed. He knew that pain, but at least Daryl wasn’t passing out. He didn’t want to think of what Negan would do if he did that. . . “SO MUCH FUCKING SPIRIT. . . DEFINITELY GOT MORE GUTS THAN YOUR PISS POOR LEADER HAS SHOWN. . .UNFORTUNATELY, THE REDNECK PIECE OF SHIT DOESN’T SEEM TO HAVE A LOT OF SMARTS UP AT HIS GODDAMN TOP STORY TO
GO WITH IT, DOES HE BOYS!?” Negan shouted, and pressed the tip of Lucille against Daryl’s head. With that he began to twist her around, making the man on the ground roar and arch against the cement as pain entered his forehead and blood began to streak down the sides of his face. The men laughed, and Negan pulled Lucille back to bring her down against Daryl’s head. Rick whimpered as the hit made contact, not hard enough to knock him out but enough to cause blood to pour and for him to have his head spin a little.

Taking a step back, Negan forced Rick to take a step back as well, onto his injured ankle, to avoid bumping into the Leader. Negan seemed to take no notice, motioning for two of his men to haul the prone man on the ground to his feet. “So let’s give him a fucking crash course. Help make him goddamn think a bit better while he’s here. . .” Once Rick had steadied himself, Daryl’s chin was forced up by the man on his right so that the prisoner, blood streaming down his chin from a bitten tongue, was forced to look at the monster who stood between them, blood pouring from his shoulder. Negan let silence hang in the air for a moment, the sounds of the compound, Rick’s labored breathing, and Daryl’s seething being the only things one could hear. It was then that Rick saw Lucille swinging, and he winced, assuming she was coming at him or Daryl. Instead, she pointed at Fat Joseph as Negan said in a calm tone, “Who are you?” Fat Joseph took one step forward, eyes frowning as he glared at Daryl, “Negan.”

Swinging her around in front of him, Negan pointed the bat at the man on Daryl’s right, “Whoooo arrrrrre. . . you?” The man smirked, eyes glinting dangerously, “Negan.” Negan smirked and swung her out to his side, holding her limply there as he tilted his knees forward and bent his head back, chuckling, “Who are you?” he asked the group of men, who all answered in a chorus of “Negan”s. Chuckling, the Savior Leader took a firm step forward, twirling Lucille in a circle pointing to the sky, smirking at Daryl, “Ya see that? I am EVERYWHERE,” he remarked, and Rick felt a chill settle within himself at the confidence in the man’s voice as he spoke about the force of nature he had proven to be. Negan was unstoppable, dangerous, and deadly. That much had been made clear to the naked man. And it was terrifying, the fact that Negan knew he was that powerful.

He was pulled out of his thoughts as Negan continued, “And this was your shot to prove to me that that fundamental fact was sinking in, and you FAILED. Which sucks because your life was about to get SO MUCH COOLER!” he laughed and prodded Daryl’s bullet wound with the tip of Lucille, and Rick winced as Daryl staggered from the pain. Negan wasn’t paying much attention to the two prisoners’ reactions though and turned to Fat Joseph, smirking, “Am I right?” Rick glanced over, seeing the fat man shake his head, a smile like one would give to a child that wasn’t learning its lesson spreading on his face, a sharp contrast to the fear he’d seen in the obese man’s eyes before, “Damn right.” Fat Joseph murmured.

He was pulled back to what Negan was doing as Negan took a step forward, forcing Rick to lean forward slightly as he did so. With that, Negan started to jab Lucille’s tip down against the concrete, forcing Daryl to grunt and try to move his feet away from her. Rick grit his teeth. The man was clearly playing with Daryl, making him move the way he wanted. Like the cat that had trapped the mouse but wasn’t quite ready to tuck in yet. Rick breathed hard through his teeth, knowing Negan was getting a sick pleasure from pushing his friend around. As Daryl’s eyes darted to Rick and held his gaze, there was only contempt in the other man’s gaze, a fire that Rick both admired and feared. If he saw it he was sure Negan did, and that would only egg him on to further harm either Rick or his friend. As Rick had predicted, Negan unfortunately did notice Daryl’s eyes move to Rick, and as the man turned and grinned wider at Rick, malice once again dancing in his obsidian gaze, the silent message was sent: if Rick wanted to do what he needed to do and save the both of them from future pain, he was about to have to work A LOT harder to convince his friend to play along with Negan than the Savior Leader had believed he would have to. And Negan was going to LOVE to see Rick do just that.
Turning back to Daryl, Negan chuckled, rubbing his temple before lowering his hand and waving at the prisoner nonchalantly, “Now Dwight gave you some options. But I don’t think you get it yet. So I’m gonna break it down for ya. . .” Turning he walked over to stand beside Rick and put his elbow, which was attached to his hand which still held the leash, up and onto Rick’s injured shoulder. Rick gasped as the leather covered elbow dug into the damaged limb joint, sparks of pain and numbness flying through him to the point where he very nearly passed out. Through blurry, tear filled eyes, he watched as Lucille swung around pointing towards the way opposite the one they had come as Negan’s calm, dark voice continued, “One, you wind up on the spike, and you work for me as a dead man. . . Two. . .” turning on his heel, he marched behind Rick, coiling the leash that was still on his hand before jerking back hard on it, making Rick squint his eyes tightly and whimper through gritted teeth as the prongs were forced hard against his throat again.

Through pain filled eyes, he saw Daryl begin to move forward, just as the man on Daryl’s right took a step forward and gripped the man’s dirty sweatshirt in one hand, holding him still. “You get out of your cell, you work for points, but you’re gonna wish you were dead,” Negan continued in a jovial tone, “Or three. . .” moving over, easing up on Rick for a moment as he moved to stand between Fat Joseph and the man that had been standing beside him to Fat Joseph’s left, the mad man swung his arms around the two, his firm hands patting the men on the chests in spite of the fact that they still held Lucille and Rick’s leash, making Rick lean closer to avoid choking again. “You work for me! You get yourself a brand new pair of shoes and you live like a KING!” Negan paused and looked between Rick and the other men, dark eyes dancing, “Choice seems. . . pretty obvious. . . you should know, there is no door number fucking four. . .” Turning, he walked back over to stand in front of Rick again, “This is it. This is the ONLY way,” he murmured, tilting back and giving a small yank on Rick’s chain for added emphasis.

Rick gulped, glancing at the cold eyes of the man as they cut a quick look back at him, immediately understanding the yank to be his cue. Moving forward slowly in favor of his ankle, he whispered a hoarse, “D-d-daryl.” He winced at how weak and hoarse his voice sounded, and he didn’t miss the fact that most of the men chuckled at it. But Daryl’s eyes darted to him and to Rick, that’s all that mattered.

He didn’t want Daryl to join Negan, didn’t want to give his torturer what he wanted, but that cold look told him what hid beneath the man’s jovial surface: if he didn’t try, then things would end up worse for him and the man with the bleeding shoulder in front of him. And Negan’s words only served to remind him of Benny. There was an option other than being a prisoner and working for Negan as one of his right hand men. Negan could simply decide to dispatch Daryl completely, and Rick could very well be forced to see his friend end up on the spikes outside, gnawing hungrily at the world as a mindless corpse. That threat had been directed at Rick as much as it had been at Daryl, and he knew Negan would most likely make him watch as he killed Daryl and watch as Daryl was put outside the compound as some fucked up version of a guard dog. That thought alone made his blood run cold.

“P-please,” he whispered through shaking lips, trying to exude as much confidence and conviction in his eyes as possible. Trying to wordlessly let Daryl know that even if he didn’t want to join Negan, even if Rick didn’t want Daryl to, that right now that was the best option, for both of them. “Please take the third option, Daryl,” Rick whispered. Immediately he saw rebellion flare up in the man’s eyes. Taking a chance, Rick took another step forward, to where he was almost closer to Daryl than Negan even was, tears beading up in his eyes as he gazed at his friend, racing hot down his cheeks in a way that made the guards guffaw.

He heard Negan tap his foot behind him, as if to say that he was getting close to his time being up. It made his heart pound and his inner panic rise, and he reached out with a shaking hand, unfortunately his broken one due to the condition of his injured shoulder. Slowly, taking the chance of Lucille
crashing down on him from behind, Rick placed the hand on Daryl’s own shoulder, leaning closer to him so that that moment was as much of them talking amongst themselves as he could manage. He couldn’t deny the awkwardness that swirled in his gut and passed through him. Daryl at least had sweatpants and a sweatshirt on to hide his bruises and cuts, after all. Rick was out in the open, completely vulnerable. In a way, he wished Negan would have afforded him clothing for this. That might have helped his case a little. . . but then, pets didn’t get clothes in the man’s mind.

“Daryl, I kn-n-n-now how hard a decision this is for you,” Rick whispered, his desperation dripping from his voice, his shaky blue eyes locked on Daryl’s own dark ones, “But it would be the best thing. F-f-for all of us. . .” Daryl looked over Rick, skepticism written all over his face before leaning closer, so that his hot, stale breath hit Rick’s own lips. Rick shuddered, already knowing what Daryl was going to say, “Would it? What the HELL would it do for me? For YOU?” Rick gave a shuddering breath at Daryl’s defiant words, just as Negan’s hand landed on his injured shoulder, gripping it firmly in a way that made spots dance across his vision as explosions of pain raced through his brain.

It felt as if he passed out for a moment as he quickly fell to his knees, the skin over the two joints busting open as his crimson blood began to spill on the concrete as he cried out, sliding to his side on the ground and panting as his head lay against the concrete, seeming to vibrate with aftershock as he recovered from the strike of hitting the stony surface beneath himself. Through locks of sweaty, bloody hair, he panted, seeing Daryl lunge to try to help him as the man who had grabbed him before snatched him back at the same time, hand digging into his bullet wound. Daryl roared as he was wrenched back, falling to his own knees on the pavement as Negan moved forward.

As Rick’s ears slowly stopped ringing, the sadist could be heard talking, telling the man to back away and for Daryl to get up, the threat of what would happen if he made for Rick looming in the man’s tone. Rick choked out a weak sob, shuddering against the hot pavement as he watched the two men, Daryl slowly getting up to look at Negan and Negan staring the captive down. Daryl had one leg drawn back, as if he was trying to move away from Negan but didn’t want to leave Rick. Negan was in the exact opposite position, one foot firmly in front of the other. The hand that still held Rick’s leash was firm to the point of the knuckles gleaming white in a sign of ownership, and Rick swore he saw the other hand clench tighter around Lucille.

“Ya hear that?” Negan murmured in a dark, calm voice, the one that sent a chill down Rick’s spine. It terrified him that so much power, so much rage could drip from a voice that sounded like it was inviting someone over for a meal. Especially since he knew what that rage and power were capable of. The pain from those lessons vibrated through his entire being, threatening to swallow him whole. “Your old boy Ricky here has seen the light, now why can’t you?” Negan slurred calmly, “He wants you take me up on my offer, hell he’s practically fucking begging you too! Aren’t you, Ricky boy?” Rick shuddered, eyes gazing at Negan as the man turned his head, glancing at him. He grit his teeth against the pain that seemed to be flooding his entire being. He didn’t even know where the pain originated from at this point. From his head, from his shoulder, from his back, from his knees, from his hand, from his now perhaps broken ankle. It was a flood of pain that was almost suffocating. And yet he knew that he was required to answer Negan verbally, even if the simple act of moving his jaws and tongue was a strain, especially given the tight hold of the collar around his throat, threatening to choke him and silence him. Forcing his jaws to move, trying to ignore the new dull throb of pain that that caused, he answered, “Y-yes sir. I-I-I am.”

Negan nodded before turning to Daryl, who was still staring the man down. Rick blinked away the tears as Negan continued, the man still on the ground getting a clearer visual of Daryl’s face. He could see conflict in it, and prayed that Daryl would decide to join Negan. For both of their sakes. Finally there was that look. It was a look of rage and pity, of stubbornness and indecision, and it gave
Rick hope. Maybe this would go Negan’s way after all. Perhaps Daryl would make a decision that would make things easier for Rick. Then again, he had no idea how Negan would act, with Daryl being a right hand man. He was sure that he’d be forced to watch as Negan abused Rick, just because the man seemed to be a sick enough bastard to do that. Rick shuddered at the thought of Daryl seeing the sorts of things Negan had done to Rick already. But he was sure that things would be far worse if Daryl denied the man, and so Rick would take Daryl agreeing with Negan over the alternative at that moment. So he held out hope for Daryl to see the reasoning Rick now understood regarding their situation.

“See? Now why don’t you do your former leader a solid and join me? Probably would be the damn brightest part of his sorry-ass day!” Negan said brightly. Rick nodded as Daryl’s eyes flickered to Negan then to him, the smallest of nods but one that he knew Daryl saw. He watched as his friend’s eyes flickered to each person around him, before glancing at Rick one more time and turning to Negan, a decision clearly made in them. Rick felt hope fill his heart, only to be drowned out in fear as Daryl spat rather than speak, the spittle landing on Negan’s cheek. In that instant, his action spoke louder than all the words in the world. It seemed like everything in that moment froze, as Negan’s entire body tensed up and Rick’s eyes widened, his heart seeming to stop as he held his breath. Even the other men seemed to be too in shock to know what to do as Daryl took a firm step forward, his bare right foot’s big toe just inches from Negan’s boots.

Negan was the first to move, turning his head so that his face was facing Rick. His expression was emotionless as he dropped Rick’s leash momentarily, wiping the spit off with one hand slowly, as if still processing what had just happened. Then his dark eyes opened up wider and Rick felt his blood run cold and his eyes widen at the rage, the offense, the anger within Negan’s obsidian gaze. A dark smile crossed the man’s face, cruelty taking over his features, “Screw it.” Turning he gripped Lucille in both hands and the bat came around in a swing, and Rick could tell by the way Negan’s entire body twisted, by the way he put all of his weight into the swing, that this was no swing like those Rick had gotten. This was a finishing one.

Rick cried out, a weak cry that while wordless held every plea for mercy, every notion for Negan to stop what Rick was certain he was about to do within it. But Daryl didn’t even wince, and just as the bat was coming around to his head... Negan stopped.

Rick panted, his eyes wide as he stared at the man, not knowing what the hell had just happened. He had been sure that they were about to all be splattered by Daryl’s brains. Negan suddenly chuckled, “Wow!” he said, taking a step back, “You. Don’t. Scare. Easy...” he said, as if slowly processing what he was seeing, slowly bringing Lucille down to rest at his side. “I LOVE THAT.” Rick licked his lips nervously, watching as the man backed off of Daryl. He didn’t let himself fully rest in the hope that Negan wasn’t going to harm Daryl, and found himself thinking that that slight apprehension was rightfully felt as Negan brought the dreaded bat back up to rest in his free palm as he took a step back, “But Lucille here, she finds it to be disrespectful...” Rick felt his whole body tense once more as Negan took a step forward, patting her barbs against his skin. This was it, he knew it. A false sense of hope and then... “Lucky for you, she’s not feelin’ too thirsty today.” Negan murmured, “But I am.”

That one phrase alone set all of Rick’s inner alarm bells off as he saw Negan turn, glancing at him with that dark, malicious smile on his face. His eyes widened and he curled up, as if trying to press himself into the pavement and out of the situation. In that moment he understood. Negan wasn’t about to kill Daryl, he was saying that he was about to follow through with the promise he’d made Rick, that things were about to get way worse now that Rick hadn’t been able to convince Daryl to join him. And although Rick hadn’t had much of a chance to begin with, he knew Negan wouldn’t see it that way. He never would.
Turning, Negan walked towards Rick’s face as the men held Daryl back, the man jerking in their grips as Negan knelt before Rick, the smirk on his face and the look in his eyes letting Rick know that even though he had tried to convince Daryl, he had still failed miserably, and his consequences would be severe. Rick grit his teeth, tears beading up in his eyes as the man leaned forward, chuckling as he gripped the ring of the prong collar, not the leash, and curled his wrist, choking Rick with the device, making Rick move his neck and head forward just to keep from having the prongs cut too deep. “So I’m gonna go GET ME A DRINK!” Negan laughed, before turning and wrenching Rick up. Rick cried out as the prongs dug deeper into him and he was guided to stand upright.

He tried to stand, he really did, but once he tried to put his weight on his broken ankle, that was it. His world blacked out again with that additional source of pain and he collapsed hard on the ground, Negan’s dark laughter and Daryl’s cry of protest all that he could hear before unconsciousness claimed him once again. Luckily this time there were no dreams of Lori and Shane and the doubts he’d formed over the years of the apocalypse. There wasn’t even a single thought or fear about what was about to happen. The darkness was an empty void that held out its arms to Rick’s tired, aching soul. And he gladly accepted its as he was dragged away, the pain in his throat a tiny spark in the abyss that claimed him, Negan’s whistling and Daryl’s scuffling fading into the background.

Chapter End Notes

Sooo, what did you guys think? I plan to start on the next chapter soon, hoping to have it posted in the next week or so. I can already tell everyone: it is going to be hot and heavy with a sick Negan twist, like I have not shown before in this story. ;) Stay tuned, and I would love to hear what you guys think of this chapter!
Sweet Release. . .

Chapter Summary

Rick wakes up expecting a punishment, but instead of waking up to a scene before him, he awakens to darkness. Instead of punishment, he receives something he'd never expect.

Chapter Notes

Hi guys! I can't guarantee that every chapter post will be as quick as this one, but you know, when it flows it flows, and this one flowed so fucking beautifully I couldn't help but post it with a grin on my face! Definitely a different take on Negan and I hope that it satisfies all of you readers! Thank you for all of the encouragement! Enjoy! -devil smirk-

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Rick came out of one darkness into another, one that was currently pressing its fabric against his open eyes. Rick breathed hard in and out of his nose, trying to ignore the small spark of pain that that caused. . . it was then that he realized that that was the only pain he really felt and it seemed to fade away quicker than expected.

As he pondered his lack of pain, he thought he heard some sort of footfalls, but when he turned his head, which felt far too heavy, to the location he thought they were coming from, they stopped. It seemed all of his senses had disappeared, except for perhaps his sense of touch. That took in the feeling of fabric pressing up against him from below, not like that of a floor but like that of a bed. It could feel the pillow beneath his head, pressing up against it in a comforting way that hadn't been shown to him the entire time he'd been here. It could also feel the soft ropes tight around his wrists, forcing his arms above his head, and the identical ropes tight around his ankles, the two sets effectively holding him spread eagled on the bed structure beneath him. It left him exposed, defenseless, and the blindfold over his face didn’t serve to alleviate his fears.

He felt his heart start to pound as he tugged at his restraints, his breath coming quickly, the only sound he could sense in the quiet void. All he could remember was passing out as Negan was dragging him away from Daryl and the others. What had happened between then and now? How much time had passed? What was going on? Where was he? Was anyone with him? Was he alone? The frustration of not knowing caused tears to prick at his eyes and race down from beneath the blindfold. He’d been defenseless and at Negan’s mercy the entire time he’d been here. But at least before now he’d been able to move a little, had been able to at least see what was going on around him. Now, he was just someone tied to a bed. Hell, all the Saviors could be watching him. He could be in the middle of a huge room, tied to a bed as others guffawed. Yes, that was as much of a possibility as the one in which he could be just tied to a bed in a silent, empty room, maybe as a part of one of Negan’s mind games.

The thoughts and possibilities of what was going on around him and the frustration of not knowing finally came to a head as he choked out a weak sob, deciding to try to call out, to interact with
something in the soundless void around him, “Is . . . Is there anyone h-h-h-here? P-p-please. . . if y-y-y-you’re here, p-p-please answer m-m-me,” Rick whimpered. Silence was his only answer for a moment, before just the barest tips of calloused fingers touched his jaw, just barely touching him as the nails danced over his skin. Rick arched his back, leaning his head into the hand, pressing his the top part of his head against the pillow as the figure above him leaned down, his hot scotch scented breath hitting Rick’s lips and nose. “N-negan,” Rick stuttered, surprising even himself as the thought was made vocal in his current state. He didn’t mean for the name to come out. He wondered if he would get punished, for calling Negan by his name and not “Master” or “Sir”, and it made him shake. After all, what could he do to stop Negan? And how would he even be able to predict what the man was going to do next without seeing him? Now was definitely not the time to piss the Savior Leader off, but before he could work up an apology the other man’s warm lips pressed against his own, forcing a kiss upon Rick, his tongue darting into the surprised former Sheriff’s mouth and plundering his caverns.

Rick tensed behind the kiss, wanting to pull away instinctively. But the killer held his head firmly by the jaw, his fingers digging in warningly as his teeth bit Rick’s lip in response to the offending movement. Rick whimpered at the slight pain that caused, even when it was quickly wiped away by whatever had caused all of his other pain to leave him. Still, sucking in a deep breath through his busted nose he did do his best to obey the silent order and relax against the man’s assault, twisting his good hand around and gripping the rope holding it firmly instead. With a satisfied hum, the Leader moved his teeth off of Rick’s lip and his tongue once again slid over Rick’s own, dominating the man’s mouth as his hand traveled down the man’s jaw and over the place where the prongs had dug into him on his neck.

Rick winced slightly, the rawness of the area not causing the movement to produce pain perse but definitely causing the movement to provide some form of irritation. Negan’s gloved hand pressed against Rick’s forehead, holding it down surprisingly gently over his damaged stitches before the man finally pulled back just as Rick felt he might start struggling to breathe. The minute Negan’s mouth left his, Rick panted hard, sucking in deep breath after deep breath as Negan got a firmer grip on his throat, though not the point of choking Rick, his thumbnail rubbing over the prong marks, “I think it’s safe to say you didn’t convince your buddy out there, wouldn’t you agree?” the man muttered, a serious, disappointed tone etched into his voice. Rick tensed immediately, “I-I tried. I did m-m-m-my best, M-Master.”

He was expecting a retort, but instead Negan’s hot, scotch scented breath hit his lips in a sigh before the man seemed to concede with him, “I know you did. You opened your mouth and begged as much as you could with that little throat of yours, didn’t you? You sang your song, but he just refused to listen, now didn’t he?” Rick gave a weak whimper as the thumb pressed down on his Adam’s Apple, gulping hard, “Y-y-yes sir. “It’s a shame. Because his life REALLY could have been SO MUCH cooler. . .” Negan muttered, moving his hand down and over Rick’s chest, fingers raking over Rick’s body, Rick shivering as the nails scratched over his skin. It didn’t cause any real pain, but he knew that Negan could go from 0 to 100 (usually feeling like 0 to 1,000) in an instant. And honestly, he was so used to receiving only pain from the sadist that he didn’t know where this tenderness was coming from, or what it could lead to. Why was Negan being so nice to him? The confusion he felt surrounding the matter set him even more on edge: “P-please, wh-why. . .” Rick whispered, realizing that he didn’t just have that question to ask. Rather, he had many. Why was Negan doing this to him? Why couldn’t he see? Why had the man just KISSED him? Hadn’t he said there would be consequences to Rick failing to turn Daryl? Didn’t that mean there would be a punishment, not a reward? Or maybe this was a punishment and Rick just didn’t realize it . . .

“Coulda been one of my main guys, but maybe I didn’t want him. I mean, after all, I overestimated his loyalty to you. . .” Negan continued, ignoring Rick’s open ended question, “I mean why wouldn’t he agree? If it meant saving your sorry ass from more pain. Sure it’s not an easy decision to
make for some people. I really didn’t expect it to be one for him. But dammit I thought you could turn him, Ricky Boy, I really did. . . now I gotta figure out what the hell to do with him. . . I could go with the original fucking plan, have you cut off pieces of him. Feed it to some Walker. . . That would serve to punish you and him at the same time. . . I imagine that oaf would fill one’s belly really fucking nice and tight. . .” with that his hand reached down to Rick’s stomach and his fingers dug in, again only enough to cause slight pain. Still it made Rick whimper. He dreaded the very idea of what Negan was suggesting. “P-please, no. . .” he whispered, tears streaking down from behind the blindfold. He didn’t want Daryl here, and didn’t want him to comply with Negan especially. But he certainly didn’t want his friend to end up in some Walker. “G-give him another chance, p-p-please!”

“I don’t know Ricky,” Negan remarked, doubt in his voice, “I’m not usually one to give second chances. . . after all, what could happen now to convince him? We already tried letting you talk to him. . .” Rick licked his lips nervously, tasting the blood that was slowly coming out from where Negan had bit his lip, “L-L-Let me talk to him ag-g-g-gain. I-I’ll try harder to convince him. I’ll g-g-get him to see the b-b-benefits of j-j-j-joining you, p-p-please just let me t-t-t-try one m-m-m-more time,” Rick begged, his whole body shaking as tears streaked down his face. Suddenly a rough tongue was on his cheek, and Rick shuddered as it raced up the tear streak on that side, his heart pounding as Negan licked the salty tear and anything else that was on his skin off of him. The hand that had been on Rick’s forehead moved to stroke his hair, “You really will try, won’t you Pet? Ok, I’ll let you. And between us, I know you were really trying earlier. . . you know, perhaps you shouldn’t be punished after all. I mean you’re willing to give it your all to try to turn your loyal moronic dog, aren’t you?” “Y-yes sir,” Rick whispered, hope rising in him at the thought of escaping another punishment. “Yes, perhaps you should be REWARDED,” Negan slurred suddenly, a lecherous tone entering his voice.

Rick’s blood ran cold, his hope plummeting at the man’s words, and the immediate recollection of what had happened the last time he’d been “rewarded” flooded his mind. He shook his head, “N-no, no I don’t th-th-think I should be, Master,” he whispered, trying to use the title to appease Negan, to try to appeal to his good nature as the man’s hand began to travel from his hand down to his crotch. “Oh? And why is that, Pet?” Negan murmured, leaning down to breathe on his ear the words, making Rick shiver as the man’s long finger raced down the upper side of Rick’s cock before his fingers started to softly knead Rick’s sensitive head. Rick sucked in a deep breath, his lips shaking as his body tensed. Sure Negan wasn’t doing anything nefarious at the moment, but he knew how quickly that could change. “B-b-b-because I h-h-haven’t turned him yet, Master,” he whispered. Negan chuckled softly, “Oh but you tried, Pet, and even though you didn’t succeed, perhaps I should show you that while I can punish, I can also be QUITE generous. . .” at that his hand moved down below Rick’s cock and squeezed the man’s balls.

Rick sucked in a deep breath as Negan’s fingers started to quickly-yet still not to the point of being painful-massage the sensitive organs, shots of pleasure rushing up his spine with each movement. Suddenly a weight was pressing down on his hips as Negan moved to straddle him on the bed like surface. Feeling the bulge in the man’s erection pressing against his crotch, Rick felt his anxiety level rise. Even though there was pleasure caused by the man’s movements now, he felt no doubt that soon he’d be in nothing but pain, and he tried to move out of the man’s grip. He let out a desperate whimper as Negan’s hand calmly followed him. Leaning down, the man’s gloved hand moved down to rest on Rick’s face gently, his hot breath hitting Rick’s lips, “Calm down Pet and accept your reward. Don’t you want to see how generous I can be?” he said in a mocking tone.

Leaning down, he pressed his lips firmly against Rick’s own, his tongue once more sliding into Rick’s mouth, dominating his own tongue as it explored. Rick felt more tears streak down and he whimpered gently behind the firm kiss. As Negan moved away, Rick panted, his lips swollen, bloody, and shaking, “I know you can be generous Master,” he lied, as Negan continued to massage
and tug gently at his ball sack, “An-n-n-d I ap-p-p-preciate th-th-that. . . B-b-b-but th-th-there’s no need for y-y-y-you to pr-pr-pr-rove it t-t-t-o m-m-m-me. N-n-n-n-o r-r-r-r-reason,” he whispered. “Oh but there is, Pet,” Negan slurred, and his hand moved to grip the base of Rick’s dick firmly, making Rick cry out in surprise, “In fact there is the simplest of reasons why. . . I’m going to reward you, show you how generous I am, not because I need to PROVE it to you, but because I WANT to. Don’t you remember what I’ve been teaching you, silly boy?” he began to pump Rick firmly, up and down, up and down, and Rick grunted, his entire body tensing as the man leaned down and flicked a tongue over Rick’s ear, whispering to him, “I can do whatever I WANT with you. And right now, I WANT to give you your proper REWARD. Now isn’t that reason enough for you to sit back and enjoy it, little Pet?” Rick’s whimper was the only reply.

Negan chuckled as he leaned down and kissed Rick roughly on the lips before leaning back and leaning over, causing his body to shift over the bound man’s own. Rick’s eyes scrunched in confusion behind the blindfold as Negan’s gloved hand temporarily replaced his other before the other was back, this time with a gel substance on it. Rick immediately tensed at the chilly substance when it made contact with his wounded crotch, but as Negan’s other hand moved up to cradle his jaw instead of his other before the other was back, this time with a gel substance on it. Rick immediately tensed at the chilly substance when it made contact with his wounded crotch, but as Negan’s other hand moved up to cradle his jaw again and the bare hand began to pump him gently but firmly, the gel started to warm up, the warming lube reacting to the movement and friction as intended. It caused more pleasure to form inside of Rick, and though he didn’t want to he couldn’t deny the pleasure that began to flow up his spine as his cock started to respond to the man’s ministrations, Negan’s hand pumping up and down on his dick as his lips found Rick’s neck, biting and sucking as he marked the man on the bed and stimulated him, forcing unwanted moans out of Rick’s mouth as his neck arched naturally to give Negan better access and his hips began to pump into Negan’s skilled hand.

Negan chuckled against a particularly sensitive spot, amused by Rick’s reactions, and only chuckled more as the action alone caused Rick to whine, “That’s a good Pet. See how it’s so much better when you don’t fucking think? When you just do what your Master says?” Rick whimpered gently, not wanting to be as aroused as he was by the killer, but unable to deny his peaked nipples and hardening crotch. Kissing him firmly over that spot, Negan slid further down, taking Rick’s right nipple into his mouth as he went, nibbling and sucking hard at it until it was an angry rose bud and Rick was arching into the heat of his mouth. No, he tried to remind himself. It was his body that was arching up against Negan. His mind didn’t want this, not really. It was his body. . . the dissonance started to cause him to soften below, and he panted as his body finally ceased to betray him.

Negan seemed to not feel the same relief, however, and he leaned back, breathing hard on the nipple, his warm scotch scented breath hitting it and causing Rick to shiver on the bed, his fingers now clenched even tighter around the rope, his ankles tied firmly with his feet wrapping around the ropes there due to the intense situation. “Nervous are we?” Negan tutted, before sliding down further, his tongue leaving a long trail of saliva that made Rick shiver before he was at the prisoner’s crotch. That made Rick tense all the more. Was Negan disappointed? What was he about to do if he was? The possibilities were endless, with each being more terrifying than the one imagined before. Gulping hard, he longed for his cock to be hard again, if only to please the man. “P-please,” he whimpered out, “I’m. . . I’m trying to enjoy it, I am,” a statement that moments before wouldn’t have been nearly as true.

“Of course you are,” Negan purred, his hot breath hitting Rick’s dick. Rick panted his heart hammering in his chest, before Negan’s bare hand slid down to grip the base of the cock tighter, “P-please,” he whimpered, not entirely sure what he was asking for. A part of him was worried that Negan was about to take this reward away from the street of pleasure and down the highway to hell instead. A part of him knew what Negan’s movements could elude to happening next, and was curious as to how it would feel. Another part of him felt he’d have to pay Negan back if that conclusion was the right one, and would rather have Negan just continue jerking Rick off instead. Rick grit his teeth. Did it even matter what he was asking for? Negan was just going to do what he
wanted anyway. At that moment his dick was jerked up and a long tongue raced up the underside of it, making Rick cry out and arch into the feeling.

That earned him a chuckle from the man who was most likely kneeling at his crotch, and the devil’s tongue swirled around his swollen head, dipping into his slit which had already leaked some precum. Pulling away, Negan chuckled more as Rick’s body instinctively bucked hard up towards him, the man on the bed groaning as his cock sought that hot mouth and tongue out, “Tell me what you want,” the man grunted huskily, “ASK me for it.” Rick gulped hard, licking his lips nervously, his hand and feet now getting rope burn in spite of the softness of his restraints. He didn’t want to ask Negan for it. Didn’t want to have to. His body might seek the gentle intimacy the man was displaying, but in his mind this was still the madman who had beaten Abe and Glenn to death. This was the madman who had tortured him since before he had arrived here. He didn’t want this intimacy, didn’t want to ask Negan to suck him off. He didn’t want that kindness. It conflicted far too much with the notions he already felt towards him. All of this was dissonant to what he’d already experienced and it was enough to make him start to get a headache, which for whatever reason was quickly dissipated with by whatever force had taken away all of his other pain.

Suddenly there was a twist at the base of his cock, and Rick cried out, arching at the pain that the movement caused. “I said, ASK ME, Pet. Tell your Master what you want. Since I am such a GENEROUS man, I MIGHT give it to you, IF you convince me,” Negan slurred, and Rick could see the smile cross the man’s face. That self-satisfied smirk. That self-assured confidence, so much like the kind the man’s face had held that night when he’d stepped up to Rick outside of the RV. Rick deep down didn’t want to ask him, didn’t want to give Negan such satisfaction, but he was more worried about what the man would do to him, to Daryl, to everyone if he didn’t. Swallowing his pride, he tilted his head slightly in the man’s perceived direction, forcing his jaws to move even as he inwardly screamed, “P-P-Please, Master. Please.”

Negan tsked through his teeth, “Tsk tsk tsk Pet. . .” as he did so he moved Rick’s dick back and forth with jerky movements that made Rick groan in the slight pain it caused, gripping the rope around his wrist even tighter and tugging, as if that would help him get away. “I said TELL ME what you want, Pet, and I’m still goddamn waiting. Please, what?” Negan murmured, giving Rick’s flaccid cock a firm yank that made Rick give a weak cry at the pain. Rick licked his lips, letting a sob escape as he gave in fully, “Please, Master. Please pleasure me. Make me hard, Master. Please, help me enjoy my reward.” The words felt sour leaving his lips, but Negan chuckled and leaning forward, kissed Rick’s dick’s tip, making Rick tremble as the man’s stubble scratched against the sensitive organ.

Leaning back, Negan chuckled, and the breath came out as a gust of wind that made Rick whine, “Well, since you asked so nicely. . .” he let his tongue languidly swipe up Rick’s cock, faster this time, before moving forward and engulfing Rick in one take that made Rick cry out at the suddenness of the movement, arching against the bed as Negan sank down his flesh, teeth grazing Rick and making a slight amount of pain mix with the pleasurable sensations of a hot mouth around his cock.

If Rick thought that Negan was going to take him slowly, he was definitely wrong. Immediately the man began moving up and down on Rick’s cock, sucking so hard it bordered on painful as his tongue wrapped firmly around the member, taking Rick with an ease that caused this experience to dwarf what Rick had managed with him before. As his bare hand moved down to grip Rick’s balls and began to fondle and tug at them, his leather glove rounded Rick’s base, his tongue and mouth movements coupling with those to make Rick harden quickly. Rick panted, mouth agape as the sensations overwhelmed him, arching off of the bed before beginning to writhe in the ropes, unable to stop the sensations coursing through his body. There was no pain, only him and the mouth around his cock and the hand firm around his balls. Firm, controlling, and as Negan’s ministrations continued, Rick found himself not minding that control. That was perhaps the most terrifying part of
it, the fact that he felt his body give in so easily, with his mind beginning to agree with the pleasure this was causing him. This was easily the best blow job that he’d ever received, fast, determined, and demanding as Negan pushed him closer and closer to his climax. It forced throaty moans out of Rick’s throat and groans as Negan raked his teeth across his Pet’s dick.

In those moments he bucked into that hot mouth, pushing his cock further into the warm, moist caverns that continued to suck him towards completion, relishing that intense heat as another part of him, the part that had been humiliated by Negan, relished the fact that Negan was doing something typically subservient to him, something that he had forced Rick to do for him just hours before. But of course, in the back of his mind Rick knew who was in true control. After all, who was tied to the structure beneath the two of them? And as far as Rick could tell, he might be nude but Negan was fully clothed. Rick supposed that that thought should be a downer, but with another suck and lick from the man around his dick, his body seemed to defy such logic as another moan was pulled from his lips. Negan pulled off of his cock in that moment and Rick whined, trying to move with the man only to be stopped by the bare hand holding his hips down. The dark haired man chuckled and Rick cried out in a yelp as an unwanted bite was made to his inner thigh, reminding him just who was in control.

“Patience, my little slut,” Negan slurred in a voice that threatened to bring Rick down from the sensational high he was currently in. Inwardly, Rick bristled at the term, but as Negan’s hand began to pump and down his cock as his bare hand moved away, Rick couldn’t help but melt once more beneath him. He felt two tugs at his ankles followed by the ropes falling away and he frowned. What was... “On my shoulders, now,” Negan muttered. “Wh-what are you- ah!” Rick gasped, arching back as the man twisted his dick firmly once again. “A good Pet doesn’t question their Master. Certainly not in the middle of such a reward. Legs, shoulders. Now,” Negan slurred. Rick gulped hard but slowly, shakily, moved his legs into the air. Negan chuckled and slammed against them, making Rick cry out as his legs and arse were pushed higher into the air.

“That’s a good Pet,” the man murmured, Rick now essentially a V, his legs being pushed to the point where his two feet, the one swollen and the other not, pointed at the wall above his head. Taking advantage of the way it forced Rick to be angled, Negan craned his body forward, forcing more of his weight onto Rick’s thighs as he pressed his lips against Rick’s cock once more, breathing a hot, steamy breath on it as Rick’s eyes trickled with tears of pain at the bending. He’d never been good at yoga, after all. Rick whimpered gently at both the pleasure and once again disappearing pain that raced through him, Negan sliding down about halfway around his cock before beginning to pump the base of it once more with the gloved hand as his mouth bobbed up and down, once again setting a brutal pace that had Rick keening as it forced him towards orgasm and his bare hand moved back to hold Rick’s balls.

In no time the former Sheriff was crying out and moaning as he bucked into Negan’s face once again, only pausing when the bare hand’s finger tip traced down the length of skin between his cock and arsehole. Rick whimpered as it teased the hole, dipping in and out gently, “M-Master, please... no,” he whispered, his body tensing all over. He’d known the good treatment wouldn’t last long, but he had hoped it would last a bit longer... at least before Negan decided to take what he really wanted from him. Moving off of his cock, Negan chuckled calmly, before making shushing sounds, “Shhh, Pet. This is still your reward, remember? Tell me, do you want it to continue? Do you want to continue to enjoy yourself? Because I can make you enjoy it. I can make you enjoy it all, my little whore.”

Rick bit his lip as the finger moved up and around his arsehole. He didn’t want to chance it, he didn’t. But maybe for Negan, while this was about control, it was also about Rick being rewarded. Maybe this was the man’s way of giving him a pleasurable incentive to turn Daryl. And what if he could make it enjoyable? Besides, wouldn’t Negan just take him anyway? His mind went to being
raped by Lucille, being raped so brutally on the desk and table by the man who wielded her. If there was even a slight chance of him enjoying this, then he’d take that over the alternative any day, he was sure of it. “Y-yes Master, please, continue, I’m sorry,” “Good boy,” Negan slurred, kissing the area over where he’d bitten Rick before before moving down and slowly sliding his lips down over Rick’s cock again, setting a brutal pace that had Rick’s half-softened cock hard again in an instant, right around the time he slipped the finger inside of the man on the bed.

Rick groaned at the feeling of the digit inside him, but he had to admit that it was bearable. It was a lot smaller than the man on top of him’s cock, after all, and as Negan set a stimulating pace again, he was sure he could handle it. It was as a second finger entered that he whimpered, and Negan began to suck harder, as if he was trying to distract Rick from the scissoring that was happening within his anus. It worked, and Rick bucked hard into Negan’s mouth once again, landing back down and impaling himself on the two fingers inside of him. Pushing them deeper did cause an irritation at first, but gradually with Negan’s sucking and fisting, Rick found that they were at least manageable. It wasn’t until the third that he whined, whimpering as he pulled away, “P-please,” he whimpered, this intrusion actually painful. Negan hummed around his cock, before suddenly the hand on his base moved away, returning shortly there after with something that latched around the base of the organ and started to vibrate against Rick. Rick cried out as the vibrations went up through his cock, and where the pleasure of their stimulation ended, Negan’s own stimulation seemed to begin, making the third finger more bearable. Minutes into the double stimulation, Rick’s pleasure fogged mind was interrupted by the fourth finger.

He barely had time to whine though as Negan, seeming to sense the protest that was coming at the painful stretching, arched his hand expertly in that moment and struck something. That something was deep within Rick, something he hadn’t realized he really had. It was like a bomb of pleasure exploded within him and he cried out, thrusting hard up into the sadist’s mouth and making Negan laugh around the organ between his teeth, nipping Rick and making him cry out again as his teeth caused pain and his fingers once again struck that spot. The mixture of pleasure and pain coarsed through the bound man, and Rick let out a throaty wail as he felt his balls tighten. This was it, he knew it, he was about to cum. . . And then. . . nothing. He panted, confused as he collapsed against the bed. Moving back, Negan chuckled calmly, kissing Rick’s swollen, weeping cock, “No, not yet dear Pet. . .” with that he struck the man’s prostate again, and Rick cried out, arching against the bed once more as another wave of pleasure moved through him, accompanied by the vibrating device around the base of his cock, “Not until your Master’s had his own fun. Now tell me, are you ready for that? Are you ready to feel me inside you? Are you?” the man said in a husky tone.

Rick paused. He feared the man being inside him once more, but as Negan stretching his fingers inside Rick’s now prepared hole, he tried desperately to convince himself that it wasn’t about to be as bad. Hadn’t Negan said he would make Rick enjoy it? ‘What if he’s lying to you?’ a cold voice, the voice of the man that had told Negan he was going to kill him, sounded in his mind, ‘How can you enjoy this murderer pounding into you? The man who killed Glenn, who left Maggie a widow, Carl and Judith essentially fatherless? The one who is trying to get you to force Daryl to turn on his family, your family?’ It was then that Negan arched his fingers once more, and Rick cried out, jerking his hips as the man slammed into his prostate again. Forcing that voice into silence.

Yes, Negan had done all those things, but was Rick in any position to deny the man? No. Because Negan was a monster, or at least he could be. He’d proven that to Rick many times before. And if Rick didn’t comply, what would that monster do? To Carl, to Judith once he found her? To the others? To Rick, to Daryl? Rick gulped hard, his prick sticking out from his body, held firm and swollen in the cock ring that continued to vibrate around the base. The base of the cock he’d begged Negan to suck on. He drew a shuddering breath. Even though a part of him was repulsed by it all, Rick had to admit to himself that another part of him wanted this side of Negan, at least if he was going to be forced to stay with the man as some sick Pet. He didn’t want to be like Benny, didn’t
want to keep getting hurt. He wanted this version of Negan so much more, wanted to feel the way the man’s touches had caused him to feel, even if those same finger tips had wielded Lucille and killed his friends. In that moment, he wanted the pleasure Negan could afford him, because it in comparison to the other things he’d endured made his choice oh so simple.

So, swallowing his pride in favor of what he wanted, Rick forced the words from his lips, and was shocked at the lack of force they required as he essentially sold his soul to the devil yet again, “I . . . I want you inside me, N-Negan. Please, I want to enjoy you inside me, Master,” he whispered. There was a dark chuckle, before the fingers were slowly removed, and Rick grit his teeth as the undoing of a belt and zipper was heard before his hips were grabbed and the tip of Negan’s hard cock pressed into his opening. “Good Boy,” Negan slurred.

Rick panted as the cock, inch by inch, slid into him, much easier now that the man had taken his time with widening his arse, but still with a twinge of pain. “Breathe, Ricky Baby, breathe in,” Negan murmured in a still commanding tone, the man’s gloved hand resting on Rick’s chest and rubbing it in the center before moving and tweaking around one nipple, making Rick groan and arch his back, sucking in a deep breath. “There we go,” Negan slurred, “Now, out . . .” He pushed down at that moment, forcing the air from Rick’s lungs. Rick wheezed slightly as his chest was forced down, and tugged at his bonds, but he continued to breathe as Negan loosened the pressure and continued to press into his anus.

His fingers tightened around the rope as the man’s jacket pressed against his naked legs, until finally, the sadist was seated firmly inside of him, Rick’s prepared opening still straining around the Leader’s girth. Rick moaned weakly at the tightness as Negan groaned appreciatively, wiggling himself against Rick before slowly pulling back out, “Goddamn that’s good. But where are my manners? No reason you shouldn’t enjoy it too,” the man chuckled, and with that altered his angle and rammed into Rick. Rick cried out, not from the pain as Negan’s clothed hips slammed into his arse cheeks, but because of the explosion of pleasure as Negan’s heavy cock slammed into his prostate. Negan paused, and Rick knew the man was grinning at the flushed look on Rick’s face as he panted, back having arched automatically at the shot of pleasure.

“There we go, Pet. Now get ready to moan and move that fine ass of yours around my cock. Your reward has just gotten started . . .” with that he pulled back and slammed back into Rick, earning a throaty moan as his dick hit the pleasure point once more. Rick came down from the moan, his head pressed against the pillow as the pleasure washed over him, leaving him with aftershock tremors that seemed to roll through his body in time with the vibrations of the cock ring. Negan only paused a moment, kissing Rick’s knee before setting a punishing pace that normally would have caused the other man only pain, but now caused overwhelming waves of pleasure to flow over Rick, threatening to drown him and forcing his body to twist and arch against Negan’s firm hold and for his head to crane back emitting whorish noises that normally would have made him blush in embarrassment. He supposed in many ways he should be ashamed. He was submitting to Negan entirely. It seemed like this was even more submissive a position than when Negan had been forceful and painful. After all, this was handing himself over to the man, to be manipulated to the point of pleasure. But honestly, as ashamed as he knew he should be, Rick couldn’t bring himself to feel any hint of embarrassment as the waves of pleasure washed over him with every clash of his prostate against Negan’s sizeable, obscenely precise cock, and with every vibration from the toy around his own.

They went on like that for what seemed like a far too short eternity, Negan ensuring that each hit caused spasming pleasure to rush over Rick as the man on the bed went from writhing in pleasure beneath the Leader to bucking against him, gaining a rhythm that matched Negan thrust for thrust, producing a result that was most favorable. Rick reaped the benefits of such a thing and let Negan know it, moaning and groaning as his body was overwhelmed with pleasure and frustration alike. He
was sure that he came close to climaxing at least 5 times while Negan pounded into him, the bed knocking against the wall behind it as they moved the structure. But each time the cock ring painfully made sure that Rick wasn’t allowed to cum, wasn’t allowed to exude a single drop of his own seed. It was a pleasurable torture like no other, and it made him yearn to bring Negan to his own release in order to reach his ultimate climactic opportunity. It made him move faster against the man, grinding and thrusting himself along the man’s cock at a pace that rivaled Negan’s own.

Finally, he started to feel the man’s cock begin to tense, and he panted, desperation in each keening sound as the darker man leaned over him, gripping Rick’s locks possessively as his body thrust against the brunette. Pain shot through Rick’s legs but he ignored it as the other man’s scotch flavored breath hit his lips, lust dripping from his voice, “Goddammit, I’m about to cum in your tight, fine ass, Pet. Tell me, would you like that? Would you like feeling me coating those fucking insides of yours? Filling you up? Tell me, my little slut, would that make you happy?”

Rick gulped, licking his lips as the man’s pace slowed. No. He didn’t want that, not really. But as long as Negan came, he would get to as well, and so yes, he did want that, he supposed. In a way. Such reasoning made his next words a little easier. “Yes, Master,” he breathed, panting, sweat covering both of their bodies, “I... I want to feel you come inside me. I want you to fill me up. It’ll make me happy, Master, so, so goddamn happy,” he whispered. Negan chuckled, and pressed a harsh kiss to Rick’s lips, “That’s my good Pet.” Leaning back, he growled and set a harsher pace, his thrusts becoming more and more erratic. Not all struck Rick’s prostate, but the vibrations around his cock’s base seemed to intensify, and he panted, his own thrusts against Negan becoming erratic as well as he approached his own release yet again. ‘Please, please let me have it,’ he thought desperately. He didn’t have long to wait, as moments later Negan stilled before exploding within him, spurt after spurt of cum filling Rick as he unloaded into the brunette, making him groan at the full feeling it produced. It was then that the cock ring was quickly removed, and Rick came in what could only be described as a series of bright explosions.

Rick screamed as his dick erupted violently, the angle he was in forcing streams of white to cover his stomach and chest as his hips bucked, thrusting him onto Negan’s own ejaculating cock even more, head arched back as his pleasure finally peaked in a way that made him nearly pass out. Suddenly he realized over his own cries that Negan was laughing, and not in a way that was comforting but in a way that was comforting but in a way that chilled him to the bone as his orgasm forced him to buck and continue to expel his cum, head arched back as the man dug his nails into his hips. He wasn’t laughing in relief, Rick knew that. He was laughing at Rick. It confused Rick. What was going on? What the he- “GET MY POINT NOW, YOU SORRY REDNECK SHIT?” Negan shouted, and with a jerk ripped off Rick’s blindfold, making Rick’s eyes fly open. His eyes, once filled with lust but now filled with that emotion mixed with embarrassment, flew over the small, dingy looking room he now found himself in. It wasn’t the worst place he’d seen since the apocalypse had started, but it certainly was no Alexandrian house.

He saw the small kitchenette, saw the armchair, saw the tv, saw the dresser, saw the radio, saw the lamp, saw the windows letting light stream in from outside. He saw the rack of clothes, saw the door no doubt leading to a bathroom or closet. But what he focused on, the thing that shattered him to his core, that made him wish he could hide as his orgasm forced him to buck and continue to expel his cum, was the man he saw looking right at him as he lay pinned beneath the Savior Leader. There stood Daryl, a cloth tied around his mouth having forced him to be silent through it all, as Dwight and another man held onto his shirt tightly, most likely the only ones that kept him from lunging at his former leader and the man who had just fucked him until his legs were rubbed raw by the man’s jacket.

His face was swollen, his body clearly having been beaten on since they last saw each other, his bullet wound roughly dressed. His eyes locked on with Rick’s, the pain and anguish within them evident. Rick sucked in a deep breath and closed his eyes, beginning to sob as Negan continued to
thrust up inside him, seeming to want to continue to do so even after he’d stopped cumming inside of Rick, his laughter filling the room along with Rick’s sobs, shame and embarrassment flooding through him where lust and passion had moments before taken root. “Why?” he croaked. Negan paused, in both his laughter and his thrusts, and smirked at Rick, grinning evilly, “Why the hell not? You said you wanted another chance to try to turn Daryl, and this was the perfect demonstration of a point I am trying to make to the sad fuck.” Leaning down, he grabbed Rick’s hair and licked the man’s ear, making Rick shiver as the man hissed, “And if I can punish you by pounding into you and making you moan like the whore I’m gonna make you to do it, then why not hit two birds with the same goddamn stone.”

Chapter End Notes

Annnnnnnnnnnnnnnd end scene. I have to admit, I squirmed quite a bit while writing this chapter. Writing it at work definitely made my shift after my lunch break very . . . interesting, to say the least. So what do you guys think? I would love to hear your thoughts . . . will try to have the next chapter posted soon enough!
A New Lesson Begins

Chapter Summary

As Negan prepares to force Rick to feel pleasure in a new form of punishment, conversations are had, thoughts are mulled over, story time is held, and an offer is rejected.

Chapter Notes

Hello, everyone! Before I introduce this new chapter, let me apologize for the long time it took to post again. Times for me have been hectic. Finding place after place to try to rent and having either the place not work out or someone else get approved before I have a chance to apply has been nearly maddening, driving me and my beloved up the walls. And of course alongside that life goes on, being its fun, stressful, unpredictable self. All amazingly effective ingredients in creating a writer's block! But today we put down a security deposit for an apartment and so the stress has been lifted and the writer's block has been removed! At least for the most part! And here is chapter...14.5. Yes, you heard me right, 14.5. Due to the fact that I wanted the reader to experience the last chapter the same way Rick did, not knowing what was really going on past his waves of pleasure, I decided to wait to put a prequel to that chapter here, basically what Negan was doing before Rick woke up. I hope you all enjoy it, those of you who haven't been scared or turned off from my fiery little tale that is...

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Negan watched as Carson jammed the needle of the IV into Rick’s arm, the doctor having already hung the medical bag connected to it on a hook set in the wall of the small room that he had brought Rick into. The Savior Leader had gotten to the room and tied Rick’s limp body to the bed with relative ease, using easy release knots to secure his wrists and ankles. Well, easy for Negan to release anyway. It would prove quite difficult for the man on the bed to remove them, but then that was the point. He had tested the firmness of each loop of rope before putting his red ascot across Rick’s closed eyes, the final preparation needed to start his new and latest form of punishment. Now it was just a matter of Rick waking up at the right time and then the fun would begin.

He looked down at the beer in his hand as he sat in the armchair of the room, the thing only 3/4s of the way full, moving the bottle around with twists of his wrist so that the amber liquid inside swirled. A sigh from Carson suddenly drew his dark obsidian eyes up to the man in the white coat standing beside the bed.

“Yes?” he muttered, sarcasm dripping from his tone at the other man’s derisive sound, tilting his head back and bringing the beer to his lips, taking a long sip of the home-brewed alcohol. “He SHOULDN’T be here. I SHOULD see him immediately. I MAY need to reset his collarbone, I DEFINITELY gotta see to that hand and ankle, not to mention I’m GONNA have to RE-STITCH that forehead of his...” Carson muttered, disapproval radiating in his tone, “Not to mention what you and that bat of yours have done to him just THIS MORNING... and his THROAT... I just...
HOPE what you’ve done hasn’t gone too deep.” As the doctor put his hands on his hips, looking down at the unconscious prisoner on the bed, shaking his head, Negan’s lips curled slightly, his already dark eyes blackening further.

Rick had been wiped down upon Carson’s arrival while Negan had observed from his chair. The wipe down hadn’t proven to ease the doctor’s nerves, apparently, but then, that wasn’t the point. The POINT was that the doctor needed to figure out what the hell was wrong with Rick in order to patch up the man so that Negan could further use him to meet his own ends. Apparently what was wrong with him included quite a few things. . .The jagged puncture wounds around the brunette’s neck were gruesome, the stitches were now a bloody mess on Rick’s forehead, and if his ankle was in bad condition before it was in even worse shape now. And the collarbone and spinal injuries were nothing to play at. Carson sighed, running a hand through his hair as he looked at the brunette. He was certain that ultimately the blue eyed Pet would have SOME form of nerve damage SOMEWHERE on his body if Negan didn’t rein in his punishments. . . And that was ONLY if he didn’t have any damage already.

Negan narrowed his eyes as Carson looked over at the leather clad man due to lack of a response from the Savior Leader. Carson grit his teeth seeing the irritation in the man’s face, and he darted his eyes down submissively as Negan took a long sip on his beer before resting it back on his knee, the cold smile that accompanied it enough to chill the other man to his core. He gulped, hoping that he had not said too much to irritate Negan. Even in his arrogance there was a part of him that always remembered just how much of a deadly force Negan had proven he could be. Negan might be a brute, but that was not something he accomplished by sacrificing his intellect, at least not very often. Negan knew almost everything that was going on within his network the moment it happened, and anything he didn’t know right away, when he found out he dealt with it swiftly and firmly. And for the victim, often painfully.

“Oh I’m SURE just another half hour or so won’t do any further harm to my Pet,” Negan said sarcastically. “Then you can come collect him and take him to get all fixed up. By the way, you’ll also have the redneck dog to deal with after that. Somehow he got a bullet wound in his shoulder,” Negan finished with a shrug, his voice using an innocent sounding tone as if he had no idea how a bullet could have gotten to Daryl.

Carson sighed, his shoulders slumping at the thought of having to fish out a bullet. Even with proper pre-apocalypse procedures, that had always been a tough job for him. . . “Funny how things just seem to ‘happen’ when you’re dealing with new recruits, huh?” Negan shrugged again, smirked at the man, and took another long drink of his beer. It wasn’t half bad, to be completely honest.

“What can I say? Some people just take their time learning their lessons and places. And I can’t help it if my SHEER DEDICATION allows me to teach them valuable lessons, over and over again, until everything starts to SINK IN. But I’m sure that a skilled doctor such as yourself can handle my Pet and his redneck friend. . . unless I need to look for another . . . MORE SKILLED doctor. Perhaps a younger one?” his eyebrows raised at that, and he stroked his chin as if trying to think of who that might be or where he might find that sort of doctor.

The reaction was a farce and the doctor knew it. The man wouldn’t need time to figure out where to find another doctor, and that thought was proven true as he remarked, “Say, I believe you have a son you were teaching your work to over at the Hilltop settlement?” He let a slow, white toothed smile glisten across his face, eyes sparking dangerously at Carson as cruelty laced his next words, “Maybe some young blood would be an innovative way to improve in areas wherein you may be lacking some fucking creativity. Yeah, maybe that’s just what we need. . . so, if this is too much for you, I COULD just reopen your position, and pay Gregory and the younger Dr. Carson over there a little vis-”
“That won’t be necessary,” Carson interrupted quickly, frowning at Negan before lowering his eyes once more after a sharp look from the deadly man across the room was sent his way. Negan set his jaw tightly, the bones pressing together almost painfully as his grip tightened on the bottle in his hand. Even if he had seen the outburst coming, Negan NEVER liked being interrupted. Still, he allowed the doctor to continue.

“I-I will be able to handle it,” the man continued quietly, “Please, I hope I haven’t caused you to doubt my abilities.” Negan looked at him coldly for another moment which caused the Doctor to stiffen as Negan turned his head and rested his free hand on Lucille’s handle, bringing her up so that he was gazing at her barbs as they gleamed in the dim light of the room, twisting her around, “I suppose I still believe in you... for now...” he looked at Carson, blinking at him, “You may go. Prepare for the two of them. Come back in 45 minutes. I want my Pet back in his cage by nightfall. If you deem it necessary he can continue to be on painkillers and antibiotics for tonight and tomorrow. But the day after he better be able to walk around for half a day AT LEAST on his own. If not, you will be to blame, Carson.”

Carson stared at him, disbelief flooding his face in a pale wave, “W-w-walk?” he stuttered, Negan’s already tall order seeming even more absurd with that requirement tacked onto it. To properly heal, Rick Grimes would need to stay off of his ankle for at least half of a month! And Negan wanted him walking around for hours on end just after two days? Negan suddenly gave him a colder look, arching a black eyebrow, drawing the Doctor out of his ruminations, “Yes, ‘walk’. Is that a problem?” Carson gulped and shook his head, “N-no sir, I’ll go ready my equipment.” “Good, You fucking do that,” Negan muttered, and with that the other man rushed out of the room.

Negan blinked, watching him leave. Once the Doctor had closed the door quickly behind him, the man frowned and turned back to Rick, lifting a walkie talkie to his lips, pressing a button on the side, “Go get ‘im, D.” “Yessir,” was the gravelly, static doused reply, and Negan stood, tossing the walkie down on the armchair where it bounced a little but didn’t fall off. Slowly he approached the body of the man lying dormant on the bed. He frowned, blinking at Rick for a moment, focusing on the rise and fall of the man’s chest as he contemplated just what he was about to do.

It was something he’d never really done with Benny. That boy had gotten on his nerves from the beginning, and Negan had never really moved past wanting to beat the ever loving shit out of him. But Rick was different, much more complex and intelligent compared to the Oceanside mongrel.

While Benny had been only frustrating, Rick was a true challenge, and unfortunately, Rick had also attacked Negan’s men. “It could have been so goddamn better for you, you fucking prick,” Negan hissed coldly down at the man, “If only we could have started things on the right goddamn foot. But then you had to come and piss on my territory.” After what Rick had done and what Negan had had to do in retaliation against him, there was no fucking way in hell that he would let Rick be an equal, or even let Rick lead his people while following Negan’s orders. The bastard would only try to circumvent him, Negan knew it. Which only left one way of controlling the man lying on the bed. Breaking him. It would be harder to break him, but Negan was sure that he was up for the challenge.

And why shouldn’t he appreciate the side effects of it? He felt his cock start to harden in that moment, the thought of ramming it up into Rick’s tight arse incredibly arousing. He LOVED THE FEELING OF DOMINATION, of feeling CONTROL over others, and if that was a side effect of breaking the man on the bed down and building him back up as a perfect Pet, he was going to at least enjoy fucking Rick’s ass every chance he got. Another perk was that he could be as rough with the prick as he wanted.

Negan was good with a nice, sweet, tender fucking every once in a while, but there was something about some good rough sex that got his blood going and left him feeling almost numb with power for
hours after the act. To feel another human tremble as he dominated them, to have them cry out as he drove his large dick into them, plowing into them like it was going to tear them in two while he felt them struggle to gain control to no avail against the impending force that was him, it was incredibly erotic.

But it was also something he refused to do with any of his wives. No, that was his father, when he’d beat his mother and him in his drunken rages. It was NOT him. His wives were clearly off limits. But Rick Grimes? As his Pet? Hell, that was fucking fine. And if it kept him AND his group in line, that was all the better. He smirked down at the man on the bed, “Too bad for you Ricky boy. You need to be broken, no ifs ands or buts about it. And I plan to enjoy the fucking process as long as I can.”

With that, he leaned down and whispered with his alcohol tinged breath on the man’s ear, “And I’m particularly going to enjoy this punishment of yours, little whore. It’s a fucking great one, worse than any other you’ve felt yet, you fucking slut. You literally won’t see it fucking coming, and by the end of it I’ll have made you moan and groan and whine like the goddamn Pet I’m going to turn you into, whether you want to or not. I’m going to make you need to keen and moan for me, you sorry shit, then leave you shattered. Trust me, next time I need you to do something, you’re gonna damn well try harder to get it done.”

At that moment, the door opened and Daryl was hauled in, his face swollen, his shoulder having been semi patched up with a piece of gauze and duct tape. Blood still oozed from around the patch that had already been stained an ugly red color. Negan let a cool smile cross his face at the appearance of the redneck dog before turning and pulling a syringe full of yellow tinted fluid from his pocket, holding it in front of his face and flicking his finger against the needle.

“Jesus, you look AWFUL,” he pushed the plunger a millimeter deeper into the syringe cylinder and smiled as a bit of liquid popped out of the end. “Don’t you worry though. . . we’re gonna have Carson fix you all up. . . right after this little lesson. It’s a great one, I gotta tell ya. VERY ENTERTAINING, and it’s a dual one, for you and your buddy over here. Well, FORMER buddy.”

leaning forward, taking Rick’s painkiller drip, he pushed the needle into the IV tube, injecting the contents straight into the device headed into Rick’s arm.

As he did so, he heard Daryl struggle behind him, and even saw the bed jerk to the side before Dwight had him under control once again. Chuckling, he turned, smirking at Daryl, a dark light playing in his eyes as he schooled his features into that of a calm expression, “Thirsty?” He held out the beer, and Daryl’s eyes darted to him from where he’d been looking at Rick on the bed, concern filling his dark depths. Daryl grit his jaws firmly together but reached out for the bottle reluctantly, and Negan chuckled as he moved the bottle away and out of reach, “Huh? I don’t think I fucking heard you.” Daryl looked at him, the initial confusion in his gaze turning quickly to irritation as he forced out a “Yesh,” from behind puffed up, swollen lips.

Negan smirked, “Well here ya go then,” he pushed the bottle into Daryl’s hand immediately, “Need a straw? I mean, with your mouth all fucking puffed up like a baboon’s ass, you might need one. . .” Daryl’s eyes moved from Negan to Rick again, as if debating what he should do and contemplating what exactly could be about to happen. Negan’s grin only grew at the apprehension in the prisoner’s eyes, “All that fucking thinking you’re doing, I’m surprised I don’t smell some of your goddamn brain cells frying.”

Daryl’s jaw tightened, and he cut Negan a dark look that only made the black haired man chuckle, “I’ll tell you like I fucking told Ricky boy here. You need to be goddamn careful how you’re fucking looking at me. Most people who look at me like that end up shitting their pants REAL soon. Or causing someone else to. . .” he jerked his head to Rick on the bed, and instantly the redneck’s look of anger turned to one of concern. Negan smirked, clearly pleased by the effect that merely
threatening Rick was having on the man in front of him. It made him feel even more sure that what he had planned would serve to dig more into Rick’s psyche and get what he wanted from the man in front of him at the same time. That was what he liked. Knowing what affected people and learning how to manipulate them using that knowledge. It made him feel powerful and granted him a new level of security.

“Learning slowly but surely, aren’t we?” Negan chuckled, “Now, do you need a fucking straw or not?” Daryl visibly clenched his free hand whilst the knuckles of the one holding the beer turned white from the strain he was putting on them. Still he nodded, face still a bit too swollen for him to talk properly. Turning, grinning, Negan winked at Dwight, “Well go, get him a straw D, what’s your goddamn problem?”

Instantly Dwight moved into action, hurrying to the kitchen area of the room, opening a drawer and rummaging around a moment, avoiding looking at Rick tied to the bed at all costs. “See that? He hustles. I LIKE hustle,” Negan murmured, turning around to grin toothily at Daryl again, flashing his vicious pearly whites, “And when people hustle, they get rewarded. Ya see, I’m not someone who deals out only punishment without a reward. I’m such a goddamn fucking stand up guy, I deal out both! When they’re deserved, anyway. . . And everything can change in a motherfucking instant. Take D here. . .” he motioned to the scarred man as he moved forward and stuck a straw in Daryl’s bottle, not meeting the redneck’s eyes before turning to stand beside him, taking a firm hold on the sweatshirt once more.

“Believe it or not, things weren’t always cool between us. . . D here, he worked for points, him and his super hot wife and her super hot sister. But that’s hard work, and her super hot sister got sick. Now medicine, that’s harder to scavenge, so obviously it takes a fuckton more points to get that shit and her super hot sister started losing most of hers just to try to get fucking better. . . well, I could see that her situation wasn’t gonna get any fucking easier if something didn’t goddamn change. . .”

Turning, he walked to the fridge and opening it, grabbed another bottle of beer from the twelve pack inside, twisting the cap off and chucking it to a random corner of the room before tilting his head back, guzzling some of the amber liquid down before turning back to Daryl and Dwight, “So I asked her to fucking marry me. Told ‘er I’d take care of her, in sickness and in health, no fucking points required. Because I’m a goddamn STAND UP guy, and a PRETTY fucking handsome one to boot. She’d live in the best fucking lap of luxury we could give her, and NEVER have to worry about any goddamn shit again. Seems like the best shit ever right? All she has to do is marry me, and she gets one HUGE MOTHERFUCKING REWARD! . . .And then. . . she looks at me and tells me she has to goddamn THINK about it. THINK about THIS. . .” He motioned to himself as if the thought of rejecting him was something only an insane person would do as he walked back over to Daryl.

“So I said ok, decided to let her think about it and figure out what a goddamn AWESOME deal it fucking was. . . Next thing ya know, I’m dealing with a downright ornery situation. See, Dwighty boy here STOLE all the fucking medication, took his super hot wife and my super hot, soon to be maybe fiance, and ran the fuck out of town! So. . .” Negan turned and gripped Lucille’s handle where she leaned against the armchair he’d been sitting in, moving her around and pointing her at Dwight, mentally reveling in the wince the man gave ever so slightly as the deadly bat was pointed at him, “So I sent men after him, because I can’t let shit like that slide. There are RULES for a GODDAMN REASON. . . And you know what Dwighty boy fucking did? He STILL got away! End of story right? Wrong! Ya see D, he saw the light! He came back! He motherfucking asked for my goddamn forgiveness! . . . I LIKE that.” Negan gave a chuckle at that, leaning forward and pushing the barbed end of the bat into the carpet, twisting it slightly as he moved his head down and tilted it up so that his obsidian eyes looked right into Daryl’s, “Made me. . .” he gave a wink, “Take notice. . .”
Leaning back he swung Lucille back up and around, to rest the barbed end on the wrist of the hand that still held his beer, “But Lucille. . . Well, you know how SHE is. . .” He took a step closer to Daryl, to where the bat was only about five inches away from the edge of his sweatshirt. It made the redneck suck in a deep breath in spite of the brave front he was attempting to put up as Negan rolled his eyes as if exasperated with the weapon.

“She is a STICKLER FOR THE RULES. AND SHE WANTED PAYMENT. . . But Dwight, he begged me not to kill Sherry,” He nodded in the blonde haired man’s general direction at that, taking a step back and tapping Lucille against his wrist, “And we both thought it was kinda cute, so I was just gonna kill HIM. But then Sherry . . .” he chuckled and moving Lucille down again, leaned on her against the floor as he lifted the beer lazily to his lips, “She says she will marry me. . .”

He moved the beer towards his chest before moving it slowly in Dwight’s general direction, an amused grin playing over his face, “Which is a pretty screwed up fucking deal when you think about it, because I was already gonna marry her fucking sister until she wound up dead. Buuuut, Sherry is . . . super hot! Well anyway, it was a fucking start but it wasn’t goddamn enough . . . So Dwight, he got the iron, and then I married his super hot wife. . .” He glanced at Dwight with that knowing grin on his face, and Dwight shifted slightly, his jaw set firm as he looked right back at the Leader, “Well . . . ex-wife. And then, after all that fucking up shit, he STILL got on board, and now look at him! POW! One of my top, right hand motherfucking guys!” He smirked at the blonde before turning to Daryl, holding up his bat in one hand and his beer in the other, “And we are TOTALLY cool!”

Negan let the silence hang in the air before moving Lucille to point at Daryl, “Ya see, punishment. . . and reward. . .” he pointed the bat over at Dwight, “The point. . .” he turned and marched over to his armchair before sitting down, looking at Daryl, “Of that whole goddamn story is that I think YOU could be THAT guy. And not in the next month, not in the next fucking year. I mean right the fuck now. I think you are READY to be that guy. Right now I know you’re fucking hurting. Hell you’re supposed to fucking hurt, you’re receiving goddamn punishment for being a dumbass and being rebellious. But just like THAT,” he hit the carpet with his bat, “YOU could switch straight into the reward part, and enjoy ALL THIS. . . ALL THIS,” he chuckled, and nodded at where Rick still lay unconscious, “Well, minus one little part. That sorry ass fucker is MINE. . . But the rest of it COULD BE YOURS. All YOU gotta do, is answer one simple, fucking question. Who are you?”

Moving his head back, he drained half of the rest of the beer before turning and refocusing on Daryl. But the magic words didn’t fall from the stubborn man’s mouth. Negan gripped the bottle tighter, his jaw setting as his gaze darkened, “What, cat got your fucking tongue? Are you just amazed at the sheer awesomeness of all this? I’ll ask you another fucking time, just in case your fucking brain is taking time processing this amazing goddamn deal I’ve just laid out on the fucking goddamn table for you: Who the fuck are you?”

Instead of answering, Daryl just looked right back at Negan, his eyes, though swollen, defiant as he tilted the untouched beer. The straw and fluid went flying down to patter against the carpet below. Dwight gave a startled shout and, grabbing Daryl, socked him hard across the jaw, the bottle flying to land hard against the carpeted concrete where it broke on impact. “Woah now D, calm the fuck down!” Negan suddenly shouted, and the two turned to him, shock written on both of their faces, clearly having expected an angry outburst from him if anything.

And the anger was there, swirling about inside him, threatening to build up to the point of lashing out. But the man forced a calm look to cross his face, glancing over as Rick’s fingers started to twitch along with his face. Excellent. The stimulants were right on cue, and he was about to use his Pet to both punish Rick and Daryl and prove to the dumbass redneck just how fast someone who was expected to cause pain could also cause pleasure. “He made his decision. . .” Negan smiled at the blonde haired man before turning to Daryl, that cheshire grin stretching further across his features in
a way that made even the redneck take a step back, “And I understand. You don’t believe that I can deal out so much fucking punishment and still make people feel good with a fucking reward. Heck I get it. . .”

He clapped his hands and stood up, resting Lucille in the chair and draining the last of his beer, “So maybe instead of a fucking story about how quick things can go from bad to damn good for you, you need a demonstration to drive that fucking point home. . . And I think your former Leader over there can help me with that. D, get a gag in the redneck pup’s mouth and hold on tight to him for me. . .”

Chapter End Notes

Soo, what did you think? Please leave a comment below, the next chapter will be posted soon, if the universe permits, lol! Also, I am thinking of writing an AU Rick/Negan story, decidedly not as dark. Just as a heads up! My inspiration without a shadow of a doubt is from another fabulous Author here, GettinGrimey!
Worse Than Any Punishment

Chapter Summary

Now that Negan has tried to use Rick to win Daryl over, will the redneck decide to join him?

Chapter Notes

Good evening ladies and gents, and welcome to the birthing suite. I am proud to announce the eminent arrival of your bouncing, badass, new chapter. And yes, I did just take that straight paraphrased from Iron Man 3’s first Mark 42 set up scene. :) So, hi there! First let me apologize for the long wait for this chapter. I hope that it is worth it, and I promise there is more to come! I actually have most of the next chapter written, it just needs to be finished and proofread. I really want to thank everyone who has kept up with this story. I personally know how hard it is to get into a story and then have it not update for months at a time, and every time I end up doing it I kick myself in the ass (or would if I was that flexible). So what is my excuse? Life, plain and simple. Moving, work being a pain, adulting (if we had all heard it was going to be this hard and actually believed it, I feel like we would have been far less excited about it). . . but now most of the storms that has caused have passed and I'm getting back to proofreading and working on this story as best and as often as I can! So, I hope you enjoy this chapter, will try to have the next one out soon, please comment below! Warning: hints of some form of ptsd. Not really, but for those of you who didn't like the strangulation in previous chapters, there are hints of that here, although it is not the main theme.

~ “Why the hell not? You said you wanted another chance to try to turn Daryl, and this was the perfect demonstration of a point I am trying to make to the sad fuck. And if I can punish you by pounding into you and making you moan like the whore I’m gonna make you to do it, then why not hit two birds with the same goddamn stone.”~

Rick trembled at Negan’s words, staring at the ceiling as tears began to form in his eyes, knowing that if he looked at the sadist he’d have a complete emotional breakdown. ‘But aren’t we having one already?’ a solemn, somber voice in his head whispered. He choked out a sob at the thought. Part of him that didn’t want to admit that Negan was right, but overall he was forced to face the facts of the matter all the same. And unfortunately those facts led to only one conclusion, and the satisfied look in the Savior Leader’s eyes let him know that the other man knew what that conclusion was.

. Rick had thought it had been bad enough when Negan had been just beating him, raping him and focusing on his own pleasure while causing Rick only pain. Then he’d believe-albeit foolishly- that that was as bad as things were going to get. But now he knew that Negan could do something that was far worse, as the final tremors of his orgasm raced through his body. They made his arse tremble around Negan’s cock that was still wedged deep inside him and the Savior Leader groaned
appreciatively before thrusting his now half hard member up into Rick one more time before pulling out, tucking his dick back into his boxers and pulling up his pants, dark eyes watching the man on the bed with cold hearted satisfaction.

“Goddamn it all if you don’t look fucking hot like that,” the man slurred, slipping his tongue over his bottom lip before biting down on it with a smirk, “All flushed, panting, and red faced, and with your cum all over your front and mine peeking out from between those round ass cheeks of yours... I mean goddamn!” as he’d talked he’d slid his black leather belt out slowly from his gray jeans. Rick’s tearfilled blue eyes followed the leather as it hissed through the loops. With his final statement, the man now snapped the belt forward, striking Rick’s ass cheek, making a loud cracking sound and causing Rick to jolt with a soft whimper, “Hot damn what a fucking slut you are,” Negan slurred, “The way you moaned and begged, some of my wives could learn a thing or two from you, you little shit.”

Rick couldn’t bring himself to look directly at the sadist, and instead moved his head back to rest in the center of the pillow as he looked at the ceiling. Negan’s words cut deep, but not nearly as deep as the aftershocks that still wracked him, reminders of the high that he’d been on just minutes prior to now. The fact that Negan had caused them brought new crystals to his blue eyes before they spilled in thin rivers down his cheeks. Closing his eyes, he choked out a weak sob, hands and feet jerking slightly at his rope bonds, his body subconsciously wanting to leave that place only to be reminded that there was no way to do that. The feeling of the ropes holding him there, forcing him to remain in the reality Negan was creating for him, only made him sob more, crying harder as his chest pulsed with each breath.

This wasn’t even on the same level as the punishments Rick had received thus far in Negan’s sick initiation process. This was far worse... to have actually enjoyed the man’s cock inside him, to have actually begged for the man’s ministrations to continue... To moan and groan as he was touched and filled by the man who had killed Abe and Glenn. Who had kidnapped Rick, who had forced him through so much pain already, who had threatened to have him cut up Daryl!

Rick couldn’t even bring himself to look at his friend and closed his eyes, continuing to weep brokenly as he lay against the bed. That was probably the worst part, that Daryl had seen him in such a state. What could Daryl possibly think of him now that Rick had been begging for Negan to fuck him, now that he’d been moaning and groaning in pleasure at what the Leader had done to him? Rick would take a beating any day over this feeling of being used, of feeling like a cheap whore that had just been tossed aside after willingly handing himself over to some random John... Suddenly, Rick’s throat was gripped, making him gasp in pain as Negan bore down on it, putting weight behind his palm pressing against Rick’s ripped and torn skin.

As his windpipe was slowly crushed Rick panicked, his eyes shooting open as he began tugging at his restraints to the point of shaking the bed, whirling beneath the man’s grip and giving pathetic, pleading whimpers to his tormentor. Gazing at him with tearfilled eyes that only radiated fear and pain, Rick silently begged the Savior Leader for mercy even where he knew there was none the man would afford him.

True to Rick’s assumptions, Negan’s face only stretched into a satisfied smile as he continued to apply more pressure to his prisoner’s neck. Rick wheezed, tossing his head back and opening his mouth, trying to get some form of air into his lungs as memories of Negan choking him out flooded his mind. That had been horrifying for Rick, and to relive it now was torture.

As the leader continued to press down on his windpipe, Rick’s heart pounded, a deafening beat that flooded his ears as he struggled against Negan’s hold, his body shifting quickly into panic mode as he feared for his life and the lives of the ones he loved. After all, if he was gone, what would Negan
do to all of them? To think of any of them in his position filled him with more dread than anything the sadist could do to him directly.

Just as the last of his air was about to leave him, he mustered his strength and managed a weak “P-p-please.” to the man above him, which was welcomed with a dark chuckle before the Savior Leader leaned down, murmuring on his ear in a dark, cold voice that sent a chill up Rick’s spine, “I’ll let you go if you promise to be quiet now, little whore. Your former friend and I have some talking to do, and although I love so many of the sounds you make, I don’t really need them for this. Well, not anymore. If you’re lucky, you will have just helped my conversation with your dumbfuck of a friend go the way I want it to. Which will only lead to good things for you if it does, my little cockslut. And of course, it might lead to the opposite should things go motherfucking sideways. So I suggest you quiet down and pay goddamn attention to what’s going the fuck on.”

Rick gulped hard and nodded, eyes shut tight as his ears popped and he started to feel lightheaded, “Y-y-yes sir,” he barely rasped out. Negan chuckled, and with a short kiss to Rick’s cheek that made the brunette shudder in disgust, the Leader released his pressure and Rick sucked in a deep breath of fresh air, arching back and gasping it in, holding it in his lungs for a moment before breathing out again. His heartbeat returned to its normal rate but fearful tears still streaked down his face. He definitely knew one of the things he would dread Negan doing above most others. The feeling of not being able to breathe terrified Rick and was a feeling he never wanted to experience again. Well, that and the sheer embarrassment he still felt regarding what just transpired between the two of them. Unfortunately he doubted there was much he could do to prevent either from reoccurring.

Finally his breathing returned to normal and he lay quietly on the bed, eyes closed, tears still streaking down but fewer in number this time, his whole body still shaking from residual fear. But he was paying attention. He didn’t dare ignore what was going on, especially when it involved Daryl and himself. “Now, where were we?” Negan muttered, and Rick opened his eyes just a little to watch through his lashes as Negan made his way over to stand before Daryl. The redneck, whose eyes had been on Rick, suddenly moved his gaze to the man in charge. Rick licked his lips nervously, hoping that this did go the way Negan wanted it to. . . for both of their sakes.

“Oh yeah, I was letting you think over that decision I asked you about earlier!” Negan said with a laugh, stepping closer to Daryl and Dwight with his eyes glittering dangerously. Stopping in front of Daryl, he smirked at the man before him, seeing the hate and concern swirling together in the depths of the prisoner’s eyes, “As you can see, I can be a stand up guy. As fast as I can punish, I can reward, and if need be, hell, I WILL MOTHERFUCKING PUNISH AGAIN! So, let’s quickly recap, shall we? You can A- decide to stay in the hell that you’re currently fucking residing in, getting essentially starved and let us not forget getting the ever loving SHIT beat out of ya! B- get killed and put on a goddamn spike out in front of my compound to guard us all and serve me whether you fucking want to or not. Or C-you can answer one simple little motherfucking goddamn question right and all of this. . .” he turned and motioned to the room, “Could be yours. So. . .”

Turning, he picked up Lucille, putting her in his left hand and walking closer to Daryl slowly like a predator closing in for the final kill. Daryl glanced over at Rick, who was now watching with both eyes wide open. The naked man’s eyes pleaded with his friend to answer the question the way Negan wanted him too moments before Negan was blocking Rick from Daryl’s vision entirely, his dark eyes intense as he looked at the man, “I’m gonna ask you, one . . . more. . . fucking. . . goddamn . . . time. . .” Lowering his voice to a husky whisper, the Leader leaned closer, so that his lips were inches from Daryl’s ear, “Who the fuckity-fuck-fucking hell are you?”

For a moment, it looked as if the beaten man before him was going to say yes as he looked down, apparently considering the options. But as he looked up and Negan moved back to stand straight before him, the Savior Leader saw the firm stubborn resolve from before enter the redneck’s eyes.
Clamping down on any other emotions like the door of a steel vault, it told him what Daryl was going to say before he even said it, and it made Negan set his jaw firmly in irritation and grip the bat even tighter, the leather padding on the handle creaking beneath the pressure.

Lifting his head up, Daryl let his remaining pride enter his gaze and in spite of his swollen, bloody mouth, he smiled a little, the glee he felt in denying the leader defiantly obvious. One could hear a pin drop, Dwight and Rick’s breaths held tight in their throats as they waited for the redneck to answer. Until finally... “Daryl,” he muttered in just barely a whisper.

Rick moaned weakly, closing his eyes and sagging against the bed. He didn’t know whether to feel proud or depressed that his friend had chosen to remain firm in his resolve to stay himself in spite of Negan’s power. He was proud of Daryl’s resolve, sure. He would have hated to have been forced to see his friend be turned into something he wasn’t. But he could only imagine the further torture that that would mean for the both of them.

Dwight was more vocal with his concern regarding the decision made, grabbing Daryl roughly by the shoulder and jerking him back so the redneck was looking more at him than Negan, who hadn’t moved a muscle since the prisoner had spoken. “Son-of-a-bi” “Woah woah woah, D,” Negan murmured, smirking as he held up a hand, stepping back to the bed and lowering the hand so that his fingers began racing over Rick’s leg, moving back and forth as they tickled the flesh there. Rick whimpered weakly, even the soft raking of the man’s nails feeling like a threat. After all, the fingers attached to those nails had done so much harm already.

Negan chuckled, shrugging his shoulders as he continued, “Man made his goddamn choice, D. Ain’t my goddamn fault it was a motherfucking stupid one...” As he continued to step backwards, toward the headboard, he smirked darkly at Daryl, an evil glint in his eye, “After all, each choice has to have goddamn consequences, right?” Moving his hands up over Rick’s chest and across his neck and cheek, making the man on the bed flinch away, Negan grabbed his hair, wrenching Rick’s head back and making the brunette on the bed yelp in shock and pain, eyes shut tight at the strain on both his neck and collarbone due to the nature of the unnatural bending being forced upon them. “Don’t!” Daryl shouted, and lunged forward, only to have Lucille go flying across his cheek, ripping it open in passing.

Luckily the bat only gave him a glancing blow, but it still made blood fly across the wall and made Rick scream, squirming more against his bonds as Daryl when down on one knee, Dwight following the man, clearly wondering if Negan had hit him hard enough to kill. “CALM THE FUCK DOWN YOU MONGREL DOG!” Negan shouted, his voice making the entire room shake, ‘YOU MADE YOUR GODDAMN MOTHERFUCKING CHOICE, AND I’M PRETTY FUCKING SURE RICK AND I MADE IT CLEAR WHO MIGHT END UP SUFFERING BECAUSE OF IT! SO YOU HAVE NO GODDAMN RIGHT TO MOTHERFUCKING TELL ME WHAT TO FUCKING DO AND NOT DO TO HIM NOW!” At that moment, the door burst open and Carson walked in quickly, anticipation in his gaze, followed by another, more muscular Savior “What the heck is going on in here?!”

The doctor pushed a gurney, whilst the other man merely pushed a wheelchair. Upon seeing Negan with his hand in Rick’s hair and Daryl crouching down, cradling his bleeding face, Carson couldn’t repress a sigh, “Can I please take them now? Before you hurt either any further and make my job even harder?” “Course you fucking can,” Negan muttered, not hiding the threat in his voice regarding the doctor’s tone, “I’m all fucking done here any-goddamn-way.”

Rick grit his teeth and glanced over as he saw Daryl slowly rise to his feet. He felt his hammering heart slow just a little, grateful that the recent blow the redneck took appeared to look worse than it truly was. Negan grunted, swinging Lucille back up and over his shoulder, spraying those in the
room with fresh blood that made everyone wince and jerk away, “Go ahead and patch both of ‘em the fuck up. Then you can stuff the redneck bitch back in his fucking box and bring my Pet back to me so I can fucking say goodnight to him.”

“Very well,” Carson said tightly, still not happy with the time limit the Savior Leader had given him but accepting it anyway. Moving forward, he motioned for his assistant to gather up the bleeding prisoner with his hand firmly over the side of his face. Turning, the man watched Negan quickly undo Rick’s bonds, hands shoved into his lab coat. “Don’t let me down, you fucking quack,” Negan growled out, stepping aside as he undid the final knot, the threat regarding the man’s son quite evident in his voice. Carson grit his teeth and straightened his back. He’d been picked on by jocks all of his life, and in spite of going to college and making progress in a career he’d paid dearly for and worked hard at, here he was again, basically having to do the head football player’s homework. Or head baseball player, he supposed . . .

There was nothing he wanted more than to snap at Negan, or kill him, or do something to make the man feel a mere ounce of the inferiority he imposed on Carson. As he moved forward quickly and gripped Rick’s arm, not missing the way the other man flinched at the cold touch of his gloves, he decided that fucking the man on the bed would have to be his passive aggressive way of doing just that, even if Negan never found out.

In all reality, the Leader couldn’t find out, for Carson’s sake. Sure he wished he could show Negan what he did with the man’s personal pets, but he knew that that would end with him on a spike outside the compound if not worse. So he merely resolved to fuck the pets in private and feed their dull minds with the lies that Negan wouldn’t care if he fucked them, that telling Negan would be stupid, or that Negan already knew he was fucking them and that the man allowed it. As sadistic as Negan could be, that lie wasn’t a hard sell. Granted, a part of him felt guilty for what he did to them, but another part just simply didn’t care anymore. And besides, he patched up them and checked in on Negan’s wives on a daily basis. So in a way the sex was his latest form of copay.

“Just stay still,” he muttered and rested another hand on the injured portion of Rick’s collarbone to feel it and steady it. “I need you to help me get you on the fucking stretcher now,” the man hissed in Rick’s ear, “Just try not to move your neck too much and this’ll all be a little less painful for you.”

Rick grit his teeth and nodded, eyes on the sheets of the bed, not forgetting what Carson had told him the last time he’d seen him, especially regarding payment for the drugs he used up. He had been on drugs before, and Negan had had him on drugs for the entire time he’d been on the bed. Who knew how long that had been? It was quite possible that in the doctor’s mind he had racked up a considerable amount of medication debt, and something in his gut told him he’d soon have to pay for every drop.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you guys enjoyed it! I know some of you probably wished for more action in it, and I’m sorry if you were disappointed. Trust me, there will be more things happening in the next chapter, I just felt that exploring Rick's feelings and of course doing the epic "Who are you?" "Daryl" scene was vital. Hope you liked it, any critiques or thoughts, please comment below! I seriously love you all who have stuck with this story. Each and every comment has warmed my heart, and it's so good to hear that what I write is being appreciated by someone in this screwed up world we live in!

btw, Disclaimer: I do not own any properties of Marvel, including Iron Man.
The doctor shifted so that he leaned over the bed, pressing one arm across the back of Rick’s shoulders, lifting Rick up off of the bed slightly with that arm and putting his other arm across his front, dragging Rick out of his worried thoughts. Rick groaned slightly at the pain just that movement caused, as the other man Carson had brought with him moved to stand near the end of the bed beside his cum streaked legs. Rick couldn’t really catch a good look at the shaved man’s face, but he was pretty sure he saw a grimace cross the other’s pink lips, as if just the thought of touching Rick disgusted him. Rick sighed, Trust me, it’s not fun for me either. Looking at Carson to await further instruction, the shaved man set his jaw firm and looped his arms down and around Rick’s calves, ready to lift up once Carson told him to. Rick felt his ankle tense slightly at the mere thought of being moved and winced.

He looked back at the doctor as Carson tapped his chest with two fingers before he nodded to the medication bag on Rick’s other side, “Grab that and bring it with you.” Rick gritted his teeth and nodded, the doctor making it clear he didn’t have time for any hesitation and that if Rick wanted his help he would have to follow orders. Rick sighed as he turned to the bag. He didn’t really want to go anywhere with the doctor, but he definitely knew that staying away from the infirmary would not bode well for him in the long run. He needed to be patched up more than he wanted to stay away from Carson.

Rick quickly moved his hand over and unhooked the bag from the wall, holding it to his chest as he was hoisted by the men onto the gurney, groaning and sucking in deep breaths at the sparks of pain the movements caused, reverberating along his spine even with the numbing effects of the
medication. He heaved a deep sigh as he rested his head on top of the moveable hospital furniture, not wanting to look at Carson as he was strapped down to the structure by his wrists, waist, neck, chest, and ankles. He also didn’t want to look at Negan, knowing that according to the Savior Leader he had failed yet again. Whether he’d known what was going on or not wouldn’t matter when it came time for his next punishment, he was sure of it. In the sadist’s mind the goal of his latest session with the Leader was that he help Negan make Daryl agree to what he wanted and regardless of whether it was Rick’s fault, Daryl had ultimately not agreed. It didn’t matter that he hadn’t known what was going on, and it didn’t matter that he couldn’t make the redneck’s decision for him.

Negan didn’t care about any of that, Rick was sure of it, and that fact alone could only mean that pain would be once again in his future with the Savior Leader. He knew that all too well, and the last thing he needed was to see the promise of it in the man’s dark eyes. Not to mention he was still horribly embarrassed about their prior actions, especially the fact that he had enjoyed them at the time. Those facts made the idea of looking the man in the eye a difficult one.

Just as he was being pushed through the door, he heard Negan order Daryl to walk instead of ride in the wheelchair, stating that the man had turned down that luxury by saying his own name before instead of the “right” name. “Why don’t you fucking go ahead and get a goddamn head start on that working for points crap, you piece of shit?” Negan growled out, “Help push my goddamn Pet, who is BY FAR motherfucking better behaved than you, to the fucking infirmary. Do that well and ask no questions and HELL, I MIGHT consider keeping you around as a motherfucking worker instead of one of my Biter dogs.”

Rick gulped hard as Carson moved away from the gurney. He focused on the popcorn ceiling, looking up with blue, bloodshot eyes as Daryl got a grip on a handlebar of the piece of equipment set near his head and started to wheel him out of the room, following the doctor and the other man who was now pushing the empty wheelchair ahead of the others.

As Rick was pushed quietly along the corridor by his friend, the effects of the pain medication seemed to start ebbing away due to the lack of gravity acting on the bag. With it being closer to his chest, the liquid mostly just sat in the tube, and as a result the effects of the painkillers inside of it started to retreat. Rick’s head started to pound as his entire body throbbed with each thumping beat of his heart and he whimpered gently each time Daryl hit a bump or a crack in the hallway path, the jolts from that sending spikes of pain through him that made him clench his jaws together until his teeth creaked. Everything hurt, everything throbbed, and Rick groaned as they turned yet another corner on the way to their destination.

As his headache worsened, the fluorescent lights of the ceiling were almost too much for him and Rick shut his eyes against them and the hushed murmurs that seemed to follow him down the hall as they passed various Saviors on their journey. He didn’t need to see the Saviors watching from where they stood in the compound and didn’t want to see them looking at his naked body as it was wheeled along, some probably knowing what he was, some likely wondering what exactly was going on. The thought of surprise, disgust, and perhaps even arousal being in their eyes made tears bead up at the corners of his own, and he desperately wished he could believe that those thoughts were misguided. And yet, knowing that these people resided in Negan’s world partially because they were like Negan, he knew that those were the looks he would in fact see if he chanced a glance. And so he kept his eyes closed, not in ignorant bliss, but in unwillingness to visually confirm what he knew to be true.

After what felt like an eternity of going down the hallway, during which time the pain Rick felt climbed by small yet still significant increments, Daryl grunted and Rick was jolted to a stop, moaning as his body shifted on the gurney and his collarbone screamed in agony, his closed eyelids squinting as hot tears beaded up at the corners and pain shot through him. “Would you watch what
you’re doing, you dolt?” Carson hissed at the clothed prisoner. Rick opened his eyes in time to see
the shaved man open a door into a brighter room. Carson entered in first, and then Daryl pushed
Rick forward and over the threshold, Rick gritting his teeth at the slight jolt that movement caused.

Rick had to blink a few moments as he was wheeled into the center of the room. The enclosed space
had looked bright from the hallway, but now that brightness seemed to be magnified three times. He
supposed it was the white painted walls coupled with the sterile, extremely clean environment (which
he found to be odd given the apocalyptic state of the world, but then again if cleaning supplies were
going to be saved for something, it might as well be for cleaning a doctor’s office), and the bright
white flourescent lights shining down on him only added to his perception of the room as being
nothing but white. It gave him a headache and he couldn’t help but close his eyes against it all as he
felt two firm, calloused hands undo his neck, wrist, and chest straps. He tried not to shiver at them,
especially when they bumped against his neck wounds.

He clenched the bag in his hand tighter as he heard Carson tell Daryl to “wait in the other room”,
followed by the sound of a door opening and closing. He groaned as he opened his dulled blue eyes,
to have an even brighter light than the ones in the room shine into them. Rick jerked his head back
against the gurney and shut his eyes tightly, wincing, only to have Carson’s left hand
press against
his stitched up forehead to hold him in place as his right hand held the small flashlight up near Rick’s
face.

“Calm the hell down and let me do my fucking job,” Carson muttered exasperatedly, “Negan’s only
given me so long to get you healed up. . . walking in two days, unfuckingbelievable. . . Now open
your goddamn eyes so I can continue checking for a concussion.” Rick grit his teeth at the doctor’s
impatient tone, but slowly his blue eyes opened again. Instantly the right one’s upper lid was pulled
up by the doctor’s thumb. “Good, seeing some constriction. . . bloodshot but that’s understandable.
Follow my light,” Carson muttered, and began to move the light, moving his hand over to the other
eye to hold it open before he proceeded to check it too.

Rick swallowed hard and did as he was told, his good hand clenched around the gurney’s makeshift
mattress. The doctor then proceeded to do a full examination of his ears, turning Rick’s head one
way then the other as he completed his inspection. It was then that the man sighed and moved to
Rick’s throat, sliding off the prong collar before his cold, gloved hands gingerly fingered where the
prongs had been digging into Rick.

“Are you having trouble breathing? Anything that might be caused by these puncture wounds here?”
Rick gulped hard and shook his head. Sure, his breathing was a little labored, but he didn’t think the
prongs had punctured anything major. “Good,” Carson sighed, “Now have you experienced any
numbness or lightheadedness? I can’t guarantee I can fix it, but I can at least point it out to Negan, or
make a recommendation on how to proceed. . . Maybe.” Rick bit his lip slightly in hesitation,
wondering if he could really trust Carson, then decided to go for it and informed the doctor of any
numbness and lightheadedness he’d been feeling. The Doctor sighed, “I saw similar things with his
previous Pet, although not so early on. . . I’m sure your age might be a factor in that. The less you
receive punishment with Lucille, the more those nerve endings will be able to relax back into a
normal state. Avoid receiving those punishments and you should see some improvement. And of
course, the less blood you lose as a result of those punishments will lead to less lightheaded spells.
Still, I will check your reflexes today and periodically to see if there are any improvements regarding
the numbness and how it might affect you, and I will be giving you extra fluids and multivitamins in
your IV bags to help stave off the lightheadedness. But a depletion in punishments will really be the
best thing for you.”

Rick grit his teeth, “And how do you suggest I avoid those punishments?” he whispered hoarsely,
“It’s not like I ask for them.” “You wouldn’t have to worry about ’em if you just do what you’re
fucking told,” the shaved man suddenly growled, and Rick’s eyes darted to him quickly, having almost forgotten the man was there. And yet he was, frowning at Rick with a dark look in his eyes from a corner of the room, leaning against the wall with his boot up and propped on the head cushion of the doctor’s examination bench. The way he stood, his muscular physique was more pronounced, not to mention a scar running across his cheek, a pale jagged line against the man’s extremely tan skin, no doubt from working outside. The tight black muscle shirt he wore with his ragged blue jeans left very little to the imagination in regards to his overall tone, making him someone Rick knew he didn’t want to mess with.

Now the man sneered at him, dark eyes glittering malevolently, “You should be fucking glad. Some people have to scavenge and guard the compound and do actual work around here. You just have to bend over and spread your fucking legs, you little bitch. You’re just like the other Pets and ungrateful little shits, the lot of you. Negan could have fucking killed you, along with your family and friends, but instead he spared you. And what do you do? You break his rules, you irritate him. No wonder he beats the everloving fucking shit out of you.”

Before the man could continue, Carson spoke up, holding a hand up in his direction, “That’s quite enough Marcus. Go get Dee and Dum. We might need their help for treatment. Also, get one of my neck and chest braces and some plaster mix from the supply closet in the hall. Maybe one of my hand braces too.” the man grunted and nodded, turning and marching from the room, slamming the door closed as Rick stared after him, disbelief filling him at the man’s words. “Don’t let what he said upset you, I need your stress levels low for this,” Carson muttered, moving away.

Rick rolled his head over and blinked as the doctor moved across the room to a desk, “Is that what most people think of Negan’s ‘Pets’ here?” Carson glanced over his shoulder, blinking at Rick, “Some, yes. Most don’t really see any of his ‘Pets’. Those are the main workers. Men like him, Dee, and Dum- in short those closer to Negan’s inner circle-are the only ones that mainly see how Negan treats his personal prisoners.” “But to think that I have it easy. . .” Rick whispered.

“According to them the fact that you and the other ‘Pets’ chose to rebel against the Sanctuary not only put Negan’s men’s livelihoods at risk but also seemed like a dumb move against Negan, because of course it was. So in their minds Negan should have killed you for that. Instead, you are kept alive, your family and friends are kept alive at least in your case, and once the punishments die down you have the opportunity to be well fed, to be cared for physically, and to receive some form of pleasure by Negan fucking you. The former ‘Pet’ didn’t have much of a chance at that because of his attitude, but other ‘Pets’ have fared better within the confines of their roles here, once they learned their proper place. So yes, seeing as you have that capability of living and living relatively well and all you have to do is let Negan have his way with you, they do think that you have it easy and the fact that you don’t act grateful for it can cause some irritation for them. . . of course, that goes for only some of his inner circle. . . men like Dee and Dum tend towards the more sadistic side of things and just enjoy watching the punishments and their effects.”

Rick grit his teeth as the doctor turned back around to focus on what he was doing, fumbling around with various utensils inside of a drawer there, and as the doctor’s attention was diverted, the brunette moved his blue eyes over the room, wondering how any of Negan’s inner circle could really think of him as ungrateful, even with that twisted logic. Shaking his head, trying to force the memory of the resentful look the man had given him from his mind, he tried to take in the room as best as he could.

The room had many coat hook racks holding medical supply bags for IV drips. Those were set into the walls beneath shelves with books and medication on them. Rick was surprised that there were so many, he was sure that books were something not many people looked to scavenge in the world as it currently was. But then again, perhaps Carson had foreseen the fact that being a medical professional would be beneficial in the apocalyptic world and had carried his texts with him when he’d set out to
survive. In addition to the shelves and hooks and the examination table, there was a makeshift desk across the room where the Doctor apparently kept most of his supplies. That was where the man was now, gathering all the supplies he apparently had decided he needed to help Rick and Daryl.

Beside the check up table against a wall, which was complete with that annoying paper that had been on the tables every time Rick had had a check up before the walkers had even existed, was a small bar top table with glass jars of gauze, cotton swabs, and cotton balls sitting on it. Rick grit his teeth as he also saw a couple of pregnancy stick tests in a smaller jar there. He had a feeling from when Sherry had been here before who those were for, and had a feeling that the women who took them prayed they would be negative. Not that he blamed them. Negan seemed to hardly be the fatherly type

Rick jerked his head back to the doctor as he turned to him, a long pair of tweezers and some scissors in his hands. Almost immediately, he clenched the gurney tighter from where he lay awkwardly on it, his naked arse clenching against it. Carson got right to proper business. “I guess we’ve got to start somewhere with you,” the doctor sighed, “I’ll have to remove and redo most if not all of your stitches, since so many have already come loose or fallen out and the ones that are still where I put them are a goddamn shit show. But first. . .” He turned and tapped the paper behind him tacked onto the wall, and Rick frowned as the man moved away from where he’d been semi-blocking it. It was a vision test like the ones you would find at an eye doctor’s office.

Carson moved forward and setting the scissors and tweezers beside Rick’s thighs on the gurney, turned and gripped a lever on it and began to pump his arm, forcing the headboard piece of the hospital furniture to slowly rise up. Rick grunted, the jolting actions caused by the pumping making his collar and breast bones spark in pain. He didn’t have much time to contemplate on the pain until his bad hand was being brought up by the doctor to cover that side’s eye, “Start reading,” Carson remarked, and Rick grit his teeth, trying to focus on the letters across the room from him as he felt Carson pick up the tweezers and scissors once he was certain Rick was going to hold his hand there.

"How far do you want me t-ah!” he was cut off as the cold, sterile tweezers prodded his head gash, and jerked back, whimpering as one of the stitches that had become plastered to his head due to his blood drying was ripped off. “Stop jerking!” Carson snarled at him, “Read as far as you can and let me do what I need to do! You’ve got your forehead, your nose, your neck, your hand, your collarbone, and your goddamn ankle for me to patch up. Not to mention all of your other surface wounds from that man’s bat.” Rick gulped, shaking slightly at the cold tone being practically shouted into his ear.

Carson apparently didn’t recognize any reaction from Rick as he continued, clearly overwhelmed, “He’s gotta have you by tonight, good god. . . That gives me so much less time than I need to patch you the hell up. Not to mention your dumbass friend in the other room. What does he fucking think I am, a miracle worker?” Rick gulped hard. He didn’t really want the doctor to be like this the whole time. He was already still mortified by what Negan had done in the other room, and the fact that he had done it all in front of Daryl too didn’t help ease his mind, and he didn’t need Carson angry and snapping in his ear now. It was enough to already make his head spin, or to make him want to cry. “I. . . I think he just thinks you’re a good doctor,” he whispered shakily, hoping to improve the man’s mood.

Carson, who had leaned forward to try to get at another stitch, frowned and leaned back, blinking at Rick, “What?” Rick licked his dry lips nervously and glanced with his eye at the man leaning over him, “I. . . I said maybe he just thinks you’re a good doctor. And that that’s why he thinks you can get it all done in such a short amount of time. Wh-which you are. . . a good doctor, I mean. I-if I had been able to do all that you said to do, I wouldn’t have all these injuries now, I kn-n-n-now that.”
Carson rolled his eyes and leaned forward again, and Rick grit his teeth harder against the feel of the tweezers closing around yet another stitch as the doctor replied, “Obviously. . .” Rick held his teeth together against the urge to whimper as yet another stitch was wrenched out of his dried blood, and began to feel some liquid trickling down from his forehead before Carson haphazardly wiped it up. Here was his chance to get the doctor on his side. Maybe then this whole process could be a little easier for him.

“I c-can imagine how frustrating it can be to work for him, and ap-p-p-reciate the effort you’re making to try to h-h-help me . . .” For a moment there was silence as Rick blinked at the vision chart across the room. As it dragged on, he wondered if he should even expect a reply, but then the doctor chuckled darkly, and Rick’s hopes fell, “Oh I know you appreciate it, Rick, and once I’m done patching you up, if you want any pain medication to help you in the next few days with your MASTER, which trust me, you’ll NEED given how insatiable he is, you’re going to show me just how appreciative you are,” he hissed, using the tweezers and scissors to dislodge another stitch. Rick shivered as the medical material was removed, and felt a heavy weight fall into his stomach. Like that, any leeway he had hoped to gain with the doctor was now a false cause. Why had he ever thought that the could try to alleviate his torture? Why had he even tried?

Suddenly the ends of the scissors were under his chin, and he groaned as his head was tilted back, and the doctor, while having a grim looking expression, had that same lecherous glow in his eyes that Rick had seen the last time the doctor had spoken about the subject of Rick allowing Carson to use him in exchange for medication, “Now, why don’t you just focus on looking at that vision chart and doing as you’re told and I’ll be thinking about how you’re going to repay me later while I patch you up?” Rick gulped hard and nodded, and turned back to the vision chart, “E, F, P, T, O, Z-Z-Z-Z.” He couldn’t help but stutter, as the doctor both dislodged a painful stitch and a tear streaked down his cheek. The way the doctor had looked at him made him wish it would take forever to patch him up.

He was halfway down the chart with the other eye by the time Marcus showed back up with Dee and Dum and a large covered cart. Rick glanced nervously at the cart, turning his head slightly from where he’d been reading the chart, but once he saw the lecherous smirks on Dee and Dum’s faces, the two men clearly knowledgeable about how much pain he’d been through, he lowered his eyes and turned back to face the chart again, picking up where he left off before. “You don’t seem to have a concussion and now that my assistants are all here and I’ve finished removing your stitches, we can begin to tackle the larger parts of you that need patching up,” Carson remarked in a much calmer tone than before, cutting Rick off. Rick grit his teeth tightly and lowered his hand, resting it on the gurney, wondering if what had the man in a better tune was what he’d been imagining having Rick do for him later . . . or rather what he’d been imagining what he would do to Rick later.

“Marcus, please hold Rick steady,” Carson remarked. Rick tensed as the larger man moved his hand slowly across his back between him and the gurney to grip his other arm, using his arm as a brace against Rick’s backside as the doctor lowered the gurney’s headboard back to its original state. “Looks like Negan’s broken ‘im in,” Dee snickered, eyes gazing hungrily at Rick in a way that he decidedly didn’t like. “Enough talk,” Carson muttered firmly, standing up straight, “Dum, I need you to come and hold Rick’s other side. Dee, get the chest brace ready.” Rick grunted gently as Dum went over to his other side and leaning forward slightly, put one arm behind Rick’s left shoulder blade firmly, bracing against him before leaning forward and moving his arm into a sort of V that had its point just beneath Rick’s bottom ribs, resting a palm firmly against the middle of Rick’s chest.

As Marcus did the same with his arms on the other side, Rick felt his heart begin to race. He heard Dee moving about nearby, but paid it no mind as Carson moved forward, eyes focused on the bulge that was his broken and displaced collarbone.
He shivered gently as the doctor began to prod at the area, wincing as he touched the more tender spots, forcing himself to look past the doctor’s right ear and at the white wall behind him. Almost automatically, his eyes fell on the door to the room where Daryl was sitting. He had to wonder: What was going on with his friend? Was Daryl just sitting in some quiet room, waiting to have the bullet removed? Was he wondering what could be going on with Rick too? “Hey. HEY!” Carson suddenly snapped making Rick’s blue gaze jerk back over to the man to find him holding a thick, blue mouthguard—the kind that was only one piece and at least a half inch thick—in his hand by the front tab sticking out of the dental equipment piece. Rolling his eyes, Carson sighed, looking at Rick impatiently and moving the mouthguard to where the end facing Rick brushed against his lips, “Open up.”

Rick shivered as he slowly opened his mouth. His teeth were just barely parted enough before the mouthpiece was jammed in between them, and he gagged slightly at the intrusion. “Good, now, let’s reset that collarbone.” Carson muttered calmly, glancing at the two men beside Rick, who felt the color rush out of his face as he realized just why the guard was there. But Carson was now focusing on his chest alone, not his expression. “If we move it just like this... yeah, that oughta do it,” the doctor murmured, and the two men grunted as he showed them just how to move Rick’s shoulders. Rick uttered muffled pleas around the mouthguard, but they fell on deaf ears, moments before... With a sickening crack, Rick screamed, head thrown back, biting down HARD on the guard in his mouth as his bones were popped back into alignment.

Head thrown back, he panted hard around the guard as he stared with spotty vision at the ceiling. Black spots danced across his eyes and he panted around the guard still in his mouth as Dee snickered at the pain. He shivered as Carson’s cold gloved fingers moved on his chest, checking over the new alignment of the damaged bones. “Well that’s about as close as we can get. Hold him steady while I wrap him up, then we’ll put the brace on.”

Rick panted, head hanging forward as he let tears of pain roll down his cheeks at the dull throbbing in his chest as Carson wrapped the medical wrap around it, over his shoulder, and under his arm to hold the bones in place. His tears went relatively unnoticed, although he did catch sight of a smirk crossing Dee’s face at his pain and a roll of the eyes from Marcus.

He did his best to ignore the others, even as the brace, which turned out to be a tightened and modified Football Chest Pad Piece, was lowered over his shoulders and placed across his chest. He grunted around the mouthguard gently as the item was tightened. “That should keep everything together,” Carson muttered with a sigh, tugging on the piece and Rick groaned gently as he was swayed forward by the movement, “Now, let’s see about that ankle...” Rick began to pant heavily behind the mouthguard and made to jerk his foot closer to himself, not wanting to feel the agony of his ankle being reset. But even before Dee grabbed his calf with a cold smirk and Marcus wrapped his arm around his waist to hold him in place, he knew it was a lost cause.

An hour and countless screams later, Rick laid back on the once again raised headboard, panting, drenched in sweat as his body shivered in the stagnant air of the room. Carson had reset the ankle with the same precision and apathy as he had his collarbone and now Rick gazed down at the boot that had been forced over his foot and calf. He could feel the swelling of his joints against the wrap that Carson had used to bind his ankle, and his foot and chest throbbed in unison as he lay on the stretcher, the mouthguard still firmly in place but with noticeable teeth marks now permanently embedded in its surface.

Rick’s chest rose and fell against the “brace” around his chest, and he glanced at his hand, sadness flooding over him as the black glove sat there, made of a tough nylon and strapped on tight. Beneath it his fingers were in splints and bound just as tightly as his chest and ankle were, all of those joints swelling as well. Carson had fixed all the joints one after the other, then had proceeded to stitch up
Rick’s head and tend to his throat, which needed just a few stitches to patch up where the prongs had ripped the skin there, then had covered it with a thick layer of gauze that made it almost difficult for Rick to swallow before putting the collar back on the man. He then had proceeded to disinfect Rick’s other wounds and put bandages and gauze on the ones he felt deserved them. Rick had tensed as the man had put a soothing salve on his cock and balls, but the numbness that followed as the salve began to heal the area was welcome.

After that Carson had checked Rick’s reflexes, and though they were slowed (more due to exhaustion on Rick’s part than nerve damage), the man had seemed relatively satisfied, as if assured that things weren’t as bad as he’d originally thought. In the end Rick felt very much like humpty dumpty would have if he’d been put back together again as he was left on the stretcher, three IVs in his arms.

Each IV played a role in healing, Carson had said, with one leading to antibiotics, another to a nutrient bag, and a third to a bag with replenishment blood inside. Now he sat and waited as the drips readied him to be moved back to Negan’s office, gazing at the black and white clock on the wall, his concentration only broken every now and again by Daryl’s muffled roars from the other room, followed by curses from the doctor as Marcus and Dee (Dum having run off to help somewhere else in the compound at Negan’s orders) held Daryl down so that the leaner man could fish out the bullet Negan had shot into his friend’s shoulder.

The second hand ticked slowly around the face of the clock as Rick looked at the timepiece, somewhat surprised to find that batteries were allotted for such a luxury. The clock read 6:30 by the time Daryl emerged from the other room, torso free of the dirty sweatshirt as he now only wore the sweatpants from before. Said pants were dotted with splotches of blood that made Rick tense, only to wince as the action tugged at the stitches on his forehead as he took in Daryl’s appearance. Like him, Daryl clearly had sweated profusely during the procedure, and Rick swore the redneck’s face looked even more swollen now. It had begun to turn varying hues already, and a large patch of red stained gauze was taped on his shoulder, via surgical tape this time. His hair hung in sweaty mats around his head and his palor was definitely closer to the white side than before. Rick blinked as the redneck locked eyes on him, and he saw sympathy swirling in their depths. It made sense. If he thought Daryl looked like a mess, he couldn’t imagine what his appearance must be.

Sure, he’d been roughly wiped down after he’d been patched up, but he was sure that his palor was no different from the other prisoner’s, the way pain throbbed throughout his own body almost to the point of making him pass out. Marcus and Dee stood on either side of the redneck, moments before they had to move quickly aside as Dr. Carson, his clothes splattered with fresh blood, walked briskly into the room and towards a hamper in the corner, not looking at Rick, Daryl, or the other men as he wrested off his bloodied surgical gloves and tossed them in the trash, “Go take the redneck to his hole. Then after about a half hour, Marcus you can come back to wheel Negan’s ‘Pet’ to his Master.”

The two men nodded gruffly, and as the door closed behind them and Daryl, who cast one last worried look over his shoulder at Rick as he left, Rick felt a heavy weight settle in his stomach. Turning, he stared at Carson, who stood merely a foot away from him, eyes on him, a cold smile in place on his features, “Tell me, Rick, how are you feeling?”

Rick gulped hard, the tension rising in the room to the point of suffocation, his heart hammering rapidly in his chest, “B-b-better. Thank you. The pain medication it. . . it helps,” he whispered hoarsely. Feeling the tears already beading up in his eyes, his whole body shaking. Carson’s smile only grew, “I’m glad that it does. Now, I didn’t want to do this in front of the men before, but I do feel the need to perform a prostate exam on you, to be thorough in my examination.”
Rick’s eyes widened as the doctor held out a gloved hand towards him, “Now, let’s remove those IVs and get to it, shall we?” The man’s comment and request were simple enough, but the leer he finished his statement with as well as the dark look that overcame his eyes let Rick now that this was to be no normal prostate exam. “I... I’m fine, thank you,” Rick whispered shakily, feeling his arse tense up.

He had no inclination of wanting Carson anywhere near his butt. Carson chuckled darkly, and leaning forward gripped Rick’s arm firmly, “I’m afraid I won’t be giving you much of a choice. It would be a dereliction of my duties as a physician not to do this. You want to continue to feel better, do you not?” With that he removed the first of the three IVs from Rick’s arm, the one providing him with fresh blood. Rick sighed heavily and bowed his head, “Y-yes, I do.” It wasn’t like he’d really thought he could get out of owing Carson the way the man felt he did. But he had hoped that perhaps once again he’d have thought wrong. Carson hummed softly as he removed another IV. After all, if I had assumed wrongly... Rick continued to himself, as he was forced to stand up, leaning awkwardly on the Doctor, It wouldn’t have been the first time in the past few days. “Good,” Carson remarked with a chuckle, removing the final IV, “Now let’s get you to my examination table, shall we?”
The Doctor Is In

Chapter Summary

After a traumatic visit with Carson, Rick decides to pick one evil over another.

Chapter Notes

Hello! It's me again! I do apologize for the lateness of this chapter, but here it is! I hope you all enjoy it! It took some time for me to finally decide the format of it, and I'm not sure if it will be easy to follow or not, but my fingers are crossed for easy! So, the main thing to keep in mind is that paragraphs with a ~ in front of them are happening in Rick's head, meaning that these are flashbacks (the endings of said flashbacks will also be marked with a~), and the regular fonted paragraphs are going to be his present situation! Enjoy and I'll see you on the other side!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

After what felt like the longest prostate exam of his life, Rick shuddered, leaning forward over the toilet that Carson had left him at as the last bit of liquid erupted from his rectum, some of it splattering the sides of the basin beneath him before sliding down into the water below. His whole body shook as he sat there, his ass pressing against the cold rim of the seat, his hands crossed before him as he stared at his wrists.

“All done in there?” Carson called, bringing him out of the almost hypnotic stare he’d been giving his uneven fingernails. He moved his red rimmed gaze up from his hands and knees to blink out of the still open doorway that had lead them into the narrow closet of a bathroom. He felt like the room had in fact been a supply closet for quite some time, as it was only just barely big enough for him to stand or sit in, his shoulders just about two inches from the walls of the room. He vaguely wondered if Negan himself would even fit in here, with how muscular the man was coupled with the overall imposing thickness of his frame. Yes, it was perhaps a supply closet at some point, probably converted right before everything went to shit into a makeshift toilet of some kind. Or maybe even after, although he doubted that anyone in the Sanctuary had the supplies or know-how to manage such a plumbing endeavor. The room was actually set off from Daryl’s previous examination room, which given all of the beds and curtains that it held, was most likely the infirmary he’d been in after his initial introduction to being Negan’s “pet”.

Carson had walked him rather quickly through that room before setting him down on the toilet and leaving him there to his business the first time, then had come back for him to take him to the first room before bringing him back shortly after that. This had happened three times, and now Rick could only hope this was the final time he’d have to sit on the god forsaken toilet, his face even paler now than it had been in his “operation” and his lips shaking more than before. Not only had the overall toilet process been incredibly uncomfortable, the lack of medication was allowing all of his throbbing pain to come back, to the point where he was on the verge of passing out.

Not only did he have the pain from Negan’s assaults, but the pain from the crude resetting of his
bones was also very much there. So he groaned, and nodded as Carson peeked through the open doorway from his "office" as Rick had dubbed it in his mind. Carson walked briskly through the infirmary, and Rick tried not to flinch as the perverted man gripped his shoulder and pulled him forward towards the doctor’s chest. He whimpered, reaching up and grasping his arms as he was forced forward, trying to keep the weight off of his bad ankle as the Doctor bore over his shoulder, “Water’s relatively clear, you’re good to go. And with good timing too. Marcus will be back any time now to take you back to Negan.” The man said, as if what had occured over the past thirty minutes hadn’t happened. Rick shuddered, closing his eyes.

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Rick felt his whole body begin to shake as he was bent over and pressed down against the examination table, which felt like it had far less padding than it had appeared to have moments before. He groaned, whimpering softly as it put pressure on his chest. His feeling was slowly coming back to him now that they’d taken out the IVs, and the effects of that were by far less than desirable. He heard one of the drawers in the table open moments before his good shoulder was gripped and he was lifted back and up before a pillow, thin but still better than nothing at all, was slid beneath his chest. “Better?” Carson murmured softly behind him. Rick choke out a weak sob, the irony of the Doctor’s concern just too absurd for him. He heard the sounds of wheels against the floor moments before the edge of the doctor’s rolling stool knocked gently on his knees. “Put your bad ankle’s knee on this,” Carson remarked, all business, as if offended by Rick’s attitude.

Rick grit his teeth and slowly, shakily, lifted the leg up and put the knee into the material of the seat. “Good,” Carson muttered, and after some shuffling around, Rick heard rather than saw the top of some container being unscrewed, before said container was set on the examination table near his head. He groaned, slowly opening his eyes and blinking at the open tub of what looked to be Vaseline. “You should be lucky I’m using lubrication on you. This isn’t the easiest stuff to come by,” the doctor said, and Rick watched as two gloved fingers reached forward and got a good sized glob of the stuff onto them before rubbing together and moving back behind him. He groaned softly as his bad hand’s ass cheek was gripped firmly, the fingers of the doctor’s hand massaging it a little as the doctor copped a feel before pulling it to the side. “Grab your other buttock, slut,” Carson slurred. Rick shut his eyes tight, feeling new tears seep from his eyes, “P-please don’t make me,” he whispered hoarsely. Hoping his pleading might reach some humane part of the man behind him. For a moment there was a pause, then... “Have it your way then,” Carson sneered, and Rick cried out, eyes widening as his body jerked forward at the finger that forced its way into his rectum. Of course, such a quick forward motion forced his collarbone to move a way it wasn’t quite ready for and his cry became a scream as his no longer dull nerve endings howled in agony. Like that, the hand holding him open left his ass and moving up, the doctor gripped his hair firmly, leaning over the man, pressing his already hard erection between Rick’s ass cheeks as his finger began to thrust firmly in and out of him, the lubrication not helping nearly as much as Rick had thought it might.

“Don’t scream and act like a girl on her first night, you little ‘Pet’. What I do to you will pale in comparison to what Negan has done, so you should be thanking me for keeping you from his ass a little longer.” At that another finger was added and Rick groaned, whimpering softly at the burn it caused as Carson pumped both fingers in and out of him before beginning to spread them each time they went in to the second knuckle inside his rectum, scissoring him open. He bit his lip so hard he tasted blood as a third was soon added and the spreading continued, wondering tearfully what exactly he as being stretched so wide for. . .~

After wiping his ass as best as he could, Carson walked Rick as quickly as one could lead a limping man back to his office, and Rick groaned as he was turned and put into the wheelchair, grateful that he wasn’t bent over that infernal table yet again. He shuddered, pain racing through him as he caught sight of the enema kit that still sat on the table, his stomach clenching as it remembered how uncomfortable it had felt to be cleaned with the horrible thing, erasing any evidence of what they’d
done before. Now he blinked with bleary eyes as the three IVs were once again inserted and taped into his arms. In his mind, they couldn’t be inserted fast enough, especially the one that was his line to the painkillers. His ass and insides were almost as painful as they’d been at the end of the man’s first night at Negan’s “Sanctuary”, due to the intense fucking he’d taken over the course of the day and then the activities that had made up the Doctor’s “examination” if it could be called that. Added to that was the pain from his injuries being reset, so any break in the ocean of pain that all of his factors caused was more than welcome.

As the painkillers were finally inserted, he groaned, hanging his head, unable to meet the Doctor’s eyes, “Th-thank you.” Even without looking up he heard the sneer that was no doubt crossing Carson’s face as he remarked back, “Oh believe you me, you fucking earned it you little whore. And about what I said earlier? About not further irritating Negan?” A gloved hand reached up and grasped his chin, before forcing his head back and making Rick see the dark smile on the man’s face as his other hand made Rick’s uninjured one touch the reinflated bulge in the man’s pants. Rick felt new tears streak down and he shuddered, as the Doctor’s smirk widened at his discomfort, “Keep on making him mad all you want, slut. I rather like collecting your ‘payments’ to me.” Rick shuddered, feeling a chill race down his spine as his hand was moved over the bulge, up and down, making him essentially palm the other man.

He wanted nothing more than to jerk his hand away from the erection before him, disgust and shame washing over him with each little jerk the man’s dick gave beneath his hand’s mild stimulation to it, but didn’t want to risk giving the perverted man another reason to harm him. “P-please,” he whimpered softly, trying to reach out to any sense of humanity the man might still have but fearing that he’d been shown already that there wasn’t much left to reach out to. Luckily in the next moment he was saved by the bell, or by the knock on the door, as it were.

Carson growled, and put Rick’s hand down firmly, letting it fall into his lap and quickly hooked the IVS up to some stand set on the handles of his chair, “Come in!” he shouted, marching back and sitting down on that infernal rolling stool before wheeling quickly behind his desk, no doubt to hide his by then rock hard crotch and the enema he had swiped up on the way. Rick blinked and turned his head, as Marcus walked in and crossed his arms, frowning at the Doctor, pointedly not looking at Rick, “You all done in here, Doc?”

Out of the corner of his eye, Rick saw the Doctor scribble something on a random piece of paper, his head down turned, no longer even looking at the former Sheriff. It was times like this that made Rick wonder: who had he really been protecting when he’d put on the uniform? Sure Carson hadn’t resided in King’s County, or at least, he doubted the man had, seeing as he and his son had originally taken refuge with Gregory at Hilltop, but he was also sure that Carson wasn’t the only “upstanding citizen” that had such a dark side. How many people had been taken advantage of by such cruel men the way he had been? How many domestic abusers had he put away whilst he had still allowed perverts like Carson to roam free as a bird? Sure the first had deserved what they got, but that didn’t ease the nagging guilt he felt wondering just how many Carsons he’d allowed to continue their practices...  

Carson waved a hand now as if the two were irritants to him, “Yes, you may take him.” Marcus gripped the handles of his chair and wheeled Rick quickly out of the open door. Rick grunted softly as he went over the threshold, his ass tensing as it was jostled.

~Rick sobbed brokenly as the five fingers of the gloved man behind him moved about inside his rectum, pressing into places he felt that they had no business going, massaging his inner walls in a way that the poking and prodding made him squirm. The fact that the doctor was down to his second knuckles inside Rick caused his anal muscles to stretch and scream internally in anguish. He cried out hard as his prostate was finally jabbed, the spike of pleasure almost as bad as the pain that his
body was now filled with, shooting his head up and staring at the wall before him as the Doctor chuckled behind him, “Like that don’t you?”

With that he gave the overly sensitized organ another jab and Rick jerked again, giving a smaller cry as he began to feel his dick harden in spite of the humiliating position he was in. “N-no, no, please, st-st-stah!” he jerked again, his dick thrusting against the table and making pain as well as pleasure spark within it. After all, even though his body was enjoying this, the sick pleasure he knew this was giving the man behind him was humiliating for him. He wanted nothing more than to be wheeled back to Negan’s office so he could just curl up and cry for a bit, if he’d even be allowed that. “Shut up,” the Doctor growled, pressing his thighs flush behind Rick’s, “Surely your ‘Master’ has taught you to take your shit quietly. Or maybe you’re just a slow learner. Well how about this for an easy lesson. . .”

Rick whimpered softly and pressed his face into the surface of the table, moments before he jabbed Rick again, and Rick cried out into the mat beneath him, eyes shut tight. Leaning over him, he hissed into the man’s ear, “The best thing you can do now is just shut up and do what everyone tells you to do. It’ll make it easier on you, it’ll make it easier on me, and hell, since it’s pleasing Negan and keeping him cool and level headed to fuck this tight ass of yours, it’ll make it easier on everyone. That means the Saviors, the Hilltop, the Kingdom, and even your little group. I tried telling this to Benny, but he refused to listen-dumbass teen-and look where he fucking turned up. Tortured relentlessly and now a dead man out front.” Rick whimpered and buried his head even more into the mat. “Don’t hurt your stitches more,” Carson muttered, jerking his hand free before swatting Rick HARD on the ass.

Rick jumped, whimpering softly as his anal muscles seemed to spasm. For a moment whilst Carson dug around in his pockets, the former Sheriff thought that the man was done, and he sighed, collapsing against the table beneath him. It was as he heard something being squirted and felt a cool object pressed against his asshole that he jerked up, blinking at the wall before him before the item was pushed slowly inside him. Rick groaned as it passed further on inside him, having a wide end that tapered before widening to what he felt was a flat surface that nestled snugly just outside of his ass cheeks, pressing flush up against him.

“Let’s see. . .” Carson murmured, and a cold gloved hand was on his ass cheek, and Rick shivered as he felt the other hand’s fingers slide against his skin before gripping the end of the device and slowly pulling it out of him. Rick whimpered, eyes shut tight as he grit his teeth together at the slow burn that caused, moments before the angle of the device changed and it was pushed into him again, straight to the hilt. Rick gave a shout of alarm, panting and opening his wide eyes to stare at the wall, “Wh-what are you doing?” “Looking for your. . .” Carson muttered, pulling it out and altering the angle again before jabbing it deep inside of him. Rick groaned as it passed further on inside him, having a wide end that tapered before widening to what he felt was a flat surface that nestled snugly just outside of his ass cheeks, pressing flush up against him.

“I mean that I’m going to stimulate your slutty prostate and see if the sensual connection between it and your dick is how it’s always been and should be,” Carson chuckled, sliding his hand down and gliding it over Rick’s cock from tip to base through the bandages before giving it a rough squeeze. “Now, hold on tight, and you can thank me later, whore.” Rick jerked his head around, staring wide eyed as the doctor poked out one finger and leaned forward, pressing it against the plug, and Rick heard a beep as it jabbed at his prostate due to the movement of the doctor pressing a button there, moments before the vibrator started going at top speed. Rick shut his eyes tight, gasping and nearly falling to the floor as the item started vibrating, pounding against his prostate, and he began to pant as he turned his head around and gripped the table tighter.
He heard the doctor walk away, and glancing over, he saw the bastard sit at his desk, rolling that chair into view so that Rick could see him fish out his dick, which was about half the size of Negan’s but longer in length, and start stroking it, a calm smirk on his face as Rick panted, the vibrator incredibly uncomfortable. It made his inner thighs feel an unnatural heat, and he groaned, closing his eyes and resting his head against the table, his panting getting shorter and more rapid with each passing second at the pressure that kept building behind him.

He grit his teeth and moaned as it finally became too much for his body to ignore, and he whimpered as he began to shift his hips forward and back, and began to feel as if there was a weight building just beneath them. He whimpered softly as his cock started to harden as the unwanted pleasure and pain both raced up his spine to his brain. And once again, the pleasure was double sided and warped, with his physical enjoyment far from the exercise’s point, being forced out of him for someone else’s sick plan of perversion.

Rick frowned, his gaze only on his lap as he was wheeled down hallway after hallway. For the most part the hallways were empty, with only a few passersby that perhaps looked at him as they passed. He knew they greeted Marcus, hearing them say a quick hello to the man that was met with an acknowledging grunt from the Savior wheeling him about. He supposed that it must be getting late for the Sanctuary and its inhabitants. Perhaps they were asleep, or having dinner? Or off terrorizing more groups like they did to us. . . a soft voice whispered in his head. Rick tensed slightly at the thought, and whimpered softly as that caused new pain to spike in his abused rectum. The pain meds he’d earned were working, but not fast enough to send him into a drug induced haze of numbness. Until they started working, he told himself, he’d have to try to relax as best as he could.

With that thought he tried to reassure himself that Negan wouldn’t be going to get another group imprisoned within the Savior system just yet. He was still savoring this victory over the Alexandrians, right? He was still fucking Rick, anyway. He let out a sigh, hoping that was correct, as they seemed to reach a large metal door. Rick glanced up through his sweaty hair to see a small glass window set into the door, and the dark blue and purple of an early evening sky beyond that, with stars twinkling from up above already, the moon a half moon shining even as the sun was still lingering around.

Leaning forward, Marcus grunted and kicked the door open, wheeling Rick out into the chilly night air. Suddenly the air was filled with the gnashing of teeth and moans and growls of Walkers, and Rick tensed as he was pushed out into a dusty courtyard. He blinked, staring at the large chain link fence that stood tall before them and at the wide road beyond that fence’s large locked rolling gate. Two Saviors with machine guns currently stood inside the fence on either end of the gate, and it seemed as though there was another Savior with a gun every twelve feet of fence line. And beyond the fence. . . were road barriers and large metal contraptions, all of which having deadly metal spikes spraying from them and holding Walkers.

In addition to being kabobed to the contraptions, the dead had also been fettered with chains to the items, such things having been taken care of no doubt right before they changed. Some Walkers were even chained or hung on spikes on the fence, gnashing blindly out into the night. One Walker seemed to see them, a metal chain collar biting into its neck, and lunged at the fence, slamming against it mere feet from one of the gate guards.

Rick jumped from at least fifteen yards away, but the guard didn’t seem startled at all, merely taking his gun and butting the end of it against the Walker’s skull and using that momentum to toss it onto the ground. Rick stared as the dead man slowly staggered up and lunged again. This time the guard fired three shots right into the thing’s bare stomach, this one actually being naked as opposed to the somewhat clothed Walkers, making it stagger back before smacking it with the butt yet again, sending it flailing and oozing rotten blood.
The Walker slowly rose again, looked at the guard, then growled and turned back around, some movement imagined or otherwise causing it to take more interest in the night beyond the gate, Rick assumed. Suddenly a firm hand clasped Rick’s better shoulder and gave it a firm squeeze. In spite of that not being his injured area, he couldn’t help but wince as Marcus leaned down, so that he spoke directly above Rick’s head, “That’s a new Biter. Only been out here for a few days, but he’s definitely a fast learner. Faster than the fucker ever was alive anyway. You met him, I think. Right before Negan demoted him. . . or promoted him, whichever way you look at it.”

Rick’s eyes widened as he realized just what the creature had been as it shook its stumps for arms into the night. Benny. . . His throat ran dry and he cleared it before answering hoarsely, “Y-yes, I did.” “I was there you know, when Negan decided to take him,” Marcus murmured, slowly wheeling Rick closer. Rick gritted his teeth and clenched his hands tightly against his bare thighs, not wanting to get closer, but rather wanting to get further away. And yet he was pushed closer to the living dead and their guards.

“He was with this community called Oceanside, just on the coast of what used to be Virginia. I had just joined our Leader when he initially took over the community. A little girl had gotten separated from them, having run away out of fear due to a small skirmish with Biters. Then a storm had rolled in, and she’d sought shelter. The next morning, she went out trying to forage for food before attempting to head back, and we found her. Escorted her back to her community, and made a deal with the fuckers. Same as with your people. . . They give us a portion of what they scavenge or produce, we provide them with protection. For a while everything seemed to run good and smoothly, and we got some helluva good seafood from the shitheads. And then. . . well, Benny boy here, he decided to get a bit too cocky with us. . .” Marcus stopped with Rick now a mere foot form the fence line. Having sensed them pulling closer, Benny turned, and dead eyes that made Rick stare in fear into them widened and he lunged again, blood seeping from around the collar as it seemed to nearly tear his throat wide open, gnashing his teeth again, arms out and brushing against the fence.

“He led some of their men together against us when we were doing a motherfucking pick up, and we lost some damn good men before we were able to get the fucking situation under control. This shit even managed to stab me in the gut. . . it’s ok, I fucking broke his arm for that crap before getting him right back, right here. . .” Marcus slurred, pointing at the man’s side, where a large scar was horizontally, “I had him on the ground and was ready to carve that fucker open, when Negan took control. It didn’t take but one shout from him for me to hit the motherfucker in the head and back off. After all, I knew our Leader knew best. He always motherfucking does. After looking everything over and interrogating the fucking community, he learned ol’ Benny boy here was the son of the woman who was the lead worker there, Natania, I think her fucking name was. Benny told us it had all been his idea, that she hadn’t known at all about what happened, and Negan was gracious enough to fucking believe him. He spared the women and children, and to be sure to get his fucking point across and prevent any other men there from standing up to him, he murdered all the other males there, except for Benny boy. He. . . well, you know what he motherfucking did to set an example. And what did Benny do? Nothing he fucking wanted, the ungrateful little shit. . . yeah, I’m talking about you you sorry fucker!” The man shouted, and Rick jumped as he wrenched out his revolver and shot Benny right in the chest five times.

Benny staggered back and fell, groaning as he slowly came back around. “Spared his mother, gave him one of the easiest jobs imaginable, and what does the shit do? Badmouthed him, back talked him, tried to bite his fucking dick off, fucking disgraceful. . .” Rick stared as Benny finally staggered back to a standing position and turned back to the rest of the night, clearly preferring not to deal with such hostile and unattainable prey. “That’s why I brought you out here you know,” Marcus muttered darkly, turning the wheelchair on one wheel and slamming it back into the ground. Rick yelped as he was jolted.
“To show you what happens to the fucking Pets and workers that push Negan too fucking far. That
don’t realize how grateful you all should be. . .” Rick frowned as he was pushed away from the
fence, and assumed that he was being pushed towards Negan’s house. He sighed, glancing back at
Benny one more time. “Negan provides for you what is necessary, Carson heals you when you’re
stupid enough to get punished. Do you have ANY idea how lucky you all are?” Marcus hissed.
Rick’s brow furrowed. Lucky? Was that really what everyone thought? If so, he decided, the entire
term was being redefined by Negan just as much as the bastard liked to change rules of life. . .

~ Rick whined and moaned as he approached his climax once more, for the third time, and panted as
he gazed down at himself, and at the cock ring that was firmly around the base of his dick. He
sobbed brokenly, his entire body tense and in pain as the vibrator continued to burn in his ass due to
its friction. Bowing his head, he pressed his forehead against the top of the examination table, “P-
please, please let me come.” He rolled his head to gaze, shaking all over, at Carson, who through
Rick’s tear swollen eyes he could see was stroking his own erection. The doctor blinked at him,
fingertips gliding slowly back and forth over his own cock. For a moment the doctor

like he was about to get up to help him, but then a darker look crossed the doctor’s gaze.

“But how will I make sure your prostate fully functions, whore? After all, a properly functioning
prostate is very important, you’ll find, especially once Negan begins to reward you instead of punish
you. Perhaps I should see if you can come maybe two more times before I offer you your release.”
Rick sobbed and buried his face into the examination table again, breathing shallow, quick breaths as
the bastard pressed a button on a remote and the vibrator upped its intensity, making his ass feel like
it was literally on fire. His knees buckled and he cried out as he fell to the floor, his kneecaps
exploding in pain as they made contact, “Please, please, just st-st-staaaahp! Please stop this, I’ll do
anything just make it stoooop!” Rick screeched, pushing his forehead down to his knees, weeping
between his words at the pain and strain he felt at the chaos he was in, that he’d been thrown in ever
since all of this started. The whole situation was fucked up.

Not only had Negan given him pleasure as a “punishment”, but now the doctor was ripping it from
him in a way that made Rick never want to feel it again. This was worse than any punishment, and
all he wanted was for it to stop. “Perhaps you should get over here and show me how badly you
want it,” the Doctor suggested in a not so subtle way. Rick gulped hard, blinking at the man, and
slowly made to rise. “No, there’s no need for that. Your knees should get you here just fine,” Carson
slurred.~

Rick grit his teeth as he remembered the feeling of the Doctor’s cock in his mouth as the sounds of
the Walkers faded away and the chirping of cicadas replaced them. He might have improved a little
bit after having to suck Negan’s own cock, but while the Doctor was easier to fit his lips around, the
length of his cock was not appreciated by the desperate man’s throat and gag reflex, and the
vibrations of the toy in his arse pounding away at his prostate as he’d tried to get the doctor off only
made it that much more uncomfortable as moans and groans emitted from his throat at the pain and
pleasure he was experiencing. They seemed to egg the sick bastard on though until finally Rick had
reached his dreaded climax once again, and after being ripped from the man’s cock and tossed to the
floor, Carson had bore over him, taking out the toy and taking off the cock ring with an inhuman
growl.

Rick’s dick seemed to explode, making him arch off the ground and cry out at the heavy, intense
release, just as his ass was suddenly filled with Carson’s own cock as the muscles trembled and
spasmed in his orgasm. He gasped, his body tensing at the full feeling, the bastard having not wasted
anytime in being gentle with him and instead had shoved himself in in one go. It was amazing and
terrifying what a difference only a few inches made between the bastard and Negan. Although he
didn’t stretch Rick’s hole as much, the Doctor caused plenty of pain entering the way he did and
shoving himself in to the hilt, and the fact that his cock pushed even deeper into Rick than Negan
normally did only intensified that pain as the doctor pounded into him, rubbing Rick’s back roughly back and forth against the floor with each thrust in and out, utilizing the clenching caused by Rick’s own climax to reach his own orgasm as he exploded into the man’s ass.

Rick blinked, glancing up as the house came into sight as Marcus wheeled him closer to it. He felt like he saw a bulkier figure in the room where the wives seemed to usually be, walking about and communing with the slender shadows that danced along the window curtains. He grit his teeth and felt his cleaned asshole clench slightly at the thought of who that was. “Guess you’re off the hook tonight. It’s their turn to please him,” Marcus muttered. Rick grit his teeth. In a way he was happy for that, but he grew concerned for the wives. He hadn’t seen any bruises on Sherry when he’d interacted with her, and he assumed that Negan rarely caused them any unnecessary pain, but he couldn’t know for sure. He hoped that with the exception of her, most of the wives were fairly happy with their lives here, even if they were in some warped polyamorous relationship with a killer.

As they got to the edge of the porch, Marcus sighed, and Rick frowned, blinking as the man muttered, “You’re gonna have to get up now. I’m not carrying your ass AND the chair up those goddamn stairs.” Rick bowed his head, nodding, “I understand.” Leaning forward, gripping the IV bags as best as he could in his injured hand, he grasped the porch railing with the other and slowly, lifted himself up, wincing as his ass pinged in pain. Groaning, he forced himself into a sort of crouched standing position, and blinked with sad eyes up the porch steps. This wasn’t going to be easy, but he was determined to do this. He was sick of people getting ticked off at him for little things.

He grunted and leaning to the side, moved one leg up, the injured ankle one, the limb feeling like lead with the painkillers in his system. Groaning, shakily putting it on the porch step, he leaned forward on it, nearly crouching over the porch, and turned to the other once he felt he could balance some on the booted foot, then grunting leaned forward and moved his other leg up to the step as well, his hand gripping the railing sliding up with him. For a moment his knee seemed to wobble on him, but luckily that settled out just as soon as it began. Gritting his teeth, he did the same on the next step and managed to attempt to get to the next. But as he tried to move his uninjured leg to that one, the boot slipped and he shouted out as his knee slammed into the edge of the step and slid down to the next one on that side as his other leg jerked out from under him and made his stomach slam on the step he’d been attempting to get to. He groaned, keeping his bags as close to his chest as possible as his arm holding the railing jerked hard with his movement. His lips unfortunately slammed into the steps (but luckily his forehead stayed away from it), and his head rang as copper filled his mouth again.

“Goddamn you fucker!” Marcus hissed, now at the top of the stairs, having passed him with the chair earlier and waited there. “Hey calm down now, M!” a jovial, dark voice could be heard as a screen door opened, and Rick grit his bloody teeth against the wood before gulping down some of his own blood and tilting his head back, blinking up at the man who had been his main tormenter over the past days.

Negan had a sideways grin on his face, and Rick knew that the amber liquid in the glass in his gloved hand was some sort of liquor. It appeared that Negan had been drinking quite a bit, as he had his other arm firmly slung around the waist of a mousy looking blonde girl. The girl had her arms around him and had her head against Negan’s shoulder, but one look in her eyes even from far away told Rick she wasn’t happy to be the petite woman in Negan’s embrace.

Negan’s dark eyes bore into Rick’s and he licked his lips before sucking his tongue back in through his teeth, “Can’t be too hard on the mutt, M. He’s had a long day. And look at the fucker, doing his best crawling home to where he belongs. Ya need a little help Ricky boy?” Rick grit his teeth, the dark eyes glittering before Negan closed them and took a long sip of his drink, draining the glass.
When Negan looked back down at him, a smug expression on his face as he tugged the girl closer, making her grunt and shakily put a hand lightly on his chest, his jacket open for once and showing his white wife beater underneath, showing each muscle as it was defined on his torso. Rick gulped and shook his head, “N-no sir.” If there was one thing he knew, it was that he didn’t want to irritate Negan, and maybe having to help him would irritate the Savior. He bit his lip and slowly drew his legs beneath him, blinking at the wood.

He knew one thing for sure: things could not continue going this way. He knew he didn’t want Negan to force pleasure for him, and he knew he couldn’t see Dr. Carson, as that seemed to be the one thing the doctor wanted to do, to force it from him as he enjoyed watching Rick squirm. He wanted to avoid being forced to feel pleasure as much as possible, actually, as that was just too much in the situation he was in. He didn’t want his pleasure and pain mixed, if he was going to be essentially raped whilst he was here. He sighed heavily and began to crawl slowly up the stairs.

He didn’t think that his own pleasure was Negan’s main objective, and that was slightly comforting. He figured the man had made him feel pleasure just to fuck with Rick and humiliate him... so if he could work harder to keep the man pleased in other ways, then hopefully Negan would be satisfied with that and lose interest in making Rick feel pleasure... and if he kept Negan more satisfied, that might be able to keep him from Carson and his perversions... for the most part. So perhaps that should really be his goal here.

So he continued to crawl, until he breathed heavily through his bloody lips, blinking at Negan’s boots. Slowly moving back to sit on his sore ass, he blinked at them before slowly lifting his gaze, blinking at the dark eyes of the man. He didn’t miss the raised eyebrow Marcus gave him, and the quirk on the muscular man’s lip. Negan was the first to move, as the blonde haired girl just stared down at Rick. Either she was shocked he’d done what he just did, or she was wondering what on earth he was thinking, willingly coming up the stairs like that.

Negan chuckled, moving his arm from around her and putting that hand on Rick’s head, sliding his fingers through the brunette’s hair towards the back of his head before gripping the locks tightly and yanking a little on them. Rick gasped, panting as his head was forced further back, before Negan knelt down, so his dark eyes bore into Rick’s crystal ones, “Goddamn, I like this new enthusiasm, Ricky baby,” the man hissed, and Rick shuddered as the madman’s alcohol scented breath hit his lips before Negan’s lips were pushed against his.

Rick moaned weakly as the man kissed him, and his good hand’s fingers curled against the wood beneath him as the Leader’s tongue “asked” for entry before moving into his mouth, finding his tongue and moving against it. But instead of pulling back, he actually pushed forward, pushing his lips against Negan’s, hoping that he could convince the Leader that he wanted to do what the man wanted. Pulling away finally as Negan did so himself, he panted, blinking at Negan as the bugs moved along the porch light’s surface, causing odd shadows to dance on the boards, and Negan chuckled, wiping the red off of his lips from Rick’s busted ones, “Well, goddamn, redneck’s still a lost cause, but looks like you’ve finally got your head on straight and in the right direction. Too bad it’s fucking date night or I might have taken you on my porch swing.” Rick shuddered, forcing his lips up in a sort of smile. In a way it actually wasn’t so forced. He couldn’t deny that he’d be grateful that this was just how far he’d have to go tonight.

Negan chuckled and whether he took Rick’s smile as relief at not having to be fucked or as enjoying the thought of Negan fucking him, he wasn’t sure, as Negan leaned up and pressed his lips over the stitches on Rick’s forehead. Leaning back just enough to breathe on his forehead, “Gonna have to be tomorrow before all that shit can happen. I’m a married man ya know, got some responsibilities.” Standing back up, Negan smirked at him before turning to Marcus. “Get ‘im up there and get ‘im in his cage. Annnnnd...” he glanced down at Rick and smirked slightly before turning and calling into...
the house, “Hey Tanya, baby! Bring me a fucking pillow! My pet’s been through some shit, figured it might make him sleep better!”

Rick grit his teeth, blushing slightly. He didn’t want to deny Negan’s kindness and reward, but everything had been twisted so far with the bastard. . . and he really didn’t like being demeaned in front of women. For a moment nothing happened, but he did see Marcus tense slightly and set his jaw. He frowned, and turned his head slowly as a woman of oriental descent with a high bun on her head and bangs across her own forehead walked up, wearing a simple sheath dress with a low bodice line and thick shoulder straps. She frowned, blinking at Rick before glancing at Negan, a red throw pillow in her hands, then her eyes landed on Marcus, who markedly looked away, “I-h-hey.” Marcus grunted a reply, and Negan chuckled, shaking his head, before taking the pillow, “Dunno how you got this woman to go crazy for ya Marcus, she can be cold as fucking ice when she wants to be. . . but hell, she is smokin’ hot. . .” he wrapped a firm hand around her waist and pushed her against him as his hand on that side slid down to grope her ass, pushing the pillow into Marcus’s chest, “And she’s good at fetchin shit for me and making me drinks.” he laughed, “That’s a few valuable traits right??”

Rick’s eyes widened. Of course. Marcus had dated Tanya but somehow, like Dwight, she’d ended up with Negan. He glanced at Marcus, but the man’s face seemed actually apologetic instead of filled with jealousy at watching Negan manhandle his former lover, “I’m sorry she doesn’t have more, sir. I assumed she’d adapt well.” Negan chuckled, and pulled her closer, making her gasp slightly as it unsettled her feet a little in their stilettos and rest a gentle hand on his chest to steady herself.

“Hell man, not your fault. I’m the one that wanted this hottie, I get to be the one to deal with her now.” turning to her, he pressed his lips hard against hers, and Rick watched as she didn’t return the kiss nearly as much as Sherry had. He grit his teeth, wondering if he’d ever get the full story on this wife. Pulling away, Negan popped her hard on the ass and she jumped slightly, as he smirked, “Now, go make me another Jack and Coke, darlin’.” Turning, she nodded briskly and walked off.

Turning to the blonde, Negan smiled warmly at her and reaching out, gripped her chin, pressing his lips against hers firmly. She moaned softly and reaching up, held his cheeks gently in her hands. Pulling away, he chuckled, rubbing her bottom lip, “You go on in there too, I know you’re not used to the other girls yet, but have a drink and relax, Amber. Daddy’ll be in there soon.” She nodded, her brown, doe eyes gazing at Negan’s own, “Y-yes, I . . . I love you Negan.” Negan chuckled and nodded, “Well OF COURSE you do, darlin’. Now get on.” she nodded and quickly turned and scurried away. Negan chuckled and turned to Rick and Marcus once more, “Been married to her for just three weeks now. Still hasn’t settled in as well as the others since our week long honeymoon, but heh, gotta give her time, right?”

Marcus nodded, “Of course, sir. I’m sure with you guiding her she’ll fit right in.” Negan smirked at him, his lips peeling back to show all of his teeth, and nodded, “Thanks, M.” Turning on his heel, he marched back into the hallway and then turned into the wife room, “Don’t forget you’re on redirect duty in the morning!”

Marcus nodded quickly and in no time, turned to Rick, and Rick tensed slightly as the man knelt down beside him. But Marcus didn’t have so much aggression in his movements as he had before as he moved his arms around Rick so that he supported his backside and waist before he grunted and slowly helped Rick into a standing position, “I would put you in the chair again, but I’ll just have to get you the fuck out again to get you up the stairs.” Rick blinked, hearing a harsh, almost nervous energy in his voice, but not nearly as much aggression as before. So he merely nodded and they moved further into the house.

After a quick trip of more huffing and puffing, the two finally made it to Negan’s office, and Rick
groaned gently as he was eased down to the floor just outside of his cage. It felt like it had been forever since he’d awoken that morning.

Marcus’s eyes watched him as he crawled inside, reaching up with his good hand as he laid down to hang his IVs from the top of the cage. He sighed, trying to relax as best as he could in his braces, and Marcus handed him the pillow his former lover had brought to them, “Don’t know what’s going on in that fucking head of yours, but maybe you really are learning something, you shit.” the man couldn’t help but smirk at Rick as he closed the door of the cage with a little clang. Rick grit his teeth as the man turned and walked out without another word, closing the door firmly behind him.

He certainly hoped he was learning something. . . like how to survive in this madhouse. As he laid his head down and finally relaxed, for once happy to be lying against the hard floor as opposed to being all the places he had been to that day, he had to wonder if Negan had given him a pillow that day to just fuck him up worse tomorrow. Rolling over on his side as he nestled against the pillow, he stared as the moonlight fell on Lucille, the bat leaning against the desk, parts of Daryl still in her barbs.

He didn’t know if Negan had hurt someone after Daryl, but something told him he hadn’t. He gulped hard and rolled away, not able to look at the bat any longer. He didn’t need that bat to know that Negan could very well beat him bloody over the pillow beneath him within a few hours. He had to try to keep that from happening. Anything to keep from being on that bat more and to keep from seeing the perverted doctor again. He shuddered and closed his eyes, his cleaned asshole tightening as he remembered not just the bastard’s cum dribbling out of him, but the enemas that had been forced on him later as Carson had stated that Negan didn’t mind if Rick was used by the doctor, but that he demanded to have a clean Pet afterwards.

Rick groaned as he remembered how the watery fluid had filled his stomach and bowels to the point of him sobbing brokenly and begging for it to get out of him. But instead the doctor had plugged it inside him, making his body strain to hold it for a few minutes before letting him go to the toilet. Even now, he felt his face heat once more as he remembered the water seeming to explode from his rectum.

Yes, from now on, he would try to please Negan as best he could, and hope that it would be enough to hold off the doctor who seemed fascinated with the idea of having him being forced to experience his own pleasure as a part of the man’s sick game of humiliating Rick and of getting off at Rick’s expense. He groaned gently as his good hand moved down to over his crotch, the thing even more abused since his doctor’s visit than ever before. Even through his bandages, he felt the heat of the throbbing, swollen, abused organ. And moaned softly, as he finally felt the drugs take full effect as he slipped off into a deep, dreamless sleep, his last thought being him marveling at how much he preferred Negan just fucking him to the pleasure he’d been forced to endure. Yes, he would try to please Negan in other ways. . . he only hoped that in the end he could. After all, what he was going to try to do was easier said than done. He hoped he didn’t fail too many times before figuring out the right path.

Chapter End Notes

Soooo, how many of you despise Doctor Carson? For someone to make Rick dread pleasure in favor of pain, to me that's pretty dark and evil. Which of course has led Rick to resolve himself that it wouldn't be just preferred for him to please Negan, he NEEDS to please him in order to avoid being led back the doctor's office. Unfortunately,
sometimes pleasing Negan isn't going to be as easy as Rick assumes it will be. And the worst of the humiliation is yet to come!
Chapter Summary

Rick has resolved to try to be Negan wants. But he'll soon learn that it's a lot harder than one might think. Will he be able to keep up the act? Or will he crumble under the weight of the man's demands?

Chapter Notes

Hello everyone! And yes, here's yet another update! I had planned on it being up sooner, but due to writer's block I just couldn't figure out how I wanted to start it until my muse literally hit me upside the head like a barbed baseball bat! Anywho, hope you guys enjoy it and hope that the next chapter will be out sooner than this one was!

The sun’s rays streaked through the window panes, outlining the large window’s white wooden frame in gilded golden light. Rick smiled as he gazed out at the bluebird perched on the magnolia tree’s branch just beyond the glass that separated his bedroom from the outside world, its own blue wings shining golden in the rising sun’s light.

Normally the sheriff was up and ready to go the minute his alarm clock screeched, but not this morning. This morning the alarm clock had been silent as the grave, allowing him to comfortably sleep in on Father’s Day. Shane and the others at the station had let him have the day off. And so he sat on his side of the large king bed he and Lori shared, pictures of their family on the navy blue walls of the room around them, the cream colored sheets pooling around his waist as he sat with his head against the oak headboard of the four poster, still replaying the amazing night before over and over in his mind as he and his young wife had tossed about together in their sheets.

At that moment the door to the room creaked open, and he smiled, turning as Lori peeked her brunette head through the door. As her eyes met his own crystal blue ones, her face broke into a smile and she pushed the rest of the door open, the 3 year old brunette that stood before her legs grinning toothily at his father, grasping the large dark grey thermos Rick normally took to work firmly in his tiny hands like it was the holy grail, still wearing his cowboy and indian pajamas. He held the thermos whilst Lori held a tray with a plate of still sizzling bacon, scrambled eggs, and toast on it, a bowl of Rick’s favorite fruits of strawberries and grapes beside that, and a bowl of cheesy grits on the other side of the plate. If he wasn’t mistaken he saw a card grasped between her right hand and the tray inside its pastel colored envelope.

“Go ahead Carl,” Lori murmured, and Carl laughed a little as he hurried around the side of the bed to his father. “Here go Daddeeeeee!” Rick smiled at his son’s youthful vernacular as he held the thermos out determinedly to his sire, and taking it first Rick put it on the bedside table before reaching down and hoisting his boy up and onto his lap, grinning at him as he hugged Carl close and Lori walked up, smiling at him, “Sorry about the thermos, he was determined to bring you your coffee though.” Rick smiled at her, ruffling Carl’s hair as his wife leaned in for a kiss and Carl shifted to Rick’s other
As Rick pulled back from her sweet lips, he smiled into her loving eyes, “Drinks just the same from that as a mug.” Turning to his tray, he smiled, closing his eyes and smelling the delicious breakfast, “And mmmmmm-mmmmmm does this smell good!” “You read card first Daddeeee! Makes meself!” Carl said matter of factly, snatching the card from the tray before handing it to Rick. Rick smiled at his son, “Of course! Thanks for reminding me!” Turning to the envelope, he flipped it open, and frowned at the blood smeared on the blank paper within instead of some crudely drawn picture in crayola’s latest designer colors.

Turning, he stared as Walker Lori gazed down at him yet again, her teeth barred, her eyes hungry as they gazed not at the food but at him. Suddenly a biting noise to his left sounded and he jerked his head around, staring in horror at Carl, his toddler now a Walker as well as he snapped up at his father. As he lunged, Rick gasped, and pushing his arms forward, grasped Carl by the shoulders moments before Lori’s own teeth sank down deep into his own shoulder. Rick screamed, head tossed back as it felt like his skin was peeled from his shoulder blade, her teeth piercing through his bare skin and deep into his muscle tissue, as Carl’s own mouth sank deep into his chest. He coughed up blood as he fought to breathe, struggling in the hold of his once loving family, crying out until he heard the door slam shut.

Through his haze of pain, he saw Shane standing at the foot of the bed, a sick smile on his face. Rick wailed and reached out for the man he’d viewed as a brother, “Shane, please, help me!” But Shane only smirked and shook his head, stepping back. “It’s time to eat Rick. It’s time to eat. It’s time to eat Rick!” Rick’s eyes widened as he morphed into Negan, the man lifting his bat up in the air and then slamming it back against the footboard, “IT’S TIME TO EAT!” It was then that a loud clang ripped Rick from his drug induced nightmare.

Rick gasped, jolting forward as his eyes shot open, staring at the balcony door leading outside, the sun he could see through the window being well risen into the sky. His shoulder still screamed in pain, but no longer from the jaws of his wife sinking into it. He groaned, closing his eyes as he shifted his arm a little, making the pain ease up from where he’d obviously turned wrong in his sleep, his cheek pressed against the ornate pillow from the night before as the phantoms of his dreams finally drifted away, his heart returning to a more normal pace. But as the phantoms left, the smell didn’t... at least, not the smell he’d sensed at the beginning of the dream, before everything went so horribly wrong... Rick frowned, sniffing slightly as the smells of cooked meats and eggs and toast still hung in the air, and he groaned, rolling his head over to where Negan stood at the end of the cage with the door set into it, smiling a toothy grin with Lucille in his hand. So that was the clang.

“Good morning Pet, sleep well?” the sadist said jovially, something Rick hadn’t really been expecting. Turning, the Savior Leader leaned down, unlatching the cage and swinging the door back, stepping to the side, his dark, amused eyes still on Rick’s form, as he moved Lucille down to hold the door open, “I was gonna let you sleep a little fucking longer, but I got bored.” Rick grunted and closed his eyes, shuddering a little as he sucked in a deep breath and let it out before pushing himself up off of the floor, wincing as his body’s injuries protested at the pain, even with the painkillers. He was sure that they dulled the pain, but that didn’t mean his body wasn’t still sore and that there was zero pain to his movements... as he moved he felt the joints popping, something that sleeping on the floor had helped with he was sure.

“I... I’m sorry I slept so long, M-Master.” Even after his horrific dream he hadn’t forgotten his resolve from the night before, no matter how much he detested it. For now, at least while he healed and until he could think up a way out of this predicament, he needed to stay on Negan’s good side, if the sadistic man had one. Reaching up, he unhooked his IV bags from the bars of his cage and
slowly, he crawled through the cage door. “No problem, I was a little late myself,” Negan slurred, his feet set apart as he smirked and swayed his hips forward, one hand patting the inner side of his right thigh. Rick glanced up as the man did so, seeing the man’s sizeable dick through his gray jeans just beside where the fingers landed.

“I’m happy you had a good night,” he murmured, diverting his eyes and turning their gaze to the man’s boots, sitting on his knees at his feet obediently, head bowed. “Oh it was,” Negan chuckled, “Course I felt a little bad. . . I ended up spending it mostly with Amber—which kind of sucked because little Negan Jr. and I take making sure my wives receive their adequate attention VERY SERIOUSLY- but you know how that honeymoon phase is, huh? Or at least you used to know.” Rick nodded, “Yes, Master. Of course.” he murmured. “Now what did I tell you about looking at me Rick?” Negan suddenly said in a less jovial tone.

Rick tensed as the man’s bat tapped his boot right in front of Rick’s face, watching as the recently cleaned barbed wire covered weapon swung just inches from his face. He’d been focusing on the boots, trying to act submissive while still getting away with not quite looking Negan in the eye. No matter what he had resolved to do, after what had happened yesterday it was still hard seeing that smug look in the man’s face. But what could he do, if the alternative was to get beaten worse, or to have his loved ones feel the bastard’s wrath? Gulping, he slowly moved his eyes up the man’s muscular body, and stared with shaking eyes into the dark, obsidian ones in the eye sockets of his captor.

He bit his lip, “I’m. . . I’m sorry Master, please forgive me,” he whispered shakily, the tears building up in his eyes not fake at all. But it wasn’t because he was upset he had displeased Negan, at least not entirely. It was also due to the fact that Lucille had moved out and was touching his chin gently, the threat ever there. Negan frowned and tilted his head, and Rick held his breath, his heart hammering in his chest as the tears streaked down his cheeks. How could he have screwed up so fast? So soon after he’d resolved to doing what Negan wanted?

“Why wouldn’t you look at me, Pet?” Negan murmured softly, smiling a little at the clear fear in the man kneeling before him as he saw his body shudder. He couldn’t deny how hard it made him to see that fearful look in Rick’s eyes to feel that it came from the need to make things right with him. Even if he wasn’t entirely sure this was a real turn around for Rick, he was about to love testing the man, to see just how far he was now willing to go to make Negan happy. He wouldn’t be? With such a juicy, even if he was bruised, Georgia peach kneeling, looking up at him, waiting to be used and dug into, how could he resist? Even if Rick wasn’t being 100% honest with his intentions, it was most definitely going to be fun pushing him to his limits, and if he ended up snapping, well. . . that was what Lucille was for, and Negan had no problem really letting her have some goddamn fun. Carson had requested that he not strike Rick if he wanted him up and moving on his own two feet in two days, and he really didn’t plan on hitting the man with the bat too much. But if Rick ended up deserving it, what else could he do? Spare the rod, spoil the Pet, after all. . . and until that moment came. . . He could feel his dick pressing against the jeans of his pants almost painfully at the mere thought of the fun they’d have. Or he’d have, anyway. Rick bit his lip a little, clearly anxious as Negan looked down at him. Suddenly, he wanted those tear soaked lips sucking him off. “Did you miss me?” he murmured, “Were you upset that I was with my wives and not you?”

Rick gulped and nodded, in spite of the fact that he had actually felt a sense of relief while Negan had spent time with his wives the night before, “Y-yes s-s-sir, I . . . I just wanted to r-r-repay you for the r-r-reward y-y-you gave m-m-me y-yesterday. I kn-nnew that I wasn’t g-gr-grateful th-th-then, and w-w-when I c-c-couldn’t m-m-make it up t-t-t-o y-y-you, I . . . I w-w-wished y-y-you w-w-were. . .” Negan smiled a little wider at him, and swayed his hips forward, pulling Lucille away from Rick’s chin and making Rick sigh a little in relief, his eyes still not leaving the violent alpha male’s face, “I’m here now, Pet.” He raised his peppered eyebrows suggestively, and Rick grit his teeth a little, a
lump forming in his throat at the obvious request.

Turning, he breathed out softly, and reached up with his better hand—“Not with your hands, Pet, only with those DELICIOUS lips of yours,” Negan murmured softly, “They tasted so goddamn good last night and look so sweet this morning, so plump and juicy... might as well use them, eh?” Rick grit his teeth and bowed his head, “Y-yes Master.” Lowering his hand, he bit his lip, leaning forward, shuffling closer to the man, his face burning as he opened his mouth...

The belt was tough, as Rick had to latch his jaw around the leather strip and slowly work it first out of the belt loop of the man’s jeans then through the steel belt buckle. More than once the metal clacked against his teeth, sending pain through them to his jaw. But he didn’t dare stop. Even though his eyes were trained on the pants before him, he could feel Negan’s watchful gaze.

Finally he panted, the item hanging loose around the man’s hips, before he faced the black button of his pants. Leaning forward, pressing the bridge of his hurt nose against the hemline of Negan’s jacket, he closed his eyes, smelling the scent of death and gore that the sleek black leather held, no matter how many times it had been washed and rubbed out. It reminded him of last night, as his teeth slid over the cloth of the man’s pants, between his pants and his boxers, and his tongue began to work with the button, breathing hard against the man’s pelvic area as Negan groaned appreciatively. The smell reminded him of what the man had reduced Benny to, and made him work harder with the button until finally that too popped free.

Next was the zipper, and Rick grunted as he took it between his teeth and slowly pulled it down before releasing it, panting as he slid back, carefully not on his hurt ankle. His mouth was already sore, and he didn’t even have Negan in his mouth yet! Suddenly a hand was in his hair, and he jerked slightly, whimpering, until the fingers began to massage his scalp in soothing circles, or what would normally be soothing circles if the hand happened to belong to another. “Good Pet, almost there,” Negan murmured softly, then paused as if contemplating something before chuckling, “Let me help you out a little.” with that the hand left his head, and Rick barely had a moment to think before the man jerked his pants and boxers down, and his thick, wet dick slapped Rick in the cheek, making him jerk back.

Rick stared at the man’s thigh as the dick pressed against the side of his face, the quick movement completely unexpected. On a level he supposed he should be grateful... he had wondered how he would get the pants and boxers down otherwise... would he have had to dig his face down into them and push them down that way? Still, even though Negan had been “helpful” that didn’t make Rick any less startled. Blinking, he turned back to the dick, and tilting his head down, stuck out his tongue. He knew that any hesitation on his part if it was what Negan would classify as too long was something that wouldn’t benefit his resolution at this point.

Slowly, he raced the flat side of his tongue up the man’s cock, and he heard Negan groan appreciatively as he swirled it around the cockhead before engulfing the head with his lips, closing his eyes and moaning around the sensitive tip. Negan groaned at the stimulation and rocked his hips forward, “Goddamn that’s fucking hot. Look at me, Pet. Let me see those baby blues.” Rick opened his eyes slowly and looked up at the man through his lashes and bangs. Negan smiled a wide grin as his dark eyes, clouded over in pleasure already, gazed down at him in all his damaged perfection, “Hot damn that’s beautiful.”

At that comment, Rick slowly slid his lips down the shaft, humming softly and making the man’s head lean back, him shutting his dark eyes as he groaned, rocking more into Rick’s wet heat as he sank down to the hilt, holding back his gag reflex as he tightened his cheeks, sucking on the cock and humming at the same time before slowly sliding up, his tongue working around the organ slowly, tracing the veins of it. He didn’t want to admit it, but he’d learned something about
controlling his own gag reflex for the sake of pleasuring the receiver since his first time pleasuring Negan, and even though he still detested doing so, he knew that his best bet would be to use what he had learned to make the man happy.

As he neared the tip, he sucked a little harder on it, testing the waters a little with a bit more pressure. He’d been in such a panicked state the first time they’d done this that he hadn’t fully paid attention to how the man liked things. He was going to be sure to take some notes now. Negan growled low in the back of his throat, thrusting into that wet heat just as Rick shot quickly down the shaft again, blinking up at the man as he buried his nose and lips into his pubic hairs. Ok, so that was something the man liked . . . It was then that he moved back again, humming softly, before shooting back down again with a loud moan that made Negan groan and lean back and shuffle backwards towards the desk behind him, reaching down and grabbing Rick’s hair to drag him with him, “Goddamn. . .”

Rick grunted softly and followed, shuffling on his knees as he still held his IVs in his hand better hand, until Negan was leaning back against the desk. Once Negan had stopped moving, he continued with the process, sucking and humming and moaning as he moved back and forth along the thick shaft in his mouth. Negan groaned, his hand moving to Rick’s hair as the man worked his lips and tongue around him, rubbing the man’s head gently, “Good boy, good. . . goddamn that feels good Ricky baby.”

Rick breathed hard around the cock a sigh of relief, his eyes still having lingering tears in them at the strain pleasuring Negan caused. But at least Negan wasn’t being rough with him. In fact, even though the man was rocking his hips up into Rick’s face, pushing his cock down the brunette’s throat, he wasn’t thrusting nearly as much as he normally did. Rick blinked up at him as Negan’s dark, lust filled eyes fell on his own bloodshot blues, “Do you like my cock in your wet mouth, Rick? Does it taste good?”

Rick still honestly thought it didn’t, but he nodded. If he focused on the fact that this would help further his own cause, and keep the bat that now lay on the desk at bay, he could overcome that unpleasantness. He had to focus on what he needed to do to make Negan happy. If Negan was happy, then Carl and Rick and the others could be safe. And that would mean Rick could try to figure out a way out of this. So he closed his eyes and sucked harder on the cock as he lifted back up to the tip, like he was trying to get all the good flavor out of an ice pop, opening his eyes as he reached the tip and beginning to suck rapidly on it, moaning a little as if the precum coming out of the slit was his favorite thing in the world, gazing up at the man with a look that he hoped displayed some sort of pleasing emotion to the man above him. Apparently he was a better actor than he thought, as it made Negan’s hand clench happily in his hair, and Negan grinned at him, “Goddamn love that look in your baby blue eyes Ricky. Goddamn love it.”

Rick continued moving up and down the shaft for a few minutes more before Negan spoke again, “Tell me, sweet Pet, where do you want your Master to come?” At first Rick thought his mouth, but deep down he knew that the way Negan glanced at his backside meant that the man wanted him to say his arse. The thought honestly scared him and made his ass tense up, the tissue there still not fully healed. But he needed Negan happy now more than he needed to avoid that small amount of pain, willing to sacrifice himself for that small amount of anguish in order to avoid being dealt a whole hell of a lot more. So he lifted his arse up a little and wiggled it, moaning long and hard against the cock in his mouth.

Negan grinned and leaning down, hooked his hands around Rick’s thighs as Rick’s mouth came off of his cock due to the man bending down, “Let’s get you on the desk then, handsome.” Rick grunted as in the next instant he was lifted up, his legs latching instinctively around Negan as he was moved to be on his back on the desk, the man bearing over him, smiling as he let his fingers trace circles on the man’s right thigh. Rick grunted, letting the IVs flop down to be on the wood. He tried to ignore
the pain that started to pulse within him as they were no longer being fed so rapidly into his arm via gravity, tried to ignore the soreness he felt at just being moved that much.

Negan smirked down at Rick, his dark eyes boring into the other man’s own crystal colored ones, “I’m about to slide my dick into your tight arse, Pet. Then I’m going to fill you up. What do you think of that?” Rick groaned and arched up, as the man’s other hand cupped his dick gently in his hand and began to stroke it languidly, “P-please, yes Master, please let me pleasure you.”

He didn’t want Negan inside of him but he didn’t want him to focus on pleasuring Rick, on getting his cock hard for the man, even more. He needed this to be long and rough, for Negan to focus on his own pleasure and ignore Rick’s own, for his own emotional stability. Even though he wanted Negan happy with him, he still didn’t want to associate his own pleasure with the man. That just made things far too complicated. Unfortunately as the hand remained stroking his cock, it was clear the Savior Leader was feeling too generous for Rick’s liking.

Negan chuckled and covered Rick’s puffy lips with his own harder ones, and Rick moaned, arching up as the first finger slid inside him from the hand that cupped the globe of his ass, moaning as the hand on his cock tilted his dick down and wrapped its fingers around Negan’s own upturned, hard and slick cock as well, making them rub together. He whimpered softly at the friction as yet another finger slid inside of him, slicked up by touching his spit on Negan’s dick.

Gradually they began to scissor him open, and as the friction continued, Rick whimpered softly as the man’s long tongue forced its way into his mouth, seeking out his own. He let his play with Negan’s, moaning as he wrapped his arms, injured as they were, around Negan’s thick shoulders, the IV’s laying for the most part forgotten. He didn’t want to play into Negan’s sick fantasy, didn’t want the man to keep acting like this wasn’t as wrong as it obviously was and that Rick was fully here of his own consent, but he knew that not doing so would be way worse for him in the end. This is what he wants, Rick thought, focusing on what he needed to do to get Negan on his side, This is wha- He cried out, bucking hard, eyes shooting open as the fingers jabbed his abused prostate. Instantly he thought of the smirk on Carson’s face, and he whimpered and sobbed a little behind the man’s lips, his body stiffening right after the memory shot through him. As he did so, his mind filled with even greater panic. What if Negan thought that that was him protesting what the man was doing? What if. . . Negan merely chuckled from behind his lips, and Rick arched again, crying out as his cock jumped in the man’s hand as more blood rushed to it. Pulling away from his lips, Negan breathed on them, smiling down at him, “I think you’re ready Pet.”

With that his hand released Rick’s cock as he guided his own down to the man’s arscheole. Rick moaned softly as it began to press into that first tight ring of muscle, “P-please, Master,” he whispered, trying to put as much longing as possible into his gaze. At first he thought to think of Lori or Michonne to convey that, but he didn’t want to implicate either of his loves into this sort of perversion. Instead, he tried to think of the climax he’d felt with Negan the day before. Repulsive as that might have been, he couldn’t deny the pleasure that had racked his painfilled body. Negan’s smile widened, and Rick figured he had hit the mark with his look, as moments later the cock started to push inside of him even more.

Groaning Rick closed his eyes, trying hard to focus on the big picture instead of the pain of the dick pushing inside of him, trying to keep his face and his ass relaxed. “Shhhh, Pet,” Negan’s voice murmured on his shuddering lips, and Rick whimpered softly as his face was cupped on its more tender side, and his crystal blue eyes opened slightly to gaze up at the man leaning over him. Negan smiled calmly at him, “I know it hurts so soon after our last fuck , but trust me, you’ll get used to it.” Rick licked his lips, and not trusting himself to answer, leaned up and closed the distance between them, pushing his hips against Negan’s own and shutting his eyes tight and whimpering as Negan pushed further inside of him, trying to will his body to relax.
As it finally did a little, Negan grunted behind the kiss appreciatively, and gripping Rick’s hair firmly in his hands, drove the rest of the way inside of the former Sheriff, slowly sliding his hips up against the man’s spread thighs. Rick whimpered softly as the man’s balls pressed against his ass cheeks, the hands stroking his head gently before Negan swayed his hips back and then pushed in again, sliding slowly through his muscle, and pressing up against his prostate. Rick groaned as his cock jerked at the pleasure spot’s stimulation, and his hands tightened around Negan before the man began to fuck him, first long and slow with his thrusts then quicker and faster as the process went on.

Rick groaned, forcing his tired and gradually more pain filled body up off of the desk, meeting each thrust as it came, continuing to kiss the killer, hoping that any pain he felt wasn’t displayed in his movements. From what he could tell it wasn’t, and suddenly Negan wrapped his own arms around Rick’s back, mindful of the brace as he moved away from his lips, “Oh fuck yeah baby, ride my cock.” Turning, he flopped down in his desk chair, smiling up at the confused Rick. Rick blinked, frowning down at Negan, his legs splayed to the sides of the chair, before the man raised his eyebrows suggestively and gave Rick a light spank on his arse, making Rick yelp and jump on Negan’scock.

Negan groaned, rolling his eyes back a bit as he arched his own body, the movement of Rick going up and down making pleasure strum through him, his fingers digging to the point of even more pain into Rick’s back. Rick whimpered and arched away from them, pressing his chest against Negan’s chest, neck, and chin. “Oh fuck yeah Ricky, fucking ride my thick cock,” Negan groaned appreciatively.

Rick bit his lip, then drew his legs up underneath him to where he was kneeling in the chair, only held there by Negan himself, and placing two tentative hands on the man’s shoulders, raised himself up before bringing himself down again, his breath catching in his throat as he forced himself back down on the thick dick penetrating him, pushing it against his own prostate. He moaned as another shot of pleasure ran through him and his own half hard cock jumped at the feeling.

“Oh fuck yeah,” Negan growled, grabbing him by the back of the head and making Rick whimper as it made the wound there bleed a little before his face was brought down and Negan’s lips landed roughly on his. As another slap landed on his ass, he began the process again, rising and falling on Negan’scock, at times bouncing it seemed on Negan’s thighs as the chair rattled and Negan began to thrust up inside of him, pushing further than he had before, matching Rick’s movements with his own. It pulled strangled cries, unfortunately not all caused by the agony of his sore and pain filled body but rather pure pleasure in some cases, from Rick’s throat as Negan sucked hungrily on his pink lips, gnawing on them and sucking on them until Rick could feel some blood seeping through the delicate skin there as he rode the killer’s dick, the fingers on his back leaving claw marks.

Rick groaned as his body screamed in agony, the IVs having slipped out of his arms as Negan had moved them to the chair, his wounds protesting the rough, rapid treatment. But he didn’t dare stop, and as Negan’s kissing and thrusts became more erratic, he forced himself to up the pace, the hits to his prostate making him see stars behind his eyelids as he approached his own climax, until finally Negan threw his head back, roaring as he thrust up and came deeply inside of Rick in a few explosive spurts. Rick gasped, bowing his head against the villainous man’s shoulder as he himself came from the full feeling and the pressure it caused to his prostate, sobbing brokenly as he gazed at the spurts of cum leaving his bandaged dick and messing up the man’s jacket.

Closing his eyes, he continued to weep quietly, his stitched up forehead pressing into Negan’s jacket causing pain to spread down through his face, his features glowing with shame of coming as a result of riding the thick shaft still very deep inside of him and the sick man coming within him, and fear and worry about coming on the man’s jacket. If Negan noticed him crying, he didn’t comment on it, and the next thing Rick knew they were moving, the chair rolling with Negan still firmly up his arse,
cum oozing from his rectum and onto the man’s thighs, until the arms of the chair tapped against a wooden surface.

Rick blinked and slowly lifted his head up, gazing with puffy eyes at the items that had smelled so good before, laid out on the small oak table that hadn’t been in the room the last time Negan had taught him a lesson in it. He stared at the four small sausages, perfectly cooked and browned, sitting on the plate on the table, at the small amount of eggs beside them, and at the two pieces of bread there as well. A glass of milk sat on the table too, along with a bowl of strawberries. It wasn’t a huge breakfast, but it was more food than Rick had gotten since Negan had shown up in his life. What was the man going to do now, sit there and make Rick watch him eat it?

“Carson told me this morning that you needed to build your strength up,” Negan remarked calmly, “In order for you to walk on your own in two days’ time. And since you seem to have come around to what is going on here, I figured you’d deserve a little reward, Pet,” Rick’s eyes widened. The food was for him? Turning to Negan, he frowned a little at the man, and Negan chuckled, leaning forward and licking a tear from his cheek where it had lingered, “Don’t get used to this Pet, at least not until you’ve really proven yourself... I’m most definitely spoiling you, especially since you ruined my jacket.”

Rick bit his lip, wincing a little at how sensitive it was as copper raced on his tongue, “S-sorry Master. I... I couldn’t help myself.” That much was true. He hadn’t been able to help himself, no matter how much he wanted to. Negan chuckled, “I believe you, but I need to get cleaned up. I have a few meetings today. Boring ones, but I need to look my best, you see... and luckily, I’ve just thought of a wonderful way for you to pay me back for coming on my favorite jacket, eat your food, and pay me back for my trouble.” Turning, he took one of the small sausage links in his hand, and Rick watched with a twisted stomach as the man ran the greasy meat up a glob of cum that was congealing on his jacket before turning and smiling as he held it out for Rick, inches from his lips, “Come on now, it’s your own, right? No big deal.” Rick gulped and leaning forward, moved to bite it. Knowing that protesting would essentially undo any progress he’d made so far. But as his teeth grazed the meat, it was pulled back, and he frowned, blinking at Negan.

“Suck on it first, Pet,” Negan murmured, motioning to himself, “Then the next time you can bite it. We need to make your breakfast last if we are going to get all of this up.” Rick grit his teeth but nodded, “Y-yes sir.” Leaning forward, he closed his lips on it, eyes lowering to focus on the fingers of the killer as he held the meat firmly, and sucked his own cum off of the food. Unable to keep his face from heating up as it no doubt turned as red as the man’s ascot in shame. Negan just chuckled and thrust up a little, his cock already starting to harden again simply by being enveloped in Rick’s heat. He couldn’t help but find the embarrassment arousing as he sucked his own cum off of the meat. He hadn’t planned on making this an activity this morning, but damn it all if he wasn’t happy he had thought of it...

They went through most of the meal like that, luckily with Negan leaving the eggs for last and giving Rick sips of the milk in between food items. Rick was grateful for that. Even though it was his own cum, the taste disgusted him, even more than the lecherous smile on the man’s face had as he watched his slave eat his own cum with his meal. The milk was at least a small vacation for his taste buds, and the fact that he was able to eat eggs as Negan got them on a fork and fed them to him without his bodily fluids coating them seeing as all the cum had been eaten with the rest of the food seemed like a bit of a reward for going along with the man’s plan. Still, between eating the sick perverted version of breakfast and being fed to it by the bastard who had come up with the sick and twisted idea, by the time the meal was over, Rick had strawberry juice on his chin that rivaled the red of hte blush he wore on his face.

“Here, let me get that for you,” Negan murmured, reaching up with a cloth napkin and dabbing at
Rick’s chin, getting most of the liquid off. Rick shuddered a little at the touch, and Negan groaned appreciatively, his now very hard dick pushing up more in Rick’s inner walls. “Damn if I didn’t have a meeting in about five minutes,” Negan ground out. Rick bit his lip, and blinked at him. From the look in the man’s eyes, he knew that the regret the man spoke of was only that he wasn’t fucking Rick yet. Rick felt like he was being tested, like Negan was pretty sure he had ‘turned around’, but wasn’t entirely sure. Rick knew that that meant he needed to do all he could right now to make the man believe that he had changed. In all honesty he had, but not into a mindless Pet. He had only changed into a smarter one, at least, that was what he hoped.

“Th-they could wait a little longer,” he whispered hoarsely. Negan smirked, and pushing the plate and glass to the floor where they shattered grabbed Rick’s thighs to the point of bruising with a growl. Rick whimpered softly as he was forced on his back on the oak table, breathing hoarsely as Negan leaned over him, pushing against his spread thighs as their legs dangled off of the table, “And here thought only you were getting a reward at this table Pet.” Leaning down, he pressed a firm kiss to Rick’s lips before he thrust hard up inside of his Pet, just as the door opened. His guests were here early, it appeared.

Rick felt his face turn brick red in shame as he felt the eyes of Negan’s men on them as the man plowed quickly and harshly into him on the table, making the structure itself shake and physically move across the carpet as the Savior Leader rutted into his tight, cum covered hole, far faster and rougher than before. Rick grunted as the man fucked him hard, knowing that Negan wasn’t going to waste time with pleasantries in front of his subordinates, that while this was about the man’s pleasure, it was also about his status over everyone as well. Hadn’t Rick wanted this? Hadn’t he wanted Negan to be rough with him before when he’d been gentle and caring? Rick panted, supposing that this was precisely what the phrase “Be careful what you wish for” meant. He wanted nothing more than to beg Negan to get out of him, but he knew he couldn’t do that. Wrapping his arms around the man above him, he kissed him right back, pivoting his hips up against him, meeting him thrust for thrust as he once more put on the act he knew he needed to convey.

Luckily, Negan reached his own completion soon after their fuck began, and he moaned loudly as Negan unloaded a second load of cum into his arse. Rick panted, falling back against the table, thoroughly exhausted as his body screamed for the IVs still on the desk, in more pain now than ever before. Honestly he wondered how they hadn’t broken the table. . . “Damn, glad we were early so we could catch the show,” a voice slurred, and Rick groaned softly as he recognized it as Simon’s. “Shut up, you jack off,” Negan slurred, but it was with a playful tone, “Get over here. . .” Rick vaguely heard the man walk over, and Negan gave his ass a slap before ordering Simon to do something with his fingers. . . Rick was too out of it to hear what, his heart pounding in his ears as his body throbbed in agony. . . it was then that Negan pulled quickly out of him, and the knuckles of a closed fist pressed against his abused hole, “Now don’t move, Ricky baby.”

He gasped and opening his eyes fully, jerked his head around, staring at Negan as the man walked to the desk, having pulled his pants up and refastened them, and whimpered, trying to move away from the man holding his fingers to his ass, before a firm hand was on his thigh, “Hey, boss said not to move.”

Rick’s eyes darted to Simon, and he whimpered as the man chuckled and twisting his hand, patted the insides of his fingers against his torn and bleeding hole, making the man on his back jump at the contact with the sensitive skin there, “So just sit tight.” he pressed the palm of his hand firmly against Rick at that, and Rick whimpered as a finger actually slipped inside and wiggled around a bit. It was quickly removed as Negan walked back over, and pushed Simon’s hand away before focusing his gaze on Rick’s asshole and pushing something against it. Rick groaned, closing his eyes as the rather large butt plug slid inside of him, a long one that rubbed right against his prostate and had a ridge set on it that once popped inside of him held the device firmly inside of him. As Negan stepped away
from him, the thick plug firmly in place and stretching Rick’s ass even more, he moaned at the pain and uncomfortable feelings he had, arching off of the table to try to get away from it, “M-Master...” he begged weakly, wishing to get rid of the full feeling of two loads of the man’s cum inside of him. “It would take too long and be too messy to clean you up, Pet, and I have my meetings to attend to,” Negan murmured, leaning over him and rubbing his bleeding lips with a cum covered finger, before pressing into the crease between them.

Rick opened his eyes, gazing a glassy look up at the man. Negan smiled at him, and Rick sucked the finger inside, sucking on it like he instinctively knew the man wanted even as tears leaked out and his body started to cramp up a little, “Besides, I love the thought of all of my cum inside of you.” Pulling his finger out with a pop, he reached into a pocket and pulling the rattling chain forth, slid Rick’s collar into place. Rick groaned, arching his neck a bit against the prongs. In a way he’d hoped they would no longer be viewed as necessary. Clearly he was wrong.

Using the chain to pull him from the table, Negan turned to the men as Rick understood the unspoken order the man gave and went to his knees beside him, gazing at the ground and biting his lip as his injured heel pressed up against knobby handle of the butt plug, pushing it even more into his prostate, “Come now, men. Grab three chairs and pull them up. We have things to discuss.” With that he moved to the desk, Rick crawling quickly after him, and once there, he let the brunette slip the IVs back into his arm as he had him sit on the floor beside his chair as he pulled it up to the structure again and the men dragged their own chairs forward from where they’d stood against the wall of the room beside the door. “Now, tell me what we’re doing about Hilltop and getting them and their resources back in line,” Negan said, all business, dropping the collar’s chain and folding his hands together on the desk beside Lucille.

The meetings droned on and on, mostly about the gathering of supplies and their dispersal throughout the Sanctuary and other outposts. Although Rick didn’t pay too much attention as the drugs began to take hold, he couldn’t help but note how organized everything seemed to be. Through discussions between Negan first with Simon and two of his men then a man named Gavin and two of his, Rick quickly learned that while the Hilltop provided Negan primarily with food stores, another settlement known as the Kingdom provided him with livestock and other items.

Lunch had been brought to Negan by Sherry after that, after about two hours of Rick sitting on the floor beside his chair, in the form of fresh potato chips in a large plastic bag, a pair of beer bottles, and from what he could smell barbeque. Rick could feel Sherry’s gaze on him for a moment before the woman kissed Negan and left the room quickly, but didn’t meet her gaze as he gazed at the carpet, having hung his IV bags on the arm handles of Negan’s chair out of convenience. The smells of the food made Rick’s stomach rumble though, the antibiotics and painkillers causing him to go through any calories he’d gained at breakfast far too fast as he glanced up at Negan, watching the man munch on the sandwich as another Savior leader entered the room, who Negan addressed as being Regina. Glancing up, Rick noted that Marcus was with her, the man glancing at Rick on the floor before focusing his attention back on Negan.

Over the course of the next hour, the three spoke on what was being done to reinstate the Satellite outpost as well as the outpost at the Shephard Office Plaza. Negan had then discussed just how many men and women she needed for both as well as supplies to maintain the areas in the event that supply runs may be interrupted for short periods of time, making notes on a notepad he’d pulled from a drawer during the first meeting as he spoke around his food, licking up any stray sauces that leaked down his chin.

Whenever Rick caught himself looking at the man for too long, he turned and blinked at the outside world, not wanting Negan to catch him watching him as he ate. He watched as from far off he could see the main warehouses of the Sanctuary, and thought that he could see people moving around,
working like busy little ants to better their lives and please their Leader. As he gazed at the buildings, he wondered how Daryl’s day was going. Was he still in that box or was he already out working like Negan had said he would make the redneck earn his keep? Was his day as boring as his own? It was weird, calling his day boring considering the rather explosive and perverse start it had been given, but since Negan had begun to meet with his leaders, who Rick figured were Negan’s way of keeping a handle on things as extensions of himself, he’d pretty much left Rick alone, only occasionally rubbing his hair.

Rick had tried to follow the conversations, but not knowing what all or who all they were talking about coupled with the confusion that the drugs caused in his mind as he wasn’t able to fully focus on the conversations, he had just resolved to form general ideas of what Negan had been discussing. In a way he marveled at the system that Negan had set up. Clearly the man had put thought into running the Saviors, more than Rick had initially assumed. If he didn’t accomplish his goals through so much violence and ruthlessness, Rick supposed he would be admirable. . . Still, every time he caught himself admiring the man’s mind too much, he could see Glenn getting beaten in his mind, could feel Negan forcing first Lucille then himself into him. That alone tossed his stomach and made his arse clench tight around the butt plug and quickly quelled said admiration.

As Regina, seemingly satisfied, got up and left with Marcus, Negan muttered a quick “Hey,” to the man kneeling on the floor. Rick turned, blinking up at the man, just as he tossed the bag that had held the potato chips down to him. There were only maybe six left inside of it, but as Rick frowned up at him, Negan glanced at him, his dark eyes on the naked man, “I can hear your stomach from up here Pet. Eat that to hold you over. I’ve got two more meetings and I don’t need you distracting me,” he muttered in a gruff tone, all business.

Rick bit his lip, and turning to the bag, reached out and gingerly took it, opening it. He didn’t want to accept it, but he also didn’t know when he would get his next meal. Sighing, he bowed his head “Th-thank you, Master.” It had to mean something, didn’t it? Negan giving him the chips? Maybe Rick really was making headway with the man. . . and he had to admit he was happy that this wasn’t a reward with a sexual implicat- “I’ll think of way for you to thank me after this meeting,” the man slurred, his eyes dancing dangerously. And right back there they were, to the sexual implications. Rick gulped and nodded, gazing up at him, “Y-yes Master.” Negan grinned and turning, picked up the beer bottle that now only held a third of its original amount and leaning down, placed it on the carpet before him before turning back to the door as there was a knock upon it, “To help wash ‘em down. COME ON IN ARAT, GARY!!” As the two entered, Rick slid a chip into his mouth and bit down on it. He didn’t want to admit how good the salty potato piece tasted. Luckily as the two other Saviors came forward and sat down he knew it would be out of place to say a word.

Arat and Gary seemed to be a quicker meeting, during which it was revealed to Rick that the Saviors had set up various barrier systems around the Kingdom and Hilltop as well as the Sanctuary to keep most unwanted herds of Walkers away. So, not only did Negan have his workers at the Outposts and the Sanctuary, he also had to have people to work those too. From what Rick heard between munching on his chips and sipping at the bitter beer, the Leader also wanted to set up some barriers to protect Alexandria as well. Once those plans were decided upon, the man bid Arat and Gary out of the room, and leaned back, groaning and cracking his neck, closing his eyes as he stretched his arms up over his head, “Good god, never thought I’d be a desk man.”

Rick gulped down the last of his beer, glancing up at the Savior Leader who turned his obsidian gaze to the man on the floor, “I guess though, if you want to succeed with a place this big though, you have to plan on that sort of shit, at least on some of the days. What do you think of it?” he said offhandedly, turning and getting his own beer in hand and tilting it back, sipping on it as he leaned back, resting one boot on the desk as he tilted the chair back, eyes on the ceiling. “Wh-what do you mean?” Rick whispered. Negan laughed, turning to him, “Of all of it, dumbass. Any of it, what you
heard today.”

“It. . .seems well thought out,” Rick whispered, setting the empty bottle back down on the carpet after thinking over his response carefully, “The barriers are something I wasn’t expecting,” he confessed. Sure he’d set up barriers before against Walkers, but he had never thought Negan would. . . he didn’t feel the sadist cared enough to do that. . .”I . . . guess I never thought you would have them,” he whispered, as Negan raised an eyebrow. Negan chuckled, and tilted the beer back again, taking a long swallow, “Of course I do. I need to protect my number one resources. People are always a resource, Ricky. They just have to be used in different, constructive ways. They give what I need to the Saviors, I provide them with supplies they might not have otherwise along with a certain level of protection. Once they’ve proven themselves, of course. And speaking of exchanging one thing for another.” he grinned and turned to Rick, spreading his thighs, “How bout you put those sweet lips of yours to work and pay me back for those chips?”

Rick grit his teeth. He really didn’t want to suck Negan off again, not so soon. But the look in the man’s eyes told him he better, and he nodded, “Yes Master.” Crawling over, he reached up, Negan not objecting as he used his hands to undo the man’s belt and pants and pull them down to the Leader’s knees. Leaning forward, he grunted, cradling the man’s balls in his injured hand while holding the man’s thick dick in the other. His insides seemed to cramp up, the cum moving inside of him as he leaned forward, running his tongue from base to tip yet again.

Negan was groaning, his hand firmly in Rick’s hair, when the door opened next. He paused in his thrusting, which Rick appreciated, as his gag reflex had been just about ready to give out on him, and as Negan instructed the new people, who were apparently Dwight, Arat, Gary, and a guy named David, to enter, he continued to moan and suck on the man, knowing that stopping would not be appreciated.

“So, are all of the preparations in place for us to go to Alexandria?” Negan murmured, in a conversational way as if he didn’t have a naked, injured man sucking his cock. Rick froze, eyes opening as he stopped in his ministrations. Negan’s hand clenched in his hair, and although the man didn’t say anything, the warning was clear. Rick whimpered softly as a form of apology and slowly began to move his mouth up and down the cock once more, ears now primed to hear all things said.

“Yep, trucks are ready, we’ve got the men picked out for the job for you,” Dwight said matter of factly. “Ready to move out when you are, boss,” Gary continued firmly. “Good,” Negan ground out, and his hips jerked harder as he thrust into Rick’s throat, making the man gag slightly before picking up his pace. With that the thrusting stopped, and Rick moaned weakly in thanks before continuing to move up and down quickly, sucking and licking at the cock in his mouth as he felt it harden even more. “We’ll leave in two days,” the Leader murmured, “Dwight, tell Simon not to make any runs to Hilltop that day. I think he had mentioned it, but I’m going to need the van to transport my Pet.”

Rick froze, eyes shooting open. He’d not even thought that Negan would be taking him to Alexandria. He darted his eyes up, to stare in disbelief at the man, and Negan chuckled at him, his hand moving down to touch Rick’s cheek, mischief in the man’s gaze, “What’d you think I was getting you ready for Pet with the damn drugs, repairs, and food? In two days’ time, you, me, and that redneck dumbass are going to Alexandria on that supply run. To show them just how good and turned around their ‘fearless’ leader really is. The redneck will be there simply as an example of what happens when you DON’T comply. I’m hoping it’ll inspire them to do the same as you have, and just accept the new world order. That son of yours sure needs to see some of that inspiration.” Rick couldn’t explain what happened next.

The logical part of him knew that Negan was testing him, to see just how subservient he had become. That part of him begged him to not react, to just continue to suck the man off regardless of
the words that unloaded from his dark tongue. But the part of him that hated Negan, that hated everything he’d done to him, to his group, that in spite of all that fear wanted to still take him down, that part thought of the look that would cross everyone’s faces as he was paraded around before them, no doubt naked, maybe on all fours. Being paraded in front of the other Saviors and Daryl was bad enough, but that?

That part of him snapped, and in an instant, it instinctively bit down hard on that godforsaken cock in his mouth. The next thing he knew, he was being wrenched up by his collar before the bat hit him square across the face so hard he saw stars before blackness overcame him as the Savior Leader roared and knocked him out in one hit. No amount of painkillers could save him from that as his body hit the floor.

Chapter End Notes

The tag list just keeps on growing the darker this story gets... and boom! Some things just happen when you get your dick bitten... Come on guys, you knew that Rick couldn't hold out forever... be sure to comment and let me know what you guys think of this chapter!
Chapter Summary

Negan's dick is swollen and aching and someone has to pay for that. Rick thought he'd seen the man's worst... he was wrong.

Chapter Notes

Hello everyone! Yeah, I know, not a month between updates? wtf?! lol. This chapter just wouldn't leave me alone after the end of the last one, and for once the only thing I really had writer's block about was the soundtrack. ;) So this is a straight up frustrated Negan, hurting Rick, rage chapter. Because of course Negan did NOT appreciate having his blow job interrupted by Rick biting his dick in front of his subordinates at the end of the last chapter. So he decides to up his teaching strategy, and unfortunately for Rick, he is an all too captive student. And it is NOT because he likes the subject matter. Please note that this chapter will have torture, as is listed in the newly added tags above. There is also an explicit rape scene in the chapter, but there will be a warning before it becomes truly physical and graphic. If you don't want to read, there is a line set there, and a line set at the end. This is out of a sense of common courtesy to my readers.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“We’re no strangers to love... you know the rules, and so do I! A full commitment’s what I’m... thinking of. You wouldn’t get this from any. Other. Guy! I just wanna tell you how I’m feeling... Gotta. Make you understand,” Rick panted sweat on his lip as he hung in mid air, his head feeling like it had been split down the middle of his skull. Everything hurt, and he could tell that his nose was rebroken, his stitches had been reopened, and his entire face was swollen. By the pain in his jaw, he could tell that that was most likely fractured too. Of course, some of that pain could be allotted to the fact that it was currently being forced apart by the ring keeping his mouth open.

The metal ring with the inner ridge that went over his teeth had been shoved into his mouth before he’d woken up in this place of darkness and pain, holding his mouth wide open with his tongue, dried and thick with lack of moisture, laying across the cold, bitter tasting metal. Two firm black leather straps-tightened far too tight and now pressing into his injured face as a constant source of throbbing pain- attached to it on the sides and wrapped around his head and across his cheeks, the buckle at the back of his head pressing in on his head wound there.

“Never gonna give you up! Never gonna let you down! Never gonna run around and... desert you!” Rick moaned against the gag, hanging his head forward. The music seemed to come from everywhere around him all at once, the volume turned up to the max volume so that it shook the walls, and as the temperature in the room he was in dropped down to nearly freezing he whimpered, it having felt like it was 100 degrees just seconds before. Now he hung in the cold, dry air-he swore it felt like the night he’d slept naked while Lori had a dehumidifier on when Carl was a baby and she had wanted to keep his chances of getting sick down. He’d woken up with his whole body tingling after she set the levels too high, feeling scratchy all over. He swore there had to be a dehumidifier in
the room he was in now, because his body itched all over. Not that he could scratch himself.

Since he’d woken up his arms had been bent up above his head, making his collarbone scream in pain at the awkward angle. Straps attached to cuffs around his wrists seemed to attach his hands to a horizontal wooden pole, whilst similar straps, far too tight for his swollen ankle, attached his feet to another horizontal pole. Both poles hung as far apart as possible, stretching his body to its limit, and if the situation wasn’t so terrifying, Rick would have joked that he now knew how a hammock felt. But he was blindfolded and literally stretched to the point of straining his joints, taking any hilarity out of the situation, which he could only sense the indicators of with the black wooly blindfold firmly over his eyes, blocking his sightlines of where he was.

The awkward ways his limbs were being held made any work that Carson had done protest against the rough treatment. He could practically hear the doctor scoff and claim that he couldn’t possibly heal the way he should this way. How he needed them relaxed and in a more comfortable position, not stretched to their limits. Rick groaned, rolling his head back to hang again. It wasn’t like he wanted to be this way. . . The position made his entire body scream in pain, only rivaled by the new pain he felt in his face and head. It was pretty apparent that his IVs had been removed, allowing the pain to throb freely through Rick as he hung in mid air. He supposed Pets who bit their Master’s dicks didn’t deserve medication in Negan’s mind.

He groaned as his ass once again tightened in pain and his stomach rolled painfully, by now beyond full. It felt like he had even more cum plugged up in him. From that and the pain in his arse surrounding the new vibrating butt plug there that reminded him far too much of Carson’s dildoprostate exam, he assumed that Negan had fucked him hard after knocking him out, maybe more than once. Of course, with the added cum, he was definitely cramping now, and as another wave of the painful jolts added itself to his anguish, he sobbed brokenly around the gag in his mouth, his body trying to instinctively curl in on itself and being forbidden from being able to do so. He groaned as the plug continued to burn his torn arsehole as his cock had more blood rush into it, the slit at the end oozing precum. He’d already come five times in exhausting orgasms, in spite of the pain he felt that he thought should far outweigh any effects the stimulation in his arse gave him regarding pleasure. That cum had landed on his thighs and stomach and dried over time, making him feel even more disgusting.

“Never gonna make you cry, never gonna say goodbye. . .” Rick began to tense, his heart racing in anticipation. He didn’t know when it was coming, but the song had been played over and over for what felt like eternity since he’d woken up with some interruptions that were worse than the loud music that made his headache and ears ring. The interruptions were by far worse than being Rick Rolled perpetually, and since some time had passed since the last one, he was sure that he was approaching ano- Immediately Rick Astley was cut off by a loud staticky rumble that blasted Rick’s ear drums.

He whined and tugged at the poles, head arched back as it sounded like a karaoke machine turned to max volume but with only static coming over the line. . . And then it started, no matter how much he wanted to beg for it not too. . . the microphone was put far too close to the speaker, and a loud screech made its way throughout the room. He howled, screaming behind the gag as his eardrums felt like they were shredded straight through. He tugged at the straps in his frustration as the torturous noise continued, on occasion dying down to the static again before then coming back with a full screech, sometimes accompanied by the sound of nails on a chalkboard. He jerked violently, trying to wear down the ropes that surely held the poles up above the ground until the cuffs dug into his arms and legs. After a few minutes of said alternations, at the end of which Rick felt like his head was physically and mentally split open like an egg, Rick Astley was back, and he panted, slumping even more exhausted, in his bonds, “Never gonna tell a lie. . . and hurt you.”
At that moment the heat kicked back up, and Rick moaned, head falling back as he felt like he was plunged into the sun. This had to be hotter than before, and almost immediately his aching, throbbing body began to sweat again. Sobs racked from him not for the first time as tears trickled from behind the now soaked blindfold and down his by now crusted over bloody forehead and into his blood soaked hair. He’d been in this constant state of bodily torture for hours, and even as the song only played, he still heard that ringing in his ears. If he wasn’t mistaken he now felt something trickling out of his ears. He wondered if it was blood, but then found that he was so exhausted he couldn’t bring himself to care. Maybe it meant his ear drum was blasted beyond repair, maybe it didn’t. If this was going to be his fate from now on, if Negan had left him here to die in this hellish room, maybe he wanted his hearing to go. . . maybe it would be easier that way. “We’ve known each other for so long. Your heart’s been aching but. . . you’re too shy to say it! Inside we both know what’s been going on. We know the game and we’re gonna play it!”

Rick moaned, shaking all over as he felt himself fading, his exhaustion and pain becoming too much as he sagged in his bonds, sweat pouring off of his battered body and falling to the floor along with his tears. Even now he could taste the blood from Negan’s cock as his teeth had bit into him and the fluid had raced along his tongue and down his throat. He wished he could erase that memory. “Annnnd if you ask me how I’m feeeeeling, don’t tell me you’re too blind to see!” . While a part of him proudly didn’t regret what he had done, the logical part was scolding him for it. He’d been doing so well, making so much headway. . . and now he had landed himself here, in a place worse than any before with the bastard.

As the song went into its chorus yet again, Rick felt the darkness creeping in. He began to shake all over as his ears began to sound like they were stuffed with cotton, and he groaned as the temperature went back to freezing in the room, making him shiver with all the sweat he had on his skin from before, slumping in his bonds and waiting for the darkness to take him away along with Rick Astley’s voice. . . but as the song entered the bridge. . .

Rick howled, arching back and shaking in his bonds, making his body snap and pop in its agony as once again the high pitched shriek of the microphone to a speaker cut through the air, the person in charge of his torture soundtrack not even giving him any static first. He jerked violently, no longer on the edge of consciousness as his head pounded like it was not one part but two halves of a whole. When would it end?! When would. . . suddenly all sound was gone, and an eerie quiet fell over the room. Rick panted, freezing in his movements stretched out in mid air, twitching around the gag that strained his injured jaw. Was it over? Was it really over? After a few moments of nothing, he groaned, slumping once more in the poles, relief flooding him even as the plug continued to vibrate inside of him until finally that died down too. He panted, taking relief in tha- the whistle cut through the air as a steel door somewhere nearby slowly grated open and the room went to room temperature, and Rick shuddered, seizing up all over.

It was the same whistle he’d heard that fateful night they’d been out in the woods with Maggie, trying to get her to Hilltop, and he knew all too well whose lips it came from. He jumped, as two hands gripped his wrists firmly, and slid, fingers firm nearly to the point of bruising, down his trembling arms, twitching, whimpering as fear gripped him. Ok, he’d like the isolation and screeching noise back now . . . the hands moved over his injured collarbone, and slapped it hard. . . Rick whimpered, trying to move away and shrug off the hands, but Negan merely moved his hands up to his cheeks and slapped his face with even harder hits to the sides. Rick howled in agony as his hurt jaw screeched in pain, as his swollen face exploded in fiery explosions that he saw as bright flashes against the darkness of the blindfold. Negan chuckled, “Hello Pet. How’s it motherfucking hangin’, you dick biting, ungrateful little piece of insignificant shit?”

His heart hammered against his rib cage as Negan’s hands slid back up his arms to the pole holding his wrists apart, and then the man pushed it out. Rick whined as he was swung towards his feet, the
seemingly innocent motion making his body scream in agony as it was shifted. He didn’t hear Negan walk around to his side until the man’s gloved shot out and grabbed his throat, clenching tightly around it.

Rick wheezed, choking and coughing against the gag as the evil man began to gradually cut off his oxygen. “Shut the fuck up, you dumbass prick. You had this fucking coming to you the second you motherfucking bit my goddamn dick,” Negan growled, his voice hitting Rick’s ear as he leaned down to be right beside him. Rick whimpered around the gag, and as Negan’s gloved hand reached behind him, grasping the strap of the gag and pulling back, he sobbed brokenly as tears rolled over the straps on his face as they strained against his cheeks, the metal cutting into his lips from the gag as it was pulled back hard against them, his teeth aching from the pressure.

“You know, I knew you were a goddamn dumbass, but I didn’t motherfucking realize how fucking uncivilized you still are, you little sorry piece of godforsaken shit,” Negan snarled, and yanked even harder back, making Rick cry out as he felt like his teeth were about to be popped out of their sockets, “You’re fucking lucky you woke up with just a goddamn muzzle on your motherfucking mouth, or that you woke up with any goddamn pearly whites at all,” he growled out, releasing the band immediately. Rick yelped around the gag as the strap popped back into place, only to be struck hard with a fist to the cheek that made him see stars. He moaned as he was swung to his other side, as Negan continued, straightening up, “I thought I goddamn told you to shut the fuck up, idiot. It’s only to goddamn benefit your sorry motherfucking ass. You might want to hear my motherfucking plans for you. . .Or maybe you really motherfucking don’t.” Ricked sobbed but fell quiet, only breathing hard around the gag in his mouth.

Negan gave a dark chuckle, “Now there we fucking go. . .now, what do with your sorry ass. . .I might not have goddamn ripped all your motherfucking teeth out, you sorry shit, but believe me, I’ve done that fucking shit before when a Pet decided to try to take a goddamn piece out of me. Of course, to drive the goddamn point home, I fucking did it while they were conscious. Had men holding ol’ Artie down as I did it. They fucking stretched those jaws wide as I took my pliers and ripped out every single wasted molar and incisor that sorry sonofabitch had. Oh his fucking screams, all that goddamn blood. He fucking regretted that shit, I made motherfucking sure of that . . whenever the sorry shit would pass out I’d just fucking wait till he woke up again. Then we’d just keep on motherfucking going. I’m motherfucking persistent, in case you haven’t fucking learned that shit. Hmmmm, that coulda been you if I had motherfucking decided, and that should have been you, according to some of my motherfucking men, I’m goddamn sure. It still could be, if I decide to fucking punish you that goddamn way.”

Rick whimpered, and tried to beg around the gag for Negan to have mercy. All that came out was a bunch of jumbled bullshit not even representing words, and Negan laughed harshly, slapping him hard in the cheek and leaned back, “Nope, not gonna motherfucking work, Ricky baby. You’ve gotta pay for what you motherfucking did to Negan Jr, and no amount of goddamn begging will change that motherfucking fact of the matter. He’s still fucking throbbing and sore, and that is just not fucking cool. Not cool at fucking all. But you’re about to goddamn learn just how not fucking cool that shit is.”

Rick sobbed brokenly around the gag, the threat and iciness in the man’s voice chilling him straight to the bone. Negan whistled softly, his fingertips tracing over Rick’s cheek a little before moving slowly down his collarbone and under his armpit, making Rick tremble as it tickled him a little there, “The goddamn question motherfucking is, how are you gonna fucking learn that shit. . .you see, Lucille here. . .” his hand left Rick after pinching him in the skin above his rib cage moments before Rick jumped as Lucille’s barbs raced over his skin. He began to breathe harder, his stomach trying to shrink away as she made her way over it. “She wanted to fucking hit your goddamn prick and fucking balls so much over and over that you didn’t have ‘em any goddamn more. . . then knock out
some of your fucking teeth for good goddamn measure. . . then she wanted to slide herself down your throat to show you just how lucky you are with just having to suck my goddamn cock.”

Rick began to shake uncontrollably at that, and Negan chuckled, “I thought damn, that would be one way to drive my goddamn point home!” With that Lucille swung upward, then back down hard on Rick’s bloated, cramped abdomen. Rick howled in agony behind the gag, curling up as best he could as the impact hit, making his stomach scream in agony. As Negan rested her in the curve of his stomach though, Rick slowly relaxed, snot dribbling down along with his tears as he kept his head tilted up, as if he were looking at the madman. “But ya see, that whole mutilating your damn prick thing. . . it just doesn’t motherfucking stick. . . not the fucking way I want your fucking lesson to. . .” Suddenly two firm hands were on Rick’s calves, and he realized Negan had left Lucille on his stomach, held there by how he’d curled up, and he whimpered softly, trying to draw his calves together even as the pole held them apart. Negan leaned over that pole and pushed it forward, his hands clasping Rick’s legs as he did so, chuckling as he massaged them roughly, “Just too goddamn permanent if ya fucking ask me. . . and once ya have no balls and no dick, well, then I can’t motherfucking play with them anymore. . . and that wouldn’t be fucking fun for either of us, now would it, Ricky?”

Rick sobbed weakly, as Negan grasped the horizontal bar and lifted his legs up as he moved the bar over his head. Rick whimpered, head rolling back as his body was tilted up, pointing to the ceiling with his toes as the blood rushed to his head. Then Negan was between his legs, chuckling as he walked closer to Rick’s thighs, the man’s legs pressing against the leather jacket the Leader wore due to his muscular size. Negan clicked his tongue as his fingers lightly trailed up Rick’s legs, making him twitch and whine as he got closer to his crotch, “And the teeth thing. . . well, that doesn’t goddamn seem like it’s going to make the point the way I want either. Ya see, my dick still throbs from what you motherfucking tried to do to it, Ricky baby, and even though knocking out some of your goddamn teeth would get my point a little across, that just. . . that just wouldn’t fucking do it for me. . . and sticking Lucille down your throat, well, I’d hate to damage that pretty little voice of yours, hate to ruin the way it begs for me and cries out for me while I make you cum, you horny little slut.”

At that he had reached Rick’s thighs, and Rick whimpered, shaking his head in a weak denial of that last statement, trying to draw them closed even as the bastard ran his gloved hand’s fingertips down the underside of his left thigh, before he put the flat of his palm against the vibrator and pushed up firmly.

Rick cried out, arching as the vibrator was forced against his prostate. A few consecutive beeps from Negan’s direction upped the pace to higher than he’d felt it before, and he whined as the blood began to rush through his dick yet again at the stimulation. Negan chuckled darkly and began to roll the end of the vibrator around, forcing it to massage his prostate and cum soaked insides, “What, don’t think you’re a slut, Ricky Baby? After all of this shit, you don’t think you’re my whore? My Pet? Even with four loads of my baby gravy trapped up inside you? Goddamn Rick, you look like a woman in her first trimester, for crying out loud. . .” Negan rested his bare hand on Rick’s swollen stomach and began to massage it roughly as he continued to assault the man’s prostate with the vibrator.

Rick grunted, trying to ignore the pleasure that was forced up his spine as his dick began to rise up to be at half mast. He clenched his fingers around the straps tightly on his good hand, and shook his head. After all, if he was worst off now than he had been that first night, why should he try to lie to Negan now? What more could the bastard do? And if he could do more like he claimed, how was Rick going to stop him? Did he even care anymore, in that moment, of serving Negan’s dark interests? His body was wracked with pain, he couldn’t even fucking see. That was what trying to serve Negan had gained him. What more could he be put through?

“You’re probably thinking it can’t get much worse than this, huh Ricky Baby?” Negan slurred softly, as if counseling a child that wasn’t quite getting a concept, “But let me fucking remind you, it
can get way worse. Much, MUCH worse. I could fuck anyone I want from your goddamn group, don’t think that you’re goddamn special. But I motherfucking chose you. Chose to let you fuckin save everyone from me by letting you think you could offer me your fucking ass. Even that was a fucking blessing, letting you think that you had control over all that. But I let you believe that you were motherfucking choosing that, because I’m just that kind of a motherfucking stand up guy. . . And all I goddamn asked for in fucking return is for you to please me, to try to motherfucking do your best to keep me happy. . . and for a little while earlier today, you motherfucking finally seemed to get that goddamn message. And then you had to motherfucking BITE the dick you had motherfucking begged me to fuck you harder with before.” As he said that, his naked hand slid down Rick’s stomach, pressing into it and raking across it with his fingernails, leaving marks, before he grabbed the man’s almost fully hardened dick tightly in an iron grip.

Rick cried out, bucking into the hand by instinct alone. “Maybe this is too much for you though, maybe you’ll never realize how fucking lucky you are to be my personal Pet. . . how that alone should make you more than willing to do what I want,” Negan snarled, “Maybe I should just pick someone motherfucking younger to fuck. Maybe that son of yours. . . that kid seems resilient enough. . .” Rick sobbed and shook his head. No, no. He’d forgotten the ever looming threat of Carl being put through this, of any of his group being put through this, due to the pain he felt. . . now Negan had reminded him of it full force. ‘No, not Carl, not them, please,’ he thought desperately.

“What, you don’t want that?” Negan slurred sarcastically, and Rick shook his head, whimpering around the gag as fresh desperate tears poured forth. “Then what does that motherfucking leave as your punishment Ricky? Maybe I should make your cock match mine. . . perhaps that would be a start. . .” Negan slurred, and Rick could hear the smirk in his voice. He shuddered as Negan leaned down, and raced his tongue slowly up Rick’s dick. Rick sobbed brokenly and tugged at the cuffs on his wrists and the straps on his ankles as Negan then leaned over the dick and slowly slid down, his harsh teeth raking over the sensitive skin, not in a sensual way, but in a threatening way. When he reached the part of Rick’s dick that matched where Rick had bit him on his own, Negan sank his teeth deep against him, not in a bite, but in pressure. Rick jerked just the same though, whining at the pain that caused.

Leaning back, Negan chuckled, “Nah, nah, fitting, but not creative at all. . . wait, I know.” With that the man began rummaging in a pocket of his jacket, twisting away from Rick’s dick, his gloved hand leaving the butt plug’s base. Rick sobbed softly, sagging in his bonds. Of course Negan had known all along what he was going to do to Rick next. . . Rick both dreaded and hoped to find out. At least then this could all be over and Negan could take him down. . . As the seconds dragged on, Rick felt his anxiety pick up. What was Negan planning anyway? His mind raced with possibilities, before Negan released his cock and reaching underneath it, grabbed Rick’s balls, tugging at them painfully as metal touched the stretch of skin between them and the rest of his cock, “Aaaaah, here we go. . .maybe if you can’t come, you’ll learn just how valuable a good blow job and the orgasm that follows really is, and how wrong it is to ruin such a thing for your Master”.

Rick’s eyes widened behind the gag, and he howled, shaking his head quickly at the thought of the bastard slicing his balls away, trying to twist his body away from the man. It was a knife, he knew it was! It was. . . “HOLD STILL YOU FUCK!” Negan roared, yanking hard on his balls and making Rick scream in agony. Just as the ball cage was clamped around them, a small cage that was actually a size too small for his testicles that wrapped around them in a crisscrossing metallic pattern.

Rick panted hard around the gag, shaking and sobbing quietly as there was a pause and a click as Negan put a small lock on the device’s latch to keep it closed until he decided otherwise. His balls strained against the cage, already uncomfortable in the tight grip. Rick moaned weakly, and as Negan chuckled, reaching down and beginning to prod at his prostate through the plug once more, he felt his balls try to swell again, “You see Ricky baby, any time your little baby making jewels get
too happy." Rick whined and whimpered as the tight balls pressed hard against the cold metal, pushing against the bars. The pain was so intense he was certain they’d bruise.

“This’ll keep them goddamn quieted down for me, for the most part. Although, I have to be honest with ya, I wasn’t fully truthful before... some guys have been able to cum even through this little cage... but I won’t have you doing that without the kind of motherfucking pain I felt having to fuck you with my hurt dick...that’s what your next little accoutrement is for...” With that, Negan’s hand left Rick’s bound ball sack and glided along the underside of his cock from base to tip, “This’ll make it so hard to cum, you won’t be able to fucking do it at all without feeling huge amounts of goddamn pain, like I had to after you bit my little pride and joy,” Negan growled out in a self-satisfied way, before suddenly pinching Rick’s cockhead, HARD.

Rick shrieked, head tossed back as the madman roughly kneaded his slit, before the cold metal of the too tight cock cage began to slide around it. It made him shiver with the chill it gave him, but as it clamped closed and Negan made sure the penis was pulled all the way to the end, Rick groaned as it pressed hard on his dick from all sides, a size too small just like the ball cage. Lifting his cock up and maneuvering the base painfully towards his ball sack, Negan wiggled it a little as Rick squirmed, whimpering beneath his hold, before there was a click and Negan chuckled, his hand releasing the caged prick. “Oh yeah,” Negan breathed softly on the dick, and Rick shivered as that made it strain against its cage, the still violently vibrating butt plug and air on his cock making it try to harden again.

He whimpered softly as the still so sensitive skin pressed against the cage, as his cock seemed to be held up in the cage in mid air, “That’ll be a good start to your punishment, you little cum slut. For sure. ...not allowed to truly cum without pain until I say so, that’s motherfucking brilliant. And with your pretty little prick dick hanging out like this, damn won’t you be a sight to see in Alexandria. Maybe I’ll fucking hobble you took, strap you on up so that you have to walk on motherfucking all fours through there like the little bitch you are. I doubt you’ll be up to walking by then after all and besides, that way you’ll be at the perfect height to give me a proper blow job, show your son what you’ve fucking learned to not fuck up today.” Rick moaned and shook at his bonds again, weeping quietly by now. Negan merely chuckled, continuing to throw salt on the open wounds he’d made in Rick’s psyche. The throbbing in his dick egged him on, made him want more revenge against the man hanging before him, “Maybe I’ll fuck you in front of him instead, show him just what dear old Daddy is good for, what I’m using you for. It would certainly teach everyone a thing or two about crossing me, don’t you think?” Rick only wept louder in reply. Not just at the mental image of Negan possibly doing that to him, but at the reality that Negan WOULD do that if he saw fit. He shook his head, pleading behind the gag against such cruelty. No, no, he couldn’t bear it...

Negan glared at the still defiant man. He was so sick of this shit! He felt his blood boil, seeing red. “What, don’t think I’m goddamn right? Don’t like the thought of you being nothing more than my fucking cum-dump, you sorry shit? Because that’s all you’re good for, Ricky Baby. You understand me?! So you might as well accept it. Then you might fucking start to actually enjoy it, grow more into the slut I know you are!” Negan growled out, and suddenly the butt plug was ripped out of Rick.

Rick cried out, the harsh action tearing at his anus even more, moments before he was dropped down in the poles holding him spread eagled. He cried out, gripping the straps tightly as he anticipated falling to the floor, but instead he stopped about halfway. Then he knew why, as his ass was tilted up slightly as the pole at his feet was lifted up higher than the one between his wrists, and grasping his hips, Negan pulled his torn opening closer, pressing his hard, weeping cock against it, “This is all you’re good for, slut. To be around a real man’s cock, you understand me?! Hell, this ain’t even rape, to be that you’d have to be a fucking person. And we both know you really aren’t. Well, I GODDAMN KNOW IT. You seem to be still so fucking slow on the uptake...” Negan spat,
glaring at him. Normally he would make Rick beg for it, but with the gag in his mouth, how could the fucker before him do that, and like hell would he take it out and end that punishment!

Besides, he was so sick of Rick’s fucking defiant ass. He’d see him come so much closer to what he wanted, then Rick would seem to sense that and slide all the way back again. He was sick of trying to be polite in teaching Rick what was what. Sick of it! What had that gotten him?! A swollen, painful dick! No more games, no more lessons. He was going to drive his fucking point home. NOW! “You’re my fucking Pet, meant to warm my cock and tickle my fancy whenever I choose! And right now, you’re being taught that the hard way, because clearly my previous approach wasn’t fucking working!” With that he began to push through the first ring of tattered muscle and the final part of Rick that disagreed, that didn’t believe him, that felt he could be more than just that, began to thrash in his bindings, even as Negan forced his way further into his tightened, cum filled ass.

Ok, everyone this is the beginning of a rape scene, clearly no chance of dubcon here. If you don’t want to read, YOU DO NOT HAVE TO NECESSARILY READ THIS FOR THE SAKE OF THE STORY! I will leave a long line like the one below where it cuts off and you can pick back up the chapter.

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The Savior Leader himself grunted at the tightness of the terrified man’s ass, almost unable to fit himself in, but with a grunt and a tight grip to the point of bruising on the brunette’s hips, he thrust firmly forward and inside, burying himself to the hilt and once again making Rick feel like he was split in two as he howled in agony. “You’re gonna regret what you did to me, you fucking slut.” Negan hissed, “You might have forgotten who the Master was when you bit me, when you DARED TO DEFY ME IN FRONT OF MY MEN, but I won’t let you motherfucking forget it any time soon. DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT THEY COULD HAVE DONE IF THEY THOUGHT I WAS WEAK BECAUSE OF THAT? IF I HADN’T KNOCKED YOU OUT AND TAKEN YOU OVER THAT GODDAMN DESK? THEY MIGHT HAVE TAKEN ME DOWN, AND THEN WHAT WOULD YOU MOTHERFUCKING BE?? THE VILLAGE WHORE, THAT’S WHAT YOU’D BE. AND MY WIVES WOULD BE WOMEN PASSED AROUND OR GIVEN TO SOME OF MY MEN UNDER THE DECISION MAKING OF ANOTHER! THEY’D FUCKING BE LUCKY COMPARED TO YOU, CHAINED UP AND LAID ON A MATTRESS IN THE MIDDLE OF MY GODDAMN SANCTUARY, SO THAT ANY PASSERSBY COULD GRAB YOU AND USE YOU UNTIL YOU FINALLY STOPPED BREATHING! YOU SHOULD BE THANKING ME FOR PUNISHING YOU, FOR KEEPING YOU FROM THEM! NOW ROLL THAT AROUND IN YOUR HEAD FOR A BIT!”

Leaning forward, the man slammed the side of Lucille into the side of Rick’s head, making it ring and making him fade out of consciousness for a moment, but only a moment, as the Savior Leader began to fuck him once again. In spite of wanting to disbelieve Negan, Rick couldn’t help but imagine that horrible future... at what he could be subjugated to. Still, it didn’t make him want this, didn’t make him want to be used by the man between his legs, to be expected to never protest the treatment he’d receive from the man. He had thought that he could handle that treatment when he’d resolved to please Negan, but maybe this was too much. Maybe. “In fact, I’m gonna make sure you have plenty of time to think that over until we have to load your ungrateful, sorry, bitch ass up to take you to your people, to show them what happens when my generosity is motherfucking taken for granted,” Negan growled out, drawing Rick’s attention back to him.

With that he set a rapid pace, pulling out and then pushing back into the man’s dirty asshole even as his old congealed cum dribbled out of the edges of Rick’s ripped rectum. Rick gasped and panted as the man upped his speed with each thrust. There was no false sense of gentleness here like he had experienced earlier that day on the man’s desk. There was no seeking of his pleasure along with Negan’s. This was punishment, Rick understood that much, as he ripped and tore at his insides
relentlessly, ravaging him. “You deserve this for what you did, this is all your goddamn fault, you sorry shit. For fucking trying to stop me, for fucking defying me, for biting me, for denying my right to do with you as I goddamn motherfucking please! Even now I can’t properly enjoy this because my MOTHERFUCKING DICK WON’T STOP BURNING!”

Negan roared so hard his voice reverberated off of the metal walls around them, “I thought you’d learned most of your tough lessons, but CLEARLY I WAS WRONG. BUT DON’T YOU GODDAMN WORRY, RICKY BABY. I AIN’T GIVEN UP ON YOU, NO MATTER HOW MUCH YOU’VE HURT ME. I’M GONNA MAKE SURE YOU KNOW YOUR PLACE, YOU LITTLE SELFISH PIECE OF SHIT, BEFORE YOU CRAWL OUT OF THIS ROOM AGAIN, YOU SORRY LITTLE BITCH!” Rick grunted, feeling the man tense up inside of him, and panted harshly behind the gag, as the pain grew and grew, and the inner pressure caused his prostate to be stimulated further. He whined and whimpered as blood flowed to his balls and cock, filling his cock and making his balls draw up only to be stopped by their new confinements.

“Look at you. Still don’t think you’re a fucking cum slut? YOU’RE GETTING HARD EVEN NOW! Every time you want to cum, you’re gonna remember this,” Negan sneered, and Rick cried out as his cock was grabbed and jerked around so that it kept moving in a painful circle, the metal cutting into the stretch of skin between it and the rest of his body, “You’re gonna be reminded how fucking lucky you are to be my Pet. You understand me?!” Rick screamed and sobbed behind the gag..

Negan roared, yanking hard on the cock like he wanted to rip it off, “I SAID DO YOU MOTHERFUCKING UNDERSTAND ME, YOU DUMB WHORE?!” Rick screamed, and nodded quickly. Negan sneered, “That’s it. There you go,” he breathed, relieved that Rick had reached some sort of milestone, his pace slowing just a little, “Goddamnit how many times do I have to fuck you to get that idea across?” Rick only sobbed in reply, feeling beyond broken, and Negan continued with his pace for a few more moments, once, twice. . . his thrusts became more erratic as he seemed to swell inside of Rick, and then. . . Negan roared, head tossed back, as he came deep inside the broken man, his load joining the four as he thrust his hips forward in quick, rapid jerks. Rick sobbed softly as his body was jerked with the thrusts, before Negan slowly pulled out of him and slid the butt plug back in, making Rick whimper gently before falling completely silent as he hung there.

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With that Rick’s legs were jerked roughly up, but this time, he didn’t even have the energy to make a noise of protest, Negan’s raw anger-filled words still reverberating in his mind. If he still had felt any pride at biting Negan, that was long gone now. All he was was a punching bag, filled with the cum of the man that had made his life a living hell, and it was all his fucking fault. Because he couldn’t keep up the act, he’d been put through the worst anguish he’d ever felt. Worse than anything he’d ever could have imagined. It didn’t matter whether he really believed Negan’s words, whether he thought he was raped or not. None of that mattered. All that mattered now was survival. And if for Negan that survival meant servicing the man, Rick honestly couldn’t figure out a way to get around that. The thought made him want to break down and wail.

The facts were facts: things had been getting better, he’d been on a roll with making things easier for himself here, and then he’d fucking blown it. He sobbed softly around the gag as he felt Negan move up to his head. He wouldn’t be making that mistake again any time soon, he told himself, he promised his throbbing asshole, his aching, even fuller stomach, his throbbing body. . . At that two fingers gripped the blindfold and wrenched it off of his head.

Rick blinked, the fluorescent light above dimmer than they usually were, before he slowly turned his shaky, red rimmed eyes to Negan, who gazed at him with a dark look, his face turned into a grim smile. “I need your eyes open for this next part, Ricky Baby. This’ll keep you awake real nice so’s
you can think about what you’ve motherfucking done and what you need to motherfucking do and not do in the future. I’ll be back in a few hours to fuck that little mouth of yours and test out that new gag. If you’re good over the next day or so, I might not have you wear it to that shit town you used to live at. . . maybe.”

Rick shuddered, gazing at Negan even more before the man smirked, and leaning forward, patted him hard on the cheek, “Now, don’t you have something you’d like to say to me, whore? Say to my prick here?” Rick’s eyes darted down, shuddering as they gazed at the dick still held in Negan’s grasp, covered in his blood and Negan’s come. He could see from here the dent and scar he’d made in the muscular tissue. . . he winced a little, as the gag was pulled from his lips and held there, wishing he could be happier about that scar.

Speaking through the pain of his fucked up jaw, he whispered hoarsely, “I. . . I’m sorry,” he whispered weakly, hoarsely, his tongue still so dry and swollen. Negan sneered, “That’s a good start, but my prick here just drove my lesson home to you. I thought you had already learned it, but experience clearly showed you needed a more intense learning experience. How about a little gratitude for the trouble it just went through for you. . .” Rick gulped and nodded, focusing on the cock before him, “Th-thank you. . .” turning his eyes up, he shook all over, his body a wave of pain, as he gazed into the obsidian eyes of the man who had just forcefully fucked him, “Th-thank you, M-Master.” His voice cracked at the end, and even more tears raced down his shaky cheeks.

Negan sneered, dragging his teeth over his lower lip, and slid the gag back into place, “Atta boy.” Leaning down, he licked up one of the tears, “Enjoy your fucking time here, prick.” Turning he walked away, swinging Lucille in a wide circle like a windmill as he whistled yet again, before the door closed behind Rick. Rick shuddered, and turned slowly to his stomach. He saw the scratch marks from Lucille, saw the blood dribbling down from the mound of his abdomen that, to his horror, did look a little pregnant. He’d been hoping Negan had exaggerated that fact in his anger. . .

At that moment, a short, loud screech made his eyes shoot open as he cried out, staring at the ceiling. Then Negan’s voice reverberated like it was over the speaker system of the room, “I believe I motherfucking said keep your eyes open, slut,” the man growled. Rick sobbed brokenly, but didn’t dare close his eyes as he gazed up at the ceiling. Immediately the speed in his vibrator was upped yet again, and he groaned, bucking slightly at the stimulation, as Rick Astley’s voice began to roll over the walls yet again. Just as the light shone bright on him in a quick flash of light that made Rick jump, breathing hard, staring at it.

As the music upped in volume, strobe lights around the room began to come on and off quickly along with the light above, and his eyes were almost blinded constantly by them. He panted, his heart racing at the double over stimulation as once again the screeching sound replaced the song, and he wailed, arching his head back as his torture resumed at a heightened level. Letting him know that no matter what happened next, he knew one thing: right now, he was screwed, and he didn’t know how to get out of that situation. . . maybe it would have been better for him if Negan had ripped out his teeth or ripped off his cock, which now strained and leaked precum all over the cage that held it to the point of bruising. . .
Soooo, how many of you all are still with me? Before any of you leave raging comments, yes I know that this chapter goes against one of Negan's rules, about rape. However, that is also why I tried to convey how much pain he is currently in and the rage he is feeling that is all consuming because of it. That leads to his fucked up reasoning about just who and what Rick is. AT FIRST I was going back and forth on how necessary showing that was, but then I thought about how Negan felt being bitten in front of his men in such an intimate way, and yeah, he would be pretty angry. So where does that leave us for the next chapter? Well, as a sneak peek, we're about to skip straight to the morning of the Alexandria supply run. And for those of you who might be wondering. I still stand by my prologue: Rick IS going to find a way out of this and Negan IS going to be stopped in the end. How? Well we'll just have to wait and find out. :) Again thank you all for reading this story, I swear I'm a kind, sweet, caring person, please comment below with your thoughts! And of course, I do not own "Never Gonna Give You Up!" By Rick Astley
A Rough Morning and A Cold Shower

Chapter Summary

The day has come for Rick to accompany the Saviors and Negan on their trip to Alexandria, but he should have known it would be just a simple morning. He has to get cleaned up and has to get ready first, and those things are never simple when it comes to Negan's Pets.

Chapter Notes

Hello everyone! I had planned to have this chapter up around a week ago, but life and work and exhaustion got in the way. Don't we all just hate it when that happens? Anyway here's a nice long, fat chapter for you that took me ages to proofread. I swear it takes me longer to proofread than to write, but you all deserve my very best of my very worst! I have to give a special warning for this chapter even though I've now added it as a tag: for those of you who are uncomfortable with human feces or have scat issues, you may have an issue with this chapter. NOT because human waste is used as a sexual turn on necessarily, but it does play a part in this chapter, albeit a small one. Just another way for Negan to humiliate Rick. Still, I did want to warn you all. I personally have a natural repulsion regarding human feces so even I shuddered at some parts. Anywho, please, enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“I just wanna tell you how I’m feeling... Gotta make you understand!...” Rick shivered in the cold air of the room, the cooler temperature chilling the sweat his body had just produced when the room had been sweltering hot moments before. His skin trembled at the sensation, the fact that he was drenched in his own sweat making the chilly air feel even colder around him.

His dried out bloodshot eyes twitched as the flashes of light continued above him, the whites of them now red and irritated as he gazed up at the ceiling. He had tried to look at the apparatuses that provided the various bright lights of varying sizes and shapes, but any time there was a pause in the onslaught where he thought he might see a light fixture, there was a flash of blinding white light that blocked it all from view.

Between the lights and the continuous onslaught of music or noise, his head was ringing and his vision was dotted constantly with the spots it would get if he stared at the sun too long. His injuries were strained with the way he’d been hanging in the air, aching and sore. No more tears raced down his face, he’d long since finished weeping. Now he just felt broken, a downed dog that had been kicked to the point where he had given up on showing much for any emotion regarding his situation. After all, what good was it to show his distress if no one was around to care? Sure the Sanctuary had someone manipulating the stimuli in the room, but unless it was Negan they couldn’t help him out of his current predicament even if he begged and screamed at the top of his lungs. And he knew it wasn’t the Savior Leader himself.
After all, while Negan might find his torture entertaining on some insane level he knew the man wouldn’t waste his time all day and night just messing with the controls of the room. No, Negan was probably off doing god knew what to some poor sap or holding his boring meetings, ignoring his “Pet” who had displeased him and had in the sadist’s point of view earned such a cruel punishment. Rick sighed, closing his eyes for a moment as the radio static began again cutting Rick Astley off mid sentence, and moaned softly as the ringing which was by now a near constant in his ears intensified, before opening them again, blinking at the bright lights above him as they continued to flash. After all, if he closed his eyes for much longer than that he would be lifted up then dropped quickly via the pulley system of the ropes holding him up in the air as a way of the room operator jerking him awake. He had been close to throwing up the first time that had happened.

So instead of succumbing to sleep he fought to stay awake, trying to keep his mind active by either thinking through his situation or trying to find some sort of pattern in the stimuli that he was constantly assaulted with. The first thinking pattern was depressing to say the least. Rick already knew what he needed to do in his situation after all, as that had been made apparent to him before he’d foolishly sank his teeth into Negan’s cock. The solution therefore was simple to conclude: from here on out he had to do whatever the sadistic man wanted in order to get to a position where he could either not be in pain anymore or-hopefully-get out of his current situation. Of course doing that was clearly easier said than done, which was why he was in his current predicament, and ultimately he had screwed up on his first true attempt at pleasing the man, costing him a lot of the progress he’d worked so hard to make with Negan. Still, the solution to that issue was simple: to do what he could to please Negan from here on out until he came across a better plan. In spite of it being simple, he still tensed up at the thought of that solution. After all, what all would Negan make him do to fulfill that solution? Rick couldn’t be sure on the specifics, but he was certain that it would lead to pain and humiliation on his part. That much was a given.

Seeing as how his situation was so clear to him he normally switched over to the second thought process to keep himself awake, which he had to admit was a lot more time consuming, even if it was frustrating for him. After all, you couldn’t create a pattern in a room where patterns didn’t exist, and there was no true pattern to anything that happened in the room, that much was certain to him by that point. The music didn’t switch back and forth with the staticky sounds at similar intervals, the lights followed no distinct pattern, the air didn’t heat up or cool down with the same amount of time passing between each change in temperature. The only things consistent in the room was the dryness in the air and the fact that he was hanging, vulnerable and pathetic, in the middle of said room. It was that fact that made his attempt to create patterns in the room the best way to keep his mind active. It gave him a headache trying to piece together patterns in chaos, but at least it was something to occupy himself with, taking his mind off of his exhaustion, his cramps, and the forced orgasms that racked his body as he hung there.

Suddenly he tensed, as the butt plug buzzed insistently in his raw and dirty asshole, pushing against his prostate and egging him on towards his next unwanted climax. He grunted, closing his eyes tightly before opening them and gazing over himself and his still very distended belly to his limp cock and balls, dried blood and semen surrounding their surfaces, the first from the bars of the cages cutting into them and the second from the abuse his prostate constantly underwent. He shook his head, trying to will his dick to not harden, but even as he did so it started to stiffen as blood rushed through the abused organ yet again. He groaned, flopping his head back, gazing at the lights above him as they flashed, resolving himself to the undeniable climax that was sure to come in a matter of minutes.

He moaned, weakly bucking as he approached orgasm as the vibrator rubbed against his overly sensitive prostate, and his dick strained against the cage around it, squirting precum from its red, irritated tip like it had done many times before. In spite of the cage, he’d come plenty of times in the room, but each time had been full of pain, just as Negan had promised. His dick and balls had gotten
cut into during that time, and he’d sobbed as he’d seen blood moving alongside his cum from between the cage bars. To make matters worse, that wasn’t the only thing his cock had done during that time, as piss had leaked out even as he’d tried to hold it in during his time of imprisonment. He’d tried to think of anything and everything other than his urge to pee each time, but regardless of said attempts the urine had flowed through the bars of the cage and over his stomach and thighs and he’d whined as it had seeped into the cuts the cage had made on him, causing them to burn painfully. Every time that had happened he was left sticky and in pain, the ammonia smelling liquid drying on his skin over the cum that had dried there before it.

Now his cock continued to harden thanks to the vibrating butt plug inside of him, and he moaned weakly, his hips rocking back and forth of their own accord, and shook his head with a whine as Rick Astley played once more. He jerked hard at his bonds, screaming and wailing around the gag, his tongue swollen and dry within the metal ring in his mouth. This was the one time he showed emotion, begging to be set free or at least for the butt plug to be turned off. Even as he knew no one would heed his pleas even if they could make out his desperate words that were always distorted by his gag, he couldn’t help but beg each time. As he felt himself reaching release once again, he screamed the loudest, shaking hard at his bonds, not caring that his injuries howled in pain right along with him, and seconds later he came violently, shrieking through the gag as cum spurted up over the bars of the cage and his cock was sliced into yet again.

Rick sobbed brokenly, head flopping back as he came down from his orgasm, moaning at the fresh pain he felt, gazing with teary, puffy eyes up at the lights that flashed above him, tugging at the bonds that by now had left his wrists and ankles raw. He closed his eyes, panting in his exhaustion. It was then that the music and the lights were turned off, and he frowned, opening his eyes and tilting his head further back, blinked at the steel door behind him. The only times the stimuli was turned off was when he had a visitor, after all. Now all he had to do was wonder who it was... The only visitors he ever had were Carson and Negan, so he assumed it was one of them. The first always came to force a vitamin infused concoction down Rick’s throat at morning, midday, and evening via a funnel. The other came to fuck his throat raw and inspect the effects of his punishment on Rick’s body, among other things. Sometimes they came separately, but other times they came together. Both brought a certain level of embarrassment and pain to him. Rick blinked, remembering the first time they had both come to him all too well. . .

~As the music shut off, the lights all dimmed down until the room was almost completely dark, and the air in the room returned to a typical room temperature, Rick groaned, slumping in his bonds, hoping that Negan had reconsidered keeping him in this horrible place. He didn’t want to admit even to himself the relief that that thought gave him, but couldn’t deny the hope he had regarding such a circumstance either. He was certain in that moment that he would do anything Negan wanted to keep himself out of that horrible room.

As the door grated open, he tilted his head back, ready to plead with Negan as much as he could to take him down and put him back in his cage in the man’s office. He frowned a little around the gag as Dr. Carson walked into the room instead. He began to shake all over as the Doctor’s tired, exhausted face turned to him, something telling him that the bag the Doctor carried on one arm wasn’t tools to be used to let him down. As Carson moved forward, Rick whimpered gently, trying to curl up in his bonds and appear smaller. Was this just another punishment? Was the Doctor going to essentially go for round two with him? He whimpered and flinched away as Carson reached him, stepping up to him and reaching out a gloved hand towards his face.

“Calm down you dumb whore,” Carson muttered coldly, shifting his bag to his shoulder as his two cold gloved hands felt over Rick’s jaw line, clearly inspecting how much strain was being applied to it in order to keep his mouth open. Rick moaned weakly and closed his eyes, shaking all over as his face was kneaded roughly by them. “Damn you really are an idiot, you know that?” Carson growled,
“The minute you seem to be making progress, you go and fuck it up somehow... I honestly wouldn’t care so much if I weren’t the one tasked with keeping your sorry ass alive.”

Suddenly a hard stale tasting plastic was pushed into Rick’s mouth and he grunted, choking around the thick tube, opening his eyes as the bright red funnel was shoved over his tongue with the end of it against the back of his throat, having to fight his gag reflex as the Doctor held it firmly in place.

“Don’t fucking try to push it out,” Carson growled out, and Rick moaned weakly, nodding a little to show he understood before the water bottle of soupy, white, grainy liquid was brought out of the bag next, Carson leaving the funnel sitting in the prisoner’s jaws. He frowned at the bottle as the Doctor shook it firmly, before the man unscrewed the cap, took a firmer hold on the funnel, and began to pour the draught into him.

The minute the taste hit his tongue, Rick protested, shaking his head to try to get the funnel out, the stuff’s flavor a foul one that he’d never had before. He squint his own eyes shut, his refusal to swallow making him choke and gag on the liquid. “Just fucking swallow it!” Carson growled, as the liquid spurted up and over Rick’s lips, splattering against the Doctor’s hand and dribbling over Rick’s own cheeks. Rick grunted and shook his head before deciding to move his head around more to try to dislodge the plastic device in his mouth. He’d rather starve than be force fed that shi-

A loud bang behind him had made him freeze up. “Listen to the goddamn man you dumb whore,” Negan’s voice slurred from the doorway that was currently blocked from Rick’s view. Rick shivered, and instinctively, swallowed the vile stuff, feeling it sliding down his throat the rest of the way and down to his stomach. He shivered, continuing to swallow it more and more as the Doctor continued to pour the bottle’s contents into him and Negan chuckled, walking into the room. “Like a goddamn baby that doesn’t like his mashed carrots, huh doc?” Doctor Carson only sighed in response, the look of exasperation on his face clearly saying that he agreed with the sadist on some level. But Rick’s eyes were only trained on Negan as he walked up on Rick’s left side, Lucille swinging in circles dangerous close to Rick, his cold obsidian eyes focusing on the bound man with tears in his baby blue eyes.

It had only been a few hours after he’d taken Rick so violently in his suspended state, and Rick shivered, gazing fearfully at Negan as the man chuckled, smirking down at him coldly, “But you’re not a fucking baby are you? So, I don’t want any goddamn more of this rebellious bullshit from your sorry fucking ass. You better behave Pet, or you’ll be fucking worse off than you are even right goddamn now.” Rick groaned in response, hanging his head back as he whimpered softly, tears leaking from his eyes, and angled his throat to let the funnel in deeper, showing his submission to the man’s will as he forced himself to continue to gulp the mixture down. He jumped, as the cold gloved hand rested on his distended stomach, stroking it softly, “There we goddamn go, now was that so fucking hard?” Negan murmured, as if coddling a particularly retarded child, “You should be goddamn lucky we’re feeding you anything at all, you ungrateful slut.” Rick only sobbed brokenly as he gulped down the last of the concoction, neither confirming or denying the man’s statement.

The funnel finally slid slowly out of his throat and Rick sighed, his breath whispering through the metal rims of the guard in his mouth. “Finished,” Carson sighed, putting the funnel away, speaking as if he’d been the one with the funnel and horrible mixture down his throat. “Not quite,” Negan chuckled, and leaned over, holding Lucille with his legs as he ran a bare finger over some of the mixture that had rolled down Rick’s cheek. Rick trembled beneath the firm touch of the man, before the finger covered in the nutrient concoction slid down his tongue, forcing him to fully taste the nasty, salty food as Negan pushed his finger fully into his mouth. Rick nearly gagged.

“Don’t want any to go to motherfucking waste, now do we?” Negan slurred, smirking, “A lot of goddamn work went into making this shit for you, Ricky baby. So show a bit of fucking gratitude and finish your meal like a good whore.” Rick grunted and began to move his tongue around the
digit, swallowing and holding back his gag reflex some more as he ate the last of the food off of the finger, only for Negan to remove it and scoop up some more from his other cheek. Rick whimpered softly as he began to lap at that scoop as well. He really couldn’t even place a flavor with the liquid, but the taste was horrible, of that he was certain. And he couldn’t get over how salty it was. And yet he continued to eat, hoping that his compliance would help him win back some of the brownie points he’d all too quickly thrown away with the man.

Negan chuckled, “Well would you motherfucking look at that, getting better already aren’t we you sad fuck? Shoulda thought of motherfucking letting you just hang out in here from the goddamn beginning huh? All alone with your damn thoughts,” he gripped Rick’s stomach a little firmer and wiggled it playfully, turning and smirking darkly at the face of the man hanging in mid air as Rick whimpered around the finger in his mouth at the pain the sadist’s actions caused.

Carson sighed and shook his head, “You shouldn’t have done it at this time though. This isn’t going to bode well for his injuries, Negan. At this point I probably need to restitch his forehead, see to his other wounds, and make sure that his bones aren’t healing at wrong angles. Otherwise he’ll have limited movement and potential infections in the future. Your Pet needs rest, not suspension. And right now you have him under so much sensory stimulus he can’t sleep enough to properly heal. His stomach needs to be cleaned out as well, straining it this way isn’t helping him heal from his other injuries at all. And once he has a bowel movement, if there’s shit stuck inside of him too for a long period of time with open tears in his anal muscles, that could lead to an infection for sure.” Negan narrowed his cold eyes at the Doctor, “I’m sorry, did I motherfucking ask for your goddamn opinion?” He growled out, gripping Rick’s stomach tighter. Rick whimpered, groaning as he shut his eyes tight and flopped his head back again, the finger having left his mouth, the last of the vile food consumed and swallowed.

Carson grit his teeth, frowning at Negan, “No, you didn’t. But you did tell me you needed him up on his feet by the time you go to Alexandria the day after tomorrow, and there is no way I can ensure that with him hanging in here. So, if you intend to leave your Pet strung up here like this and in his current state, I’ll ask that you not hold it against me when he can’t fucking move when you’re ready to go that morning, or when he’s shaking all over from infection while you two are standing just outside of their gates.” Negan growled using his gloved hand to pick up Lucille, and slowly moved around to Rick’s ass, slapping it hard with the part of her just beneath the barbs as his pale hand slid down Rick’s chest and gripped his stomach in place of his gloved hand, making Rick yelp and jump a little at the impact, before using the bat’s length to move Rick’s thighs up over himself.

The Leader cut into him with her barbs in the process and made Rick whine pathetically at the pain, then walked along the other side of Rick until he was right in front of Carson, glaring down at the Doctor, who, although he had tried to remain strong in the face of the Leader, finally diverted his gaze to his feet.

Negan growled low in his throat down at the man as his hand clenched painfully around Rick’s stomach, tears leaking from Rick’s already closed eyelids. “You don’t think I damn well know that, you sorry quack? Of course I motherfucking know that this punishment changes how things are going to motherfucking go down. OF COURSE I fucking know you can’t have him at that level of readiness when I go to Alexandria with him if I leave him like this. But I’m not gonna fucking let him get out of this goddamn lesson just because you decide to be a prick who thinks your dick’s bigger than mine and decides you can go around fucking bossing the hell out of me,” he growled out, and moved Lucille up to be inches from Carson’s chest, “So fucking tell me, is that what you’re doing? Are you fucking telling me how to treat my goddamn Pet, telling me I need to stop with his current damn training? Tell me, Dr. Carson. . .” he leaned forward, so his alcohol scented breath hit the other man’s nostrils, “Do you THINK your dick is bigger than mine? If so, let’s whip that little shit out and see just how much more of a man you are compared to me after Lucille has her fucking
fun with it.” With that he moved the bat down and pressed her barbs against the crotch of the Doctor’s pants, smirking as he rolled her against it, over and over. “For the goddamn record, I think Ricky here can tell you that having her against your dick that way is never advantageous for the cock in that fucking scenario.”

“N-no sir that won’t be n-necessary,” Carson whispered after clearing his throat, holding his head up higher and meeting Negan’s eyes, taking a step back and away from the bat as a way of submitting to the other male, “I was merely making recommendations to you from a purely medical and biological perspective regarding your Pet’s health and how he may be best able to serve you in the future. I wouldn’t ever put it on myself to tell you how to train him though, and I would never presume to think my . . . my manhood . . . is bigger than yours. I-I’m sorry for the miscommunication.”

Negan paused for a moment, thinking over the Doctor’s words as Rick panted hard around the gag, watching them both, wondering if Negan was going to accept the apology or not. Honestly he couldn’t read Negan at all in that moment, certainly not enough to know what he was about to do. He just hoped that it wouldn’t involve too much pain for himself . . .

It was then that the Leader chuckled and patted Carson’s cheek with his gloved hand, “Good, that’s what I figured wasfucking going on but you know, can’t be too goddamn careful and hell, if anyone wants to challenge my authority, they can always be my motherfucking guest. I’ll be willing to listen, they just need to put their money—or in this situation cock—where their mouth is. Now . . .” turning to Rick, Negan walked closer to him, smirking down at the man who shrank in his bonds, moaning around the gag as he gazed up tearfully at the man. “He ate at around 1:30 earlier today, when should his next bowel movement be?” Negan slurred, his hand snaking down to Rick’s ass and giving the cheek closest to him a squeeze, making Rick whimper gently even as he didn’t move away from the tight grip. Carson frowned, “It’s difficult to say. . . have you not already had one?” he posed the question to Rick, who shuddered and closing his eyes, shook his head. “Then it could be any time now,” Carson informed Negan, eyeing the man warily, “If I may inquire, why do you ask?”

Negan smirked and shrugged, eyes not leaving Rick’s face, “Consider it morbid curiosity. Now, go get my Pet an IV for painkillers and another for antibiotics.” Carson raised an eyebrow and even Rick paused in his breathing, surprised at the sudden apparent kindness in the Leader, “Really? Well, I must say that is unexpect—” “Then let this be a lesson to you to never assume anything about my intentions, Doctor. There is a reason why I’m the Leader and you’re not. Now go, before I make you go,” Negan murmured, tapping Lucille threateningly against his boot, looking over his shoulder at the man.

Carson paled a little before turning and rushing out of the room. And Negan turned, frowning at Rick, who panted through the gag, head flopped back as he blinked at the man, “And just for the record, don’t you fucking assume anything either, whore,” he slurred, “I’m your Master, and I’m the one in charge of this goddamn lesson and any others I choose to fucking teach you. That means I can choose when to grant you moments of my generosity, and when not to. When that Doctor comes back, I can choose to cut open those damn bags and let all the painkillers and antibiotics patter to the floor. At the same fucking time I can also choose to insert their needles into your arms. Understand?”

He gripped Rick’s ass tighter, fingers biting into him, and Rick whimpered softly, quickly nodding his head in the affirmative.

Negan smirked, “Good. Now, tell me, whore, do you want the IVs?” Rick moaned and nodded, because truly he did. In that moment he’d do anything to escape feeling the pain he was in. Negan smirked, “Then you better make this good for me, slut.” Walking around to Rick’s head, he slowly unzipped his pants and moved his cock out to hang in the air of the room, within enough reach that Rick, if he positioned his head just right, could slide his lips over it. “I would say no biting this time,
but hell,” Negan chuckled, his bare hand tracing soft circles on the man’s cheek, “It’s not like you even fucking could, right?” he slurred down at the man. Rick moaned softly and tilted his head back leaning it out further, grunting as the cock entered his mouth, his tongue sliding along the top side of it rather than the under side.

Minutes later all that could be heard were Rick’s choked grunts and moans along with wet sucking sounds as Negan gripped his head and pivoted his hips against his face then away again and then back up against him. Rick had closed his eyes after the man had grabbed him and pushed himself in to the hilt, his ball sack slapping Rick in the nose and eyes as he had done so, filling his nostrils with pubic hair as the thick cock had forced its way through the gag and down his throat. Deep throating actually turned out to work somewhat in Rick’s favor, as far as stimulating Negan went. He had tried sucking his cheeks in as he’d originally moved along the shaft, but he felt like he barely caused even the slightest stimulation when he did so, the gag preventing him from properly closing himself around the cock in his mouth. So instead, now that Negan was pushing into his throat, he tried to massage it as best as he could with his tongue as he swallowed and hummed around the dick as Negan fucked his throat with it, pulling out and pushing into him over and over. Each time he swallowed extra hard, he’d be rewarded with a groan from the man above him along with a stroking motion from the fingers of the hands now holding Rick by the back of his head and his cheeks. He could only hope that that meant he was pleasing the man enough to earn the medication and painkillers mentioned by the sadist. He just wished the vibrator wasn’t still on in his ass though. His cock was almost half hard yet again, and he grunted as Negan chuckled, “Damn baby, getting hard already just from sucking on my thick cock? I knew you’d be a motherfucking cum slut.” The man’s words hurt, especially since Negan knew that that wasn’t the cause of Rick getting hard again, as he’d put the actual cause very much inside of Rick.

He couldn’t help but sob weakly around the dick in his mouth, a tear streaking down from one closed eyelid and mixing into his hair. It was then that he felt a different stirring down below as his bowels seemed to shift around. His eyes opened and he whined, jerking his ass a little to try to tell Negan what was about to happen as embarrassment flooded through him. “Damn, time to take a shit already Ricky?” Negan slurred, and began to thrust at an even greater speed into him, “Well, it’s a goddamn good thing you are wearing that plug huh? I’d be motherfucking pissed if you made even more of a mess on my goddamn floor. Don’t worry baby, that shit’ll be held up inside you all nice and tight until it’s time to take you the fuck down.”

Rick wailed around the cock in his mouth, his face bright red at the thought of having his own shit stuck inside of him for so long, and shook his head, begging around the cock in his mouth as Negan continued to throat fuck him, wishing the man would reconsider. Negan only growled and gripping Rick’s head harder, shoved himself even further into Rick’s throat, glaring down at the man who blinked tearfully up at him, “Hey! Calm the fuck down, you little bitch. You have a job to do, and no amount of protesting’ll change what I’ve decided about that plug up your ass you fucking understand me?” Rick sobbed brokenly around the cock in his throat, tears beading up not just from his own embarrassment but from the pain of how far down his throat the cock now was. . . And slowly nodded.

Negan smirked, “Good. Now . . . keep making this the best goddamn blow job you can and I might not let that little fucking outburst impede on my decision to give you your medicine and painkillers, slut.” Rick closed his eyes and began to obediently do as asked as Negan continued to throat fuck him, even as the first piece of shit pushed against the plug, his bowels spasming as they tried to push it out of him with the plug not budging at all. Rick groaned, tears streaking forth anew at the sensation. It was beyond painful, his entire lower abdomen cramping up in the process, and he moaned and whimpered as his own shit was kept inside of him. It was unnatural, and made him feel fuller than ever, like his intestines would explode, and he whined, gripping the ropes with shaky, pale hands as his body convulsed. As he continued to whine, Negan grunted at the sensation and
began to fuck him even harder, slamming Rick with each thrust against his pelvis, busting his dried lips and making Rick whimper at the force used.

“Oh yeah, baby, oh fuck yeah,” Negan groaned, as the bowel movements continued, and Rick’s pain was upped to a new level. Rick whined around the cock, panting hard around it in the pain his body felt, and curled his legs in a little, fat tears and sweat falling to the floor as his bowel movements finally finished. That full feeling remained though, and he sobbed brokenly as Negan continued to fuck his throat, his rectum feeling like it was going to explode. “Don’t you fucking stop now, baby, I’m so close,” Negan grunted, and Rick sobbed softly as he began to swallow harder around the flesh in his throat, even in his pain focusing on the task at hand.

After all, he couldn’t do anything about the shit inside of him, but he could try to do something about the cock in his mouth. It only took three more thrusts from Negan deep into his throat and his swallowing and humming before Negan growled and shoved in all the way, head craned back, holding the brunette’s head firmly in place. Rick shut his eyes tight as the cum shot down his throat, and swallowed it all, not that he had much of a choice. Negan growled, hands moving to his scalp and massaging it, digging into it with his fingernails at the swallowing sensations, “OHHHHH FUUUUCK YEAH. . .”~

Now Rick blinked with tired eyes as the door opened, and frowned a little around the gag as Dee and Dum came in. After he’d come back and hooked Rick up to two IVs that now hung on the ropes holding the pole with his hands bound to it in the air, Carson had only come to visit Rick three other times. Those had been what Rick had figured to be Breakfast, Lunch, and Dinner on the second day he was hung up in the room. He hadn’t wanted to eat the nutritional mixture at any of those times, first because of the taste and also because he knew that what went in would eventually need to come out, and he had already had another bowel movement between the first meal and that next meal that he considered to be Breakfast. But he also hadn’t wanted to anger Negan, who luckily only came for Breakfast and Dinner on that day, and so he gave the Doctor no problem either time. Negan hadn’t come for Lunch, but Rick knew that Negan could be called upon if Rick gave Carson any trouble, so regardless of whether the man was there or not, Rick had eaten the putrid meal obediently then as well.

Outside of Breakfast and Dinner, Negan had come to visit him only once, shortly after Lunch had been brought to Rick. Each time he was there he would force Rick to give him a blow job, and when he came to Rick during Breakfast and Dinner, he’d play with the butt plug after coming down Rick’s throat, pushing it harder and harder against Rick’s prostate as the man writhed and whined until he’d climax painfully once again. Those times, Negan would scoop up his cum and make Rick eat it all, arguing that it shouldn’t go to waste even as the man had sobbed around his fingers, licking them clean.

The first time Negan had tried to make him eat it, Rick had shaken his head in a small act of defiance, pleading through the gag for Negan to not make him do it. That had earned the Leader smearing the cum all over his face and hair, saying that Rick was going to be reminded that he was a cumslut one way or another. When he’d put his fingers to Rick’s mouth again, Rick hadn’t hesitated in eating it, even as the cum from before was lodged in his nostrils. After that he hadn’t objected to anything that the man did, and had just hung there and let Negan do what he would do to him. Luckily he was spared from too much of the man’s shenanigans in the visit after Lunch, as Negan had only enough time for a quick blow job on that occasion.

But now only Dee and Dum were there, with the first actually eating something that looked like a cinnamon roll pastry and drinking from a styrofoam coffee cup. “I’m not believin’ you made me rush from the Mess Hall for this shit,” Dee muttered, frowning at Dum as they walked in. “I’m not believing you decided to sleep through two of your alarms and didn’t expect me to rush you,” Dum
returned, “Negan and the others are leaving in less than one fucking hour for Alexandria, you idiot, and we were supposed to be here like thirty minutes ago.” “We still have plenty of time!” Dee remarked rolling his eyes, “All we gotta do is take the fucker to Carson an-” at that moment his nostrils flared and he turned to Rick slowly, “Goddamn!” he put his wrist to his nose, scrunching his face up behind his arm, “Goddamn that’s rank!”

Dum rolled his eyes, “What did you expect? Lavender fields?” Moving forward, he began to untie one of the ropes at Rick’s ankle bar, “Finish your fucking breakfast and help me get him down, nimrod.” Dee scoffed and jammed the rest of the pastry into his mouth and downed the last of his coffee before tossing the cup into a corner of the room, flakes of sugar and cinnamon on his lips as he moved quickly forward, taking in Rick’s sorry state of affairs from the gag in his mouth to the cock cage, “Goddamn, what the fuck did you do?” he muttered, before turning to the rope on the other side of Rick’s ankle bar. “

From what I hear he fucking bit Negan on the dick,” Dum muttered, glancing at Rick, “That right?” at that moment the two men had untied the ankle pole ropes. As one they slowly lowered said pole to the floor. Rick bowed his head, groaning as his body was forced to hang by his wrists at that point, his calves flat against the floor. The shift made his stomach tug down on his front, more distended now than ever, and he groaned softly at the strain. But he still nodded, as the men moved to the pole his wrists were attached to. Opening his eyes, he gazed sadly down at his cum and piss covered body. “Goddamn, did you bite it all off?” Dee chuckled. “For fuck’s sake, use your brain for once,” Dum muttered, “You think he’d be alive if he had? Now, since you’re done with your side up here, go grab the bar at his feet. We need to go ahead and get him to Dr. Carson to get him cleaned up and ready to go to Alexandria. If you grab his feet and I grab this bar, we’ll be able to get him there faster.” As Dum spoke he unhooked the IVs from Rick’s ropes and held them firmly in one hand.

Dee rolled his eyes and moved to his feet, grabbing the bar there, “Fine.” “Ok, 1-2-3, and up!” the two men grunted, swaying back and forth between the two men as they moved down the corridor, Rick moving around them as they went about their daily business and making Dee and Dum shift around to make it down the walkways, Rick felt his injuries and aches, sore from being in the same position for so long, scream in agony at the movements they were now forced to make. Finally they came to a halt and Dum knocked on the door to Carson’s office, and Rick groaned as he was swayed to one side as the Savior released an end of the pole to do so.

Light anew flooded the doorway in the next instant, and he heard Carson mutter a quick “You’re late, get him inside!” to the two men before they shuffled quickly into his office.

Rick was immediately hoisted up onto the table and he groaned, relaxing his back against it for a moment as the two men quickly unbound him from the pole and turned off the butt plug. He panted, gazing at the ceiling as he brought his hands down and rubbed at his raw wrists, his ankles dangling off the end of the table. He rolled his good ankle, hearing it pop. The IVs were removed and the next thing he knew his forehead was being pushed back so that his head lay against the table. He panted, as the prong collar was quickly loosened before it was worked off over his head. The gag was worked with next, Carson’s gloved fingers wiggling it between his teeth in an attempt to pull it out as Dum loosened the straps holding it in place. Rick could only lay there, rubbing his wrists, trying to take in everything that was happening, the speed with which the tasks were occuring
making that rather difficult for him. As the strap was released though and that pressure went away from his head he seemed to connect with reality and he panted hanging his head forward, making Carson’s fingers release the gag the man had been unsuccessful in releasing from his jaws. Rick sighed, reaching up with shaky hands, grasping the metal ring by its edges and slowly, carefully, pulling it free from his teeth.

He moaned weakly as the pressure was released from his gums, molars, and incisors, closing his eyes as he pulled the gag out of his mouth and put it on the portion of the bench beside him with one hand, touching at his sensitive teeth gingerly with the other. Slowly, he closed his jaw, and he moaned loudly at the pain that that alone caused. His entire face screamed in agony at just that movement, and he opened his mouth slowly again, whining softly. “I’ll get his cage off and then you two can get him into the shower,” Carson said matter-of-factly as the disgusting gag, coated with food and cum and blood, was grabbed off of the cushioned surface by Dum and placed out of sight. “Don’t you want us to empty the poor fuck first?” Dee remarked, frowning.

“No time,” the doctor answered matter-of-factly, “We’ll do that once you two get him in the shower. . . I suggest you wear raincoats, rubber boots, and gloves for that, by the way.” As the two bustled away to get the coats and other things from a coat hanging rack in the room, the doctor moved closer to him, and Rick blinked through his sweaty, grimy bangs as the man leaned over his crotch area, pulling out a small key to unlock the cages around his balls and cock. Rick half expected the doctor to act lecherously, to say something or to fondle the former Sheriff, but clearly the man was in too much of a hurry as he quickly clicked them open.

Rick groaned, still stretching his jaw gently to get it used to moving again, and closed his eyes as his cock and balls were released, enjoying that release of pressure as he sighed, rolling his head back and laying it against the table. “Don’t be too happy. We’re just going to clean them and you off and then it’s back inside for your little dick, per Negan’s orders,” Carson muttered firmly, frowning at him, and Rick opened his eyes, blinking at him as his relief was stifled. He grit his teeth, wincing a little as the movement strained his jaw. Going in the cage again was the last thing he wanted, but what was he able to say against Negan’s orders? Nothing, that was what he was able to say.

He bowed his head in understanding, just as Dum and Dee walked up in yellow raincoats that came to their knees, black industrial style rubber boots, and long black gloves. He would have found their get ups humorous if he wasn’t in pain. “Put this on over his braces and any of his other wound dressings,” Carson said, sliding open a drawer quickly, the cock and ball cages lying temporarily forgotten on his small examination table, handing them both rolls of shrink wrap. Immediately the two men went to work, and Rick bit back the groans as he was moved forward and back and all around as they wrapped the plastic around him as instructed and the Doctor went off to his cabinets and sink area to no doubt clean and sanitize the gag and cages.

Finally the two men appeared to be done, and turning, Dum put his arms behind Rick’s back and his knees, “Alright, dumbass, down you go.” Rick scrambled to wrap his good arm around the man as he was moved off of the table, panting hard as the arm behind his knees slowly lowered them until the soles of his feet touched the ground for the first time in what felt like an eternity. He tried to move forward, favoring his hurt ankle as Dum wrapped an arm underneath the armpit of his right side, but staggered, groaning with his eyes closed as both knees gave out on him. “Hey, watch it man! Who the fuck do you think you are, Hercu-fucking-les?” Dee gasped, moving quickly to support Rick in similar fashion on the other side, wrapping his own arm across Rick’s back. Rick groaned, closing his eyes as he was held up by the two guys, his legs shaking all over. But otherwise he didn’t answer Dee as he was led by the two men across to a door set off from the room that he hadn’t quite noticed before, staggering any time he tried to put weight on his bad ankle.

Stepping through it, he blinked, frowning at the tall tile shower before him, wide enough for four
men to fit into comfortably. The white squares that made up the shower’s tile covered surface ran all the way to the ceiling and across the walls, stretching from the back wall out into the room towards its door until it met the two tile half walls that stood about three feet from Rick and that marked the entrance to the shower itself via the doorway between them. Two glass panels ran up from the upper ledges of the walls to the ceiling, and a glass hinged door was set into the side of the wall on Rick’s left. Inside the shower there was a rain shower head up above the large hole of a drain in the center that literally looked like it had been finished up until placing the grate inside of it, which had apparently never been accomplished. What appeared to be hotel soaps and conditioners lay on the top ledge of the wall to the right of the door. Another smaller shower head was hanging from the left wall of the structure, it was the detachable kind that could be moved around as needed with a long hose leading from it and disappearing between the tiles.

As Rick was moved forward and led across the threshold, Dum quickly turned a knob set into the right side’s half wall. Rick gasped, jumping a little as cold water rained down on him from above. The water was freezing and harsh as it pelted down on him, and he instantly closed his eyes as it pounded his shoulders and head over and over, running over his body and making him shake all over.

“Come on man, let’s get you cleaned up already,” Dee sighed, as Rick had tensed and stopped moving entirely once the water hit him. Rick grunted and nodded, before turning around slowly in the shower so that he faced the shower door as well as the door leading into Carson’s office, guided by the other two men. As Dee took over the task of holding Rick upright, Dum leaned down, and Rick jumped a little as the man’s cold gloved right hand slid over his left ass cheek before resting just above the plug that was wedged inside of Rick. “Gonna pull it out now, just try to relax,” Dum murmured, wrapping an arm around Rick’s waist to steady him. Rick shuddered, closing his eyes. “Goddamn this is gonna motherfucking stink,” Dee groaned. “Shut the fuck up and just help me keep him upright for this,” Dum replied calmly, and gripping the plug’s base, began to try to slide it out. Rick groaned, closing his eyes as the plug began to move past that first tight ring of muscle. Then it stopped, and Dum frowned hard, tugging a bit more at it to no avail. “Fuck,” he muttered, “That thing’s really lodged up in there...” Rick sobbed softly as he began to jerk a little harder at the sex toy, physically jerking Rick back a little as he did so. When that did nothing, Dum paused, waiting a moment as the resistance was too much for him to even move the damn thing, and slid his other hand back towards Rick’s ass, the brunette now beet red in embarrassment. Sighing, he stroked Rick’s ass in circular motions, “I know it fucking hurts man, but you gotta try to relax, ok? You want it out of here too, right?”

Rick whimpered and bowed his head, and tried his best to relax his anus... “Good job,” Dum breathed, and continued to pull, Rick’s ass slowly releasing the plug until it was like there was a pop and the plug slid quickly out of him, and Dum shouted in shock and jerked away, the plug flying against the shower wall in his panic as the shit poured forth, “FUCK!”

Rick panted, staggering forward, the pain intense as his anus seemed to explode with the soupy mixture of shit and cum, his bowed head making him gaze at the tile floor, seeing it splatter against it before most of it went down the drain or on his own thighs, calves, and feet as it exited him. He felt the tears well up and closed his eyes, shuddering as his rectum sputtered, the sore muscle there trying to get the last of it out of him. Finally, the stream ended. His knees trembled as he felt the cum and shit running down the backs of his legs, sliding to the tile below and down the wide drain, and he knew that if Dee hadn’t been holding him up he would have collapsed for sure during the expelling of all the waste. “Goddamn, think that was all of it? I fucking can see why that quack asshole wanted us to wear these fucking boots, that’s motherfucking disgusting man!” Dee gasped.

Rick sighed deeply, keeping his eyes shut as his face burned in embarrassment. “Nah,” Dum
muttered, and Rick opened his eyes, staring at the gloved hand that rested on his still slightly
distended stomach, massaging it gently “That ain’t all of it. Hand me that shower head?” Rick
frowned as Dum took on some of his weight as Dee fumbled with the hanging shower head, until
the shower head was in Dum’s hands once again. “Sorry man, this is gonna suck balls for you,” Dum
muttered in a voice that didn’t sound quite so sorry at all, and Rick’s eyes watched blearily as he
quickly unscrewed the shower head part from the hose, “Go ahead and turn this one on too once I
get it in there,” he said to Dee, before the hose was moved behind Rick. Rick’s eyes widened, “N-n-
no, please, don-” Rick began to gasp in a voice that was only barely there from days of disuse, then
groaned as he closed his eyes and hung his head in defeat as the metal end of the hose was shoved
between his asscheeks.

“Just one second.” Dum muttered, and Rick whimpered, squirming as the hose was fed into him
more and more. Even after being stretched for two days, the rough metal scraped against him in a
painful way, and he whined softly as it was fed deeper inside of him. Finally Dum seemed pleased
with how far it had gone, and with his hand still stroking Rick’s stomach, he gave the order, “Ok,
now.” Rick whimpered, closing his eyes as the cold water rushed into his bowels, and began to pant
as the liquid filled him up. “We still need to scrub you down, can you lean forward and put your
good arm on the wall?” Dum continued, and Rick opened his eyes, shaking all over, as the man
stroked his re-inflating stomach. Honestly, he felt like he couldn’t move, but he had a feeling that
Dum’s question wasn’t really a question. . . leaning forward, he rested his shaky hands on the
shower’s half wall to his right, and closed his eyes, trembling all over as he held himself up that way,
his injuries screaming in pain as they were stretched to their limits.

In an instant, Dee’s hands, all soaped up, were in his hair, “Might wanna close your eyes, bro.” Rick
did so obediently, whimpering and wincing as his hair was roughly sudsed up, the man at least being
mindful of his head wounds as he worked. In a way he supposed he should be happy. This was the
first clean up he was conscious for in this place, as he was certain he had been cleaned up the first
time Carson had seen him. But he wasn’t happy in fact he was far from it as Dum ordered him to
clench up as he slid the hose out of him before telling him to relax again as he pushed on Rick’s
stomach. The pain was excruciating as the murky water rushed out of him, his ass sputtering as it
released the liquid down the drain. And then the hose was back, the water rushing back in even as
the hose was being inserted into him. The ice cold water chilled his insides and he sucked in a deep
breath as Dee put conditioner in his hair, having let the soap wash out already. As the man let the
conditioner stay a bit longer and proceeded to run a wet soapy sponge over the rest of Rick, quickly
wiping him down and sudsing him up before the water rushed any soap away, even wiping at his
crotch haphazardly, he let the tears streak down, big and fat, over his cheeks as he wept at the
humiliation. He thought he heard Dee comment snidely about him crying, but he ignored it, too lost
in his own despair.

Finally, after the third load of water had flowed from him onto the white tile with very little
murkiness to it, Dum seemed satisfied and the two knobs were turned, shutting off Rick’s ice cold
morning shower. Rick shuddered, gazing at the white tile beneath him as the water dripped from
him, and Dum left the stall quickly to return with a rough black towel to pat him dry, the man
handing Dee a second identical towel that the other used to quickly towel dry his hair. Rick
shuddered as the two men set to work drying him off, and as they finished for the most part, Dum let
his towel fall to the floor, “There, done.” he sighed, as if it had been a great effort on his part to get
Rick clean.

Rick grit his still pain-filled jaws together, a part of him wanting that towel back to wrap around his
waist. But he knew asking for it was out of the question, and he was quickly moved out of the
shower and through the door back into the doctor’s office. Carson frowned, turning to them from
some utensils Rick couldn’t quite see on his table, in his rolling chair beside the examination table
which looked like it had had its paper changed out while Rick was in the shower, “Feel better, all
nice and clean now?” he said dryly.

Rick glanced at the doctor’s eyes, but didn’t risk saying anything snarky in return. His skin was still full of goosebumps from the chill of the shower. “Well, fucker smells better anyway,” Dee said brightly, and Rick was led to the table and sat upon it. “Alright, just lay back for me,” Carson muttered with a sigh, and Rick didn’t miss how the man glanced worriedly at the clock, “Damn, we only got ten minutes. . .fuck. . .” Rick sighed and flopped back on the seat, frowning at the ceiling before Carson was back, with his scissors and tweezers in hand.

Rick tensed slightly, whimpering softly as the doctor moved to his stitched up forehead and began to work with it, pulling at and snipping the surgical thread free, sighing and shaking his head, “Told him I needed to change these two days ago, did he listen? No.” Rich jerked as the doctor pulled at a stitch free that seemed to have gotten lodged deep beneath his skin, and Carson sighed, turning to the other two, “Dum, get that cream on his balls, dick, and asshole, Dee, get his cages and that plug lubed up for him. The plug’s not as big as the last one so it should go in easier, but we need to get it slick for him anyway.”

The next minutes were spent with Carson quickly redoing Rick’s stitches, Dum smearing a cold cream onto Rick’s balls and cock that numbed them slightly before rubbing the cream around and inside his asshole, and then Dee proceeding to lock his cock and balls back up tight and slide a smaller plug inside of him, flipping a switch to make the inside seem to fan out and lock the plug in place in his rectum. Rick tried his best to remain still through the whole procedure, but couldn’t help but squirm a little at all the hands on him.

Finally, Carson sighed, and pulled away, “Done. Dum, grab his collar and new gag and put them on him. . . you guys have two minutes to cut that shrink wrap off of him, get him in the wheelchair, and get him to the yard and loaded up before you all are late to meet Negan and hte others.” He wiped a wrist over his sweaty brow, “He’s not perfect, far from it, but at least this way Negan should be pleased.” Rick grit his teeth, his forehead feeling painfully tight. Luckily though the balm on his balls and cock numbed them enough that the cages didn’t feel too horrible, although there was definitely pressure around them and in his ass. Looking down at himself, he did have to admit he felt a little better, and even looked better. His stomach was still a little swollen, but he imagined that was more from the fact that it had been distended before and then been subjected to three crude and quick enemas, not from it still being full of cum. His cock was still cut up but at least it had been cleaned, too. Glancing at the jar that the cream had come from, he saw something about it being “anti-inflammatory” on it..

He frowned, leaning forward as Dum moved him forward, sliding the collar around his neck loosely before the gag was moved in front of his face as Dee set to work cutting through the shrink wrap layers that had protected his braces and dressings from the shower water. Rick frowned down at the gag, a thick silicone black stick with two rings on the sides and two black slender leather straps leading from said rings that had a buckle on the end of the strap on the left. “What, want the ring one again?” Carson muttered, raising an eyebrow at him, taking his hesitation as a potential refusal to wear the bit gag.

Rick frowned and shook his head, opening his mouth slowly before the stick was brought up to be merely inches from his lips. Moving his good hand up, he took the rubbery material in his fingers, massaging the softer surface of it before bowing his head and closing his eyes, sliding the gag into place. The action was harder than he could have imagined, having to personally put the gag between his lips, and a part of him wanted to take the gag back out and throw it across the room. But all that would do would lead to more pain and anguish. So he sighed through his nose and teeth as he rested his molars against the black cushioned material, and felt the gag tighten behind his head to a point where it wasn’t super tight, but would be held in place by the straps. Tucking the straps behind
Rick’s ears, Dum moved his locks of hair over the strap, almost completely hiding it, “There you are.”

By that point Dee was up at his chest, cutting the shrink wrap off of his collarbone brace, and he looked at Rick, a smirk on his face and amusement in his eyes, “Look at you, all docile and domestic. Looks like you can teach an old dog new tricks, after all.” Rick grit his teeth together, but instead of glaring at Dee, looked to the side, where Carson was wheeling up a wheelchair. Rick grit his teeth as he noted that his IVs were now no longer in sight. “Enough chatting, get him in it and get him to the yard,” Carson muttered, clearly concerned about keeping Negan waiting. “Yes sir, Doctor,” Dee said, giving a salute and rolling his eyes, before Rick was helped into the chair.

Dum pushed Rick quickly along the hallway. Rick bowed his head for most of the journey, especially when they passed by other people, using his freshly shampooed hair to veil him from their lecherous glances. He wanted to cross his legs, to attempt to hide his caged crotch, but didn’t. First because he doubted it would do him any good seeing as most probably knew what he was, and second because every time he shifted his body ached and the plug in his ass moved against his prostate even more. Apparently even though it was smaller than the other, it still was able to reach that thoroughly sensitized and bruised up part of him, and he was beginning to feel that fact very much as the balm’s effects ended. So he just bowed his head as Dum continued on, Dee following quickly behind, until finally they reached two double doors. Dee rushed forward, opening them up, and Rick grunted, squinting his eyes as new morning sunlight flooded his face.

For the past day and a half he’d only seen artificial light, and so natural light had a brightness quality he just wasn’t used to. He held up his hands against it, groaning, and lifted his head up, blinking around slowly at the hustling mass of people surrounding him. Five moving trucks, the paint on their sides long since scratched up and faded, sat in the yard, in park with their engines revved up and ready to go, vibrating with energy. In addition there were about three pick up trucks there, the backs of which were loaded with armed to the teeth Saviors, also revved up and ready to go, and the van that he and Daryl had come in sat closest to them. The only difference between the van and the other vehicles was that its engine was currently turned off. Glancing over as he heard his voice, he tensed a little as he saw Negan, his back turned to him, speaking with Dwight, Simon, Arat, Gary, David, and a few other guys. Clearly making sure everyone was clear on whatever sadistic plans he had for the day. Rick clenched his good hand around the armrest of the wheelchair a little as Negan turned to look their way, and bowed his head, looking instead to the van, trying to avoid the eyes of the sadist as he was wheeled over to the vehicle.

That only gave him a brief reprieve though as he heard running, clompy footsteps approaching before a hand clamped firmly on his injured collarbone. He bowed his head, moaning around the gag, his eyes shut tight, but didn’t move away as Negan said in a voice that seemed to boom in his too sensitive ears, “WELL GOOD MORNING, PET! LOOK. AT. YOU! ALL SHINY AND GROOMED AND READY TO GO ON A TRIP FOR A LITTLE VISIT WITH YOUR FRIENDS! AND NOT WITH A MINUTE TO SPARE. . . in fact he was a few minutes late. . .” the final words were cold, and Rick grit his teeth, clenching his hand tighter around the handle of his chair to the point of the nails threatening to break. Knowing Negan’s wrath was about to be dealt out to him once again. It just wasn’t fair. . . he hadn’t been the reason they were late. . . “Sir it wasn’t my intention for him to be late, Dee, he, he stayed longer at breakfast and. . .” the backhanded slap could be heard ringing across the courtyard as Dum fell to the ground.

Rick jumped, staring at his lap, and glanced over as Dum stared up at Negan from the dirt, and as the Savior Leader advanced on him, shoulders stiff, fists clenched, one around nothing and the other around Lucille, Rick felt pity for the man. But what could he do gagged and sitting in the chair? He watched as Negan clenched his fist tighter around Lucille, “Did I ask for a goddamn explanation?” then the Leader turned to Dee, “Is that true?” Dum visibly relaxed as the focus was taken off of
himself, and Dee grit his teeth, blinking at Negan, backing up against the van as the man advanced on him.

“I...I...I’m sorry sir, I didn’t know how much time we would need—” “So you decided to take a chance,” Negan muttered, nodding as he sized Dee up, shoulders stiff, “YOU decided that you eating breakfast was more important than getting my little whore to me, is that what you mean to tell me?” “Sir, I...” Dee began again, only to be shoved hard against the van’s back door, wincing visibly at that. Negan’s hand stayed on his shirt and he walked firmly up to Dee until Rick knew they were only an inch apart, and Rick barely made out what he hissed at the man, “Do you have ANY idea how motherfucking important this day is? Huh? I need that sorry bastard with me to help keep Alexandria in line. They see me with their once-tough-as-nails-leader being my little lap dog bitch, everyone’s gonna know that I mean business, and that I could kill him at any time should they misbehave. And Ricky boy, this is a prime time for him to prove what the fuck he’s learned and for me to hammer in what his place is for him. So, in case you missed the motherfucking fact before, today is a very, VERY important big motherfucking day, and you almost threw it all off course because of your fucking appetite. Now what the fucking fuckety fuck do you think I should motherfucking do about that?” with that he began to tap Lucille against his boot and Rick tensed, his eyes watching the bat move back and forth, his own heart racing for Dee. He didn’t even like the guy really, but he still felt sorry for him... 

Dee was shaking all over now, and he held up his hands in surrender, “I...I’m sorry Negan, so, so sorry. I...I didn’t understand. I mean, I thought we would have time, I mean...” Negan growled and turning, threw him into the ground, aiming a hard kick at his side for good measure. Rick jumped a little at that, as the man hit his wheelchair, and Negan put a firm boot on the small of his back. Glancing over Rick saw Dum standing at attention, arms loose at his sides, watching the altercation wordlessly. Turning his head a little more, Rick saw everyone else was doing the same, a hush falling over the yard apart from the walkers gnashing their maws at all of the people from the other side of the fence. Negan leaned down over Dee, growling out, “I didn’t motherfucking ask for an apology you little prick, I asked what you think I should motherfucking do about it all,” he snarled, raking Lucille up the man’s back slowly. “I...I don’t know!” Dee gasped, and held his hands over his head protectively, clearly worried the bat would be striking him there soon, “Whatever you decide will be r-r-r-right, Negan! I’m sorry, I’m so sorry! Wh-whatever you decide!” Negan sneered, “I could always let you take my motherfucking Pet’s place, but not as mine, but as the whole damn Sanctuary’s Pet, the Village Whore, now what do you motherfucking think about that?” The man sobbed brokenly into the dirt, and bowed his head, whimpering, “Wh-whatever you decide s-s-s-sir.” Rick at that point glimpsed a sight of something wet in the dirt beneath him. Dee had actually pissed himself... Negan seemed to notice too because as soon as the small damp spot began to form outside of his pants, he leaned back, chuckling as he delivered one final firm kick to the man’s ass, making him jump and yelp before the Leader turned to Dum, “Take him to get fitted for a sweatshirt. He’s on fence duty until I say otherwise.” Dum paled a little but nodded, leaning down and grasping Dee’s arm, hoisting the man up, “Come on bro, let’s go.” Dee nodded, still shaking all over, and was led away quickly by his-apparently-brother.

Negan watched them leave before turning to everyone else, and that smirk was right back on his face, as he lifted Lucille in the air and twirled her in it in a quick circle, “WELL COME ON! LET’S GO!” There were whoops and cheers as Simon and Dwight actually moved over to the van, Dwight moving to the back doors of it and Simon moving to the front seat yet again. Turning to Rick, Negan chuckled and leaned forward, dragging a clinking metal chain leash from his pocket of his jacket, the swivel snap on it gleaming in the morning light. Rick frowned, tilting his head down, watching as it was snapped onto the ring on his collar before Negan’s hand tilted his chin up, the man’s eyes glittering in the morning light as if he hadn’t just almost killed a man, “Time to get the show on the road.”
Turning, the man looked over his shoulder as Dwight opened the two doors to the van, and Rick’s eyes immediately fell on Daryl. His redneck friend blinked back at him from the dark confines of the van, in his dirty sweatshirt and sweatpants, his wrists and ankles bound in harsh duct tape, a silver strip of the binding material also across his mouth to keep him quiet. “Need any help loading him up?” Dwight asked, frowning at Negan, who turned back to smirk at Rick, “Nope, don’t need any help at all, do I Ricky?” Rick sighed and hung his head, showing his submissiveness. Negan chuckled and reaching out, ruffled his clean, damp locks of hair, “That’s a good slut. Now up you come. . .” with that the man took a firm step back, then another, and then he stepped backwards into the van, letting the leash lengthen so that Rick was still in the wheelchair as Negan moved inside the vehicle.

Rick frowned, looking at the large wire dog crate in the van, its door open and waiting for him. It was a large size, like one for a mastiff or a saint bernard, but he knew it would be far too small for him to fit comfortably in. He grit his teeth around the gag and his eyes darted back up to Negan’s, the man now on the other side of the crate and leaning over it, the leash held firmly in his bare hand, Lucille in the other gloved one. Negan frowned hard at him, eyes like black obsidian once more, and jerked on the leash firmly, “I said up you come, Ricky. Or do I need to beat some sense into you by hurting your former friend here to get you to listen?” Rick grit his teeth and slowly, shakily, rose, his knees and legs still sore and aching as they popped in protest.

He took two staggering steps forward, trying to mind his ankle, until he could put his hands on the tailgate of the van, bowing his head and breathing hard, gazing at the edge of the crate inches from his nose amid at the plastic floor in it, the hard black kind that always came with them in the store. With another tug on the leash, he grunted, and slowly crawled into the crate, curving his body away from the parts of the cage near the door that were a bit too close to his sides for comfort until he was on his elbows and knees inside the structure, shivering as he rested his forearms and shins against the black plastic.

“Good boy,” Negan chuckled, moving around and closing the door after butting Lucille against the bottom of Rick’s bad foot, making him whimper and move it further into the cage, sliding the latch firmly into place before Dwight grabbed one of the back doors of the van and he grabbed the other one, bringing them in as Simon started the engine.

Turning, crouching down due to the low ceiling of the vehicle, Negan flopped down beside the end of the cage Rick was facing, on a beanbag chair that had been left there for him, and Dwight did the same on the other side of Daryl, though with no beanbag chair, sitting closest to the door of the van. Rick chanced a glance at his silent friend, finding that Daryl’s eyes were on Rick as well, his legs drawn up to his chest, blinking at his friend in the cage. And they said enough, about how much he wanted to get himself and Rick out of their current situation. Rick grit his teeth and turned away after looking Daryl for a moment longer and bowed his head further, blinking at the black plastic beneath him. “Damn if this isn’t awkward,” Negan’s voice slurred, and Rick glanced up, looking through his bangs and the bars at the man, to find his dark eyes glittering in the dim light of the van, that smile once more on his face letting him know that the awkwardness didn’t bother him at all. Negan smirked, eyes dancing with mirth as he looked at Rick, “Best lay down, Ricky, this is gonna be a long trip.”

Rick grit his teeth, wanting to stay upright just to spite the man, but as Simon began to pull out of the yard and hit a bump, he was flung to the side and he grunted loudly around his gag as his head first hit the bars of the cage then the side of the van before falling down, striking itself on the hard plastic of the crate. Negan chuckled, rolling his eyes at the man, “ Fucking told ya. The advice I give can occasionally prevent pain, you dumb shit. Might as well stay down there now that you’re there.”

Rick groaned, watching at as the Leader proceeded to pull out a steaming cylinder of tinfoil from his
jacket before unwrapping it, revealing a steaming hot breakfast burrito. Leaning forward, he sank his teeth deep into it, munching on it as a little bit of grease ran down his chin, shaking his head before swallowing and smacking his lips, “DAMN IT ALL, THAT OLD HAG AIN’T MUCH TO LOOK AT BUT THERESA MAKES A DAMN FINE BREAKFAST ON THE GO! EGGS, HAM, BACON, PEPPERS, AND CHEESE. . . DAMN!” Rick frowned up at him, as the man used his gloved thumb to move the grease out of his beard, and turned, smirking down at him, “Betcha ol’ Dee’s wishin’ he’d have grabbed something like this this morning, huh?”

Rick grit his teeth around the gag in his mouth, and Negan turned back to the burrito, frowning at it, “I know that that might have seemed harsh, but believe me it was necessary. This trip, it’s a big deal. I might have introduced myself to your little group the other day and evening, but today is the day that we need to make an even greater lasting impression. Ya see, you and Daryl, you are perfect models of their current status. . .” he pointed at Daryl, whose eyes narrowed at Negan, then to Rick, who blinked up at him, “Here’s how. They’re all going to have to work for me, whatever way I see fit. Whether they agree or disagree with it doesn’t fucking matter. What does matter is this: they know to comply, and they know that otherwise they get fucking killed. That’s the message that I need to make clear to all of your little friends, otherwise the rest of this road is going to be one hell of a bumpy ride.” as if to accentuate his words, the van hit a bump, and Rick grunted, closing his eyes as it made his ribs slap against the bottom of the crate.

Tears leaked out as his sore body protested the rough treatment, and he slowly opened his eyes as Negan continued, “So, that’s why the both of you are here. IF you are enough to convince them to comply, then the rest of our relations with your family and friends can be easy as pie. But if not, well, it’ll just keep getting messier. . . in other words. . .” he jabbed a finger at Daryl, who frowned hard at him, “You don’t fucking talk to anyone. In fact, all I want you to motherfucking do is to help us load what we need from Alexandria up into our vans, and you. . .” His dark eyes darted to Rick who frowned, blinking up at him, “You do whatever the fuck I say, you got that? If I tell you to jump, you ask me how high. If I tell you to kneel down and suck my fucking cock in front of everybody, you better fucking do that too. And if I shove my cock up that fine ass of yours and bend you over in front of your pride and fucking joy, that future serial killer I almost had you chop that goddamn arm off of, well. . .” he smirked, and bit his bottom lip, his lecherous gaze making Rick shiver a little, his crystal blue eyes never leaving Negan’s dark obsidian gaze, “You better moan like that’s your favorite moment in this goddamn shitty world. Like the cum slut we both know you are.” Rick whimpered, and closed his eyes, shaking all over.

“For don’t take it too goddamn personal,” Negan chuckled, “Just calling you out for what you are. . . Hell, you’ve been eating it straight for the past few days. . . why’d you think that nutritional garbage Carson was feeding you was so salty?” Rick’s eyes widened as he stared at Negan, but the man was already turning back to his burrito, “Yup, jacked off just so you could have a bit of flavor with that shit, Pet. Fucking hurt my feelings when you tried to spit it right back up, but meh, guess it’ll just end up being an acquired taste for you. Now get some shut eye, you’ve got a big day ahead of you.” With that he sank his teeth even more into the burrito, pulling back and munching on it with a satisfied smirk, a long stretch of cheese moving between his lips and the breakfast’s meal.

Rick stared at the man in shock, and saw Daryl doing the same. Rick felt his stomach roll. For the past few days, he’d been eating. . .without knowing. . . he groaned, hands wrapped around his stomach as the bile rose up his throat, pushing it back down, and rolled away from them all, curling into himself as he lay on the crate floor, sobbing brokenly around the gag. If he had had anything left in his stomach, he knew he would have upchucked it around the gag.
Sooo, what did you all think? As a heads up, in the next chapter we jump straight to Carl in Alexandria! Getting ready to set up only the worst kinds of family reunions!
Just Another Day In Alexandria

Chapter Summary

As Negan and the other Saviors are on their way to pick up supplies, some of the citizens of Alexandria prepare for their imminent arrival.

Chapter Notes

It is so odd writing a chapter with no Rick or Negan physically in it. . . yep, you heard me, no Rick or Negan in this chapter. But believe me, they will be right back in the next one! I should know, the rough draft is already written for that one, and I am hoping to have it up soon. This chapter is basically setting up for the Alexandria visit. Title seems odd, I know, but I was listening to Phil Vassar's "Just Another Day In Paradise" when writing it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The clock on the wall above the set of double closet doors ticked each second by as it moved through the early morning hours of the day, moving its long slender black arm across its plain white face and over its twelve roman numerals, the edges of said numerals slowly peeling away over time. Soon they would simply be removed from the clock face altogether and replaced by written in numbers. In the books he’d read when he was little, the sounds of time passing had always been described with the words “Tick-Tock, Tick-Tock”. Over the past few mornings Carl Grimes had become well aware of the fact that that was just another misconception of his youth. Instead the clock made soft clicking noises, counting down the seconds, minutes, and hours until the day truly started.

Carl sighed, blinking at the wall at the foot of his bed, his right foot, propped up on his left knee as he sat with that leg bent to form a triangle with the covers of his bed, jiggling impatiently as he waited for the day to begin for the rest of Alexandria. It was fifteen minutes til 7am and he had been awake and ready for the day to begin for the other residents for two and a half hours. That had been how most of his mornings had gone all week since lately sleep was a fleeting, short lived luxury for him. Ever since. . . that day.

He grit his teeth, glancing at his left arm. He wore a dark gray undershirt with buttons that ran up to the base of his neck, a blue and white plaid shirt over that with the sleeves that were a bit too long rolled up to his elbows, and simple blue jeans, a tear resting over the right knee in them. The clothes had been the first things he’d grabbed in the dark when he’d woken up at around 4 am, not wanting to turn on his lights or leave his room for fear of waking anyone else in the house up. Luckily he had a bathroom connected to his room, and since he had taken a shower the night before, it had been easy for him to relieve himself, get a glass of water, run a brush through his hair, put on deodorant, and change into his clothes for the day.

Now he looked at his arm, and the urge to pull his sleeve down, even if it would cause it to reach down to his fingertips, was very real. Even though the ink had already washed away, he could still see that horrible black streak on his forearm, and could still feel the rocks of the forest floor as Negan
held his arm firmly in his bare hand while his gloved hand had dragged the marker’s tip across his limb. He could still hear Negan’s orders to Rick to chop off the arm, could still hear Rick’s whispered pleas against the man that had transformed into uncontrollable sobbing and weeping as Negan began his sick little countdown. Carl narrowed his blue eye, his right hand flinging the tennis ball in his hand, a yellow, ratty thing that had faded over time, against the wall at the foot of his bed, his left arm coming up and catching the ball as he sat propped up on pillows at the other end of the piece of furniture.

He hated how Negan had broken his strong father down, and he hated even more that the bastard had used him to do it. . . the ball whacked against the wall harder, and his hand twitched a little as the item slammed into his palm harder as well on the rebound. He hated how he’d let Negan take Rick away. How he’d watched his father get beaten by the man physically and then hauled away like livestock. . . Michonne and the others had tried to reassure him that it wasn’t his fault, that if he had acted more people might have gotten hurt or Rick might have gotten killed , but the idea of Negan carting Rick off, to do who knew what to him. . . that made Carl sick to his stomach, and that was a feeling he hated having, and no one else’s consoling words could change that. That feeling of helplessness, that reminder of the fact that he hadn’t been there for his dad the way Rick had needed him most ate away at him. He hated Negan for making him feel that way. He wanted to kill the man, had imagined doing it so often over the past few days.

He sighed and rolled his head over, gazing with a bleary blue eye at his nightstand. Two pictures sat there in glassless frames, reminding him of how much the apocalypse had taken from him, and accusing him, saying he should have done something to keep what they represented from falling apart. The first was a ratty old photograph that had been taken before the apocalypse really began, one that had faded over time and had little white crease in it, each gained since the world went to shit.

It was one of Carl, Rick, and Lori, standing on the porch of their house back in King’s County. Rick and Lori were embracing each other, smiling broadly at the camera as Rick leaned against a white post on the porch and held her close with one arm as her own arms wove around his neck, his other hand resting on Carl’s shoulder. Rick was wearing a blue shirt, one of his favorites, if Carl recalled correctly, and Lori was wearing a beautiful blue sundress. Both items of clothing had been left behind in the mad rush to get out of King’s County and to Atlanta. Carl was wearing a blue and green plaid shirt and had been around the age of four at the time of the picture. In it he was grinning a toothy, chocolate covered smile at the camera, the backside of a chocolate bunny grasped in his tiny hands, some slightly smeared white and pink bunny face paint on his nose and cheeks, left over from the Easter event they’d gone to earlier that day. It was a goofy picture, just one moment captured in Carl’s life before everything went to hell. It had been to commemorate Carl’s fourth Easter, and if Carl recalled things accurately, Shane had been the one taking the picture. A silly picture, but Carl and his family had smiled at it on the mantle, and it was the only picture that had made it this far in the apocalypse with Carl out of the dozen or so that Lori had grabbed before evacuating. Although the glass had long since shattered just by him traveling with it, the dark oak frame had remained to house it on Carl’s bedside table now.

He sighed, his face lingering on how happy his father was, his eyes crinkling on his clean shaven face as he held his family. Moving from Rick’s face, his eyes fixated on how Lori’s eyes were almost shut in her own happiness at being with the two men in her life who mattered most to her at that point. He couldn’t help but grin at how ignorantly he himself smiled in the picture. All of them were ignorant, thinking that that life would last forever. The whole world had been ignorant.

But there had been some good things in the world after the Walkers had started moving about. . . he thumped the ball against the wall again, not even looking as his left hand caught it, the movement mostly muscle memory now, having started as a way to help him regain depth perception after he lost
his eye. His gaze shifted to the black plastic frame beside the older picture as he flung the ball against the wall again. That one had been taken using an old Polaroid camera Aaron and Eric had saved from the apocalypse. The pic had been snapped shortly after Carl had lost his eye and everything had returned to a semblance of normalcy in Alexandria with Rick as the leader, Eric having had a dark room of sorts in the basement of his and Aaron’s home that had been made via gathering supplies on runs over time, to develop the small polaroid in.

Due to the small size of the picture, the Grimes family had cut out a square in a piece of gray construction paper and Carl and Judith had used blue paint to make fingerprint designs in the bottom half of the paper, with Carl’s designs having decidedly more order to them and Judith’s having just an adorable chaos in them. Rick and Michonne had even gotten in on the fun, making fingerprint marks that resembled footprints and a star on the top of the small piece of paper, respectively.

That paper framed the picture, and Carl looked at himself as he held Judith on his hip, grinning at Aaron as he took the shot, with Carl wearing a black and white plaid shirt over a black T-shirt, the blue jeans he currently wore, and Rick’s old sheriff hat. His sister wore a dress someone in Alexandria had made her out of a red and white checked material, the thin straps looping over her shoulders stained a little by the watermelon she’d been eating earlier that day. It had been from a patch they’d found in an old greenhouse about two miles out from Alexandria, one that had grown wild in the apocalypse with no one to tend to it. They’d found that along with a lot of other fruits and vegetables at the nursery, and the community had had a little potluck barbeque after cooking some wild hogs Daryl hunted, as a way of celebrating surviving the Wolves attack and remembering Diana for her leadership. Aaron and Eric had taken pictures of the whole event to make a collage for the church, so that everyone could see them and remember the happy day. Once they had finished with the pictures for the collage, they’d thought of taking pictures of the individual families and friends to make photos for their home to have as a way of remembering the togetherness they’d fought so hard to maintain.

In the Grimes’s picture Carl and Judith stood on the bottom step of their porch, with Michonne standing on the step two steps behind Carl, each of her hands on Judith and Carl’s shoulders, wearing a nice black blouse with a low cut V-collar and a black string crisscrossing in between the sides of the collar to hold it together over her chest. The arms of the shirt were black straps, criss crossing back and forth down to her elbows. Needless to say the shirt was easily the nicest thing she had in her wardrobe, only worn on special occasions. Rick had found it in a store when they’d been scavenging from a town, and had given it to her as a gift on her birthday. The ball thwacked against the wall once again, and Carl sighed, catching it as he continued to look at the picture. It was one of the last times he recalled Michonne leaving her Kitana inside, away from herself. They had all had knives on themselves, just in case they were needed, and Rick had had his revolver on him, but they all knew that they most likely wouldn’t have to draw their weapons, giving the day an air of relaxation.

Carl let his eyes flit from Michonne’s soft, smiling face to Rick’s own. His father was smiling one of his rare dimples-to-eyes smiles, the kind that crinkled his eyes and made them sparkle, his teeth gleaming in the sunlight as he wore his blue jean button down shirt and blue jeans that matched it as he stood on the step that was one down from the top of the porch. One hand was down and resting on Carl’s other shoulder while the other was on Michonne’s shoulder, completing the family circuit. His hair had been combed back neatly, and his beard had been trimmed up for the event. Carl smiled a little more as he looked at his father, the man’s body entirely relaxed. It was interesting, how Rick could look both relaxed and strong at the same time. He guessed that was something Rick had gotten used to having to maintain since the Walker Apocalypse had started. In between the hardships of making life work, there were moments of levity, where they could all just be happy to be alive, but it seemed to him that his father was ready to fight for his family even in those times. It made Carl look up to Rick, even if he hadn’t always shown his respect and support to his father. He regretted that
now that Rick was gone.

It had only been a week and they were all lost without their appointed leader in Alexandria. Sure, supply runs had continued as per usual, and they’d even already separated out about half of their stuff for when the Saviors arrived, but it was like everyone had been running on autopilot. It was tough, knowing what to do but feeling like they didn’t really know what to do at the same time without one unified voice to bring them all together, and the fact that Sasha and later Enid and Tara had gone to Hilltop to be with Maggie and to avoid having to see Negan when he came to visit made it feel even more like by killing Abe and Glenn then taking Rick and Daryl Negan had divided their family and friends. It made them all feel like they were in some sort of limbo, between one existence and another.

No one had stepped up as leader really, even though Carl felt like Michonne could have given it a shot if she had really wanted to. His stepmom was usually out hunting though, avoiding the situation all together. It was hard for her, he knew, what with Rick being gone, and he tried to understand her motives regarding separating herself from everything, but it also made him feel more alone and abandoned. Michonne might have ended up being with Rick, but she’d been Carl’s buddy first, and now it felt like he was losing a long time friend, little by little, day by day. When Michonne had headed out the first morning, Carl hadn’t known what to do exactly. Sure he could cook, but how was he supposed to get what he needed to get done done and take care of Judith?

Luckily Olivia came over each morning, being her wonderful, caring self, and cooked for the family before taking Judith to her place so that the toddler could be with her while Carl ran off on supply runs with the others and Olivia focused on maintaining inventory control in between watching over the toddler. So that solved that issue rather quickly.

Carl grit his teeth, his cheek, yellowed over, pulsing. Unfortunately, the lack of having a valid leader made Spencer a huge asshat, trying to throw his weight around now since he had never liked Rick in the first place and now felt a certain sense of freedom and entitlement like never before without Rick there to curb him and bring him to heel. It had led to a quick exchange of punches between him and Carl three days ago. Spencer had been playing pool with two buddies in his garage the day after Enid had left with Tara, and as Carl had lumbered his tired body by after a supply run, the brunette had overheard the prick talking crap about Rick. Carl had walked away from the encounter that followed with a bruise on his cheek, but his personal pride very much in tact. Spencer had ended up on the ground with a split lip, busted nose, and bruised side. It had felt good, taking out his frustration and anger on the other, but in the end he had felt guilty. Spencer wasn’t the one he really wanted to hit, after all. He wanted to hurt Negan, for ripping the community apart and leaving it in tatters. He could only hope that his dad would be able to get away from the monster soon. Then they could figure out how to overthrow the Savior Leader and get revenge for their friends.

He smiled a little, turning and focusing as he thwacked the ball against the wall again. He knew his dad was strong, and knew that no matter what Negan did to him, Rick would stand strong against him. And then, when the moment came, he knew that Negan would learn just what happened when you fucked with Rick Grimes. . . he still remembered the time when Rick had been grabbed by that one fucker while Carl was on the ground with that perverted asshole trying to pull down his pants. . . He could still remember his dad, all other weapons lost, lunging forward and digging his teeth into the bastard’s neck, his drive to protect Carl and the others moving him forward. Blood had sprayed as Rick had used his teeth to rip the man’s throat open, and it was one of the times that Carl had realized just how powerful his father was and how much he could still do even when it seemed the odds weren’t in his favor.

His dad was a badass, no doubt about it, and that was what kept Carl going over the past week. Rick would come out of the other side of this just like he always did, just like he had with the Governor,
just like he had when they’d nearly been killed at Terminus, and just like he had during that battle with the Wolves, when Carl had been hurt and Rick had started the counterattack on the Walkers, taking down stiffs left and right as he’d defended his family, single handedly until everyone else jumped in to help. The odds had been against him but Carl knew that in Rick’s mind, none of that had even mattered. Bottom line, Rick was Carl’s hero, and he just knew his dad could figure this out too and return to continue to lead them like he always had. Negan wasn’t some unstoppable force, he was just another obstacle, someone trying to keep them from surviving, and in the end he’d end up dead, burning, or otherwise dealt with. Negan didn’t know the gravity of his mistake in hurting their group or its leader. . . At that moment Olivia’s voice made its way up the stairs, “Carl! Michonne! Breakfast is ready!”

Carl thwacked the ball against the wall one more time and got up, grabbing the Sheriff’s hat on the bed next to him and pushing it over his brunette mane, standing up and tossing the tennis ball onto the bed haphazardly. He hoped he saw Rick today, when that bastard came to collect. Just seeing his father alive and fighting Negan would make him feel better about all of this, would make all of this nervous energy he felt in the air worth it. He could tell himself Rick would defeat Negan all day long, but he needed to SEE his father to be reminded of his strength the way he needed to be. Moving out of his room, closing the door behind him, he glanced at Michonne and Rick’s closed bedroom door as he passed, seeing the shadows cast by his stepmom moving beneath it’s edges. Maybe seeing Rick would help her too, would help remind her that this wasn’t over. Maybe if she saw him she would take up the role of temporary leader, to keep everyone together and ready to fight when Rick and Daryl returned to them. He hoped so anyway. . .

Turning, following the smells of bacon, eggs, and sausage, he moved quickly down the stairs, taking them two at the time, pausing on the landing that was three steps up from the main floor of the house to look at a large painting on the wall, painted by a woman named Elsa who had lived in Alexandria since about a year after Diana had made it a safe zone.

She loved taking pictures and making them larger canvas paintings, and had done just that with the final pictures Aaron and Eric had taken the day of the potluck. The overall image had been too big to be just one polaroid for her to work with, and had been taken out in front of the church, and the entire community had been there, taking one huge group photo in the form of two pictures. She’d spent months it seemed panting each face delicately, using a magnifying glass to examine the features of each individual, with Rick and his family and friends in the center. Carl smiled a little, even as his heart ached upon seeing Abe and Glenn amongst the people there. Turning, he walked down the rest of the stairs before his socked feet moved into the kitchen and dining area.

Olivia turned from where she had been trying to feed Judith some soft scrambled eggs, the table laden with biscuits, warmed up from being frozen, bacon they’d salted and cured from the hogs that day, eggs, some sausages they’d gotten from Hilltop after taking out the satelite outpost, and some instant grits. Carl dragged his seat out from the wooden table and sat down, beginning to ladle the food onto his plate. He always sat to the right of his dad’s chair, which had remained empty since he’d been taken. The chair to Carl’s right was where Judith’s high chair was, and Olivia was sitting in her chair at the end of the table opposite Rick’s chair, dragged over from where it normally was across from Judith. Michonne’s chair and place setting remained empty, to Rick’s chair’s left.

Olivia was moving the small spoon of eggs to Judith’s lips again, but the girl leaned back, shaking her messy face, pieces of egg on it from former failed attempts, her bib having some of the food on it as well. “She won’t eat?” Carl said softly, frowning at his half sister. As he’d grown older, he’d seen how Lori’s pregnancy time and Rick’s return hadn’t added up. And even he was able to see the dynamics that had existed between her, Shane and Rick, in hindsight at least. . . he knew that Judith wasn’t his “real” sister, but that didn’t really make him think of her as anything less. . . if Rick and Michonne loved her like a daughter, why couldn’t he love her like his full sister? “No,” Olivia sighed, running a frustrated hand through her hair as Carl scooped some homemade ketchup onto his
eggs from its bowl on the table and began to work the red liquidy paste into them, the dark haired woman frowning at his sister, “It seems like she'll eat just fine for Lunch and Dinner but not for Breakfast.”

“Judy’s never been a morning person,” Carl said, turning to his food and scooping some eggs into his mouth, shoveling them in, before grasping the glass of fresh squeezed orange juice on the table and bringing it to his lips, gulping it down, “Dad always does this thing to get her to eat, he could tr-”


he grit his teeth and glanced at Rick’s empty spot, the place setting there never to be filled up that morning, “I guess. . . I could try. . .” taking the spoon from Olivia as he was offered it, he patted his sister on the head, and she blinked, turning her distrusting eyes to her brother, “Hey Judy, how are you?” he said, smiling at her, tickling her a little to make her laugh and giggle, pushing at his hand with her grubbier ones.

He grinned, and began to move the spoon around in a circle before her, “Remember? Ring around the Judy, spoony filled with goodies,” he sang. Granted, he couldn’t carry a tune at all, but given the fact that Rick really couldn’t either, he should be a good enough substitute, “Eat this,” he began to move the spoon to her face then pulled it away, and she giggled, clapping, “Eat this!” he gasped again, grinning, opening and closing his mouth, making chewing movements with his lips as he moved it towards her and away again, and this time she tried to open and shut her jaws, following the spoon until it was out of her reach, “It all goes DOWN!” he moved the spoon forward again, this time not stopping to pull it away, and she ate it willingly, holding her mouth open. He closed his mouth as she did the same, munching on invisible food again as his sister ate the real thing before swallowing. “MMMMMMMMM!” he said in an exaggerated way, before turning back to the eggs in the bowl set on her area of the table as Judith proceeded to laugh and clap her hands together.

Olivia sighed, and shook her head in disbelief, the smile on her face betraying how cute she thought the pair were, “I’ve been struggling all week to get her to eat anything and you knew the secret all along, you traitor,” she joked. Carl smiled a little at her, before scooping up some more eggs, and began to make airplane noises, swooping hte food in the air, “Vrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrooooom, coming in for landing at airport Judy!” he said, “Vrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr
“It’s no trouble, really, I like the company!” Olivia said brightly. “You’re ready for today, right? Got the rest of her stuff moved over to your place?” Carl remarked in a serious tone after Judith ate her last spoonful of eggs. Last night Olivia and Carl had moved Judith’s crib and changing table to a spare room in the woman’s house. Leaving just some of Judith’s toys, baby food, and bottles for when she drank a little pediatric formula along with her solid food at the Grimes household. Carl had all the faith in the world in his dad, but Negan was coming today, and until Rick defeated him, Carl knew his father didn’t need Negan to have anything to hold against him. A defenseless toddler could be just that “anything”. So, in case Negan did come to their house- since Carl couldn’t assume that Spencer would be kind enough to keep where they lived a secret- Carl didn’t want any semblance of Judith here. He’d already taken down most of the pictures in the house with her in them and hid them in various places all over town, people agreeing to take them for the time being as home decor. That way Judith could technically be anyone’s baby. He’d been putting it off, but he’d be taking the picture of the family on the porch and burying it in the backyard beneath a gardenia bush for safekeeping during the visit, after he wrapped it in one of his own shirts, of course. He knew that that was the safest way to handle this.

Luckily Olivia had agreed to make it seem like Judith was her adopted daughter for the time being by taking her stuff to her own house. They’d even made little photo frames of pictures with her and Judith to put in the woman’s home specifically for that purpose, and Judith had spent the previous night and the following morning over there before coming to eat breakfast, which meant that all of her stuff looked lived in over at Olivia’s, not just staged. He was just grateful that Olivia hadn’t really minded, since she was crazy about the little tot. The only issue Carl had foreseen when everything was all said and done with the plan was someone else mentioning Judith, but when he and Olivia had revealed the plan to everyone, most people had understood that the little girl’s safety could be at stake along with Rick and the rest of the Grimes family’s safety. He’d even threatened Spencer regarding a rematch of their previous scuffle for good measure, swearing he’d beat the kid if he told the monster. He only hoped that both courses of action had been the right moves to keep their secret.

Olivia nodded, munching on some bacon herself, “Yup, got the last of her stuff in her overnight bag over there. . .” she nodded to the bag that sat beside the front door, “Just gotta get that and her high chair over there and we’ll be all good to go. . . We’re gonna have fun, aren’t we Judy?” She said in an excited voice to the girl, grinning and leaning over, poking at the girl’s belly a little and making Judith laugh some more and play with the finger. “I’ll help you with that,” Michonne murmured softly, before taking a bite out of a biscuit, and then glanced at the fireplace where Carl knew she had stashed her rifle. . . it was one of the weapons that Olivia didn’t keep on inventory, and he doubted Olivia even knew it existed. . . “Then I’ll head outside of town for a bit, before they get here.”

He knew his stepmom planned on going to hide the rifle somewhere. . . but he also knew that over the course of planning today out, that plan was constantly flip flopping. She needed to go plant the rifle, and for Carl and everyone else’s sake, she needed to come right back. . . That was the latest plan they’d decided upon. He needed to make sure that was still it. “And then you’ll be right back?” he whispered softly, blinking at her, and Michonne’s eyes moved to his, then shifted to her plate as her chewing slowed a little. Carl frowned, his eggs halfway to his own mouth, “We need you here, Negan’ll get suspicious if you’re not. . . and. . .” He sighed and stated firmly, “With Dad gone, I need you here too.” Michonne sighed and bowed her head, scooping some grits into her own mouth, “I know,” she whispered.

Olivia shifted nervously in her seat, and the group continued with the meal in silence, only broken by some windchimes someone had made Rick on the porch tinkling in the wind and Judy’s random outbursts of giggles as she gradually woke up.

After breakfast, Olivia and Carl quickly did the dishes as Michonne went off to hide the gun in one of the abandoned houses on the outskirts of Alexandria just beyond its walls while Judith played.
with a stuffed horse in her high chair, the surface of which had been wiped clean along with her face. As
the girl giggled and flopped the pink and green horse around, Olivia glanced at Carl, “How are you
feeling?” “A little nervous, a bit anxious, very ready to get this over with,” Carl sighed, drying the
dishes she handed him after she sudsed and rinsed them, “I just hope everything works out today.
…” ‘And that I get to see Dad’ he thought. It was hard, losing one parent but feeling like you lost
both. It was weird: they’d all been so close right up until Negan had marched into their lives, and in
the course of about two days, all of that togetherness had been ripped apart.

It hadn’t helped that Enid had felt the need to go help Maggie, to be with the woman in her grief.
Carl had wanted to stop her from going with Tara, but there was no way he would actually make her
stay. He couldn’t. If she wanted to leave, who was he to hold her back? And besides, he was 100%
sure he DIDN’T want her here when Negan came. Granted, there was little chance Negan might
learn about how close they were if he had arrived and she was there, but he still didn’t want to take
the chance of losing her too. . . he REALLY hoped they wouldn’t be losing ANYONE today. “It
should,” Olivia remarked calmly, “You and the others helped me separate half of the supplies from
the rest yesterday, and helped us move them to one of the storage units out back,” she continued,
referring to the industrial storage units that had been in Alexandria from the beginning of the
outbreak, having been moved there to help with finishing construction of the town before everything
went haywire. . . “All Negan and his people have to do is come, open it up, and take it. Should be
relatively simple and painless.” “Yeah,” Carl sighed. It should be that simple, but he had a feeling
that with Negan it wouldn’t be. Still, this was just a temporary situation, he told himself. They just
had to make it through the day and everything would be fine. . . they just had to take it one day at a
time. . .

Forty five minutes later the older car rolled down the streets of Alexandria. Carl frowned as it
approached and passed him, making out Rosita and Spencer in the front seats, the latter frowning at
him as the first drove on, barely paying attention to the kid on the sidewalk. He was making his way
back from Olivia’s after helping her move the high chair to her place. He wanted to get home and get
to the picture, and it was about six houses away. He glanced at the watch, a solar powered one he’d
found on a supply run. Michonne had been gone almost for an entire hour. . . she should be back any
time now. . . at least, he hoped she would be.

“You know we really shouldn’t be leaving,” Spencer muttered, frowning out the window as the car
rolled up to the gates, watching the punk kid walking towards the Grimes household. He grit his
teeth, still sore from when Carl had just fucking attacked him out of nowhere. He was just like his
dad, that wild hair up his ass, always ready to brawl. He needed to be gone right along with Rick, if
anyone asked Spencer. . . which unfortunately they didn’t. Because all of them hoped Rick would
come back to lead. Well fuck them. Rick’s leadership was what got them all in this fucked up mess.
And if Carl took charge down the road they’d all end up the same way if not worse. He turned to
Rosita at the wheel, “We should be here when he comes, should show that we are compliant.” ‘And
I’ve got a few secrets to tell the man to get him on my side if I need to. . .’ he really just hoped the
man would see the obvious in him, that he was a go getter who deserved to be leader of Alexandria.
It was his goddamn birthright after all!

Rosita rolled her eyes, her hat firmly over her messy ponytail, “Negan and the others are coming
today to get half of our shit Spencer, the least we can do is head out and get new supplies to replace
it, to get a head start on building our stuff back up and getting ready for the next time he comes. . .”
she also really didn’t want to be here when Negan got here, and had a feeling Spencer didn’t need to
be either, for other reasons. She didn’t want to see the bastard who had taken their world and ripped
it apart. The monster who out of a game of Eenie Meenie Miney Moe had killed Abraham.

Even though they hadn’t been together sensually at the time, she still loved the redhead, and couldn’t
get the image of him being beaten to death out of her head. . . It was the last thing she saw at night
and the first thing she saw in the morning. The last thing she wanted was to see the monster who had killed him. . . she just wasn’t ready for that. She really didn’t want to give him any of their shit either, to be honest, and certainly didn’t want to go on a supply run for the bastard. But for now that was the plan, so she would do it, and take the easiest course of action by just avoiding the man who dictated their current shitty situation when he came today.

Plus, she didn’t really trust Spencer to be here either. She might view him as a comrade of sorts, but that didn’t mean she was blind, deaf, or stupid. She knew Spencer wanted to be leader, since no one had stepped up yet. He might try to suck up to Negan to make that happen. . . and he hated Rick, obviously, so he might tell Negan about Judith even though he’d promised Carl and Olivia that he wouldn’t, if for no other reason but to spite Rick and get closer to the bastard Savior Leader. So, she wanted to get him with her and away from Alexandria before Negan and the others showed up. . . taking him on a supply run seemed like the best way to accomplish that. . . as they pulled up to the gate, she frowned, rolling down her window as Spencer huffed, crossing his arms and looking out the window. ‘Spoiled brat,’ she thought, rolling her eyes before she leaned her head out to Eugene, who was working tirelessly on some sort of metal device. He’d removed a lot of the outer casing, the faux wood plastic sitting in the dirt at his feet, and so even if she was well versed with devices like that she wouldn’t be able to tell what the hell he was working on.

“Open the gate?” she remarked, him currently on gate duty. Her words were short and she inwardly scolded herself, the way Eugene winced at her cold tone. She couldn’t help but be mad though. Eugene had betrayed their plan to get to Hilltop, so even though he’d gotten beaten up in the process she would always blame him for the deaths that had followed them meeting Negan. But she tried to curb her anger. Who was she to dictate what he should have done, if she hadn’t been in that same situation already and acted differently? She only hoped that as she curbed her anger it would go down over time.

Eugene frowned, turning to her, blinking with squinty morning eyes at her, the small remnants of his injuries Negan had dealt to him that night in the woods still discoloring his face in shades of yellow and purple, “And might I inquire as to the reason for your sudden departure? We are having- for lack of a better, more functionary word- guests coming to our abode at a later time today. And for all we logically know, they could be here in the very next solitary second or minute. That is just as likely a possibility as the one wherein they could procrastinate in arriving and be here several hours from now. And I must say, for I can not keep myself silent about this as it would go against my own reasonably sound logic to do such a thing, that your sudden departure, if seen or otherwise duly noted by the one wherein they could procrastinate in arriving and be here several hours from now. And I must say, for I can not keep myself silent about this as it would go against my own reasonably sound logic to do such a thing, that your sudden departure, if seen or otherwise duly noted by our less than desirable soon to be guests, may give off the wrong impression and make us for lack of a more polite turn of phrase, fucked up our backsides even worse than we currently find ourselves in the present predicament.”

“God man, do you ever shut up?!” Spencer scoffed, rolling his eyes, “Just open the goddamn gate.” Eugene frowned at him, “Not that you would understand as our acquaintanceship has not lasted as long as you seem to imply, but Miss Rosita knows quite well that I tend to over verbalize the current situation when I am feeling my stomach figuratively twist up in knots or am otherwise nervous. If you knew that fact about my person, you would perhaps retract your exclamation regarding my excessive word usage. And I am deeply sorry and regret having to persist with my inquiry, but I do feel the need to once again ask why I would be opening, to use your own brass language, ‘the goddamn gate’.” “We’re going to look for supplies,” Rosita sighed, rolling her eyes a little, frowning at him, “For Negan’s next supply pick up.”

Eugene frowned back at her, “A quick standard run and grab then? I take it this is a short mission, which shouldn’t take much longer than a day’s time?” Rosita nodded, “That’s the plan.” Eugene stood up, setting the device delicately in the dirt, and nodded, the small metal folding chair he’d been sitting in creaking as his weight left it, “Very well, I can understand the logic behind that. I myself
am tinkering and working with this device here, and think that with a little more time, it could be a very effective audio processing and playing device. Aka, radio and cd player. It may not be much but I am trying to do my part in this group effort we find ourselves coerced into rather forcefully.”

“I’m sure that Negan will be sooooo proud and grateful for that,” Spencer muttered sarcastically. “Whilst I do not appreciate the sarcasm, Mr. Spencer, I do agree with the fake sentiment it relies upon to be effective. Every little bit counts, we all know that, and so it is my hope that this will please Negan enough to lighten our proverbial load. Now, which direction will the two of you be heading, if I may inquire? Should you not return before the aforementioned length of your journey is up, I would appreciate the ability to point a search party in the appropriate direction to try to find you.” Rosita sighed and glanced at the map that lay unfolded in her lap, “West.”

“Affirmative,” Eugene nodded with a jerk. Before moving to the gate and gripping the bar that would let him open the inner wall to get to the outer one, was ready to try to pull it back when all three of them froze as they heard the sounds of vehicles just outside of their doors coming to a halt, engines rumbling. Rosita grit her teeth, gripping the steering wheel to the point of her knuckles being white.

“Not to put too fine a point on it, but you may need to back up, from what I can tell our most unwanted guests have arrived,” Eugene whispered, his voice trembling as his nervous energy was brought to a new high, as a honking horn set out a tune on the other side, like one would use when knocking on a door, “And from what I can hear and see through the wall, they have multiple vehicles that will be expecting to make their way through and into our community. Aaron,” he nodded to the man who was already slowly walking up to relieve him from gate duty, “I think it would be most advantageous for you to go find Carl and Michonne, and to then proceed to alert everyone that the imminent arrival of our proverbial wolf has shown up at our doors, and is ready to blow us down should we not open them for him. From what he has declared and done to us in the past and from what I can hear, it unfortunately won’t take very much huffin and puffin for him to accomplish such a task.” With that he turned back to face the gate, his breathing becoming quicker as Rosita sighed and put the car in reverse, slowly backing up and into a nearby driveway.

Chapter End Notes

As an additional note, I MIGHT have a modern day au story that is NeganxRick. And believe me, this one will have a happy ending and although there are some darker elements to it, it is mostly just a fic about two guys going from meeting in a bar, to acquaintances, to lovers who find a new future with one another. But of course Negan will be obnoxious and an asshole in parts, and Rick will of course have to learn to look past all of it. But that's all the fun right? Planning on calling it "Wrong Guy, Right Time". The inspiration for attempting this type of NeganxRick fic-which this is actually an attempt to see if I can manage it-comes from GettinGrimey, although I obviously will not be replicating any of the stories by said author. This will be just something fun for me to try to do. Because although I do adore this story (did you guys know that it's already over 200 pages long?), and will continue with it, I do enjoy a little bit of a sweeter fanfic with my all black fanfic coffee on occasion, and think you guys and gals might too. ;) right before you go back to the spicy darkness of Metamorphosis.
Teaching An Old Daryl Some New Tricks

Chapter Summary

The Saviors have arrived outside of the gates of Alexandria, and Negan is being a stage mom in his own way. After all, he has to make sure that the show goes down the best way it can, and that means everyone has to play their part, even a stubborn little redneck.

Chapter Notes

Another chapter, so soon? le gasp! I told you all I had this one's rough draft pre done. Proofread it, hope you guys like it! This chapter will primarily focus on Negan and Daryl while Rick gets some much needed rest.

The back of the van was quiet for the most part except for Negan humming along with the cd player Simon had playing with its volume set on low up front as the Savior Leader flipped through what appeared to be a tattered version of the graphic novel “300”, his tongue between his teeth as his dark obsidian eyes moved over the scenes within which King Leonidas led his men against the Persian King Xerxes, ultimately to fall at the King’s hand. Xerxes had screwed up, Negan decided. He should have known that Leonidas would become a martyr, that his people would rise up because he fought against him and Xerxes killed him. He should have either kept Leonidas alive and manipulated him, or annihilated all of the Greeks. Of course, the former would be what Negan would recommend. People were always a resource and the loss of a great number of them was foolish . . . you just needed to learn how to use them properly. You either did that or the world chewed you up and spat you back out worse off than before.

Rick lay asleep in the wire kennel, his back to the rest of the group as his “Master” flipped through the pages of the hardback novel. When Rick’s sobbing had finally evened out until it had faded to nothing and he’d gone to sleep, Daryl had expected Negan to bang on the cage to wake him up, just to be the asshole he knew the man was. But Negan had only looked over from where he’d been looking over a little black journal full of scribbled notes when he’d noticed the man was asleep and chuckled, saying that the poor bastard needed every goddamn second of sleep he could fucking get. For Negan to even say that, Daryl had to wonder just how much sleep Rick had been getting the past few days. . .

Daryl had noted how exhausted Rick looked when the doors to the van had opened back at the Sanctuary, like Rick hadn’t hardly slept properly over the course of the past few days. He himself hadn’t gotten much sleep, between working the wall of Walkers that surrounded Negan’s compound or mopping the floors of said compound under close supervision by Dwight or some other Saviors. But in spite of the fact that Dwight had Easy Street constantly playing for him, he’d at least gotten some sleep after each dog food sandwich Dwight or Fat Joseph fed him each night in his cell and before the next one was fed to him the next morning and they yanked him out of his little room to continue to do some sort of menial task. After all, he’d finally been able to block the song out, no matter how high in volume it got.
Now Daryl blinked at his knees, having looped his arms around them and drawn them up to his chest and left them like that the entire ride. Every now and again he glanced at Rick to see if his buddy stirred at all, but Rick hadn’t moved an inch voluntarily. His side just rose and fell gently as he got some much needed snooze time. Daryl grit his teeth, knowing that laying on the plastic mat wouldn’t bode well for Rick when he woke up... personally his own ass was killing him, but he didn’t want to show that he was in any sort of discomfort in front of Negan.

He knew Rick probably couldn’t help but show it, having been around the man much more than Daryl had been since they’d been taken, and he didn’t hold the fact that Rick was compliant with Negan against him. He knew who was pulling the strings, and knew that Rick wasn’t really ok with any of what was going on. He had known that even as he’d watched Rick writhing on the bed beneath Negan as the man had made him moan and groan and beg for him to fuck him. That hadn’t been Rick, Daryl had known that from the beginning. It was just some sick role Negan had forced Rick into under threat of harm.

That made Daryl angry, and made him have an even firmer resolve not to show any weakness of his own to the bastard. Rick might not be able to avoid showing it, as he was with Negan far longer. Daryl had a feeling that Negan’s torture was a lot more hands on than the kind he’d already received—the hand shaped bruises, braces, and bandages on Rick were enough to tell him that—and he knew that that made Rick more pliable and vulnerable. Sooner or later the body convinced the mind to give in to avoid more pain. So, the redneck simply decided that that meant Daryl had to be stronger for the both of them, to hide his discomfort as best as he could. Not just to prove to Negan that he couldn’t have everything he wanted, but to perhaps inspire Rick to try to figure a way for them to both get out of this. To let Rick have a reminder that it wasn’t over, not yet, and that he just needed to try to survive until they could reach the other side of the dark tunnel they were in.

Dwight sighed beside him, and Daryl frowned, blinking as he turned to the man, twiddling his bound hands together, interlocking his fingers and watching as the man placed the little wooden figurine into his messenger bag while removing a plain, solid block of wood from the bag to start another figurine. He’d started the first one within minutes of them leaving the Sanctuary, after he’d pulled out a cigarette and Negan had scoffed, saying that he didn’t want the entire trip to Alexandria to be of Dwight stinking up the back of the van. So instead, Dwight had proceeded to work on the wood, whittling it into the little figurine he’d just finished. Daryl idly wondered what that had been of, and what the next one might turn out to be. But just as his knife was touching the wood, the van came to a stop, and everyone in the back swayed a little.

Negan frowned, and didn’t move his eyes from the page he was on, his right arm resting on his right knee that was bent up and close to his face, his other leg stretched out, the ankle on it rotating. He’d been alternating legs and even getting up to move from one side of the kennel to the other the entire time, pushing the kennel away from the van door so that there was space on either side for him to do so the first time he’d changed his sitting spot. Rick’s body had jolted a little at the sudden movements of the cage, but the former Sheriff had merely grunted, shifted a little, and remained deeply asleep, proving how exhausted he was.

Every time the Leader had gotten up, Daryl had tensed since the man scooped up Lucille each time. But Negan had just muttered something about how the bean bag fucking sucked at cushioning him and that he couldn’t stand being all cramped the fuck up with them in the back of the van. Daryl had smirked as the man had muttered things like that, like an old man far past his prime who had a bad back, and if Negan hadn’t swung Lucille in a pinwheel fashion as he’d lumbered about, dragging the chair and the book with him wherever he moved to in the van, he’d probably have chuckled too, happy that even if Negan wasn’t in explicit pain, he was at the very least uncomfortable.

Flipping the page he had been on after finishing it, Negan lifted his head, as the van didn’t begin
rolling again, “What the fuck’s up out there Simon? Someone have to take another motherfucking piss break? Or did one of you fucktards run out of fucking gas? I told you guys to make sure the goddamn tanks were fucking full before we left, you sorry bunch of shits . . .” “We’re here,” was the man’s simple gruff reply, turning off the cd player and looking back over the seat at Negan. Negan turned to him and grinned, “Well it’s about the fuck time.”

Dropping the book on the floor, he got up, leaving Lucille for a moment as he moved quickly to the van doors and Dwight quickly slid the wood and the knife back into the bag. Gripping the handles of the doors, the Leader quickly turned them and flung the doors open to bang on the sides of the van before clamoring out, “Fucking killing my back, riding in that little sardine can.” hopping out onto the road, the man immediately groaned, hands on his lower back as he closed his eyes, tilting forward on his tip toes and swaying his head back, groaning as he closed his eyes and his joints popped as he began to stretch them after being so cramped. He continued to stretch as Simon walked up to join him outside, “Whenever you’re ready, we’re prepared to proceed as planned, sir.” Negan turned to him and smirked, clapping a firm hand on the man’s shoulder, “Excellent.”

Turning to Daryl, Negan smirked, “Showtime. . .” with that he walked over and back into the van that swayed as he climbed on board again. Dwight tensed a little as he moved to crouch before the bound man, balancing himself on the balls of his feet as he looked straight into the eyes of the prisoner, shoving some of the dirty, greasy locks of hair out of Daryl’s face to get a better look at him.

Daryl grit his teeth behind the tape on his mouth, refusing to look away, even as Negan started speaking, growling out in a voice that made a chill race down Daryl’s spine with the threat that was dripping from each word, “Now, I’m about to do you a motherfucking favor and take that goddamn tape of your sorry ass face, but even though it’s not fucking there, you better remember what I goddamn said before and be fucking silent when we go meet your little friends. Let me be perfectly fucking clear: I don’t want you talking to anybody, looking at any one of those fuckers on the other side of that fence-at least not so much as I or Dwight can tell it- or doing anything that we don’t fucking tell you to do. Now you might not be smart enough to fucking join me, you dumbass redneck piece of shit, but you damn well can hear, I’m sure, so are you fucking smart enough to understand me and are willing to follow those simple goddamn rules?”

Daryl grit his teeth, his dark eyes glaring at Negan from behind the bangs that had fallen back to hang in front of his face as he tried to put up a brave front for the Leader, like he had planned to do. Negan’s eyes narrowed at the lack of response, and he leaned closer, so that his nose was inches from Daryl’s, and reaching up, gripped Daryl’s shirt and shoved him harshly against the wall of the vehicle. Daryl grunted, moaning softly as he hit the wall with his back and the back of his head, but he didn’t close his eyes, didn’t look away as he held Negan’s glare with one of his own.

“Look I know that I motherfucking said I liked your spirit and the fact that you don’t fucking scare easily before, and you better believe I damn well would appreciate it now if it was working for me and not against me. . . But this is kind of a huge motherfucking day for all of us, and I could have sworn I made that pretty goddamn clear before. . . So needless to say I don’t motherfucking appreciate your goddamn stubbornness now. The thing is, I can’t decide if you’re some sort of masochist or just a bigger fucking dumbass than I thought. Hell, maybe you did me a favor by refusing me,” Negan growled out, his eyes clouding over with irritation, “I would kill you right the fuck now if I didn’t think I could still utilize you to meet my own goals. . . So let me try this again, because we need to make this a clear understanding between you and me regardless of whatever feelings you have or whatever goddamn crazy ass thoughts are running through that brain of yours. . . so I’ll ask you a-fucking-gain: . . .” he sucked in a deep breath, then roared so hard it rang Daryl’s ears and Rick moaned and groaned, not waking up but on the verge of doing so.
Dwight even jumped at the sudden rise in volume as Negan shouted at the man, “DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME?! YOU ARE NOT TO TALK TO ANYONE, LOOK AT ANYONE, OR DO ANYTHING OUTSIDE OF WHAT WE TELL YOU TO DO! NOW YOU MOTHERFUCKING TELL ME YOU PIECE OF DOG SHIT! DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME?!” he snapped, and slammed Daryl against the van again, harder this time.

Daryl shouted out behind the gag, but still refused to answer even as his back screamed in pain. Negan glared at him, nostrils flaring, and Dwight made to say something to the redneck, but the Leader snarled, cutting his dark eyes to the man, “Get the fuck outside, D, I got this fucking shit covered. He’ll be out in a second.” Dwight grit his teeth, glancing at Daryl then at Negan, clearly wondering if the prisoner would be alive when Negan got him back outside, but as Negan glared at him a moment longer, the blonde man got up and moved outside to wait with Simon, the other man having his arms folded with his foot tapping against the road beneath him, clearly ready to get the show on the road, figuratively speaking. “Close the goddamn doors,” Negan muttered darkly, and in the next instant they were slammed shut.

Turning back to Daryl, Negan growled, “Now, you listen to me you goddamn little piece of fucking shit.” Turning, he threw Daryl against the back of the front seat of the van, and Daryl grunted upon landing on the floor, making to stand up again. Negan was too fast for him though, and a hard kick to the ribs had the redneck wheezing before Negan’s bat slammed into the back of his head in the next instant, flinging him face first into the van’s floor, blood bursting from his nose as it broke on impact. He grit his teeth, tears pricking his angry eyes as the man’s boot was on his head in the next instant, and Negan began to apply pressure, shoving Daryl’s face into the vehicle’s floor as the Leader growled out, leaning down over him, “I get it, this fucking heroic thing you’re trying to do by standing against me, by being all fucking defiant. But I’m getting pretty motherfucking sick of it, understand me?” swinging his foot off of Daryl’s head and away from the man he kicked the redneck hard in the side of the face as he swung it back forward, causing a cut to split open over Daryl’s right eye before the same boot jabbed him hard in the side, forcing him to roll over on his back.

“Now I want you to tell me,” the man snarled, and put the flat part of the bottom of his boot on the man’s chest and began to push down on it, and Daryl grunted, head thrown back as the breath was slowly pushed out of him, eyes squint shut as he glared up at the Savior Leader, tears streaking down his cut and bleeding face, “How many of your fucking friends are gonna have to get motherfucking killed or hurt before you decide to stop being a little fucking assholic bitch? You ain’t gotta say how fucking many, just show me on your goddamn fingers, so I can just check them all off now. Already got one done, I’m sure Dwight gave you the pictures I had made for you of that first casualty of your dumbassery. That poor little Asian . . . whatever the fuck did he ever do to you?” he sneered. Daryl grunted softly, as the pressure continued.

The more pressure Negan applied the harder it was for him to breathe and he felt his hearing seem to get muffled as spots danced before his eyes, but he refused to move, refused to give Negan what he wanted. He glanced at Rick, who surprisingly was still sleeping. Negan followed his gaze, and he let a cold smirk cross his lips, “Of course, I could just go ahead and beat the hell out of him now and get it over with. After all, it’d teach you a lesson and it would be a DAMN good way to wake him up REAL fast. And if I kill ‘im, well, there are plenty of other fine people on the other side of that motherfucking fence to replace him with. I might even make him some fucked up Walker guard dog outside of my house back at the Sanctuary. Maybe he’ll be a better Pet in death rather than alive. Some of mine have turned out that fucking way, you know.” Negan chuckled.

Daryl grunted, and tried to get up, fear filling him as Negan reached Lucille back, and began to tap her on the cage bars, and Rick grunted, curling up tighter as the banging gradually dragged him closer to the edge of consciousness. “I mean I would hate losing such a nice tight hole to fuck,
especially after all the fucking time and goddamn meds I’ve invested in him, but like father like son right? Maybe the little future serial killer would be a better Pet than Rick ever could be. . .” He turned and smirked at Daryl, darkness playing in his eyes, “What do you think?”

Daryl roared out behind the gag, hands gripping Negan’s boot, trying to get the man off of him. Most of what was in the redneck’s gaze now was anger at the thought of Negan doing what he implied to Carl, but there was a lot of fear in his eyes as well. He felt guilty enough about Glenn, he didn’t want to see Rick killed too. . .

Negan glanced at Rick again then turned back to him, a cold look in his eye, an amused smile tugging at the corners of his lips, “Tell me, do you fucking understand your goddamn motherfucking orders then? Or do I need to go wake up my Pet so I can beat his sorry ass because of your dumbass self not wanting to comply with me? I’ll be sure to tell him why he’s getting his ass beat, if that makes you feel any better. . .” Daryl breathed hard against the tape, not wanting to give in to the man in spite of the fear he felt, trying to think of any way around what Negan wanted. Negan sneered, and raising his boot up, slammed it hard back down, bruising Daryl’s ribs, “Alrighty then. Easy Peasy Lemon Squeezy, let’s paint this fucking van red,” he growled out in a sinister tone.

Turning he moved his foot off of Daryl and moved to the kennel, “Upsy Daisy Ricky baby! Daryl’s decided Lucille here needs a little more batting practice!” Rick twitched a little, but didn’t full awaken. Daryl yelped and lunged forward, his grubby fingernails grabbing onto Negan’s pants desperately, yanking on him as the man in the sweatshirt fell against the floor. He grunted, wincing as his bruised ribs hit the van, eyes on the Savior Leader as he paused and slowly turned to him, his pants leg twisting as he did so, before putting the toe of his boot under Daryl’s chin and tilting his chin up, frowning hard at him with darkened eyes, “Let me the fuck go you dog.” When Daryl just breathed hard at him, not letting go, Negan growled, and kicking out, jabbing him in the throat and making Daryl gag around the foot as he attempted to kick the dirty man off of him, “I said, let me the fuck go!” Daryl moaned and shook his head, tears squeezing out of his eyes, before looking at Rick’s body as the Sheriff shifted, the sounds causing his body to stir but not entirely awaken, and then back at Negan’s hard, cold face. The redneck had tears in his eyes as he shook his head, moaning pleadingly.

There was a moment of hesitation before Negan’s voice, which would sound almost like a purr if it didn’t have the threat of death lingering on each word, slurred, “So, do you understand your job today?” Daryl groaned and nodded. “You are not to talk to anyone. . .” Negan paused, and Daryl grunted, feeling his pride shake unsteadily as he nodded his head. “You are not to look at any of them. . .” Negan continued softly, turning to face Daryl fully. Daryl sucked in a deep breath and nodded again. “You are not to do anything unless we tell you to,” Negan drawled, and Daryl glanced at Rick before looking back at Negan, nodding dejectedly. The cheshire grin that Negan gave him after that made him sick to his stomach, “Well goddamn, there. We. Go!”

The next few seconds were all a blur to Daryl as reaching down, Negan grabbed him by his hair, his fingertips scraping against Daryl’s scalp before he was wrenched up and dragged to the doors, scrambling to keep up with the killer, “See now, that wasn’t so goddamn hard, was it? Told D that he just needed to be a bit firmer with you. . . we might make a good man out of your fucking shitty self yet!” Once Daryl had scrambled to a kneeling position at the doors, Negan knelt down, reaching down and grabbing his swollen, bleeding face and turning it to face him, “You know, I think we made some real goddamn progress today. What do you fucking think?” gripping the tape, he ripped it off mercilessly, ripping out pieces of Daryl’s facial hair as he did so and making it look even more uneven, along with ripping the skin from his lips, making them start to bleed. Daryl grunted, sucking his lips in and focusing on the floor as Negan’s gloved hand still gripped his cheek, the fingers spread out against it, pressing in on his skin and jawline. He tasted the copper of his own blood, and it sickened him, along with the way Negan talked about getting him to agree to his terms by
threatening to kill Rick as if it were progress.

“Hey,” Negan growled suddenly, his thumb moving into the man’s mouth and forcing his bleeding lips out again, holding the redneck’s bottom lip down and revealing Daryl’s tobacco stained lower set of teeth, pushing into the gums painfully with the tip of his finger, some of them beginning to bleed under the pressure. Daryl grunted, looking at the man again. “I asked you a goddamn question,” Negan muttered, “You don’t have to talk, but you damn well better answer me.” Daryl sighed and nodded, and Negan chuckled, moving his hand away and smacking him hard on the cheek before turning to his pocket and pulling out his knife, flicking out the long, thick steel blade from its leather casing and grabbing Daryl’s hands, “See, it ain’t that goddamn difficult to just do what you’re told. I hope your goddamn former leader’s figured that out himself.

With that he sliced quickly through the tape, nicking Daryl’s hands in the process and causing little cuts to form there, before shoving Daryl backwards with his other hand and making him flop back due to the sudden movement, slamming his back against the floor of the van as he fell. As Daryl wheezed and the wind was knocked out of him Negan paid him no mind, grabbing his ankles and wrenching them up and into the air as he cut through the bonds there as well.

Daryl groaned, eyes closed as his own hand reached up to tenderly touch his hurt head, his world spinning, before Negan opened the doors and moved to be on the side of him opposite the door, looking at Dwight and Simon standing and staring at Daryl’s current state on the other side, both of the other men noting that the injuries were so much worse than they’d been moments before. Negan chuckled and nodded down at the redneck, “Got one of ‘em ready to go.” with that he gave a harsh kick to Daryl, and the man cried out as he was shoved out of the van with the force of the blow, to land sprawled atop the asphalt below. Saviors nearby laughed, and Negan chuckled, leaning out and gripping the door handles again, closing them quickly, “Me and the other one’ll be ready in just a few minutes.”
A Change In Plans

Chapter Summary

Negan has the perfect idea for how to show his dominance to Alexandria. Horrified by it, Rick tries to convince the man of another course of action's effectiveness.

Chapter Notes

Hello everyone! For those of you still with me on this story, I hope this entry is satisfying for you to read! I would have had it out sooner, but the idea for "Wrong Guy, Right Time" took hold more than I thought it would, and I am also thinking of writing another modern AU for RickxNegan! That along with adding details while proofreading this chapter has extended the amount of time I would have wanted you all to have to wait for this chapter!!! But here it finally is, I hope you like it! Or I hope it is at least worth the wait!

Rick was floating in the dark abyss of a dreamless sleep for once. For one of the first times since he’d been taken from the Alexandrians there were no nightmares to wake him up in a cold sweat, just the cool caress that his body desperately needed to recover properly. As his body rested, his mind remained folded in the comforting blankets of darkness that enveloped it in a cocoon of peace.

A few sounds seemed to try to poke through the void surrounding him, but his exhaustion and need for relaxation kept their firm hold on him, keeping him away from the reality he wished to avoid. Finally giving up, those feeble attempts at intrusion left him to his peaceful rest. He hoped that that was how it would be the entire time he slept. Unfortunately for him however, in the next moment a newer, more insistent noise reached out to him over and over. He grunted, his body curling up as his mind tried to fight the pull of it as it dragged him back to reality. But the bearer of the sound was persistent, using it as a fishing line to reel him back into the state of consciousness he had receded from.

He whimpered, trying to cling to the sweet abyss as it slowly unraveled around him, unable to keep its hold on him. As the noise that was dragging him back to reality became clearer, he realized it was in fact his name being uttered over and over by a voice he had come to fear. He grunted, and in reality, he whispered a weak, “No.” But the voice was persistent, and continued to demand him to wake up, in spite of his feeble protest.

“Ricky, oh Ricky, come on now you sorry shit, it's time to fucking get up,” Negan’s voice called to him through the void, a threat lying beneath the lightness of his tone, “Rise and fucking shine, Sleeping Beauty, we’re fucking here. Right outside the gates of goddamn Alexandria. Now, how’s about you motherfucking let me see those blue eyes of yours” As Negan finished speaking there was a sudden jerk on his collar, bringing Rick’s head off of the mat beneath him as the pronged chain choked him, and he grunted, eyes shooting open as he was wrenched the rest of the way into harsh reality.
The first thing he noticed was how the chain of his collar was gradually becoming more twisted as Negan turned his wrist, causing the length of chain between his fingers and Rick’s neck to rotate, constricting his throat and cutting off of his airways as it wound around his gloved hand.

He whimpered, the constriction on his throat making his eyes water before he shut them tightly as he tried to gasp for air around the bit gag in his mouth. Raising trembling fingers he tried to loosen the collar as it curled tighter around his neck, the prongs reopening the wounds that Carson had tried to repair as they raked across his flesh. He whimpered, bowing his head and curling his body tightly against the mat, the prongs biting back against his fingers as they tried to pry them away from his neck.

His heart rate sped up as the man over him chuckled and turned his wrist a bit more, “Now don’t be stubborn baby. . .” Negan slurred. He moaned and turning, pushed his face against the hard plastic beneath him, wheezing as his oxygen was gradually depleted. He whimpered from behind the gag, as a rushing sound flooded his ears and the sadist’s voice continued to roll off his tongue like thunder above him.

“Come on now Ricky, don’t force my hand anymore than you already have. I need to see those goddamn eyes of yours. That’s all.” Negan’s voice drawled, before chuckling and lifting the collar up higher before quickly lowering his hand, making Rick’s head smack against the mat. Rick cried out as Negan continued, this time with a growl that threatened more pain for the man beneath him, “You’re waking up one goddamn way or another, slut.”

Rick groaned, as the spikes drove deeper into his skin, breaking it and making blood flow anew, trickling down his neck. Sighing, he finally opened his eyes, trembling as he gazed at the black plastic beneath him, the material now pressing against his head, before slowly turning his head so that he gazed with one tear filled eye at the man above him.

Negan smirked triumphantly, and unwound the chain a little, his teeth grazing over his lower lip as he looked down on the man, “Well, there’s one of your fucking baby blues. Granted it’s bloodshot as fuck, but I’ll take what I can get. Now, why don’t you fucking roll the rest of the way over and let me see the other one.”

Rick panted around the gag, tears still streaking down his face, gulping in around the gag oxygen due to the fact that there was less pressure on his throat as he stared up at the man now hovering over him, noting that there were no bars of the kennel between them anymore. Suddenly he wished he was still inside of the cage. It was definitely not his favorite place to be, but it had been somewhat of a barrier between him and the unstoppable force of a man aboven him.

Negan had dragged the plastic mat out of the kennel and now stood over him, leaning down and forward so that his head was still a few inches from the ceiling of the van, smirking down at him as he kept his two boots planted firmly on either side of Rick’s trembling naked body.

The man arched an eyebrow at Rick’s hesitation, and slowly began to turn his wrist again, as if he was about to tighten his grip on the man’s neck even more, growling out, “I’m waiting Ricky. I thought you’d learned something in that room, do I need to take you back and put you in the goddamn thing again or are you gonna goddamn do what you’re told?”

Rick whimpered before grunting and rolling over so that he fully faced the man while lying on his back on the mat, lips trembling as the pain quickly returned to him from his sore and worn body as he forced its tired muscles to move, every movement making the damaged joints pop, his lower legs and lower portions of his thighs laying against the van floor as the mat was about one and a half foot shorter than his body’s length.
He’d been in pain and sore before, but now after riding for so long on the hard plastic mat of the kennel in such a tight, curled up position, he felt even more aches and pains. Negan chuckled as Rick rested his head against the mat again, the back of it pressing against the hard plastic, and untwisted the chain until it barely had a hold on him, “There we go. Now how about a damn kiss Sleeping Beauty? I know it’s going a bit backwards from the typical sequence of events in the fucking fairy tale but this is my show to run, not the fucked up story of some dead asshole who had a kick for necrophilia.”

Rick grit his teeth around the gag. He didn’t want to kiss Negan, but he knew from experience that he didn’t need to refuse the man either. And even if what Negan had said had been arranged as a question, he knew it was really an order, one that he needed to follow. He wanted to get on the man’s good side again, after all. Then maybe he could find a way out of this mess, or at least avoid more pain than he had to endure than was required of the position he was in. He moaned softy, and moving his elbows down, groaning at the pain that the movement caused in his collarbone, he leaned up, balancing himself on his screaming arms, and bringing his lips as close together as they could around the gag, pressed his mouth to the Savior Leader’s own as Negan graciously leaned down to meet him.

Negan groaned, closing his eyes, reaching out with the hand still holding his collar and gripping his throat firmly, rubbing at his Adam’s apple with his thumb as he pressed his lips firmly to Rick’s own before moving down and taking Rick’s bottom lip between his teeth. Rick trembled as he nibbled at it, working at it with his tongue, lips, and teeth. In any moment, Rick expected those teeth to dig deeper to cause him more pain, but instead Negan just moaned softly, licking his lip, sucking on it, and nipping at it until it was swollen. Rick closed his eyes, silent tears trickling down as the grip on his throat tightened in the man’s excitement before Negan gave his upper lip the same treatment.

He didn’t know whether to be relieved or scared. It was hard to tell what Negan was going to do next when he was like this. Rick knew the man could go from kind and gentle to harsh and brutal in an instant. But Negan didn’t bite that lip either, instead pulling away before kissing both of the now plump, pink lips firmly and leaning away, smirking at Rick as he slowly opened his eyes again, the brunette knowing Negan wanted him looking at him. Negan chuckled, biting his lower lip a little, “Dammit Ricky, got me all excited like a goddamn teenager, the way those lips of yours taste.”

Rick chanced a glance down as Negan patted his crotch, seeing the outline of it pressing firmly against the man’s pants, and he tried to ignore the shiver that raced up his spine at the sight of it and the small dark spot of precum that had already been produced in the gray denim jeans. His eyes met Negan’s again, and the man chuckled, rubbing his thumb firmly over Rick’s bottom lip, making him moan weakly as the sensitive flesh tingled, “You know, seeing these lips of yours, and then seeing your hot body all day, I might not be able to help myself. It’s been so long since I sank my cock into your tight ass... I might just have take you right at the goddamn gate before we get into your little town. I’m sure it would be one hell of a memorable show, what with your friends right on the other side, waiting to see you in your new job. Maybe your ol’ lady can be all front and center while your goddamn tight as hell asshole eats my thick cock the fuck up. Just the thought of having her there makes me want to plow into you further and deeper than ever before.”

Rick felt the tears form in his eyes as the mental image Negan had produced in his mind made his whole body tense, and moaned weakly, eyes pleading with Negan to let him speak, to try to protest what the man planned to do, and Negan smirked, “What, don’t like that thought Ricky baby?” he slurred, and pushed his thumb into the man’s mouth, rubbing on his tongue roughly, the glove leaving a terrible after taste. Rick grunted, his eyes squinting to be almost completely shut as Negan began to rub at himself with his other hand, “You don’t want her to see just what her ex has been up to these past few days? You don’t want your fucking kid to see you pleasuring the man that murdered his friends? You don’t want all those sad fucks to see how much of a cum slut you really
Rick whimpered softly and shook his head, sobbing around the gag as the tears raced down. He knew he didn’t need to protest Negan, but the thought of all that was too much for him to handle. He could imagine the looks of horror and disgust on all of their faces, and wanted to avoid having to see those looks more than anything. Negan frowned down at him, “But ya see, that would just fuck up my plan, Ricky baby. I had this big show all thought out of you writhing beneath me as I screwed your brains out in front of all of them, begging me for more as my thick ass cock shoved itself inside of you. Showing them who is officially in charge now, proving to them that you aren’t their damn leader any more, and that you are just my compliant little bitch. And isn’t that just what you are, whore? Or do I have to teach you another lesson on the goddamn matter?”

With that the hand on the sadist’s crotch move down to Rick’s own as the gloved hand’s thumb slid out to continue to massage his swollen bottom lip, and moved up and down the cock cage, making Rick whine as his cock was twisted around, before the hand slid down to his asshole. Negan sighed softly, as if exhausted with him, “Because while I certainly goddamn can teach you that again, Ricky baby, I’m getting really fucking tired of having to repeat myself over and over. . . and if that motherfucking room didn’t get the message across, I’ll just have to come up with something way worse. . .” with that he grasped the knob of the plug and began to swivel it around.

Rick moaned and tried to arch his hips away from it, only for Negan to tsk his tongue and give him a look that made Rick whimper and slowly move back down, pushing himself against the hand and making the plug move deeper inside of him. With that, Rick began to move up and down, eyes not leaving Negan’s as the man continued to grind the butt plug deeper inside of him. His eyes watered at the smug look on the man’s face, but he didn’t dare stop, and Negan continued to smile at him, licking his lips before turning the butt plug the other way and jabbing deeper into him, at different angles as if he was looking for something.

Rick moaned loudly, eyes closed as he arched up, gripping the edges of the mat tightly as he strained his body, his prostate getting jabbed by the thick rubber point of the plug. “Mmmmmmm, you like that don’t you,” Negan slurred, moving to kneel on the ground, his lips on Rick’s ear, “Gotten you to where you fucking like something up that arse of yours don’t you?” Rick paused, breathing hard around the gag in his mouth, and Negan growled, jabbing hard at the prostate again, “Don’t you?” Rick leaned back, crying out around the gag as his cock twitched, already half hard and pressing against the inhibiting cage, and gazed up at Negan, tears in his eyes, Negan’s face only an inch from his own. “Tell me you do,” Negan muttered calmly, rubbing the prostate a little more gently.

Rick grunted, nodding quickly. Negan chuckled, and jabbed at it again. He cried out, arching back and pushing his caged prick against Negan’s clothed one, panting hard around the gag in his mouth. Wishing Negan would stop but knowing he wouldn’t. . . not until he felt Rick had learned whatever lesson he was trying to teach him. “Fuck yeah you do,” Negan slurred. “You like having something big up that tight sweet ass of yours, don’t you Ricky baby? Goddamn size queen.” Rick moaned weakly and nodded, not believing the man’s words but knowing that agreeing was what he needed to do in that moment. “So why shouldn’t we let your friends and family. . . well, FORMER friends and family see that?” Negan slurred, “Why shouldn’t I bend you the fuck over in front of them and take you like your hungry asshole wants me to while you moan and cry out my name?”

Rick whimpered, locked eyes with the man, and tried to talk around the gag, tears streaming constantly down his face, and Negan frowned, moving his gloved hand back up into Rick’s mouth, and hooking his pointer finger beneath the gag, slowly pulled the bar out. Rick moaned as the straps tightened around his head as the bar was held just past his incisors by the Leader, shuddering as he gazed up at the crouching man above him. “Fine, tell me why I motherfucking shouldn’t, you whore. You better make a goddamn good argument though. The more I think of it the more I like my idea,
Rick sucked in a deep breath, “We... we can get the message across another way, M-Master. I’ll do whatever you say, no hesitation, no questions asked, to the best of my ability, Negan,” he whispered shakily, “Whatever you want, whatever you say... Just please, please don’t do that?” Negan tsked, his tongue moving between his teeth, and shook his head, continuing to roll the butt plug around inside of the man, “Nice try but you were already gonna fucking do that, little whore,” Negan chuckled, “Don’t fucking lie to yourself or me about that shit. You wouldn’t dare disobey me in front of your goddamn friends and family, Ricky, we both know that. Because even though you’ve acted pretty stupidly in the past few days, I know that you know that if you misbehave, someone’s gonna get their head bashed in. Maybe even that goddamn kid of yours. So, since you were gonna behave anyway, that just doesn’t goddamn contribute anything to your argument against me fucking your tight ass in front of all your little buddies. So, got any other good reasons, slut? I’ll give you one more fucking chance to convince me.” he moved the bar slowly back closer to the brunette’s mouth, “Just cuz I’m feelin’ generous right now. But you fail this time to convince me, and it’s out of the van and ass in the air for you, baby.”

Rick grit his teeth, whimpering softly through them as his mind raced, and then, a thought occurred to him, as his cock strained against it’s cage, already hard and leaking precum due to the plug still rolling about in his arse... he arched his hips up, pressing his caged prick against Negan’s crotch before moving back down to rest his ass against the mat again.

Then he moved his hands slowly down, and cupped Negan’s cock, palming it through his pants and beginning to massage it, “Y-you could just fuck me right now, Master. I haven’t had you inside me like that in so long... it’s... it’s been too long... for you too, right?” he whispered softly. Negan only blinked at him, and biting his lip, Rick began to wrap his fingers around Negan’s belt buckle. Pausing, Rick searched the man’s eyes, ready for him to bat his hand away. Negan frowned at him, and the butt plug slowed a little as he waited for the man to speak again. Rick breathed hard. At least he’d gotten the man to give some sort of pause. He took that as permission to continue.

“Please Master,” he whispered hoarsely, and undoing the belt, moved to the button beneath the buckle, unbuttoning the man’s jeans and pulling down the zipper, before moving his hand in beneath Negan’s boxers, gripping the thick, veiny cock that seemed to jump in his hand. He began to move his hand up and down, gently squeezing and massaging it, “I haven’t had it in my ass for so long,” he whispered softly, in what he hoped was an attractive tone of voice, “Don’t wait until we’re at the gate. Take me now, please Master.”

Negan frowned and tilted his head even as his cock began to leak copious amounts of precum, “And why should I whore? Why should I fuck you now, instead of fucking you and proving my point at the gate?” Rick moaned, closing his eyes and arching up, grinding against Negan. Negan groaned softly in spite of trying to remain stoic, and rocked into the warm hands a little more, pushing his cock into them. As his eyes rolled a little and he arched his head back, both hands landing firmly on the sides of Rick’s head, pressing into the van floor after moving his hand down, the man let the bit gag fall against Rick’s throat. Rick blinked, surprised How quickly the man apparently had melted into his touch. He couldn’t believe it, he was getting to Negan... and even though he didn’t like the way he was doing it, he’d take this temporary moment of feeling in control while he could. He moaned softly, leaning up to whisper in Negan’s ear.

“You know how much I love your cock, even when I don’t always show it,” Rick moaned softly, tongue flicking out to lick at Negan’s ear lobe, “Y-you could fill me up, and have the cum that’s not inside of me all down my thighs through the whole visit...” He hated the idea, dreaded the thought of Carl or the others seeing him in such a way, but it was better than them having to watch him get
fucked by the man above him, “You could do that, to mark me as your own, Master, to let everyone know that I’m your whore, that you’ve made me into your slut. . . to let them know who’s in charge,” he murmured softly, fighting back the tears of humiliation that threatened to spill down his face.

Negan felt the smile as it crept across his features. He had been curious as to how Rick would try to avoid a public fucking, and had wanted the man to come up with a solution, just so Rick would have literally asked for whatever the alternative might be. And he had to admit, having Rick try to come onto him wasn’t just entertaining, it was also very, very arousing. “I think that’s an excellent idea, my little whore,” he slurred, his hot breath hitting Rick’s ear as he crouched down over him, “Tell ya what. . . you make it real good for me, I might keep that gag out of your mouth the whole time we’re in Alexandria, at least until you say something that might make me want to shove it back between those lips of yours. Now go ahead and be a good little slut and push down my pants. I’d love to drag this out longer, but we’ve wasted enough time as it is. And if I’m to fuck you before we get to the gates, we best move on with this.”
Making it Good

Chapter Summary

Knowing that the minutes are ticking by fast before he will see his friends and family again, Rick tries to ensure that the difficult visit goes by easier for all of them. But can he be what Negan wants enough to reach his goal?

Chapter Notes

Hey everybody! Yes, I know this has taken a while to post. I actually was trying to get a chapter for "Wrong Guy, Right Time" out before this one but in my effort to get the next one for that just right, it is taking me a little longer to finish. Between that and getting ready to move-out of an apartment and into an actual home thank god-updates have been delayed. I do hope you all like this chapter though!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Rick grit his teeth, his fingernails digging into the hemline ridge of Negan’s pants as he slowly pushed them and the boxers down. He wished he could look away as the man’s thick cock hung low and heavy against his own limp one. Instead he sucked in a deep, rattling breath, unable to look away from the tip dangling and moving over the bars of the cage with pearly precum slipping from its slit and coating Rick’s dick and the cage in a light layer of the fluid. “Tell me,” Negan murmured against his ear, his husky breath making Rick shudder gently. The sadist leaned down over the man and pushed his hips even closer to the naked man’s own, groaning as he continued, “Have you missed my cock up that tight ass of yours, Ricky baby? Are you just aching to be filled up by it again?”

Leaning back he looked down at him, licking his lips in a slow way that Rick supposed would maybe be sensuous if he didn’t know what pain that gesture could lead to, the Leader’s eyes taking on a predatory, lust filled look as they gazed down at the brunette. Rick bit his lip, shaking all over as the man grinded against him a little, not so hard he hurt himself by rubbing up too much against Rick’s cock cage but making Rick whimper softly as his cock and inner thighs were smeared with streaks of precum. They twitched, him feeling dirtier by the second, but he pushed those feelings away and focused on Negan’s face, trying to ignore what the man was doing with his hips as much as possible.

“Y-yes, Master,” he whispered hoarsely, and leaning up, closed the distance between their lips, pushing his swollen lips against Negan’s, kissing the Leader firmly. For a moment Negan didn’t move to reciprocate, but then he chuckled, and reaching up, stroked Rick’s cheek as he kissed him back, tongue sliding into Rick’s mouth to move alongside his own. Rick grunted softly and reaching up with his good hand, wincing a little at the pain it caused in his collarbone, gently touched Negan’s leather clad shoulder, tugging him a little closer. Knowing that right now he had to keep up the act, to make things easier for himself and for the people he cared about in Alexandria.

Growling appreciatively of his apparent eagerness, Negan’s hand slid from his cheek to the back of head, holding him firmly as the two kissed and the Savior continued to rock against him, humping
the brunette, leaning back further and pulling Rick with him to continue the kiss, his other hand moving down to hook its fingers around the curve of Rick’s ass, giving it a firm squeeze before sliding its fingers down towards the butt plug wedged inside of the man. Rick whined softly and arched against Negan as the black haired man began his assault on Rick’s prostate again.

As Negan pulled his head away from Rick he chuckled, nipping at his lips. Rick shuddered as he gazed up at Negan, the small pinch of the man’s teeth nothing after what he’d already endured. “Damn that was a good kiss,” Negan praised, an amused look flitting in his eyes, and moved off of Rick, moving his hand away from Rick’s head to let it fall to lay on the mat. Rick sighed as that hand began stroking the older man’s hard cock languidly.

As he moved back to rest on his heels, knees on either side of the brunette's legs, dark eyes watching Rick hungrily, Rick felt Negan pull the butt plug out of him... agonizingly slowly. Rick groaned softly through his open lips, arching to give Negan better access in order to pull it out faster as he closed his eyes. Finally Rick opened his eyes, gazing at the ceiling and moaning weakly as it finally exited him and Negan dropped it on the van floor beside the mat. Rick groaned at the lack of anything in his arse, feeling a sense of relief that he knew would be short lived.

“Don’t worry Pet,” Negan slurred as if the groan was for an entirely different reason, and tilted his head, “I’ll fill that hungry ass of yours in a moment. Now, I want you to roll over and put that sweet butt of yours in the air and hold yourself open for me. Just like that first night. Remember?” Rick bit his lip but didn’t hesitate otherwise, and grunted, starting to roll over. He remembered that night, all too well. It made him not want to turn his backside to the man now, but still he knew he had to. Unfortunately it was far more painful now to do so as he struggled, maneuvering clumsily in the braces that Carson had put him in, and by the time he was in the position Negan had described, he was out of breath.

But finally his forehead was against the mat, his ass in the air, just as Negan had ordered. Negan gave a guttural, husky growl, and Rick felt Negan pull the butt plug out of him... agonizingly slowly. Rick groaned softly through his open lips, arching to give Negan better access in order to pull it out faster as he closed his eyes. Finally Rick opened his eyes, gazing at the ceiling and moaning weakly as it finally exited him and Negan dropped it on the van floor beside the mat. Rick groaned at the lack of anything in his arse, feeling a sense of relief that he knew would be short lived.

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But finally his forehead was against the mat, his ass in the air, just as Negan had ordered. Negan gave a guttural, husky growl, and Rick grunted as his ass cheek was palmed and rolled beneath the man’s fingers before Negan slapped it hard, making Rick jump and whimper softly before the man could be heard scooting closer, “Dammit, love that tight butt of yours, Ricky Baby. Now, be a good little Pet and hold yourself open for me.”

He closed his eyes tightly, letting silent tears spill out as he forced his hands to his back side, the bad one resting against the thigh that had received the slap while the other groped for purchase on its side’s thigh, his collarbone screaming at that movement, the brace inhibiting his stretch. He whimpered softly as pain radiated throughout his body, knowing that only more pain would soon follow it, and slowly pulled his thighs apart as requested, holding them trembling in his hands as he revealed his stretched, cleaned hole to the older man, the only thing inside it being the glistening numbing balm that had long since lost its effect.

Negan licked his lips, sucking his tongue back between his teeth as he leaned forward, “Damn Pet, that’s hot.” Taking some precum from the tip of his dick, he rubbed it between his thumb and pointer finger of his left hand as his right continued to stroke his aching cock. Then, leaning forward, the Leader pressed his thumb, now slicked up, into the bottom edge of the hole, pushing the rim down a little. Rick shuddered, wanting to pull away as the digit pressed into the sensitive skin, but didn’t dare move. Instead he bit his lip and moved closer to the hand, trying to prove his compliance, trying to make this “real good” for Negan, as the man put it. He pushed his anus around the finger, enveloping it in his heat and trying to ignore the uncomfortable feeling, and Negan chuckled, “My my aren’t we eager. Tell me, Pet, do you want my cock inside of you so badly? Are you hungry for it, little slut?” As he said that he slid his thumb in further, until it was inside of Rick down to where it met the rest of his hand, and began to knead the man’s prostate. Rick groaned, his cock beginning to fill with blood again, and he moaned weakly as he rocked back into the finger, riding it, forcing words he
didn’t really mean between his lips, “P-please Master, please fill me up. So that everyone will know that I’m y-yours.”

Negan chuckled, and the thumb popped out before his cockhead pressed against the delicious hole in front of it. Rick tried to keep his breathing even as the man’s hand that had been inside him resting on his hip, massaging it beneath firm fingers, “Oh I will Pet. Don’t you worry about that. ..” With that he began to push into Rick and Rick bit his lip to hold back his pain filled moan. Trying to tell himself what this was all for-keeping Carl and the others from having to witness something like this firsthand. This was difficult to bear, but the thought of Carl watching him being plowed into by the murderer behind him . . . that was completely unbearable.

Daryl grit his teeth as he heard the moans and groans from inside the van as the vehicle seemed to rock back and forth, glancing inside from where he was held fast by Dwight gripping his shirt. He grit his teeth, seeing Negan’s form crouched down in the van. That wasn’t what made him grit his teeth though. What made him do that was the shadowy form on all fours beneath the sadist, rocking back against him and letting loose slutty, throaty moans even as Negan plowed into him. His nostrils flared in revulsion as he watched the Savior Leader fuck Rick yet again. When would the man ever be sated? When would he finally leave his friend alone?

As Negan slapped Rick on the ass hard before groping it, resulting in a sharp cry from the brunette, he felt his anger and humiliation flare up. He couldn’t help but regret the weakness he’d shown the bastard earlier. A part of him realized he’d just been played. After all, death would be too easy for his friend. . . he clenched his fist as Negan seemed to up his pace, standing up and tugging Rick’s ass up higher, making the man get into an awkward position where he was forced to put his palms down against the mat as he straightened his legs to hold his ass at the proper height for Negan to fuck him at.

Rick moaned weakly as the man gripped his waist, eyes closed as he panted, sweat rolling off of his body at the strain of the position he was in. A long trickle of blood slipped between his stitches and down his face from where it had been pressed so hard against themat, dripping from his upper lip and down onto the mat beneath him.

Negan had only pushed into him for a second before deciding to thrust his cock fully into him. Because the thrust had been a surprise, it had slapped his face against the mat, causing the stitches on his forehead to open back up. He shuddered, having tried closing his mouth once he’d start to feel the blood moving down his face and over his nose, but with each forceful thrust that followed he had had to gasp for air due to the jerking movements. Now the blood was flowing in a new direction, back into his hair as his head was forced into a new angle once Negan had stood them both up to be able to drive into Rick at a different angle. As Negan upped his pace he grunted, pain racing up his backside, forcing his body to buck back into Negan, swallowing his cock down to the hilt. In spite of the pain he felt he knew he had to continue to do what Negan wanted, and that thought kept him moving back towards the man behind him in spite of the agony he felt.

“There we go baby, there we go,” Negan groaned happily, his hands clenching tighter around Rick’s waist, and upped his pace, jerking Rick back on his cock even faster, his fingernails digging into his skin and making him whimper, closing his eyes as the man forced him to move faster and faster. As his cock plunged into the tight ass beneath him, the Savior groaned, watching Rick’s hole swallowing him up. And felt his own cock swell more at the sight of it. He knew what he had said to Daryl earlier, about Rick being disposable and replaceable, but still. . . The way Rick drove back on him, all because of how far Negan had pushed him, all because of the progress they’d made, damn that was sweet, to reap the benefits of his hard work. . . He was damn lucky the redneck dog hadn’t called his bluff. It would have killed him to bash Rick’s skull in, after all the effort put into him.
He groaned and popped Rick hard on the ass again with his flat palm. He was definitely going to have to make spanking a punishment for Rick soon. The more he slapped that fine ass, the more he wanted to keep slapping it, until it was bright red and sensitive. He moaned as Rick’s sphincter tightened up around him as the naked man whimpered softly from the hit. Not to mention it made him make the most delicious sounds. . . “Oh fuuuuuuuck yeah baby, goddamn you’re so fucking tight! You ready for me to come Ricky baby? Tell me, are you?” Rick moaned weakly and nodded, moving faster even as his body protested, trying to bring Negan to completion. The sooner the man came the sooner this part of his torment was over. He groaned softly, seeing double for a moment, his arms shaking as the pain began to weaken him, trying to focus on only what the sadist behind him wanted.

Leaning forward, Negan let one hand card through Rick’s sweaty hair, before gripping it firmly and jerking his head back, making Rick gasp and whine softly as he was forced to stare at the back of the front seat of the van. “N-Negan, please,” he moaned weakly, tears leaking out at the pain. He just wanted this to be over. Every second was agony for him as he was forced to hold himself up and the cock behind him continued to rub his raw and sensitive insides. “Please, cum inside me, please Negan,” he whispered.

Negan gave a guttural sound at the begging, and began to thrust even harder into the man, and Rick gasped, making soft huffing sounds as his body was jerked forward, his hips snapping forward purely from the force of the thrusts. His knees jolted, threatening to fall back onto the mat as Negan pushed against him, thrusting hard into him.

Stretching so that his mouth was near the man’s ear, Negan kissed the lobe, making Rick shudder before murmuring, “Oh I will baby, but first, I want you to tighten as much as you can, can you do that for me?” Rick grunted and shut his eyes tight, trying his best to tighten his stretched asshole, and Negan growled, falling to his knees hard behind Rick, slamming them both into the floor of the van. Rick cried out as the movement made him collapse as well, the larger man behind him bearing over him.

Rick’s face was only pressed into the mat again for a moment before he was forced to sit upright back onto the thick cock, and he moaned weakly as Negan was now flush against his back. Rick’s thighs landed on top of Negan’s own, and Negan growled out, using gravity to help him jerk Rick up and down on his cock, pushing it even further into the man, gripping his hips with both hands as he made Rick ride him out.

Rick panted as he was bounced, dark spots dancing across his vision as his head spun at being forced up and down, so quickly. He felt some bile move up his throat as nausea began to take over, but he swallowed it down quickly and continued to tighten around the man behind him, reaching back with tentative arms and gripping Negan’s own waist to steady himself as his vision almost completely went dark.

They went on for a few moments more like that, gradually upping the pace, before Negan roared, “Jesus Chrrrrrist!” and Rick was shoved back down onto the van floor. Rick cried out as he landed, eyes shut tight as the man rutted into him, now laying flat on the floor, his legs sliding out to be flat against the mat and floor behind him as Negan sat on top of him. He whimpered as he was thrust forward then backward, his caged, long since softened dick pressing against the mat painfully. As Negan’s hands landed firmly on either side of his head, his knees on either side of Rick’s thighs as he continued to thrust deep into the man.

For a few moments Rick didn’t move, letting the man continue to push him around on the floor, but as the cock inside of him swelled, he moaned, arching back and meeting the thrusts once more, tightening as much as he could, even as his body began to go numb. “Oh, FUCKING CHRIST
THAT’S AWESOME! I’m gonna come now inside that tight ass of yours, Ricky, gonna fucking come all up in that shit. . . I’m gonna. . . gonna. . . AAAAAAAAAAAAH!” He thrust one more time, hard and deep into the heat of the man beneath him and Rick moaned loudly as the cum filled him. He groaned, closing his eyes as the man continued to thrust, slowing down gradually, as more cum was shot deep inside of him. Negan thrust a few more times even after he was spent before groaning as he hovered over Rick’s trembling body.

Rick breathed shallow breaths in and out as he lay on the mat, eyes closing as he heard a sharp ringing in his ear, the pain and exhaustion getting to him finally and making him begin to drift off into the sweet realm of sleep even as cum dribbled out from around the cock shoved up his ass. . . He yelped as a harsh slap landed on said ass before the hand that had slapped him groped at him. That brought him right back to reality, unfortunately.

Negan groaned, smirking at the man’s sweat covered back, “No time to sleep now, Pet.” With that the man got up clumsily, his knees a little shaky themselves, staggering backwards, losing his footing for a second as he almost tripped and fell over the edge of the mat, his ankles still locked up in his pants. “Ooooh, fuck,” Negan breathed out, putting an arm out and putting it against the door to stop his clumsy struggle. Rick only grunted softly as a boot struck his legs with the man’s movements, twitching slightly, gazing with puffy, red eyes at the wall Daryl had been against no more than probably 10 minutes earlier, his cheek lying against the sweat covered mat. He shuddered softly as he felt the cum and blood trickling slowly out of his hole, too exhausted to move.

Negan breathed hard, his heart beat gradually returning to normal as he gazed at the man, who now looked thoroughly debauched on the floor. Damnit, he wanted a camera for something like this. . . or better yet, he wouldn’t mind having another go at that sweet ass. But he had shit to do today. Shit that would help solidify the working relationship between the Sanctuary and Alexandria. The Alexandrians needed to learn their place, and along with Negan’s group running the show as far as supply collection was concerned, seeing their own former leader in such a state would help remind them who the new guy in charge was. Yep, the way Rick looked now would be the perfect way to make sure that that message got across. . . there was just one thing missing. . .

Negan grunted, and leaning down, pulled up his boxers and pants, tucking his cock safely back inside of them before buttoning, zipping, and tightening them around his waist. Moving forward and grasping the black plug laid out forgotten on the floor, he smiled at Rick as the man breathed slowly against the van floor.

“Here,” Negan slurred, still come drunk as he tossed it at Rick, and Rick grunted as it slapped against his thigh and rolled down his skin to be beside his waist on the mat. Reaching back with shaking fingers, Rick took the plug in his good hand but didn’t even bother to look at it. He knew all too well what it was and what he was supposed to do with it. . . he slowly drew his knees back under him to crouch on the mat and reaching back with his bad hand, fingered his ass, finding his hole before groaning, eyes closing tightly as he whimpered at the strain on his collarbone as his arm moved the plug up to where the tip of it was against his gaping, leaking rectum. He grit his teeth as the fluids on his skin brushed over his fingers, and tried to focus on the task at hand as he pressed the plug against his abused hole.

Negan groaned as he watched the man, stroking his cock through his pants. Damn it was sexy, watching Rick’s hole swallow the toy up. Maybe he’d have Rick experiment a little more when they got back to the Sanctuary, putting stuff in his holes or maybe even riding things. . .Negan had had his men scavenge plenty of things for him to experiment with over the years.

As Rick’s asshole got closer to the ridge of the toy, breathing hard as it made his wrist strain further to push the plug inside of himself, the Leader behind him moaned softly, “There we go, baby, you’re almost there. There’s going to be a little ridge it’ll hold it all in there all nice and tight. . .” he groaned
as it popped inside to hold the plug in place, “Yeah, just like that.”

Rick frowned, having tried his best to ignore Negan’s comments, tugging on the plug experimentally. The last thing he wanted was for it to come out in Alexandria and let the cum inside of him dribble out down his legs. That was part of the reason he’d put it inside of himself in the first place, so that as little fluid would leak out as possible. He didn’t like the idea of walking around with it so obviously up his ass, of course, but he could already feel the tracks of cum and blood on his thighs. . . He didn’t want to walk around leaking all down his legs all day. “That plug ain’t going anywhere. Take that gag off from around your neck and leave it there baby, I’ve decided you don’t need it after what a good fuck you’ve just been.” Negan groaned, watching as the man did just as he was asked, unbuckling the gag. It made him almost completely hard again watching Rick be so obedient and quiet, compliant with whatever the man told him to do. ‘Shoulda hung him up in that room a long time ago,’ he thought, biting his bottom lip. He had never had a Pet so obedient AND arousing before. Usually when they became obedient any interest he had in them went away, but not with Rick. Maybe it was because of how powerful Rick had been before, and the fact that he was able to so easily bend Rick to his will was even more of a turn on, that made it that way now. Regardless, he couldn’t wait to keep playing with Rick. He’d have issues keeping his hands off of the man today, but he had work to do so he’d have to try to hold back, just a little.

Rick shuddered as he pulled the gag from around his neck, unbuckling it and letting it lay on the mat beneath him, and put his hands against said mat, staying still and awaiting further orders even as the room swayed around him. He groaned, closing his eyes and trying to gain his bearings again. His body was in agony, but he knew that right now, for the sake of Alexandria, Daryl, and himself, he needed to listen to Negan’s orders and try to push through them to keep the man from hurting anyone. He didn’t like it, and wasn’t proud at all of what he’d already done to please the man. What sucked the most was that he knew that no matter how much he pleased Negan, today would be difficult regardless.

He knew that Carl and the others seeing him like this and seeing Daryl like he was too, would be hard for everyone involved. His stomach tightened at the mere thought of it. That was why he had to make it as easy on everyone as much as possible, though. At least that’s what he told himself.

Negan finally broke the uneasy silence, “Why don’t you go ahead and grab Lucille and crawl over here, Pet, we gotta get moving. Got a family reunion that I DO NOT want to miss waiting on us. Not to mention some supplies your people owe me for my generous nature and services that are just waitin’ to be picked up.” Rick frowned at the bat, and moved over slowly, reaching out with trembling fingers and wrapping them around the wooden handle. The second she slid into his grip, he remembered everything Negan and the bat had done to him, his family, and his friends upon entering his life. He grit his teeth, “Services, huh?” he muttered softly, unable to stop himself, his hand tightening around the handle. The leash on his neck—which he’d actually forgotten was there with all that had happened- was jerked and Negan sighed, “Yeah, services. Didn’t you learn jack shit from that goddamn set of meetings you sat with me through the other day?” he chuckled, “I mean, I know I’ve been fucking your brains out, but you gotta be smart enough to remember it, right? The Saviors stop walkers from getting to people. After all, people are my goddamn number one resource. That’s why I only killed two of you sad fucks that night. And that’s why we redirect huge motherfucking herds, to keep the people who I bring under our protection and watch goddamn safe. So that they can keep producing and scavenging and staying alive. But protecting people, well that fucking takes even more people and labor hours from me, you see. So I need a little bit of a goddamn payment to make up for the resources being used to make that goddamn happen.” Rick frowned, “So, you’ve been setting up your . . . redirects. . . this whole time for us?” He hadn’t heard anything in the meeting about that, but if Negan had been doing that it did give him a little peace of mind. . .

“As it stands, Ricky baby. You see, I require payment first,” Negan slurried.
Rick grit his teeth. Killing Glenn and Abraham and taking him and Daryl wasn’t enough of a payment? Negan shrugged, “Besides, when I got out earlier and saw that wall around your former home, well, it doesn’t look like you all are in any fucking desperate need of that sort of protection anyway. Not just fucking yet. So consider this tribute we get today a down payment for the future, if that makes you feel goddamn better. Not to mention you still fucking owe us for all the resources you killed at the goddamn satellite outpost. Now, get your ass over here before I spank it all the way up to the goddamn gates.” The man smirked at the thought, somewhat hoping Rick would defy him.

However, Rick merely grit his teeth and turned, moving back over to Negan slowly before kneeling beside him, gazing at the door before him, the man’s boots right beside his thighs. Gritting his teeth, he glanced up at Negan as the man smirked confidently down at him, arms folded before him, and held up Lucille obediently. No matter how much he wanted to hit the man with her, he knew that wouldn’t end well, and knew he better just do what he wanted. . . But Negan just shrugged, chuckling, “Keep her on ya, ain’t like you won’t be with me anyway. . .” with that he opened the doors, swinging them out wide and Rick instantly squint his eyes shut, bowing his head, “Now let’s get this show on the road!”

For a few moments they stood there, and Rick opened his eyes slowly, gazing down at the bat he now held before himself. Knowing that letting him hold the weapon was an insult. It was Negan’s way of knowing that even if Rick had his bat, he was no threat to the monster beside him. “Are we all ready to go now?” Simon slurred from in front of them after an uncomfortable silence. Rick shuddered, the tone in the man’s voice letting him know that everyone knew what had just happened inside the van, and felt Negan nudge him with his boot, “Well, Ricky baby? Are we?” Rick shuddered, and nodded, gazing at the hot asphalt that stretched out from beneath the van, and slowly, shifted back to rest on his ass, groaning as it forced the plug further inside of him. And lowered his foot down, resting the sole of it against the pavement. He groaned, closing his eyes as he did so, just from the heat against the sole of his foot but because of the strain it put on his muscles, and put his other foot, the one with the bad ankle, down as well. Standing upright, he immediately staggered to the side, and gasped, reaching out and catching himself on the door of the van closest to himself, blinking as the group of Saviors around them watched, surprisingly silent. It was weird. He’d thought they’d laugh at him. . . Negan chuckled, hopping down off of the van in sharp contrast to his slow dismount, “Sorry to keep all ya’ll waiting! My Pet just couldn’t wait til we got to the gates!”

Moving closer, the man chuckled as Rick shuddered, the crowd finally laughing at him. Smirking, the sadist pressed his bare palm against his right ass cheek and moved it around, groaning as he whispered in his ear, “Ain’t that right, Ricky?” Rick shuddered and nodded, bowing his head, and Negan chuckled, slapping him firmly on his buttock before turning and marching down the street, “Now, let’s get to it!” he shouted, and Rick grunted as the leash, once Negan walked almost to the end of its length, jerked on his collar. Tilting his head up, he saw that Negan’s back was already to him, but the man was tapping a foot, clearly waiting on him to follow.

He grunted and began to walk forward, keeping a tight grip on Lucille and glancing over to find Daryl just a few feet to his left, walking quietly behind Dwight and looking at him, concern in the redneck’s eyes. His stomach rolled. He knew from just looking at him that Daryl was in worse shape than when Rick had seen him the last time. . . and he knew that Negan was the reason for it. Daryl’s eyes moved from his to the bat in his hand, and then back up to his face. Reaching out slowly, the man made to give Rick a little pat on the shoulder “Rick, are you. . .” . . Rick felt himself leaning towards the other even before Daryl finished his sentence, when there was a sudden jerk on his leash. The brunette gagged, staggering and falling forward, whimpering as he threw out his hands as he headed for the ground, Lucille landing hard against the pavement with a loud thwack! Rick felt his heart stop as for a moment he thought she had snapped in half.

For minutes it seemed he panted, the sun beating down on his back. His feet were all skint up now,
blood seeping from them all the way from his toes to his ankles. His knees were bleeding again too now, along with his bare hand’s palm and the knuckles of the fingers of his other hand. He stared at Lucille, the bat now held even tighter in his palm as she lay against the pavement. Luckily, his knuckles around her had taken the brunt of the fall, and she was still ok and intact. Glancing up, he blinked at Negan, who had turned to where his right side was facing the man on the ground. His mouth was a thin line as he watched the former Sheriff, and Rick breathed hard, fear gripping him at the fire burning in that look.

The man’s nostrils flared and he glanced at Daryl, “Already forgetting your goddamn job, you redneck piece of shit?” Daryl grit his teeth and bowed his head. Rick bit his lip a little as he gazed up at his friend, who whispered a hoarse, “No sir. Was . . . was just an accident. Won’t . . . won’t happen again.” It pained him to hear his friend sound so defeated. The other day a part of him had wanted Daryl to concede to Negan, but now that the man was, it made him want to cry. It pained him to see Daryl give in to the man. Once again, his hand tightened on the bat. Wanting to bash the bastard’s head in. . .

“It better not,” Negan muttered firmly, in a voice that promised pain should it happen again, “Dwight, take Daryl up to the fence to wait. We’ll be there in a sec.” Dwight nodded quickly and grabbed the man by the sweatshirt, dragging him away. And Negan turned to Rick, who blinked up at him, his whole body tensing up as that irritation was turned to him. . . what would happen now? “That was one hell of a fall. Coulda hurt Lucille,” he muttered, tilting his head, “Better watch where you step, Pet, before I have to fucking teach you another lesson. . .” Turning, he began to walk on, the leash still moving between them. Rick grunted, scrambling as he crawled quickly after him until he was standing again, staggering as he followed Negan the rest of the way up to the gate, trying to ignore the blood seeping out of his knees and feet.

Chapter End Notes

Ooooh, the next time we see Rick and Negan it’ll be a family reunion to remember, no matter how much Rick and said family wants to forget it!
At The Gates

Chapter Summary

It's finally time for a family reunion! But what Carl expects to see when he meets his father and what he does see are two totally different things.

Chapter Notes

I know, two updates in one day? CRAZY! Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Carl grit his teeth and clenched his fists, frowning hard at the gate that still stood closed before the small group that had gathered within the entrance of Alexandria. The barrier hadn’t yet been opened, since no one on the other side had approached it, but he knew all too well who was on the other side. . . He could see the silhouettes of the Saviors’ trucks from where he currently stood, and he bit his lip, wiping the dirt on his hands on the seat of his pants. He’d been in his room and just about to bury the Grimes family picture when Aaron had come and told him and Michonne that Negan had arrived. So he’d had to hurry, foregoig grabbing a shovel and digging up the hole in his backyard with his bare hands before shoving the picture-folded in one of his black shirts-into it and covering it up, shoving clumps of grass onto it in an attempt to hide what he’d done. He only hoped that Negan’s men wouldn’t be so invasive that they found it there. He really just hoped that they would just grab what Alexandria had already gathered in the storage unit and go, but he doubted things would be so simple.

He glanced over towards the graveyard of the Safe-Zone, seeing Father Gabriel pull up three grave markers and stick them in a wheelbarrow before moving away from the site. He frowned. From here he thought he could tell that they had belonged to Ron, Sam, and Jessie. Why would Gabriel be pulling those stone markers up? As he watched the man, he saw Gabriel look up and they locked eyes for a moment, before the man quickly hurried away. Carl grit his teeth, hoping that whatever the religious man was doing was something to help them out in the Savior visit.

Turning back to face the gate, he scratched a little at the back of his neck, sweat pouring down it from under his sheriff hat, shifting his weight from side to side. They’d all been here for a few minutes waiting ever since he’d shown up, and it was unsettling that nothing had happened yet. With the urgency that Aaron had come to them with, he had assumed Negan would already be at the gate by now, and from what he could tell, his vehicles were. . .so where was the man? Not that he wanted to see Negan at all, but if he saw Negan he would most likely see Rick, and that was something he longed for.

He needed to see his father, to know that he was ok . . . at that moment the whistling began, a jovial turn that worked its way through the air. It would have been comforting had he not known who was the whistler.

He grit his teeth, hearing the footsteps of the monster as he approached Alexandria’s door. Then they
all tensed as they saw the silhouette of the man who had introduced himself so violently into their lives as he came up close to the barrier between them. He grit his teeth, reaching around and gripping his arm where the marker had slid across his skin. He could still remember the light tone Negan had used when he’d described to Rick just how he’d wanted Carl’s arm removed from his body, and it made him shake, both in anxiety and anger as he watched Negan come closer to the gate.

At first he didn’t have his bat with him, but then Carl saw the silhouette of someone else moving far slower hand her to him. He grit his teeth hard as Negan gave a deep, rumbling chuckle and swung her in a pinwheel fashion, the teen remembering watching Abraham and Glenn die before Rick was beaten with the weapon. He wanted to chop her up and burn her in front of the bastard for all the damage the two had done. He glanced over at Michonne as she sucked in a deep breath, and sidestepped closer to her. Once he was within an arm’s reach of her, he held out a hand towards to his stepmom as she squared her shoulders and gazed intently at the gate. . . as his fingers brushed his dad’s shirt on her arm, her eyes darted to him, and although she was trying to steel herself for whatever happened next, he saw the worry in her eyes . . . He forced a weak smile on his face, trying to comfort her. It was then that Negan’s voice rang loudly through the area, “Duh duh duh duh!” Carl turned, sucking in a deep breath as Negan, leaning back lazily on the other side, stood in the dead center of the gate.

Lifting the bat up, the leader banged her slowly on the bars on his side, making almost everyone gathered tense up. The ringing lasted for seconds after each hit, but that wasn’t what made the group’s anxiety rise up. It was the fact that the group gathered was made up of Carl, Michonne, Aaron, Eugene, Rosita, Eric, and Spencer, and all except for the last two people knew how threatening just that light hearted action could be. . . .“DUH DUH DUH DUH! LITTLE PIGS, LITTLE PIGS! LET ME IN!” Negan roared as he hit the gate five more times, before swinging Lucille back over his shoulder before bringing her around and raking her across the structure, slamming her across multiple bars, making them ring in a way that hurt everyone’s ears and made them all wince.

As the ringing cleared from the air, Spencer glanced around, a canteen still strapped to his side. It as then that Carl caught sight of the car, which had been backed up away from the gate and was still running. It was a car she had taken to driving around a lot, and he realized that Rosita had been taking Spencer out on a run, explaining his presence there. He sighed. It was a great idea, one he hadn’t even thought of before. Too bad it hadn’t worked. . . He glanced at her. she glanced back at him, and he hoped she saw how grateful he was for the attempt to get the troublemaker away from the Safe Zone.

The aforementioned young adult shrugged, as if he didn’t understand their fear and tension, and walking forward, gripped the handle of the inner gate and sliding the inner wall to the left. Carl tensed, his fist clenching even tighter at his side as he dropped his arm away from Michonne’s. By now even more Alexandrians had gathered around, as the Savior Leader himself eyed Spencer from the other side. Negan was just as intimidating as Carl remembered him—which sucked because Carl had hoped that the stress of their last meeting had made him a much bigger monster than before-standing tall on the other side of the gate. The barbed wire bat sat pressing against his warm, dark leather jacket, her barbs shining in the sunlight and twinkling like deadly stars. His hair was slicked back against his head, allowing everyone to see his facial features: the dark, dangerous eyes, the sharp, firm features, and that wicked smile that showed no fear, just confidence. The man leaned back, the lazy action further emphasizing that he had nothing to fear here, that he could handle anything that the Alexandrians tried. Making the stance alone another mind game. Negan was every conqueror and every villain Carl had ever read about, all rolled into one. And Carl hated him. Hated how easily he’d torn their lives apart. Just when things were starting to look up. . .

Gradually the smile the man sported began to dip down a little, and he frowned at Spencer, arching a
peppered eyebrow, swinging Lucille around to point her at the handle for the iron bar outer gate that Spencer had made no move towards opening, clearing his throat. Spencer just continued to stand there, his shoulders braced. But it wasn’t like a deer standing in headlights, like Carl might have expected from the coward. Rather, it was as if he was trying to size Negan up, and to show his strength. Carl grit his teeth. Normally he’d be fine with trying to show strength to the man, but he had to wonder why Spencer was acting that way. . . after all, there was no way Spencer could beat him. What was his plan? Did he even have one?

"Well?” Negan finally said, arching an eyebrow. Clearly wondering why the young man before him hadn’t moved to open the outer gate yet, “You gonna let us in or are you gonna keep standing here gawking at me like a motherfucking dumbass, kid?” he remarked, and although there was a light tone to his voice, his eyes and his undertone held the threat he wished to convey. Swinging Lucille up and around, he rested her so that his bare hand cupped his weapon just beneath the barbs, and he twisted her back and forth, “I don’t like to be kept waiting, boy.” he nearly growled the last word, his eyes locking onto Spencer’s own.

Carl saw Spencer’s spine tighten a little at the underlying threat thrown his way by the man before him, and watched as Spencer shifted from foot to foot under the scrutinizing gaze clearly unsettled but still wanting to remain strong in front of everyone. Cocking his head to the side, Spencer flashed Negan his best cocky smile, “Uhhhhh, and who are you?” Carl rolled his eyes and as Michonne sighed and moved forward, so did he, bowing his head as he followed his stepmom, glancing over as Negan gave a short, barking laugh to the kid before him swinging Lucille away from his hand to hold her out into the air, “Oh, you better be joking!” he moved Lucille back to pat his own chest, “Negan, Lucille?” He held her up through the gate, wiggling her at Spencer, smirking at him dangerously, “I know we had to make a pretty STRONG first impression!”

At that moment Michonne approached, frowning at Negan before moving to the handle of the gate. And Carl got a clearer look at the man, frowning up at him from under the brim of his hat. Negan chuckled, turning to focus on the both of them, smirking at him, “WELL HELLO THERE LITTLE FUTURE SERIAL KILLER! I GOTTA TELL YA, I AM SO HAPPY THAT YOU AND HOT CHOCOLATE ARE HERE TO GREET US! MEANS WE CAN GET THIS AWKWARD FAMILY REUNION OUT OF THE WAY BEFORE THE REAL FUN STARTS!” he turned to his right, and tugged, yanking on a chain Carl now noticed was in his hand, “Look at that, your old man’s wandered off! Come on out and say hey to your kiddo, Ricky! Don’t be goddamn shy on me!”

Carl frowned, turning as his dad slowly made his way around the front of the truck he’d been on the other side of. The teen stared, his mouth falling open and his eye widening as Michonne gasped and stopped what she was doing, frozen in place, the gate unlatched but not pulled back, her hands shaking on the handlebar. It was like Carl’s mind was filled with white noise as his eyes fell over every cut, every bruise, every wound his father had, blemishing his skin that had already taken on a whiter pallor. He was unable to move, unable to speak as he took in what Rick had been reduced to in just seven days’ time. Not even in his wildest imagination could he have prepared himself for what he saw before him. Sure he had known that Rick would be worse for wear, but seeing him naked and beaten, following Negan obediently, the prong collar tight around his father’s neck and connected to the leash in the killer’s hand. . . that was nothing like he had expected, and clearly not what Michonne and the rest of his group had been expecting either.

Rick stopped upon walking around the truck, staring at Carl and Michonne, the pain and embarrassment he obviously felt covering him in a blanket of red as his hand moved humbly over his crotch. But Carl had already seen the contraption upon it, and it filled him with anger knowing that Negan had put it there, that he had taken his proud father and turned him into this person who couldn’t even walk like he used to. He sucked in a deep breath. He wanted to kill Negan, but
glancing around at all of the Saviors, he knew he couldn’t. That made him hate the bastard more. Negan chuckled, smirking at the fury that Carl’s eye conveyed to him as he turned to glower up at the Leader silently, before turning to Rick again, his father still standing where he’d stopped before. “COME ON NOW RICKY BABY, WE AIN’T GOT ALL THE GODDAMN DAY FOR THIS! COME SAY HELLO TO YOUR KIDDO!” he yanked on the leash a little harder and Rick winced, closing his eyes before opening them again, tears beading up in them, and hobbled closer.

As he got closer, Carl took in an even more detailed account of his father’s state of affairs. That was when he saw the fluids, drying into tracks that reached down and around Rick’s inner thighs. He heard the other Alexandrians suck in sharp breaths at the state of their former leader, clearly realizing just what those were from around the same time he did, and he glanced over, seeing Michonne’s silent tears racing down her cheeks as he body visibly trembled at the sorry sight of her former lover. His own knuckles cracked as he formed tighter fists in his hands, the anger burning inside of him like a wildfire as Negan chuckled, reaching out and gripping Rick’s arm, “I swear, turtles are faster than you, Pet.” With that the sadist yanked Rick forward. Rick grunted, stepping on his bad ankle wrong, and would have fallen flat on his face, but Negan quickly shouldered him upright, making him lean on the man who had caused everything Carl now saw the evidence of to come to pass. Carl bit his cheek, wanting to shout at Negan to get his hands off of his father, but worried at what that might lead to for Rick. he couldn’t make a move against Negan, not if it might cause his dad to suffer more. Rick’s eyes remained on his own feet as he grunted, leaning on his good ankle, too ashamed to look at his son or the others, feeling their eyes already on him. Seeing how weak Negan had made him, seeing what he had been reduced to, seeing the evidence of what Negan had made him do all down the backs of his legs. He felt more tears well up in his eyes, threatening to overflow the sockets. He wanted nothing more to go back to his cage in Negan’s office, anything to get away from here and their sympathetic, pitying eyes.

If Negan noticed his discomfort, he clearly didn’t care as he chuckled, turning to Carl, pushing Lucille back into Rick’s hand. Rick sighed and slowly closed his fingers around her wooden handle, moving her to hang back at his side, her end dangling just three inches from the ground.

Carl didn’t miss how Rick lethargically took the bat. It seemed everything about him showed how exhausted and weak he was, from how slowly he moved, to how his ribs were beginning to show, to the hollow looks to his eyes and cheeks. The radical changes were mind blowing. It’d only been a week but Rick was already a shadow of the hero Carl had always envisioned him as. Negan smirked at Carl, “Don’t be rude boy, say hey to dear old Daddy. He’s been taking a hell of a lot for the team, and it’s taken a hell of a lot out of him to just get up here to see ya!”

Carl bit his lip before tuning to Rick, guilt flooding him, Negan’s words about Rick “taking it for the team” reminding him that he was one of the reasons his Father had taken the punishments Negan had dealt out to him. He wished Negan would have just had Rick hack off his arm. That would have been so much more preferable to this. . . He wondered how many times he had been used as leverage for his father in the past week. . . at the same time he really didn’t want to know. He took a small step forward, gazing at Rick, tilting his head to try to meet his dad’s gaze, “D-dad?”

Rick glanced up, his shaky, tear filled eyes locking with Carl’s, and he sighed, gazing at his son, lips shaking as he tried to hold himself together. He had wanted to see Carl again so much over the past week, but now, he wanted to do nothing but hide from him and Michonne. And the concerned look in his son’s face, along with the guilt he saw mixed into his features, hurt him more than any hit Negan had dealt out to him. ‘I’ve caused that look,’ he thought miserably, ‘I’m the reason Negan’s in our lives in the first place, and it’s my fault Negan’s doing this to me, to us.’ It made him want to break down and cry right then and there as the guilt came crushing down on him, weighing on him and making him feel like it would push him into the ground any second. He wished he could be
“Don’t be rude Pet,” Negan slurred, sliding his hand down and gripping Rick’s ass tightly, making him moan softly, closing his eyes as two tears squeezed from their lids and raced down his cheeks, making Carl want to hit the man even more, “Say hi to your boy.” Rick glanced at Negan, seeing the dark eyes glittering with amusement. He knew that in spite of the man’s jovial tone, he was expected to act out the sick sham of a reunion. He gulped hard before turning back to Carl, and cleared his throat, licking his dry, swollen lips. He didn’t dare piss off Negan now.

“Hi C-C-Carl. I’ve... I’ve missed you,” he whispered shakily, the tears streaming down his cheeks. He could force himself to speak, after all, but he couldn’t stop what he was feeling. Carl smiled weakly, as tears streaked down his own, anger in each one in contrast to the fear and embarrassment that fueled Rick’s own. “I’ve missed you too, Dad.” He gulped hard and reaching out, lightly touching the bars of the gate. ‘And now that you’re here, I barely recognize you,’ he wanted to say. He wanted to ask where his father had gone, wanted to say something, anything, to bring Rick back and to give himself hope that this would be ok somehow. But he honestly couldn’t think of a damn thing to get that accomplished... all he could do was continue to gaze into his father’s sad blue eyes and wish he could say or do something, anything, that would make things different.

Negan chuckled, and jiggled Rick’s ass a little more before turning to Michonne, who was still staring at Rick in shock, mouth open but with no words coming out, “Been enjoyin’ the hell out of your ex, Hot Chocolate. ‘n case you didn’t fucking notice...” He nodded to the gate, “Don’t make me ask again.”

Michonne still remained frozen, but Carl sighed, and tearing his eyes from his father, moved over, gripped the bar from her and slowly, pulled the gate back to let Negan through. Negan chuckled, as Carl moved back to stand before them, eyes moving from Negan to Rick to Negan to Rick again, arms at his sides fingers still clenched together. He didn’t know if he was getting ready to hit Negan or holding himself back by doing that. Maybe it was both, he decided, as he settled his hard, steel gaze on the Savior Leader, clenching his jaw, refusing to look away from those playful, dark eyes, “Well, you gonna come in or not, asshole?” In an instant Rick’s eyes widened as fifteen guns were raised, pointing directly at Carl as the Saviors around Negan took a step forward. Carl refused to back down though, frowning hard up into Negan’s face. Refusing to look away even as the threat of his death loomed over him.

Rick opened his mouth as if to say something, but Negan just chuckled and turned, looking at the others behind him, “Stand down, assholes... Kid’s fine.” he held up the hand that had been on Rick’s ass, palm out and facing his men, and then lowered it back down to the ass cheek it had been grooping at, ending in a soft slap that made Rick tense up more. Like that all guns were lowered, and Negan chuckled, turning to Carl, “Damn kid, I gotta hand it to ya, you have bigger balls than your dad fucking does, that’s for goddamn sure. Maybe you should be the new leader here...” With that he shoved Rick forward, and Rick grunted, stepping closer to Carl, the man’s bleeding feet scraping against the harsh asphalt as he did so, “Course, you’ll need better manners to be that, kid. Otherwise I’ll have to cage your little jewels up just like I had to do to your old man’s.”

With that he slid his hand up under Rick’s butt, and Rick grunted, spreading his legs to accommodate the Savior Leader, closing his eyes as he sucked up a shuddering breath as Negan rolled the caged ball sack around in his hand. His face was now as red as Negan’s ascot, Rick was sure of it, as he was fondled in front of his son, and he grit his teeth, wanting to tell Negan to stop but too terrified to say anything to the man. With Carl so close and able to be hurt, he didn’t dare speak out... Negan seemed to sense his inner struggle and chuckled, leaning closer so that his breath was a whisper on Rick’s ear, “That’s right Ricky Baby, show ‘em all who’s in charge.” With that he smacked the balls...
with his fingers, making Rick jump a little. As his dick and balls swayed and Carl glared at Negan for embarrassing his dad like that, Rick bit back the whimper, glancing at Daryl as the redneck shifted forward and into his periphery before Dwight stopped him from going any further, his friend clearly wanting to help but being unable to do so.

At that moment the sounds of a walker approach made everyone turn their heads to it as it staggered between the trucks, making its way towards them with its maw gnashing at the open air. Rick frowned, blinking at it, a brief reprieve from the current focus of conversation, before Negan hopped on the balls of his feet, sliding his hand out from between Rick’s thighs and snatching Lucille away, “Oh, Rick, check it out! Batter up!” with that the man skipped away, and Rick turned around on his good ankle and took a step back, towards Alexandria, watching as Negan approached the walker. He sighed, shoulders sagging, as Negan skipped up to the dead man, a part of him wishing the man would be too confident and end up getting torn to pieces by the damn thing. He jumped a little as a hand lightly touched his arm.

Turning, he gazed down at Carl, saw the pity in his son’s eyes, but also the love there. Carl forced a weak smile up at him, taking the chance to take another step closer to Rick, wrapping his hand more around Rick’s arm, giving it a gentle squeeze before sliding down and for a second, putting his palm in Rick’s own, lacing their fingers together. Rick sucked in a deep shuddering breath, more tears spilling from his eyes at the act of kindness, and hoped he conveyed the gratefulness he felt to the boy. As soon as Carl’s hand was there though, it was gone, dropping back to the teen’s side as he turned to watch Negan. Rick understood. If Carl was caught by anyone doing that, it might not end well for either of them. Still, just that look had meant so much, the touch of his son’s hand only an added bonus. He glanced over at Michonne, trying to meet her eyes as well in this rare opportunity wherein Negan wasn’t focused on them, but she only gazed ahead of herself, seeming to be detached from the situation. He grit his teeth, feeling the tears bead up. He wasn’t really surprised by her actions, but it hurt him to know he caused her to feel that way all the same...

Turning back to Negan, he watched with everyone else as the man stopped in his skipping, chuckling, Lucille swinging once more in a pinwheel fashion at his side as he stood there, letting the Walker get closer and closer... He grit his teeth at the cockiness, hoping the Walker would lunge forward suddenly and bite the monster... But that didn’t happen. ‘Of course it didn’t happen,’ he thought inwardly, ‘It would have been too easy...’ Instead the figure shambled closer, and when it was finally within reach of Lucille... “BOOM!” Negan shouted, swinging with all of his might, taking out half of its face and brain, the matter flying in the air before the zombie fell on the ground. Rick jumped a little at the finality of the impact, and Negan turned and smirked at him. “EASY PEAZY LEMON SQUEEZY!” Negan said, laughing, before beginning to spin Lucille in a pinwheel motion again, marching back up to Rick, licking his lips happily, as if he’d just engaged in a treat instead of taking out a walker, “Alright everybody! Let’s get started! This is a BIG DAY!” Rick glanced about the area as the other Saviors shifted around, ready to go ahead and get started with the pick up. It was then that Negan came within reach of him and gripping Rick’s chin, moved him back to face him.

Rick sucked in a deep breath, tensing a little as Negan breathed on his lips, his dark, obsidian eyes threatening to swallow Rick whole. Rick shuddered, his lips trembling as Negan leaned closer, the skin of his lips brushing against Rick’s own, “Hey Rick, see what I just did?” he slurred, and for a second, Rick thought he was going to kiss him, but then Lucille moved out, her non barbed end pushing Carl out of the way and back a few steps as the man began to circle Rick, his hand leaving his chin to drag over his collar bone brace and across his back as he moved slowly around him, the bat sliding back to be in proper position in his gloved hand, “THAT IS SOME SERVICE!” he slapped the middle of Rick’s back hard with his bare hand, the smack filling the area.

Rick tensed, realizing that the man was harping on what had been said between them before in the
van, realizing that Negan was making yet another sick point, “I MEAN WE ALMOST GET TURNED AWAY AT THE GODDAMN GATE! Who is that fuck anyway?” he said, jabbing his bat at Spencer, who took a step back subconsciously, eyeing the zombie matter on the barbed wire with a lot more apprehension than he’d shown the Savior Leader before, “But do I get mad?” Negan slurred, his hand sliding down to grope Rick’s ass as he moved to the other side of him.

The hand only lingered there for a moment before sliding up to ruffle his hair, “Do I throw a fit?! Do I BASH SOME GINGER’S SKULL IN?! . . . Nope!” he patted Rick hard on the back of the head before turning and moving to stand before him again, his eyes dancing dangerously as his hand cradled the man’s head, and Rick winced a little at the rough treatment coupled with the look in the man’s gaze, blinking at him, “I just kill one of the dead fucks who coulda killed one of your people, coulda killed Carl . . .” leaning forward, he pulled Rick closer and pushed his hard lips against Rick’s swollen ones.

Rick grunted, closing his eyes as he returned the kiss in spite of the daggers he knew Carl’s eyes were sending Negan’s way. As Negan’s tongue traced his lips, Rick moaned weakly and opened them, letting the man have full access. Negan grunted, moving the hand with Lucille around the brunette tugged him closer, rubbing the jean covered bulge of his half hard cock on the naked man before him, and Rick whimpered softly, pressing back against him a little, putting on the requested act and hating himself for it. Then Negan leaned back and licked his own lips, and leaning forward, kissed Rick on the nose and forehead. Rick glanced over as Carl stared at them both, open mouthed and disgusted.

He wanted so badly to tell Carl that it wasn’t what he wanted, that it wasn’t something he really enjoyed, but as Negan’s hand slid from his head to ass and massaged it, Carl sighed and turning, marched off back into Alexandria, leaving him there. Rick felt the tears beading up again as Negan slurred in his ear, “Service.” and pushed Lucille into Rick’s good hand, “Here, hold this . . .” Rick gripped her lightly as he was slapped on the ass once more, and Negan left him there, the chain dragging on the ground and then moving back up into the air as he walked to Michonne, the distance widening between the two of them, “Well Hot Chocolate, let’s get inside before more of the fucking biters show up!” she blinked, moving her eyes from wherever she’d been focusing to Rick, and then to Negan, then turned and silently moved back into Alexandria.

Negan chuckled, turning to smirk at Rick as Daryl and the others filed in quickly. Rick himself just stood there, watching Michonne and Carl. Watching Carl take off his sheriff’s hat and slap it against his leg, hearing some explicative fall from his son’s lips as he did so, watching as Michonne moved as if she weren’t in reality but in a dream. . . or a nightmare. He as drawn out of watching his family when Negan sauntered closer, chuckling as Rick refocused on him, “Lovely woman you HAD there, Ricky baby. One hell of a kid too! Now come on, let’s get to it!” With that the Leader yanked on the leash. Rick, feeling worse now than ever before, moved inside the safe zone after him, just as the gates slid almost completely closed behind him as more Saviors continued to filter into the area.

Chapter End Notes

Soooo, what did you guys think? Not sure when the next update to this story will be but I will try to make it less of a waiting period than you all had for Chapter 26!
Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!