# Changed Nature

**Summary**

Negan lives as a typical Alpha, dominating his pack of Saviors and the few Omegas they have. One day Negan gets bit, but instead of dying and turning into a walker, he turns into an Omega. With the majority of his pack being Alphas, they express high interest and lose it. Negan flees and essentially becomes a prize to be conquered. When Rick hears the news, he sets out to kill him, but circumstances lead him to claiming the Omega and hoping it will grant him enough respect from the Alpha Saviors to end their oppression on his pack. Meanwhile Negan must come to grips with being an Omega, and the submissive behavior that seems to come with it.

**Stats:**

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**Rating:** Mature

**Archive Warning:** Rape/Non-Con

**Category:** M/M

**Fandom:** The Walking Dead (TV)

**Relationship:** Rick Grimes/Negan

**Character:**
- Negan (Walking Dead)
- Rick Grimes
- Simon (Walking Dead: Saviors)
- Dwight (Walking Dead)
- Maggie Greene
- Daryl Dixon
- Michonne (Walking Dead)
- Carl Grimes
- Aaron (Walking Dead)
- Sherry
- Ezekiel (Walking Dead)
- Maggie Greene
- Daryl Dixon
- Michonne
- Carl Grimes
- Aaron
- Sherry
- Ezekiel
- Dwight
- Negan

**Additional Tags:**
- Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics
- Forced Bonding
- Mating Cycles/In Heat
- Breeding
- Male Lactation
- Alpha Rick Grimes
- alpha to omega
- Omega Negan
- Negan with submissive tendencies
- Not a Love Story
- Other Additional Tags to Be Added
- body transformation
- Mating Bites
- Mpreg
- Dominant/Possessive Rick Grimes
- identity crisis
- Knotting
- Begging
- Situational Humiliation
- Scent Marking
- No Judith Grimes
- Non-Consensual Spanking
- Psychological Torture
- Psychological Trauma
- Blindfolds
- Potentially Dark Rick Grimes
- Castration
- Collars
- Semi-Public Sex
- baby cuteness
- Postpartum Depression Symptoms
- verbal/physical abuses
- Self-Harm/Suicide scare
- Blood and Violence
- Character Deaths
Normally I'm not into Rick/Negan because I see that pairing so often and I'm for them being enemies. (I can't find any Gen fics on these two)
But this odd idea came to mind and I was intrigued with it. Besides that, I also saw a lot of fics with Negan torturing/dominating Rick and that often bugged me cause I want to see a dominant Rick not submitting to that bastard. So here I could have Rick dominating Negan for once as I haven't seen a fic do that.

See the end of the work for more notes.
If there was one other annoyance with the new world, aside from the dead walking about, it was the lack of Omegas. It wasn’t too surprising. They were the weaker set and in this world the weak was the first to get killed. Of course if they had their Alphas to look over them they had a better chance at survival because surely they’d be protected. Surely the Alphas would make sure their Omegas never left their homes or wherever their sanctuaries were. That was their place after all; to keep house and be ready to get fucked whenever their Alpha desired.

Negan always held onto such beliefs, even more so after losing his Omega Lucille as the world went to shit. At least with the changed world there was no more of that Omega rights bullshit. No more marches of Omegas demanding a fair shake and the right to stay un-bonded. He had suspected Lucille of taking an interest, but when he confronted her on the subject she would deny it. Instead she brought up his interest in fucking other Omegas.

Now the typical, full-on Alpha wouldn’t stand for a defiant Omega, but Negan had always found it entertaining. There was nothing wrong with Omegas that had a little bit of fight in them, but of course there was a limit. They did have their place and if they ever forgot it they had to be reminded.

While he did love Lucille, he did take interests in the old ways of the true Alphas who’d have a harem of Omegas. What was the point of settling with one when there were many who needed a good fuck. They had a job to do and that was bringing in litters of pups. That was how it was supposed to be. But Negan did have to admit one reason for seeking other Omegas was to have pups since Lucille couldn’t.

When she became ill it only became more frustrating. He couldn’t count the number of times his dick throbbed for her hole. And so he became absent much of the time, which became his greatest mistake. He hadn’t been there when the dead rose, and so he lost her when one got in.

But that was in the past, and he vowed never to let that happen again. So with the few Omegas his Saviors had managed to round up, he made sure they never set foot outside the Sanctuary. In fact he wasn’t against the idea of locking them in their room from time to time. As a matter of fact he was considering locking them down when he wasn’t using them considering the fact that the majority of his people were Alphas, and often hungry Alphas at that.

It was the reason the point system had begun. If an Alpha managed to earn up to fifty points, they had their pick of an Omega to knot and fuck. But the points had gone up to one hundred by now because some Alphas didn’t realize they had to share these Omegas. There were only nine to share between over forty at the Sanctuary and the number could go down at any time.

However in the back of Negan’s mind, he always delighted in the idea of cutting the other Alphas off completely. He was the leader of the pack after all, which made him the true Alpha, therefore the Omegas were rightfully his to fuck alone. Still he knew if they didn’t get a chance to fuck them, their aggression could become detrimental to the pack. The main reason fights broke out was because a couple of Alphas became too riled. Besides that, Negan didn’t respect any Alpha that didn’t have an Omega. This was especially true whenever an Alpha was in a rut. There was little chance in finding suppressants nowadays and besides that, he always turned a big middle finger to suppressants for both classes.

All in all, Omegas were now precious and rare, and any Omega he and his pack found belonged to them, whether they were bonded to another Alpha or not.
Negan whistled a happy little tune as he made his way down the hall toward his prized possessions, swinging Lucille along his side. Along the way he spotted a male Omega working one of his janitorial duties in mopping the halls. Technically this meant he had more than nine Omegas, but Negan favored excluding the men from the count. He had nothing against Alphas pairing with male Omegas. So long as an Alpha was fucking one it was all good and natural. But Negan was part of the group of Alphas favoring the females, so the very few Omega males they had did the grunt work with much of the Betas. In his opinion when it came to rank, Omega males fell under Omega females. They just didn’t have the sexy curvy form he was attracted to, and besides that the female’s body was more suitable for bearing pups. One usually had a better chance of getting pups out of females than males most of the time, so why bother with the males he’d say. They were weakest kind of man anyhow.

The janitor was being guarded by one of his Betas at the moment. When they saw Negan coming they dropped down on one knee, heads bowed respectfully. Negan didn’t acknowledge them, but he did puff out his chest unconsciously.

“Keep up the fine work boys,” he said over his shoulder as he passed.

“Yes sir,” the Beta exclaimed.

“Yes Alpha,” said the Omega.

When Negan approached the room, he automatically entered. The women, all dressed in black clothing that showed just enough to get an Alpha pretty hyped, looked up at their visitor. There were no smiles as they jumped up and came forward, dropping to their knees with their heads bowed lower than the Beta had bowed.

“Ladies, yah miss me,” he greeted with a big grin.

“Yes Alpha,” they said in unison.

Negan’s grin only widened as his eyes moved from one figure to the other. There were days when he just couldn’t decide who to fuck. His eyes paused on Sherry, his particular favorite. She glanced up at him with something of a glare, then dropped her eyes again. She was the only Omega to have
enough boldness to back talk from time to time, and as much as Negan told himself to push her back in line, he couldn’t deny that it was still a turn on.

“Well lemme see, which one of you is lucky enough to pleasure my dick today. Sherry?”

His pearly whites continued to flash as she slowly rose. There was a clear frown of annoyance on her face, but he paid it no mind.

“Hell, I got all day really, so I don’t have to have just one.”

He reached out for Sherry who hesitated before walking over.

“Don’t you ever get sick of making frowny faces at me?” He asked as he ran a finger down the side of her face.

“If I have to keep seeing you, then no,” she practically spat, but Negan just chuckled.

“How many times do I have to remind you? You’re damn lucky to be with me. Another Alpha would’ve slapped that kind of talk right out of yah.”

“I wasn’t with an Alpha before, so I’ll have to take your word for it.”

At that, Negan gave a warning growl. The still kneeling women ducked their heads further down; some shook with rising fear. Sherry too could barely handle his sudden aggression and she cursed herself for bringing up a reminder of Dwight. She didn’t belong to him anymore.

She followed the others’ lead and bowed her head. Negan reached for her hair and pulled it off her neck.

“A Beta’s no match for an Alpha in that department, especially when it comes to a true Alpha, like yours truly. So let me fuckin remind you.”

He turned her to have access to her neck and bit down on her gland. Sherry tensed and made a groaning noise, but afterwards the tension she’d been building seeped out of her to where she was almost hanging like a limp doll. Negan suckled on the claim he’d made there long ago, doing it harshly while issuing little growls.

“Mine,” he grumbled as he continued biting down on her gland. “Fucking mine.”

Sherry whimpered and tensed up again, until the suckling became gentler. She shut her eyes as a wave of annoying comfort and want overcame her.

Negan pulled away as soon as the scent of a ready Omega hit his nose.

“Your body knows, always does, even if your mind always doesn’t,” he teased.

Sherry looked at him with wet eyes, then wordlessly moved as he pulled her toward the couch.

It wasn’t a surprise not to be taken to the bedroom. Negan saw no reason for an Alpha to seek privacy. It was anywhere anytime as far as he was concerned.

The other Omegas stayed on standby on their knees should Negan need another after his chosen one.

“You’re all worked up for me, aren’t you,” he said with a laugh. He set Lucille aside while he undid his pants and exposed the obviously large member he was quite proud of. Sherry didn't so much as give it a glance.
“Let’s just get this over with,” she muttered.

“Oh come on now, you know you enjoy the ride.”

Once fully undressed, like their Alpha preferred, she stretched across the couch, hips raised and ready for mounting. Negan wasted no time in climbing aboard.

Sherry bit down on her lip like she normally did, doing her best to ignore those churning physical and emotional feelings that came when the Alpha entered. She hated it when she let slip a moan or ground her hips back to meet the pounding thrusts. It was only afterwards that she’d think of her poor body, being stretched so badly, particularly after the knot started. If there was anything she was thankful for, it was that Negan hadn’t managed to impregnate her, or any of them for that matter.

Negan grabbed her swaying breasts, relishing the feel as he squeezed. It was another reason he didn’t turn to male Omegas. He’d never have such enjoyment out of a male since they had none until their bellies had pups.

He let loose a few possessive growls and bit down on her gland, making her hiss. The other Omegas for the most part kept their eyes averted and tried to deny the wetness their Alpha was stirring out of them.

“Maybe…I’ll have…time for three of yah…,” Negan panted as he plowed into Sherry’s delicate form. He could feel the beginning of a knot. “But hell…we both know I…ain’t going down, for a long ass time.”

Sherry shuttered. She abhorred how long it took for his knot to deflate. Until such a time came, he was all talk. Such times had her missing Dwight terribly. To not know the pain of a knot was bliss to her. All she could do now was make slight motions to try and get comfortable, but no position really helped. She wondered if there would ever be a time where she would get used to it enough that it wouldn’t bother her so. Though her body was designed to be knotted, she couldn’t find the pleasure in it as other Omegas might.

Negan dropped upon her once it fully formed, nibbling her neck like an affectionate beast. He then turned his head to the still waiting Omegas.

“Hey. Why don’t you ladies make yourselves useful and go cook something. You know me and Sher got hours before we’re going anywhere. Make sure my boys are fed, and no fucking around.”

Slowly they stood and headed toward the door to enact another duty they must perform.

“Except you blondie,” he said while pointing at a pale blonde girl. “What was your name again?”

“Amber,” she said quietly as she trembled on the spot. She was fairly new and still unaccustomed to Negan’s ways, particularly since he forced her bond away from her previous Alpha.

“Yeah, Amber. I want your ass front row, and more than ready.”

With shaky legs she walked up to the couch and began to undress. Once naked she kneeled and traded a look with Sherry before dropping her head.

“You know, I feel like I could go another round with you,” he whispered in Sherry’s ear.

“Bastard,” she whispered back.

“Lucky bastard, you mean,” he countered with a grin.
A little sneak peek at Negan's time with his Omegas and how he treats them. In keeping with the fact that Negan has wives in TWD comics/show, he doesn't bother with males here, which in turn will make his experience with a male (as in Rick) a first. I tend to enjoy when a character has no prior experience when being with the same sex :D. Thanks for the reviews :) More soon.
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

What happens when someone breaks a rule in Negan's pack?
Hint: It's not pretty

Chapter Notes

A little more of Negan's Alpha time, before he eventually loses it ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

After he finished with Amber, a very satisfied Negan zipped up his pants. Amber curled against the coffee table that he had screwed her against.

“Admit it, I was a hell of a lot better than Mark.”

Amber curled in on herself even further and sobbed at the mention of her previous Alpha. She recalled how helpless he looked as Negan bit down on her gland and claimed her right in front of him. Mark had curled his fists and growled, but the loyal Alpha Saviors pinned him down and threatened to beat and burn him if he didn’t accept their leader’s claim on his now ex-Omega. In the end, Mark was allowed to live, and like the other Alphas he had his pick of any Omega when he earned enough points, however he was never to touch Amber.

Negan issued a rumbling growl under his breath. Amber stopped sobbing and quickly crawled up to him with her head bowed.

“Maybe I’ve been too much of a softy keeping old marky Mark around,” he said slyly. “Can’t keep tempting either of you into going behind my back…”

“Please Alpha,” she begged. She reached out to grab his feet. “I…I’m yours…I’m yours. You’re my…you’re my Alpha.”

“Say it again,” he demanded quietly.

“You’re my…Alpha.”

“Again.”

“You’re my Alpha.”

“Again!”

“You’re my Alpha!”

Her shoulders shook and she couldn’t hold back the tears. Negan leaned down and raised her head with a finger under her chin.
“That’s right you are. I’m your real Alpha, even when the others get a turn. As for Mark, well we might just have to do something to ensure he’s not sneaking into your hole.”

“Please, I never went behind your back with him.”

“I know sweetheart.” He paused to deliver a kiss to her forehead. “But why risk temptation? Mark’s had it fair all this time. I could’ve just killed him that day and be done, but I’m not that kind of man. I could’ve ironed his face and cut his balls so stop your damn crying. You got me starting to think you don’t want to be with me.”

She sniffled and bowed her head again.

“I do, I’m yours. You’re my true Alpha.”

Negan smiled and gave rise to his chest.

“Now that’s what I like to hear.”

Sherry entered the room after having left since Negan turned to Amber. She looked from Amber’s shaky form on the floor to Negan’s wide grin.

“Did I miss something?” she asked.

“Told ya you should’ve stuck around. I don’t have cameras to show you a play by play.”

She wrinkled her nosed and walked over to gather up Amber. Negan left her to comfort her however she saw fit.

“Well ladies, as usual, I appreciate it.”

He picked up Lucille and headed out the door.

As he strolled forward, Simon came up to greet him.

“Dwight’s back,” he said.

“Did he find him?”

“Yeah, he got him. He’s been begging his ass off to let him go.”

“Well I guess I gotta let that prick know there’s no leaving the pack without my say so.”

Negan tossed an arm over Simon’s shoulder as they made their way to the main room of the Sanctuary where he issued any orders, news updates, or punishments before his entire pack.

He entered on the stairwell overlooking the space and the crowd. Upon seeing their leader, they automatically dropped to one knee with their heads bowed. Most of the Alphas were situated in the back of the crowd, while much of the front rows were comprised of Betas. Before them were the Beta workers and the few Omega males who bowed much lower than the Alphas. Off to the side were the Omega females who were kneeling with their heads bowed low as well.

He let his eyes land on Dwight who was up front, kneeling next to a man he was holding onto by the arm. Said man, known as Gordon, looked very pale, and though Negan couldn’t see his face he imagined the man fighting back tears considering Simon claimed he was begging.
It was an expected reaction. They all knew the consequences of trying to flee from the pack, yet on occasion someone would try it. And like before it was usually a Beta worker. Once however, it had been an Omega worker, but such a thing had never happened again since the Omega worker was never seen again thanks to Lucille. Betas were normally given a second chance, but Negan figured it might be time to end it.

“Rise,” he commanded, and they all stood again. He let his eyes fall on Dwight and the escapee. “Well Dwighty boy, I see you fetched the runaway.”

“Yes sir.”

Negan smiled as he made his way down the stairway calmly whistling and carrying Lucille over his shoulder. Gordon was sweating and doing his best to keep his head bowed without being distracted by his Alpha’s approach. When Negan came to a stop before him, Gordon slowly looked up then dropped to his knees.

“Please sir,” he choked, “I’m sorry I ran. I…I”

“You know, as very fucking well you all should, that deserters are not tolerated in this pack!” There was a cheer and a roar of agreement from the Alphas at the back and most of the Betas. Their reaction encouraged the rest to clap or vocalize agreement. “As a matter of fact, it shouldn’t be fucking tolerated in any pack! A pack is only strongest together, and to desert that pack, is to desert family. To give it a goddamn middle finger. Giving no shits about all that family did for you. Are those the kind of people you want in this family?”

“No sir!” the crowd cried, though the Alphas cried it the loudest and issued growls of offense at such people. Gordon shrunk in on himself, shaking.

“We are supposed to be the strongest! Strong as fucking steel!” Negan continued over the cheers and vocal praises. “We are the pack keeping other packs in line, but how the hell can we continue to fucking do so if members are fucking deserting!” Negan paused and looked Gordon in the eyes. “It’s a goddamn fucking stain of shame on our pack when some dumbass thinks he can run off and do better. What message does that tell other Alphas? That I can’t fucking control my own pack? How the hell can I call myself a true Alpha if everyone’s running away?”

“P-Please sir, Alpha,” Gordon begged. “I’m sorry. I didn’t think it would matter if I just…left. I’m just one Beta.”

Negan grabbed the back of his neck with his fingers and squeezed hard as though he were biting an Omega’s gland. Gordon gasped in pain.

“It always fucking matters,” Negan said in a low voice. “There’s no turning your back on the pack. Did you forget that you belong to me? YOU ALL DO!”

The room quieted after Negan reminded them that they were all his. Negan turned to Gordon again.

“Thought you’d seek out another pack? You can fucking forget it because there is no pack above mine, and if you thought you could go it alone, well you’re more of a dumbass than I thought. Loners don’t survive.”

“I made a mistake,” Gordon squeaked. “I was stupid.”

“You most certainly were. And naturally that behavior can’t go unpunished.”

Negan walked over to the open stove where the fires were prepared should anyone need the iron. It
wasn’t currently lit, yet Gordon and a few others tensed as though the iron had been readied. Negan reached for what most assumed was a poker that was sitting next to the iron and raised it up for all to see. The end of the poker had the shape of the letter “S”.

“I don’t know if any of you have noticed this new addition. The Betas of Hilltop were kind enough to craft it for me. And no it’s not a shitty new way to iron a face.” Negan began to pace waving it around. “We all know the hierarchy. It’s our history, it’s who we are. It’s not something to be fucked with. Order is order right, and we all have our place. But, being that we’re in a new world, I see no reason why I can’t add on to the rank.”

At this, whispers of confusion and concern broke out.

“Now I love my Omegas, and I know my Alphas love them too.” There were cheers from the Alphas. “But they are on the bottom of the food chain, and this,” he paused and brought attention to the poker, “will make you fall even further, to level shit.”

There were noises of curiosity as well as offense at the idea of Negan applying his own rule to the hierarchy even if he was creating a level lower than Omegas.

“Anyone can fall to shit level, so long as this is branded in the middle of your forehead. To be as low as shit, you’re nothing. Not worth the time or kindness. Practically a dead man that should be put out of his misery, but this is giving you a second chance, and you better be goddamn grateful for it.”

“Thank you Alpha,” they all replied.

Negan’s smile just widened as he turned to Gordon.

“Now you’re probably wondering why I haven’t got this all hot and ready for you.”

Gordon started to speak but closed his mouth again.

“It’s because I’m not sure you deserve a second chance. Maybe you’d prefer death over dropping a peg.”

“No, no Alpha. I want it. I want a second chance!”

“Besides that,” Negan continued, as though Gordon hadn’t spoken, “We’d have to go to the trouble of getting it ready and I don’t think anyone just wants to wait around for this thing to get hot enough.”

“Please.”

Negan set the poker down and tightened his grip on Lucille.

“If only you had run after I christened the new rank.”

In a flash, Lucille came up and plowed into the side of Gordon’s head. He fell to the ground mid-scream as the others jumped back to avoid the splashing blood. Negan was on him, smashing the bat into his head repeatedly as he’d done so many times before. The crowd was silent, except for the occasional growls from the Alphas who expressed their distaste of Gordon. The Omegas couldn’t even look at the scene playing out before them.

When it was done, Negan stepped back, looking at Gordon’s body with satisfaction.

“Lucille always did like fast food, even if he hadn’t been fast enough to get away,” he said jokingly
causing much of the Alphas and Betas to laugh. “But the new rank stands. Any behavior I deem intolerable, especially when it comes to desertion, is gonna be known as shit from now on.”

He waved the “S” poker one last time before turning away, swinging the now bloodied Lucille by his side.

“Clean that shit up,” he ordered, and the male Omegas hurried forward to follow the command without question.

Chapter End Notes

Now originally Negan was going to brand Gordon with the "S" poker and leave him alive, but in typical Negan fashion he goes for Lucille instead as I'm not sure if he'll get the chance to Lucille anyone later. Besides that, Negan murdering a member keeps the pack's fear going and keeps them in line. And it also encourages us to hate him more :) I know you definitely can't wait until the tables are turned on him cause I can't wait to write it :D
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Rick begins to have second thoughts about serving the Saviors

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Rick frowned as he looked at the meager supplies he and Aaron managed to rake up in the back of the truck. What they’d found was enough for a small pack, but nowhere near enough to please Negan and his many men.

Aaron joined him in staring at their find.

“Guess we’ll take another day, or two,” he suggested.

Rick groaned in annoyance, but he realized he really didn’t have any other choice.

“Yeah, guess we’ll have to.”

“The others will be fine without us til then. Carl will keep them in line.”

Rick gave a soft laugh before his feelings fell once more as the reality pressed upon him.

“He’s still not too happy with me,” he admitted as he made his way toward the driver’s seat while Aaron moved to the passenger’s seat. “I keep telling him this is how we have to survive now. That Negan’s pack has the numbers. I don’t blame him for being angry. I get it.”

“Yeah,” Aaron agreed quietly. “It’s still hard to believe an Alpha’s able to control that many Alphas while controlling other packs. It’s like he’s the only Alpha and everyone else is a bunch of Betas and Omegas.”

Rick gripped the steering wheel as he drove and gave a soft growl.

“Guess that makes me an Omega.”

Aaron turned to him, feeling immediate guilt at making a suggestion he didn’t intend.

“No, Rick I didn’t mean…you’re still our Alpha. Negan didn’t change that. You had no choice but to give in. This is what we have to do now, to protect the pack. That’s a leader’s job.”

But Rick wasn’t convinced. He simply gazed ahead at the road feeling empty. It had been difficult, but he managed to win the war within himself, fighting every instinct that told him not to bow to this bastard Alpha. But Negan proved capable of stripping him down to the level of the weakest Omega in less than a day. In fact he felt it was a more suitable title for himself. At the same time he felt the offense. Omegas were capable beings, but with the way things were going, Rick couldn’t help but find the position depressing. Negan had not only stripped him of his rank, but he practically stripped him of being a man. Rarely did he look in the mirror anymore because all he’d see was the sickly face of a being that was missing something very important.
“An Alpha leader doesn’t bow down to another,” Rick stated firmly.

“Unless they’re a true Alpha,” Aaron countered.

Rick bared his teeth as he’d never been fond of the words, true Alpha. He supposed it wasn’t too surprising to come across an Alpha nowadays that declared himself or herself a true Alpha, then again it had always been a rare term to use. Some people didn’t believe that any Alpha could raise himself or herself to such a level even if they were as powerful as the president. He had personally never saw fit to use the term. They were just Alpha leaders. To call them “true” seemed to suggest there was something extra powerful and extraordinary about them. He recalled an Alexandrian referring to him as a true Alpha once and he had stopped it immediately. He wasn’t anything special. Just another Alpha looking out for his pack. But when it came to Negan, he couldn’t help feeling that the term was appropriate.

“It doesn’t matter what they call him. He’s just an Alpha with enough people on his side to tear us apart.”

“Which is why we have to keep doing this.”

They fell silent for a while, both men mulling over the fear of not finding anything else. Eventually Rick pulled up to an old abandoned store front.

“Should we check it out?” Rick asked.

“You’re the boss,” Aaron answered.

“It’s a team effort remember? I’m just an Alpha too.”

Aaron nodded and they both exited the truck.

After an hour of searching through dusty drawers and wet boxes they found nothing except a two hungry walkers.

“We could try further out,” Aaron said as Rick stretched out a map on the hood of the truck.

“We might not find anything.”

“We gotta try.”

“We need to get back. Don’t wanna take the chance of the Saviors showing up early.”

“All the more reason why we should keep looking. It won’t matter unless we get enough for them.”

Rick growled under his breath as his heart thumped uncomfortably. Aaron took a step back looking apologetic.

“I’m sorry Rick. I don’t, know what else we can do. We gotta protect our loved ones. I gotta protect Eric.” The Alpha ended with a growl of his own, eyes lit with determination.

“Easy,” Rick warned as he patted his shoulder. “I know Eric’s important to you. They’re all important to us.” He paused as he looked down at the map again as a sickening feeling overcame his gut. “There’s gotta be another way. After Olivia, Eugene...” He stopped as he thought about the pitiful Alpha Spencer. Though he had been wary on trusting Negan, he didn’t find it hard to believe that Spencer had wanted to take his place in leading the pack. “Carl hasn’t been the only one.”
“To what?”
Rick considered Aaron before continuing.

“To try and encourage me to fight.”

Aaron didn’t appear surprised.

“Michonne’s trying to insist, but she doesn’t want to challenge me. I reminded her too why we couldn’t.”

Aaron studied Rick closely.

“You’re considering it, aren’t you?” he asked, not sure if he liked the idea or not.

“I don’t want to lead them into war.”

Aaron shut his eyes, not wanting to imagine the bloodshed.

“Maybe it’s possible,” Rick continued, “If we got the numbers somehow. Evened it up.”

“We’d still lose people.”

Rick gave a bitter nod.

“Yeah, but I’m not sure how long the rest can go on like this. With the Alphas in this pack, they’re liable to keep trying stupid shit like what Rosita did. We’ll lose more that way. And I can’t…I can’t.” He smashed a fist into the hood of the truck. “I’m an Alpha damn it, and I have to act like one. I need to.”

There was definitely nothing natural about an Alpha being suppressed. It was like trying to keep a tiger in a very small cage for months. The beast in him was just itching to get out and he wasn’t sure how long he could hold it in.

“What do you want to do Rick?”

Rick paused before folding up the map.

“Right now, I want to go back. Figure things out from there.”

Aaron gave a nod.

“Then we’ll go back.”

Aaron made his way toward the passenger’s side door and opened it just as Rick spoke again, quietly.

“I never said I was sorry to them, for getting us all in this mess of serving those assholes.”

Aaron paused before getting in, looking back at Rick with true sincerity.

“And you’ll never have to,” Aaron stated. “You’re a good leader Rick. What’s important is keeping us safe.”

Rick mulled it over before entering the driver’s seat and turning it around in the direction of home.
Chapter End Notes

A little change to see how Rick is feeling about his position when it comes to Negan.
Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Negan's seemingly lucky stop doesn't go so well.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

A few days later, Negan decided it was time to pay Rick an early visit. As he leaned back in the passenger’s seat of the truck, he smiled to himself as he reminisced about the day he had broken Rick down to a pathetic sniveling mess. As much as he had enjoyed the sight, a part of him was sickened to see how easily broken an Alpha could be. It made him wonder how Rick could have possibly presented as an Alpha in the first place, when it seemed clear his destiny should have made him an Omega. It didn’t matter now as he now viewed Rick in that class.

“I wonder if that dumbass Daryl ran his ass back to Alexandria,” he said as his thoughts drifted to the Beta that had managed to slip away from his cell. With enough time he was certain he could’ve broken him down to an Omega level as well.

“Don’t know,” said the Savior who was driving them to their destination.

“One way or another, I’m getting my Beta back.”

They continued the drive, with two other vehicles of Saviors following behind. Then in the distance up ahead, both men took notice of an interesting blockage in the road.

“Slow it down,” Negan ordered as he leaned forward to get a better look.

There was a group of four people standing on the side of the road facing the woods. They were gathered around a station wagon that Negan assumed had stopped on them.

“Well ain’t this our fucking lucky day.” His eyes had landed on a pretty red haired woman that was one of the four that seemed too soft to be an Alpha or Beta. “Pull over.”

The driver came to a stop a couple of feet from the group who looked up at their new visitors. The Saviors in the following car also pulled to a stop. Negan grabbed Lucille as he stepped out of the truck along with the others who stepped out of their cars nicely armed.

“Looks like you folks have yourselves some car trouble,” he said nonchalantly as he strolled forward. Simon, who’d been in another car, led the others forward behind Negan.

Out of the four, a thin bearded man spoke.

“Yes, she just gave out. I don’t know much about cars, but maybe you can help us.”

Negan chuckled as he stepped forward again.

“My good man that is all I aim to do.” His eyes fell to the woman who was giving him a wary look and was shrinking away. He could definitely tell from her scent that she was an Omega. The bearded
man was the Alpha here and the other two were Betas. “But before I order my pack to help, I’d like your help first.”

The bearded man looked nervous.

“With what?”

Negan gave him a toothy grin as he looked at the woman again.

“Hand over your Omega.”

The man stepped away and did his best to block the woman from view. The Saviors behind Negan pointed their guns.

“She’s claimed, by me.”

“That don’t matter one bit,” said Simon as he came to stand by Negan’s side.

“Simon here, is right,” said Negan. “Cause you see, the way it works with us is, if you have an Omega, she now belongs to me, and to my Alphas.” On cue his Alphas laughed and made catcalls at her which clearly pissed off the bearded stranger. “And you can accept it and become part of my pack. Traditionally I would have to take one of you out with old Lucille here before having you work for me, but being that there’s only four of you, I’ll be generous, just this once.”

The man took another step back, pushing the woman away while his Betas growled protectively.

“Didn’t you hear me!” he shouted. “She’s claimed! She’s mine!”

“That’s where you’re wrong,” Negan exclaimed as his eyes did a little undressing on her form. “She’s mine. As a matter of fact, everything you own, is mine. Now we can do this the easy way, or the hard way. Either way, you’re giving her up, dead or alive.”

His Alphas readied themselves to march over to show them their new place. The Alpha bared his teeth even though it was clear he was scared since his pack was clearly outnumbered.

“No one’s leaving this pack, especially my Omega” he declared. “Get the hell out of here!”

Negan just grinned and started to stroll toward him.

“I think you’re gonna want to be nicer to me if you want to-”

The sound of gunfire interrupted him as he and the rest of the Saviors quickly ducked as bullets zoomed over their heads from the woods.

“GET AWAY FROM MY PACK!” someone cried. Said person fired more shots.

The grin was completely gone from Negan’s face as he hurried for cover behind the truck with Simon leading the way. The Saviors fired back, though they couldn’t spot their attacker in the woods, but considering the amount of gunfire coming their way they assumed it had to be more than one person.

“Get out of here! Hurry!”

Negan looked back to see that the bearded man had ordered his Omega to flee into the woods along with his Betas. The Saviors continued to trade gunfire, but one ended up taking a hit in the shoulder and fell back while another took a fatal shot.
“Damnit,” Negan cursed as he watched the Alpha hit the ground, blood streaming from the hole in his head.

“Sneaky bastards,” Simon growled.

The gunfire stopped and Negan gave the signal for his men to hunt them down.

“I prefer them alive, but I won’t shed tears if they’re fucking dead. Nobody touch the Omega. She’s mine!”

They had them on the run, and Negan felt confident enough to pursue. He signaled for the others to give chase.

While his Alphas pursued the trio of males and their mysterious attackers, Negan kept his eyes peeled for the Omega. He had no doubt the bearded Alpha would be with her so he gripped Lucille, smiling at the thought of her next victim.

As he wove in and around trees, the sound of gunfire started again. He turned to see some of his Alphas pausing to fire back. Then came a moment where they were forced to turn their guns on approaching dead. Negan turned to catch one coming his way and swung the bat in time, smashing its skull.

Out of the corner of his eye he caught the bearded Alpha pulling his Omega along as they ran, doing their best to dodge more of the dead. Negan made a beeline in their direction.

The couple eventually found themselves cornered against a rock formation with two dead ones moving in. The bearded man was clearly unprepared, yet he stood in front of his Omega seemingly willing to sacrifice himself.

Negan made it to them in time to catch the man ordering her to stay behind him. Just before they could attack, Negan brought Lucille down on the one closest to the man. The woman screamed and Negan turned to kill the one nearing her from the side. He brought the bat down a second time ensuring it was a nice bloody mess before addressing the two, grinning.

“I bet you’re reconsidering my offer, seeing as how I just saved your fucking lives.”

The man balled his fists and gave a warning growl as he placed a protective arm around the woman’s waist.

“I told you she’s claimed,” he said through gritted teeth.

“Wrong answer.”

Negan snatched him and easily threw him to the ground.

“No!” the woman cried.

Negan dropped a foot on his neck and raised the bat. But before he could swing, the familiar gurgling growls of the dead reached his ears. He turned to see three more approaching. He snarled at the interruption as he moved to take care of the problem. He heard the man scrambling to get to his feet and run to the woman.

“Come on,” he cried as he pulled her away.

He was about to give chase when a particularly heavy dead one fell against him from behind,
knocking him to the ground. He cried out as he felt something sharp in his right side as the thing grind against him. He pushed him, but it was heavier than he could handle. Its teeth gnashing as it pushed in, determined to get at his neck, and all Negan could do was keep it at bay.

“Goddammit it*”

Suddenly its head exploded and it fell limp on top of him. There was the sound of hurried footsteps as his savior came and rolled the dead off of him.

“Damn, that was close,” said Simon.

“You got that right,” Negan agreed as he allowed him to help him to his feet. He gasped as the sharp pain in his side reacted to his movements.

“You alright?”

“I will be, once we get that Omega, and that goddamn-”

“You’re bleeding,” Simon interrupted.

Negan glanced down and saw blood starting to drip down his hip. It was then that he noticed the odd rip at the end of his jacket. Slowly he lifted it away along with the shredded end of his shirt, which now sported a noticeable red stain.

And right in his very flesh, was the clear sign of a bite. The puncture marks looked deep and nasty, yet it didn’t cover a large area. But it never mattered how big or small the bite was because the results were the same.

“Goddammit. Goddammit!”

He swung Lucille, cracking her against the rock, but not hard enough to break it.

“Fuck Fuck Fuck, Fuck...FUCK!”

“Negan.”

He met Simon’s face. His eyes were swimming with concern.

“What the fuck do we do?”

Negan didn’t think he’d ever heard him sound so uncertain. He turned away and instead stared into the surrounding trees. How could one simple stop go so horribly wrong?

He released the torn fabric, as well as a sigh, letting it cover the bite again. Then he faced Simon, doing his best to ignore the uncomfortable thumps of his heart.

“We’re going back, now,” he growled. He gripped Lucille hard as the fear fell back and anger came through.

“But you’re-”

“I know damn it! But what else can I fucking do? I can’t fucking cut it out can I!”

“But, what the hell are we gonna do?”

From the look on his face, Negan could tell he wasn’t talking about what the pack was going to do
without him. If the bite couldn’t be cut, the only solution was to kill the victim because they were dead anyway.

“I don’t know,” he admitted quietly as he glanced down at the wound. “But we’re not gonna tell anyone. Don’t want to cause chaos just yet.”

Simon licked his lips and gave a nod.

“Alright. Come on.” Simon came forward to help, but Negan raised a hand, stopping him in his tracks.

“Appreciate it, but I can’t give the impression that I’m fine if you act like my damn walking stick.”

“Right.”

Simon stepped aside as Negan took the lead, hand covering his side.

Chapter End Notes

The latest TWD episode helped shed some more light on how the saviors interact, particularly between Simon and Negan, so that was helpful for this chapter and upcoming chapters too.
So Negan finally got the bite, and it only gets worse from there for him.
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Negan prepares to die

Chapter Notes

How does Negan handle getting bit?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The drive back to the Sanctuary felt like the longest to Negan. For the most part he remained still and quiet during the ride. Every now and then his driver looked over at him.

“Sorry it went to shit sir. We’ll, get ‘em,” he apologized, assuming the look on Negan’s face meant he was deeply disappointed in their failure. “You sure you don’t want to go on to Alexandria?”

“Just shut up and get us home, now,” he ordered sternly. It didn’t matter that the pack of four and their attackers had slipped away. All he wanted was to lock himself in his room and try not to contemplate his fate. But it was hard not thinking about it.

He wondered how long it would be before he felt the fever. How much pain would he be in? Should he let Simon kill him before it came to that?

As they pulled in, Negan straightened up and put it all aside. What was important was making it as long as he could. Making sure Simon and his lieutenants knew how to run the pack as he had. But deep down, he hated the idea of them taking over and cursed under his breath that his time was done.

“Goddamn it!” His hand neared the wound as he stepped out of the truck, but he quickly moved it away to keep the others from noticing.

“We’ll go back and get them,” said his driver.

“Forget it!”

The others looked around at his sudden burst of hostility. He caught Simon’s eyes and looked away as he headed inside. The bite was already becoming painful as he moved.

As usual with his appearance, any nearby Savior or worker dropped to their knees. Negan didn’t give any of them a second look as he headed straight for his Omega sanctuary. He burst open the door, startling the women within. They snapped out of it quickly enough and moved forward to drop to their knees. Negan took a moment to study each one of their faces before speaking.

“Ladies, can you excuse yourselves. I’d like this room all to myself.” The women exchanged confused looks as he’d never made such an order before. Sure he’d spent more time here than he did in his own bedroom but he never requested to be alone, so no one moved. “It’s an order. Get your asses out!”
They jumped at the tone of aggression and quickly got up and headed out the door. Sherry was the last to leave as she paused before him.

“What’s going on?”

“Never you mind your pretty little head,” he said, smiling. “I just need some alone time in my favorite room.”

She looked at him disbelievingly but left nonetheless. Negan shut the door behind her and leaned his head against it. He was free to fully accept that he was screwed; that it was over. He moved away and plopped himself down on the couch, closing his eyes with miserable sigh.

A minute later there was a knock at the door. When he refused to answer, the person knocked again.

“Negan, it’s me,” he heard Simon announce. “I know you’re in there. Let me in, we gotta talk.”

Negan glared at the door but got up to answer it anyway.

“Can’t give me five minutes of goddamn peace?”

Simon wasn’t meeting his eyes at first.

“Yeah, it’s just, you left her.”

He lifted Lucille into view. Negan felt he could just laugh out loud at the idea that getting his beloved Lucille back was a priority. Still, he figured it wouldn’t be so bad to die with her by his side.

“That how you wanna do me in, or were you really fetching her for me?”

Simon looked taken aback, but Negan just chuckled.

“Relax. I think I deserve one last chance to yank someone’s balls.”

He took Lucille and sat back on the couch. Simon entered and closed the door behind him.

“So, what’s on your mind Simon?”

“I think the same thing that’s on yours. Are we not gonna talk about this?”

“What’s there to talk about?” Negan spat.

“I wanna know what the plan is,” Simon confessed with a little more aggression than he intended. Negan waved it off, knowing Simon had to be as angry as he was.

“The plan is simple. I got bit, and I die. Guess that leaves you in charge unless you don’t want it.”

Simon shifted uncomfortably.

“Maybe there’s something Dr. Carson can do,” he tried.

“Don’t be fucking stupid,” Negan growled. “You expect the doc to have a magic cure for this?”

“Least you could do is bandage it.”

“Not letting supplies go to waste,” he mumbled.

Both fell silent and refused to look at one another. After a moment Simon sighed as the awkwardness
of the situation got to him.

“It’s the worst way to go,” he said. “Knowing it’s coming. I think I’d rather be dead before I realized it.”

The statement brought to Negan’s mind the news of his men being murdered in their sleep at the Satellite outpost. That in turn made him think of Rick.

“I understand if you don’t want to talk,” Simon continued. “But, I had to ask. Do you need me to, you know…before you turn.”

Negan just shook his head, glaring, as his thoughts were currently on Rick.

“I’m staying here, til the end. I’m giving myself one last look at my Sanctuary and my pack. Wish I could fuck all my Omegas one more time, but I don’t think this damn bite will let me.” He hissed as a small movement triggered the slowly rising pain. “Besides that, we can’t afford to lose any more Omegas if one last fuck ends up killing them.”

“Anything you want,” Simon said. “I’ll get the girls to fix your favorites.”

“Just don’t say nothing. Now let me be for a while.”

Simon nodded and turned to leave.

“One last thing Simon.”

“Yeah.”

“Promise me you’re gonna protect this pack. And see to it that Rick stays in line, but if he should ever fuck up, kill him, nice and slow.”

“You got it.”

Once Simon left, Negan leaned against the couch again and shut his eyes.

When he felt up to it, he left to take one final tour of the Sanctuary, doing his best not to create suspicion. People fell to their knees which did cheer him up. He traded a few jokes with some of his Alphas and managed to laugh. He gathered his lieutenants together for lunch and went over any important orders or duties involving the pack. Simon had been quiet the entire time and barely ate. He had tossed Negan a few curious expressions to signal that he should at least inform his lieutenants that he was dying, but the truth was never revealed. All the while Negan had been ignoring the fatigue that was starting to plague him. The pain seemed to be spreading all the way up to his chest and he felt the strong urge to strip in a desperate attempt to escape the sickening heat of his own body.

Eventually he couldn’t fake it anymore as he was starting to sweat, so he retired to his bedroom. Simon intercepted him before he could disappear, asking if he was sure he didn’t want to be put down. Negan hated that he was so weak he couldn’t allow Simon to do him such a kindness; that he would rather turn, which in turn would risk Simon’s or any Savior’s life when they tried to kill him as a dead one. He knew Simon was right, but he just couldn’t accept the offer. He wondered if part of the reason was because he had failed to put down Lucille when she had turned. In that sense, it was only right that he suffer what she had gone through.
“Just don’t put my ass on the fence,” he told Simon.

“The least we should do it take precautions. Tie you down so it’ll be easier.”

At that Negan smiled.

“Already acting like a leader. Get some rope.”

Simon left, leaving Negan to shed his leather jacket. He groaned as the pain stirred up at the site.

“Jesus.” There didn’t seem to be much air in the room, and things were starting to look fuzzy.

When Simon returned with the rope, they wordlessly set to work.

Negan laid stretched out on the bed while Simon began tying his arms to the posts.

“Don’t get any…funny ideas…about taking, advantage,” he wheezed with a chuckle that ended in coughs.

“Save your breath,” said Simon as he finished tying his right arm. He stood back when he finished.

“Think you’ll last until the girls fix dinner?”

By now Negan could barely concentrate on what he was saying. The room was starting to spin and it was just too hot. What made it worse was the throbbing pain. He gave a slow shake of the head.

“Should’ve…should’ve told Sherry. Kissed her…one last…time.”

“I can get her.”

“No. Don’ wan her…to see…”

Simon bowed his head and patted his arm.

“Alright.” He stood over him then, taking in his leader one more time. “I’ll watch over this pack. Make sure it never goes to shit.”

“It’s all I…all I needed, to hear.”

He shut his eyes and waited for the inevitable. The footsteps of Simon’s departure came to his ears, then there was silence.

The temperature kept rising. He shifted and groaned as the sweat beaded down his forehead. Then in the mist of the heat, a soft tingling sensation emanated from the wound. He could feel it tickling its way upwards but mostly downwards. It eased his discomfort, but it didn’t last as the nasty sensation of cramps began in his gut. He gasped and kicked weakly, not liking what felt like someone digging around in his abdomen, shifting things about and burning his privates. He was too weak to yell. It was getting hotter and the tingling sensation wasn’t helping.

He couldn’t think.

He wanted to puke.

Every sensation was increasing horribly and he wasn’t aware enough to keep up. He did sense the frighteningly rapid beats of his heart before the pain became too much for him to stay conscious any
Little does Negan know that this isn't exactly the end of him here, and I know that's what ya'll are ready for ;)
I'm glad I was able to get time to update quickly enough to get to the point of Negan's change.
In the sake of Negan, it was tough to imagine what he'd really do if he got bit. I could see him allowing someone to put him down at the same time I could see him still fighting to live.

Thanks for the reviews, keep em coming ;)

Chapter End Notes
When Negan opened his eyes, the daylight streaming through the windows had him squinting and turning away.

“Jesus.”

He made to cover his eyes but quickly noticed they were tied to the bed posts. He stared up at his tied down hand as his slowly working brain attempted to put the pieces together.

“You’re not dead.”

He turned to his left to see Simon sitting in a chair in the corner staring at him with an expression that seemed to be a mix of confusion and caution. Negan frowned then looked down at himself splayed upon the bed. He looked to his right side as the memories came flooding back and let his head drop back against the pillows.

“I was bit,” he said hoarsely.

“Yeah, you were. But you’re not dead.”

“I can see that Simon. Now untie me.”

Simon didn’t move a muscle.

“I came back some time in the night, ready to kill you, but you hadn’t turned yet. I left and came back again, still nothing. But I noticed you weren’t pale or shaking with a fever. You were just unconscious. It’s like it…never happened. I looked at the bite and it’s already healing. But you didn’t die.”

“Disappointed?”

Simon just observed him as though he was some alien creature that he couldn’t figure out what to do with. He raised his eyebrows and smirked.

“Disappointed? Why would I be disappointed that my Alpha survived? It’s just…a really curious situation.”
“Well, we’ll figure it out together, now untie me goddamn it.”

He hesitated before walking over to untie one of his hands, but stopped.

“What the hell is your problem?”

“I was thinking, you seem pretty calm that you made it.”

Negan shifted as his frustration started to build.

“Calm isn’t the word Simon. The fucking right word is relieved, and right now I’m just interested in getting off this bed so I can figure out what the hell is going on.”

In truth he hadn’t had a chance to process it, but as Simon undid the knots he was able to feel genuine relief for the moment. At the same time he found it a little disturbing. Why didn’t the bite kill and turn him? Was it not as deep as he thought? Were the dead losing the ability to turn the living?

Negan sat up and rubbed his sore wrists as the questions circled in his head, then he pulled up his shirt to look at the bite mark. It did look like it was healing, and there wasn’t an ounce of tenderness at the spot. He recalled the suffering he’d felt, but as of this moment he felt fine.

He glanced up at Simon who was still watching him like he wasn’t human.

“I don’t know why it didn’t kill me,” he confessed. “Maybe it was a weak bite. But I don’t intend to see it that way. It wasn’t my time to leave this pack because I am its true Alpha and me surviving the bite is proof.”

Simon didn’t look convinced, but he gave a nod regardless.

“Yeah, well, you think the doctor would say the same?”

Negan didn’t have an answer. He didn’t really see a need to inform him and scare the hell out of him in the process.

“One step at a time,” he said as he threw his legs over the side of the bed and stood. And it was then that he felt some difference in himself that had him stumbling back on unsteady legs.

“What’s wrong?”

“I don’t know what it is,” he began as he looked down at his body, feeling around his torso and arms, “but somehow I feel, lighter. I don’t look any different but, I feel a little different.”

He heard him sniff and barely caught Simon doing a quick whiff of him. Negan was about to speak against the offense when he too sensed something strange. He stared at Simon, looking at the man as though it was their first meeting. He’d always known Simon was an Alpha, but in some weird way it was as though it was more pronounced to him. It was in the air, thick and heavy, making him more alert.

“Something is, different about you,” Simon said as he sniffed at the air again.

Negan didn’t like the look he was getting from him now; a look that inspired danger and fear. Nonetheless he held his ground.

“What’s different is that I didn’t die. Now I’m gonna freshen up. I appreciate your willingness to kill me, but I’ll see you later.”
Simon didn’t appear to want to leave, but he took the hint and left.

The reality of his survival truly hit home now. It was almost dizzying. It didn’t matter that he had no answer for it. Whether the doctor could explain it or not it wasn’t a big deal because he was here to stay.

He whistled a happy tune as he went into the bathroom, prepared to take a long shower to wash away the still present stress of almost dying.

Other than feeling lighter, he didn’t expect any more bodily surprises. This changed the instant he dropped his pants and just happened to glance down.

Everyone at the Sanctuary knew, whether they wanted to or not, that if there was one part of his body that he was most proud of, it was his dick. Negan would happily discuss its impressive size and of course the Omegas knew more than anyone else how true this was. Alphas were naturally larger in this area in comparison to Omega males, because Omega males didn’t need them for the purpose of breeding. So naturally Negan paled upon seeing that he had lost a whole lot of length out of the blue.

He jumped back as if he could escape his now tiny dick.

“What the fuck!!”

He reached down, touching to make sure his eyes weren’t playing tricks.

There was no doubt about it. His dick had shrunk. Reaching further back he discovered there was an absence of balls as they seemed to have drawn up into him. His heart was thumping painfully while sinking with sickness at the same time.

He kept moving his fingers back and stopped when he encountered a hole that shouldn’t be there because he hadn’t reached as far as his backside.

“Fuck…What the shit!”

He stumbled back, crashing into the bathroom cabinets. It would have been much more terrifying had he not had a semblance of what he was seeing and feeling. He had gotten the talk and read the books, so he knew that these changes were specific to male Omegas. But he couldn’t believe that. There was no such thing as an Alpha spontaneously turning into an Omega. In fact no class had ever been promoted or demoted physically.

“That fucking bite,” he cursed. Though it felt like a stretch to assume some random dead had changed him, it was the only possible answer he could think of. But what if it wasn’t random? What if this was what bites did now because somehow the virus had evolved?

He ran a hand over his forehead as the shock worsened. He prayed no one had heard him screaming, especially Simon. And now it seemed to make sense why his Alpha nature was setting off his senses. Still he refused it. He mustered up the most powerful growl he could within his throat, but it just didn’t come out the same. There wasn’t any power behind it like there had been before.

It didn’t mean anything though. He was just having an off day and possibly a sore throat. He wasn’t an Omega, he was still an Alpha and a true one at that.

Negan marched down the hall with Lucille at his side, doing his best not to think and feel anxious. He especially tried not to think about what he’d do about his Omegas. What would they think when
he suddenly stopped screwing them? He growled under his breath, the sound of it coming out soft and weak.

Up ahead were two Alphas and a Beta talking and laughing together. Right away Negan sensed them like never before. They looked up when they saw him coming and automatically turned to drop to their knees. But there was hesitation in their movements as they froze and stared at him. Negan came to a stop before them and puffed out his chest.

“Got a fucking problem?”

“N-no sir,” said one of the Alphas as he and the others fully dropped down to their knees. Rather than bow their heads, they looked up at him. Their gazes were unreadable.

“Sir, are, are you alright?” asked the Beta.

“Why the hell wouldn’t I be?” Negan demanded.

He didn’t answer right away. Negan knew they had to have sensed something off just as Simon had. It pissed him off to think that everyone might be able to tell, but it didn’t matter what their noses were telling them. He was still an Alpha and always would be.

“No reason,” the Beta answered as his eyes examined his form closely.

Negan turned on his heels, ignoring the feeling of their eyes on him.

He came up to the doctor’s office and hesitated before entering. The last thing he wanted to do was start sharing his personal changes but he didn’t see another option.

However the doctor wasn’t present. Instead he found two of his ladies waiting inside, Amber and a dark haired woman named Tanya. This time Negan’s senses weren’t hit as strongly like with the Alphas and Beta. The scents of the women were more subtle and barely noticeable, when before he could sense an Omega from a mile away. He got a whiff of their fear, and then it changed as they focused on him while dropping to their knees.

“Where’s the doctor?”

“Lenny and Jake took him,” Tanya said, referring to two of his Alphas. “They said they needed to talk to him.”

“Where?”

“The main room,” she said slowly.

Tanya was narrowing her eyes at him as though she was having trouble seeing while Amber looked confused and disturbed. Negan gave a growl before turning away and shutting the door behind him. He could just imagine them gossiping to the other women, wondering why they didn’t feel his powerful essence. Still he reminded himself that he was still an Alpha. The bite had clearly messed up his pheromones but the doctor would be able to fix it and find a way to pump up his dick. Things could still go back to normal.

Any Alpha, Beta, or Omega that he passed followed the routine of going to their knees, yet there was hesitation. There were dumbfounded looks and a few raised eyebrows. Negan just kept his chest puffed out and looked straight ahead.

When he made it to the stairwell he saw a nice crowd had formed around his two Alphas Lenny and
Jake who were hovering over the doctor asking questions. The Beta was naturally nervous, but he was holding his own against them.

“I’m telling you I had nothing to do with it. Why would I?”

“I know you felt sorry for her. Had a soft spot for her,” Lenny growled.

“No, you’re wrong.” Dr. Carson exclaimed.

With the crowd so focused on the scene they hadn’t noticed Negan’s appearance. Negan once again noticed the strong Alpha and Beta scents that were much more intense with so many of them in the room. Nonetheless he called their attention when he started banging Lucille on the rail. Naturally they kneeled.

“Would anyone mind telling me what the hell is going on here? And why the hell I wasn’t informed if there’s a problem?”

“Sir,” Lenny began. “One of the Omegas escaped last night.”

Negan narrowed his eyes.

“Which one?”


“And what proof do you have that this was the doctor’s doing?” He felt a little more confident being above them where his screwed up scent couldn’t distract them. He did, however, fail to notice that some were giving him curious looks.

“I caught him being sweet on her more than once,” said Lenny. “I figure he had her run somewhere so he could have her all to himself.” He turned his narrowed eyes to the doctor. “Alphas come first when it comes to Omegas.”

“They don’t deserve a turn!” some Alpha shouted from the back causing some of the Alphas to applaud and cheer.

Negan pounded Lucille against the rail again.

“That is not how we run things around here!” The Alphas fell silent as Negan started to pace. “Now historically speaking, Alphas have always had first dibs at Omegas because they are ours rightfully so. But we’ve learned that a Beta has enough of a dick to get their freak on so who are we to stop it. They are just as deserving at having a shot and you goddamn well know it. As long as they racked up enough points. Did we forget about sharing?”

Lenny looked a little ashamed of himself and dropped his eyes along with the Alphas who had cheered. Those that were watching Negan closely nudged others and whispered quietly.

“No, we didn’t forget,” said Lenny. “But, she couldn’t have escaped on her own.”

Negan laid the bat against his shoulder as his eyes dropped to the doctor.

“I think I’d like to hear from the man of the hour himself.”

Dr. Carson swallowed a few times before gathering up his courage.

“Sir, I swear to you, I didn’t have anything to do with her escape.”
“Were you sweet on her like they say?” Negan provoked, smirking at the thought of the doctor screwing an Omega. The image was ridiculous in his mind.

“No. Not like that. I… I liked her fine, as a friend, but…”

Negan’s attention drifted from the doctor when he noticed Simon entering the room and giving him that same curious stare that made him feel wary. It was then that he noticed the few Alphas giving him the same curious looks he’d encountered before. They could sense it from where he stood, and more were becoming aware of it as Betas and Omegas lifted their heads. Those that noticed rose to their feet without being prompted and stared at him.

Negan growled softly and tried to dismiss the rising beats of his heart. He looked to the side of the room where some of his Omega ladies were standing. Sherry was among them and she was giving him a look of wonder.

He gripped Lucille tightly and turned back to the doctor who had apparently finished stating his case. He had missed most of it, but what was important was getting the doctor out of the situation so he could be fixed.

“You know what, I believe you doc. You may have been sweet on her, but it’s only natural. And the last thing we need right now is to turn on each other. One Omega got away, but we’ll get her back, I guarantee it. No more hassling the doc. Get back to work so we can run this pack the way it’s meant to be run, which is discussing any problems with your Alpha first.”

The rest rose to their feet but no one made a move to leave. The curious stares were now expressed upon all their faces, and it only made Negan’s heart thump faster. He even noticed it on Dwight who moved forward to get a better look. Negan shook it off and glared as he raised himself to his fullest height.

“Did you fucking hear what I said?!” He began to pound Lucille along the rail emphasizing each of his next words. “Get… back… to work… right… NOW!”

“Something’s, not right,” said Lenny. He was narrowing his eyes at him and cocking his head.

“Something’s different about you,” someone said from the back.

“Get back to work,” he ordered in a dangerously low voice. Still no on moved. Instead they broke out in whispers.

Negan snarled and made his way down, swinging Lucille for effect.

“Am I going to have to make myself clear with Lucille?”

Lenny and Jake raised themselves up and took a whiff.

“What the hell’s going on?” Lenny dared to demand. “Why the fuck do you smell like a fucking Omega?”

Negan was taken aback but he didn’t let it show. The crowd started murmuring as tensions began to rise. Negan rose himself up and issued a low warning growl.

“Did you forget who you’re talking to?” Lenny didn’t answer so Negan continued. “I don’t have to explain a damn thing to you.”

“It’s the other Omegas right?” The audience looked at the doctor. Negan too was surprised to hear
some form of defense for him coming from him. “He sleeps with them, so naturally the scent rubbed off on him.”

“That’s bullshit and you know it,” Jake growled. “That doesn’t happen.”

“Then what’s going on?” someone else shouted.

“Tell us Negan!” another cried.

“He doesn’t smell like an Alpha no more! He changed!” came another.

“Is it gonna happen to us?”

“What the hell is happening?”

“He was bit!” Faces turned to Simon as he made his way forward. “Yesterday, when we were hunting down a pack. He didn’t want anyone to know, and I was going to be the one to put him down. But the thing was he didn’t die.”

The nasty feeling of betrayal enveloped Negan as he frowned at his once loyal lieutenant.

“But that changes nothing. He’s still our Alpha and a true one at that considering he survived.”

The feeling dropped as Negan felt a wave of appreciation when he heard the rest, however it wasn’t a strong enough argument for the watching crowd.


There were gasps and people moving away as Negan decided to reveal the truth at last by lifting his shirt.

“There, so you all know Simon’s not a fucking liar.” He turned on the spot, showing it off so everyone could see. “I was bit, but I survived. You know why? Because I’m a true Alpha goddamn it and leader of this goddamn pack! You will continue to do as I say when I say it how I say it! Do I make myself clear!”

There was momentary silence before someone from the back broke it.

“No!”

“Excuse me! Who said that?!” Negan demanded. He didn’t receive any help from the Alphas who would automatically point out the problem. The surprised and curious looks were now shifting into glares. Some of the Betas and Alphas began to growl challengingly at him, causing his heart to pound painfully in his chest. He could sense the rising aggression which was becoming overwhelming. What was worse was that it was triggering the need to take flight instead of fight. He gripped Lucille, hoping to draw strength, but found he just couldn’t make it happen.

“On your knees,” he ordered while issuing a growl of his own. “I’m still your Alpha damn it, now get on your knees before I take Lucille to each and every one of your heads!”

Everyone was stationary.

“GET ON YOUR GODDAMN KNEES!”

“We don’t take orders from fucking Omegas!” a random Alpha cried.
Suddenly several Alphas as well as Betas surged forward, grabbing his arms before he had a chance to defend himself. Lucille was ripped out of his hand as they grabbed his shoulders and forced him down.

“HAVE YOU LOST YOUR FUCKING MINDS!”

He called out to Simon, then Dwight, but both were reluctant to lend a hand with so many rebelling. He cursed those that held him down and threatened to make their deaths long and slow but his words didn’t faze them.

“Omegas don’t run shit in this pack! It’s Alphas only!” Lenny cried.

“I’m your fucking Alpha,” Negan growled as he glowered at them all.

“Not anymore you’re not.”

In an instant, Negan felt something strike him from behind, before everything faded to darkness. The last thing he saw was a pack that had once feared and respected him, now staring at him with disgust.

Chapter End Notes

And Negan's been removed from power. Naturally it keeps going downhill for him from there. it's kind of tempting to want to see the Saviors take him now that he's an Omega, but that would be a different story as I have Negan reserved for Rick. But if anyone wants to make a story of Omega Negan/Alpha saviors, I'd love it :)

Hope you guys have a good holiday. As always, I appreciate the reviews :)}
Negan groaned and ran a hand tiredly over his head as he started coming to.

“Bastards.”

The anger only increased when he realized he’d been placed in one of the cells. What made it worse was that the floor was cold, and the reason it was so noticeably cold was because he was missing his pants and underwear. The anger subsided as his cheeks burned at the thought of his pack having viewed his now tiny package.

“Fuck…Fuck, sick bastards…”

Had they touched him? Had they…

He paused when he saw his pants and boxers in a corner and scrambled over to retrieve them. He leaned against the far wall, away from the door, and put them on with shaky fingers. They thought he was an Omega now and he was aware how impatient they could be when it came to fucking. They had been angrier than needy at the time, so it was possible nothing had been done. Surely he would have felt sore if they’d mounted him.

No. He wouldn’t believe that his own pack would violate him. They hadn’t been that desperate after losing Sara. They may have temporary lost respect for him, but they wouldn’t do such a thing to their own leader.

He marched over to the door, shaking it violently. Seeing that it was clearly locked, he started pounding against it.

“HEY! LET ME OUT OF HERE GODDAMN IT! LET ME OUT!”

An hour of pounding proved to be pointless, so he resigned himself to the far wall to wait.

In that time he kept trying to make sense of it all, but it was impossible. It still didn’t make sense that a dead one could alter him in such a way. He knew he was still an Alpha, even if his transformed equipment and pheromones said otherwise. He could feel it deep down, so why couldn’t the others see it? It was as if they never knew him.

“I’m a fucking Alpha,” he growled, giving the door a stone cold glare.

It didn’t make sense for him to be anything else. He was an Alpha through and through and always would be, and he would get them to see it.

The sound of the lock clicking alerted him, but he didn’t jump to his feet as Simon entered the frame. He was holding a simple sandwich in his hand.
“Hungry?” he asked as he waved it. Negan just stared him down.

“I think you’re smart enough to know I don’t want a fucking sandwich right now Simon. What the hell’s going on?”

Simon sighed and dropped his eyes.

“Everything’s gone crazy. The Alphas are talking now, trying to figure out what to do with you, but they’re closing in on an idea."

“What to do with me,” he said slowly with enough edge to his tone to rattle an Alpha. But Simon didn’t look rattled at all. “Did you all forget who’s in charge here? If any of you think you can take my place—”

“I don’t want to take your place.”

“Really?” Negan asked disbelievingly. “After the way you just stood by and let those ungrateful pricks jump my ass? You and Dwight, and all my lieutenants.”

“We wouldn’t have stood a chance if we tried to stop them. Besides, I was still in shock with you being an Omega now.”

“I AM NOT AN OMEGA!”

Simon averted his eyes while Negan quietly fumed.

“Yeah, I don’t think anyone’s gonna agree,” Simon replied. “I tried telling them, then they decided to find proof so they…well…”

He gestured to his pants. Negan bared his teeth and looked him straight in the eyes.

“Did they fuck me Simon? Were they that sick?”

“No. They didn’t touch you, I swear,” Simon assured him. “I couldn’t stop them, but I was there the whole time to make sure.”

“Fuck.” He couldn’t look at Simon anymore, knowing that he’d been exposed. Had it been before the change he would have delighted in them all having a good look, but not anymore of course.

“It was only a select few who…saw,” Simon added while averting his eyes again. “They didn’t do it in front of everyone.”

“Get me out of here so I can get Lucille, and straighten their asses out.”

“It’s not gonna work. As far as they’re concerned, you don’t run this pack no more.”

“So what, they’re just going to kick me out of here. Banish me from my own house and home?”

At this Simon shifted awkwardly on his feet and scratched the back of his neck nervously.

“Actually, they’re thinking about keeping you, as a replacement for that Omega.”

It was the last thing Negan expected to hear. Wide-eyed he got to his feet.

“You better be fucking joking.”
“I wish I was.”

Negan could tell that Simon was sorry this was happening, and it gave him some hope that he still had someone on his side. He started to speak but was interrupted by a voice outside the cell.

“Simon! Hurry up and feed that Omega. We got a meeting to wrap up.”

“Taking orders from someone else now?” Negan asked grimly.

“No, but I can’t take them from you, can I.”

The curious look that Simon first sported upon sensing his change, returned.

“How about one more time, for old time’s sake?” Negan asked while ignoring his rising anxiety.

“Fetch me the doctor, and Mr. Smarty-pants while you’re at it and we’ll figure this shit out. We’ll make it right. Show them all I’m not a fucking Omega.”

“Why the hell does anyone follow that prick? He’s a Beta,” Daryl said as he trailed alongside Rick who was leading his group made up of Sasha, Rosita, Tara, Michonne, Carl, and Jesus toward the gates of the Hilltop pack. They had just attempted to talk Gregory into putting an end to their servitude and finding a way to defeat Negan and his Saviors. Unsurprisingly Gregory had put his foot down, yet there were a few in his pack that expressed interest.

“Betas can take charge, especially when there’s no Alphas,” said Jesus, “Although, I would’ve liked it to be another Beta instead.”

“We don’t need his approval,” Sasha stated. “His pack wants to fight.”

“And we can train them,” said Rosita.

“We still need more,” Rick told them.

“We’ll get them,” said Michonne confidently. She tossed him a look of pride, causing Rick to puff out his chest just a little.

After contemplating it long enough, Rick had gathered the Alexandrians together to inform them that they would be fighting. When it came down to it, he knew it just couldn’t work in the long run. They couldn’t continue to let the Saviors take as they wanted, leaving them on the edge of survival. Rick only wished he’d decided sooner.

“I think I might know where we can get more,” Jesus said as he blocked the gates.

“Where?” Rick asked.

“I think it’s time you met King Ezekiel,” he said, smiling.

“King?”

A few hours later, Simon managed to fulfill Negan’s request by bringing Dr. Carson and Eugene to his cell. Negan had straightened himself up, hopeful that he’d hear from one of the two why this had happened to him and what the solution was. The most Dr. Carson was able to do was give him a check-up. Once he finished, his face turned grim.
“I’m, I’m sorry sir, but this is far out of my field of expertise.”

“How about we fetch the body? Would it be in your fucking field of expertise then?”

“Even if you managed to find which of the dead bit you, I wouldn’t know what to look for or how to use it to reverse what happened to you, sir. I just, I don’t have any explanation for this.”

Negan turned to Eugene.

“What about you smarty-pants?”

“I must agree with the good doctor under these circumstances. For one thing we don’t have the proper tools or equipment of any kind to uncover why an Alpha, a true one at that, would suddenly metamorphosize into an Omega from a walker bite. It’s a supernatural phenomenon of which I have no knowledge. I am, very sorry.”

The disappointment at not having any answers, but more importantly not having any solutions, wasn’t totally shocking, yet Negan’s stomach dropped as though it had been.

“So what you’re telling me, is that I’m screwed,” he said flatly.

“With all due respect, I don’t find being an Omega something to be ashamed of,” Eugene said, breaking the temporary silence. “The good news is you survived. I think you should take pride that you made it, Alpha or not.”

Negan just wanted to slap him. When he had first taken Eugen from Alexandria, he hadn’t expected to get much use out of him being he was an Omega, but the man had surprised him with his intelligence. Still it didn’t save him from having to do the grunt work like other Omega males, but that didn’t prevent Negan from seeking an idea or two from him when he needed another’s input. He didn’t mind smart and talented Omegas, but there was no way in hell they could ever rise to such a high rank as second in command.

“Well, with all fucking due respect,” Negan growled. “It is something to be ashamed of. I don’t give a damn what either of you say, or what the pack thinks. I know I’m an Alpha.”

They left him to sulk in his cell, with nothing else to say.

For the rest of the day, Negan sat against the far wall in the quietness, rage bubbling under the surface. He wasn’t sure what else he could do at the moment except continue to order Simon to change the others’ minds or let him out. He had considered requesting a meeting with his once loyal Alphas, but feared it would worsen his situation if there was talk of making him a replacement Omega. He couldn’t deny the fact that he was outnumbered, especially if they’d sent word to the Alphas at the outposts.

He lost track of time by the time he received a new visitor who gave a gentle knock on his cell door.

“Negan? It’s Sherry.”

Negan perked up and smiled. He had been so focused on what the Alphas were doing he hadn’t thought about what the Omegas thought of this. Surely they would set things straight, being they knew exactly what he was.

“Well aren’t I lucky to have the pleasure of your company. But if you came for a quick fuck, I’m
sorry to say I’m not up to it right now.”

Sherry didn’t answer right away, and Negan feared he might have scared her off.

“I don’t understand what happened.”

“You and me both darling. Not even the doc has a clue. What the hell’s going on out there? Don’t tell me those damn Alphas have gone on a frenzy for my ladies.”

“No. Right now they’re all talking about you. I don’t know what’s going to happen to us.”

Negan stood and crossed the room to be closer.

“Talk to Simon. He’ll keep an eye out for you, until I straighten this mess out.” When she didn’t respond he continued. “I’m still in charge so you have nothing to worry ab-

“You’re an Omega,” she said sharply, catching him off guard. The anger he’d had bristled as he gave a warning growl which was once again, powerless.

“No. I’m still who I’ve always been, and I could use your help in getting out of here so I can prove it.”

Sherry surprised him when she gave a soft laugh.

“You’re an Omega now, whether you want to accept it or not. And as crazy as it is right now…I’m glad this happened. I’m glad it happened to you, because now you’ll know the pain we’ve had to go through as your Omegas. Now you’ll know what it feels like and what we feel every day when we see an Alpha’s face! It’s going to be so much worse for you and I can’t wait to see it.”

Negan stared at the door, lost for words as the betrayal struck his heart like an arrow. The feeling of delight he’d had from her presence was immediately diminished not only because of her words but how she’d said them; like she hoped it would be worse, like she wanted him to suffer. Sure she’d always given him a hard time, but he had always looked at it as playful banter. Sherry cared about him despite the times he acted like an asshole. They all had to, because they were his Omegas and it was only natural that they love and respect him.

“Sherry.”

He hated that it came across as begging, but he couldn’t afford to lose her.

“I just wanted you to know that,” she said briskly.

“Sherry.”

The response he got was the sound of her footsteps drifting away.

Chapter End Notes

Naturally Negan's not happy to be labeled an Omega, so doesn't look like he's accepting this anytime soon.
I was happy to have Sherry express her anger for how he treated her and the others in the way she did.
More soon :)

Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

An unexpected situation with Negan causes Dwight to seek help elsewhere

Chapter Notes

Thanks for the reviews guys :) Keep enjoying

Negan hadn’t realized he had fallen asleep until he felt someone shaking his shoulder hard. He slowly opened his eyes to see someone standing over him with a bat at his side.

“Hey, get up. Come on”

“Simon…what the hell?” he asked groggily.

“You gotta get out of here.”

He raised himself up and ran a hand over his face.

“What’s going on?”

“I’m helping you escape, but we gotta do it now,” Simon said quickly before peeking outside the cell. He hurried back and started pulling him up. “The others are gonna turn you into their bitch if you don’t go now.”

“Those idiots can’t still think I’m a-”

“They do and they already sent word to the outposts. There’s no talking them out of it. It’s over.” Negan studied him, but said nothing, so Simon continued. “You have to leave the Sanctuary. Maybe when things cool down here they’ll have more sense, but for now…”

“We both know what the odds are of that happening,” he said, disheartened. “The most powerful Alpha in the pack becomes an Omega in their eyes. It’s like finding a million dollars, so what are the chances they’ll get their senses straight?”

Simon didn’t respond, but his fallen expression was enough of an answer. Negan had led the men long enough to know what kind of Alphas he was dealing with; or at least he thought he had.

“Thought so. I’m a fucking trophy.”

“Come on while they’re all asleep,” Simon insisted.

Though he was pleased that Simon was helping him leave, it felt odd to realize that it truly meant abandoning the Sanctuary, as well as the pack despite how they were currently behaving.
He handed Lucille over which Negan took gratefully before following him down the hall.

Dwight yawned as he sat up in bed. He didn’t feel as though he’d gotten enough sleep, what with the all-day conversations about their Alpha’s new status. He himself had offered little input in the matter. Up until the change, he found his feelings on his Alpha shifting. It had never been easy for him to accept or see the man all over his Omega Sherry, but he had finally reached his breaking point. It was time to find a way out. Then out of the blue their great Alpha had become an Omega, and everything became chaos. After long debates it was decided that he would become just another Omega to fill their needs.

Well Dwight had no interest in taking part. As long as he could free Sherry from the Omega pool, he didn’t care what they did with the man.

Then again, he had begun to harbor a strong desire to see him dead.

“What the hell are you talking about!” a voice shouted from the other side of his door. Following the voice came more shouts, then the sound of people running.

Dwight quickly threw something on and opened the door just as a Beta was running by.

“Hey, what’s going on?” Dwight asked.

“It’s Negan. He’s gone.”

The Beta took off. After a moment Dwight followed him and a few others to Negan’s cell.

There was already a crowd there, mainly made up of disappointed Alphas. Dwight squeezed through to see Simon at the front talking with two Alphas that were hovering within the room. One of them was Lenny.

“Beats me how he did it,” Simon was saying. “Whoever locked it last night obviously did a shitty job.”

“Or somebody let him out,” Lenny growled. “Hoping to get a little midnight snack.”

“Everyone agreed not to touch him last night,” said the second Alpha.

“Clearly someone’s not willing to follow the rules,” Lenny argued.

“How can we when no one’s in charge?”

“As second in command, that duty naturally falls to me,” Simon said while gesturing at himself.

“What about Gavin, or Dwight?” a Beta from the crowd asked.

“We can’t have that many true Alphas over the pack,” someone argued.

“They’re not true Alphas!”

“No one’s true!”

“I’ll be our Alpha!”

Dwight looked from one face to the other as the pack clearly showed signs of falling apart. He looked away and noticed Sherry coming forward, drawn to the commotion. Dwight made a beeline...
for her and pulled her aside.

“Dwight, they’re saying Negan escaped.”

He noticed the look of fright on her face and rubbed her shoulders to provide what little comfort he could without the others noticing.

“Yeah. They don’t know how, but that doesn’t matter. Shit’s hitting the fan without a pack leader, and that means we gotta get out of here before they tear each other apart.”

“What about the other women? I don’t think I can leave them.”

“You can’t stay. They might listen to Simon, or even Arat, but I don’t know how long they can keep control. This is our chance to be together.”

Someone issued a sharp whistle to quiet them all down.

“Enough! Now is not the time for this!” Lenny shouted. “One of our Omegas just escaped, and we’ve gotta do something about it.”

Regardless of the lack of morale, Rick still believed there was a chance. It hadn’t been easy to hear the king turn down his offer to join the fight. It was as though they’d lost a battle, but he was determined.

Rick made his way into the kitchen and snooped through the fridge for something that would make a quick lunch. Footsteps stole his attention and he turned to see Carl.

“Hey, you hungry?” he asked. “We got plenty, but looks like we might have to go on a run soon.”

“No, I’m not,” he grumbled.

Rick tossed him a concerned look as he watched him take a seat at the table. He already knew what was wrong.

“Son, I know it’s hard, but we got to stay positive. We’ll get through this.”

“Doesn’t seem like it,” he said aggressively. “No one wants to fight. It’s bullshit.”

“Watch your mouth,” Rick warned with a slight growl for emphasis. Though he saw Carl as capable of taking care of himself, he was still a pup that needed to be reined in. Rick had come to such a conclusion after learning he ran off to try and kill Negan on his own.

Carl drew back and sighed.

“It’s just…what if no one helps?”

“They will,” Rick countered. “I think we’ve got more of a shot with the king than Gregory, but some of the folks at Hilltop want to fight. We’ll work with what we got so far, and get more.”

Carl considered his words before smiling.

“We can do it. We can stop them.”

Rick smiled at his determination. He could see his son becoming a great Alpha one day.
“Without a doubt,” he agreed.

A sudden knock on the door broke the moment. Rick moved to answer it along with Carl, and waiting on the other side was Michonne who was looking a little pissed off.

“We have a visitor from the Sanctuary."

“Who?” Rick curled his fingers into fists. The last thing they needed were the Saviors coming in to snoop on them.

“Dwight. They have him in the cell, but Rosita and Aaron are doing all they can to keep Daryl from trying to kill him.”

“Did he come alone?”

“Yes. He says he has something important to tell you.”

Rick wasn’t sure what to make of the news. It wasn’t like Negan to send a messenger when he would gladly come in person to update him on any changes.

“Let’s go talk to him.”

Carl and Michonne fell in step behind him as he walked toward Morgan’s jail which was apparently housing its first prisoner.

Rosita, Aaron, and Daryl weren’t the only ones there. Tara was there, as was Sasha who had her rifle pointed straight at Dwight’s head. Rick moved to the front to see the blonde Savior looking anxious yet confident as he stood in the center of the cell.

Daryl, Rosita, and even Tara were all growling under their breaths as they stared at him with murderous eyes. But out of the three Daryl was a second away from springing on him. Rick held up a hand, commanding them to calm themselves which they did, however Daryl required a firm grip on the shoulder to settle down.

Rick turned to Dwight, observing the Beta as a way to get a read on him before he started. All he had to do was sharpen his eyes in just the right way and square his shoulder to command Dwight’s full attention and let him know he wasn’t in the mood for tricks.

The Beta backed away, but held his ground.

“What the hell do you want?” he demanded coldly.

“I’m here to talk about Negan.”

The aggression from the others behind Rick grew.

“What about him?”

Dwight dropped his eyes momentarily as if the words were on the floor.

“Something’s happened. It sounds crazy, but it’s true. A few days ago Negan was bit.”

Rick exchanged looks of interest with the others.

“So he’s dead,” Daryl stated. “You here to tell us you’re taking over?”
“No. He’s still alive. It didn’t kill him. It changed him.” Rick frowned, not certain where he was going with this. “It changed him into an Omega.”

No one laughed or said anything in response. They simply stared at Dwight. Rick’s frown deepened.

“What are you playing at?” he asked as a growl began to rumble in his throat.

“I’m not, I’m telling the truth. It was a shock to all of us when we found out. Negan’s an Omega now. The pack took him down and threw him in a cell.”

“He’s insane,” Sasha muttered.

“Bullshit” Daryl declared.

“Do you really expect us to believe that?” Rick challenged.

“It’s some stupid trap,” Tara suggested with serious aggression in her tone. “We should just kill him. He deserves it.”

“Tara,” Rick warned.

“Why are we even listening to him?” she argued. “After what he’s done. He killed Denise.”

“She’s right,” Daryl agreed as he lunged for the man.

Rick didn’t stop Daryl as he grabbed him by the throat and threw him against a wall. In a flash he pulled a knife and held it an inch from his eye. Dwight didn’t seem fazed, just sadly tired.

“Start talking,” Daryl demanded.

“Why are you really here?” Rick demanded, eyes boring into Dwight’s as he moved closer.

“That’s why,” Dwight said in a low voice. “To tell you about Negan. To let you know, he escaped. It’s chaos at the Sanctuary. The pack’s decided to find him, and claim him.”

“Let’s say I believe you. Why should I give a shit?” Rick prodded.

“Because this is your chance. Your chance to find him, and claim him before the others do.”

The frown on Rick’s face dropped as he stood there, stunned at what Dwight was saying. Daryl pulled back as he too couldn’t believe his ears.

“This guy’s out of his mind,” Michonne declared.

“Way out,” Rosita agreed.

“Like I said, it’s all bullshit,” Daryl growled.

Rick found himself getting just as frustrated as Daryl and the others were as he and Tara started to growl again. It was utter nonsense and a complete waste of time.

“I can’t promise Daryl won’t kill you,” he said heatedly, “unless you start making sense this conversation’s over.”

“It was a pack agreement,” Dwight explained. “We don’t have an official Alpha in charge anymore, so it was decided whoever claimed Negan as theirs, would be the next true Alpha of the Saviors. I’m
not saying you claiming Negan would make you our leader, but it could put a stop to the Saviors.”

“How?”

“You could gain their respect.”

At this both Tara and Rosita laughed.

“Are you serious?” Rosita asked. “That is the most ridiculous thing I’ve ever heard.”

“The Saviors don’t respect anyone,” Aaron chimed in.

“It’s a chance,” Dwight argued. “I know most of the pack can be assholes—"

"Like you,” Daryl interrupted, but Dwight continued.

"But they will follow and respect an Alpha that’s strong enough. Being a Beta, I can’t do it.”

“That doesn’t guarantee they’ll stop trying to take from us, or stop trying to kill us,” said Rick. When Dwight had nothing to say to that possibility, Rick glanced back at the others before continuing. “This doesn’t make any sense. If any of what you said was remotely true, why would you want to stop them?”

Dwight glared at him and made a fists.

“Because I’m done. I thought I could make it in that pack, but I realized I couldn’t as long as Negan had my Omega. She was his because she wanted to protect me. There was no saving her or getting away as long as he was in charge. I wanted him dead, for the misery he caused us both. Then he turns and now we have a chance to leave. But if a Savior gets to Negan, it’ll be the same shit all over again. They’d track us down and kill us.”

“Why should we give a shit about you?” Daryl growled. “After what you did.”

“Negan owned me, but not anymore. I don’t expect you to give a shit about what happens to me and Sherry, but what about yourselves? I know you want to end the Saviors, and this is how to do it, without bloodshed. Believe me.”

Daryl looked at Rick who, like the others, didn’t know what to make of Dwight’s story. The whole thing still came across as nonsense.

“You expect us to just let you go?” Rick asked.

“All I want to do is take care of Sherry, but Negan has to pay for what he’s done.”

“Where’d he go?” Rick continued.

“I don’t know. But I’ll keep an eye out and send word. I’ll do what I can to slow the Saviors down in finding him. Give you a fair shot.”

Several minutes later, after a brief heated argument, Rick and his pack were watching as Dwight walked out the gates of Alexandria. There was a feeling of regret, but Rick didn’t give the order to bring him back.

“We should’ve killed him,” Daryl insisted.
Rick took in the rage plastered on his face then looked around at Tara who was sitting on the porch of one of the houses looking just as pissed at his decision. The whole thing was so insane a part of him had trouble believing it had happened, particularly at a time when he was ready to fight. But Dwight had triggered a fantasy he hoped to cling to when he said there’d be no bloodshed. One where they would all come out of the fight alive. Besides that wish he didn’t have the numbers. He didn’t have any option except to try harder to find more soldiers for a war he wanted to avoid but hoped to win.

Dwight offered an option, but it was crazy. Crazier still was allowing him to return to the Sanctuary to divulge all he’d learned, especially when it came to Daryl. He could easily report that they were hiding the fugitive Beta. That in turn would only make the Saviors come down harder on their pack.

“Maybe. Maybe letting him go is a mistake,” Rick agreed. “But after what he said about Negan-”

“You don’t believe that shit?” asked Rosita. “An Alpha turning into an Omega.”

“No. People get bit, they die and turn into walkers. What he’s saying is ridiculous.”

“You think it was a trick?” asked Michonne.

“I can’t figure out how. He doesn’t have anything to gain by telling us that story.”

“So why’d you let him go?” Carl asked.

“Because I’m not so sure he’s lying about Negan being overthrown.” He exchanged a glance with Aaron who nodded.

“I always thought it was a little impossible that Negan could control that number of people,” he told them.

“If Negan is out there, then we need to find him.”

“You’re not going to claim him, are you dad?”

“No,” Rick said, as a vicious growl started in his throat. “I’m going to kill him.”

Chapter End Notes

So Rick's updated on what's happened with Negan, but naturally he finds it hard to believe. Well, he'll take the part about Negan running off as possibly true, and of course it's his goal to kill the man that put them through so much pain. Rick can't fathom the idea of claiming him, because that would be insane. We're getting very close to Rick getting his hands on Negan so stay tuned. ;)
Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

The hunt for Negan is on!

Chapter Notes

Took me a little bit of time to figure out how to structure this chapter, considering what’s involved.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Simon watched as a group of Alphas loaded up guns in the cars and made notes on their maps. A few conversed with one another, but for the most part they expressed enough aggression to lead into all-out brawls.

He had no idea where Negan had run off to or if he was even far enough away to find refuge. Either way, he didn’t like how the scene was making him feel. If there was one thing he agreed with when it came to the others, it was that Negan couldn’t be their leader any longer. Omegas weren’t leaders and that’s just how it was meant to be. But he had been their leader once and the idea of the Alphas, and even the interested Betas, using him didn’t sit well with Simon. He was sure he wasn’t the only one to feel that way and wasn’t surprised not to hear people stand up for Negan. It was practically suicide to go up against the majority when that majority were a powerful bunch of Alphas. Then again, he supposed most enjoyed the idea of having power over the most powerful.

“You coming Simon?” An Alpha called out when he noticed him standing nearby.

“No, I’ll stay and take the next one. Someone’s gotta watch this pack.”

Lenny cocked his gun as he walked over and moved in close so only he could hear.

“Come with me Simon. I could use your help in finding him before the others do.”

He was clearly not asking.

“I don’t see what help I could offer. We don’t have a clue where he went.”

Lenny just stared him down.

“But you know him pretty well, so you might have some ideas. I was going to ask Dwight but I can’t find his ass. Probably already out there looking. Sneaky Beta bastard.”

Simon shrugged and patted his shoulder.

“You want me, you got me.”

Reluctantly he followed Lenny to his car.
“I don’t expect this to be a fair hunt!” Lenny stated to the group. “We’re all after the same thing, but we will respect the order. Once he’s claimed by an Alpha, that Alpha will be our true Alpha without question. Now I know this was made clear the first time, but I’ll ask again. Does anyone have a problem with that!” There was a chorus of nos. “Then may the best Alpha win!”

They clapped and erupted into cheers. Simon couldn’t remember the last time he’d seen them so excited. He clapped along with them as he silently hoped that Negan wasn’t in the vicinity.

In Alexandria, Rick was also making similar preparations for the hunt as he made his way to the car with a couple of guns on his person. Michonne was slipping her katanna back into its sheath while Rosita was checking the few guns they had. Off to the side Carl was practicing his aim, always hoping to better it after losing an eye. With all the people moving in and around the scene, Rick took notice and headed over.

“You’re not coming Carl.”

“What?”

“I’m going to need you to stay here. Watch over the pack.”

“Dad, you need all the help you can get. The Saviors are out there too.”

“I know it, but a smaller group will be easier to handle.” When Carl still looked unsatisfied, he placed a hand on his shoulder. “I’d appreciate it if you protect the pack. It’ll be good practice when it’s your turn to lead.”

Carl looked into his father’s eyes, feeling touched that he was viewing him in such a way.

“Ok. I’ll keep them safe.”

Daryl came up to them, cocking his gun.

“Ready to do this?”

“More than ready,” Rick growled.

Negan gave Lucille a hard swing in the air, then did so a few more times. As light as his body now felt, he noticed the difference in his strength. He wasn’t able to put as much power in his swings as he once had. It was something to be attributed to Omegas as they were meant to be weak so an Alpha would have less trouble claiming and mounting them, should an Omega attempt to fight.

He tried not to think about it.

At the moment he’d found refuge in an empty shack that definitely wouldn’t hold against an onslaught of the dead, let alone Saviors if they stormed the place. But it was a spot to take a breather and get in a few practice swings, as well as let out frustration.

He gave an energetic cry as he swung the bat with as much force as he could muster, imagining it striking against one of his Alphas’ heads. He gave it one more swing before he stopped himself. His heart was thumping rather quickly and he hated it. He hated not having his right-hand man or any man by his side; hated that he was there alone with no other real option except to run and hide.
All in all, he hated the helpless feeling that threatened to creep over him. The only time he’d had a
taste of it was when he’d lost Lucille. But he had pulled himself together when he remembered that
he was an Alpha and Alphas had to stay strong. They couldn’t be helpless, or else they were no
better than an Omega. Aside from that his pack, which was quite small at the time, needed him.

He crossed over to one of the dusty windows as he’d been doing regularly, checking for trespassers.
There was no staying here as the shack did not offer enough cover, but he didn’t want to leave. It
was too easy to get seen out there. It was safe here. What if the Alphas suddenly rolled up on him
while he was out there? He had no weapon besides Lucille.

All those Alphas…

“Damn it.” He issued his weakest growl yet and shut his eyes.

Worrying was also something he hadn’t tasted in a while, and it was the thing that made him fear his
pack was right about him now. Caution and worry were strong attributes of an Omega.

“Fuck!”

He swung Lucille blindly, smashing her into the window, shattering glass everywhere.

Interrupting the moment was the growling of his stomach.

He set the bat down on the only table and picked up a small bag Simon had given him before he fled
the Sanctuary grounds. It contained two apples and some bread. The least Simon was able to
scrounge up before quickly helping him escape.

Negan took the apple and bit into it bitterly. Already he missed the more lavish meals he was able to
have back home. Those days were apparently over.

Once he finished his lunch, he forced himself to step out the door, ignoring the alarm bells that
warned him to stay put.

Dwight peered through his binoculars as he scouted out an old store in the distance from his car. He
was sure the odds that Negan was inside was slim, being that there were several dead wandering
around it. As far he knew Negan hadn’t had time to get a weapon, so it was unlikely he’d risk
nearing a place that was practically overrun.

He sighed and turned away. Already he was starting to regret his promise to keep an eye out for the
Alexandrians. Then he thought of Sherry and her hesitance to leave the others. It was just the thing to
make him stay a little while longer before seeking out another potential hiding spot.

Lenny whistled as he drove down the road while Simon kept his eyes peeled on the passing scenery.
He kept thinking he would just see Negan out there in the open.

“I’m feeling lucky Simon,” Lenny told him. “It’s gonna be me that gets it.”

“Oh I don’t get a chance?” Simon asked, pretending to be offended. “You know I thought most
would’ve gone solo seeing as only one man has a chance.”

“If we had the cars to spare, but I like to think it’s more fun this way. I did say I don’t expect this to
be a fair fight. Whatever they want to do to make sure they’re the one to claim him, is fine by me. Kill each other, I don’t give a shit.”

“So you would be fine, if I shot you whenever we see Negan. Give myself a nice head-start in catching the bastard?”

Lenny just chuckled.

“If you think you can pull it off, you can try. I won’t let you though. But I got a funny feeling your hearts not into claiming.”

Simon just smirked and gave a shrug.

“I never did see myself as much of a leader. I’m happy where I am.”

“Well that’s just fine by me. So long as you do your part in helping me find him.”

Simon looked out the window again, feeling quite tense though he didn’t show it.

With guns raised, Rick and Daryl carefully raided a general store. They moved quietly down the aisles and quickly took care of any random walker they came across. There wasn’t much left in supplies, but it was enough to bring back home.

They tapered off in different directions to cover more ground. Eventually they both crossed paths with Michonne and Rosita who had been covering the back of the store.

“Anything?” Rick asked them.

“No,” Rosita said, disappointed. “But you’ll hear a shot when I do find him.”

“As long as you don’t kill him.”

All three looked at Rick, confused.

“Why?”

“Because I want it to be me.”

Rosita looked ready to challenge that idea, ready to argue that she wanted to do this for Abraham. However the boldness Rick was expressing in his eyes made her relent.

“Alright.”

“Let’s go, he ain’t here,” Daryl said.

Daryl led the way back to the cars with the three Alpha ladies following behind. Rick stayed put for a moment and gave the place one last look over. He hadn’t realized until they started searching, how badly he wanted to be the one to find Negan so he could pay for the deaths of his family members.

On the opposite side of the general store, a group of two Saviors had their guns raised as they raided a bar. Both separated quickly enough doing their own solo searches, but in the end only one Savior made it out as the other was surprised by a couple of dead ones.
Negan brought Lucille down as hard as he could across a dead one’s face, causing blood and pieces of skull to coat the ground. He leaned over to catch his breath and looked back at the other corpses that littered the ground around him.

He had hoped to make it to the gas station he saw up ahead, but the place was getting swarmed too quickly for his liking.

“Fuck.”

He shook the blood off Lucille and kept moving.

Rick pulled out the map and marked off the areas they had covered.

“Do you think they could’ve found him already?” Michonne asked.

“If they did, we’ll find out one way or another.”

He did his best to stay positive, but it was wearing thin.

“That prick could be lying about the whole thing,” Daryl suggested. “Trying to get us caught.”

Rick had no words for it. He knew it was possible that it was a set-up, yet his gut was telling him otherwise.

“We’re going to keep trying,” he stated, leaving no room for argument.

They continued their hunt, searching any empty houses, stores, and even abandoned cars they came across. The frustration only grew.

Soon Rick found himself sitting in the driver’s seat on the side of the road staring at the map, wondering if it was worth it any longer. So far the only luck they’d had was not running into Saviors, but that could end at any time. There was also the chance that they were too late in finding him.

“Rick?”

He had not heard Michonne who had walked up to the window. Daryl’s words about the whole thing being a ploy had suddenly popped into his head. For all he knew Dwight could be sending Saviors over to attack Alexandria while he was sitting there trying to find a new location to search.

“Maybe this is a waste of time,” he muttered quietly as he folded up the map, “but I have to know. I don’t want to miss an opportunity.”

“So, where do we go from here?” Rosita asked.

Rick looked straight at the road ahead.

“It’s getting late. We’ll try one more spot. After that we’ll turn it around. We’re already farther away from home than we need to be.”
No one argued against the idea. Daryl jumped in the passenger’s seat while Michonne and Rosita returned to the second car they’d brought along.

What they found up ahead was a rusted old institute. There was a fence surrounding it, along with several walkers.

“Could be in there,” Rick guessed.

“Think he’d risk getting bit?” Daryl asked.

“If it really did happen once, maybe he’s not afraid to chance it.” Daryl just gave him a questionable look. “And no, that doesn’t mean I believe what Dwight said. Let’s go.”

Rick took the lead as the others followed. Upon his wave they came to a stop where they noticed part of the wire fence was broken and pulled aside. As quietly as they could they passed through. Their entrance only alerted two of the closest walkers, which Michonne instantly cut in halves.

They crossed the field quickly, but carefully with Michonne dispatching walkers along the way.

“He can’t be here,” Rosita whispered. “Too many walkers.”

But Rick pointed to a group of very smashed in walkers which showed that it was highly likely someone had been or was still present. They safely made it next to the building and proceeded up the stairs. Rick opened the door, and with guns drawn, he, Daryl, and Rosita moved in with Michonne in the back.

Right away they entered a hallway with a couple of rooms on the sides. There was a second level to the place, and god only knew how many more rooms.

“We’ll spread out like before and get this done. Me and Daryl will take the top floor.”

Michonne and Rosita gave a nod and started their search on the current floor as Rick and Daryl moved onward.

The place was quiet, and so far the only hint they had of someone being around was a few splashes of blood on the floor. With the top level being as large as it was, Rick signaled for Daryl to search one side while he did the other.

Rick passed through one dusty classroom after another, finding nothing except broken supplies, torn books, and a few dead lab mice. He kept his eyes peeled however, keeping his gun up with a finger ready on the trigger.

He kept moving, listening hard. He barely kept track of the number of rooms he was checking, but by the time he felt he’d reached the ninth room, he was starting to feel like this really was a waste of time.

Then a sudden cracking of glass had him swiveling on the spot, but he saw no one.

“Now Rick, don’t tell me you came all this way for little old me,” said a familiar voice. “I’m flattered.”
The tag 'Not a love story' doesn't imply it will be a horror story. Just want to make it clear not to expect Rick and Negan to fall in love if anyone was looking for that. I'm aware of what kind of person Rick is, especially as I watch him and others handle the war this season. There will be some tough moments, maybe brutal, and I'll be sure to put a warning in case some can’t handle it. It's interesting to see this debate on how Rick will handle Negan. But let's not panic just yet about how Rick will behave :)

Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

Rick apprehends Negan in a way that surprises himself.

Chapter Notes

The moment you've been waiting for. Or at least the start of it ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Rick had his gun pointed towards the open door of the previous room where Negan’s voice had come from, but he wasn’t standing where he could see him. Carefully he edged forward, eager to fire.

“Come on out,” Rick demanded, the aggression high in his tone. “My people are here. There’s nowhere to run.”

He continued to inch toward the door.

“I guess that’s true, seeing as I just happened to run into you. But I got news for you Rick.”

Rick made it to the doorway, and just as he started to pass it, something came down hard across his hands, knocking the gun to the floor. He had little time to realize that it had been a bat as Negan made to swing again. Rick stopped it with his bare hands and skidded backwards as Negan rammed into him, causing him to hit a table.

With a growl of rage Rick pushed him into a cabinet hard enough to hear him gasp in pain. He pushed back. Rick tripped and they tumbled to the floor, struggling. Negan was on top, grinning as he pushed the bat into his neck when Rick used enough force to roll them over and change the position so Negan was on the bottom. It hadn’t fully registered that it should’ve required more difficulty to make such a move since Negan was bigger than he was, but for the moment he concentrated on what he set out to do.

Now Rick was the one pushing the bat into his neck. Negan was pushing his hands against it, looking pissed and getting nowhere. Rick let his anger fuel him, growling viciously as he pushed down harder while staring into the man’s eyes.

Then somewhere in that moment, Rick’s force against the bat lessened.

He found himself staring, mouth practically dropping. It was as though he suddenly couldn’t recognize the man he was fighting. His hands were slipping away from the bat. Negan said nothing and did nothing as he looked back at him with something akin to hidden rage and slight fear.

“You’re...an Omega,” he said disbelievingly.

There could be no mistaking it. Negan was definitely giving off the subtle essence of an Omega
when before it had been that of a powerful Alpha, strong enough to be overwhelming.

“You don’t know what the hell you’re talking about,” Negan said in a low and dangerous voice.

Before Rick could finish processing this new reality, Negan punched him aside and made a run for it. It took a few seconds for Rick to snap out of it as he jumped to his feet and pounced on him from behind, knocking Negan to the floor again.

“Get the fuck off me!”

Rick ignored the demand as he clawed his way onto his back to hold him down. He looked for the bat but it wasn’t within reach. He looked for any other form of a weapon to end this just as Negan turned sideways, causing Rick to roll into a table.

He had a grip on the man’s jacket, so it was still a struggle for Negan to get him off. Rick started to go for a choke hold, but Negan grabbed his arms and rammed himself backwards so Rick would crash into the table again. When he lost his grip, Negan took the opportunity to crawl away. Before he could get onto his feet again, Rick was on him, jumping onto his back and pushing him into the desk and chairs. He had to get his hands on a weapon; a knife, a piece of glass, anything to put him down. Negan swung a fist and kicked a leg making Rick groan as it connected.

He was losing his grip again. There was no weapon in sight, and apparently Daryl was too far away to hear the commotion to come to his aide.

And then Rick’s eyes dropped to Negan’s exposed neck. If Negan truly was an Omega as his senses were telling him, then he would have a gland there.

Desperate to regain control, and without thinking about it, Rick moved in fast and bit down hard on the back of his neck.

To Negan, it was like he’d suddenly received an electric shock. Every nerve was on fire. His eyes widened and his mouth dropped as he fell into paralysis, a natural response for an Omega whose gland was pierced by an Alpha for the first time to ensure the Omega wouldn’t struggle and disrupt the bonding process.

Rick’s frightening growls were echoing loudly in his ears as his teeth sunk further in. Negan issued a surprised yelp as he settled against the floor, unable to command his body to move or do anything to get away. So many alarms were going off in his head he couldn’t think straight. All he could do was feel this Alpha enclosing on his person, seeping in, affecting him on a chemical level. He wanted to yell and curse, but his brain couldn’t even send the simple message to his vocal cords.

After what felt like an eternity, Rick slowly released him. Shakily he got to his feet and stared down at Negan, lying on the floor, trembling slightly. He couldn’t believe what he had just done.

Arriving late to the scene was Daryl who skidded to a stop at the door, gun drawn. Rick didn’t acknowledge him since he couldn’t turn away from the Alpha turned Omega. Daryl moved further into the room, and upon seeing Negan he immediately pointed the gun.

“Don’t,” Rick commanded quietly.

Daryl was glowering at the man and started to speak, but stopped and slowly lowered the gun; his expression shifting from surprise to confusion and back again.

“What the hell’s going on?” he asked as he shifted away from Negan. “He’s…no, it can’t be true. He’s an Alpha.”
“He was, but not anymore.” Rick took a step back as well. “Dwight was telling the truth.”

Daryl leaned in and did an experimental whiff. Then he turned a sharp, almost accusatory eye on Rick.

“I can smell something else on him. Did you claim him?”

Rick shuttered and ran a hand over his face.

“I, I wasn’t thinking. He knocked the gun out my hand and had me where I couldn’t get to a weapon. Guess I was so shocked by what he was now I acted on impulse to stop him.”

“Well you stopped him alright,” Daryl agreed.

Slowly Negan turned to his side, looking right at Rick. It wasn’t just rage etched on his face.

“Asshole,” he remarked sluggishly. “I’m not, an Omega.”

Rick crouched down and gave a warning growl.

“That why you froze up when I bit you?” he challenged.

Negan said nothing as he continued to stare back at him.

“Alright. You weren’t thinking straight,” Daryl reasoned. “At least it wasn’t a full claim. And it can be undone.”

He took aim.

“No.”

“You gonna do it?”

Rick got to his feet.

“No, I’m not.”

Daryl marched up to him, anger evident in every fiber of his being.

“What the hell do you mean you’re not! That’s what we’re here for!”

“I know why we’re here!” Rick informed him as he pushed against the Beta. “But now the plan’s changed.”

“Ain’t nothing changed,” Daryl spat. “There’s no full claim here, so what’s stopping you? Did you forget who he is?”

“I know who he is,” he said as his eyes fell to Negan again. “That’s why I want everyone to see it when I execute him.”

“I hope you’re willing to die for it Rick,” Negan said as he gave a soft chuckle. “You kill me, you’ll have my whole damn pack to deal with, and they’ll tear you ap-”

He didn’t finish his last word as Daryl quickly knocked him out. He turned his glare away from their enemy and back to Rick.

“Trust me.” If there was one person he needed on his side right now, it was his best Beta, his brother.
He looked down at the unconscious Omega as a sickening sensation erupted in his gut. He smacked his lips and spat to get the taste off his tongue. It had been a bad and reckless move to go for the bite as it was conflicting weirdly with his emotions.

Alphas bit Omegas into submission when they intended to initiate a bond for the first time. It wasn’t meant for the sole purpose of stopping a fight. It was why he felt a semblance of responsibility toward Negan and a need to keep him alive. And now the challenge would be to overcome the instinct in order to carry out the execution. What scared him now, aside from performing the bite, was not being able to overcome instinct.

“Find some rope.”

“Find it yourself,” Daryl spat.

Rick growled, but Daryl just stared him down until he relented and fetched it for the Alpha.

Ten minutes later they had Negan’s hands bound behind his back and were dragging him down the stairs. Rick’s face was just as sour as Daryl’s was as he tried to think of a way to explain what he’d done to the rest of the pack. He glanced up to see Michonne slowly walking toward him, naturally looking baffled.

“That bastard’s not…” Rosita started to say, but stopped when she came into view and saw Rick and Daryl with the so-called bastard between them.

“Rick?” Michonne questioned.

“I’ll explain on the way. Just pull the car around,” Rick panted as he loosened his grip on Negan to catch a break.

“Why the hell isn’t he dead?” Rosita demanded. “Why did…oh my god.”

Rick could see the truth had suddenly hit her. The same was happening with Michonne as she took a step back.


“What about you? Were you lying?” she asked. Seeing that Rick wasn’t following, she continued. “You said you weren’t going to claim him.”

“Rosita.”

“We’re supposed to kill him,” Michonne added as she readied her katana.

“And I still plan to,” Rick assured her. “I’m going to explain what happened, but first we need to head home. Get the car.”

Both women hesitated before turning away.

“Come on,” Rick said as he regained a better grip on Negan. Daryl didn’t move. “Daryl.”

“The pack’s not gonna like this. Not one damn bit. If something goes wrong-”

“I’m taking full responsibility for this. I know how they’ll react, which is why I could use your support.” Daryl simply glared at him, unconvinced. “Negan deserves to pay for what he’s done, in
front of everyone. When the other communities see it, they’ll join the fight. Negan’s right. His pack will come after us once we kill him.”

“As long as we kill him,” Daryl warned, which resulted in Rick returning a warning growl.

Rosita pulled the car up close and opened the trunk. Rick exhibited some hesitation before following Daryl’s lead in placing the man inside. They bound his legs for good measure then shut it. Afterwards Rick faced the women and explained what had happened. Neither seemed sympathetic for his moment of thoughtlessness, but they did brighten at the news of Negan’s public execution.

Soon enough they were all back on the road heading home. Rick kept his eyes straight ahead for the most part, but occasionally he glanced over at Daryl. Neither had said anything during the drive, and Rick had to admit it did bother him. He started to initiate conversation, but shut his mouth before he could say a word. Considering what he’d done, he felt he didn’t have the right to say anything.

Daryl was hunched in his seat looking like a kicked dog as he gazed out the window, and such a sight was a kick in the gut for Rick. He’d betrayed them without meaning to. It didn’t matter that it wasn’t intentional or a full bond. It was enough to turn their stomachs and make him wonder if it was worth the trouble of bringing Negan back. To correct the wrong he should’ve just killed him at the institute and brought back his dead body for show. Rick knew he should’ve done such a thing, but the idea hadn’t occurred to him at the time; had it, he knew he still wouldn’t have done it. Already he found the idea a little nauseating.

A Beta wouldn’t understand, but he wondered if Rosita and Michonne did. They’d claimed Omegas before, so they had to understand that odd sensation that tingled his being, telling him to keep the Omega safe. To keep his…

He shook the thought out of his head before it could fully manifest. Negan was not his Omega, and would never be. It was all biological. He initiated the move and started the chemical process that would connect them on a brand new level. A level where his interests and senses would always point him toward Negan. Where his Alpha drive would only increase with the belief that it had an Omega to fulfill his needs as nature demanded.

However the rational side of him told him this was something he could ignore. He could turn a blind eye on the evolutionary changes taking place if it meant his pack’s freedom.

He could kill Negan, and he would do so to make it right. His pack depended on him making it right.

Chapter End Notes

As a rule for this particular a/o/b universe, Rick has not fully claimed Negan yet! just partially. For an Alpha to fully claim an Omega, they’ll have to knot them. Well Rick didn't go that far and he's still determined to kill Negan, especially after thoughtlessly biting him. So it would be interesting to see what would get Rick to officially claim Negan as his Omega. Originally I had Rick just ending up knocking him out without biting him, but then I got the idea to change it up with a partial claim.
Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

Rick brings Negan home, and everyone reacts

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Rick stared apprehensively at the gates of Alexandria. The drive back hadn’t been enough time to rehearse in his head what he planned to say to the pack. He was sure no matter how he explained it, the pack would not be pleased.

The gates started to open, and the last thing he wanted to do was enter.

“Gotta face them,” Daryl said.

Rick turned to him, but he wasn’t looking his way.

“Yeah. But like I said, this is on me.”

Daryl took a moment to consider his words.

“You wanted to make sure he was caught. I get it. They will too. The hard part’s over.”

But Rick felt the hard part was only beginning as he drove the car through the gates. Several Alexandrians came wandering over, curious to know if they’d been lucky on their hunt. Rick exited the car just as Rosita and Michonne exited the car behind them.

“Dad.” Carl had come jogging up to him looking hopeful.

“Everything go alright while we were gone?”

“Yeah. But what about you, did you find him?”

He patted his shoulder and faced the newly formed crowd.

“Everyone! I’m happy to say that we were lucky. We found Negan.” The crowd erupted into applause and cheers. Rick let them have their moment of joy, before explaining the rest. “I set out to kill him, and I had every intention of doing so when I found him. But circumstances changed.”

The crowd quieted and exchanged confused looks. Off to the side Daryl, Rosita, and Michonne, watched and awaited the reaction as Rick went to the trunk and popped it open. Daryl moved forward and together they pulled the still unconscious man forward.

People gasped and many jumped back looking stunned.

“Is he alive?” a woman cried.

“Why’d you bring him here?” an Alpha male demanded.
“What’s going on?” asked another.

Rick didn’t answer as he was focusing on dropping the man to the ground.

“Rick, tell us!”

“Is that really Negan?”

He raised himself up and faced what had now become an angry mob that was ready to pounce. Coming closer to the front was Aaron who had his arm protectively around Eric as he looked down at Negan.

“Everyone, please,” Rick tried over the noise. “I’m going to explain, but you have to calm down.”

This only made them more upset as they shouted various questions and curses at him.

“Everyone!” he said louder while baring his teeth and letting out a serious growl. They closed their mouths but carried expressions of anger and skepticism. Rick started to speak when Aaron suddenly moved forward.

“Wait.” He looked shocked as he stared down at Negan, then he released a distrustful growl and stepped away. “He’s an Omega.”

He looked at Rick for confirmation and when he didn’t answer, the crowd made noises of confusion and concern.

“That’s impossible!” shouted Scott.

“But, isn’t Negan an Alpha?” Gabriel asked.

Rick placed his hands on his hips and gave a nod.

“He is, or rather, he used to be,” he informed them as he gave something of an experimental kick to Negan’s bound legs.

There were gasps of surprise and people either backing away or moving closer. Most of the Alphas were growling and glaring at Negan’s form while the rest either looked pissed or had unreadable expressions. It was similar to how they responded when Rick had told them he wasn’t in charge anymore, because Negan had taken his place.

“You’re all aware that Dwight came to visit us. I told you he brought news of Negan going on the run, but I didn’t tell you everything he told us, because it was just too crazy.” Every eye turned to Rick. “Dwight told us he was bit, and rather than ending up dead he became an Omega.”

“I don’t believe it,” said Eric.

“It’s true,” said Michonne. “Negan was an Alpha. You all sensed that when he came to Alexandria. We don’t know how it’s possible, but it is. You know it is.”

The Alexandrians had strong enough senses to tell whether someone was an Alpha or not. As Rick looked at all the faces, he could see it dawning on them that it was true.

“Dad?” Rick looked at Carl who was bending over Negan, scrunching up his nose. “Why does he, smell a little like you?”

The crowd was dead silent now. Rick shifted awkwardly on his feet, feeling like an ashamed pup.
“You claimed him,” Tobin accused.

Carl looked stricken and the outrage began to erupt from the pack all over again.

“Claimed him? You were supposed to kill him!”

“Get him the hell out of here!”

“He’s not joining this pack!” Tobin stated with an aggressive growl directed at Rick.

It was turning into chaos as some of the Alphas attempted to surge forward as if they planned to get Negan. The Betas held them back while the Omegas drifted back or curled under their Alphas. Daryl stepped up and gave a sharp whistle to settle them down to which Rick gave an appreciative nod.

“I did not claim him!” Rick explained. “It was never my intention to do so. I found him, but he knocked the gun away from me and from that point on I was weaponless. We were struggling and I didn’t have anything to stop him with, so I acted on impulse. I wasn’t thinking. But this changes nothing. I’m still going to kill him, and the reason I brought him back is so I can invite the Kingdom and the Hilltop to witness it. Until they arrive we’re keeping him in the cell. This is on me. He’s my responsibility.”

“Do you think this is, safe?” Aaron questioned. “What about the Saviors? If they find out…”

Rick looked down at Negan. He looked almost helpless, lying there bound on his side.

“They won’t find out. I’ll make sure of it. I’ll make sure we’re all safe. Now if anyone has a problem with this plan, now’s the time to say it.”

No one said a word, but Rick could sense their discomfort and eagerness to continue questioning him. He could tell from the looks on most of their faces that this was something they still needed to process. He didn’t mind, so long as it didn’t interfere with Negan in any way.

He crouched down and grabbed onto Negan’s arm. Without needing to be asked, Daryl came and took the other arm and together they dragged him to the jail cell with Negan between them once more.

Eyes followed their every move. Rick could feel them burning into the back of his neck but he ignored it as best he could.

“Went better than I thought,” Daryl grumbled.

“For now,” said Rick.

Daryl opened the cell, then helped Rick drop Negan unceremoniously onto the middle of the floor.

“You sure about this?” Daryl asked.

But Rick’s eyes were glued to Negan for the moment. He wasn’t so sure he was done processing what was happening.

“I have to be,” he said firmly. “It’s done.”

Daryl gave a shake of his head as he crouched down and began cutting the ropes. Rosita appeared with the cell keys in hand.
“The pack still disgusted with me?” he asked her.

“They’re still confused by this whole thing, but I wouldn’t say they’re disgusted with you in particular.” Her eyes shot to the obvious object of her disgust. “No one understands what’s happening.”

“Neither do I,” Rick admitted. For the first time he wondered about the walker that had the ability to alter an Alpha. Were there more out there? Was this something they were starting to develop or had developed?

“We’re going to have to be extra careful not to get bit.”

“We always are,” Daryl said as he finished cutting the ropes. He backed out of the cell and Rick moved forward to lock it.

“And we need to make sure it stays that way.”

Daryl gave Negan one last look before leaving Rick and Rosita alone to stare at their new prisoner.

“I know I screwed up,” Rick said bitterly.

“It’s not your fault,” she said with a sigh. “You were caught off guard because we couldn’t believe it was possible. I still can’t believe that asshole’s a damn Omega now. Makes me want to give him to those asshole Saviors so they can straighten his ass out. See how he likes it on the bottom for once.”

Rick felt a hint of irritation at the idea of the Savior Alphas mounting Negan.

“It is hard to believe,” he agreed.

Rosita turned a concerned eye his way.

“Are you going to be okay?”

“Why wouldn’t I be?”

“You started a claim. I know how that can affect an Alpha, especially an Alpha that hasn’t had an Omega in a long time.”

Rick almost growled but held back. He had been close to having another Omega since he lost Lori. Jessie would’ve been it, had he not had to sacrifice her to walkers to save his son.

“Sorry,” she apologized after realizing how offensive it sounded.

“No, it’s alright. I’ll be alright. This won’t affect me.”

“Good to know.”

She turned and left the jail. Rick stayed, watching Negan for a moment longer.

He felt the burning need to end his life as images of his first encounter with the man surfaced to his mind. Lives were extinguished because of this man and now he was here, still breathing. Rick shook his head at the whole situation as he turned and walked away, bracing himself to face a still angry pack.
The last thing Negan expected to see when he woke was signs of another jail.

“Are you fucking kidding me?”

He sat up and ran a hand over the back of his head, where he felt slight pain from being struck unconscious. Then, ever so slowly, he reached downward to feel the particular spot on the back of his neck where Rick had bit him. It was hard to detect, but there was a gland there that definitely didn’t belong in an Alpha. He flinched as it was still tender to the touch.

To Negan it still wasn’t the end of the world. His body was screwed up, he knew that. The only question was how long would it stay screwed up. He growled in annoyance at the fact that Rick had also been fooled into thinking he was an Omega, like his pack. He understood the confusion. The tricky part was getting everyone to wake up and realize the truth.

He ran his fingers over the gland again as doubt started to settle in his head.

He growled and walked up to the only window. He recognized the settlement and some of the people wandering about and grinned at the idea of Rick bringing him to his home. He then took in the jail itself. It was as plain as the room he used for a cell back at the Sanctuary.

He sighed as he thought about it and made his way to the far wall and settled on the floor, awaiting a visitor.

Much later in the day, Negan was alerted to his first visitor who rattled on the bars and woke him from a light snooze. He simply grinned.

“Well, Ricky boy. Did you put this together?” he asked while gesturing to his surroundings.

“It’s your temporary home,” Rick said coldly.

“Oh? This just a pit stop? Planning on sending me back to the Sanctuary?”

Rick just glared.

“You’re not going back there, because I’m going to execute you. I’m going to execute you in front of everyone. As soon as the Kingdom and the Hilltop show up.”

The grin slowly dropped from Negan’s face.

“Really,” he challenged. “You’re going to execute me. Well pardon fucking me if I don’t think you have the balls to do it.”

“You’re wrong,” Rick growled. “I’ve killed a lot of assholes. You’re no different.”

“It won’t happen.”

Rick huffed his chest and started growling. Negan shifted uncomfortably against the wall as a hint of fear actually tingled his spine. He knew it was ridiculous to be afraid of Rick, but something made him want to feel wary.

“It will,” Rick promised. “You’re not getting out of here until I say so. Your pack isn’t coming for you, now that you’re an Omega.”

“I’m not a goddamn Omega!”
He was getting tired of screaming it, but doing so didn’t rid his mind of that shred of doubt.

“Accept it or don’t accept, I don’t care,” Rick said in a low voice. “It’s over. The Saviors are over.”

"How’d you even know I was out there?"

"It doesn't matter."

Rick hovered on the spot, watching as Negan’s expression went from semi-confident to lost. Finally the man dropped his head, yet he smiled. Having seen enough, Rick turned to leave.

“Why’d you bite me?”

He asked the question in such a quiet voice Rick almost didn’t catch it. He turned back and met Negan’s eyes which were swimming with concern.

“It was the only way I could think of to stop you.”

“Don’t bullshit me. You knew I was out there, which means you must know my goddamn pack is after me.” He paused and narrowed his eyes. “You weren’t trying to claim me, were you?”

Rick saw no point in answering so he walked away, leaving the doubt in Negan’s mind to fester.

Chapter End Notes

Time for Negan to get a little comfy in that jail while Rick makes plans for his execution.
Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

Something happens with Negan that quickly affects Rick in a primal way

Chapter Notes

I’m happy to be finally writing this particular happening with Negan :D

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Naturally the first thing people wanted to know was when the execution would take place. Rick gave no exact date. Instead he explained that it would depend on when the Kingdom and Hilltop packs could come to Alexandria. To prevent members from running off to send the invites, Rick warned them about the Saviors roaming the area as he was certain they still had to be on the hunt for Negan. For the moment it was the one main worry plaguing his mind. Without Negan, they were wilder and there was little stopping them from invading Alexandria at any time. If they were going to invade them, he wanted to be ready.

Rick spread a map across his kitchen table. Daryl, Rosita, Aaron, and Michonne gathered around.

“Hopefully we’ll be able to find some more guns in these areas,” Rick said while gesturing to certain points on the map. “We haven’t combed these places thoroughly enough.”

“Well hopefully we won’t need them too soon,” said Aaron.

“It’s good to prepare, just in case,” said Michonne before turning to Rick. “When should we start?”

“How about tomorrow. Give it some time for the Saviors to clear the area, if they’re even in the area. It’ll be safer.”

“They might get desperate and come here.”

“I can’t imagine any reason for them to think Negan’s here.”

Daryl shifted uncomfortably at the statement, which Rick caught.

“Something on your mind Daryl?” he asked, though he already knew.

“The pack’s still making a lot of noise about our prisoner.”

“I don’t blame them,” he acknowledged, “But it’s my decision. Now if they’re worried that Negan’s going to find a way out, they can stop. The cell is locked around the clock and the guards are there to make sure nothing like that happens.”

“That’s not the only reason.”
Rick squared his shoulders and straightened up as he faced him.

“That’s right, it’s not. I’m not risking a pissed off Alpha or Beta sneaking in there to kill him. That job lies with me.”

“Fine.”

“And while we’re on the subject, I think we should go ahead and put a cot in his cell.” All three looked taken aback. “It’s not meant to be a dungeon. Jails have always had beds for the prisoners. This is no different.”

They traded looks but no one argued. Rick had a feeling that Michonne was ready to point out that the Saviors once took their mattresses and burned them, but she decided to walk away.

“I’ll see what we can find,” she said stiffly.

While Rick was making plans, Negan paced in his cell. Once or twice he yelled certain demands or made lewd comments in an attempt to get someone’s attention. Upon getting no response, he gave it a rest.

He sighed and eventually settled on the floor under the window. He couldn’t believe he had escaped one cell just to end up in another one. It was like a bad joke the universe was playing on him, but he didn’t find it funny at all.

With nothing to do and nowhere to go, he simply sat and wondered about the pack. Were they still intent on finding him or did they realize how stupid they were being? He issued a growl at the thought but it came out so weak it just pissed him off. He dropped his head against his hand, suddenly feeling quite tired and empty. Naturally it was quite stressful to have things flipped around without any sign of it changing back. Sure he’d had bad things happen in his life so far, but nothing to this extent.

He didn’t want to start worrying, especially as a prisoner of Alexandria. Now was the time to think strategy, yet he didn’t have much to work with. There was no Simon this time to bail him out, and he knew how Rick’s entire pack felt about him.

“Damn it.”

All the stress wasn’t good. He could feel it starting to twist his stomach in a sickeningly odd way. He supposed it was because he was starting to get hungry.

A little while later, a Beta came by with a simple sandwich on a napkin.

“What, you guys don’t have cheeseburgers? What kind of a place is this?”

The man wasn’t in a joking mood as he just dropped the sandwich between the bars and turned away.

“Nice talking to you too,” Negan called out as he got up to retrieve it.

It wasn’t a particularly good sandwich and it did little to fill the emptiness. He didn’t understand why the twisting sensation was bothering him so much, but there wasn’t anything he could do about it.
Sometime later Negan changed it up by sitting against the wall facing the bars so he could see approaching visitors. He was eager to see someone, whether they talked to him or not. The longer he sat in silence he began hoping it would be Rick coming by. At the same time he was wary about it, and he hated it. Ever since he broke the Alpha, he’d had fun constantly pulling his balls and bringing him down even further. It was always entertaining to see Rick’s infamous glare. When he imagined it however, it sent a slight chill up his spine.

It made him think about the bite, and that in turn caused him to touch his neck again.

“I’m not an Omega,” he muttered, but there was no certainty behind his tone.

He shifted uncomfortably as the emptiness increased. He pulled his knees up and just tried to relax.

Moments later, Michonne and Aaron came by carrying a thin mattress. Following behind them was Rick carrying a bucket and Daryl. Daryl had his gun pointed at Negan while Rick unlocked the cell.

“Ah, and I didn’t get you anything Rick,” Negan said, grinning.

Rick only scowled at him.

“You don’t deserve a bed after your men took ours, but I’m not like you.”

“Maybe if you were, you wouldn’t have been such a damn bitch when I broke you. Real Alphas don’t crumble.”

Rick’s scowl only deepened and Negan found himself fidgeting under his serious gaze. It didn’t help that the emptiness in his gut was rising enough to make him sick.

“You try anything,” Rick warned as he gestured to Daryl.

Negan just waved his hands in mock surrender as Michonne and Aaron entered and dropped the mattress under the window. Afterwards Rick stepped forward and dropped the bucket next to it.

“Bathroom privileges,” he explained.

“I can’t wait to set my ass down on my fancy fucking toilet.” Negan started to chuckle but stopped as the empty feeling became a bit more serious. He grimaced and curled in on himself.

“Something wrong with you?” Rick asked, though he didn’t sound concerned in the least.

“Nothing life threatening.”

“Too bad. Would’ve saved me the trouble.”

The continued scowl was becoming too much and Negan had to look away. He couldn’t understand why when before he always found it funny. He fidgeted even more as the emptiness transformed into nervousness. Rick took a step toward him and the feeling spiked. This only added anger to the equation. Anger, and the offensive idea that Rick was making him feel almost cowardly.

“What the fuck is your problem?” Negan growled. He had a good mind to blame Rick for all of the hell he’d been through. In fact he felt like knocking him on his ass, but he couldn’t sum up the energy nor the courage to do so.

Rick backed away with a curious look on his face.

“Someone will be by later with your dinner.”
“It better be a goddamn steak.”

Rick didn’t confirm it as he led the others out of the cell, then turned to lock it.

“So tell me Rick,” Negan started again. “How long is my sentencing?”

“Hopefully not long.”

Negan didn’t need to ask him to broaden his meaning.

He looked at the mattress. It didn’t compare to his bed back at the Sanctuary, not by a long shot, but it looked comfy enough to gain some relief. He crawled over and plopped down on it with a heavy sigh. Even though Rick was out of sight, the stress wouldn’t leave him. On top of that, the emptiness was traveling further than his gut.

By the time someone showed up with his dinner, Negan was curled on his side shaking. He opened glassy looking eyes to see the person, Tobin, frowning at him.

“What the fuck is wrong with me?” he gasped.

He fidgeted around on the mattress, groaning as the emptiness ignited a pressure that was building below his waist. It had him rubbing his legs together and moaning in distress.

Tobin didn’t answer. He simply slipped the food between the bars and left, but not before issuing a light growl.

The next morning, Rick made his way to the cell, feeling irritated that he hadn’t been told sooner that something odd was happening with Negan.

“Sorry Rick,” Tobin, apologized as he walked along with him. “I didn’t think it was worth getting a doctor.”

“I don’t expect to waste medical supplies on him if he’s already on death row. We need those things for ourselves.”

“Yeah,” Tobin agreed. “Besides, I think it’s pretty clear what’s wrong with him.”

He came to a stop, letting Rick continue onward without him.

When Rick walked up to the bars he saw Negan huddled on his side, moaning and fidgeting as if desperate to get comfortable. He was pale and there was sweat coating his face. Rick leaned closer and growled as his nose twitched and his heart started to pound.

As if he’d heard, Negan opened his eyes and met his gaze. Rick was able to see the intense fear in the dark pools of his eyes.

“Feel like I’m fucking dying,” he gasped. “What the fuck…”

“You’re in heat,” Rick stated calmly.

This clearly horrified the man as he began shaking his head and curling into himself further.
“No…FUCKING NO!” he cried. “I’m not a fucking Omega.”

But Rick was barely listening. Instead his body was pressing against the bars, eyes drifting closed as he inhaled the alluring pheromones that called to him. Already he could feel himself hardening.

“You’re an Omega alright. And this heat will prove it too you once and for all.”

With a bit of force, Rick pulled himself away, leaving Negan to suffer a new bodily phenomenon.

It was clear what had to happen now. He had to stay away from Negan until his heat ended. The same could be said for the unmated Alphas of Alexandria, but in this case the rule didn’t apply to the others as strongly as it did him.

Since he bit Negan, he had started a bond in which they were semi-paired. In that sense, the Omega’s heat was signaling him, asking him to acknowledge that partial bond and fulfill his Omega’s need. Rick wasn’t close to a rut, but being near an Omega in heat easily caused the symptoms to emerge.

Without meaning to, he growled at any nearby Alphas he passed; glaring and puffing up his chest as if ready to fight.

“Rick!”

Michonne was hurrying over to him. He gave a vicious warning growl that had her coming to stop, surprised.

“Rick, it’s alright,” she said softly. “It’s okay.”

Hesitantly she laid her hand on his shoulder. His aggression decreased as he focused on her.

“I’m sorry,” he muttered, feeling almost startled at his behavior.

“What’s happening?”

Rick shook his head. He didn’t want to spread the news around, especially when Alphas could catch wind of it.

“It’s Negan. He’s in heat.” Her eyes widened as she realized what this would mean for him.

“Damn,” she cursed. “Maybe we can find some suppressants. Anything that might-”

“Don’t bother,” Rick ordered as he continued his trek away from the jail. “I want him to feel it, to suffer his heat.”

“Rick.”

“Carl told us how he treated his Omegas. How he steals other Alphas’s Omegas. This is his chance to feel things from their point of view. He doesn’t deserve comfort.”

“It’s not about giving him comfort,” she argued as she grabbed his arm to stop him. “It’s about comforting you. You started a claim, and with him in heat, that’s going to affect you, badly. It already is.”

“I’ll be fine,” he growled as he ripped his arm out of her hold. “No Alpha goes near him.”
He headed toward his home and made a beeline for the bathroom to douse himself with cold water. From his reflection, he saw he was a little flushed and his eyes were dilated. It wasn’t helping that the strong Omega scent still filled his nose, tingling a drive he hadn’t had in a long time.

He shut his eyes and breathed slowly, urging the excitement down. This wouldn’t happen. It had been bad enough he started a claim and the last thing that needed to happen was fulfilling it. Then he thought about Glenn. He would never see his pup born. Then he thought about Abraham. He had gotten strong hints that he had wanted to settle down, and he never had a chance to find his special Omega.

Rick opened his eyes, feeling satisfied that the pressure was depleting. He could fight primal instinct. He had learned to be strong enough after having been un-bonded for so long. So with a confident smirk he left to enjoy the rest of his day.

As the hours passed, there was no enjoying the day. For the most part he was so hot and bothered it was difficult for him to focus on planning anything. Even a time when he just wanted to enjoy lunch or take in a little reading his mind automatically wandered to the needy Omega, locked in place, and the pressure below his waist threatened to erupt. There weren’t any free Omegas in Alexandria, so it was a matter of time before an Alpha got desperate and pounced on him.

He growled and made a fist. There was no way they’d disobey his order to stay away, but could he take that chance? None of the other Alphas had a right to him? No one, but himself.

Without realizing it he was pacing, practically stomping around in a circle. Carl had come around asking if he was alright. In response Rick bared his teeth and sent the pup back into his room.

He was thankful for the night. He took some pills to ease himself into a restful sleep. But by morning, the urge started all over again, stronger than before. He refused to let it affect him as he went about his usual day to day activities, yet he thought about Negan. He felt the heat rising in his groin, his member hardening at improper moments. Unconsciously he made his way over to the jail and caught an Alpha peeking through the window while shamelessly jerking off. The sight only escalated his heated emotions.

“HEY!”

The Alpha turned to Rick, drooling.

“He’s in heat,” he moaned.

With a snarl Rick grabbed the Alpha and threw him to the ground, hard.

“Stay…away…from him.”

The tone was cold enough to get the Alpha away, as well as draw concerned looks from nearby residents.

It was only when evening had come, and he was hunched over on the couch head in his sweaty hands, did he realize that Michonne had been right. There was no fighting instinct, at least not to this extent. Perhaps with enough practice, but with the world the way it was now it was all about survival. Alpha drives were now enhanced to ensure they kept their packs alive and procreated with Omegas, and vise versa.

An Omega in heat always gave off strong pheromones, but it was much more intense now to ensure a growing population.
Rick had never delved into the science of it all. Life had always been simple with Lori, and the dynamics of it were barely a factor. But it was different now. His needs had been buried long enough, especially after Negan himself had ensured they stayed buried. He had a right to act on his primal needs. Not to do so was going against nature, against his very being.

He jumped to his feet and immediately headed for the door.

“Dad?”

He paused but didn’t turn around. His pup was old enough to understand what was happening to him. They’d had the talk after the world changed, and it had ended with Rick hoping Carl would be lucky enough to find an Omega of his own somehow, despite the rarity.

“Don’t wait up for me.”

He wouldn’t make time to lecture or explain why he needed to satisfy the desire despite it was his enemy he was running to. He wouldn’t explain why he wasn’t strong enough to fight it or find an alternative. Right now the heat of his own body was building and if he didn’t do something soon he was sure he’d explode.

To his relief Carl said nothing, which made Rick wonder if he really did understand this much.

Rick made a beeline for the jail. With it being so late most of the pack was indoors, so no one would catch a hint of what their Alpha was about to do.

When he made it to the building he saw the two guards posted outside. They had been switched for Betas for the obvious reason on Negan’s heat. Rick puffed up his chest and narrowed his eyes as he reached them.

“Hand me the keys,” he ordered.

A flash of worry glinted in their eyes.

“Rick? Are you-”

“Hand me the keys, now,” he ordered again, this time with a deep, guttural snarl that surprised them.

Wordlessly one of the Betas followed the order and placed the keys in the palm of his hand.

“Leave now.”

They didn’t need telling twice as they scurried from the building. Rick was confident they wouldn’t tip anyone off. This was his business, not anyone else’s.

At the moment, Negan was huddled against the wall on the corner of his mattress, eyes shut and knees drawn up as he breathed slowly. It did nothing to ease the emptiness eating away at him, demanding he do something to fill it.

He couldn’t admit it was a heat. It didn’t make any sense as far as he was concerned. When he’d had his own sexual craving it had been an exhilarating feeling; one without pain. Omegas were designed for penetration therefore it didn’t make sense that their heats would put them in such distress. Sure he’d been educated on the subject, but he’d always viewed it as bullshit.

A noise startled him and raised his wary eyes to the jail cell bars where a figure was standing stock
still in the shadows, staring right at him. Negan felt a jolt of fear as the figure unlocked the cell and opened the door.

His fear only increased when he realized it was Rick Grimes, and he could smell his intention without even taking a sniff.

Chapter End Notes

I know you guys have been eager for Rick to officially claim Negan, and considering how this chapter ended, it will definitely be next chapter!

Rick was never going to just do it as it just doesn’t make sense for him to claim Negan when he wants to kill him, especially considering the kind of person Negan is. The bite wasn’t intentional remember, and he hates that he’s done that. But kind of unfortunately for both, as well as fortunately for Rick's libido, Negan's first heat triggered Rick. In most a/o/b fics I've read, an Omega's heat is very discomforting. Maybe there's fics where it isn't so, but right now I can't deny I like torturing Negan a little ;)
Chapter 14

Chapter Summary

Rick goes for the full on claim!

Chapter Notes

Warning!
Rick’s behavior, due to the Alpha drive, lends itself to the ‘rape/non-con’ tag.
(Then again that tag was also for the Negan/Sherry scene earlier.)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Rick?”

Rick said nothing.

He just stood there, eyeing him like a wild animal stalking his prey. His face was intense and his eyes oddly dark. Negan felt his heart hammering hard against his chest as his mind was screaming at him, warning him against this Alpha; warning him to run.

He rose to his feet and that’s when Rick made a move. He hurried over, quickly closing the space between them. Negan wouldn’t let him take him down as he’d done before. He pushed him out of the way and made a run for the now opened cell, but Rick snatched him around the waist and in one quick swoop threw him down onto the mattress.

Before Negan could fully comprehend it he was on his back, growling like mad. Negan didn’t make it easy as he struggled and tried to get up.

“Get the fuck off me!”

He was successful in knocking him back and getting to his feet, until Rick grabbed the back of his shirt, pulling it with enough force to rip it.

“You’re not going anywhere!” Rick informed him as he held onto the shirt. With Negan pulling against it, it ripped right off. He stumbled but regained his footing as he made for the door again when a force pushed him down, knocking the air out of his lungs.

Rick’s fingers were digging into the band of his jeans. Negan grabbed his hands but Rick leaned upward and bit into his neck. Negan felt the jolt again. Though it wasn’t as strong as before, it did slow his struggles down to the point where he was simply lying on the floor breathing deeply. His body was relaxing yet his mind and heart were racing.

“Fuck,” he cursed as he forced himself to push past the chilled state of his body. “What the fuck are you…”

Rick let go and proceeded to unbuckled Negan’s pants while he was down.
“You’re in heat,” Rick bothered to say. “Which means, you’re in need.”

“I don’t need you!” Negan shouted, face flushed with rage.

“You’ll change your mind,” Rick stated as he pulled off his jeans and threw them to the side.

Negan turned, ready to strike him, but Rick caught his fists and maneuvered him onto the mattress face down. When he tried to rise Rick held him down and started tugging off his boxers.

The flush of anger was now one of embarrassment once he was completely naked thanks to a man he’d once broken. Aside from that he’d never been with a male Omega, let alone a male Alpha in this sense and was not looking forward to being penetrated as his bitch. He proceeded to struggle again, kicking and squirming like a feisty toddler. It wasn’t doing much to dislodge Rick who was able to hold him down while unzipping his pants.

He let his eyes wander down the bare skin of the Omega’s back, all the way down to the crack of his ass and between his thighs. The pheromones were much more intense, especially now that Negan’s body was ready for him.

“Not an Omega,” he whined.

“Last time I checked, an Alpha doesn’t produce slick.”

Negan shifted his legs and his stomach dropped when he realized he was definitely getting wet below. His juices calling to the Alpha even more. His mind froze. There was no denying it anymore as it ran down his legs, overwhelming Rick who tossed his head back and simply inhaled it. God it had been so long.

He moved two fingers toward his entrance, slipping the digits in one at a time. Negan hissed and squirmed as the tight hole opposed the intrusion. Rick moved his fingers, stretching out the slick wall with slight thrusting motions. In response the Omega started to tremble and when the movement of his fingers became smoother his hips bucked back onto them.

“R-Rick,” he said, shuttering, “you forget, who I am?”

Rick’s eyes were ablaze as he abruptly pulled his fingers out and grabbed his hips pulling them toward himself.

“No,” Rick admitted, “But I know what you are.”

Rick unleashed his hardened cock and lined himself up. From the size alone, it was easy to think Negan wouldn’t be able to take his length, but Rick wasn’t concerned. He gripped hard as he eased his way inside, inch by inch. Negan reacted immediately with a cry of pain. He started to thrash, eager to get away, but Rick dropped further onto his back and gripped the back of his neck.

His thrashing settled, and his cry weakened but rose again. Whereas it might have been off-putting, it only turned Rick on further as he dropped his head back, feeling the throb of his cock, seeming to thicken from arousal.

Negan’s hole continued to invite the stranger in, forcefully stretching itself enough to accommodate the mass. Never would he have believed Rick could have such a cock on him. He tried to stifle his cries and just breathe, but he was failing. It was a pain he’d never felt before. The slick helped, making it easier as Rick continued pushing inward. When he buried himself to the hilt, he laid against the Omega’s back and suckled on the gland. It was as if Rick was soothing him without words, and his body was fighting against it at the same time trying to welcome it. He was a trembling
mess under the Alpha, breaths coming out in gasps from the shock of it all.

“Relax,” Rick quietly ordered. He himself was already starting to relax now that he finally acted upon instinct.

“How can I fucking relax when…when…”

Rick had begun alternating between suckling and nipping at the gland, sending clear signals throughout Negan’s system that an Alpha wanted him in a more cooperative and easy-going state. Unable to help it Negan shuddered and moaned, eyes fluttering shut. His legs went limp and the inner walls of his flesh was able to handle Rick’s member easier as it clung around it.

Rick stopped suckling and nipping and bit down hard, holding on with a sharp grip that caused Negan to tense up. He would give the Omega a little more time to get used to his size, and his size only.

“Rick,” he moaned. He wanted to tell him that the sickening empty feeling he’d had was dissipating. That being filled was doing something to him he couldn’t understand.

But Rick gave a warning growl as he started to thrust. It was by no means weak on Rick’s part as Negan discovered he had enough force to push him repeatedly into the mattress as though he was a ragdoll. He protested loudly with noises of great discomfort while Rick simply grunted and issued territorial growls. Negan didn’t want to think of it that way, but Rick was definitely marking his ass as his territory, at the same time he knew the man wanted to cause him as much pain as he could for what he’d done to his pack.

“FUCK,” he cried as Rick imitated a jackhammer with his thrusts. He fidgeted, feeling Rick slip deeper than he was comfortable with. “Bastard!”

Rick took no notice of his curses as his instinctual drive was being appeased; his Alpha core seeming to sing.

Soon enough the pain subsided enough for Negan to experience a bit of pleasure on his end, though he didn’t want to feel it. The emptiness was long gone, replaced with the type of fullness his body was apparently craving. Rick nipped at his neck, not minding as Negan’s moans of pain transformed into sounds of pleasure. When Rick struck particularly deep Negan arched his back and cried out; Rick smirked, soaking it all up, especially when Negan began bucking back into his thrusts.

“Jesus,” he gasped between panting. He wanted to say more but he was too far gone.

Rick gave a growl and that’s when Negan’s brief moment of bliss transformed into fear as his cock started to swell. He scrambled and kicked feebly knowing once he was knotted it would truly be over. He would be an Omega, bonded to the prick Rick.

“No! Fucking don’t!”

But his shouts did nothing to stop the swelling. Rick slowed down as the knot formed while Negan squirmed and cursed the rising pain of having what felt like a small boulder stuffing his channel, locking them together. Not that he’d ever thought about the size of Rick’s knot in the past, but had he, he never would have imagined it being as large as his own knots had been.

Rick came to a stop, resting on his sweaty back, panting. Once he steadied his breathing he spoke.

“How does it feel? It’s never easy for Omegas to go through this, but you didn’t help matters when it came to your own Omegas.”
“You don’t…know…what the…hell…you’re talking about,” he gasped, eyes shut tight and face a mask of agony.

God was it awful.

He made a move as if to escape and cried out from the sharp tug. Briefly Negan thought about his first time doing such a thing to Lucille. She had issued a cry of pain, yet it had turned into a cry of pleasure in the end, making him feel all Omegas got off on being knotted whether they wanted to admit it or not. But it had him wondering now on the truth of it all. Was it supposed to hurt this bad?

A moment later he experienced the rush of Rick coming into him hard and deep. His head dropped against the mattress. As Rick came again he had just enough energy to arch his back as his traitorous body welcomed the heavy amount of cum.

Negan was shivering as he was being filled, while Rick took to rubbing his cheeks against his gland and along his back, ensuring that his property was marked well with his scent.

“Fuck you Rick,” Negan tried to growl.

This pissed Rick off just enough for him to clamp down hard on his neck again, causing Negan to seize up.

“MINE,” Rick growled. “You’re mine now.”

Negan flashed back to the times he’d said such a thing to his own Omegas. He thought about Sherry in particular and wondered what she would think of him if she saw him now. He winced as the knot shifted inside, trembled as the claim signaled to his brain that Rick was somehow a part of himself, a higher part that was willing him to follow his command.

“Fuck, Fuck!” It was too much. Rick came into him again and he almost choked. “You…”

Rick bit harder and Negan quieted.

“Better get comfortable,” he teased. “It’ll be a while before my knot goes down.”

Negan stared wide-eyed at the wall before him, hoping it wasn’t true.

Thirty minutes in, they were still locked together, Rick’s knot doing a fantastic job of sealing his semen inside the Omega. His cock would twitch and release more cum into his already compacted channel, adding more pressure and discomfort to Negan who was drifting in and out of it.

“How can Omegas…stand this,” he muttered.

“I’m sure you’ll get used to it,” said Rick. He had become still upon his back, but every now and then he rubbed his scent into his skin.

“Your damn pack’s not gonna be happy,” Negan said, almost jovially.

“How they feel is up to them,” Rick decided. “But what’s done is done.”

Negan stared ahead at the wall, lip trembling with discomfort for what he had to admit.

“You know this means you can’t kill me now.”
Rick raised his head up, curious.

“So you finally have sense enough to know you’re an Omega. You accept it.”

“I accept nothing,” he spat. “But you’re pack’s chance at revenge is fucking gone.”

Rick pushed his hips forward, shifting the knot intentionally and causing Negan to whimper. They both understood what couldn’t happen now that he had claimed him. He wouldn’t be able to kill Negan now that he had a bond with an Omega his instincts demanded he protect and make use of.

He glared into his neck, hating this man and hating himself for giving in. But there was nothing else for it, except blame nature for what it made them.

“What’s done is done,” he stated. “That’s what I’ll tell my pack. And they can take it or leave it and I’ll understand either way.”

“If you believe what you did to me, a fucking claim, then that means you’ve lost your chance at revenge also.”

It was a sad truth that Rick had to swallow. One that brought Glenn and Abraham to the forefront of his mind. He had been so intent on taking vengeance for them and all the others that had suffered under Negan’s reign.

“Maybe this is a better punishment for you. Experiencing life from the other end of the spectrum,” he growled. He grabbed a hold of Negan’s hair and yanked his head back hard enough to make him cry out. “I’ll make you experience it alright, every facet every pain of it, because you belong to me now. The claim is done, and you are mine, for the rest of your life!”

Chapter End Notes

Negan is officially claimed, whether he wants to accept it or not. Then again, Rick’s determined to make him accept it and his new place.
Chapter 15

Chapter Summary

Both Rick and Negan deal with the aftermath of the claim.

Chapter Notes

Ty for the reviews, as always :)

The morning light streaming through the window awakened Rick. He winced and covered his eyes. The last thing he felt like doing was getting up as his body just wanted to stay right where it was. He blinked and stared at the mound of flesh before his eyes, confused by it being there. When he realized it was Negan, the previous evening came flooding back and he ran a hand over his face tiredly. He massaged his temples, feeling almost like he was recovering from a hangover.

He didn’t find it too surprising. It had been a long time since he experienced an Omega in heat so he’d been practically out of his mind. But it didn’t matter. The deed was done, and what remained was explaining that to the pack.

Rick wasn’t exactly sure when they’d fallen asleep, but Negan was still down for the count. He imagined he’d be down for the rest of the day while his body tried to recover. His knot had long since gone down and he was soft, so Rick gently pulled out of him. Negan made a soft noise in response but otherwise didn’t waken.

“Jesus,” Rick muttered as he zipped himself up and stared at Negan with a mix of horror and fascination.

This man, this murdering bastard was now his Omega. The idea was sickening for the most part, but the Alpha side of himself was dancing. It was the thing that made him hope his pack would handle the news well enough to stick around, because the last thing he wanted was a life where he and Negan were the only ones.

He raised one foot, then the other, and slowly stood. Bones and muscle creaked and complained to him. God it had been a long time.

He took a minute to stretch before leaving the cell.

Negan shifted on the mattress, groaning and rubbing his eyes.

“Goddamn,” he gasped.

Rick just watched from behind the door with curious eyes, knowing his body had to be screaming from his first time. He started to roll over on the mattress, doing so gingerly, especially when his ass made contact with it. Rick smirked at the thought of him not being able to sit well for a while, but
there was more to his satisfaction than a funny image. Unconsciously he puffed up his chest, feeling pride at screwing the Omega well enough to leave his body wrecked.

Negan gasped and twitched in discomfort, then his eyes landed on Rick.

“I hope you…fucking enjoyed yourself,” he panted. “Cause that’s the last…time you’ll do that shit to me.”

“I’d like to hear you say that when you hit another heat,” Rick teased. He could see a hint of fear flash in his eyes. As much as he wanted Negan to suffer another one, he’d have to wait six months where his heats would be longer, however he knew he wouldn’t be able to resist mounting him unless he was away from Negan on a run.

Negan ground his head into the mattress, having no energy to make a snappy comeback.

“So what happens now?”

Rick wrapped his hands around the bars of the jail cell door and leaned against it.

“Now you get used to your new place.”

Negan glared at him, but soon enough he dropped his gaze and sunk into the mattress with a pained whine. Satisfied, Rick walked away.

Waiting for him outside were the two Beta guards he’d sent away. Both took a step back looking alarmed. Rick could see their noses twitching and knew that they knew what had taken place.

“Don’t say anything;” he warned. “We’re all gonna discuss this.”

With that he continued on his way headed for home.

The Alexandrians that were up and about paused and took notice, but Rick didn’t acknowledge them. He knew from a distance they wouldn’t be able to tell he’d bonded, but he was certain they could sense it. He wondered how many predicted this would happen since he started a partial claim as most partial claims don’t stay partial for long.

When he entered his house he found Carl pouring himself a glass of juice. Rick couldn’t read the expression on his face when their eyes met. He could definitely read anger being one of the emotions.

“Long night,” he stated curtly.

A slight rush of anger struck him upon knowing what his pup was referencing.

“It’s my business,” he stated.

“Yeah,” Carl said, dropping his head.

Rick dropped into a chair, basically sagging in it from exhaustion.

“So, you did it,” Carl said, wanting confirmation. Rick just looked at him which was answer enough. “How do you think they’ll take it?”

“How are you taking it?”

Carl was taken aback and shifted awkwardly.
“Well, I don’t like it.”

“Didn’t think you would,” Rick said with a sigh.

“But, we talked about heats and…and I guess it’s something you can’t really fight. I don’t know, I’ve never…”

He dropped his head feeling even more awkward about where the conversation was going.

“There’s a chance you will experience it one day,” Rick assured him. “Then you’ll know how hard fighting it is, especially now. Moments like that, you don’t see who it is, just what it is. But that doesn’t mean I’ve forgotten that it’s Negan.”

“But, this isn’t like mom right?” he asked, sounding panicked. “I mean, it’s not-

“Love has nothing to do with this,” Rick assured him, knowing what he was about to ask. “The bond between your mother and I was special. That was love. This is biological, that’s all it is. He’s a prisoner of this pack as my Omega. I’m sorry it happened, but that’s just how nature works. It screws with you and messes shit up.”

Carl said nothing more about it and instead brought him a sandwich that Rick eagerly devoured.

“Goddamn Rick!” Negan cursed, seething as he rose to a seated position on the mattress, his ass on fire. The hips ached, the muscles moaned, and the gland throbbed from all the biting. “Fuck.”

He did a few stretches and straightened the crick in his neck. Then his hand landed on his gut and he grimaced with the uncomfortable feeling of being stuffed.

“Jesus,” he muttered as he shakily got to his feet. Not a drip of cum leaked which disturbed him, knowing how deep and long Rick had filled and knotted him. So there was no expelling the load.

Feeling a flush of humiliation when his eyes dropped downward, he quickly snatched up his boxers. His own nudity never bothered him before, but ever since he received less of a dick he preferred to keep it out of his own sight.

Once he was dressed he was left standing in the middle of the cell, with nothing but worry plaguing his mind. His nostrils flared at the indignity of it all, but in turn he caught Rick’s musky scent all over himself. No good number of baths would wash it away, especially if Rick intended to continue marking him. The thought led him to the idea of Rick mounting him again; of the prick sticking his bigger prick in him once more, filling him up and knotting him and…

In a fit of panic and rage he grabbed the mattress and flung it against the bars, screaming madly.

He couldn’t see himself as claimed. Hell he couldn’t even see himself as an Omega. All he knew was that he was currently trapped and Rick had a power that he had lost. Worse was that he had power over him and he couldn’t do anything about it. He supposed his only hope was Rick’s pack falling apart, but he was having trouble keeping that hope in mind considering how his body felt.

He dropped to his knees before the mattress, looking at it in disgust. His screwed up body had gone into heat, outright craving an Alpha’s dick and it was humiliating. The pains and the fullness didn’t help. Even as he moved he was sure he could feel Rick’s cum moving around inside and it left him even sicker.
“Fuck.”

Right now he’d give anything to escape his own body that had been stretched and pummeled out of shape. He glared at the mattress, hating everything, hating even himself. He’d been used and it wasn’t supposed to be that way.

He shut his eyes, feeling more than just the physical pain.

Rick placed his hands on his hips as he paced before his pack which had all gathered together inside the church. He was feeling a little anxious, but on a more hopeful side there weren’t as many glares tossed his way. He looked at the front row and met Michonne’s eyes. That knowing look of hers almost made him feel ashamed that she’d been right about him losing control. Then again he didn’t need any member of the pack to make him feel such a way.

“I’m sure you all know what’s happened, without me having to tell you,” he began. “But in case you don’t, here it is.” He stopped pacing and faced them head on. “My claim on Negan is official. As of last night, it was done.”

The members who hadn’t figured it out began intently whispering to one another and gasping.

“You promised you’d kill him!” a woman shouted.

“What about what he’s done?” a man cried.

“I know, I know what I said,” Rick announced while raising his hands to quiet them. “And I know what he’s done. But the last thing I expected was for him to go into heat. I wish I had been stronger to fight it, but I wasn’t. That’s on me, but the deed is done, so now what we have is everything that follows.”

A groaning sound from Daryl briefly distracted Rick. He was sitting next to Michonne with his arms folded, not looking at him.

“But that doesn’t mean things have to change,” someone cried. “You can still kill him.”

Most of the Alphas gave growls of offense and discomfort directed toward the Beta.

“He can’t now,” an Alpha answered. “Rick’s an Alpha, so his instincts won’t let him.”

The Beta’s face fell upon understanding this much.

“So he’s, he’s really your Omega now?” asked Aaron.

Rick dropped his eyes and nodded. Again some of the members started chatting.

“He is, but that doesn’t mean he gets off scot-free. Yes I would’ve liked to have killed him, but maybe this happened for a reason. That Negan becoming an Omega is more of a punishment than death. He’s not calling the shots anymore, I am. The tables are turned. He’s mine now, mine to control, mine to punish, mine to do with as I please. It’s a life fitting for that son of a bitch. It’s a life he’ll come to accept, whether he likes it or not.”

There were murmurs of interest now and it heightened Rick’s hope that the situation hadn’t done major damage to his pack. Still he could tell that a noticeable number of them were unconvinced, particularly the Alphas, and he wasn’t sure if it was just because he’d gotten to Negan before they
could during his heat.

“What about the Saviors?” Rosita asked.

“Dwight said they’d honor a claim on Negan.”

“Maybe he just meant that for Saviors only,” Rosita challenged. “Do you think they’d really honor a claim from you and leave us alone?”

It was definitely something to consider, particularly when no one outside the Savior pack should have known about Negan and the deal about becoming the next true Alpha. It was quite possible it wouldn’t count that Rick had claimed him, and they would attempt to take Negan away much like how Negan took away any Alpha’s Omega. The thought got him heated.

“Whether they will or not it doesn’t matter. I won’t let this bond put us in danger.”

“So,” he heard Daryl grumble suddenly, “we’re keeping him around, treating him like shit.”

“Treating him like an Omega,” Rick corrected.

“Which means different things to different Alphas,” said Aaron as he pulled Eric close to him.

Suddenly Carl stood up from the back.

“This isn’t a romantic bond,” he told them. “My dad just…it just happened. As for Negan, this is gonna be hell for him.”

Rick gave him a nod of appreciation.

“But it’s not just about how he’s treated,” Tobin spoke up. “Omegas are for other things too.”

They all knew what he was referring to, and the thought twisted Rick’s stomach. Everyone looked to Rick, most looking very concerned.

“Look, after the Saviors hit us, we barely have enough for ourselves. Now I’m all for expanding our pack which is why I’m still willing to bring in new members from the outside. When it comes to having pups, no one’s ever needed my permission to bring them into the world. We all know it’s risky, but it’s your choice. As for me, I think Carl’s the only pup I need.”

He looked over at Carl and winked. The crowd found humor in this as they started to chuckle. On that note, he wouldn’t tell them there may come a day where that might change whenever he went into rut. Then again, it was possible his feelings could prevent it. It didn’t matter that Glenn and Maggie were ready to make it work. Rick wasn’t so sure he could do it and not solely because of lack of food and that fact that it was Negan.

He turned from the crowd as Judith drifted to the front of his mind. He had lost her too soon and she hadn’t even been his. There was nothing more wrenching than losing a pup so young, and such a tragic experience could potentially prevent him from trying during a rut.

Losing her at the same time he lost…

He clenched his fists. He would not think of that right now.

“Everyone. I understand this isn’t how you hoped things would go, but it’s just something you’ll have to accept. If you can’t, I won’t blame you if you left the pack.”
No one moved or said anything. They tossed glances at each other, curious to see if anyone would rise while Rick waited patiently.

“Alright,” he said as he acknowledged each face. He knew there might be some that may just be sticking around out of fear of being on their own. He didn’t mind, so long as it didn’t interfere with Negan. “I appreciate you staying, because we still have the Saviors to worry about, and we need to prepare in case they try anything. In the meantime, I’ll have Negan to deal with.”

“But he doesn’t accept this,” said Gabriel. “If he’s going to be your Omega Rick, he’ll have to be broken.”

Rick gave a sigh and nodded. He’d heard and encountered Alphas who had put their Omegas through certain training programs or regiments to break them in and make them more submissive. Shane had even done such a thing himself, preferring very submissive Omegas. It was one of those situations where it wasn’t against the law, and the Omegas that marched for better rights protested it. Rick hadn’t been fond of the practice, to which Shane would call him soft. And since Rick had stayed away from it, he didn’t have any experience with Omega training. Lori had automatically been a perfect Omega for him and their bond had revolved around love. But in this case he knew it would call for something much different.

“That’s true,” Rick admitted. “Which is why I could use your help, everyone’s. I need any books or videos you can find on Omega training. If we come up short, I’ll have to play it by ear, but finding sources will definitely help me out. Now if there’s no more questions or concerns, I think we’re done here.”

“Do you really think you can break Negan?” Eric asked.

Rick thought about the Alpha version of Negan who had paced in front of him and the others on the night he first met him. Such a man, who appeared as powerful as steel, had him down on his knees terrified, especially when the situation kept getting worse. Negan had broken him that night, through and through, and it seemed impossible to do anything about it. Now there seemed to be a glimmer of hope, but it required confidence.

“I can break him alright, and make sure he understands his new place.”

Chapter End Notes

So Rick intends to put Negan through some Omega training and as soon as I figure out what that entails I’ll update. I highly doubt Negan will be easily broken. It doesn’t seem possible, so I’ll definitely be spending some time coming up with training ideas ;)

On another note, no Judith. I kind of decided earlier it would be easier for Rick to focus on his Omega and a future pregnancy without her. Also it makes it harder on Rick to foresee a future where he’s a father to little pups again after such a tragedy.
Chapter 16

Chapter Summary

Rick starts with the basics in Omega training.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Rick fingered through one of the books one of the Alexandrians had found. It was a guide called *How to Better Your Omega* and it leaned toward getting an Omega accustomed to new things and experiences. There were a few ideas in it that Rick thought looked interesting, but on the whole it wasn’t helpful for the type of Omega he had now.

He set it down and picked up another book entitled *Rule the Unruly* which leaned toward some more extreme practices in breaking an Omega that was too wild. Rick could picture himself using some of the tactics against someone like Negan, but the rest were things he wasn’t ready to try. Still he kept it nearby as he reached for another called *You are Here: knowing and understanding your place* and it was a book for Omegas who forgot their position in an Alpha dominated world. Knowing Negan would never read it, Rick browsed through it for ideas.

“Found this.” He looked up to see Gabriel walking in waving a stained looking pamphlet. “I don’t think you can find much in it though.”

Rick took the pamphlet with the title *A Trained Omega is the Only Omega*, and turned it over. It offered some training techniques but without much detail.

“We can keep looking,” Gabriel offered.

“No, I think everyone’s found as much as we’re gonna find,” said Rick as he glanced at a small pile of four other books and one video tape. “I need to get started anyway.”

“So what’s first?” Michonne asked.

“Getting him to see and accept the truth of what he is.”

He gathered up the small collection as he started forming a training plan in his head.

For the rest of the day, Rick read through the books and watched the video while also making notes and altering certain ideas. From the information he received, there was enough to form a proper training program, but Rick preferred to use it as more of a guide. Considering it was Negan, he was sure there was no sticking to any specific methods.

The next morning, Rick woke fairly early and marched over to the cell with Daryl and Michonne who were both armed. Waiting before the building were the Beta guards who were standing over an old tub. Inside were towels and a bar of soap. Rick looked at it and gave a nod.

“That’ll do fine.”
“Was there anything else you needed?” one of the guards asked.

“Yeah. After we set up, fetch some rope.”

Rick turned to Daryl and Michonne and motioned them inside.

Negan was sitting against the far wall on the floor facing the door, feeling more at ease than he’d been since Rick had left him for much of the previous day. As uneventful as it had been, he hadn’t found a reason to complain as the time alone gave his brain a chance to refresh itself. He’d had a chance to rev himself up with the reminder that he had been on top of things and that Rick had absolutely no dominance over him. He was ready to make that clear and as soon as he saw Rick show up at the bars, he smiled.

“Good fucking morning sunshine. The earth says fuck you.”

Rick showed no sign of finding his greeting humorous. He just ignored him as he unlocked the cell. As if cued, both Daryl and Michonne raised their guns and pointed them at Negan, faces showing they were ready to shoot should he try anything.

“What’s the matter Rick?” Negan asked, not the least bit concerned. “Can’t handle me all on your own anymore?”

“An Omega in heat is always easier to handle,” Rick replied, causing Negan to briefly lose his smile. “But with the way you are now, things’ll have to change.”

“What things?”

Rick just glared at him before turning and giving a whistle. The Beta guards outside entered carrying the tub. Negan got to his feet, intrigued.

“And giving me bath time is part of the change,” Negan said skeptically as the men set the tub in the middle of the cell. “It hasn’t been that long Rick.”

“That’s not the change I’m talking about,” Rick growled.

The Betas removed the towels and soap and placed them on the mattress, then they left the cell.

“Then what the hell are you talking about?” Negan pushed with a growl in his tone. Rick bared his teeth and gave a growl that clearly showed their differences.

Negan glared at him, pissed that his growls were still weak while Rick’s were enough to get him somewhat intimidated.

“You just don’t get it do you? You’re not an Alpha anymore, and I’m going to make you see that. Now, take off your clothes.”

Negan just jeered at him and gave a nod at Michonne.

“Please, not in front of the little lady,” he joked, causing her to growl and tighten her grip on her gun. Rick gave her a warning look.

The Betas returned to the room, both carrying two buckets of steaming water which they poured into the tub.
“I’d hurry and get undressed if I were you,” Rick warned. “Unless you favor taking cold baths.”

Negan had to admit he had a point. But once again the last thing he wanted to do was show off his tiny dick, especially now that Rick had others with him.

“Well sure, I’d love a bath. And as soon as you turn your asses around-”

“We’re not going anywhere,” Rick said firmly. “Take off your clothes, or I’ll make you.”

A hint of fear struck him and he scowled at having to feel it. Rick was standing his ground, fists balled, chest puffed, and expression reading that he wasn’t kidding around. He glanced at Daryl then at Michonne. Also present to watch were the Betas who had their arms folded with smirks on their faces.

The sudden guttural growl brought him back to Rick and had him taking a step back. A bath did sound good right now, and if this was the only way to get a hot one then he’d do it. With a sigh he pulled off his shirt. After that he turned away from them and began unbuckling his pants.

“No. Face me,” Rick ordered. Negan felt an impulsion to follow which was unnerving. Besides that Rick was growling again and it was starting to get to him.

“Fucking fine,” he snarled as he turned toward them and dropped his pants. He hesitated as he slipped his fingers into the band of his boxers. Rick tapped his foot impatiently. “Damn Rick, if I’d have known you had a thing for an Alpha’s body, things might have been different in the past.”

The attempt at levity did little to settle his nerves.

He decided to do it like he was ripping off a band aid, so he dropped them as quick as he could and brought down his hands to quickly cover himself afterwards. The heat rising in his cheeks was annoying.

“Happy, prick?”

Rick nodded at the tub.

“Go on.”

While keeping a hand below for cover, Negan stepped into the tub. The wonderful heat of the water almost made him forget the humiliation of being naked before the crowd. It got better once he sunk into it.

“That does hit the spot,” he sighed as he allowed it to relax his body. “All that’s missing is a good beer.”

Neither Rick nor the others bothered to exchange words with him as he bathed. Rick wasn’t concerned about Negan tossing insults at him, but if they went too far he growled. Negan would shut his mouth afterwards but carried a smile as he lathered himself up. He was deliberately taking his time bathing, but as the water turned lukewarm, Negan turned to rinsing.

When he was ready to exit, he reached for the towel lying on the mattress and once again turned away from them as he proceeded to dry. Rick allowed it up to a point.

“Face me,” Rick demanded.

Negan sighed but did so only after wrapping the towel around his waist.
“Better?”

Apparently it wasn’t as Rick marched up to him and snatched the towel, exposing his tiny dick once again. Negan went to drop his hands but Rick grabbed them while driving him back against the wall.

“Get the hell off me!”

Rick pulled off of him and flipped him around, then rammed him face forward into the wall with his hands now behind his back. Rick held his wrists tight while he started to struggle.

“Don’t fight,” Rick warned in his ear.

One of the Beta guards hurried over and handed him the rope he was asked to fetch.

“What are you doing?” Negan asked, hating how worried he sounded. He got his answer as Rick started binding his wrists together. After that he grabbed his shoulders and steered him to the center of the cell and forced him on his knees.

The heat returned to Negan’s cheeks as he pulled at the rope to try and free his hands.

“Fuck you Rick,” he spat.

“Time to get things straight,” Rick said calmly as he began to revolve around him. “You’re an Omega. We can all see that, and it’s time for you to start acting like one. First step is accepting it, by accepting your own body.”

Rick came to a stop in front of him and Negan looked up, hatred whirling in his eyes.

“You think you can humiliate me like this and fucking get away with it!”

Negan reeled back as Rick backhanded him hard.

“You’re done talking to me like that. Done treating me like shit.” Negan just glared at him, angered from the sting of the slap. “You’re lucky I’m bothering to do this.”

“Lucky!” Negan exclaimed. “Oh yeah, I’m so damn lucky to have Rick the fucking prick treat me like shit.”

Rick bent down to his level and gave him a hard enough stare to surface a look of fear on Negan’s face.

“You’re lucky that I’m the one willing to break you. If it had been a Savior, they would just destroy you.”

Negan huffed but didn’t say anything. He could see his pack willing to go so far just to own him, and that caused a nasty twinge in his chest. He looked up at Daryl then Michonne who were still pointing their weapons at him. They didn’t seem to be looking at his package which was a good thing in his opinion.

“You won’t break me Rick,” Negan managed to say. “I’m the one, that’s gonna break you.”

But Rick just smiled.

“We’ll see.”

He stood and Negan dropped his head. He shifted uncomfortably, still embarrassed by his exposure.
No one was speaking and it was already rattling him. To think they were just gawking at his dick with all kinds of creepy thoughts.

“Omegas are meant to please their Alphas, and one of the most basic ways to do it is by presenting their bodies.” Negan shivered as Rick started to circle him like a shark. He looked at the others in the room, wishing they would just disappear. “So doing this is going to help you accept your body and your place.”

“You can fucking forget it cause I’m not-”

He stopped short as Rick reached down and encircled his fingers over his dick. He squirmed and choked on the curses he was going to say as Rick resorted to rubbing it. Rick was so gentle it was almost soothing.

“Fuck” Negan cursed, hating the feel of it, but practically loving it at the same time.

“You can’t do anything with this anymore.” Rick then reached far enough to touch his hidden balls, making him jump in surprise. He gave them a squeeze before moving back to his dick.

“b-Bastard.”

Rick just smiled.

“I let you get familiar with mine, so it’s only fair I get familiar with yours.”

Negan’s cheeks were burning.

Eventually he let go and walked behind him. Negan was still reacting to his touch that he didn’t quite register his words. He tensed as he felt his hands land on his shoulder then move down along his arms and back up again. After that Rick let his hands roam down his back. Negan knew what he was doing. It was something many Alphas tended to do at one point or another, usually before they claimed them. He was feeling out his Omega’s body, wanting to familiarize himself with his new property. Rick hadn’t done so earlier as he’d been overwhelmed by his heat.

“Get the fuck away from me!” he shouted while trying to shake him off.

Rick clamped down on his neck hard and started growling. Negan tensed up and shut his eyes.

“Damn it,” he cursed as he felt his grip on his own body weakening.

Rick released him soon enough and turned to squeezing his arms. He ran his fingers along his sides, pushing in to feel the muscle. His careful eyes examined everything, catching any little scar or blemish. He switched it up by coming to the front and feeling along his chest. Negan had to admit he had a gentle touch, but the whole thing was making him painfully aware of his own body. He’d always been proud of it, and even with the recent change he was still proud, except for the major change down below of course. He couldn’t imagine detesting his own body and hoped nothing Rick did to him would make him feel such a way about himself.

“You’re ashamed,” Rick muttered.

Negan huffed and glanced downward. He agreed but he wasn’t going to admit it aloud.

“You’ll get past this, and a day will come when you’re proud to present yourself to me.”

“Only in your fucking dreams Rick.”
Rick’s fingers inched toward his nipples and tugged, making him groan loudly and causing him to mentally panic the longer he pulled at them. Some Alphas pulled at male Omega’s nips as a playful way of imagining how big their breasts would form for pups. Well Negan had no intention of letting such a thing happen and spat in his face to let him know.

In response he was backhanded yet again.

Rick felt along his hips, pushing inward and running his fingers around the waists several times as though measuring him for pants. He moved behind him again and cupped his ass, mashing and squeezing his cheeks fiercely.

“I can see why the Saviors would want you,” Rick admitted. “Even without the name you’re one valuable Omega.”

“Fuck off.”

Rick said nothing as he leaned toward his neck and rubbed his cheek against the gland.

“Give me a break, I just had a bath,” Negan protested, yet Rick continued to rub his scent into his gland.

“Best time for this. Your pores are more open,” Rick muttered as he moved from the gland to his shoulder blades. Negan growled and attempted to shake him off but it did no good.

“Fucking stop!”

He thrashed enough to disrupt Rick at last. In response Rick pounced and knocked him backward onto the floor.

“Get this through your head. You’re mine now. I know it’s gonna take some time for that to sink into that thick skull of yours, but I’m a patient Alpha.”

“Well thank you Rick for clearing that up.”

With a snarl, Rick pulled him back up and untied his hands. Negan glared at him as he rubbed his sore wrists.

“Get dressed,” Rick ordered. “We got a whole day ahead of us and plenty of time for me to clear it up for you even more.”

“I can’t wait.”

They waited as he redressed. After that, Rick came forward and tied his hands together in front of him.

“Taking me on a field trip Ricky boy?”

Rick just smirked.

“I’m taking you to work.”

Negan had no idea what he meant by it, but considering how confident he looked he was sure he wouldn’t like it.
I planned to get further into the training, and we'll definitely do so next time. Here Rick is starting with the basics of getting Negan to accept his body more. And while he's doing that, I'll be working on Negan's training program :)
Chapter 17

Chapter Summary

Rick introduces Negan to his new routine

Chapter Notes

I thought it might take me longer to post this because I figured it would take me longer to come up with what Rick would do with Negan, but it all had a purpose to it as part of the breaking

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It didn’t matter to Negan if he had to be led out with his hands tied to a rope that Rick held tightly in his hands. All that mattered to him was that he was getting free of the cell. He whistled what had become the Savior’s theme as he followed Rick out of the building.

“Don’t try anything,” Daryl warned him once they were outside.

“Wouldn’t dream of it,” Negan said, smiling. “And while we’re trading words I just gotta say, it’s a goddamn shame you were never willing to commit to my pack. You would’ve had it all, a lot more than what Rick could give you.”

“If I had, I’d be leading the Saviors right to your ass,” Daryl growled.

Negan just shrugged it off.

“Maybe, but according to Dwight you don’t have shit to satisfy an Omega with,” he said causally, reminding Daryl of the days he’d spent naked in the Sanctuary’s cell.

With a growl Daryl lunged for him, but Michonne held him back.

“And you do asshole?”

No longer smiling, Negan started to move toward the angry Beta but Rick viciously tugged the rope, pulling him away.

“Shut the hell up,” he warned his Omega.

Negan just nodded at Daryl.

“He started it. I was simply telling him what he missed out on.” He turned and grinned at Daryl. “So fucking sensitive.”

Daryl growled, but when Rick stepped in front of Negan he backed down.

“Don’t worry about him. I got this.”
Rick continued forward, while giving another vicious tug to the rope that caused Negan to stumble after him. Daryl and Michonne continued to follow behind Negan like guards, annoyed that they had to listen to Negan’s whistling.

Along the way, Negan flashed a smile and nodded at passerby who paused to stare or give him a dirty look. He could care less at the moment as he took in the fresh air.

“So tell me Rick,” he said happily, “what’s this little excursion about? It can’t be a date. It’s not even nighttime.”

“I already told you. I’m taking you to work.”

Negan started to ask more about it, but paused when he noticed Rick leading him to a stack of wood near the fence. A toolbox was sitting on a table nearby, and it made him wonder if he’d be able to get away with using the tools for an escape.

Rick came to a stop at the table and faced him.

“I hate to break it to you Rick, but I wasn’t a damn construction worker in another life.”

“Doesn’t matter. Daryl.”

Daryl walked over to the toolbox, opened it, and pulled out a pair of leg irons. Then without being asked, he returned to Negan to imprison his legs. He started to move a leg away but Rick marched up to him and gripped the back of his neck hard, this time with his fingers instead of his teeth. It had a similar effect on his body, causing Negan to groan and allow Daryl to cuff his legs.

“Come on Rick. You really expect me to run? Where the hell would I go?”

“Anywhere,” he answered simply. Once Daryl signaled that Negan was secured, Rick steered him toward the pile of wood and pushed him to his knees. “From here on out, you’re going to follow any order I give you. Doesn’t matter what it is, you’re going to learn to be obedient. Your first job is to reinforce the fence.” Negan glanced at it. “As my Omega you’re part of my pack, which means you’re going to do your part to make sure this pack survives.”

“Because you’re doing such a great fucking job,” Negan tormented. “You’re better off letting a real Alpha take charge.”

Rick gripped his hair tight as he yanked his head backwards.

“Which isn’t you anymore.” He untied his hands and hauled him to his feet. “Get to work.”

“What. Not gonna show me how?”

Rick pushed him toward the table, making him stumble.

“You’re smart. Figure it out.”

With a sigh he opened the toolbox. Inside were the expected tools one would find, but it had him wondering how successful he’d be at taking the hammer and smashing it into Rick’s head. He didn’t have Lucille anymore so he needed the next best thing.

“Careful,” Daryl warned.

He turned to see Daryl closing in on him with his gun raised as though he’d had some idea of what he’d been thinking. Negan smiled as he picked up the hammer along with a couple of nails.
"You really expect me to believe you’d actually shoot?"

"Doesn’t have to be a lethal shot," Rick growled. The coldness of his tone was enough to convince Negan not to take it lightly. He knew for the most part that Alphas were fiercely protective of their Omegas’ health, but there were Alphas that would injure their Omegas to keep them in their place. Aside from that he knew it was pointless to try anything so long as he was outnumbered and his legs were cuffed.

Wordlessly he shuffled to the wood pile and proceeded to figure out how to re-enforce it to the best of his knowledge. Rick and the others offered him no advice. They simply watched as he rested boards against the posts of the fence and nailed them together. If an area was in need of support, he was given a shovel to dig a hole for a new post. On the whole it was a slow process and when his stomach started to grumble he stopped working, prompting Rick to confront him.

"Keep going."

"Sorry Ricky, but according to labor laws I’m guaranteed a fucking lunch break. So why don’t you or Daryl nab me a goddamn steak."

Rick walked up to him.

"Let’s get something straight. I will decide what you eat and when you eat. You don’t order me to do shit, I order you. And I know it’s early for you to understand, but I expect to start hearing “Yes Alpha” coming out of your damn mouth."

"Only in your fucking up dreams."

For that he received a punch to the gut that had him doubling over, gasping.

"I never did repay you for that punch in the rv. Now we're even," Rick said, reminding Negan of the time he had punched him in the gut before driving off on their little trip after Glenn and Abraham’s deaths. “Keep fighting me, and things are going to get worse.”

Negan snarled and straightened up. He faced Rick, wanting to punch him, but the glare he was giving him along with the warning growls made him turn back to the fence. Though he never got a break, he did receive water to stay hydrated, but he was working up a sweat fast. He kept going, reaching halfway before Rick stopped him. He re-tied his hands and wordlessly led him back to his cell with Daryl and Michonne following behind.

“Fantastic way of breaking me,” Negan joked. “I was goddamn seconds away from begging you to kill me.”

“I’m just getting started,” Rick countered as he tugged at the rope.

Once he was in the cell, untied and un-cuffed, Rick made a new request.

“Fifty push-ups, or no dinner.”

“You gotta be fucking-”

With a heavy snarl Rick got in his face.

“I said fifty push-ups.” He grabbed his neck and shoved him down to the floor. Feeling terribly hungry, Negan decided to give in. He stretched out in the proper push-up position, and began. “Count, out loud.”
“Fucking one, fucking two…”

He’d never been heavy on work-outs in the past, but push-ups weren’t exactly anything difficult for him. Then again he was feeling tired from the work, not to mention his stomach wouldn’t shut-up, so it did cause him to pause on occasion.

“Keep going,” Rick ordered.

Negan huffed and narrowed his eyes at him.

“What’s the point of this? Trying to bulk me up? You take me for an Omega, but you don’t know shit about them.”

Rick bent down close to his ear.

“I said keep going.”

His guttural growl sent a shiver down his spine, so he pulled himself back up to continue. He still didn’t see the point of the exercise as Omegas’ biology didn’t allow for them to build muscles unless they were on particular muscle building vitamins. Evolution required them to be soft and weak for Alphas. Granted he still had his own muscles from when he was an Alpha, but they were lacking in the strength they once had. But the idea that he could possibly regain his strength encouraged him to continue.

“Forty-eight….f-forty-nine…fucking fifty…”

He collapsed on the floor, panting and feeling shaky. Rick walked around him.

“That wasn’t so hard now was it?” Negan was too tired to give a snappy comeback. “You had it easy today, but that ends tomorrow.”

He turned and exited the cell.

“Wait…”Negan raised himself up to his elbows, “what about my…dinner?”

Rick paused as though he was thinking something over, then he leaned against the bars of the door, staring straight into his eyes.

“Beg me.”

Negan held his gaze, silently fuming at the fact that he’d ask for such a thing. If there was one thing he didn’t do it was plead. Taking his silence as a no, Rick turned to leave.

“See you tomorrow.”

Negan groaned and dropped his head, pissed at Rick but also pissed at himself.

The next morning, Negan woke to see Rick, Daryl, and this time Rosita at the door. He raised himself up on the mattress and leaned against the wall.

“Top of the fucking morning Ricky,” he greeted with a grin. “You wouldn’t happen to have any whiskey would you?”

Rick just eye-balled him for a minute before giving him an order.
“Take off your clothes.”

“Oh goody, I could use another bath after your damn workout program,” Negan said as he rose to his feet while Rick opened the cell. But the odd thing was that no Betas entered with the tub. Instead Rosita handed Rick some rope that she pulled out of a bag she was carrying over her shoulder.

“What the fuck’s going on?”

“Take off your clothes. I won’t ask again.”

The boldness of his tone commanded Negan to follow, so he began to strip himself of his shirt. Rick stood right next to him, prepared to manhandle him if he stopped. Negan dropped his pants but once again hesitated when it came to his boxers. His eyes momentarily darted to Rosita who hadn’t seen him yet.

“How about we spare Chiquita over there. I’m sure the sight of a naked man…hey!”

Rick grabbed his boxers and forced them down. Daryl came forward and forced him to the floor, allowing Rick to get them all the way off while Negan struggled and cursed. And while he was down, Rick planted a knee into his back, grabbed his arms, and bound his hands behind him like before.

“On your knees,” Rick commanded as he grabbed ahold of his hair and yanked his head back.

“You fucking prick, I’m not gonna-”

Before he could finish, Daryl gagged him with a thick piece of cloth Rosita had given him from her bag. Negan continued to curse but it was quietly muffled. He started to get to his feet, but Rick bit into his neck halting him from rising. Once he gained Negan’s cooperation, he released him.

“You’re going to listen to me,” Rick told him as he began to circle him. Negan narrowed his eyes as he followed his movements. The anger he had now was much more intense than before. “I told you one of the most basic ways for an Omega to please their Alphas, is by presenting their bodies. So you’re going to do this every morning. And while you’re doing that, you’re going to get a better understanding of what you are.”

Rosita walked into the cell and handed Rick another item from her bag. This one was a book and Negan caught the title *You are Here: knowing and understanding your place* on the spine. Rick flipped to a particular page and began to read.

“As an Omega, your job is quite simple, but very important. You are a pack’s support. You are made to bring forth new life in the womb, but first and foremost you are meant to support and follow your Alpha. You are the weaker set. You are fragile. Therefore you are meant to obtain an Alpha that will protect and do what’s best for you.”

Negan stared at Rick as he continued reading. He couldn’t believe this was his plan to break him, lecturing him as if he was a stupid pup. He shook his head and chuckled behind the gag. Since it was less work than push-ups he let Rick carry-on without a fight.

After an hour of being educated while kneeling naked in the cell, Negan was ordered to dress, then he was dragged out to continue his work on the fence. Like before, Negan tossed smiles at the people passing by, but the smiles weren’t as big as he still felt the exhaustion from the previous day.

“Tell me I get a lunch break this time for good behavior.”

“You know what you have to do to get it,” Rick answered.
Negan just growled. He would not beg no matter how much his stomach was complaining. He took in the sights of Alexandria to help get his mind off of food, and that’s when he noticed a small group of people surrounding something that looked an awful lot like some medieval pillory on a stage. They were hammering certain areas of it and shaking the post to check for sturdiness. He didn’t want to think it was for him, but he couldn’t see any other reason for it. He didn’t have the energy to joke or ask Rick about it. Instead he turned his attention to the fence.

As before, Daryl locked his legs in the leg irons while Rick untied his hands.

“Get to work,” Rick ordered while pushing him toward the toolkit. Negan stared at it with annoyance, then looked at the fence. If Rick kept him working as long as he did yesterday, the job would be done. Surely he wasn’t expected to reinforce all four sections of fencing.

“Alrighty Rick, I’ll get to work seeing as this is the last job.”

“This won’t be your last job,” Rick said flatly. “After the fence, there’re cars and houses that need cleaning, a garden that needs attending, homes that need repairs and new paint jobs, maybe even a little laundry washing. And if there’s no work for the day, there’s push-ups, jogging, and anything else I decide for you to do.” Negan’s face had fallen to a straight frown. “There’s no slacking off in your cell. You are going to contribute and you are going to learn to follow my orders. You have a new place and it’s time for you to get used to it.”

“You think getting me to do a bunch of chores will do the trick? I got news for you, it won’t teach me a damn thing!”

“Get to work,” Rick demanded quietly as he leaned into his face. Negan just stared back at him boldly.

“I ain’t doing shit.”

The silence stretched for a minute with neither backing down.

“Daryl,” Rick said without breaking the stare with Negan, “have they finished setting it up yet?”

Daryl glanced away from the two and nodded.

“Looks like it.”

“Good.”

He flipped Negan around and started tying his hands behind his back. Afterwards he grabbed his arm and marched him in a new direction. Right away Negan saw that he was being taken to the pillory he’d seen earlier.

“A little time-out huh? Damn if this don’t feel like school,” he joked.

Tobin and one other person was standing near the thing, the rest of the group having left. Upon seeing Rick with Negan, Tobin unlocked the top plank and lifted it. After untying his hands, Rick moved Negan behind it and forced his neck onto the center opening while Tobin laid his wrists into the openings on either side of his neck. When he brought the plank back down and locked it, Negan was trapped in a hunched-over standing position with his head and hands poking out and facing all of Alexandria. Tobin bent down to his feet and locked them in place with additional cuffs to keep him from kicking. Naturally the scene caused a lot of Alexandrians to stop what they were doing to stare. Negan just sighed, annoyed with the whole thing.
“What’s next? Gonna throw fucking tomatoes at me?”

“Not exactly,” said Rick as he wandered to the front. He held out his hand and Negan watched as Tobin handed him a thick wooden paddle. The grin Negan had on his face vanished slowly.

“What the hell are you gonna do with that?” Rick didn’t answer as he moved behind him. Negan felt his heart starting to pound as a grave feeling settled in his stomach. “I asked you a question goddamn it.”

His only answer was the feel of Rick’s fingers fiddling with the buckle and zipper of his jeans. Negan attempted to turn his head, forgetting it was impossible in the pillory.

“What the fuck are you doing!”

A crowd was starting to gather, making his heart pound even more. He struggled, desiring to kick Rick away, but it was useless. Rick was able to easily drop his pants which pooled around his trapped legs.

“Don’t fucking do this!”

He continued to struggle, determined to break free before Rick could render him nude in front of everyone. But Rick hadn’t touched his boxers. In fact he wasn’t doing anything but standing there observing him. When Negan realized as much, he stopped moving and just took a minute to catch his breath. He took in the crowd that mainly consisted of Alphas and a few Betas. Many were familiar faces like Gabriel, Aaron, and Michonne, but the worst addition to the crowd was Carl who appeared around the corner of a house. Their eyes met briefly before Negan dropped his eyes. He couldn’t stomach the pup he started to respect seeing him like this. But if there was a bright side to it, it was that all he had to do was stand there, hunched over in the contraption, in his underwear.

SMACK

Negan’s ass exploded in pain. He cried out, not only from the pain of it but also from the shock of what was happening. Rick pulled the paddle back and delivered another powerful smack.

“FUCK!”

SMACK…SMACK…SMACK

“You’re fucking crazy!”

Rick paid no attention to the curses he was throwing at him. He needed to make the message clear.

“If you’re going to behave like a spoiled pup,” Rick said, before pausing to deliver a succession of five more smacks, “you’re going to be punished like one.”

Negan’s ass was stinging, which was made worse by Rick’s continued attack. Face flushed, Negan dared to raise his eyes to the crowd. They definitely found the sight of their one time powerful enemy being spanked intriguing. Some were smiling, but there were no bursts of laughter. He scanned the crowd for Carl and saw him wandering away from the scene.

“Fuck,” he gasped, lip trembling. He squirmed as best he could, groaning but mostly crying out with each swat. He shut his eyes tightly as the agony of it increased. “ Fucking stop!”

Rick didn’t stop. He didn’t show any sign of getting tired. He just kept swinging, creating a loud thawp every time he struck the paddle across his cheeks.
SMACK…SMACK…SMACK

“I’ll…I’ll fix…your fucking fence!” he cried, hating that his voice was cracking.

Rick delivered three more smacks before halting and moving around to the front.

“Are you going to behave yourself?” Rick asked calmly.

Negan didn’t respond at first. He simply hung limp in the pillory, unable to raise his eyes to look at Rick or anyone else.

“Yes,” he said weakly.

Rick leaned in close to his ear making him tense.

“Next time, you’ll lose the boxers.”

The warning sent a nauseating chill down his spine with the idea of a bare-butt spanking before the entire pack. Tobin unlocked the plank and Rick grabbed ahold of Negan to right him properly on his feet. With shaky hands Negan pulled his pants back up. He kept his head hung and didn’t give Rick the least bit of trouble as he led him back toward the fence. The humiliation, not to mention the pain, was so much stronger than the rage; it was unbearable. Regardless he returned to his work reinforcing the fence, doing his best to ignore the dreadful sting. He worked almost robotically, mind numb from disbelief.

When he had finished the work, Rick came forward to tie his hands. Negan didn’t say a word as they made the journey back to his cell. Along the way he could feel every eye following him and it made him cringe.

Once Rick directed him into the cell, he untied his hands.

“I can’t believe, you did that,” Negan muttered under his breath.

“Do what you’re told and I won’t have to.”

Negan stared into Rick’s eyes like a beaten dog. It was like he was seeing the man for the first time. And for the first time since he’d been captured by him, Negan truly felt the reversal of their roles. It was as if he’d never been able to break Rick the night he killed his friends. Rick narrowed his eyes and it was enough make Negan avert his in fear.

“We’ll get back on track tomorrow,” Rick informed him as he walked past him.

Negan felt a flood of relief that the day was done for him, and collapsed onto his mattress. He yelped when his ass landed and turned sideways to spare himself further discomfort.

As he listened to Rick locking the door, his stomach reminded him that he hadn’t eaten yesterday or all day today.

“I…need something to eat,” he said slowly, still unable to look at Rick.

“You know what to do.”

Negan bared his teeth and shut his eyes as the anger started to well up inside him, but the embarrassment brought it back down. He didn’t beg. And after what Rick had done to him the idea was even more intolerable. But out of the corner of his eye, he saw Rick turning away to leave.
“Please,” he begged quietly.

“Please what?”

Negan grimaced as he faced the man and looked him square in the eyes.

“Please Alpha.”

Rick considered him for a moment, before turning and leaving the jail.

Negan let his head drop once he was alone. That was it. This was the true Rick. Of course he knew he could have been so much worse, but as of this moment this was the worse.

“Goddamn you Rick.”

He wanted to make him pay, but he just didn’t see how he was going to do it. Slowly he stretched out on the mattress, cringing at the throbbing of his ass. He could just imagine how red his it was.

“Fuck.”

His stomach was doing somersaults while his heart twitched nervously. Lack of food meant a severe lack of strength, and if Rick intended for him to work tomorrow then he was out of luck. But if he didn’t work, it was another round of spanking, this time with his rear completely exposed for everyone. The thought made him sweat.

A sound interrupted his thoughts, and he looked up to see Rick approaching the door with something in his hand. The object in question was slipped between the bars and dropped to the floor. After that Rick turned and left. Negan scrambled toward it.

The object turned out to be a sandwich wrapped in foil. He quickly unwrapped it and greedily bit into it without another thought.

Chapter End Notes

So by the end of this, Negan learns not to take Rick's plans, nor Rick himself, too lightly.

As for the spanking, I wonder if anyone's ever written a fic where Rick spanks Negan, and a non-sexual spanking at that. The idea of a spanking as punishment came up while I was writing this chapter, and at first I thought about Negan receiving a bare butt spanking, but I figured it's kinder for Rick not to go that far. Getting a clothed spanking before everyone is punishment enough. But if Negan misbehaves again, I'll get to write that bare-butt spanking.

Man, now I want fanart of Rick spanking Negan :D Maybe even if it's with Lucille.

By the way I loved the ideas some of you had about the type of work Negan could do, but I don't think Rick would trust Negan to babysit pups or work around food. He's still a prisoner that's not trusted by anyone.
Chapter 18

Chapter Summary

The training continues, but Negan is reaching his limit

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The days had become a routine with no sign of breaking.

In the morning Rick would appear, followed by two guards with guns at the ready. Negan knew what to expect by now. It took a week and a half for him to follow the command without Rick having to say a word. He’d stand and start undressing until he was completely naked while Rick gathered the rope, gag, and book. When Rick entered, Negan would drop to his knees and put his hands behind his back for him to bind. After that Rick would gag him. Sometimes Negan managed to make a snappy remark before he was quieted. Following that much, he settled himself down to listen to Rick’s lecture on Omegas for an hour, and then it was off to work.

By now he’d finished a full two sections of the fence and was ordered to start the next section. Like before he was shackled at the ankles and directed toward the toolkit. It was still up to Negan to reinforce it to the best of his ability without any help. Rick had him fixing the fence for up to three hours before he was allowed to stop and have a lunch break which usually consisted of a sandwich. Such breaks were a thing to be cherished, but he wasn’t allowed to make them last.

“Ten minutes,” Rick would always remind him.

“Sure thing pricky Ricky.” Sometimes he asked for more time, but no matter what snappy remark he’d make, Rick growled and narrowed his eye, making him respond with the words he preferred to hear. “Yes Alpha.”

He still wasn’t used to saying it. Looking at Rick as an Alpha, more importantly as his Alpha, was something he couldn’t comprehend, and yet there was something in the back of his mind that was trying to assure him it was the right way to address him. He knew it was the power of the bond which was a thing he liked to ignore.

After lunch it was back to work for another two hours. As he worked Rick would take his own lunch break, but he never slacked off on watching him.

After working he was taken back to the cell where he was ordered to do a round of push-ups. Recently Rick added jogging to the exercise and had Negan jog in place for thirty minutes. Negan still didn’t see the point of it. The only thing he could figure was that it was meant to wear him down even further which it did, because he never gained any strength from it.

When he’d done his exercises, the Beta guards would enter with the tub and fill it up, allowing him to clean and unwind at the end of the day. Rick continued his habit of scent marking him every now and then, and during bath times Negan would always attempt to scrub it away even though he knew it wasn’t going to happen. Rick never stopped him as he would only mark him again the next day.
After the bath, Rick would give him his dinner and then leave. After eating his fill Negan would stretch his sore body across the mattress and await the next day when it would start all over again.

Negan was sure Rick couldn’t keep it up. Spending so much time enforcing his rules upon him was liable to get old, but Rick showed no signs of getting tired of the routine. It annoyed Negan, but he didn’t do much to break it except curse him on occasion. He always put in the work, wanting to avoid a far worse public spanking.

One and a half weeks became three, and by then the fence was done.

“I suppose you want me to build a fucking house now,” he said while Rick inspected the final work he’d done on the fence. “How about I build a bar? I sure as hell could use one.”

Rick cast his attention elsewhere for a moment before turning back to him.

“I think I’d prefer it if you washed the cars.”

Negan looked at the gate where the cars were lined up, ready for anyone to use. He could see they had accumulated a lot of grim, some of it of the dead variety. He made to complain but caught Rick’s warning look. Sighing, he let Rick walk him toward the cars to get started.

“How about I build a car wash? Bet your pack would love it,” he joked.

“The old fashion way will do just fine.”

He set him up with a rag and a bucket of soapy water and ordered him to make the cars spotless. With his legs still shackled, Negan set to work, grumbling as he dipped the rag and started on the hood of the first car.

Another week went by and things remained the same. The only change in that time was that someone managed to find cassette tapes that presented a guide for Omegas on how to behave and please their Alphas. Rick was able to give his voice a break when Negan presented and just played the tapes instead. This time Negan was instructed to listen to the lecture for up to two hours, before he was required to dress for work.

Three weeks had soon become a full month and Rick still hadn’t tired of the routine. It pissed Negan off to know he was still so dedicated when he’d long ago had enough. He wasn’t able to express it with the threat of being shot or spanked, not to mention the work exhausted him.

Once he’d made all the cars spotless enough for Rick’s liking, he graduated to house work. Since no one was comfortable with the idea of Negan being in their homes, Rick assigned him to his own house.

“I remember this place,” Negan said, grinning as Rick led him by the rope up to his house. “That pup of yours knew how to stir shit up when he threatened my men.”

Rick didn’t like the reminder of his son pulling a gun on the Saviors when they had come to take ‘half’ of their belongings. It had always been a close call for Carl in his mind.

“They’re not your men anymore,” Rick reminded him as he led him through the door with Scott and Michonne behind him.

The comment caused Negan’s smile to falter.

“Neither are you and this pack,” he snapped. “Sorry if I’m breaking your heart but you’re still not my
first choice for an Alpha.”

Rick didn’t comment as he found it to be an improvement that Negan would say such a thing. Though he would have loved to ask him who his choice of an Alpha would be.

He stopped him in the living room where several cleaning supplies like rags, a broom, a mop, and sprays were set out on the coffee table ready to go.

“I think this is self-explanatory. Clean the place up. Break anything and you’re headed straight to the pillory. Any backtalk, any slacking off won’t be tolerated either. Do you understand?”

Negan looked him straight in the eye. He wanted to point out that this was all Omega work, but he felt it wasn’t a strong enough argument being that he was still grappling with the subject in concerns to himself. But as much as he detested such work, there was no running from it unless he wanted to face the consequences.

“Yes, Alpha.”

Rick grabbed a dust rag and a can of spray and tossed it to him.

“Good. Get started.”

Negan sighed as he shuffled up to a shelf of books and other items. He started to reach for the books on the top shelf, but stopped partway and looked around.

“No slacking off,” Rick reminded him.

“I’m not. I’m just wondering where your pup’s run off to.”

Growling, Rick confronted him.

“What my son is up to is none of your damn business. Get to work, or you’re losing your boxers in front of the whole pack.”

A shiver, that was clear to Rick, ran down Negan’s spine. With a huff he moved the books off the shelf and started to dust.

By the time he made it to dusting the tables, Negan was comfortable enough to start whistling.

“Be quiet.”

Negan looked over at Rick who was keeping his eyes on him from the couch.

“Haven’t you ever heard of whistling while you work? Maybe Snow White will make an appearance with her fine ass.”

“Stop talking.”

Being quite familiar with that particular tone of his voice, he shut his mouth. It hadn’t been noticeable at first, but little by little Rick was allowing less room for him to be himself. Negan knew it all still revolved around the breaking, but he also wondered if Rick might happen to be the type of Alpha that preferred quiet Omegas. Whether he wanted that or not Negan knew it would never happen. Still, he didn’t speak or whistle, but he did toss Rick and his guards a cheeky grin from time to time.
After dusting, Negan turned to cleaning the windows. Around that time, Carl made his entrance and paused at the door when he saw Negan wiping the glass in a circular motion. He grinned when he saw the pup and did his best to forget the image of him arriving at his spanking. He hadn’t seen the boy since that time, at least not eye to eye. If anything he had caught a few glimpses of him wandering about in the distance.

“Well, if it isn’t the little Alpha with the big balls.”

Carl was clearly taken aback to see him in their home.

“What are you doing here?”

“A little housework since your dad fucking sucks at it.”

“That’s enough,” Rick said as he got to his feet. “Don’t talk to him.”

“Just being friendly,” Negan replied with a shrug as he turned back to the windows.

Carl watched him for a minute before retreating to the kitchen. Rick looked at Scott and Michonne and silently signaled them to keep an eye on Negan while he followed his son.

When Rick arrived, Carl was currently pouring himself a glass of water.

“Is that his new job now? A maid?” he asked without looking around at him.

Rick gave a slight smile at the phrasing.

“For now, but it won’t just be our house. When the others get more comfortable, he’ll clean theirs.”

“You sure that’s safe?”

“I do. He’ll be watched at all times so you don’t have to worry.”

“I’m not,” he said flatly. He took a long sip of his water without meeting his gaze, tipping Rick off that something was on his mind.

“You need to talk about anything son?”

But Carl just shook his head.

“I know I haven’t been around a lot lately, but—”

“It’s fine. I know what you’re doing with Negan’s important.”

Rick definitely picked up on his conflicting emotions then.

“He’s not more important than you. Since he’s my Omega now, I have to make sure he stays in line, and you and I both know he’s not the type to come around in a day. But once I get further with him, I’ll have more time to be here.”

Carl dropped his head in thought.

“Yeah,” he said after a moment. “I’ll be in my room if you need me.”

Rick knew there was more on his son’s mind but he didn’t want to push him. Carl turned to leave, but paused and turned back.
“What you’re doing to break him, you think it’s good enough to break him in the end?”

It was a question he hadn’t expected.

“I think it’s the best way. There’s a lot worse an Alpha can do to break their Omegas, but I’d like to avoid that path.”

Carl seemed to be struggling with what he wanted to ask next and even dropped his eyes when he spoke again.

“That day, when you punished him in front of everyone. Was that the right call?”

Rick studied him curiously. He could tell it was something he’d most likely wanted to ask after it happened but never brought it up, most likely because it was an awkward subject for him.

“I figured it was best if he was going to act like a spoiled pup. I can’t be soft on him. He has to know what he is, and the pack should know not to be afraid of him anymore, otherwise this will never work. Sooner than later that message is going to sink into him. Little by little it already is.”

“Yeah,” Carl agreed. “I just thought, if you used too much force to break him he’d just keep fighting you.”

Rick leaned back in his chair. His words had brought up a topic from one of his Omega training books which suggested that finding moments to ease up on and reward difficult Omegas could be beneficial in the transformation process. The most Negan had received as a reward was food. Rick was certain doing anything more would set him backwards with Negan, but at the same time he wondered if there would be a time when he could loosen the chain he had on the man.

“I’ll keep that in mind,” Rick promised. “You know, I wouldn’t expect you to say such a thing, considering it’s Negan.”

Carl gave a shrug.

“I guess, since you’re trying so hard to make it work, I figured…”

He trailed off, but Rick understood.

“Also, you were right. It was bothering me that you were spending so much time with him.”

Rick walked over to him and placed a comforting hand on his shoulder.

“I don’t mean to neglect you.”

“Well it’s not like I’m a pup anymore.”

As Rick looked into his eyes, he felt his heart squeezing with bitter sadness. It had seemed so long ago that Carl was a curious little pup that was eager to play and learn. Those days had ended far too soon for his liking. And then Judith had come along. Granted he wasn’t happy that she was truly Shane’s pup, but he had come to realize that he loved her and that having a newborn pup around sparked more energy into a life that was easily sapped by the rising dead. Once she was gone, it seemed as if the time of pups was over. Carl appeared to have grown out of his puppy days even though he was still so young when the world changed. Part of him felt that he had missed his boy growing up to what he was now and he longed to go back to the time when he could just carry Carl in his arms.
He ran a hand over his face feeling suddenly overwhelmed by old memories.

“That’s true. You aren’t. But you aren’t a full Alpha yet either. So talk to me anytime. Don’t let Negan stop you.”

Carl gave a nod then headed up to his room. Rick sighed as he turned back to deal with the matter at hand.

Negan had finished the windows and was in the process of grabbing the broom.

“Welcome back,” he greeted. “Hope you had a nice father son moment because you sure are passing them up.”

“One more crack from you today, and you know what’s going to happen.”

Negan mimed zipping his mouth as he headed to the kitchen with his guards to do some sweeping.

At the end of his housework, Rick led him back to the cell. Negan automatically assumed the plank position to do his fifty push-ups. After that he jogged in place for thirty minutes then was allowed a bath before Rick called it a day.

“See you tomorrow. Same fucking time, same fucking place,” Negan said before Rick turned to leave with Scott and Michonne.

“He never really shuts up does he,” said Scott once they were away from the jail.

“I bet he will after another spanking,” said Michonne.

Scott chuckled before giving them a wave as he headed off for his own house. Rick and Michonne continued onward.

“Something up?” she asked upon noticing that Rick’s face was screwed up in thought.

“Not really. Just thinking about what Carl said.”

“What did he say?”

“He was just, giving me a little suggestion about Negan’s training. But I think it’s a little soon for it.”

“He find something interesting in one of the books?” she asked jokingly.

“No. He thought the more force I use on him the more he’d fight me. It’s reasonable thinking, but not for someone like Negan.”

Michonne thought about his words before commenting.

“I guess it’s kind of like you.” Rick looked at her with a raised brow. “Well, Negan did a lot to us, a lot to you to get you to break, but in the end you wanted to fight him.”

“He did break me,” Rick disagreed as his stomach turned with the thought of the days when he’d simply bowed down to the man. “I was his Omega for a while. But then I realized we wouldn’t be able to survive if we kept serving him. If it weren’t for you and Carl telling me to fight, I don’t think I would have come to that conclusion in time. I don’t think it’s the same with Negan. He’s an Omega and there’s only so much fighting an Omega can do in this world now, especially when they’re so
rare. If he thinks he can get his position back as leader he’s out of his mind. He’d get destroyed first.”

Michonne nodded.

“He’ll break from what you’re doing. Eventually.”

“Yeah.” They walked in silence a little longer. When his house came into view, a new thought crossed his mind. “I think, sometime next month or the month after, I’d like to take Negan to the Hilltop for a check-up.”

Michonne came to a stop and grabbed his shoulder, stopping him as well.

“Rick?”

“We don’t have Denise anymore, so Dr. Carson is all we have for a doctor,” he explained.

“So why not bring the doctor to Negan?”

“Because he has equipment that can’t be brought down here. I’ll have to take Negan to him.”

Michonne continued to gawk at him. She was sure a check-up wouldn’t require a lot of medical equipment. Aside from that, she viewed it as an odd idea. Rick just gave a shrug. “As his Alpha it’s my job to make sure he stays healthy. If I’m going to keep him on this training program, I gotta make sure he doesn’t die from it.”

“Yeah, that makes sense,” she said, though she didn’t like it. Of course as an Alpha herself she understood the need to protect an Omega, but at the moment she viewed it as Rick trying to protect their enemy. “As long as someone goes with you. Maybe a group of four so nothing goes wrong.”

Rick didn’t think he’d need as many as four, but didn’t voice his opinion. Instead he quietly nodded.

“I’ll do it, once he’s broken in a little more.”

By the time the second week of the second month ended, Negan felt the fatigue of it all like never before. Rick had never let up on his schedule. It was always the same routine day after day, with the only change being what chore he did. He managed to make light of it on occasion, tossing crude jokes here and there, but there were days when he didn’t have the energy to do so.

There were also days when Rick wasn’t present to watch over him. On such days it was usually Daryl doing his part to ensure he did the work while two others took guard duty with their guns pointed at him. He wondered if there would ever be a day when they’d realize it wasn’t necessary to have guards. With his legs cuffed and plenty of people wandering around, he thought they’d realize that he couldn’t escape. Naturally it was something he thought of from time to time, but aside from freedom his thoughts would occasionally drift to his old pack.

Were they still trying to find him after all this time or had they given up? Had they found an alternate way to declare a true Alpha?

He had no idea. He cursed himself for thinking about it, especially when it made him think of his time as a true Alpha. It was the kind of thought that left him angsty. His body had changed and everyone saw an Omega. Yes, he would admit that he had a gland that allowed an Alpha to overpower him, and he had produced slick during his…heat. Such changes were clear, but it didn’t change the fact that he didn’t feel it. Maybe he was an Omega, physically so, but that didn’t mean he had to lay down for it...or did he?
Still, standing his ground against Rick was proving difficult. He wasn’t sure if he truly acknowledged the bond between them or not. It was easier to pretend it wasn’t there when Rick wasn’t around, but when he was he could almost feel it, like a phantom pain. And it didn’t help matters when he had to address Rick with “Yes Alpha”.

He didn’t want to admit that the training was wearing him out and leaving him in the weird head space of not knowing what he was. It was a little frightening and he didn’t have anyone to turn to about it. It made it difficult to get up some mornings. But he had to, because Rick never let up; because he was always telling him what he was just like his pack had; because he had started memorizing the things an Omega was meant to do from listening to the cassettes for hours in his most vulnerable position.

Well he really didn’t feel like being whatever he was, and he really didn’t want to do the work anymore.

Negan leaned against the wall staring at the door with a frown. It was one of those mornings when the gravity of it all was weighing down on him too heavily and he just couldn’t get up. He thought Rick would give out before he did, and if things continued with the same routine he knew he’d snap eventually.

Like clockwork Rick appeared with Rosita and Tobin as guards this time. Had it been a day when Rick decided not to show up, he thought he’d be able to do it, but since that wasn’t the case he remained where he was.

Rick gave him a questioning look as he had become used to Negan automatically taking off his clothes upon his arrival.

“Take off your clothes.”

Negan did nothing. He simply stared at him, unimpressed.

“Take off your clothes,” Rick repeated.

“Take off your own clothes, asshole,” he said flatly.

Rick stared at him before unlocking the door and marching up to him.

“Last chance. Take off your clothes.”

Negan looked up at him with hate filled eyes.

“Maybe another time Rick. I could use a day off.”

“I don’t think so,” Rick growled as he grabbed him by the shoulder.

Despite how tired his body was, Negan resisted and pushed against his hand.

“Fuck off!”

“Hey!” Rosita warned as she entered, ready to shoot.

“I got this,” Rick assured her as he wrestled Negan to the floor and bit down on his neck. He gave a strangled cry before falling limp, breathing hard and shaking slightly. Rick released his grip and leaned close to his ear. “Remember what I said would happen if you refused to behave?”

“You don’t have to do this,” Negan muttered tiredly.
“Yes, I do.”

“You don’t…you can stop…I get it.”

“I don’t think so.” Rick pulled him to his knees and started binding his hands behind his back.

“I do,” Negan argued.

Rick turned him around so they were facing each other.

“Then what are you?”

Negan knew what he wanted him to say, and he had an odd urge to please him, but he couldn’t sum up the words, not even as a lie. The truth was he didn’t know anymore, so he just stared back at him blankly.

“I thought so,” Rick said as he pulled him from the cell.

His head was hung the entire journey to the pillory. He tried not to think of what would take place or how big the crowd would be, eager to see his naked ass getting spanked.

“What does it matter, whether I believe I’m a fucking Omega or not?” he asked as Rick got him into the contraption while Tobin started cuffing his legs.

“Because you’re mine, and none of this works unless I can trust you to know what you are and where you stand.” His hands reached around his waist to unbuckle and drop his jeans. “And if you’re going to live, I need to make sure,” he paused as his fingers slid into the band of his boxers, “that you pay for what you did to my pack.”

“NO!”

The boxers were dropped and right away Negan felt a small breeze against his bare ass. Before the humiliation fully registered, it began.

**SMACK**

His cry was a lot louder than the first spanking, being that the strike was much more intense without the slight barrier of his boxers.

**SMACK…SMACK…SMACK**

“God…damnit!”

As a crowd started to gather he shut his eyes tight. He tried imagining he was somewhere else but the continuous pain kept bringing him back. He didn’t even care how broken he sounded when he yelped. There he was for all to see; tiny dick clearly letting the people know how small a man he was now. They could see it clearly if they shifted to either side of the pillory.

**SMACK…SMACK…SMACK**

He bared his teeth and managed a quick growl.

“I’ll kill you…I’ll…kill you!”

The threat wasn’t nearly as forceful as he wanted it to sound. In fact it felt empty regardless of the hatred he felt for Rick. He wanted to yell it again, louder, but he couldn’t do it. There was something
wrong about it.
“I’ll kill…” he tried, but trailed off in a pathetic whimper.

*SMACK…SMACK…SMACK*

How could he want to kill, let alone hurt his Alpha?

“Fuck…damn it!”

The sudden thought of viewing Rick as his Alpha surprised and sickened him.

“No!”

He wanted to throw up. The pain was too much and the heat of mortification was hurting him on another level.

He didn’t know how long it went on.

“Stop!”

He kept his eyes shut yet he could feel the stares of the people. Or were they his people now? If he did belong to Rick, then that meant he belonged to this pack. But he didn’t want to belong to this pack or anyone for that matter.

He belonged to himself.

But he had displeased his Alpha.

He choked on his next cry, frightened. He couldn’t take much more of this. His ass was hitting excruciating levels of hurt.

“Please…please Alpha,” he begged, feeling unaware of doing so.

Rick came to a stop and walked around the pillory to face him.

“What are you?”

Negan opened his eyes. It was disturbing that they had managed to get wet.

As expected the crowd of Alexandrians was larger than the first. Negan dropped his eyes, feeling sicker.

“I don’t…fuck…I don’t know anymore.”

Rick observed him closely before speaking again.

“That’s why the training has to continue, until you do know.”

Negan felt no relief as Rick righted him out of the pillory. He wobbled on shaky legs, face burning as he reached down to pull up his boxers and pants. When his eyes landed on the watching crowd, it seemed to be the perfect thing to trigger the vomit that was ready to spew up his throat. Those closest in the front quickly jumped back as Negan brought forth his previous meal all over the stage. Rick turned his head while he heaved but held onto his arm as a way to support him.

“Fetch a cup of water,” he said to Tobin.
Shakily Negan righted himself, but this time he kept his eyes down. He was afraid to look at the crowd but even more afraid to look at Rick, scared of what he’d do to him for throwing up. Would it be another round of spanking or would he just have him mop up his own mess?

He hated being so weak that he couldn’t even hold it together in front of everyone, especially in front of Rick.

“Fuck,” he cursed shakily.

“Come on,” Rick said calmly as he led him back to his cell.

He said nothing along the way, not even after he was taken back to his cell without being ordered to present his body. He looked at him, trying to ask silently what was going to happen now. Rick turned his attention away from him as Tobin arrived holding a cup. Rick took it and passed it to Negan.

“To rinse,” he explained. After that he left the cell and locked the door. Negan watched him, waiting for something to happen as Rick met his eyes. “We’ll get back on track tomorrow.”

Negan shut his eyes, feeling grateful. Rick gave him a quick once over before exiting the cell, leaving Negan to rinse the vomit from his mouth and think in peace.

Nothing changed after that day. It was still back to the same routine. This time Negan knew better than to struggle hard enough to piss off Rick. Until he worked out his own transformation there was no fighting it. There was the realization that on the outside he was hunted by his own pack, yet on the inside he was relatively safe. The chores were never difficult, even though they could be tiring. And while he was sure there were still some Alexandrians that wanted him dead, Rick kept him protected from any possible threats to his life. He hated that he was feeling grateful for it, but he couldn’t deny the truth. Rick could have been much worse. He knew if their roles were switched he would’ve done much more to break Rick. In moments when Rick wouldn’t do what he wanted, he would run to his pack and kill a member. If that still somehow wasn’t enough, he would’ve broken his arm or leg, or better yet take his hands with Lucille. But those were things Rick wouldn’t do. He saw by now what kind of Alpha Rick was, and it was the kind he’d always seen as weak. He wasn’t sure if he respected him now or not. One thing he was certain of was that Rick was not a true Alpha in his eyes.

By the time month three turned into four, the routine of his life had settled into his head. There were still moments of frustration, curses, and inappropriate jokes, but for the most part it was becoming something that he was starting to accept at the same time it wasn’t. And still the question of what he was hung unanswered in the air.

When Rick made his morning visit, Negan stood and began to strip. It was still an uncomfortable experience for him to present his naked body, but the ritual was getting easier.

“Don’t take off your clothes,” Rick suddenly ordered, causing Negan to freeze in confusion.

“Did you forget the steps Ricky? Or am I no longer required to show off my gorgeous body?” he asked, smirking.

Rick unlocked the cell and entered before explaining.

“We’re not doing that today.” Negan studied him closely, searching for a catch or some kind of trick. “You and I are going on a little trip.”
“Where?”

“To the Hilltop.”

Chapter End Notes

I debated a little on whether to do another spanking, but I ended up figuring now was the best time since other things are going to start happening. I definitely wanted a different feel for the spanking experience this time around where the intensity just made him physically sick afterwards.

With the continuous training, the Omega side of Negan is starting to really seep in where it's trying to get him to acknowledge Rick as his Alpha. He might hate and still fight it, but at least he realizes Rick could've followed his Alpha beliefs and become a lot harder on him. And then Carl's suggesting easing up on Negan which has Rick thinking. I think season 8's Carl is influencing me here.

And next time a change of scenery with a visit to Hilltop!

I'm glad you guys continue to enjoy the fic as much as I enjoy writing it. Have a happy Holidays :D
Chapter 19

Chapter Summary

Rick makes his way to the Hilltop with Negan with a particular request in mind

Chapter Notes

Hope yall had a good holiday :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It didn’t click right away because it didn’t make sense. Negan quirked his brow as he tried to figure out the meaning. He knew Rick wasn’t offering him a break from the training by giving him a little vacation time, so it had to be something else. Then the possible meaning hit him and it made his heart twist.

“Are we really going to the Hilltop, or is that your sad-ass way of saying you’re going to do it?”

“Do what?”

Negan felt a little insulted that he didn’t get what he was asking.

“Kill me.”

Rick looked taken aback, but then he laughed.

“If I was going to kill you, I’d just do it. But after the bond you know I can’t.”

Negan grimaced at the reminder of the bond, at the same time he was kind of happy for it since it was keeping him alive.

“Then why the hell are we going? You dropping me off cause you’re tired of me already?”

Rick just walked up to him with the rope in his hands.

“Turn around. Hands behind your back.”

He hesitated before complying.

“Come on Rick, I can keep a damn secret.”

Rick didn’t respond except to push him forward out of the cell.

“Let’s go. Try anything and you’ll regret it.”

“Why the hell would I try anything and screw up my chances at a free outing?”

A positive feeling was enveloping him at the prospect of seeing something different aside from the
bars of his cell and Alexandria. Rick kept a tight grip on the rope as he walked him in the direction of
the cars.

“I guess I been a good boy,” Negan joked as Rick directed him into the backseat behind the
passenger’s seat.

“Being good’s got nothing to do with it,” Rick informed him as he pulled the seatbelt over him.

He shut the door and made his way around to the driver’s seat just as Michonne and Daryl made
their way toward him.

“Rick, you need us,” said Michonne.

“I’ll be fine.”

“He’s not tame enough,” Daryl said as he shot Negan a glare. “This can go bad real quick.”

Rick glanced at Negan. While the man looked smug about it, he did look tired and weak. Still, he
knew his friends were making reasonable points. Up to today he had been considering bringing
guards along, but he kept coming back to the need to go it alone.

He understood why that was. Having a new Omega triggered possessive tendencies where he didn’t
find comfort in having too many members around his Omega. He was perfectly fine with having up
to two as guards, but considering the type of trip he was taking it was out of the question in his mind.

He looked at Negan again, confident he had a handle on him. And if anything did go wrong he’d
simply shoot him.

“I got my gun on me,” he assured them. “I can handle him. He’s my Omega afterall.”

He slid into the car with the continued feeling of confidence as well as nervousness for what the trip
would mean for him in the end. Daryl and Michonne backed away while one of the Alphas opened
the gate. Rick looked into the rear-view mirror to see Negan’s shit eating grin.

“Just you and me prick, just how I like it.”

“Remember,” he warned with a growl. “You try anything-”

“I know, you’ll shoot my ass. Don’t you trust me?”

In response he gave him the intense glare that made Negan drop his eyes, and his grin for that matter.
After that he pulled past the gates, heading for the Hilltop.

Halfway into the trip, Negan started to whistle a happy little tune.

“Be quiet,” Rick ordered.

“Oh pardon me Rick, I’m just a little fucking excited to see old Gregory.”

“We’re not going there to see Gregory,” Rick stated flatly.

“Then why are we going? I think I have a right-”

“You don’t have any rights,” he declared. “Those days are gone. I know after all this time you still
don’t get it, but I think you’re smart enough to know that you don’t have the Saviors anymore. They want you, but not in the way you’d like. So keep that in mind.”

“Why?” Negan asked in a salty tone.

“Because if you ever got away, odds are you’re going to run into them. And your life will become a living hell.”

He glanced into the rear-view mirror to see Negan sulking. He knew that despite how Negan felt about his situation at Alexandria, he understood the safety of it. Then again, he had no evidence that the Saviors were still searching for their leader after nearly four months. But in a world with Omegas being a rarity, it was more than likely they were still out there, eager to claim him. The idea caused Rick to grip the steering wheel tightly and issue a rumbling growl in his throat.

Negan was his and no one else’s. And with the thought of the Saviors in mind, he proceeded to drive with caution, keeping a careful eye out for any Savior like vehicles.

The rest of the trip passed in relative silence. Rick found that he was partially happy for it, but at the same time he wasn’t because he didn’t have a distraction from the nervousness that was festering inside him. He told himself it was silly to feel such a way, but he couldn’t help it. This visit was indeed about the check-up, but there was another side to it that had his stomach twisting. It was something he didn’t want to think about, but at the same time it was a fantasy of curiosity.

As the fence of the Hilltop came into view, Rick felt torn between continuing forward and turning back.

“We’re here,” he announced as he came to a stop. “Don’t try anything. They didn’t know we were coming.”

“What, didn’t send them an owl?” Negan joked.

Rick ignored him as he stepped out of the car and walked around to retrieve Negan.

“Rick! What are you doing here?”

He looked up to see Kal on guard duty, watching him from atop the fence. Rick didn’t answer right away as he was focused on pulling Negan from the car.

“What the hell! What are you…”

The Hilltop alarm sounded off in the form of loud metallic taps against a pole.

“It’s alright!” Rick shouted. “I’ll explain. I just need to see Dr. Carson!”

The fence opened and Rick started to pull Negan forward, but quickly came to a stop as a few guards came out to meet him along with Gregory and Jesus. The guards aimed their spears to which Negan just chuckled. Rick gave a warning growl before marching him forward.

“What’s the meaning of this?” Gregory asked, face pale at the sight of Negan. “What did…how did you…”

“It’s a long story. I just need to take him to Dr. Carson.”

“Absolutely not!” Gregory cried. “If something’s wrong with him, then all the better for us.” Negan
shot him a look which caused Gregory to take several cautious steps back. “You, you got a good grip on him right?”

“He’s not going to do anything,” Rick promised. “You have my word.”

But no one was reluctant to step aside and grant him passage. Then Jesus stepped forward, frowning as he took a step toward Negan, nose twitching curiously.

“Rick, why does, Negan have your scent? But more importantly, why is he an Omega?”

The guards broke out in rapid whispers. Rick was about to explain when he noticed the commotion was drawing curious residents to the scene, and among them Maggie and Enid. His stomach sank at the sight of her as Glenn surfaced to his mind. He couldn’t even look at her properly.

“What’s he doing here?”

“Is that really Negan?”

“Get him out!”

“We have pups here!”

The urge to jump in the car and turn back was hitting him hard.

“If you give me a chance, I’ll explain.”

Maggie made her way to the front of the crowd, looking more than offended at the whole thing.

“What the hell is he doing here?”

“Well hello beautiful,” Negan greeted with a big grin. “Miss me?”

As a reply she marched right up to him and punched him hard in the face, making him stumble backwards. He shook it off and turned to Rick, still smiling.

“I think I like her.”

“What’s going on?” Maggie demanded of Rick, expressing little patience for any skirting around the truth.

“He’s an Omega now.” There were gasps of shock. “I know it’s hard to believe, but it’s true. He got bit and it changed him. When I found out, I hunted him down, intending to kill him, but circumstances led him to becoming my Omega.” Out of the corner of his eye, Rick noticed the sour expression on Negan’s face. “As his Alpha, I’ve been keeping him prisoner in Alexandria. And, as his Alpha, it’s my job to make sure he’s healthy.”

There was stunned silence, but it was quickly broken up by Negan.

“So, this whole trip’s about a doctor visit?” Rick didn’t even meet his eyes. “Well you wasted a fucking trip, because I’m as healthy as a goddamn horse.”

“How could you?” Maggie asked sharply, betrayal evident in her voice. “After what he’s done.”

“It’s not something I wanted to happen, but it did.” Rick felt like he was pleading with her to understand that he wouldn’t intentionally do this against her husband or everyone else that had died because of Negan. “Believe me, the last thing I want to do is disrespect Glenn and Abraham. But
there’s nothing I can do about this. I can’t go against the claim and kill him, but I have been making sure he knows his new place.”

Maggie shifted her glare to Negan.

“And does he?”

Negan smiled and started to move toward her when Rick yanked him down to his knees and bit hard into the back of his neck, causing him to yelp and sag against his legs. The watching pack made sounds of surprise and interest at his reaction.

“I’m still working on it.” Rick admitted as he looked at his Omega who was keeping his head hung for the moment. “I’m sorry I didn’t send word about it sooner. I intended to, but I’ve just been so busy with him. Also, I couldn’t imagine telling you. I know I should have.”

Maggie stared down at Negan for a long time before speaking again.

“I can’t forgive him. I can’t.”

“And I’m not asking you to. This is on me, and I’m making sure he pays for what he’s done, one way or another.”

“The answer is still no!” Gregory interrupted. “Find yourself another doctor because we don’t tend to prisoners here.”

“Gregory, you can trust Rick,” Jesus assured him. “Negan’s in Rick’s power now.”

“That’s right,” Rick assured him. “And the sooner I can see the doctor, the sooner Negan’s out of here.”

It did the trick as Gregory reluctantly stepped aside and turned to the crowd behind him.

“Well don’t just stand there, get out of the way.”

The pack parted, whispering frantically to one another as Rick hauled Negan to his feet and marched him in the direction of Dr. Carson’s office. Two of the Hilltop’s guards followed along to make sure their doctor stayed safe during the examination.

“That’s…uh, quite the story,” Dr. Carson said after Rick finished explaining the phenomena of Negan’s situation.

“You’re fucking telling me,” Negan gripped.

Carson eyeballed the man warily before turning to Rick again.

“Oh, if you don’t mind, may I see for myself?” he asked while putting on plastic gloves and gesturing to Negan’s neck. Rick knew he wanted to check that an Alpha turned Omega actually had the gland, but the idea of anyone messing with it didn’t sit well with him. Nonetheless he gave the Beta doctor a nod.

Negan attempted to growl as the doctor moved behind him, but Rick’s growl was a lot stronger, forcing him to be still. The minute Carson’s fingers landed on the gland, Negan tensed. Carson ignored it as he examined it with a careful eye and gave it a few squeezes. Negan seemed to slump in
response.

“It’s real alright.”

“No fucking kidding,” Negan groaned. “If you got a way to cut it out, I’m all ears.”

“I’m afraid it doesn’t work that way,” he told him before turning to Rick. “So, you’re just here for a check-up, for him?”

“If it’s not too much trouble. I’d appreciate it.”

It was clear that Carson wasn’t comfortable doing this, but regardless of his feelings he started pulling out a chart, a stethoscope, and any other supplies he needed. He turned back to them and nodded at the examination chair.

“I’ll need your Omega in the seat please.”

“How about you address me if you want me on the fucking…”

Negan quieted as Rick pinched the back of his neck.

“How about you shut-up and listen. In the chair,” Rick demanded as he pushed him toward it.

“Can you at least untie my hands so I can get comfy?” Rick just stared at him with uncertainty. “I give you my word, I won’t do a damn thing.”

“Nice try,” Rick answered as he moved a hand to firmly grip his shoulder. Negan turned away, disappointed.

“Alright, we’ll start with the basics,” said Carson as he moved the stethoscope into place to check his heartbeat and lungs. “Are you a smoker?”

“Nope, but I am considering it, thanks to prickly Ricky.”

Once that was done, he brought the sphygmomanometer over to check his blood pressure.

“Don’t be surprised if it’s high,” Negan muttered. “I been under a lot of stress lately.”

“Aren’t we all,” Carson replied.

Carson continued through the steps of a regular examine, checking his eyes, ears, nose, and throat, making notes on his charts, and asking questions here and there. Much of Negan’s replies were typical snappy remarks, but other than that he gave the doctor no real trouble.

“Alright Rick, I would say your Omega’s in acceptable health. His diet could be better, but we are living in tough times. Other than that, I don’t see any red flags.”

“So what you’re telling us is Rick wasted a whole damn trip here.”

“I’m putting him through training,” Rick informed Carson. “Breaking him in as an Omega.”

“Oh, what are you having him do?”

“A shit load of crappy chores,” Negan answered for him.

“Any kind of work that requires attention. Housework, fence reinforcement, things of that nature.”
“Don’t stop there. Tell him about the fucking push-ups and jogging I’ve had to do to add more joy to your damn life.”

“Well, a little hard work isn’t going to kill him,” said Carson. “So he should be fine. Anything else?”

Rick dropped his eyes as he considered the question. There was something else; really the main reason for the trip.

“Actually there is. But we need to talk in private.” He turned to the Hilltop guards that had been standing behind him and handed one of them his gun. “Watch him. Shoot to injury if you have to.”

“Yes sir,” said the guard that took the gun and pointed it at Negan, finger ready on the trigger.

“Aww Rick, don’t tell me you’ve gone shy on me,” Negan said with a chuckle.

Rick just tossed him a warning look before following Carson out of the room. Carson directed Rick outside and a couple of trailers down from his office where no one was near.

“Sorry if this isn’t private enough,” he apologized. “We can find a room in the house.”

“No, no this is fine. I don’t want to be far from Negan.”

“Alright. What’s this about?”

Again he hesitated, finding what he wanted to say awkward, as well as offensive.

“Several months from now, I’m going to be in rut. After I lost Lori, my first Omega, it was…I guess the best way to put it, excruciating. I didn’t have any suppressants at the time so the best I could do was lock myself away til it passed. But still…”

Carson gave a nod in understanding.

“I can only imagine. But there are some tricks that Alphas swear by,” Carson offered.

“Well that’s the thing. I have managed to handle my ruts up to this point. But now, I have an Omega. He’s already hit is his first heat, and it won’t be long until his second one. After that, it’ll be my turn, when I’m in rut.” Rick looked away from the doctor and shifted on his feet, agitated.

“Oh, well. Would you like some suppressants for Negan?” he asked gently. “Or some contraceptives? This pack’s not exactly flooding with Omegas, so take as many as you-”

“I need you to give Negan a fertility exam,” Rick blurted out. Carson stared at him, momentarily speechless.

“I’m, sorry?”

“I haven’t thought on it much, but I figured I should at least know if Negan’s capable of having pups. He started out as an Alpha, and even though everything else matches him up to be an Omega, it doesn’t mean he’ll be able to conceive.”

“That’s true,” Carson started, still caught off guard by the request. “Some Omegas can’t conceive. And considering the special circumstances surrounding your Omega, well an exam would clear that up. Did he have pups before the change?”

“As far as I know he doesn’t,” said Rick uncertainly. “That could be a sign right there that he can’t. With all those Omegas at the Sanctuary, I would think he’d have several pups.”
“Or he could have fed them pup prevention pills. Some Alphas do consider that. With the world the way it is, it’s a lot harder to ensure a pup’s survival. But Rick, are you really considering having pups with Negan?”

Rick almost felt something akin to shame under the doctor’s eye.

“Like I said, I haven’t thought much about it. I guess it came about when I was talking to Carl.”

“Carl?”

“My son. He’s not a pup anymore, but lately I’ve wanted those days back when he was. I did have a chance, when Lori had Judith. But…I lost her along with Lori. I don’t know…maybe, without realizing it Negan triggered my curiosity with his heat.”

“It goes hand in hand with the other,” Carson said, smiling. “Heats and ruts are there to ensure procreation, so normally the thought of producing will come to one’s mind. Normally I find more Alphas think about it than Omegas, but it depends on the person. But that doesn’t mean you have to. But do you want to?”

In truth, Rick wasn’t sure now that he brought it up. It had been so long since Judith, but he never forgot the feeling of embracing a newborn pup. A pup that would grow, carrying on his genes and enlarging the pack. Already he could feel his heart tightening with want.

“I…I have my pack to consider,” he said, almost sorrowfully. “It took a lot for them to accept my claim on Negan, and I can’t imagine they’ll take a liking to me having pups with him.”

Carson rested a comforting hand on his shoulder and smiled.

“Well Rick, it’s not up to them. You’re the Alpha of the pack, and if you want to have pups, they can’t stop you. Besides, a new addition means a larger pack.”

“I know,” he said with a half-smile. “But Negan’s not just my Omega, he’s still my enemy. But when I go into rut, I might end up making it happen. I feel like I’m as unsure about it as Negan’s unsure he’s an Omega.”

“Well you still have time before your rut. If you decide not to you can always pick up some contraceptives. In the meantime, we’ll see if it’s possible. Then again, you could’ve just seen if it’s possible yourself during Negan’s heat. A simple pregnancy test will do the job also. I know it was probably a struggle just to bring Negan all the way over here.”

“I know, but I just like to be sure now, rather than risk becoming disappointed later. If there’s one thing I’m starting to hate nowadays, it’s nasty surprises. Besides, he’s due for a check-up anyways.”

“I understand,” said Carson gently. “And I’m willing to help.”

“I really appreciate this,” Rick said gratefully.

“Your welcome. Now if I’m going to do this, I’ll need more rope.”

After Carson fetched more rope, he led Rick back to the office. Negan was still sitting where they’d left him, but apparently he’d just finished telling a joke to the guards as he was currently laughing. The guards however weren’t finding him very funny.
“Well Rick. Finished giving the doctor your piss sample?”

Rick turned to the guard who wasn’t holding the gun on Negan.

“Help me tie him down.” He walked up to Negan and wordlessly sat him forward in the chair so he could reach the rope binding his hands.

“Finally realized you can trust me,” said Negan, smirking. But the smirk dropped as Rick took the rope and started tying one of his hands to the arm of the chair. The guard took the rope from Carson and proceeded to tie down his other hand. “What’s going on?”

Carson moved to the front of Negan’s chair and pulled up hidden stirrups.

“Hey! I’m talking to you Rick.” Rick ignored him in favor of grabbing one of his legs while the guard took the other. “What the fuck are you-”

Both men started to bind his legs to the stirrups.

“You fucking…” Negan started to struggle, attempting to kick his legs. Rick just held him as a guttural growl erupted from his throat.

“Be still,” he warned dangerously as he made eye contact with him. Negan was left panting, staring back at him with a worried expression.

“What are you…going to do?”

But Rick only smiled and continued to tie his leg down. When he was done, he grabbed the end of his pants and slipped them down easily. Then he reached up to do the same to his boxers. Negan’s heart was starting to pound fiercely.

“What kind of a fucking check-up is this?” He struggled as Rick pulled them down, exposing his Omega sized dick to all. “Fuck…you fucking…”

While this was happening, Dr. Carson wheeled a small machine over to him on rollers. Connected to the thing was a long black probe which Carson removed and covered in a plastic sheath. Negan fell quiet and watched as he then squirted some kind of gel in his hand and started to coat the plastic covered probe with it.

“What the hell do you plan to do with that thing?” he asked in a low voice. Considering he was exposed below, there was only one place that probe could go.

Carson didn’t answer as he turned to Negan’s chair and hit a button on the side, making it lean back more than it already was. With Negan’s legs nicely spread, he was tilted back at an angle that made it easier for anyone to access his breeding hole.

Carson moved between Negan’s legs, ready with the probe.

“Should we have taken his pants off completely?” Rick asked.

“No, I have enough access,” he said as he prepared to line up the probe. Rick gave a warning growl, but when he caught Carson’s eye he looked away as if embarrassed. “It’s alright. It’s normal for Alphas not to feel comfortable about such intrusions on their Omegas. But I swear to you, I’m not out to steal your Omega.”

Negan made minor struggles in his chair.
“FUCK! If you stick that up my-”

“Be still!” Rick warned. “Otherwise it’ll hurt more than it has to.”

“You…”

Negan didn’t get to finish whatever kind of curse he wanted to make as he was occupied with Carson slowly breaching his hole with the probe. His head dropped back into the chair as he felt his muscles twitch with the intrusion. It wasn’t at all like Rick’s dick. The thing was cool and hard, and created a bizarre crinkly feeling with the plastic. Still, the further Carson pushed the thing into him, the more his body wanted to twitch in response.

“Goddamn.”

At least it wasn’t as big as Rick’s probe, but that made little difference as he struggled to keep from finding it arousing. Carson kept pushing it in, slowly, until it went as deep as it would go into his womb.

“Ok,” said Carson. “Let’s see what we have here.”

He turned to the machine and started hitting buttons and turning dials. Negan turned his head to the side, willing himself to calm down, but it was practically impossible to ignore the penetration.

“You may feel a little vibrating,” Carson muttered offhandedly.

True to his word, the probe began to quietly vibrate. It shouldn’t have been enough to get him excited, yet it was increasing the annoying arousal.

“Fuck” he cursed, eyes fluttering shut. Right now his body was making the signal to produce slick while he mentally told his body not to.

It didn’t help in the end as he felt it slipping down where the probe failed to seal perfectly with his flesh. Carson glanced over, clearly noticing.

“Don’t worry about it. Happens to all Omegas.”

At that, Negan popped his eyes open and glared at him as well as Rick. He didn’t bother asking what they were doing to him. It had taken him a moment to recall the machine as a fertility tester. He remembered being there when he had Lucille tested, and watching the Alpha doctor insert the probe into her almost made him go ballistic with aggression. As of now, he was well aware of the quiet growls coming out of Rick. The man was doing a better job at staying calm than he had. But still, had anyone ever told him he’d be on the receiving end of the fertility probe, he would have laughed then beaten them with the bat. But to know this was what Rick really had in mind, pissed him off to the core.

“Almost there,” said Carson.

The machine was making a low buzzing noise, then it issued little beeps as it began to print off the results. The probe stopped vibrating, so Carson slowly pulled it out of him, making Negan groan and shift his hips as though he didn’t want it out of him. He turned away from both men, feeling his face heat up uncomfortably.

“Best damn sex toy in the world and I don’t get to take it home,” he said jokingly, though it came out flat, expressing the feeling of humiliation and betrayal.
Carson looked over the paper then glanced up at Rick, smiling.

“Everything looks good.”

The tension Rick had felt evaporated, but then it was replaced with a whole new feeling of tension; one where he felt apprehensive about the whole idea of pups all over again.

“Ok,” Rick said slowly.

“Yes. So whenever you’re ready to, you know, he’s-”

“Don’t insult me,” Negan growled as he raised himself up to look at him. “I know a fucking fertility machine when I see one, so you can just stop beating around the bush and tell me. Am I capable of getting pregnant?”

Carson looked a little taken aback as he didn’t expect Negan to know that much about such devices. He looked at Rick for approval on informing his Omega, to which Rick nodded.

“You are. You’re very capable of having pups. In fact I’d say your body is capable of having a good sized litter, but that’s just a guess. I think your being an Alpha once may contribute to strong healthy pups, and if there’s anything this world needs right now it’s pups with a strong chance of survival.”

Negan was momentarily speechless. The emotions coursing through him were a mix between interest and slight joy, to confusion and anger. For years he’d gone without having pups once he found his Omega, and it had been because of his own body’s failure. He hoped it would be different upon screwing a couple of other Omegas, but it never changed, and he had to accept the truth that he just couldn’t produce them. And since he couldn’t, he hadn’t let the Alphas or Betas of his own pack enjoy such a luxury. Having his Omega ladies take contraceptives forced his pack to experience such a loss.

But now, hearing that he could finally have pups did not put him in a joyous mood once he processed the news. Instead it did the opposite, because after all this time it was no longer his goal to procreate. More than that, he did not want to know what it was like to physically have them, especially with his old enemy Rick Grimes.

He stared at Rick then with narrowed eyes and bared teeth.

“This was your reason for this whole damn trip,” he growled, the rage building in the pit of his stomach. “Well let me tell you something Rick. I’ll never have your goddamn pups!”

Chapter End Notes

Negan’s got his check-up, but Rick mainly wanted to test the possibility of him getting pregnant. Of course Negan’s not happy that Rick might be considering filling him up with pups.

Have a Happy New Year :)
Chapter 20

Chapter Summary

Negan expresses how unhappy he is about Rick's possible plan for pups.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“It’s not up to you,” Rick said, his voice even as he glared at his bound Omega in the chair. “I’m the Alpha and it’s my call.”

“And your call is to knock me the fuck up,” Negan said with a laugh. “I think that’s a step you’re not ready for Rick. I can see it on your damn face.”

Rick had no reason not to believe him as he was sure his own uncertainty was showing through. But it didn’t matter. His curiosity was satisfied, and there was no rush. Nothing was set in stone.

“We’ll see,” he told him. “In the meantime, why don’t you chew on the fact that you’re a fully turned Omega, since there’s no such thing as Alphas getting pregnant.”

The remark made the smile drop from Negan’s face. It was another fact that he would have to digest, but he didn’t want to focus on it. But as his eyes fell on the probe, his thoughts went back to the idea of pregnancy. It didn’t matter if the doctor confirmed his ability to get pregnant. Until such a day came he didn’t want to digest the fact that becoming pregnant truly meant he was no longer an Alpha. He’d have no choice but to accept it, and it was difficult enough living day to day not understanding what he was.

Negan sunk into the chair and turned his focus to the wall as the rage boiled in the pit of his stomach. He felt like he hated Rick a whole lot more than he did on the day he captured him.

“Before you head back, I’ve got some things for you,” Carson said as he started shifting through his cabinets.

By the end of it, Rick was carrying a bag of Omega vitamins, including prenatal vitamins, some pregnancy home tests, and special body oil to soften his Omega’s skin with the added bonus of weakening his muscles. Carson had figured it would come in handy during the long mating cycles that would hit. Rick thanked him and headed for the car with Negan once again bound at the wrists. He wore a sour expression as Rick led him to the Hilltop gates. Waiting for them was Maggie as well as Gregory.

“I hope we don’t have to expect another visit,” said Gregory. He threw a cautious glance at Negan and took a step back when he caught his icy glare.

“Not anytime soon,” said Rick. “I got what I needed.” He turned to Maggie, whose expression was just as sour as Negan’s. “Maggie, I don’t have any words to say that will make this situation any better for you. I’m sorry it had to be this way.”

She briefly shifted her eyes to Negan.
“I’m sorry too. But even though he’s your Omega now, I hope you won’t let that stop you from making him pay for what he’s done.”

“Believe me, he is paying for it. I’m in the process of breaking him, but if it’s not enough in the end, then I’ll try something else. I’m sure you have some suggestions.”

Maggie looked intrigued at the idea of offering some input into his Omega’s training, while Negan looked sourer at the idea.

“I’m sure it won’t be hard to come up with something,” she said before walking away.

“Maggie,” Rick called to her, making her stop in her tracks. “We do miss you in Alexandria, and I’ll be happy when you decide to return.”

He wasn’t surprised when she only gave the briefest of nods before continuing on. He didn’t expect her to want to come back knowing that Negan was currently part of the pack. And like before, Glenn came to the forefront of his mind.

He stood there, watching Maggie until she disappeared into one of the trailers. Rick sighed before turning and taking his own leave through the gate.

He hesitated when he reached the car as he turned back to the Hilltop, not certain how to feel after the trip. He had expected the confirmation on the fertility test to be a good thing, but it was more complicated. Still, he couldn’t help imagining himself holding a newborn pup in his arms. It really had been so long. Of course he’d get his chance to see a newborn pup when it was Maggie’s time to give birth, but it wouldn’t be his, and considering her reaction to Negan it seemed likely she’d end up staying with the Hilltop pack. Rick wouldn’t blame her if she never came back as there were days he found it hard to believe that Negan was among his own pack.

Suddenly he fell forward onto the ground as something barreled into him from behind. As it landed on his back, he realized it was Negan. Rick didn’t have time to think as one of his hands quickly dug into his pockets.

Rick growled loud and clear, hoping it would be enough to signal Negan to stop since he couldn’t access his neck or gun. He reached back, hoping to claw at the bastard’s face. Negan wasn’t concerned as he simply concentrated on holding him down as best he could as he fished out the keys.

Rick squirmed and kicked causing Negan to lose much of his balance. Negan fell sideways with a groan as Rick rolled on top of him. It still wasn’t good enough as he couldn’t bite into his neck to settle him since his back was to the ground, so he opted for snaking his hand behind him to pinch the gland with his fingers. It wasn’t enough as Negan was struggling harder than ever before. Negan shifted quickly so they were sideways on the ground. He leaned away to avoid his fingers reaching his gland.

It didn’t stop Rick who was making another attempt to reach it, and just when he opted for reaching for his gun, a spear landed far too close to his head. It was enough of a distraction to allow Negan to knock him across the head and jump to his feet.

“Damn it!” Rick heard Kal yell. He raised his eyes to see that the spear had come from him as he had attempted to help him in the fight above them from the gate.

The sound of the car’s engine brought his senses back as he quickly got to his feet. He started running as the car took off. Before he could really reach the driver’s side door, the car picked up speed, kicking a cloud of dust all over Rick.
He came to a stop, panting wildly and watching as the car sped away. He wasn’t sure how possible it was, but he was certain he could hear the man laughing. With shaky fingers, he balled them into fists and let out a roar. He had been careless and worst of all he had been stubborn.

“Damn it!”

He cursed himself for not listening to Michonne’s advice to bring guards with him, but he had been so sure he could handle his Omega alone. There was something to be said about an Alpha that handled their Omega without help, but such form of thinking disregarded the fact that this wasn’t the average Omega.

Rick raised himself up after catching his breath and shut his eyes as Shane came to mind. He had always insisted he was too caught up in the old ways. Even after the world changed Shane reminded him that ‘it ain’t like it was before’. Aside from having possessive interests on a new Omega, he had wanted it to be just him and his Omega since the main purpose of the trip revolved around pups. Alphas never brought members of the pack with them when they took their Omegas in for fertility tests or ultrasounds. It was simply in the Alpha’s nature not to share such intimate visit with the rest of the pack. It was something he’d done with Lori. Shane had always jokingly asked if he wanted him to tag along, causing Rick’s aggression to skyrocket. Rick never viewed himself as handling his emotions well when it came to Omegas and here was proof that Shane had a point. Omegas were too precious now for some of the traditions to work properly, and it demanded a new way of thinking on the Alpha’s part.

“Rick!”

Kal ran up to him as soon as the Hilltop gate was opened again.

“Rick, I’m sorry. It was my fault…I tried to…”

“No,” Rick disagreed, eyes still on the road even though Negan had long disappeared with the car. “It was my fault. My stupid mistakes, not yours.”

Rick turned slowly, feeling a horrible pit in his stomach at the sudden loss. Already he could feel his Alpha instincts going ballistic. He looked at Hilltop to see a curious crowd forming, and it made Rick wish the earth would swallow him up. Not only was he angry, but embarrassed that he couldn’t even control his own Omega.

Maggie walked up to him and the feeling only increased.

“He got away?” she stated more than asked.

Rick couldn’t meet her eyes. His instincts were screaming at him, insisting that he needed that Omega because it was his; his property and his great source of need.

“Not for long,” he growled. “I need a car.”

A wide smile stretched across Negan’s face as the road stretched out before him. Freedom never looked so great as far as he was concerned. He checked the rear-view mirror a few times, fearful that Rick might somehow catch up to him. He expected him to get another car to hunt him down, so he made sure to keep his foot on the gas to keep the distance between them great.

“So long prick,” he muttered.
The smile shifted and soon enough he was frowning with disgust at the thought of Rick. The idea that he wanted to see if he could produce pups was a strong enough indicator for him to leave now. Besides that, the chances of getting another opportunity to escape were slim.

He sighed as he made a turn. He had no idea where to go. All he knew was that he couldn’t leave a trace for his Alpha…

He shook his head, cursing himself for thinking of Rick that way.

“Not my fucking Alpha,” he scolded himself. For that he was glad he’d chosen now to run for it.

Negan made another turn, blindly driving onward. Eventually he found himself along the highway that put the Sanctuary within his view. Here he slowed down, though the alarms sounded in his head telling him to keep moving. It was dangerous to stop here, in case any Saviors were about, but he couldn’t help it. The Sanctuary had been home. He had ruled there. He’d had all the power, all the Omegas and all the joys of having a large pack in that one factory. Then in a blink of an eye it had crumbled away.

Negan stared at it with a look of longing as well as fear. How was his old pack doing now? He was sure it had all fallen apart without him, but if someone else was in charge now things could be worse. He hoped, if anything, Simon was the one in charge if that was so, but he had a strong feeling he wasn’t. He was scared that someone might have figured out he helped him escape. If they had, what did that mean for Simon?

He looked away from the Sanctuary then, not wanting to think about it. Then he thought about his Omegas. Had the rules gone out the window when it came to them? Were they being screwed without stop? He gripped the steering wheel tightly and issued a weak growl. If there was one thing he cherished the most as a true Alpha, it was having control over the Omegas; dictating the rules, and screwing them whenever he liked. And the idea of someone else having that particular power made him want to drive over there and bash said person’s skull.

He was brought out of his anger by the sight of a dead one roaming across the street looking for a meal. He tossed one last look at the Sanctuary before hitting the gas and continuing on.

Negan made many turns and even took to driving off road as a sense of paranoia set in. He wasn’t paying attention to where he was going, and he was constantly glancing into the rear-view mirror, certain that he’d see Rick behind him.

At one point, he looked into the mirror for so long he missed a small group of dead crossing his path. When he looked back at the road he barely had enough time to turn the wheel. But the turn wasn’t quick enough and the car smashed into them.

He yelled in surprise as the dead clogged up and caught into the tires, making him swerve off the side of the road and into a ditch.

He was momentarily stunned, but as realization hit him, he banged into the steering wheel.

“Goddamn it!”

He looked at his surroundings. He was near a wooded area now, but it didn’t feel far enough away to be safe. He shifted the gear into reverse and hit the gas.

“Come on, come on damn it!”

He did it for as long as he could, but the car just wasn’t going anywhere.
“FUCK!”

Feeling panicked and knowing he didn’t have time to waste, he quickly exited the car and hurried into the woods.

Negan continued on, not knowing how long he was traveling. He knew it was long enough for his stomach to start complaining and for his tongue to get parched. The last thing he wanted was to start regretting the choice to escape, but the lonely journey was starting to make him feel quite vulnerable. Such a feeling did nothing to help the mounting paranoia of being discovered.

When he made it past a thick group of trees, he saw a form of relief in the form of what appeared to be an abandoned community, protected by a brick wall. Of course it was possible there were people within, but the quietness and the sight of the open gate gave him some hope that whoever had lived here had died, making the place free for the taking.

With a smile, he carried his exhausted body through the gate.

He kept his eyes peeled for any roaming dead. He was in no fit state to fight any off, but picked up a heavy branch for protection nonetheless. The community itself was made up of houses that all showed some sign of being attacked, with the main weapon being fire. Right away, he discovered the bodies of some of the past residents scattered here and there. None were reanimating since they’d all had some strike in the head.

The stress he felt decreased as relief settled in. He walked to the center of the community and paused, shutting his eyes and thanking the universe for presenting such a place for him. Sure it would need a little work here and there, but it was a start.

For the next couple of hours, Negan went from house to house, checking for food and supplies and any hidden residents. He still didn’t find a living soul, but he did find a few cans of hidden food that would do for a week if he ate sparingly. He had quickly come to the conclusion that the place had been picked over, but not well. Why the previous ransackers didn’t just stay here, he didn’t know nor cared.

It was a place hidden on the other side of the thickening forest, and better yet, it was far enough away from Rick’s group as well as the Saviors. He knew his best chance of keeping away from them was leaving altogether and finding another city, but that required a vehicle.

He had no desire to try any of the few cars he came across anytime soon, knowing Rick was most likely on the road searching for him. Now was the time to lay low, so he chose one of the houses with the most comfortable bed and sank into it with a happy sigh. There were no more jail cells, no more chores, and no more Alphas to deal with. He was on his own, free to decide what to do.

“Fucking home sweet home,” he muttered as he shut his eyes and fell into a peaceful sleep.

Chapter End Notes

Negan was always going to run away, so good job calling it Angela :) And this was the better opportunity because escape wasn’t possible within Alexandria so the trip to the Hilltop allowed this part of the story.
I'm no good at geography for the show, but I wanted the community that Negan found to be the one Noah brought Rick and company to, only to find they'd all been killed by the wolves. And right now, Negan is quite comfortable to be there.
“Damn it!”

After driving and searching until the beginning of the setting sun, Rick came to the conclusion that he wasn’t going to find Negan; at least not on the same day that he had lost him.

“Damn it.”

The last time he’d felt disgusted with his actions it was when he ended up losing the truck of supplies in the lake after his and Daryl’s run-in with Jesus. The situation of losing Negan, who was not only the biggest enemy the communities have ever faced but also his Omega, topped losing the truck.

He looked at the sky, face a mask of illness and horror. The last thing he wanted was to be out alone at night, so he headed for home. He could just imagine everyone’s reactions. They were likely to mirror Maggie’s who had a look of shock then severe disappointment with her Alpha. He knew he deserved the look of disappointment as he was more disappointed with himself than she or anyone else could ever be.

When he made it, he poked his head out of the car to assure that the gate attendant knew it was him since he clearly noticed the different car he was driving.

As he rolled through the gates of Alexandria, dread gripped his heart. He turned and saw Daryl, Michonne, and this time Aaron coming up to meet him. How he wished he could sink into the earth right then as he leaned his head back and briefly shut his eyes. Then he ran a hand over his face and forced himself to exit the car. He was an Alpha and he had to own up to the loss regardless of how it made him look.

“Hey, how’d it...” Daryl paused as he turned to look into the backseat and noticed it was empty.

“What the hell? You leave him with the doc?”

“No,” Rick admitted sorrowfully as they all looked to him for the explanation. “He got away.”

“What?” Michonne cried.

“How could he get away?” Aaron prodded.

“I got careless. Everything was fine when I took him there. But as we were leaving, I had my back to him. I wasn’t watching and he jumped me. Grabbed my keys and took the car. That’s why I have one of the Hilltop’s cars.”

Michonne stepped away expressing clear horror and rage.
“Shit!” Daryl cursed. “You couldn’t shoot him!”

“I was trying to control him!” Rick cried as a growl erupted from his throat. “And I did try and reach for my gun. You think I wanted him to escape?”

“This wouldn’t have happened if you’d taken us with you,” Daryl growled back.

Rick stepped toward him, shoulders squared and chest puffed. The last thing he needed was to fall into an argument as he was doing everything he could to keep back the roaring of his Alpha side. Right now he felt compelled to run wild until he found his sub.

“It’s done, and I’m sorry. I don’t want Negan running lose out there any more than you do. But I’m not giving up on finding him.”

“And we will,” Aaron interrupted, hoping to calm the situation.

Daryl took a step back and averted his eyes.

“I was stupid,” Rick continued. “I didn’t think this through, and I should’ve brought you with me.”

“Was it so important to go it alone?” asked Michonne.

“It was, at the time,” Rick said as he hung his head. “I wanted him to take a fertility test. That’s the main reason I wanted him to go.”

Naturally this shocked all three, but at least Aaron and Michonne expressed a shadow of understanding in their eyes. As Alphas, they knew how personal such a moment was, but there was still the natural shock of him admitting the idea that he might want pups with Negan of all people.

“But, you’re not...you’re not thinking about pups with that bastard, are you?” Daryl asked. The other two showed expressions of revulsion at the idea.

“I just wanted to be sure how fertile he was,” Rick said calmly. “Negan’s gonna hit another heat, and then I’ll be in rut. Sometimes pups happen in those situations and I didn’t want to be surprised.”

“Well, can he, have them?” Michonne asked hesitantly.

Rick could see that they were clearly disturbed at the possibility of it, and he didn’t want to make them any more disappointed than they already were, yet he didn’t want to lie.

“That doesn’t matter now. What matters is that we get him back.”

The statement was enough to confirm their fears about Negan’s fertileness, but they said nothing about it.

“We’ll find him,” Aaron said with an air of positivity.

Michonne gave a nod of agreement. A still fuming Daryl was the last to nod.

Five days passed without incident, and Negan couldn’t be happier about it. In that time no one had come close to discovering his private community, and he took it as a sign that he would finally be able to have some kind of a life without having to be stalked or enslaved. He had spent much of his time indoors, concerned someone could be watching him from the woods, but by the fifth day he felt comfortable enough to sit outside on the porch for a bit. The brick wall around the place was much...
too high for anyone to peek over anyhow.

He sighed as he took in his home, unsure of how he really felt about it. The best thing about it was the fact that he had safety and a place of his very own; the downside was that it was a reminder of what he no longer had at the Sanctuary, and he was alone.

There hadn’t been a lot for him to do. For the most part he kept himself busy doing a little clean up in the house he’d slept in, deciding to claim it as his main home. The hard part about it was that the cleanup actually brought his mind to the chores Rick had forced him to do, and his stomach turned. It couldn’t be helped since he didn’t have Omegas to do the work for him, so he tried to ignore such thoughts as best he could.

It was quiet for the most part, and it made him miss his old pack terribly. But once he thought of what they’d done to him, he cursed them and thought about other things.

He knew it was a long shot, but a part of him was interested in the idea of somehow regaining his title as the biggest Alpha on campus. Naturally there would be an issue in trying to obtain such a thing being that he was now labeled an Omega. Still, he didn’t want to see this as a problem, because as far as he was concerned, he was still the same man before his pack had turned on him.

What was to stop him from bashing someone’s brains out? He might not have Lucille anymore, but that didn’t mean he couldn’t pull it off. Suddenly he found himself eager to go out there and find someone just to prove it to himself. Omegas were meek little things and violence wasn’t in their nature. Of course he’d heard a few stories that seemed to prove otherwise, but in his opinion they had simply been Omegas with mental issues.

Negan started to pace along the porch. Then he stepped off and proceeded to give himself a self-tour while imagining other residents occupying the community with him commanding over them. All he had to do was consider the steps he’d taken when he came into power. The only thing he’d have to do differently was come down harder on the people, and this time with more weapons than Lucille.

His heart tingled with the idea. He knew he could do it again. He could get power back, and once he did he would pay a quick visit to his old pack, and then to Rick, and exterminate both. A smile stretched across his face at the thought. But naturally he would need a pack of his own first.

He made his way to an open garage of one of the houses and searched through the tools that were left behind. He grimaced as he momentarily thought of the work Rick had made him do on the fence in Alexandria. His eyes fell on a crowbar and he picked it up. It was no Lucille, but it would do for now.

He turned from the table and gave it a few practice swings, putting all his energy into getting as much power into the swings as possible. His fingers itched with the need to find a head to try it against.

“Fuck yeah,” he said with a grin, feeling it was just the thing to help him become whole again.

Suddenly the sound of an approaching vehicle came to his ears. He froze and looked in the direction of the gate’s entrance. He was in no danger of being seen, but that didn’t mean someone wouldn’t try and climb up and see over it since he kept the entrance locked.

When he didn’t hear anything else, he considered the possibility that he might have misheard it, but then came the clear sound of car doors slamming shut.

His heart began to race as he quickly entered the house through the garage door, being as quiet as
possible.

“Shit…shit.”

He prayed it wasn’t Rick or a Savior. He slipped into the bedroom and left the door partially open. With the crowbar raised, he was ready in case anyone should enter the bedroom in their attempt to search this particular house.

Negan wasn’t sure how long he waited, but eventually he heard the tell-tale signs of someone perusing around. He bared his teeth as he strained to hear. As far as he could tell, it was one person walking about. His hand trembled slightly and he hated it. Never before had he felt an ounce of nervousness at the idea of attacking someone. He’d always been more than ready to deliver a good beat down on someone, but now he just didn’t have the same feeling and he placed the blame on the annoying hints of submissiveness.

There was a creak and he held his breath. Then there was silence. He released a sigh and leaned against the wall, certain they had left the house. Minutes later however, the sound returned and he braced himself as steps approached his location.

He took a step back and raised the crowbar as the door slowly opened. Since he was on the opposite side, the opening door covered him nicely, but he couldn’t see the intruder.

“Heh, nice room...what the…”

The thin, brown haired man that had entered didn’t get the chance to say anything more after he moved further inside and turned, catching Negan behind the door. The slight hesitation on Negan’s part nearly cost him, but he quickly brought down the crowbar upon the man’s head. He crashed to the floor, gasping. Negan stepped over him to finish the job, but he met the man’s frightened eyes and he was surprised that he almost felt scared.

“Fuck,” he cursed as he quickly brought down the crowbar before he took a moment to examine the feeling. The man’s skull started to split as he brought it down again and again.

After three more strikes he stopped and took a moment to catch his breath while staring down at the intruder. His senses had informed him he was a Beta which made him feel easier about it. Had it been an Alpha he wasn’t sure he’d be able to do it at all. No Omega had enough drive to go as far as murdering an Alpha, unless they were completely out of their mind. Still, he hated that even a hint of his transformation had almost held him back.

“Tommy! You alright!” called a rough voice.

Panic struck Negan as his eyes darted around looking for a place to hide.

“Tommy!” said another voice.

Negan went to the window and tried to pry it open, but the rusted lock prevented it. He moved to the door when he heard footsteps approaching. Quickly he darted into the adjacent bathroom and closed the door, just barely making it before footsteps marched by.

“Oh god!” cried a man. “What the hell happened!”

“Shit, someone’s here,” said the other voice. Both were male, and Negan caught a whiff of Alpha scents.

He mentally cursed the situation and his own mistake in handling the matter. Still a stronger side
wished this. Back when he was an Alpha, this was what he did; he defended what was his and would kill anyone that attempted to take it away. But as his heart hammered and his mind screamed at him to run or hide he knew then that it wouldn’t be so easy to reclaim his old self; so long as he had Omega tendencies within him.

“Tommy,” came the gruff sounding man, in a broken tone this time. “Oh Tommy… who… who fucking did this?”

“Shit’s still here! Gotta be.”

Negan tensed and stepped into the bathtub, quietly pulling the curtains around him. His scent wouldn’t be hard to find, and no sooner had he thought it did the bathroom door open. Negan readied the crowbar again. A minute later the curtains were violently pulled aside. Again Negan experienced the hesitation, but he swung it nonetheless. The Alpha was quicker with his reaction and grabbed it as he swung, catching the crowbar with his hands.

Negan pushed him backwards and crashed him against the sink.

“In here!” the man cried.

Since the man held on so tightly to the crowbar, Negan couldn’t pry it away, so he resorted to a punch against his cheek and tried to flee. By that time the other man had come and immediately delivered a punch to his gut, making him double over. The man Negan had attacked hurried over and struck the crowbar hard across his back. He stumbled as the other man grabbed him and threw him to the floor.

“An Omega!” the gruff sounding Alpha cried. “An Omega killed my nephew?”

Negan coughed and made to flee, but the man suddenly turned him and dropped him his back.

“Why? Why would you… hurt… my…” He trailed off as he gazed at him with something of wonder in his eyes. Negan stared back feeling just as awestruck as he stared back at the familiar thin bearded man. “Holy shit. You know who this is?”

“Who?” the other Alpha asked.

The bearded man gave a slow shake of the head.

“It’s that son of a bitch that tried to steal my Omega that day we were on the side of the road!”

Negan couldn’t feel sicker as the memories of that day surfaced in his mind. He remembered it clearly, and now he was compelled to curse himself for his actions back then knowing that if he’d never tried to pursue the man’s Omega, he never would have gotten bitten and turned into an Omega-Alpha abomination.

“Shit,” the bearded man said with a sorrowful laugh. “I guess… I’ll get a chance, to pay you back for what you’ve done to me. You have… no idea what you’ve done… including what you’ve done today.”

Angry tears dripped from the man’s face as he gripped Negan’s shoulder tightly, causing him to groan in pain.

Chapter End Notes
I can totally side with Michonne and others in being against Rick having pups with Negan. The whole 'sleeping with the enemy' thing tends to rub me the wrong way, yet I'm creating a story revolving around that, lol. And I'm all for the having Negan go through the pains of pregnancy:D

I'll say Negan's very wrong about no omega being strong enough to kill an Alpha unless they were crazy. If he'd only known Glenn. Omegas in this universe can learn to overcome their submissive tendencies if they really wanted to, but Negan's still something of a newborn Omega who wouldn't know how. Besides that, he truly believes there's no changing yourself if you're born in a certain class.

But anyway, it wasn't Rick or the Saviors Negan met, but a man he didn't think he'd ever cross paths with again. Talk about karma.
Chapter 22

Chapter Summary

Negan realizes he may very well be in for a rough time.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Time was frozen for Negan. All he could do was stare back at the man which was like staring into that past moment when everything had changed. The bearded man didn’t smile at his captive. Right now his face was a mask of anger and sorrow. More tears flowed from his eyes and he took a moment to wipe them away. The man’s grip on his shoulder weakened, but Negan didn’t dare move.

“Not sure I remember him,” the other Alpha said.

Negan shifted his eyes over to the narrow faced, dark haired man who was still holding his crowbar.

“I remember him alright,” the bearded man confirmed with a sad toothy grin. “You might not have noticed, when you and Sam…were trying to protect us in the woods.”

Negan thought back to the moment shots were fired at his pack from the woods. He assumed he was the one to yell at them to get away from his pack.

“You mean it was a shitty Omega that did this to us?”

At that, the bearded man narrowed his eyes in confusion.

“No, he was definitely an Alpha.”

“But, he’s an Omega.”

“No, I’m sure of it Kay,” said the bearded man. “Doesn’t make any sense. What the hell are you?”

Negan shifted his eyes to the man known as Kay who was waving the crowbar threateningly.

“Talk damn you!” the bearded man demanded, spit flying and peppering Negan’s face.

“I…” he wasn’t sure where to start, or rather how to considering they were meeting after such a disaster. Negan wasn’t sure what more this man could’ve lost that day, but he was certain it didn’t top what had happened to him. Still, he decided to try some empathy. “I fucked up. I fucked up today, and that day, and for that I’m sorry.”

“That doesn’t…mean anything right now,” the bearded man said, voice full of emotion. “Tell me what happened to you. Tell me what Tommy died for!”

Negan sighed and dropped his eyes.

“That day, when I was about to kill you, that herd of dead came along. You got your chance to escape, but I didn’t.”
“What’s that mean?” Kay asked. The bearded man shushed him.

“One of those shit’s bit me. I should’ve been a dead man, but I wasn’t. Instead I turned…turned into…”

“An Omega,” the bearded man finished.

Negan’s face fell briefly as he still didn’t like the label, but considering the situation he thought it best to comply as much as he could.

“Yes,” he said, head hanging with a look of defeat.

The bearded man leaned away and traded a look with Kay.

“No way,” said Kay. “No way man. That’s bullshit.”

“Damnest thing I ever heard,” said the bearded man.

“It’s nuts, but it’s true,” said Negan sorrowfully, hoping to gain sympathy. “I don’t know why or how the fuck it happened, but that’s what happened to me.”

The bearded man didn’t speak. He was staring at Negan with an expression that ramped up his nerves.

“Why’d Tommy have to die?” he said seriously.

“I didn’t know…I thought you were, here to attack me. Omegas are rare, and it’s hard to survive if Alphas are trying to get us.” The man’s eyes flashed and Negan knew he’d hit a nerve by reminding him of his attempt to steal his Omega. “I was fucking stupid for not understanding that back then. Guess this is the universe’s way of making me pay…by making me an Omega.”

“And you’re sorry for trying to steal my Omega?” he asked flatly.

Negan looked him in the eyes.

“I am. I’m so fucking sorry.”

The bearded man searched his eyes for a long time.

“I’m Leo,” he finally said.

“Well, it’s nice to meet you Leo. I’m Negan, and again, I’m sorry that I-”

“Save it,” Leo ordered boldly. “I’m not accepting your apology. Not after what you’ve done.”

Negan wasn’t surprised to hear this, but he kept up the impression of defeat, though he didn’t feel it was an impression anymore.

“Well shit, what do we do with him?” Kay asked.

“Make him pay Kay…it’s all we can do.” Slowly he stood and stepped back.

“Get up and don’t try anything,” Kay ordered.

He shifted into position, but didn’t rise.
“Gentlemen,” Negan began slowly, “I know how you’re feeling.”

“You don’t know shit,” Leo spat. “I can tell. You don’t know...what you’ve done. But I’m gonna make you understand. Me, along with what’s left of my pack.”

Suddenly Negan felt a twist of fear at the words. It made him wonder how bad things went for this man’s pack that day. Did some of his men kill Leo’s defenders? Did he somehow lose his Omega?

“Get up!” Kay cried again, crowbar ready to strike him.

Quietly and carefully Negan rose to his feet. He looked at the two men, wanting to just take them down. As far as he could tell they didn’t have a gun. But the first problem was that he didn’t know where the rest of Leo’s pack was, and the second was that he had a strong inkling to submit, as a true Omega would.

Leo grabbed his shoulder and pulled him close, then he turned and looked back at the body of Tommy.

“Bernard’s gonna lose his mind,” said Kay.

“I know,” said Leo sadly. “But then he’ll help me in making this son of a bitch pay. Let’s go.”

Leo led the way as he pulled Negan along, heading toward the front door. During the walk, Negan’s heart began thumping painfully in his chest.

“How’d you find this place?” he asked Leo.

“We lost our camp, to an accidental fire. And we were searching for a new one. Luckily we found yours.”

“This is my property,” Negan said, nearly yelling the statement. “Your Tommy was intruding.”

Leo gave a hollow laugh.

“No one knocks anymore. I’m sure you didn’t either when you found this place. Or did you somehow kill the people that were living here and took it for your own?”

“I didn’t kill anyone,” Negan said, on the verge of growling. “I found it, just like you.”

“Are you alone?”

“Yes.”

Leo opened the door and dragged him outside.

“Maybe this would’ve been different if you’d taken him hostage. Talked it out with us. But that’s the difference between you and me. You’re a damn taker, and I’m not.”

Negan had no trouble believing it. On the day he saw him, he didn’t think much of the Alpha. Leo had looked like a push over, a softy. But of course any Alpha would do what they had to to keep their packs safe. He wasn’t sure Leo would be able to deliver in making him pay, but he didn’t know about the rest of the pack, especially this so called Bernard.

Suddenly Kay came up behind Negan and gave a sniff.

“This bastard smells claimed.”
“Yeah,” Leo agreed. He reached for the gland and squeezed, making Negan yelp and slump in his walking. “You’re a damn Omega alright. Who claimed you? Where’s your Alpha?”

Negan wondered if it would be a good move to send them to Alexandria in the hopes he’d get his vengeance that way, somehow.

“A prick named Rick.”

“Where is he?” Leo asked as he squeezed his gland harder, making him gasp in pain and slump further.

“A place called Alexandria. I can show you. It’s much nicer than this place. Hell of a lot bigger too. Now I know you said you’re not a taker, but I can help you. I can help you take that place.”

“What kind of people do you think we are?” Kay asked angrily.

“That, I don’t know,” Negan admitted. “But I owe you. The least I can do is get you a good place to live. Now Rick has a pack, but I know we can find a way to-”

The sudden punch to his face silenced him.

“Don’t screw with me,” Leo warned. “The only reason you want us to go there is so we can get killed, and you can have this place to yourself.”

“No, no that’s not it, damn it.”

“Or, you want us to do in your Alpha.”

Negan shook his head, hating how quick Leo was to his idea.

“No. I need to do something to make up for your Beta.”

“I’m not a murderer,” Leo continued, ignoring his words.

“Well you’ll be sorry if you don’t do something about him.” Leo stopped walking and faced him. “Rick is a damn good tracker. As a matter of fact I was planning on leaving this place because I know he’ll find me, soon. And when he does, he’ll kill all of you for whatever you plan to do to me. That’s the kind of Alpha he is. That’s why I fucking ran away from him. Now would be your chance to take him out, before he gets the jump on you.”

Leo seemed to take in his words for a minute, but then he narrowed his eyes.

“You must think I’m stupid.”

“I’m fucking telling the truth.”

“Whether you are, or not, my pack’s in no shape to do it even if we were like that. Now if he was an asshole to you, I’m happy for it. Cause you deserve it.”

“Bernard!” Kay yelled.

Both men looked away from one another to see a man and a woman coming out of one of the houses up ahead. The man, Bernard, was a hulking bearded figure packing a lot of muscles. Right away Negan caught his scent as an Alpha, and that combined with his strong figure made him quite nervous. Then there was the woman who he recognized as the red headed Omega he had tried to steal from Leo. As they neared, the woman’s eyes widened as she clearly recognized him.
“Oh you found somebody,” said Bernard, looking intrigued. “Is he alone? We can use more members.”

The woman stopped, not wanting to get closer.

“It’s him,” she gasped.

“Yes,” Leo confirmed.

Bernard quirked an eyebrow as he looked between the two while Negan just gazed at the woman not knowing what to feel about her. The need to have her was gone, and he chalked it up to his Omega side as Omegas didn’t claim other Omegas. But there was also the fact that she represented the day that screwed up his life forever. There was clear fear in her eyes despite the fact that her pack had the upper hand. Hating it, Negan averted his eyes.

“Him who?” Bernard asked.

“Bernie, this is the man responsible for what happened to us, when we lost Roy…and Sam,” Leo explained while shaking Negan.

“What?”

From a house nearby, another figure exited and made his way toward them. He was a thin looking mustached man with long black hair. Negan sensed he was a Beta.

“Who’s…hey, he looks familiar,” the man said. Negan wracked his brain and just barely remembered him being one of the Betas that was with Leo on the side of the road.

“He should be,” Leo said with a growl. He turned back to Bernard who was the only one without a clue. “You weren’t there that day Bernie, but this is the guy that attacked us.”

“But, didn’t you say it was an Alpha. This is a fucking Omega.”

“I’ll explain later. Right now, we gotta make him pay for what he did to them, and you.”

“Me?”

Kay stepped forward, face fallen.

“It’s Tommy Bernard. This fuck killed him.”

“What?…What the fuck are you talking about?” he cried, panic stricken.

Kay’s response was to point to the house where the body laid. Bernard hesitated before running toward the house.

“You’re lying…you’re fucking lying,” he cursed as he ran.

Nobody spoke. No one even moved a muscle. Negan looked up after a moment and met the woman’s eyes. She still looked afraid, but also disgusted. She turned to Leo ready to say something when the horrible wail of grief met their ears.

“Tommy…NNOOOOO!”

Negan shut his eyes and cursed under his breath. The woman raised her hands to her mouth in sorrow.
“Jesus,” said the long haired man.

“Yeah,” said Leo sadly.

Without thinking about it, Negan attempted to pull away. Kay closed in, leaning right against his ear.

“Don’t you try anything you shit. You won’t make it.”

Leo grabbed his gland and squeezed hard while pushing him down to his knees.

“You killed Bernie’s son,” Leo said coldly. “You killed his only pup.”

Leo didn’t have to explain further how much trouble he was in. Negan knew after hearing that much about Tommy.

“It was self-defense,” Negan tried. “Goddamn self-defense, I was trying to protect myself, my home.”

“Bullshit!” Kay screamed. “Tommy’s not like that.”

“There’s no one else here is there Mike?” Leo asked of the long haired man.

“Not a soul so far. We haven’t covered every house, but it looks like it so far.”

“I’m here alone, I fucking told you.”

“Shut up,” Leo warned. He looked at his Omega who was shaking and looking teary-eyed. “It’s gonna be alright Lisa.”

“No,” she cried. “I don’t want him here! And Tommy…did he really kill…”

“Motherfucker!”

They turned to see Bernard racing toward them, making a beeline for Negan. Leo released his shoulder just as Bernard struck a heavy fist into the side of his face, knocking him flat on the ground. The next thing Negan knew, the man was raining punch after punch across his face. Negan could do nothing with the man’s heavy weight settled on his body.

“I’ll kill you! Fucking bastard…fucking son of a bitch! Fuck!”

“Bernie…Bernie.” Leo moved forward and grabbed his fist. He wasn’t strong enough to stop him, but Bernard came to a stop nonetheless, breathing hard. “Don’t kill him. It’ll be too easy. We want him to suffer. And he will.”

Shaking, Bernard got to his feet while Negan choked up the blood from the harsh beating. The people standing over him swam in his blurry vision.

“You think you’re hurting now, just wait,” said Leo.

Negan turned his bloodied face toward the woman. He couldn’t see her reaction clearly, yet he found himself reaching toward her as she was the only other Omega there. Then a kick to his head brought everything into darkness.

Negan awoke to a throbbing headache that had him moaning.
"Rise and shine."

He recognized Leo’s voice and blinked as he came into view. Surrounding him was Kay and Mike, and in the back barely containing himself was Bernard. The woman, Lisa, was doing her best to calm him as she gently massaged his shoulders and whispered words of comfort in his ear. He didn’t recognize the house he was in, but he realized it was a pretty spacious living room, and he was in the center of it without a shirt or pants. In fact, he happened to be hanging from the ceiling with his hands raised over his head as they were tied tightly to the rope that was worked through the leftover parts of what was once a ceiling fan. He could see the rope running through a particular setup along the ceiling and tied in place alongside a wall.

Negan shifted and realized his feet were bound together as well. It didn’t stop him from trying to jerk loose, but the only thing he was managing to do was make himself swing in the air. Breath quickening, he stopped and looked at Leo.

“You were out for a long time,” he said. “Long enough for us to set this up for you.”

“You, please. You people don’t have to do this,” Negan tried. “Whatever you’re planning, there’s a better way for me to repay you.”

Bernard started to march forward, but Leo raised his hand and stopped him.

“There is no better way,” Leo insisted. “This is it. You’re gonna pay for taking away his pup…and mine.”

Negan’s eyes widened and his heartbeat sped up.

“Yeah,” Leo said, sensing his fear. “That day…I lost my pup, because of you. His name…was Sam.”

Chapter End Notes

Leo almost didn't make it when he first encountered Negan, and I'm glad I decided to spare him back then so I could bring him back to punish Negan. As I've mentioned before, Negan will have rough times in this fic, and it didn't necessarily mean it would all come from Rick's doing.
Negan realizes his rough time is just beginning.

I know some like for Rick to dish out the punishments on Negan. All I can say is start gritting your teeth and baring what's to come.

There was nothing to be said. Negan didn’t know what it was like to lose a pup, but he understood the fury it would cause an Alpha. He looked over at Bernard who seemed to be doing his best to hold back tears. Lisa was rubbing his back, quietly telling him it was going to be okay.

“What are we gonna do to him?” Mike asked. He looked quite eager to start.

Leo didn’t answer. Instead he started circling Negan’s hanging form like a shark. So far Negan felt he was the most calm about the whole matter while everyone else was doing all they could to hold in their emotions. Still he knew it didn’t mean it was a way out.

“I’m sorry about your pup, I really am,” Negan finally said. Leo stopped in front of him and waited for more. “But with all fucking due respect I didn’t kill him.”

“No,” Leo agreed. “But your men did. They chased him and Kay when they were trying to save us. Kay got lucky and survived, but my boy…”

Negan could see the hurt in his eyes, but it was quickly replaced by fire.

“Well I’m fucking sorry. I don’t know what went down between him and my men, but I’m sure they were just trying to defend themselves.”

“My boys were trying to defend themselves, against people that were trying to kill them!” Leo suddenly shouted.

“I lost a man too!” Negan shouted back. “That day. I don’t know if it was Kay or your pup, but one was injured and another killed.”

“So you’re saying my Sam deserved to die?”

Kay was moving now, making his way behind him with the crowbar, making Negan tense.

“No, I’m saying it was self-defense, on both sides. We both lost that day.”

WHACK
Negan cried out as the crowbar cracked into his back, making him swing forward slightly.

“We wouldn’t have lost anything if you hadn’t come along and threatened us,” Leo continued.

**WHACK**

He gasped as Kay struck him again, the pain sending a jolt up his spine. So far it felt worse than Rick’s spanking.

“Shit,” he gasped. He tried to move his hands but the rope wouldn’t give in the slightest. “I’m not responsible…for what my men did. They lost control.”

**WHACK**

“You were their Alpha weren’t you! You are responsible damn it! You’re telling me you couldn’t control your own pack!”

**WHACK**

His body jerked from the strike. He twisted and kicked his legs in a sad attempt to get away.

“Fuck!” His back was starting to burn. He looked at Leo as the fear rose. Trying to defend the actions of his pack was getting him nowhere. “They were idiots. Whoever did it, was an idiot. Most packs have one…so I hope Sam took him out before I could.”

Leo shook his head slowly as a ghost of a smile made its way onto his face.

“You had to have ordered it,” he said quietly, “Ordered them to go after Kay and my boy. You had to have…to get revenge on people trying to keep their pack safe.”

Negan shook his head as he shut his eyes.

“I didn’t want casualties. I told them I wanted your pack alive…ahhh!” Kay cut him off with another hit. Negan released a breath between his teeth. “They probably thought, they had no choice but to shoot. Please…I didn’t want that to happen.”

**WHACK…WHACK…WHACK…**

He gave a yelp with each hit.

“Damn it.” He cursed himself for ever finding the crowbar.

Leo leaned in close to his face. Negan watched as his eyes roamed his features as if trying to commit the image to memory.

“You think you’ve felt pain?” He backed away. Negan didn’t reply. He gritted his teeth, bracing himself for more. “I want you to apologize to Lisa, for trying to take her from her family, and for killing her pup.”

Negan looked at the woman. He could tell she was putting all her effort into avoiding crying. She stared back at him, still fearful, but he could see the anger hidden underneath. Negan wet his dry lips before he spoke.

“I’m sorry.” He hoped it sounded genuine enough. Right now he couldn’t feel sorry for Leo, but he did feel a bit of it for the Omega.
“For what?” Leo prodded.

“I’m sorry, for costing you your pup, and for trying to take you, from your family.”

She kept his gaze a little longer before turning to her Alpha.

“I don’t think she’s accepting of your apology.” He turned to Bernard and gave a nod. “Let’s go.”

Bernard didn’t look ready to leave as he narrowed his eyes at Negan. Leo gave a growl and he reluctantly stood and headed for the door. Mike followed, and after a moment so did Kay. Lisa too started to take her leave, but she paused to look back at Leo.

“Honey?”

“Yeah,” he said as he backed away while keeping careful eyes on Negan.

She turned to follow the others out of the house. Leo turned as well to do the same.

“Where, are you going?” Negan asked.

“To bury Bernie’s pup,” came the grave response. Negan felt a terrible twist in his gut. Before Leo could make it to the door, he spoke again.

“Are you going to kill me?” He had to know. It was only fair so he could prepare himself.

Leo didn’t say anything. He simply stood there. After a moment he continued onward and out the door, leaving him to imagine Bernard pulling his dead pup into his arms.

“Fuck.”

He shut his eyes as the reality set in. He shook his head, almost finding the situation humorous. What were the odds that he’d see that pack again? The world had to be quite small for such a thing to happen. But it had happened, and his perfect home was gone. He had wanted to encounter someone he could kill to prove to himself that he was still top shit. He had gotten that wish, yet it had backfired horribly. He had wanted weak people he could use to form a new pack, but they weren’t weak enough to fall in line since they had a score to settle. It had him wondering if it was truly impossible to regain that power.

Frustrated, he gave a yell and wildly squirmed, kicking his bound legs and shaking his tied hands. Once again all he managed to do was swing himself like a crazy pendulum. He didn’t care. There was a chance he could cause the whole set up to break so he could drop to his freedom, so he kept thrashing.

“Aaahhh…come on…”

He twisted and shook. He tried to pull downward. He jerked and yanked.

“Fuck!”

His breathing became heavy as the exhaustion set in. His body was worn, made even more so after the crowbar whipping, and all the useless struggling had made it worse.

“Damn it,” he sighed.

He took notice of what was happening with the others as he took interest in the living room windows. He watched as Leo led his pack past the house. Lisa was grieving as Leo pulled her by his
side. Kay managed to shoot a glare at him through the windows as he walked alongside Mike. Then trailing behind them was Bernard who, as Negan had guessed, was carrying Tommy in his arms as they walked to whatever spot they were going to use for a burial. Negan shivered as he thought of the man punching him again. He could already feel it.

He raised his eyes to the ceiling, wishing he had done more to protect his new place. He cursed himself for not coming up with traps to set, but it wasn’t something he had ever done before. His main source of protection for his past home had been dead men on the fence surrounding his place, and more than enough Alphas to shoot any trespassers. He’d had none of those things now, and not enough supplies to set up anything elaborate.

It was pointless to think on it now. He’d been caught just like before, only this time a claim wouldn’t keep him alive. The thought made him think of Rick and he shifted uncomfortably.

Time passed and he found himself hungry. He attempted to break free once again, but like before it was useless. When the hunger worsened he tried yelling at the top of his lungs, but no one came. He could only assume the funeral was going overtime.

Enough time passed and he noticed the sky darkening outside. He tried yelling again but still nobody came.

“Fuck.”

He dropped his head, feeling more tired than before, especially when it came to hanging from his hands.

Eventually he noticed two shadowy figures crossing before the windows. He assumed them to be Kay and Mike and he felt a rise of hope, but neither men entered the house. He couldn’t tell where they went and could only assume they were standing guard at the front door.

“Hey! HEY! I’m starving in here!” The door didn’t open. He growled and tried again. “Just a little food…come on…please!”

After ten minutes of nothing, he realized he wasn’t going to get anything tonight; that he was just going to have to hang there.

“Goddamn it!”

He bared his teeth and forced himself not to worry. Leo didn’t want him dead yet so he knew it was unlikely they were going to starve him to death. The thought gave him little relief particularly when he felt the pressure of the need to use the bathroom. Just as before he yelled to get their attention, but it did no good. It encouraged him to struggle again as the pressure built, but in the end he did the only thing he could do.

The next day came and passed without a sign of Leo or anyone else. Negan spent much of the day yelling for them to come to his aide. When that didn’t work he resorted to cursing and threatening them.

“YOU SHITS! WHEN I GET OUT OF HERE…I’M GONNA KILL YOU! ALL OF YOU!”

He realized after an hour it was the worst thing to say because it seemed to ensure that he wouldn’t
get fed yet again. On top of that he’d had no water.

“Fuck!...I’M SORRY…I’M FUCKING LOSING IT WITHOUT FOOD!”

Nothing came from the apology either and he started to wonder if this was Leo’s plan all along. Would they just leave him there to see how long he lasted? Two days was starting to feel like four. He knew if he’d been his proper Alpha self he’d be able to handle the situation better as Omegas’ bodies were weaker. The exhaustion was weighing on him even more, and his wrists were burning from the strain. It wasn’t possible to sleep in such a position so that only added to the severe discomfort and tiredness.

“Jesus,” he sighed as he let his head drop, eyes fluttering closed of their own accord.

The third day was the same, and he was convinced that this was the pack’s attempt at punishing him. He blinked rapidly in an attempt to stay alert and think of a way out, but much to his annoyance Rick surfaced to his mind. He gave a weak growl at the thought of him, angry that he wasn’t here to take care of the pack.

“Fucking Rick,” he muttered as something in his core longed for the safety of his Alpha. “No…not my…Alpha…”

The sound of heavy footfalls faintly reached his ears. He figured he was hallucinating as he hung between unconsciousness and awareness.

“Let’s see how the shit did,” said a voice.

“Jesus, he pissed himself,” said another.

Negan moaned and attempted to rouse himself.

“Wash him off,” ordered a third.

A shock of cold water splashed across his body, and his eyes popped wide open as he gasped, immediately shivering from the feel of it on his face and bare chest. Bernard was smiling as he held onto an empty bucket and stepped back to stand beside Kay and Mike. He turned his head and saw Leo was the closest to him.

“Time to get back to business.”

Negan stretched his head back as the hunger pains hit him hard.

“Leo…listen…I need to…”

“Bernard.”

Negan dropped his head and sighed, then the next he felt was the brief instance of falling before the pain of striking the floor as he dropped onto it with a heavy thud. He groaned miserably and moved sluggishly as he tried to right himself. Immediately a foot collided with his stomach, making him cry out and fall flat. He turned on his side just as an onslaught of Bernard’s punches rained down on him. His heavy fists moved fast, striking every piece of his flesh, leaving no room for him to catch his breath. All Negan could do was curl in on himself further in an attempt to at least protect his head, but the fists landed there as well, causing moments of horrible dizziness. Already he tasted blood on his tongue. The thought of striking back drifted to mind, but considering how powerful Bernard’s attacks were, he knew logically he couldn’t hold his own against the bigger man.
“That’s enough Bernie,” Leo ordered calmly.

Bernard didn’t stop right away. He turned Negan’s face toward him and landed one last punch across his cheek, nearly powerful enough to knock him out. He groaned as the room faded in and out. There wasn’t any part of his body that wasn’t screaming.

“Did you ever feel that, from your Alpha?” Leo asked.

The only response Negan could give was to spit out blood across the floor as he coughed and tried to hold onto consciousness. Kay muttered something under his breath as he started pacing while the other two simply watched and waited for a reply.

Shakily Negan uncurled himself and turned his black and blue face to Leo. He wasn’t sure what Leo was hoping he’d say.

“Yeah,” he rasped as he forced his body onto his back. “He did.”

He wouldn’t tell Leo the worst thing Rick had done was spank his bare ass. There was also the situation of Rick fucking and knotting him during his so-called ‘heat’, but he refused to bring that much up as well.

“Good,” came the Alpha’s simple reply.

Negan shut his eyes and just focused on breathing.

“You wanna hear…how bad my Alpha abused me? Trying to…see what worse shit you can do than he did?”

“No. I wanted to know if you somehow maintained the treatment of being an Alpha, or if you fully fell into the shoes of an Omega.” Leo walked away from him and gave a shake of the head. “I’ve seen some Alphas do some shitty things to their Omegas to keep them in line. I didn’t know you back then, but I had a feeling in my gut from that powerful aura of yours that you were such an Alpha. And why would a decent Alpha take a claimed Omega in the first place? Even if Lisa hadn’t been mine, I wouldn’t want her to get hurt by going with you. I love her too damn much.”

Negan opened his eyes and met his gaze.

“She would’ve been safe. My place…provided protection, and comfort. A lot of packs can barely survive out there. Your pack…would’ve lived the good life with me.”

Leo stomped over and grabbed his face, his fingernails digging into his cheeks.

“What about me!” he yelled, making Negan groan as he shook him. “How would I have had the good life knowing you had my Omega?”

“Couldn’t find an Omega of your own huh?” came Kay’s snide remark. “Well life isn’t fair now in case you haven’t noticed.”

Negan sucked in a breath as Leo let go of him. He grimaced at the thought of telling them that he’d had a nice collection of Omegas at that point.

“Wait a minute,” Leo said, face scrunched in thought. “That day, you said something about if packs have Omegas…they were yours. Didn’t he?” He looked around for confirmation.

“That’s right, he did,” said Mike. “He was telling us the rules…that everything we had was his.”
“Yeah,” Leo agreed as the memory dawned on him. “That means we weren’t your first right? You already had an Omega or two.”

Negan felt himself fuming but he didn’t let it show.

“My pack was made of Alphas. They need Omegas damn it.”

Kay issued a growled as he moved forward and kicked him hard in his side. Negan cried out and turned onto his other side breathing slowly.

“I’m an Alpha and I don’t have an Omega you fuck!”

“Kay,” Leo warned.

“I haven’t died by not having one and neither has Bernard! So your pack didn’t need Lisa.”

“I bet he was snatching them all up for himself,” Bernard assumed.

Negan shook his head, groaning at the oncoming headache. His stomach growled, reminding him he still needed to eat.

“No, I shared them…I shared…please…I’m fucking sorry. I need food. I’ll tell you all the shit you wanna know about me.”

Leo began to circle him as he stroked his beard.

“I’m not sure I want to know any more about you. And for the record, a monogamous bond is how it’s meant to be.” He turned to Bernard and gave a nod.

Negan braced himself for more punches but they didn’t come. Instead Bernard reached down and easily hauled him to his feet which he couldn’t stand on properly. Mike came forward and cut the rope around them. Negan didn’t have enough strength to hold up his head and see where Bernard and Mike were dragging him as the pack started to move. He didn’t have the energy to ask anyways.

When they came to a stop, Negan managed to look up. They had taken him to the bedroom. Leo and Mike walked up to the bed and pulled off the spread, the sheets, and even the mattress pad.

“Alright, strip him,” said Leo with a nod at Negan.

He tensed as Bernard slipped his fingers into the ban of his boxers. Instinctively Negan jerked away, wide eyed and breathing hard.

“No…no, fucking don’t…please!” He couldn’t take being fucked and knotted a second time, especially in the state he was in. But his weak protests failed to stop Bernard from pulling his last shred of clothing down. Mike worked his legs, forced him to step out of them, leaving him completely naked before everyone.

Kay gave a low whistle.

“Look at that. He’s definitely packing the Omega package.”

“I bet it was the size he had all along,” Bernard joked, causing Kay and Mike to laugh. Negan squirmed uselessly in the hopes of turning his tiny dick away from their prying eyes, but Bernard who still held onto him, kept turning him forward.

“You can’t do shit with that now can you,” Mike teased. “Hey, he have more than an asshole?”
“He’s got to,” said Kay. “How else is he gonna make shitty pups that take after him?”

Negan bared his teeth as the heat rose in his cheeks. He forced himself to look at Leo who was simply watching the scene quietly while the others just laughed.

“You said you…believed in a monogamous bond. I’m fucking claimed, remember?” He prayed Leo wouldn’t follow his actions by trying to claim him the way he’d claimed other Alphas’s Omegas. It would be a way for him to turn the tables on him.

“I’m claimed too,” he growled. “My Lisa’s all I need.”

Negan reluctantly turned his gaze to Kay as his stomach knotted up.

“I’m not sticking my dick anywhere near your hole asshole,” he said, looking disgusted.

Negan turned his head in Bernard’s direction but didn’t meet his eyes.

“I ain’t shitty enough to fuck a claimed Omega. Besides, I’m liable to catch all kinds of damn diseases from you,” he said with a low growl rumbling in his throat.

“You see unlike you, we respect a claim,” said Leo.

At this Negan gave a hollow chuckle.

“We’re not so fucking different. You’re doing the kinds of things…I would’ve done, if it was the other way around.”

“But you would’ve done worse,” Leo added. Negan said nothing to the comment as both knew it was true. “Get him on the bed.”

With Mikes help, Bernard forced a barely struggling Negan on his back onto the mattress. Leo helped as they stretched him, spread eagle across it and began tying his limbs to the bed posts with rope that was already in place. Negan stopped his struggling all together, seeing that it was pointless particularly since he was too tired out.

When he was securely tied in place the men stepped back to admire their work. Negan looked back at them through pain filled eyes, blood dripping from his lip. He didn’t want to know what else they had in store for him. His heart wouldn’t stop jumping.

“Good work boys,” Leo praised as he patted them on the shoulders.

Bernard snarled at Negan before leaving the room with Mike and Kay behind him. Leo turned to go as well.

“Fucking leaving me alone, again?” he asked him.

“I’m getting hungry. How about you?” Leo teased, making Negan grit his teeth.

“You’re a damn hypocrite,” he cursed.

Leo walked over to him with a raised brow.

“Excuse me?”

“If you respect a damn claim, don’t you fucking respect an Alpha’s Omega? How the hell can you…torture me when I belong to someone else?”
Leo studied him with an expression that was barely calm.

“I don’t want to do this, but the lost members of my pack deserve payment for you getting them killed. Besides, you being an Omega changes nothing. Far as I’m concerned you’re still the same asshole I met on the side of the road. If your Rick is the bastard Alpha you say he is, he’ll have no trouble understanding why I have to do what I gotta do to you. I think an Alpha like that will agree you need to be punished, even if it’s just for the sake of disrespecting my pack. I don’t see an Omega when I look at you. I see something worse.”

Silence hung in the air with Negan having nothing to say. Leo turned and left the room, closing the door behind him.

With a sigh Negan dropped his head against the headboard. He didn’t bother to test the strength of his restraints as Leo’s words had him wondering.

He wasn’t sure what to think when he added Rick to the equation. Rick had set out to kill him for what he’d done to his pack, and since it didn’t happen he was going to make sure he was punished for it somehow. He was a man who believed in vengeance just as much as he did. For all he knew Rick would just stand by and watch while Leo had him tortured, believing the man had a right to take vengeance for his pack as well, claim or no claim.

Chapter End Notes

I can see the desire to have only Rick punish Negan. It’s certainly a controversial topic of whether or not an Alpha can punish another Alpha’s Omega. With the world changed, all bets are off and many Alphas are barely holding onto the old ways. I’m glad I’m able to explore those topics and encourage a discussion about it. From the a/o/b fics I’ve read, they never go far into moral debates. I’m sure there’s some out there that do that I haven’t read.
Negan laid there with his stomach growling and his body tingling from the earlier beating. He didn’t understand what Leo might have in store for him, but so far he assumed starvation was a part of it.

After a while Kay entered the room carrying a bowl of something hot. He didn’t look happy to be there as he simply stood in the doorway and glared at him. Negan met his eyes then dropped it to the bowl as the hunger pains hit especially hard. He couldn’t tell what kind of soup Kay had brought just by the smell, but he didn’t care so long as it ended up in his stomach.

“That for me?” he asked.

“Unfortunately,” he snarled. “But it’s not like Leo wants you dying of hunger.”

“What does, he plan to do with me?”

Kay didn’t answer as he expected. Instead he trudged over slowly with the bowl.

“Shut up with the questions and open your damn mouth, and don’t try any kind of shit,” he ordered.

A shadow of a smirk actually made it onto Negan’s face as it became clear why Kay was really pissed at having this task.

“How fucking touching of you to spoon feed me.”

Kay’s anger was evident, but then he smiled and turned the bowl away.

“Not hungry huh. My mistake.”

He headed back to the door. Negan growled and squirmed in a useless attempt to escape his binds. He stopped soon enough, frustrated that he had to be more sensitive when it came to Leo’s pack. Rick had been sensitive to some of his choice words as well, but the difference was he knew how far to push his buttons; at least most of the time.

“Fucking wait!...I’m sorry damn it…please.”

With a look of satisfaction, Kay turned the bowl back toward him and brought it to his lips.

“What…no spoon?”

“Do you want the damn soup or not?”

Negan studied the Alpha momentarily before parting his lips. Kay tipped the bowl gently, allowing him to taste the thick and creamy tomato soup. He had never been big on soups, and he had
definitely had better when it came to tomato, but it was heaven at the moment. Eagerly he took several hurried gulps before forcing himself to take it slow. After several more swallows, Kay lowered the bowl.

“Can I…have some water?” Negan pleaded. He dropped his eyes for emphasis, hoping it would continue to show that he was defeated and wasn’t a danger to them and in turn encourage them to spare him a little freedom. So far Kay didn’t look interested in taking the bait. He did reach into his pocket and pulled out a mini water bottle. After unscrewing the lid he brought it to Negan’s mouth for a sip. The comfort a simple drink of water provided surprised him. “Thanks…maybe you people aren’t, so bad.”

Kay just gave a chuckle.

“Don’t give me that shit. I know you don’t believe it, but even if you did it wouldn’t make a lick of difference. You think you can work your way into our pack after killing our own?”

Negan felt a twinge of fear at the Alpha’s rising tones.

“No, no…I just fucking need someone to know I want to make amends.”

Kay said nothing as he stuck the now empty bottle back in his pocket and went back to feeding him. When he finished, he turned quietly to leave. The frown had never left his face the entire time.

“So what happens now?” Negan asked when he reached the door. The question got a small laugh out of the Alpha.

“Now…you get what’s coming to you.”

He left him to wonder. Sighing, Negan rested his head back against the headboard and took in the delight of having a partially filled belly since the soup didn’t fully assuage his hunger. As he waited, his thoughts shifted to Rick. He knew he had to still be searching for him, but the question was where was he conducting that search. He didn’t believe he’d get close to his community and he hated that the thought scared him. The last thing he’d ever want was for Rick to come and save his ass. He was sure he could get out of this.

Leo entered sometime later, carrying a thick black rag. He didn’t say anything when he appeared. He just stood in the doorway, gazing at him with disgust.

“If you need a bathroom break, you better let me know now.”

“That how it’s gonna work around here?” Negan asked, feeling sickened by this new rule. At least Rick had left him something of a toilet, and he hadn’t been tied down.

“That’s the only way it can work,” Leo explained.

“No, you can untie me. Fucking lock me in here, but untie me so I can feed myself damn it…and take a piss without someone having to get me. Your man Kay would appreciate it.”

Leo moved further into the room, a stony expression on his face.

“I don’t trust you,” he said icily. “The last thing I expected was to run into you again, so I’m sorry we don’t have a jail set up for you. You’ll be lucky if we bother to build a cage, but for now this is how it is. Now, do you need a bathroom break or not?”
Negan shut his eyes and muttered a quiet “No”. He could see, at least for now, Leo was set on whatever he planned to do to him, so there was no talking his way into an easier time.

“Alright then,” Leo said as he walked up to him and brought up the rag. Negan eyed it warily.

“What the fuck are you, gonna do? Hey!”

He was ignored as Leo placed the rag over his eyes and started tying it in place. Negan shook his head in an attempt to shake him off.

“Be still, or I’ll have Bernie come in here and hurt you like you’ve never been hurt before!”

Wanting to avoid those powerful fists and a potential broken jaw the third time around, Negan complied and allowed Leo to blindfold him. He struggled to see past the darkness but the material of the cloth didn’t allow so much as a small glimmer of light to pass through. It was amazing how much it bumped up the fear. Already his breathing was coming out heavy and nothing else had even happened yet.

“What…what are going to do Leo?” He hated how scared he sounded. He hated the crazy possibilities that wanted to plague his mind. “Leo?…Leo?”

He received no answer. All he could hear was Leo moving around in the room, then nothing.

“Leo?”

He didn’t even hear the sound of the door closing so as far as he knew, the man could still be in the room, watching him in the corner. For all he knew he could be pointing a gun at him, deciding it was best to just execute him.

“LEO!”

Rick turned in his bed, sighing from the lack of sleep he had received yet again. It had been two weeks and he hadn’t found so much as a whiff of his Omega, therefore sleep wasn’t happening right now. He sat up and massaged his temples to try and get rid of the oncoming headache.

He turned his attention to the empty space next to him on the mattress. Since Negan wasn’t around, Michonne had convinced him to bring it into his home since he’d lost his bed to the Saviors when Negan had first raided them. She had pointed out that as their Alpha he deserved to have the comfort of a bed, and there was no point in leaving it in the cell. What she hadn’t counted on was the fact that Negan’s scent was all over the thing and no amount of cleaning fully removed it. Such a thing naturally contributed to his lack of sleep, but even so he did not want to abandon the bed. In a weird way it was also a comfort and a way to ease his angry Alpha instincts by tricking it into feeling he kind of had his Omega with him, somehow.

In the past, some Alphas who lost their Omegas would hold onto something with their scent to keep them from becoming wildly anxious. He remembered seeing such a case at the Sheriff’s department when an Alpha had come in, panicked about his Omega who had been missing for days. The only way they were able to calm him was to fetch something with his Omega’s scent on it from his home. Rick watched as the Alpha clung onto his Omega’s shirt like a pup clinging to a toy. It wasn’t an idea most considered, and he certainly hadn’t thought anything of it, until now.

He pulled himself to the side of the mattress and simply gathered himself together before heading for the bathroom.
After he washed up, he went down for breakfast. Carl was already up, getting some bowls of cereal together and a cup of coffee. As of late, Carl had been doing his best to help out as much as possible and Rick greatly appreciated it, especially when it felt like he was the only one not tossing glares at him.

“Hey dad,” he greeted.

“Hey,” he greeted tiredly.

Carl tossed him a worried glance.

“No offense, but you look like shit.”

“Carl,” Rick warned as he glared at him for the language. Carl gave an apologetic shrug. Rick didn't need to look into a mirror to know that he appeared rather sickly nowadays.

“Just saying…maybe, you should sleep on the couch.”

“I’m fine,” he said roughly.

“I just thought-”

“I know what you thought. The answer is no,” he said sharply.

Some semblance of understanding appeared in Carl’s eyes before he gave a nod.

“Okay.” He picked up the bowls and brought them to the table. Rick sunk down in a chair and ran a hand over his face. Carl fetched the coffee for his dad and a cup of juice he had fixed for himself, then settled at the table across from him. “Dad, I was thinking I wanna come on a search.”

“No.”

“Come on dad, I wanna help bring him back too.”

Rick looked at his pup, seeing the seriousness in his eyes. He had certainly grown enough to handle most things, but not this.

“No, I’m not risking more people when it should just be me out there. He’s my Omega and I’m the one that lost him. That’s how it’s supposed to be, but it’s too dangerous to go it alone anymore. Besides that, pups don’t go searching for their father’s Omegas. That’s my territory.”

Carl dropped his eyes to his bowl, moving the spoon around lazily.

“I heard some people talking,” he began without looking up. “They think it was good Negan ran away so we don’t have to deal with him anymore.”

Rick wasn’t surprised to hear it. He knew he might have felt the same way if he didn’t have a full claim on Negan. It was much like the argument his previous pack had had on Hershel’s farm when they were dealing with Randall. People just didn’t take prisoners anymore, especially since it was risky to spare enough food to keep a prisoner alive. Why let the bad guy survive and risk starving the good? But it was different now that he was bonded to the bad guy. If the rest of the pack could have bonded to Negan there wouldn’t be the silent discord threatening to destroy his pack.

“I get that they still don’t want him here, even after the claim,” Carl continued, “but they’re not thinking about the fact that he could attack us.”
“I don’t think it would be that easy for him,” Rick reasoned. “He’s an Omega who doesn’t even know how to handle himself. He’s not going to get a pack together to attack us. More than likely he’s gonna get himself caught by the Saviors if it hasn’t already happened. Or some desperate Alpha that doesn’t care that he’s claimed. If he’s lucky, he found himself somewhere nice to settle.”

“No. That bastard’s not going down so easily.”

He took a long sip of his coffee, fearing the day he might have to consider it if they didn’t find him soon.

There was a knock on the door and Carl jumped up to answer it. Michonne entered, mimicking Rick’s grave expression.

“Ready when you are,” she said.

As part of the new routine, Rick, Michonne, and Daryl went out searching in the morning hours. Rick didn’t want to risk bringing more people out to better cover the area since he didn’t want to risk anymore losses in his pack, especially with people like the Saviors out there. But since two weeks hadn’t uncovered anything, he figured it might soon be time to take that risk.

“Yeah,” Rick muttered as he forced himself to eat. But the food was doing very little to fill the emptiness.

Leo didn’t do anything.

Negan simply laid there in the dark. There was no sound, no anything to suggest something was about to occur. He relaxed a little then and decided to try struggling out of his binds. Once again it proved useless so he was left lying there with nothing to do except experience darkness.

“Assholes,” he muttered as he thought of the pack. He knew they could’ve done worse, but it was possible the worst was yet to come.

After a while he found himself becoming bored, but at the same time he was still tense. As a way to relieve such feelings he started humming softly, believing that whistling would catch the pack’s attention.

At some point he heard footsteps and immediately fell quiet. The footsteps entered the room, then fell quiet as well.

“Who’s there?”

There was no answer. He blinked hard against the blackness of his blindfold but was still unable to detect anything.

“Leo? Kay?”

The silence started to stretch and his heartbeats started to increase. He squirmed uncomfortably and relied on his other senses. He could tell it was an Alpha in the room, but he hadn't gotten to know their scents well enough to know who it was.
“Come on…don’t fucking leave me in the dark. Who the hell is it?!”

Said person still didn't answer. Then after a moment, he heard him moving slowly toward him. Negan forced himself to remain calm, but he couldn’t help squirming even more.

Then suddenly his midsection exploded in pain as something hard struck it. He gasped in shock and gritted his teeth. The crowbar was back to do him more harm. The Alpha struck again and again, moving the strikes up to his chest.

“Stop!...Goddamn it. Please!”

His pleas did nothing to stop the assault. The Alpha never made a sound. He assumed it had to be Kay since he’d delivered the crowbar beating from him last time, but the strikes were so strong it could’ve been Bernard.

“Damn it!” he cried. There was nothing he could do except try and brace for it. He didn’t hold back as the strikes made him cry out.

He laid there panting heavily and shaking, front side aching from the burning sensation of the blows. When he was able to slow his breathing, he realized the strikes had stopped. He shut his mouth and listened hard for the Alpha, but he heard nothing. He couldn’t tell if he was still in the room or if he had left long ago.

“Fuck.”

He was on edge and the feeling wouldn’t go away.

After some time he dared to call out.

“Leo!”

He flinched afterwards, expecting to feel the crowbar again, but nothing happened and no one answered. It didn’t make a difference. He still felt he was in terrible danger. He couldn’t sense the Alpha, but it was possible he was standing away from him in the doorway. He swallowed and released a heavy breath. If things continued this way then it was likely this was Leo’s idea of torture, playing with his senses and making him lose his mind in the end. Time would tell if it would work.

He tugged weakly at the binds, then gave up quickly enough. If the Alpha was still near he could get beaten again for trying to escape. He wasn’t sure what to do, except try and force back the fear, but it was a losing battle.

Days started to pass and it became apparent that this was the choice of punishment.

The blindfold never went away. No amount of shouting ever got the pack’s attention. It was on them to decide when they’d come to his aide, which turned out to be random or not at all. Someone would come in and ask him to open his mouth for water. He hadn’t had food since the soup and his growling stomach was loud enough to alert a pack member. He even asked, but he received no information on when he’d get another feeding.

For bathroom needs, several members came in and untied him. He remained blindfolded, but he could tell it was Bernard that kept a strong grip on him so he couldn’t run nor fight (which he wouldn’t have been able to do since he’d become so weak). In fact, he kept a grip on him all while he relieved himself. The experience was much more humiliating than having his bare bottom spanked.
He didn’t feel the crowbar touch him again after the first time, but that didn’t mean he wasn’t waiting for it at all times. In fact he couldn’t sleep properly as he was certain he’d suddenly feel it coming down on him. At the end of what he assumed was at least a week, he was fed again. This time it wasn’t soup, but cold green beans. The fact that they waited so long to feed him had him panicking. There hadn’t been tons of food left over when he found the community, and now that a pack was here they were liable to go through it rather fast. He wasn’t sure how often Leo sent them out to find food, but he knew he wouldn’t risk them trying to find enough to keep him alive. Leo would obviously see to it that his pack came first. It made him fearful of the day they’d stop feeding him.

They never spoke, except to give him a command to open his mouth for food and water, and to ask if he needed to go to the bathroom.

One day he got a taste of what bathing would be like when they wordlessly dragged him outdoors. He barely got a sense of the sunlight through the blindfold but he could feel the hard ground easily on his bare feet. They walked him for a while before bringing him to a stop. He felt someone tying his hands to a post then stepping away.

He was still very much naked, but he learned to stop concerning himself about his nudity before the pack. Suddenly a splash of lukewarm soapy water hit his body, making him gasp and sputter in surprise.

“What the fuck…”

He tried to pull away from his post but couldn’t. A soft cloth touched his skin afterwards, moving quickly to rub the soapy water across his arms, chest, stomach, and legs. After that he received a splash of cool clean water washing the soap away. Someone came up with a rough towel and did a poor yet fast job of wiping off much of the water before he was untied and led back to his bed.

His position on the bed was changed to where he was facedown on occasion. He assumed it was to prevent him getting bed sores but he couldn’t help panicking at the thought of one of the Alphas mounting him. He spent the whole day whimpering and muttering the same word under his breath, praying they wouldn’t do such a thing.

“What…please…please…please…”

This was life now.

Days were quickly lost on him. Time was lost. What was day, what was night?

It was a routine yet he couldn’t predict when things would occur. There were days when he felt the crowbar hitting him. Once he felt a strike to the cheek from a fist. He was never prepared for such moments and could do nothing but cry out.

He was shaking all the time now and there wasn’t a moment he didn’t feel some hint of relief. Punishment of this nature would never have been one he’d consider before now as he was certain it wouldn’t work. Lying in bed with a blindfold on hadn’t sounded like anything major, but now he realized how wrong the thought was.

He didn’t know how long it had taken for his mind to frazzle as the unknown started eating away at him. Sometimes he heard strange rustles or cracks in his room when no one was supposed to be present. Sometimes someone would enter but do nothing, and do so several times, increasing his anxiety as he waited for some form of pain. At times he felt something crawl along the side of his body or brush along the inside of his leg making him jolt and freak out. Sometimes someone would
sneak their hand behind the gland on his neck and squeeze, making him slump. It confused his
senses and created the horrible sensation of a body trapped between a state of forced relaxation and
agitation. His mind went haywire as he feared the Alpha had decided to fuck him despite the promise
not to. So far it hadn’t happened, but it didn’t stop him from crying out a string of Nos.

He wondered if it even mattered at this point. He never wanted to be Rick’s Omega in the first place,
so what did it matter if they tarnished the claim? Rick wasn’t coming. His Alpha wasn’t coming.

He hated to think of Rick that way, but as the days passed he couldn’t help it. He didn’t want to fully
commit to the label of being an Omega, but he was starting to find it fitting and natural. Alphas were
fearless and strong, but here he was weak and terrified. He desired protection as he accepted that he
couldn’t protect himself. He cowered and trembled whenever an Alpha entered the room. There
were no buried instincts from his time of being an Alpha. Instead he felt those annoying Omega
instincts flooding his system due to his constant state of fear.

He was hungry all the time. He was exhausted and stressed to the max. He never saw a face, and he
never heard anything besides the same voices.

Things remained unchanged for a while, until a day came when he felt a familiar emptiness. It was
different from the feeling of hunger. This type of emptiness went deeper than that and sent a chill
down his spine because he recognized the symptom now.

He was going into heat again, but this time he didn’t have Rick around to satisfy it. Instead there
were two other available Alphas around who could fall under the irresistible lure of an Omega in
heat and disregard their feelings on the claim and who he was.

Never had his heart pounded so hard.

Chapter End Notes

After thinking on it, I leaned on Leo going with psychological torture on Negan as
opposed to having him beaten all the time. It almost seems like something simple that
wouldn't work on him but that's not the case. And with him being an Omega, it just
brings out and heightens the instinctual fear and skittish nature. And now he's going into
another heat. Yikes!
I'm glad to start bringing Rick back into this. More soon.
Chapter 25

Chapter Summary

Negan’s heat begins, while something unexpected happens with Rick

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

He longed for clothing. He longed for the simple ability to bring his legs together in the hopes that doing so would somehow smother the signal calling for an Alpha to mount his ass. He struggled against his binds as the pressure below his waist made itself known.

“You gotta be…fucking kidding me,” he muttered.

He hadn’t forgotten how it felt the first time when he was introduced to it. It was a side of suffering he did not want to taste again. And to make matters worse, it had ended because of Rick. Negan bared his teeth at the thought of the man.

“Goddamn Rick!” he cursed.

He’d done the thing he didn’t want and it had made a world of difference, and now he needed it again. He needed Rick and he couldn’t stand it.

“FUCK!”

He breathed heavily as he leaned against the headboard. He had to stay calm, if only for the sake of preventing Leo’s unclaimed Alphas from getting interested. He shook his head wildly in the hopes of dislodging the blindfold. When that didn’t work, he opted for staying still. He forced his thoughts away from Rick. He told himself he didn’t want him; didn’t need him. This didn’t require an Alpha’s help. He was sure he could make it and come out better in the end, proving that he could handle his change all on his own.

The hours passed and the emptiness and pressure only increased to the point where he was quite uncomfortable but not yet in agony. In way it was hard to tell if that was really true, since he was fearing a pack member entering the room. So far he was able to slowly suffer alone.

And then he heard it.

He heard the footsteps and sensed it was an Alpha. Negan froze like a deer, heart threatening to explode. He wanted to say something, threaten him if he got closer, but his panicking mind didn’t allow it. He heard the footsteps getting closer and stopping next to his bed. Now his panicking became audible as his breathing became heavier. His body was as rigid as a board. He heard what sounded like a few sniffs, then nothing.

Minutes went by with nothing happening and all Negan could do was continue to panic in the darkness. Finally he decided to speak.

“I don’t fucking want anything,” he cried. “Just…leave me…please.”
Said Alpha made no sound to inform him that he was leaving. Negan attempted to pull away from
him as best he could, praying that the Alpha would just leave.

After a while the Alpha gave a soft chuckle which sent of shock of dread down his spine. It was
clear he’d caught onto what was happening to him. Negan didn’t think it was possible to feel more
helpless than he did now. He felt the Alpha hover over him a lot closer than before.

“No!...don’t…don’t…please…I’m claimed…I’m fucking claimed!”

The Alpha just chuckled again and stayed where he was.

More minutes passed, then at long last the Alpha moved back. Negan heard the footsteps again,
heading in the direction of the door.

The rapid breathing transformed into a string of choked sobs now that he was alone.

“Fuck…fuck…fuck…fuck,” he rambled in miserable relief as his body took to trembling.

Once he gathered himself a little he felt the dampness around his eyes. He wasn’t sure if it was sweat
or tears.

As usual he couldn’t tell how much time was passing, but before he knew it he heard footsteps yet
again. He figured it had to be Bernard considering the heaviness of the footfalls and the fact that the
chuckle of the first Alpha had sounded like it might have been Kay.

Again Negan tensed. The fear was so great he thought he might pass out.

The Alpha followed the same routine of the first by coming close to the bed and doing nothing.
Negan again tried to pull away as best he could even though it wasn’t making much difference. He
stared hard into the darkness of his blindfold wishing he could see the Alpha’s face. Then again he
wondered if it was better not to be able to see his expression.

“Please don’t,” he begged. “I’m claimed…re-remember?...please…please.”

The Alpha did nothing. Then after a moment he heard him moving around to his other side on the
bed. Negan pulled away as best he could in the other direction, breaths coming out in gasps. Was he
hyperventilating?

“Please…please…please…don’t…I’ll do anything…anything else…just don’t…”

The Alpha made no sound.

The tension was too much.

Negan choked when he tried to plead again and dissolved into sobs. He cursed his Omega instincts
and his rising heat for making him so vulnerable; for making him break down so pathetically before
this powerful Alpha. How many days had it been since he’d been here? How long would it
continue?

“Fuck…Fuck….” He rambled.

And then came the feeling of fingers running along his inner thigh. Negan jerked violently and
yelled, but the fingers kept moving until they rested just under his dick. His body never shook so
hard. He turned his head away from the Alpha, gritting his teeth and holding in the need to sob.
“Don't...don't touch me...don't...,” he whispered frantically.

After a few more minutes the fingers were gone, and the Alpha departed. He sucked in a deep breath and shuttered as he released it. He rested his chin against his chest as images of his old cell in Alexandria came to his mind. He longed to be there more than anything. He longed for Rick.

Negan wasn’t prepared as he began to feel the full power of the heat. The emptiness was unbearable, but even more so without Rick. As much as he tried to stop himself, he couldn’t help but cry out and whine. He couldn’t stop fidgeting and the pressure turned into a horrible throbbing sensation. As far as he was concerned, the heat was the only form of punishment he needed.

On occasion an Alpha would enter the room and pull the same stunt of doing nothing. It never made any difference to Negan who remained in a frenzied state, certain the Alpha would climb on top of him and knot him at any moment.

He expected it to happen when it came time for one of them to give him a drink of water or food, but it turned out the job was now given to Lisa. He assumed Leo thought it better for an Omega to tend to him now that he was in heat. She even helped him to the bathroom, but did not hold onto him when he relieved himself. Such moments didn’t offer an opportunity for him to escape since he could always sense an Alpha nearby, but also because his body was so much weaker now; the heat drained his body even more.

He tried speaking with her at times when he was able to overcome the overwhelming nature of the heat, but she never spoke.

There was no comfort. There was nothing but continuous suffering.

At one point he had thrown up. Lisa showed up to clean it away, but in the doorway he sensed the Alpha; it was then that he lost it. He made jerking motions with his waist as his mind thought about the Alpha. He didn’t have Rick so he was desperate; desperate for a knot. It didn’t matter whose knot it was, he just needed one of them to do what he hadn’t wanted.

“Please…please…please…”

He twisted hard against the binds, pleading and jerking his hips up and down in a needy manner.

He had to have it.

He had to end this!

“I need...I need...need...”

He needed this Alpha to fuck him right now!

Then his broken pleading ended in tears as he was filled with disgust with himself for wanting to be fucked by these Alphas, and despair for not having his Alpha.

He wasn’t sure he’d ever slept. He was sure he’d simply slipped into unconsciousness from time to time. A soft wet cloth against his face brought him to wakefulness one morning. He sighed at the comforting feel of the warmth against his cheek. He felt even more comforted to know it was Lisa’s doing and not an Alpha.
“You’re almost at the end of your heat,” she said, surprising him since she’d always kept silent around him.

“How…how do you know?” he rasped.

“I’m an Omega. I know these things. You should too, even before your change. Heats last up to a week. Besides that, you seem to be handling it better which indicates it’s slowing down.”

Negan knew she had a point. Alphas were normally educated enough to know as much, but he had never cared to remember.

“Yeah,” he muttered tiredly. “Thank god.”

Lisa moved the cloth to the other side of his face, gently wiping the sweat away and relieving some of the stress.

“They’re not going to touch you.” Negan frowned behind the blindfold. “Kay and Bernard.”

“They could break it,” Negan argued. “At…any time.”

“They won’t,” she said matter-of-factly. “I know they won’t.”

“They’re Alphas,” Negan argued. “No fucking Alpha resists a fucking Omega in heat.”

He briefly thought about his moment of shame when he wanted to be mounted, and it turned his stomach.

“Maybe you couldn’t,” she countered. He sensed her shifting as she moved the cloth away. “Was it so important to have me that day?”

Negan released a shuttering breath. As the memory of that day surfaced he felt queasy.

“It’s what I was used to doing. Getting as many Omegas as I could. I didn’t give a fuck if they were claimed.”

She was quiet for a moment.

“Well, how does it feel, now that you’re an Omega?”

Negan swallowed thickly and signed.

“Fucking awful.” Briefly images of all his female Omegas kneeling before him surfaced before his eyes and he cringed. Lisa brought the cloth up to his face, this time running it across his forehead.

“My Leo’s a good man.” At that Negan issued a derisive snort. “He was a warm man, but the tragedies he experienced made him colder. Then we meet you again and…after all this time…I don’t even recognize him anymore. The same goes for the others. It’s because of you they’re this way!”

“I’ve already apologized. What else can I fucking do…except, die.”

“They won’t accept either.”

Negan managed a hollow chuckle.

“If I were him…I’d have killed me by now.” The way he was feeling, he wouldn’t have minded if Leo decided it was time to end his suffering through execution.
Lisa didn’t answer right away.

“I don’t want you here,” she said coldly. Negan felt a flutter of fear which wasn’t something most would feel from an Omega. “I don’t want Leo acting like this, issuing this torture and taking satisfaction. Even if you weren’t claimed I wouldn’t want it.”

A thrill of hope worked its way into Negan’s tired heart.

“Then let me go. Please,” he begged. “You don’t want your Alpha acting like a monster anymore. You let me go, you’ll get him back.”

He heard her choke back a sob.

“Maybe it’s too late to get him back. I can’t let you go and risk you hurting them. They’re my family.”

Negan’s breathing hitched.

“I won’t hurt them. I promise. I’ll leave and you’ll never fucking see me again. Please…I can’t take this anymore.”

She didn’t say anything, but he got the feeling she was shaking her head.

“I can’t,” she said quietly.

“Then...what are you gonna do? Are you...gonna kill me, to save your damn Alpha, your damn pack?”

She sniffled and sighed.

“Tell me where your Alpha is.”

Negan tensed, not expecting the question at all.

“Why?” he asked shakily, not liking where she was going with it.

“Why do you think?” she challenged.

He gave a very hollow chuckle.

“I know it's not cause, you wanna kill him for me.”

“It’s so he can take you back. You can’t go free, but you can’t stay. It’s the only solution to this.”

“Find a better solution damn it!” he growled. “I’m not going back...not...back to that prick.”

“You said you couldn’t take this didn’t you?” she argued. “Is your Alpha really so awful that you’d rather stay here and get tortured?”

He thumped his head back against the headboard, frustrated. He remembered longing for Rick when his heat had been at its strongest. Part of him still had that feeling, but he was doing everything he could to stomp it down. The whole point of running had been to reclaim his freedom, and to go back to Rick would be taking a step backwards. Rick had never been as awful as Leo’s pack had been to him, but he was sure he could be if he ever got his hands on him again. Either way, he wasn’t going to go crawling back to Rick like some pathetic pup with his tail between his legs.
Negan turned his face away from her.

“I can’t go back…I can’t.”

“So you’d rather stay, and take this?” she asked, sounding quite flustered. “I can’t make them stop.”

“Don’t act like you feel sorry for me now. Or do you really feel something, since we’re both Omegas?”

Lisa sighed heavily.

“I don’t know what I feel, except rage when I look at you. I don’t like seeing Omegas get mistreated, but you’re not just any Omega.” She paused for a second. “I don’t like that I let the pain of what happened control me, making me ignore this for so long. All I could think about was Sam, and Roy, and then Tommy.”

“What made you change your mind?” Negan asked softly. It was strange the feeling Lisa was stirring within him. He supposed it was because he’d never had a one on one conversation with any Omega before, unless it was to correct them on how to properly please him.

“I guess when you went into heat. I’ve been thinking about this before that, but something about it made me realize this was enough.”

“My heat’s almost done. You said so yourself so you can stop worrying.” He couldn’t tell if she truly was concerned for him on some level, but he entertained the idea that she was.

“Tell me where your Alpha is,” she demanded. “You know you need him. You won’t make it out there on your own even if I was willing to risk letting you go.”

Negan turned his head toward her.

“No.”

“Why?”

“I’m screwed either way darling,” he muttered. “Don’t make a damn difference anymore if I’m here…or there. I fucked up. I said I was sorry, but now…I mean it. Now leave me the fuck alone.”

She didn’t say a word. There was a rustling noise, followed by the sound of her footsteps leaving the room. His heart ached at her departure despite the fact that he wanted her to leave. She had brought about a moment of peace that he hadn’t had in all the time he’d been there and he desired to cling onto it. He desired to cling onto that moment of potential kinship between two Omegas.

It was easier to think of himself that way now, between the heat and her company. He found it hard to think of himself as an Alpha underneath the change, or maybe he was just too exhausted to do so anymore.

He gritted his teeth as his body reminded him that he was still in heat. With that in mind he wondered if it would really be so bad to inform her of where Rick was.

“Are you alright?”

Rick waited before pulling his head away from his hands and meeting Michonne’s concerned gaze. There was no denying the truth as he knew it was showing on his face.
“It’s been so long, and we still haven’t found him,” he groaned. He leaned back in his chair and looked at the few pack members occupying his home.

He was sure the best places to search were buildings, but so far the most they’d ever discovered were hungry walkers waiting inside. He instructed groups to try isolated areas with small houses or old shacks where no one should be living, but they proved to be empty. After so many weeks, Rick was starting to lean toward the idea that the Saviors might have found him, or he might have actually become overpowered and gotten eaten. He had dismissed the possibility that he could be dead when Carl had asked, but now it had him wondering.

“If he’s even alive anymore…he’ll be in heat, or at the end of it,” Rick continued. A vicious growl rumbled in his throat at the thought of missing it as the Alpha within was roaring in rage.

“That bastard’s gotta be out there somewhere,” said Daryl as he shifted from foot to foot. Rick could see the Beta was still quite annoyed with the whole matter of Negan, yet he did his part in helping.

Maybe head further in,” tried Rosita. “Like the inner city.”

“You think he’d risk it?” asked Michonne.

“It’s possible,” added Gabriel. “If he was desperate enough to get away, he might have taken the risk. The city is overrun with walkers, but he could have found a way to manage it.”

Or maybe that son of a bitch left Atlanta,” Daryl guessed. He crossed over to the window and peeked out. “Found another state to cause trouble in.”

“He wouldn’t have made it in that car,” Rick countered.

He massaged his temples in the hopes of holding back the stress a little longer. It had been getting worse and worse overtime to the point where it threatened to make him sick. Never before had he experienced a missing Omega. Instead he experienced the worst with his first Omeag’s death and did not want to go through that again, even if it was Negan. The bond that formed because of the claim was just cruel that way. It made no difference whatsoever if the Alpha didn’t care for the Omega, he would still feel a crushing blow.

“Well, what do you want to do?” Daryl asked as he faced him.

The others looked at Rick as well, waiting to hear the next move. He ran his fingers over his bearded chin in thought.

“We’ll try the city. Take a bigger team and more weapons,” he decided.

“Do we have enough, weapons I mean?” asked Gabriel.

Nobody answered.

Then there was knock on the door. Daryl walked over and answered it. Waiting on the other side was Aaron who looked a little pale.

“Rick,” he said as he entered. “You gotta come.”

“What’s going on?” he asked as he jumped to his feet. Right away he imagined someone had gotten a clue as to the whereabouts of his Omega.

“They’re here. The Saviors.”
Naturally it wasn’t something he could register right away.

“The Saviors?” Michonne questioned. “Why are they showing up after all this time?”

“I don’t know, but they’re waiting at the gate,” Aaron said.

Rick turned to Daryl. Even though Negan was no longer at the head, it was possible they’d take their escaped prisoner back whether or not it was their main reason for coming.

“Hide,” he ordered, before following Aaron out of the house.

Aaron led the group to the entrance. Rick’s mind was reeling with other possible reasons for the visit since they hadn’t come around since Negan’s change. Then a feeling of dread gripped him as he imagined them having Negan. If so it was possible they’d come to announce the new true Alpha in charge. He entertained the possible idea that Negan had somehow made a deal with them so he could get revenge and attack his pack.

But Rick didn’t see any sign of Negan standing among the five random Saviors present. Instead he saw two familiar faces in the forms of Dwight and Simon. Dwight didn’t appear happy to be here, but Simon on the other hand looked as jovial as he always had.

“Well well well, long time no see,” he greeted with a big grin. “Miss me?”

Chapter End Notes

I always had a interest in Negan going through a whole heat without relief and considered having Rick do that back when he first went through it. But since Rick had started a partial claim, he couldn't resist. If anything, he was lucky none of Leo's pack gave in and screwed him.

As for Rick, the Saviors are back. Originally I didn't think I'd have them back for a good while.
Chapter 26

Chapter Summary

The Saviors are here for something in particular, and Dwight learns a few things.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Simon stepped forward and eyed him curiously.

“What’s the matter Rick, not gonna roll out the welcome mat like usual? I’m hurt.”

Rick narrowed his eyes as he rolled them over each Savior, before turning his attention to his pack who were stopping what they were doing as they took interest in the new arrivals.

“What are you doing here?” he asked, doing his best to keep any growls out of his tone.

Simon just mimicked offense.

“Aww, so you’re not happy to see us. In a way, I suppose I can understand. We’ve lost touch with each other for a while, so it’s understandable that you’d forget who’s in charge.”

“That why you’re here? To remind us?” Rick was sure there had to be more.

“Why else?” asked Simon while shrugging his arms. “Like I said, it has been a while so we need to refresh things a bit.”

Rick searched past them and at their vehicles before looking at Simon again.

“Shouldn’t Negan be the one refreshing us?” At that, he noticed Simon tense up, but he quickly smoothed it over with a calm face.

“I’m speaking for Negan on this one.”

Though he stated it boldly, Rick detected something else in his tone. Was it concern? Either way, it felt like a confirmation that they hadn’t snatched up his Omega. Rosita stepped forward, arms crossed, and gave him a pointed look.

“So you’re here to take half again?”

“No, so it’s your lucky day. I’m here to let you know we’ll be getting back on our regularly scheduled program starting..hmmm, two weeks from now. Give you enough time to gather up some goodies.”

Rick traded a look with his members standing nearby. Naturally they all mirrored his feelings of frustration on their faces. It was another issue stacked against him, where it felt as though one would have to be addressed over the other. If they had to start serving the Saviors again, he supposed it was possible to combine the search with collecting their half. The thing was, he had long since decided to be done with it, which meant he would have to go back to gathering an army to defeat them. With
Negan gone for the moment, he couldn't even consider the pack agreement about becoming the next true Alpha of the Saviors, and he certainly didn't want to tip them off about having claimed him just yet.

“We may need a little more time than that.”

“Why? Got something better to do? Two weeks.” He turned to the six Saviors behind him and jerked his head. Wordlessly they scattered and began roaming the community. Rick tossed him a questioning look. “I figured while we’re here we might as well look for good old Daryl. We really miss that Beta.”

Rick hid his relief at having told Daryl to hide.

“He’s not here,” said Michonne.

“Well my boys will make sure of it.” Simon grinned as he approached Rick and tossed an arm around him. “Come on Rick. Why don’t you and me search together.”

Aaron came forward with a growl, having a need to defend his Alpha. Rick raised his hand to keep him at bay then walked along with Simon willingly.

“Ro-sita,” came Dwight’s drawl as he sauntered up to her. Rosita stepped back and gave a warning growl, which was joined by Aaron and Michonne. He raised his hands slightly in a means of surrender. “Relax. I got a job for you. Come on.”

Rosita traded a glance with the other two before allowing Dwight to lead her away from them. She kept her guard up the entire time, ready for a trick as he led her out of sight behind a house. She immediately tugged her arm out of his grip. Dwight peeked around the house, eyes darting here and there to make sure no one was near.

“What the hell do you want?” she demanded. It didn’t matter that he’d informed them about Negan’s change. He was still a Savior she was quite wary of.

“To tell you what’s really going on.” Rosita quirked her brow. “Look, I’m not with them, but I have to keep up appearances.” Seeing that she had relaxed, he continued. “We’re looking for Negan.”

Her eyes widened.

“Negan? You mean you’ve been searching for him this whole time?”

“Not exactly. We kept up the search for a couple of months, but nobody found shit, so Lenny declared him dead and put an end to it. We kind of followed Lenny’s lead after that, but most of the Alphas didn’t like him claiming the spot of true Alpha like that. Fights broke out and some ended up dead. A few just left. Even a few Omegas managed to, leave.” Dwight paused and grimaced at the last bit before continuing. “Some threatened an uprising. Shit just fell apart.”

Dwight paused, head hung. Rosita found she was a little surprised that the Savior pack was on the verge of complete disarray without Negan. It made her feel a little better about the claim Rick had on Negan as now it presented an easier way for them to defeat the pack.

“It was too much for Lenny. I know he never got over not finding Negan, so he decided to try again and sent us out to look for him, in the communities,” Dwight started. “At the same damn time, we still need half of what you got.”

Rosita glared and shifted away.
“So what if you find him in one of the communities? What about the pack agreement?”

Dwight sighed and rested his hands on his hips.

“If he’s found to be claimed, I think the Saviors will acknowledge it. Most of them, but I don’t know about Lenny anymore.” Dwight shook his head in irritation. “Waste of damn time. He wouldn’t be stupid enough to hide in another pack like that. That bastard’s gotta be dead by now, hopefully.”

It was as Rick had speculated after he first claimed Negan. There was no guarantee that the Saviors would respect the claim. Had Negan still been present, there was a good chance Lenny might have sent reinforcements to start a war they weren’t ready for. On the other hand there was a chance that wouldn’t be the case. Either way they didn’t have what the Saviors wanted, and in that sense she thought it best to keep silent. So far Dwight was proving to be trustworthy enough to know what the others couldn’t.

Rosita shut her eyes and regretted what she was about to say.

“He’s not dead,” she answered slowly. “Rick claimed him.”

“What?” Dwight exclaimed, almost too loudly. He quickly looked around and moved closer.

“Rick found him after you told us.”

At this Dwight didn’t just look shocked, he looked confused.

“And you said he claimed him? Jesus.” He dropped his head in disbelief. “I know I proposed that Rick should claim him to try and stop the Saviors, but I imagined he would’ve just killed him. I kind of hoped he would anyways.”

“Believe me, he wanted to, we all wanted him to, but things didn’t work out that way. He bit him to get control when Negan put up a fight. After that, Negan went into heat, and Rick fulfilled the claim.”

Dwight moved away from her, suddenly finding an issue with the whole idea.

“So what, he’s just living here now, all cozy and comfortable?”

“No,” she growled, shoulders squared. “Rick’s been making sure he understands his new place as an Omega, and so far it’s been shit for him.”

“Well you better hope Simon doesn’t find him.”

“He won’t, because he ran away,” she said shamefully.

Dwight gawked at her, unable to process so much troubling news.

“You gotta be kidding me.”

“I wish,” she said as she averted her eyes with something akin to embarrassment. “It’s going on two months and we still haven’t found anything. We were starting to wonder if he might be dead.”

Dwight looked away from her.

“Well isn’t that just great,” he muttered. “I guess it’s back to square one.”

Rosita dropped her eyes in thought.
“Maybe not,” she stated. “If you help us find him.”

“I can’t. I already stuck my neck out once trying to find him.”

“So? If we don’t find him soon those Savior assholes will. We need another pair of eyes out there, so if you don’t want things to go back to the way they were with the Saviors, help us.”

Dwight fidgeted on the spot as he considered her words. Finally he stopped and dropped his head.

“Lenny’s gonna send some of us into the city. The rest aren’t supposed to know but most caught wind of it. Might be another big hunt like the first time around. I’ll do what I can.”

Rosita peeked around the house, making sure the Saviors were still occupied with searching.

“I’ve got a map of where we’ve already looked.”

Dwight nodded then gripped her arm, giving the impression that he was forcing her to lead him somewhere when in reality she was taking him to her house.

After thirty minutes of searching, the Saviors hopped into their cars ready to head back. Dwight sidled up in the passenger’s seat next to Simon who looked irritated.

“What’s wrong?” Dwight asked.

The question seemed to make him angrier.

“What do you mean what’s wrong?” he growled while slapping the steering wheel. “We didn’t find shit, that’s what’s wrong.”

“You really expected Negan to be here?” he asked with humor present in his tone.

“I don’t know,” Simon admitted quietly.

“It was a waste of damn time.” Dwight kept his voice even, not giving away a hint of what he’d learned. “He would never come to Alexandria’s pack or any pack for that matter. Not when he knows they want to kill him.”

“Yeah,” he muttered as he started up the truck and led the way back. “We’re grasping at straws here. But he’s gotta be somewhere.”

Dwight looked at him and caught an expression of determination mixed with something else he couldn’t detect. When it came to Simon, he knew he’d been Negan’s closest ally so he found it a little troubling to see how interested he was in finding him. In his opinion, Simon had never displayed a strong interest in claiming Negan for himself. He could understand if Simon didn’t want to lead as true Alphas, but there was something suspicious about it.

His thoughts drifted back to the day they had discovered Negan’s escape. He had never considered the idea that someone might have let him go. His concern had been on helping Sherry. But now, he was curious if it related to Simon somehow, considering his reactions.

“Are you…this might sound crazy, but are you worried about him?” Dwight asked as a way to discover the answer.

Simon tossed him a perplexed look.
“What? Why would I be concerned about an Omega?” he asked, sounding quite offended.

“He wasn’t always an Omega. You two were friends for a long time, so I figured-”

“What? Just what exactly are you getting at?” Simon’s shoulders were tense and a growl was emanating from his throat.

“Nothing. I just thought you might take it hard seeing him claimed.”

Simon’s face became solemn and he said nothing for a while.

“He’s an Omega now, so it don’t matter to me if he gets claimed. I just wonder where the hell he is sometimes.”

There was no hiding it. Dwight could definitely sense his worry and didn’t fault him for it. In that sense he was glad he hadn’t found out the truth as he imagined he might have punched Rick for claiming him.

“Maybe, I should’ve…”

“Should’ve what?” Dwight asked when he didn’t finish the statement.

Simon didn’t answer. Instead he just shook his head.

“Nothing. It don’t matter.”

Dwight looked away from him. Up ahead he could see the Sanctuary coming into view. He braced himself for the response he’d get for his next question.

“Did you let him out? The day he escaped.”

Simon stared straight ahead as he put his concentration into parking the truck. After he turned off the ignition he turned to Dwight with narrowed eyes.

“No. I’d never let an Omega escape.”

Dwight held onto his gaze before giving a nod. The answer was clear to him now, but it no longer mattered. There was nothing to be gained by turning Simon in for causing this mess in the first place. It was bad news for the Saviors since the escape did lead Rick to getting their ex leader before they could, so it was good news to Dwight.

Simon hopped out of the truck and shut the door, leaving Dwight to consider his next move.

Dwight moved along the corridors heading for his room, leaving Simon to report to Lenny that they hadn’t found Negan. Along the way he passed a few Alphas that simply grunted in greeting. Ever since Negan had slipped from their grasps most of the Alphas’s temperaments had fallen, particularly with Lenny doing a not so great job of taking the great Alpha’s place. Whereas Negan had run things in the open, Lenny had proven to be more of a recluse, refusing to address any problems they were having unless it had something to do with Negan. Dwight did what he had been doing by giving a nod and keeping his head down. Tensions were too high to risk getting into it, so he did his best to blend into the shadows. As of late, he started sensing a weird divine in the pack where it was Betas versus Alphas. It wasn’t clear to most, but he knew it would be coming hard.

He made a turn and started to go down one hallway, but decided to backtrack down another and arrived at the female Omegas’ room. He gazed at the closed door with a sinking heart. Sherry had
been one of the Omegas that managed to slip away and he had no idea where she went. According to the other ladies, she had fled with one other woman during the late hours of the night to avoid a dangerously drunk Lenny who had come for her. They refused to tell him anything more.

“Dwight?”

He looked around and saw Tanya coming toward him from the other end of the hall.

“Hey Tanya.”

“You need something?” she asked, clearly wondering why he was hovering around the Omega’s room when he’d never neared it before.

“No, just thinking.”

“Yeah,” she said quietly. He could tell she knew who had been on his mind. “Anytime you need to talk. We’re still here.”

He gave a nod of understanding.

“Yeah. I got things to do so, maybe I’ll take you up on that offer later.” He turned away and made for his room.

When he reached it, he locked the door behind him and let out a tired sigh. He moved to the table while pulling out a map Rosita had given him from his pocket, and stretched it out. Rosita had marked all the areas they had searched in red. Dwight ran his eyes over it as he decided which areas to check first.

He waited a few days before venturing out so as to avoid suspicion from the ever watchful Alphas. For starters he revisited a few of the spots he had checked out the first time he sought Negan out. According to the map, Rick and his group had checked some of them already so it saved him time.

He drove slowly along the road, keeping his eyes peeled for movement. He knew it was possible that Negan might be on the move rather than stationed in one location, but he wouldn’t entertain the idea at the moment. The man always struck him as the type to settle in some large area so he avoided random houses.

Dwight tried not to take too long on his searches since he didn’t want to draw anyone’s attention.

One day of searching turned into two, then three. By the fourth day he was already finding it irritating. He took a risk and drove farther and deeper and ended up coming across a nice farm, but there was nothing there except a couple of dead cows being consumed by walkers.

He turned down wide and narrow roads and eventually found himself surrounded by the thickening forest.

“Damn,” he cursed as he thumped the steering wheel in annoyance.

He stepped out of the car and pulled out his pack of cigarettes and lit one. He released a puff as he began wondering if it was better to abandon the mission and search for Sherry instead since trying to make Negan pay wasn’t working so far. But thinking about Sherry only made him want to go back to finding the man.
With a growl, he stomped out his cigarette and got back in the car. It was already getting late so he really didn’t have any more time to spare, but he decided to go just a little bit further before calling it another lost day.

A little ways up he saw something that caught his eyes. It was a tall brick wall that was nearly completely covered in foliage making it easy to miss. Curious, he parked and decided to walk closer.

It was definitely a wall that was clearly protecting private property behind it. He paused when he noticed the parked cars near the gate. If someone was already here, then it was highly unlikely Negan would be as well. Then again, they could simply be abandoned cars.

Dwight walked up to a side of the wall where he was able to climb up. Slowly he peeked over the top and found a community of several houses. It didn’t look great, but it was clearly livable. And to prove it, two people stepped out of one of the nearby houses. One was a thin man with long black hair and the other guy sported a well-built body thanks to all the muscles.

Dwight started to work his way back down to the ground when he heard a shout. He looked up to see the thin man pointing him out to his friend.

“Shit.”

He abandoned the careful climb halfway down and fell to his feet. He stumbled, but pushed himself up and started to run.

Unfortunately he didn’t get far before the gate opened and he heard a single gunshot.

“Don’t move!” one of the men ordered.

Dwight froze and raised his hands in surrender.

“I don’t mean any trouble,” he told them. “Just passing through.”

“Turn around, slowly,” the man demanded. “Make a move to try anything and the next shot is going into you.”

Dwight did as he was told and faced them.

“Who are you?” the man asked. “What do you want?”

“Nothing. I was just checking the place out. Didn’t know nobody was here.”

They were quiet for a moment, then they tossed each other a curious look that Dwight couldn’t understand.

“You wouldn’t happen to be Rick by any chance, would you?”

The question caught him off guard. He figured the man had to be talking about Rick Grimes. It made him wonder if the men had been wronged by him somehow.

“No. Just checking the place out. I’m on my own and I needed a place for the night.”

“You alone?”

“Yep, I’m alone,” Dwight confirmed with a nod.

Again the men traded each other a look.
“Well, we’ll check it out with our Alpha. Why don’t you come on in.”

With the gun still trained on him, Dwight had little choice but to enter their home.

Chapter End Notes

I know y'all are eager for Rick, and we'll get there, I promise
And yeah, the Saviors are still something of an issue. Dwight deciding to stick his neck out for the Alexandrians will definitely pay off, cause little does he know he's found what he didn't think he would.
More soon :)}
Chapter 27

Chapter Summary

Dwight learns about the pack and makes a huge discovery

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Don’t try nothing!” the thin man ordered while still keeping the gun trained on him.

“I don’t plan to,” Dwight assured him, but the man continued to watch him cautiously.

“Check him.”

The other man came forward and Dwight allowed him to pat him down and lift the gun he’d had hidden in his back pocket.

“For protection against the dead,” he told them.

The larger man said nothing as he took his gun and walked away to lock the gate. Dwight held in a sigh. If anything he was more annoyed than worried about the situation. Unless the pack was large and mentally unstable, he was sure he’d be able to talk his way back to freedom as his alibi was believable enough.

The larger man turned from the gate and started leading the way. Dwight looked at his hostage taker who signaled for him to follow. Dwight did so quietly while continuing to hold up his hands in surrender.

“Just so you know, I don’t have anything on me. Nothing to take.”

“Yeah,” the man agreed. “You sure look like you fell on hard times.”

Dwight glanced back at him and noticed the man was taking an interest in the burn marks of his face.

“We'll see what Leo says,” said the other man. “LEO!”

The man came to a stop and Dwight followed his lead. He took a moment to look around at all the houses. It definitely implied that a large pack was living here, but so far it had been far too quiet for that, not to mention the obvious sign of lack of people aside from the two men.

He turned his attention forward as a bearded man stepped out of the house up ahead. There was a cold, stony expression on his face that was so strong Dwight felt a need to step back. He wasn’t on Negan’s level of an Alpha, but given enough time he could see him getting to such a threatening level.

“Who’s this?” he asked gruffly.

“Name’s Dwight,” Dwight answered.

“We saw him peeking over the fence,” said his hostage taker. “Says he’s just passing through, but
we weren’t sure. We thought it might be Rick.”

“Rick’s an Alpha remember,” said the bearded man. “Well, as far as we’re told. That could’ve been a damn lie.”

Dwight kept his expression impassive so as not to tip him off that he might know which Rick he was talking about. The bearded man moved in closer and bore his eyes into him.

“That true? You just passing through?”

“I am, now that I see a pack’s already moved in,” Dwight began. “I needed a place to stay. I’ve been…traveling for a while, just looking for someplace to settle.”

“Where’s your pack?”

“I don’t have a pack. Not anymore. Our damn Alpha was a bastard. He hurt us all the time, and sometimes people didn’t come back from the punishments he gave. Fights broke out. People died. I had enough of it so I renounced. I’m on my own.”

“And your pack’s not looking for you at all?” the bearded man questioned, his brow quirked in suspicion.

“They’re not,” Dwight stated.

“They’re not huh?” he said, and Dwight could tell he wasn’t believed. “How do I know you’re not part of Rick’s pack?”

“Rick? I don’t know nobody called Rick. My Alpha’s name was Lenny.”

“Yeah? And why aren’t Lenny and the others looking for you?”

Dwight leaned forward, staring him down.

“They’re dead. Killed by the dead.” The tone was heavy enough that he was sure they’d buy the story. “I saw it happen when they were chasing me down near a motel. They were everywhere but I got away. They didn’t, so yeah, it’s just me.”

The man leaned away from him and stroked his beard.

“You know Leo, we could use another Beta,” said the thin man in a hopeful tone.

Leo studied Dwight a little longer before responding.

“Well we are in need of more members, but it’ll be up to him if he’d like to join us.” Leo turned to Dwight and gave a nod. “You’d be welcome if you stay.”

Dwight looked at Leo then took in the other two before turning back to him again. Though he couldn’t be sure if it was necessary to stick around and figure them out, he felt it was worth it for the time being.

“I think I’d like that. Nobody can go it alone for long.”

Leo gave a small smile.

“Nothing’s truer than that nowadays. As you know, my name’s Leo. That’s Mike.” He nodded to the thin man who now lowered his gun and gave a nod in greeting. “And that’s Bernie, my brother.
Dwight nodded at him.

“Sorry if I scared you guys.”

“We gotta be on guard these days,” said Mike. Dwight noticed he looked quite pleased and assumed it was because he was a fellow Beta.

“There’s only five of us,” Leo explained, “Now six thanks to you.”

“Really? Your pack’s that small?”

“Unfortunately,” Leo admitted as he shifted uncomfortably on his feet. “There used to be more but, tragedy struck.”

“I’m sorry.”

Leo patted his shoulder in thanks and forced a smile.

“Yeah. Well enough about the past for now. You gotta be hungry.”

Dwight shrugged.

“If you got something to spare.”

“Of course we do. You’re part of the pack now. Come on, let me introduce you to the others.”

He tossed an arm around his shoulder and led him onward.

Twenty minutes later Dwight was happily enjoying a bowl of warm stew at a kitchen table in Leo’s house with his ‘new’ pack. He met another Alpha, Kay, and Leo’s Omega Lisa who was massaging Leo’s arm in what he read as a worried manner.

“I sure hope I don’t end up…eating you out of house and home,” Dwight said between spoonfuls.

“We got enough, for about another week,” said Kay. “Just did a run a few days ago.”

“Ah, well, sign me up for a run,” Dwight insisted.

“We appreciate it, but that’s not necessary right now,” said Leo.

“I insist,” Dwight persisted. “I want to make sure I pull my weight around here.”

Before he dropped his eyes back down to his soup, he caught Leo exchanging a curious look with his Alphas. It made him all the more curious how they related to Rick, if they were even referring to Rick Grimes.

“So, who’s this Rick guy?”

“We don’t really know. Just got word that he was some lunatic Alpha that might cause a pack some trouble.”

Dwight met his eyes after swallowing a spoonful of stew.
“Oh.” He still couldn’t be sure if it was Rick Grimes, yet something was telling him it was. “Where’d you hear that?”

Leo just waved him off.

“It don’t matter. We were told that a while ago and so far we haven’t run into him.”

“Good to know.”

“When you finish up, how about a tour?” asked Bernard. “Pick out a house, unless you want to share with Mike.”

“They all chose neighboring houses,” Leo explained. “We’re a pretty close knit pack.”

“That’s understandable, being you’re a small pack,” said Dwight as he leaned back in his seat feeling full.

“Yeah,” said Leo. He sat back and observed Dwight closely. Dwight found it made him a little uncomfortable. Thankfully he dropped his eyes to his now empty bowl. “Well, how about that tour?”

“I’d love it.”

Leo smiled and turned to Lisa.

“I think he’ll fit in just fine don’t you?”

She caught Dwight’s gaze, and right away he got the impression that she was concerned about something, but was doing her best to hide it.

“I think so,” she agreed quietly.

A few minutes later, the whole pack was playing tour guide as they showed him the lay of the land. Dwight took it in feigning interest since he had no intention of sticking around. When he could he tossed a glance at the locked gate. So far they appeared to be nice people. He definitely sensed they had some secrets to hide, but he never blamed people for keeping things to themselves. But he was starting to get the feeling that whatever they were hiding was something to be wary of, especially when Kay excused himself halfway through the tour and made a beeline for one of the houses that was not one of the neighboring houses next to Leo’s. Not wanting to seem curious, Dwight didn’t ask about it, but he was considering it since he’d noticed the pissed off look on his face.

“If you don’t mind me asking, what happened to your face?” Mike asked.

“Lenny,” Dwight said simply. It was easy to express anger and hurt as he pictured Negan instead since he was the real cause of his burns. “My Alpha was a sick man. Did it to me when I first attempted to leave the pack.”

“Well you don’t have to worry about anything like that happening to you around here,” said Mike kindly. “Leo’s not like that. He’s good.”

Dwight just nodded and tossed his eyes at Leo before taking in the houses again.

By the end of the tour, Dwight had claimed a house of his own next to Mike’s. Everyone was fine with it as they joined him in cleaning it up.

When evening rolled around, Dwight stepped out on the porch. His attention was drawn to the locked gate. After a minute he looked over at the house Kay had run off to after noticing Kay was
leaving it, along with Leo. Dwight’s eyebrows raised as he noticed Kay holding a crowbar in his hands. Leo had turned to him and appeared to be admonishing him for something because the satisfied look that Kay was sporting quickly soured. Kay went back inside, then after a minute he returned without the crowbar. As they turned, Dwight slipped back into his house and watched as they eventually passed by his windows. They were chatting as they walked, but the thing that caught Dwight’s attention was Kay wiping off what looked like blood on the end of his shirt. It gave him an eerie feeling.

He stepped away from the window. He wasn’t sure there was a reason to invest his interest when this pack wasn’t his problem. So far the only tip off that something was odd was the mention of Rick’s name, but he couldn’t shake the need to check it out, even if it was only to satisfy curiosity.

By the time it got quite late, he’d made up his mind. He stepped onto the porch and looked back at the pack houses. The lights were out, indicating they were all sleeping. He kept his eyes on the houses just in case as he headed toward the one shrouded in secrecy.

As he walked he tried to think of something reasonable to be inside. He thought about the pack keeping animals for slaughter there, which might explain the blood, but he couldn’t convince himself that it would make any sense. So he had to assume it might be a person. Maybe it was some pack member Leo was punishing. If not that, he figured it could be a previous resident of this community. Leo had told him they came across it after their old residence burned down and that the place had been abandoned. He could believe it since many of the homes showed evidence of some attack. For all he knew, Leo had orchestrated the attack, clearing everyone out except one. Maybe he’d had a bigger pack and had lost many during the fight. But if any of those theories proved true, how did it connect with Rick?

When he made it to the front door, he looked back once more to make sure none of the pack members had decided to come out for a late night stroll. It was clear, so he quietly entered.

So far he saw nothing out of the ordinary. It was just a regular house. He moved further in, moving as quietly as possible. He noticed the crowbar on the floor and upon closer examination he saw there was indeed blood on the side.

Just then he heard a barely audible moan coming from up ahead. Frowning, Dwight followed the sound and immediately paused as he came across an opened bedroom, where a naked man was tied up spread eagle on a bed, blindfolded.

He wanted to flee, but instead he took another step closer, wide eyes glued to the figure. The man moaned again while Dwight’s breath caught in his throat as he realized who the man was. He hadn’t had much confidence that he would find Negan, and naturally he never expected to find him in such a position. The room was semi lit with a lamp in the corner, but he could definitely make him out to be Negan despite the bloody bruises and how thin he looked. He was so pale and weak that it was a sharp contrast from the figure he was used to.

Negan groaned as he was clearly in a lot of pain. Still quite shocked, Dwight slowly backed out of the room.

The scent of an Alpha came to his nose, and before he could turn around, a hand quickly covered his mouth while the other pulled him into the Alpha’s chest. Dwight struggled against Bernard and tried to cry out, but his voice was muffled.

“Calm down. I don’t want to hurt you,” he informed him as he practically dragged him outside.

Waiting in front of the house was Leo and Kay. Leo gave a nod and Bernard released Dwight who
stumbled away from him, breathing heavily. His eyes darted between the men then stayed on Leo.

“Sorry you had to see that,” Leo apologized. “I’ve had Bernard keeping a close eye on your house in case you decided to pull anything or do any late night snooping. We’re willing to let new members in, but only when we feel we can trust them.”

But Dwight didn’t care about being followed. He pointed behind him in the direction of the room in the house.

“What the hell is going on?”

“Keep your voice down,” Leo instructed. “I don’t want to risk him hearing us.”

“If you’re going to do that to me-”

“Dwight, I have no reason to do that to you. That man in there is being punished, for destroying my pack.”

Dwight looked at Kay and Bernard who were watching him closely, so he made sure not to express a hint that he had no trouble believing it. Negan had destroyed many lives.

“What? But he’s an Omega,” he said, in the need to play dumb.

“You probably won’t believe this, but he wasn’t always. That man in there was an Alpha once, and he tried to take my Lisa from me. That didn’t happen because members of my pack tried to defend us. His pack attacked and in the end, I lost two members. One was my pup.” Dwight could see a glimmer of emotion shinning in his eyes. “I was barely holding it together after that, but then we found this place and I thought I’d be able to get myself back together again. But I found him here, no longer an Alpha, but an Omega thanks to a biter. He ended up killing my nephew, Bernie’s pup, while we were checking the houses. That man in there has caused us a lot of pain, and I intend to put him through the same pain we’ve felt.”

Leo fell quiet then as he and the others awaited Dwight’s reaction. Dwight himself thought it was quite a story. What were the odds that Negan would meet up with the same pack he tried to take advantage of. A small smirk made it onto his face as he thought about him getting his just deserts.

“That is…pretty crazy. Him being an Alpha, now he’s an Omega and you happened to meet up again,” he told them.

“It’s true,” said Kay coldly.

“Does he, have anything to do with this Rick guy?” He didn’t know how much Negan had told them and it had him worrying.

“He claims Rick’s his Alpha and that he’d find him here and make us pay for what we’re doing. Now I’ve never been a man to believe that an Alpha has a right to another Alpha’s Omega when it comes to sharing and punishing, but things change. We live in different times now. This has to be done for our lost pups, and my lost Beta.”

“So, you’ve never gone looking for this, Rick?” Dwight pressed.

At that, Leo glared and started to growl.

“Why the hell would I waste my time? Why would I risk losing my chance to avenge my lost members? This is how it’s going to be, and I need to know if you’re going to have a problem with
Bernard and Kay shifted, giving Dwight the impression that they might actually tackle him if he said anything other than no.

“No…no, I believe yah. Things like claims don’t matter if you’ve been hurt.”

Leo relaxed a little and smiled.

“I’m glad you agree. Now, why don’t we all turn in. Oh and Dwight, I’m going to go ahead and have Bernie spend the night with you. Just to make sure you’re really okay here.”

Dwight understood their desire to keep him under watch and didn’t argue.

“Fine by me,” he replied as he headed back to his house with Bernard following right behind him.

It wasn’t until four days passed did Dwight feel some freedom from the watchful pack. Ever since he found out about their prisoner, Bernard had basically become his shadow. He knew it wasn’t because they suspected he’d had history with Negan or was related to Rick. They were being careful, making sure he wouldn’t try and do something unexpected with their prisoner. Leo hadn’t been sure if he was really on board with his plans.

Dwight watched as one of the Alphas would head to the house and stay for some time. He never asked what they did to him, especially with the fear of learning that they might have screwed him. Instead he expressed approval. Leo trusted him enough to stay in his home without Bernard’s ever looming presence. Naturally Dwight was grateful as their trust would give him the opportunity to slip away. But now that the chance was present, he found himself hesitating.

He stared in the direction of Negan’s prison from his porch, arms crossed as he thought about what the man had done to him. He thought about the time he had ironed his face for trying to flee with Sherry and her sister. He thought about Sherry and her state of misery as his Omega. He thought about the many times Negan had boasted about screwing his ex-Omega and how Dwight had to just kneel and take it.

Such thoughts made him wander over to the house at a time when no one was there. With him blindfolded it wasn’t a risky move on his part to visit him.

And soon enough he was standing in the doorway, glaring at what was once a powerful and frightening man who was now cowering helplessly. Dwight balled his fingers into fists and slowly entered the room. The man was breathing hard, and Dwight could see signs of a fresh beating across his chest and arms.

Negan had an intake of breath and tensed. His covered eyes moved in Dwight’s direction.

“Please, I need…water,” he begged.

Dwight didn’t make a sound. Negan just pulled away as best he could. Then after a few minutes he relaxed and became still. Dwight watched as his nose twitch. He knew he probably sensed there was a Beta in the room with him, but the question was if he recalled his scent. Dwight didn’t move. He held his breath as he stared at him.

“Who…who’s there?” he asked shakily while unknowingly staring up at his ex-Beta.
Dwight gritted his teeth and punched him hard across the face. Negan cried out while Dwight cursed him mentally as he delivered punch after painful punch into his cheek.

“Please…stop…”

Dwight wouldn’t stop.

He was getting so riled up, growls were emitting from his throat. Before he risked giving himself away by cursing him aloud, He turned and quickly left the room.

He left the house altogether, quickening his pace so he could make it home before anyone caught him. Once inside his house, he leaned over and started panting heavily. His heart was twisting with fury as well as fear. He raised himself up and leaned against the door, eyes shut. As much as he felt Negan deserved what the pack was doing to him, he felt little satisfaction from it. He wanted the Alpha to pay the ultimate price through death. Leo had given no indication that he would ever kill Negan. Considering the fact that they were feeding him, Leo meant for him to stick around to suffer for as long as possible. He supposed in the end Negan would die if Leo decided to stop sparing him food or if Bernard or Kay beat him to death. It was inevitable. The man had lost his pup so it was highly unlikely he’d hold Negan under a life sentence.

With that reasoning, Dwight felt better about it. In fact, he started to feel that this was where Negan was meant to be. Rick didn’t have to know he’d found him. Sure it would be a problem for Rick since he’d claimed him, but at least Negan was paying for his actions. At the moment he didn’t trust Rick to do it particularly since Negan had managed to run away. Didn’t that prove that Rick couldn’t handle the man? Didn’t it show he was too soft?

Then he imagined another scenario, where Saviors managed to find this community and in turn find and take Negan. The last thing he wanted was Lenny getting his hands on Negan and establishing order. With the way things were now, he had a better chance of escaping his old pack. As a matter of fact, he didn’t have to go back to the Sanctuary at all. He could just leave and never turn back. He could try and find Sherry and leave Atlanta far behind him.

Dwight figured it was an easy answer, but when he thought about Rick and the other communities that had fallen under the Saviors’ command, he felt conflicted. Didn’t they deserve a chance to make Negan pay as well? He slid down to the floor, mind whirling as he tried to decide what to do.

Late that night, Dwight got out of bed and stepped onto the porch. Once again he checked the other houses for signs that the pack was still awake. He turned back and glared at Negan’s house. A minute later he was walking, not toward the house but toward the gate.

Dwight quietly undid the latch and checked behind him frequently to make sure no one was coming. As carefully as he could he pushed it open just enough to slip through. After that, he made a dash to his car then turned the ignition and took off, heading for Alexandria.

Chapter End Notes

While figuring out how Rick would find this community, I decided on Dwight. It gave him a bigger role and a chance to be successful since his first search for Negan wasn’t. Besides Rick found him once already. And now Dwight's off to tell him the news!
Chapter 28

Chapter Summary

Rick arrives to retrieve his naughty Omega

Chapter Notes

The moment is here :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Rick couldn’t remember the last time he’d driven so fast. In fact, he was barely aware of it as he led the two other cars with his members behind him. His eyes were glued to Dwight’s car who was leading him to Negan’s location as the Alpha beast roared in his head. Without realizing it he started growling. Michonne, who was seated next to him in the passenger’s seat looked at him.

“Take it easy. You don’t want to lose control.”

“It can’t be helped if I do,” Rick growled as he squared up his shoulders.

“You said it yourself that you wanted things to go smoothly.”

“I’m still in control. If I wasn’t, I would’ve gone last night.”

It had been a struggle to wait until morning after Dwight arrived in the dead of night with his discovery. As soon as he heard “I found him” from Dwight, Rick was ready to go, but Michonne had convinced him he wouldn’t be alert enough to rescue him, being that he’d barely gotten any sleep. The same went for the members he’d chosen to bring with him. With much reluctance Rick went back to bed, but sleep didn’t come to him. As soon as the sun rose he worked out a plan, retrieved the few guns they had, and headed out.

“You need to be full on Alpha for this, so it was a good thing you didn’t go last night.”

Rick gripped the steering wheel harder. He felt his heart thumping faster than normal.

As Dwight turned down a road where the forests thickened on each side, Rick’s eyes widened.

“I remember this area.” He looked at Michonne to see if she’d caught on. Her brow was furrowed.

“It does feel familiar,” she agreed.

Dwight started to slow down as he chose a spot to park. Rick parked right behind him and the other two cars followed their example. Dwight got out of the car as did Rick and Michonne.

“It’s just up ahead. You wanted to get the jump on them, time to walk the rest of the way,” said Dwight.
“Alright,” Rick agreed as he set his attention down the road. “Still not planning on joining us?”

“No. I think it’s time for me to go my separate way.”

“Fair enough,” Rick agreed.

The others exited their cars and joined them. Among the rest of Rick’s chosen few was Daryl, Rosita, Aaron, Scott, Gabriel, and Tobin. Only Rosita, Aaron, and Gabriel carried a gun along with Rick. Those that didn’t carried knives except Michonne who naturally carried her katana. The rest of the few guns they harbored were left with the rest of the pack for protection. Dwight moved toward his car and popped the trunk.

“I know thanks to Negan, y’all were left high and dry on weapons,” he announced, reminding them of the first time Negan had taken ‘half’ of their things. “I didn’t expect this situation, otherwise I would’ve snuck more than just this before I left the Sanctuary to go looking.”

From his trunk he pulled out a crossbow along with some arrows and faced Daryl. Daryl hesitated, surprised to see his beloved weapon again. He stepped forward and Dwight gladly placed it in his hands.

“Thanks,” he muttered.

“Also, I think you should take this back.” He shed his angel wing vest from his body and gave that up as well. “Guess you guys are all set.”

“I think we are,” said Rick confidently as he watched Daryl suit up. Everyone readied their weapons, ready to go. “I appreciate the help. And don’t worry, Negan won’t ever know you helped us, and neither will the Saviors.”

“Thanks,” Dwight said as he shifted awkwardly on the spot before entering his car. “Good luck. And make sure you put that bastard in his place.”

“I plan to,” Rick replied, with determination clear in his tone.

Dwight waved then started his car and turned around, leaving Rick to lead his team toward the community.

As they got closer, Rick was able to confirm his familiarity with the place. He looked over at Michonne.

“This was Noah’s old community,” she said.

“Yeah,” Rick said quietly as it brought to mind the loss of Tyreese and even Beth before that. His pack had been at their most desperate after finding no Sanctuary at Noah’s residence, but luckily they had found Alexandria.

“We have to make sure what happened to them never happens to us, when it comes to the Saviors,” she declared.

“We will, but first, my Omega.”

With Daryl’s help, Rick was lifted up to the top of the fence. Rick didn’t pull himself over just yet. While keeping himself as low as possible, he scouted the area. So far he didn’t see any of Leo’s members walking around. He gave it a few more seconds before giving a nod to the others as he pulled himself over and dropped down. Rosita dropped down over the fence as well and quickly
pulled her gun to keep Rick covered while he started unlatching the gate. As quickly and quietly as possible, Rick pushed it open. The rest of his pack entered, weapons raised and eyes alert.

“Take cover,” Rick ordered.

They scattered, breaking off into groups of two. Rick sought out the house he assumed might be the pack leader’s, according to Dwight’s mapping of the place, and did a quick counting to estimate the house that held his Omega. It wasn’t so easy to tell since the houses were so similar, but he took his chances and hurried toward the closest house with Michonne right behind him.

Once there, they proceeded to the back, heading for Negan’s prison. When they made it, they sidled up to the side of the house, allowing them easier access to the front door around the corner on their right.

A minute later he heard voices nearing the door from within. Rick slowly peaked around and watched as the door opened. He saw the Beta Dwight had called Mike, exiting the door.

“We’re going to have to do another run soon,” he was saying to the person who followed. It was the man Dwight had referred to as Leo. Rick held back the growls and readied his gun.

“We got enough for two more days,” Leo responded.

“Well we got another mouth to feed with Dwight.”

“That’s true,” Leo said with a chuckle. “Really hope he doesn’t eat us out of—”

He was immediately cut off as Rick swiftly snuck up behind him and tackled him to the ground. Leo was so stunned he could barely form words. He put up a struggle, trying to knock Rick aside, but he didn’t allow it as Rick began delivering a couple of punches to his face.

“What the fuck!” Mike cried as he spun around. But Michonne was moving toward him with her katana raised. At the same time Rick had pinned Leo securely in place and was raising his gun on Mike until Michonne reached him.

“Don’t try anything stupid,” Rick warned, eyes boring straight into the Beta’s.

Mike raised his hands in surrender as Michonne positioned the blade under his neck, ready to slice should he make a bad move. Rick pointed the gun on Leo as he got to his feet.

“Get up.”

Leo stared at him, wide-eyed, as he slowly rose. Slowly the shock died down from his features as he took him in.

“You’re Rick right?” he asked with a sigh.

“Yeah, so you know why I’m here.” Rick’s shoulders were squared and his chest was puffed, ready and willing to fight tooth and nail. His Alpha instincts were going wild as he issued a deep growl.

“Leo,” Mike called.

“Be quiet,” Michonne growled.

Rick pulled Leo to him and held him in a hostage position with the gun pointed at his temple.

“Call your pack out here so we can take care of this,” Rick ordered.
“Don’t hurt them. It’s just six of us,” Leo informed him.

“Actually it’s just five. Dwight’s not part of your pack,” Rick corrected.

Leo shut his eyes momentarily at the betrayal.

“So, he lied. He was one of yours.”

“No, he was just helping us.”

Rick pushed him to get him walking and Michonne did the same with Mike.

“Look, you want your Omega back, no problem. Nobody has to get hurt,” Leo began calmly.

“The only way someone gets hurt is if things go wrong,” Rick stated.

“You don’t understand,” said Mike. “You don’t know what that damn Omega did to us!”

“I do know,” Rick growled. “Dwight told us what Negan did to you.”

“So you understand. You understand that I did what I had to do,” said Leo in a more hopeful tone.

In truth Rick did feel for the pain Negan caused them, and despite the rage that he’d felt after learning another Alpha was punishing his Omega there was a part of him that saw it Leo’s way. There was nothing more brutal than losing a pup because of another Alpha. He had gone through such a thing himself when it came to the Governor. Still his instincts didn’t want to consider that much, therefore the Alpha within was roaring against this Alpha for crossing the line.

“I understand that you’ve been torturing my Omega. And right now that’s not okay. Now call your pack.”

Leo huffed and issued a low growl before following the command.

“KAY!, BERNIE! GET OUT HERE!”

“I said all of them,” Rick snarled.

“Not my Lisa,” Leo growled back. “You don’t get to hurt my Lisa for what I’ve done. She’s not involved in this!”

But in the house up ahead, Lisa exited anyways as she was drawn to the commotion. Her eyes connected with Leo’s and she froze like a frightened deer.

“Oh my god, Leo!”

“Lisa stay back!” he cried.

Rosita and Gabriel came out of their hiding spots and held their guns on her just in case.

In the neighboring house, Bernard stepped out onto the porch looking surprised then pissed that his Alpha, as well as brother, was being held against his will. Daryl, who had been peeking just out of sight from the house, prepared to sneak up behind Bernard with his crossbow raised, but he didn’t get the chance as something rammed into him from behind.

“You motherfucker!”
Kay had butted into him like a bull, and now both men were wrestling around on the ground trying to get ahold of the other.

“Get off him!” Bernard yelled as he pulled a hidden gun from his back pocket and started shooting in an attempt to hit Daryl.

Shots fired in Bernard’s direction from Rosita, causing him to duct down out of her line of sight behind the porch rails.

“BERNARD STOP!” Leo ordered.

Bernard popped up when he had a clear shot and aimed his gun at Rosita. He was able to get in a few shots at her before he was yelling in pain. The gun, as well as blood, flew from his hand. Aaron came around a hidden area of a house with his gun raised which was smoking as he’d been the one to fire the shot. Bernard turned to him, teeth bared and eyes wild. He attempted to get the gun again.

“You son of a-”

“Don’t,” Aaron warned as he squared his shoulders, ready to fire again. “I don’t want to have to kill you.”

“Drop it Bernie!” Leo ordered. “They got us.”

Meanwhile Daryl and Kay’s fight had quickly come to an end as Daryl delivered a knockout punch. Kay fell limp into the grass. Shakily Daryl got to his feet, breathing heavily as he stared down at the unconscious man.

“Kay, no!” Lisa cried as she made her way down the steps of her house.

“Don’t move!” Rick yelled.

She stopped and turned to Leo who nodded.

“It’s alright Lisa. It’ll be alright.”

“What the hell’s going on!” Bernard cried. He leaned against the banister of the house, cradling his wounded hand. “Who are these people?”

“It’s Rick!” Leo explained. “That bastard Omega was right. He came for him at last.”

Bernard cast his gaze at Rick then the others and cursed under his breath. Lisa was shaking and becoming teary eyed. Forcefully she looked away from her mate and looked at Rick.

“Please, just take your Omega and go!” she begged desperately. “But don’t hurt Leo…don’t hurt my family.”

Rick shifted as he observed her. Something about her reminded him of Lori and he felt a slight squeeze in his heart.

“I’ll gladly take my Omega, but there’s the matter of what your Alpha did to him.” Rick threw Leo away from him and held the gun right at his head.

“No!” Lisa cried. She ignored the warning not to move as she made a dash toward her Alpha.

“Rick?” Rosita questioned as she followed her with her gun.
“It’s fine,” Rick said as he allowed her to embrace the Alpha before him.

“Don’t. No one has to die for this.” She ran her arms around Leo’s neck and buried her face against his shoulder. He didn’t seem the least bit fazed as he kept his concentration on Rick and the gun.

Rick, whose eyes didn’t leave Leo’s for a second, studied his defiant demeanor. He seemed quite willing and ready to face death.

“How about it Leo? Should I just go with my Omega? Leave you unpunished?”

“Do what you got to do,” said Leo coldly.

“Leo don’t you-”

“But I don’t regret what I did. I can’t. Your Omega was an asshole Alpha once. I don’t know if you know the story.”

“I do,” Rick confirmed.

“Well then you know what kind of a man he was. He tried to take Lisa from me. His pack attacked and killed my Beta and son when they tried to defend us. And then he killed my nephew when we got here. That man caused us a lot of pain, and I…I just wanted to make sure he felt it. I never thought his Alpha would give me the chance. I never thought I could, avenge them unless I did this.”

Rick found his thoughts wandering to the Governor. Considering the chaos of that day, he hadn’t gotten his chance to take vengeance for the people he’d lost. Slowly he lowered the gun.

“Consider your lost ones avenged,” he declared.

Relieved, Lisa’s embrace on Leo tightened as the man sunk to his knees also feeling that strong wave of relief. Daryl walked over, prepared to keep a close eye on the two.

“Sure it’s safe for us, letting them go?” Daryl asked.

“It is,” Rick assured him as he looked down at the two. “They’d be stupid to come after us.”

Leo raised his head and met his eyes.

“I don’t plan to. It’s done,” Leo promised.

Rick slipped the gun back in his belt.

“For the record, he still is an asshole,” Rick told him before turning toward the house holding Negan. Scott walked up to him and gave him his knife.

“Need any help?” Scott offered.

“No,” Rick growled as he found himself becoming heated again. “He’s all mine.”

As he moved, he was quite aware that he was growling. As soon as he approached the house he forced himself to hold it in. He was partially surprised to find that he didn’t care how badly the man was hurt. As far as he was concerned, Negan deserved what he got for running away; he deserved the worst for causing so much pain. Then he found himself feeling the weight of guilt for not being strong enough to break him. Had he, Negan wouldn’t have been able to run from him and cause
another pup’s death. Much of the blame went to Negan, but he had to take blame for his failure as well. He was responsible for Negan as his Alpha and after the trouble he caused, he was going to make sure he never got away or hurt anyone ever again.

Fists shaking and eyes blazing, he entered the house, heading straight for the bedroom.

He stopped in the doorway as his eyes landed on his Omega, naked and so bruised that he didn’t look at all like the strong figure he was used to. It was a struggle to keep in the vicious growls, and after seeing the dried blood here and there he felt eager to run back to Leo and beat him down. But there was another part that was somewhat satisfied. This whole situation was a lesson that Negan had had to learn the hard way. It was also a lesson for himself that he should never turn his back on the man. He was someone never to be trusted.

Rick stared right at him, face impassive. Negan of course couldn’t see him with the blindfold. Suddenly he tensed and started to shake.

“Who…who’s there?” he questioned, the fright evident in his voice.

Rick said nothing as he walked over to him and began cutting through the rope binding his right wrist. The arm plopped down weakly onto the bed. Next, he crossed to the other side and released the other wrist. By now, Negan had gotten better control of his shivering and just became still. Rick tossed him a dark glance and noticed him giving a few experimental sniffs. He ignored it as he moved on to free his legs.

“W-who?” Negan began quietly. Not only did he sound more afraid, he also sounded quite confused.

When Rick was done he hovered over the bed, glaring down at him with the knife held firmly in his hand. Negan just laid there dumbfounded and didn’t move.

“Take that blindfold off,” he commanded.

A jolt seemed to zip up his spine. In a robotic manner, Negan reached up and slowly started to untie the blindfold. It took some time as his fingers were shaking so badly, but when he pulled it off he immediately saw Rick.

Negan found he was barely breathing as he stared at the expression on his Alpha’s face. He couldn’t even move, let alone blink.

“It’s over,” Rick stated icily.

A chill went down Negan’s spine as he was sure Rick wasn’t just referring to his time with Leo’s pack coming to an end. It also didn’t help that his eyes had caught sight of the knife clutched in his trembling fist.

Chapter End Notes

Had Leo killed Negan, it might have been a different story, where Rick's Alpha side would have taken control and he'd kill them. Rick didn't like that they punished his Omega, but he also understands their point considering the fact that it's Negan and the loss of a pup due to an asshole is something he sympathizes with.
But Negan is back with Rick who's determined not to make the same mistake twice.
Chapter 29

Chapter Summary

Rick brings his Omega home

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It was like he had forgotten how to speak. He opened his mouth, but nothing came out. There was Rick standing before him, shoulders squared and eyes narrowed. Negan thought it had to be a hallucination. His mind felt broken enough and his stomach was empty enough to produce such a sight.

“Get up,” he ordered.

Automatically he slid one leg over the side of the bed, then the other without looking away from Rick. He couldn’t process what was happening. It was easier to view it as a trick from Leo, but there was no reasonable explanation of how he was pulling it off. A wave of uncertainty, shrouded with fear, kept him frozen in a seated position on the edge of the bed.

“I said get up,” Rick ordered again, this time with much more aggression.

“Jesus. I can’t…can’t believe you’re here,” Negan said as he found his voice. There was something akin to relief trying to break through his whirling mind.

Growling deeply, Rick stormed toward him. Negan tensed and shrunk back against the headboard. He raised an arm up to his face as he expected to be punched, but Rick just grabbed it and yanked him to his feet. With the other hand he grabbed onto the back of his neck. Negan yelped as his nails dug into the sensitive gland. Automatically his body slumped despite the shock.

“Rick,” he started, as he grabbed onto the hand holding his neck in an effort to ease the pain. Rick paid no attention to his pitiful struggling as he started dragging him by his side. Negan stumbled along like a toddler trying to keep up with an adult’s faster pace. He was too weak to be moving so fast and Rick, fueled by his rage, seemed stronger than ever.

“Goddamn it…Rick…hold on.”

Then the light of the day struck his eyes and he was temporarily blinded. Realization hit him that it had been a long time since he’d seen the light, or anything for that matter. The darkness was gone and he was able to see the place he had briefly called home before Leo came along.

He groaned from the harsh grip Rick had on his neck and tripped as he was pulled over the porch. Rick didn’t stop for a second.

“Rick…I can’t…slow down.”

“Shut up.” Rick hadn’t bothered to look at him when he’d said it, which was in a voice that was very quiet yet so frightening that Negan shut his mouth.
He choked in surprise as he caught the scene in the distance where Rick’s people were standing guard over Leo’s pack. He couldn’t help the tremble that went down his back as he met Leo’s hard gaze.

Rick came to a stop with Negan slightly hunched next to him. For the moment Negan was taking in the fact that Leo’s face looked beaten and Bernard’s hand was a bloody mess. Farther back he saw a body lying still on the ground and assumed it to be Kay. As for Lisa, her face was buried in Leo’s shoulder.

There was silence as Bernard and Mike imitated Leo by staring back at their previous prisoner. They were clearly unhappy but said nothing. The rest of Rick’s pack also stared, and Negan felt a flutter of embarrassment that was starting to increase the longer Rick had him standing there. Eventually Lisa pulled away from Leo’s shoulder and met his gaze.

He wasn’t sure what to feel now. The anger at his treatment from her Alpha’s pack didn’t come to him. Instead he just felt numb and scared as the group of people before him was a clear reminder that he had lost complete power. It was like the worst wake-up call in history. The Alpha that they’d hated and tortured seemed dead now.

He dropped his eyes and only now realized that he was completely naked. Rationally he knew there was no point in feeling shame over it since the majority of the people there had long since seen everything. But as of right now, he felt as though he’d been exposed for the first time, and his cheeks flushed.

“Rick…my clothes,” he muttered, as though scared the others would be able to hear from a distance. Still Rick ignored him as he kept his eyes on the scene.

“I got what I came for!” he announced. “Let’s move out!”

Rick waited for his people to come to him before heading to the gate, dragging Negan who struggled against him even more.

“Damn it…my clothes…please,” he pleaded.

Rick stopped and waited as Daryl and Rosita opened up the gate. It was then that the reality fully hit him. He was out of the bed and away from Leo’s pack. He almost wanted to call it freedom. He actually wanted to try and run, and his body jolted in anticipation of it. Rick tightened his grip and Negan gasped as he his knees wobbled. He fell against him as the effect of a squeezed gland forcibly relaxed his already tired body.

His heart pounded painfully and the anxiety seemed to hit worse than anything Leo was able to do to him.

“Fuck.”

He thrashed and pushed at Rick’s hand. It didn’t even faze the man who kept looking forward.

“Fucking let go!” Negan cried. “I’m not…I won’t run goddamn it.”

“Did they fuck you?”

Negan stopped thrashing as the question threw him off guard. Finally Rick was meeting his eyes. There was no concern in his face. His expression was that of an enraged Alpha barely capable of containing it. But the way it was expressed on Rick’s face, with a deep frown and dark eyes, chilled him to the bone.
“They…”

“Don’t lie to me. I’ll know if you are,” Rick warned. Negan didn’t think his voice could sound darker. “I know you had your heat already, and I need to know. Did they fuck you?”

He was shuddering now and he didn’t know why. Considering the rage radiating off of him, Negan could take revenge by using him to pummel Leo and the pack to dust by saying “yes”. On the other hand, he sensed it was quite dangerous to lie. Rick’s eyes bored into his own like never before, making Negan feel all the more like some pathetic little Omega that was readable.

He swallowed hard and dropped his eyes.

“No,” he answered quietly.

The shame was heavy and becoming heavier by the minute with the understanding that he’d needed Rick to save his ass. Rick, whom he was once able to bring to his knees, pleading and crying when he threatened to cut off his son’s arm. Said man had to come and save him when he couldn’t even handle a pack of five without ending up bloody and beaten into a state of fear. To make it worse, tears of relief were running down his cheeks. He wanted to thank him for rescuing him, but he couldn’t put it into words. All he could do was hang his head as Rick dragged him through the gate.

The impulse to escape now that he was traveling down the road outside of the community was completely gone. He resigned to his capture and just hoped Rick would be merciful.

Michonne opened the backseat of the first car and Rick threw him to the floor. He huffed as his sore chest and abdomen made contact with it. Rick climbed into the backseat from the other door so that he would be sitting right over Negan’s head. And Rick found the perfect spot to rest his foot by grinding it into Negan’s neck, making him whine.

Michonne took over in the driver’s seat and once everyone was set, she led the way back home.

Negan shifted as best he could under Rick’s foot with little to no room to stretch out on the floor. He groaned as the car’s vibrations tickled his sensitive skin. After a while he glanced up at Rick. He was staring ahead with that same chilling expression.

“How’d you find me?” He never thought the man would be able to track him down despite the times he warned Leo he would.

But Rick said nothing. He didn’t even acknowledge him. Negan was surprised to feel the shame hitting deeper. It was a clear sign of how much trouble he was in and he knew the best thing he could do was acknowledge his horrible mistake.

“Rick,” he tried again. “I’m sorry.”

“But you’re not,” he stated, without even bothering to look at him.

Negan let his eyes drop and slowly shut. There was nothing but tension coursing through him now.

When the car came to a stop, he froze, wide-eyed. There didn’t seem to be any air. He listened as the door opened, indicating Michonne exiting the car. Then Rick opened his door and ended the pressure on Negan’s neck when he lifted his foot and got out. Negan stayed exactly where he was as he was terrified to move.
“Get up.”

Negan heard his command loud and clear. Even his Omega instincts were urging him to listen to his Alpha and follow the order, but he couldn’t. Right now trying to catch his breath was difficult enough.

With a growl, Rick grabbed the back of his neck, nails digging into the skin just as before. Negan yelped as Rick took ahold of his arm as well and pulled him with so more force that he plopped onto the ground. Before he was ready, Rick pulled him to his feet and held him still in front of him, and it was then that Negan found himself overwhelmed.

All of Alexandria was present, forming a lose crowd and watching the scene with great interest. Negan felt his breath catching in his chest as his eyes moved from one person to the other, watching the pack stare at his exposure. It couldn’t have been more humiliating. The Omega in him wanted to submit to those brutal looks, but at the same time he wanted to flee from them. It seemed so long ago that he’d been able to waltz among the pack behaving how he pleased while the Alexandrians cowered in fear. And now here he was, naked, beaten, and cowering before all of them.

Nobody made a sound. The only noise was Negan’s attempts to quiet his own whimpers.

Rick started walking which in turn made Negan march alongside him. The watching crowd walked with them, eyes still glued to the Omega. The observing Alphas started growling and it influenced Rick to start growling. Negan heard the sound rising in his ear and just when he thought his heart might explode he started thrashing.

“Please Rick…please…I’m sorry…you don’t want to do, whatever you’re gonna-”

A solid punch to his face sent him crashing to the ground. Everything spun momentarily.

The pack closed in, and Negan practically closed in on himself as those eyes rolled over his body. He felt too ridiculous to cover himself and soon enough he couldn’t even look at any of them. He kept his eyes on the ground as he slowly turned to face Rick who was still giving him that chilling expression. Never had the need to submit been stronger.

“Why?” Rick asked simply. Negan understood the question and fought against using sarcasm.

“I had to,” he said quietly. “I had…to get away. I don’t want this! I don’t want to be a goddamn Omega! And I didn’t want to be yours.”

“You don’t have a choice,” Rick declared, the aggression coming off of him in waves and making Negan shiver. How he hated being scared of Rick, and it didn’t help that the surrounding Alphas were growling so much. Negan couldn’t even sum up a hint of courage and he silently cursed his instincts. “There is no freedom for you. This is your life now! YOU...ARE...MINE. AND YOU'RE NEVER GOING TO ESCAPE EVER AGAIN!”

Negan didn’t realize how audible his whimpers were becoming, not while Rick was managing to break him down further. He tried to find some glimmer of the Alpha that was able to bring Rick down, but it wasn’t there, which suggested that it had long since been overridden by the Omega instincts.

He wasn’t supposed to put Rick in his place because he was his Alpha, and he had displeased him. He had shamed him before his pack by running away.

Without thinking about it, Negan crawled toward him with his head down, the dirt and rocks cutting into his weak legs. No one said anything as he made what felt like a long journey toward Rick. He
stopped at his feet and assumed a kneeling position with his head bowed down far enough to expose his bare neck to his Alpha.

There was some chatter breaking out among the pack members, but Negan ignored it. He shut his eyes and waited, keeping as still as possible.

Rick saw Negan’s surrender; his willingness to expose his gland as a way to appease him, but he didn’t acknowledge it. It was clear the man had no idea what was in store for him now, and in a way neither did Rick. But he would not trust anything from his Omega. He would not look at this as Negan being sincere, but rather him attempting to ease the punishment by expressing defeat.

The thought enraged him, and before Rick realized what he was doing his foot had launched into him, sending him back into the ground with a pained cry. Rick delivered two more kicks to his side, and then he was on him with punch after powerful punch. Negan lacked the strength to protect himself or crawl away so he just had to take it. Then the punches stopped as Rick wrapped his hands around his neck, squeezing tightly. Rick sat upon him, choking the life out of him. He took in Negan’s shocked expression but it meant nothing.

Right now all he wanted to do was take it all back. Take back the claim he had on this man so he could just kill him like he had originally planned. His stomach turned and there was a sickening sensation which he knew was the claim’s power on him trying to reel him back. He was not supposed to kill the Omega he bonded himself to, but the feeling could be overridden with enough force and focus.

He gave a roar of frustration and pain as the feeling increased.

Negan weakly pawed at his hands. His legs barely kicked. People were talking but Rick didn’t register any of it, and no one even bothered to physically remove him.

Rick felt his hands shaking.

He was scared.

They were going to let him do this. He was going to get rid of Negan once and for all.

Negan’s face was turning blue as he gasped. His hands were barely gripping his now.

“Rick.”

The soft voice of Gabriel caught Rick’s attention and he glanced up to see him as well as Daryl and several others giving him a very concerned look. Then in the back among the crowd he noticed Carl. His son didn’t appear to know how to react to what he was doing.

Rick turned back to Negan. He was almost gone.

He pulled his hands away and allowed Negan a few gasps before spinning him around and sinking his teeth into the back of his neck. Negan’s body jolted as if it had been the first time he’d been bitten. Rick just kept a strong grip into his neck as his fingers dug into the man’s shoulders.

“MINE,” he snarled into his neck. “MINE!”

Negan’s eyes were fluttering. He whined as his body grew limper.

Rick kept his teeth sunk into the gland as he lifted his eyes to his watching pack members. His throat emitted a deep possessive growl that was strong enough to encourage the Alphas to back away. He
dropped his eyes on his Omega and quietly snaked his hand underneath and found his dick.

His Omega weakly jerked his hips but did nothing to stop him from gripping it tightly. While Rick held him there, he released his neck. The imprints of his teeth marks were pretty evident.

“Who are you?” Rick asked quietly. Negan choked before answering.

“I’m… I’m your Omega.”

“Who are you?”

“I’m your Omega.”

“WHO ARE YOU?”

“I’M YOUR FUCKING OMEGA!”

Negan collapsed into the ground. Rick let go of his dick and got to his feet. He stood there looking down at him as did everyone around him. He shifted his gaze to his members and saw a glimmer of confidence returning to their eyes. Some respect had been lost when his Omega had managed to get away, and Rick was determined to get it all back.

Growling, he yanked his limp Omega to his feet. Negan barely had any energy left to stand. Nonetheless Rick led him onward and the crowd parted to let them through.

“Wha… what are you going to do?” Negan asked weakly.

Rick didn’t respond. He was back to not looking him in the eyes.

“Is it over?” he asked, hoping this was the only source of punishment he would receive.

“No,” Rick said slowly. “It’s far from over.”

Chapter End Notes

Well, Negan is home again. I added that new Rick tag for chapters going forward, in case some things he does could potentially be read as out of character. In some seasons of the show Rick can be more easy-going or brutal. I’m still planning as I go, however Negan’s escape would alter the way Rick handles him from now on.
Chapter 30

Chapter Summary

Rick continues to deal with his Omega

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Negan felt only a small sense of relief when he saw Rick was leading him to his old cell. Anywhere was better than being out in the open naked, yet his pounding heart reminded him that he wasn’t dealing with the same Rick as before, and it was possible things would change drastically in that cell.

He tried to stifle his whines that were caused by Rick’s harsh grip on the back of his neck, which was throbbing, and on his arm as he continued to drag him along.

“Fuck.”

He knew if he would just slow down, the journey wouldn’t feel so taxing. He started to request a slower pace, but Rick’s growling intensified so he remained quiet.

When they’d made it, Rick threw him away from himself as though disgusted. Negan lost his balance immediately and fell to the floor, crying out as the fall brought back the pains of his previous beatings across his front. He didn’t get up right away. Instead he took a moment to gather himself together now that he was out of the entire pack’s sight. It was amazing how much weight they’d added to the pain and anxiety he already felt just by being there to witness him at his lowest. It sickened him greatly. He really felt like a shadow of his former self, or rather, just a shadow with no allusions to his former self at all.

Shakily he raised himself up. His arms shook dangerously as he turned to face Rick while maintaining a submissive position on the cold floor. Rick stood like a statue as he watched him. The growls just kept coming as a fierce warning not to do anything, so he didn’t. He just stared into Rick’s eyes, no his Alpha’s eyes. He could see they were definitely the eyes of an Alpha, a strong one at that, and right now he looked like he could do anything. It was killing Negan not to know what was going on in his mind or what he had planned to do.

“Rick,” he began.

“Don’t speak, unless I give permission,” Rick commanded.

“Damnit…I just wanted to say…”

He scrambled away as fast as his body would allow as Rick suddenly stomped forward. He had no chance to prepare for the fist that barreled into the side of his face, knocking him flat on the floor.

“I said, don’t speak…unless I give permission,” Rick repeated.

Negan was sure he tasted blood, as what seemed to be usual nowadays. Rick stood over him, fists ready in case he disobeyed again.
“As of right now, we’re starting over. It can’t be the way it was before. I realized that mistake after you ran. You weren’t broken, and you had no respect for me. That’s going to change. This time you will obey and you will accept your place in this pack. You are my prisoner, and my Omega for life. Do you understand?”

When Negan didn’t answer right away he received a sharp slap across the cheek.

“SPEAK!”

“Y-yes.”

Another slap.

“Yes what?”

“Yes, I understand…Alpha,” he answered with a hanging head.

The shame started rolling in his belly and he chanced a glance at the man again. He was un-moving, almost unblinking. It sent goosebumps up and down his arms. He didn’t want to be alone with him right now and luckily he was spared as Daryl, Michonne, and Aaron entered the room.

“They’re ready to bring it in,” Daryl announced.

“Good,” Rick said without looking away from his Omega.

Negan started to open his mouth to ask what was happening, but caught himself. Instead he looked pleadingly at Rick for the answer, but it was clear he wasn’t getting one.

A few minutes later the answer came from his Beta prison guards who entered the cell carrying his tub. Never had he been so happy to see it considering his baths had been splashes of water on his body.

The Betas set it in the center of the room then left to fetch the hot water. While they were doing that, Rick reached into the tub and pulled out the towels and soap just as he’d always done when it was bath time. Negan watched it all with a feeling of haziness. The whole thing almost felt like a dream, but it was happening; he was really back in his cell, back with Rick and away from Leo.

Then to his confusion he noticed Rick pulling out a scrub brush with tough looking yellow bristles and a bottle of amber oil that he recalled came from Dr. Carson. He handed some of the items to Michonne since he noticed there was no longer a mattress to place them on.

The Betas came back with buckets of water that they wordlessly dumped into the tub. Negan hoped it was hot, because from his point of view he couldn’t see any steam to indicate the temperature. He looked away and took notice of the pack members present. They were all staring at him with a glare similar to Rick’s. Negan remembered the moment they were on their knees, frightened and shaking as they watched him humiliate their sobbing Alpha. Right now they looked ready to seriously hurt him, and he hoped Rick would at least protect him.

The Betas went back and forth until the tub was filled to Rick’s satisfaction.

“I appreciate it guys,” Rick said in thanks.

They nodded and left the room, leaving them all alone.

“First thing’s first,” Rick said, addressing Negan. “You’re disgusting.”
Negan couldn’t argue that, but the shame he was already feeling increased with the remark. He curled in on himself as he wrapped his arms around his knees as if to hide the filth and bruises.

“Get in.”

He eyed the tub before slowly rising to his feet. A bath did sound good, so he gladly slipped in a foot. To his dismay it wasn’t even hot enough to be comforting since it was only lukewarm, and soon to be cold. It was better than nothing. He muttered a curse then cringed when he looked up as he expected Rick to strike him again. With a sigh he lowered himself in all the way.

Once settled, Rick walked over to him with the soap and the scrub brush. He set the brush down, then without warning he yanked his arm out and held it in a tight grip.

“What are you, doing?” he asked, while flinching as he expected to be struck.

But Rick didn’t pop him for speaking without permission. Instead he ran the bar of soap harshly along the length of his arm.

“Fuck…I can do it myself.”

Rick ignored him as he then moved the soap across his shoulders. Negan tried not to cringe with his Alpha’s sudden need to bathe him as though he were a baby. He understood he didn’t trust him, but he didn’t imagine it went as far as not trusting him with keeping proper hygiene.

He moved downward across his chest. Here, Negan couldn’t help hissing when he hit his wounds and jumping when he passed the bar over his nipples. When the burn of it intensified he jerked away, but Rick sunk his nails into his gland and pulled him back in place.

“Rick,” he begged. He shut his eyes tight from the horrible discomfort.

The next thing he felt took his discomfort to the level of pain as the tough bristles scratched across his skin. He tried to jerk away again, but Rick kept a strong grip on his arm and issued a warning growl. He didn’t care how it felt. He just kept scrubbing, lathering the soap across his limbs and shoulders and letting the filth drip off into the water. Negan cried out when it raked over his chest area.

“Fuck.”

All he could do was try and bare it.

“Stand up,” Rick ordered.

Being that his skin was on fire, the last thing he wanted to do was feel it everywhere else, but he got to his feet regardless. Rick made quick work of running the soap down his back, over his stomach, and switching to the brush. Negan flinched and was tempted to jump from the tub, but a quick glance at the others still present kept him immobile. In his state it was extremely easy for them to subdue him. The bristles barely softened with the soap and water, but at least it wasn’t as rough scrubbing across his ass and legs. Still, he hissed and groaned during the entire process.

It didn’t take long at all for the water to turn a nasty brown color.

“Call the Betas. We’re gonna need a water change,” Rick told the others over his shoulder.

Negan didn’t look to see who left to fetch them since he was too busy dreading a second session of washing. Rick ordered him out of the tub to wait, wet and shivering, until the Betas changed out the water. Once it was done, Negan was put through a second cycle of Rick’s bathing technique and not
once did he allow him to clean himself. It was still just as terrible as the first time since his body had not adapted to the use of the brush. The only place he didn’t use the scrub brush was on his face as he opted for a soapy face towel. Negan moaned in annoyance as Rick grabbed ahold of his head while he washed his face clean. Afterwards he moved the cloth down to his genitals.

“I can clean my own goddamn balls,” he hissed. Rick stopped and gave him a sharp glare.

“Be quiet,” he commanded coldly, before proceeding to clean his dick and balls.

Negan was at least grateful he wasn’t rough with the washing in that area.

At one point one of the Betas returned with a bottle of shampoo. Negan reached for it, desiring to do this much himself, but Rick just poured the liquid into his own hands and started working it through his hair.

Here he was a little more gentle, so Negan was able to relax somewhat.

During the whole process, Negan would sneak Rick a look. Rick never met his gaze. He simply concentrated on the task at hand without saying a word. It bugged him that Rick was doing this. Rather than taking it as any kind of possible pampering, Negan saw it as Rick stripping away some of his independence.

After he was rinsed, Rick decided on one more cycle of washing before moving on to drying him off. Rick wasn’t gentle about this part in the least, not that Negan was expecting him to be. He just stayed as still as he could and let him do his thing. Once he was nice and dry Rick circled him, looking him up and down. After that Rick grabbed him from behind and pulled him into his chest. Negan’s instinct was to struggle until he felt Rick rub his cheek into his gland. It was back to scent marking as Rick proceeded to rub his cheek along his shoulder blades.

In all the time Negan had been with Leo’s pack, none of their scents had cancelled out Rick’s scent upon his skin, but he supposed Rick had a need to erase any possible trace of the other Alpha on him and make the claim stronger. Little possessive growls erupted from Rick’s throat as he moved further down his body, not only using his cheeks but his wrists which also housed an Alpha’s scent glands.

When it was clear Rick’s scent was reestablished into him quite well, he turned and grabbed the bottle of amber oil from Michonne, and poured some into his hand.

“Raise your arm,” Rick instructed.

Negan did so and Rick began spreading the oil down the limb. His fingers worked gently to massage it into his skin. Negan shut his eyes as the soothing feel of the oil invoked a sense of calm that spread throughout his being as Rick rubbed the oil across his shoulders, along his other arm, down his back, into the cheeks of his ass, down his legs, and over areas of his chest where the bruises weren’t present.

“Fetch some ointment,” Rick ordered one of his members. Aaron gave a nod and left the jail.

Negan felt like he could take a nice doze as Rick kneaded his skin, and actually swayed a little on the spot. He couldn’t help the little moans of comfort escaping his lips.

Aaron returned with a bottle of disinfectant and healing ointment and handed them to Rick. After wiping his hands, Rick proceeded to treat his wounds. Negan remained docile throughout the whole procedure except for an occasional hiss of pain from the disinfectant. For the moment he was relishing the fact that he was able to catch a break. He wondered if Rick was easing up on him because he finally felt sorry for what had been done to him, but he wasn’t going to ask.
The Beta guards returned again, this time carrying blankets which they spread out on the floor.

“I’m keeping the bed now,” Rick informed Negan as he smoothed the ointment over an ugly red bruise on his side.

“Yes Alpha.” Negan didn’t want to say anything that would piss him off into another rage.

Rick stepped back and looked him over to make sure he didn’t miss a spot.

“Go sit down.”

With a nod of thanks, Negan shuffled over to his new bed. With a sigh he plopped down and pulled his knees up to his chest. He desperately wanted clothing but he didn’t want to push Rick since much of the tension was cleared from the atmosphere.

The Betas cleaned up the water and took the tub away, and once Negan was only left with his blanket bed and the bucket for a toilet, Rick slipped the key into the keyhole and locked the cell with a loud click.

“Welcome back,” Rick said icily. Negan raised his head to meet Rick’s fierce gaze. With nothing more to say, Rick turned to follow the others out.


Rick gave a huff before leaving him alone.

“So what’s the next step?” Daryl asked as he and the others walked alongside Rick.

Rick flecked his fingers into fists several times and looked around at his community. He could still feel his heart pumping fiercely from reprimanding his Omega before the crowd. He came to a stop and exhaled as he thought ahead. He had Negan back under his watch. A version of Negan that so far seemed willing to surrender considering the trauma he’d been through, but he knew it could shift in the future. Right now he believed Negan was ready to fall into his new place once and for all, but the trick would be keeping him in it.

“I’m going to the Hilltop.”

“Why?” Michonne asked. “If you want to send them the message that we found Negan, one of us can go.”

“It’s not about that,” Rick stated. “I need to talk to the doctor about something, and I need to do it now while there’s still time.”

Michonne traded confused looks with the others who weren’t sure what he was getting at.

“Rick, you shouldn’t leave your Omega. Not after you just found him,” said Aaron, who looked angered at the thought of an Alpha doing such a thing.

“He’s not going to get away as long as you guys do a good job guarding him,” said Rick. When they still looked unconvinced, he continued. “Believe me, I don’t want to leave him either, but there’s something I need to discuss with Carson right away. I’ll be back soon. In the meantime don’t give him anything.”

“Rick? What are you up to?” Michonne asked curiously, but he didn’t respond. Instead he squared
his shoulders and headed toward the cars.

Chapter End Notes

I had an image of Rick bathing Negan after his torture long before this chapter, and didn't want to let it go :D. It originally spurred as more of a hurt/comfort scene with Rick being more gentle and concerned with the state of his Omega. But as writing often goes, it started shifting to the point we are at now where Rick, still very pissed, isn't interested in giving much comfort and is more interested in reestablishing his place right away. Although a little bit of hurt/comfort can possibly be seen, with a little squinting. Anyways, Rick seems to be up to something. Find out soon :)}
The growls of his stomach reminded Negan that he hadn’t had anything to eat since he returned. He had called out about it to the guards outside his cell. When no one responded he understood that Rick was going to have him starve, at least for today.

He shut his eyes and tried to ignore it, but ignoring the hunger pains made him think of Rick. In fact he was starting to long for his company and he found he couldn’t really hate such a feeling. Being alone as he was wasn’t like his time alone in the darkness with Leo, but something about it felt similar enough and had him shifting nervously on the blankets. Every now and then he glanced at the cell door, expecting to see Kay or Bernard coming up to it with a crowbar.

He sighed heavily and ran his fingers through his hair. It still didn’t feel like he’d been rescued, and that part he hated. Who knew how long the feeling would last. His legs jittered at the idea that the trauma would never go away. Had he still been an Alpha he was sure he’d be able to blow past it after a week, but Omegas were susceptible to traumatic happenings and unless they had Alphas to provide some form of comfort, odds were slim they’d ever recover fully.

Well he knew not to expect it from Rick. He wanted to believe that he didn’t need it anyways. He was a grown man capable of handling himself. It didn’t matter that he was an Omega. He didn’t have to have his Alpha for this.

Yet as the hours stretched on, Negan closed in on himself even more and kept wary eyes on the entrance to his cell, both hoping and dreading to see Rick again.

By the time Rick returned it was evening. He pulled through the gate and parked just as Carl and Aaron headed over.

“Holding it down?” Rick greeted his son as he patted his shoulder.

“Yeah. They said you went to the Hilltop.”

“I did.”
“And?” Aaron asked.

Rick just smirked, but didn’t elaborate to satisfy their curiosity.

“And I’m tired, and a little hungry,” Rick answered while making his way toward the house storing food and food supplies. Aaron and Carl followed.

“So is Negan,” said Aaron. “We haven’t given him anything, like you asked.”

“Good. From now on I’m taking over his feeding privileges. He needs something, he’s going to have to depend on his Alpha for it,” Rick declared. “And speaking of Negan, I want to take him to the Hilltop early tomorrow.”

“For another checkup?” Aaron guessed. “I think his bruises will heal just fine without risking the journey. You don’t want a repeat of what happened last time.”

“There won’t be a last time,” Rick stated confidently. “I’m taking all the precautions I failed to take the first time. But I’m not taking him there for a checkup. I have something else in mind.”

Both Aaron and Carl gave him pretty intent looks, but Rick said nothing more about it and instead directed Aaron to tracking down clothing for Negan.

An Omega that now handled the inventory since Olivia’s death fixed a simple bowl of onion soup for Rick to take to Negan along with a bottle of water.

“Appreciate it,” he said in thanks before heading to the jail.

Aaron met him halfway with a large white shirt and loose gray sweatpants.

“Ready to get back into the routine of this?” Aaron asked, referring to the schedule of keeping a prisoner.

“It’s going to be different now,” Rick said as he took the clothing and continued on without him.

Rick entered the room and noticed Negan nodding off in the same seated position he’d left him in. He became alert when the smell of the warm soup reached his nose. He could see the man doing his best to hold back his interest, but he was clearly failing. Rick himself couldn’t hold back the slight growl at the thought of how Leo handled his feedings. Then again he knew the reason he was offended was because another Alpha was handling it in the first place.

“Rick?” Negan questioned.

“I don’t have all night,” Rick said with an air of irritation.

Negan shifted off the blankets while keeping his eyes locked onto the bowl as he rose to his feet.

“I thought…” Negan started before trialing into silence.

“Thought I was going to let you starve?” Rick guessed correctly. “I wouldn’t have bothered to get you if I wanted you dead.”

He noticed the man’s face relaxed a little at the comment.

With slightly shaky hands Negan reached for the bowl, but Rick pulled it back from the opening.
“On your knees,” he commanded.

Negan just gave him a questioning look, but Rick didn’t say more. His eyes dropped to the bowl as his stomach cried. Rick could tell he knew what would happen if he didn’t do so. With another look at Rick, he dropped one knee to the floor, then the other.

“Do I strip too?”

It was close to sarcasm, but at the same time sounded like a genuine question. But just in case, Rick warned him with a low growl.

“From now on every time I approach you, you will drop to your knees. Head down, no talking.” He saw a mix of embarrassment and fear flash briefly across his face before settling into an expression of defeat. “You won’t strip unless I tell you to. Fail to do it once, I’ll make you regret it. Do you understand?”

There was hesitation before Negan hung his head and responded in a quiet voice.

“Yes Alpha.”

Satisfied, Rick set the bowl on the small opening and allowed his Omega to take it as well as the water.

“Put these on when you’re done,” said Rick as he pushed the clothing through the bars. Negan failed to catch it so it landed on the floor in a heap. He set the food and water aside then clumsily gathered the clothing into his arms.

“It’s back to chores tomorrow, isn’t it?” Negan asked weakly. Of course he wasn’t looking forward to getting reacquainted with his old tasks, but it was better than staying strapped in a bed all day.

“Not exactly. So if I were you, I’d rest up for what’s to come tomorrow.”

The look of satisfaction on his face unnerved Negan. And just like with Aaron and Carl, he didn’t give out the details.

Negan finished off the soup which to his relief added the much needed warmth to his body, even if it was temporary. Just to be able to eat with his own hands again was almost enough. He leaned back against the wall feeling safe for the first time in a long time.

But then the night came and the cell became quiet, and dark.

He was back on the bed, tied down and unable to move as he awaited a member’s arrival and pain across his abdomen. There was only a little light streaming through the bars of his window but it wasn’t enough to keep his agitation from rising.

He huddled up against the far wall facing the door, eyes wide and ready for any late night visitor; ready for Leo. He pulled the blanket up to his chin and tried hard to reassure himself that he wasn’t back there.

That he was safe. That he was with Rick.

“Fuck…Leo’s not here goddamn it…Leo’s not here…,” he muttered as he fell into a steady rocking motion. “No fucking Bernard…no fucking, fucking Kay…no Leo.”
Not once did he think they weren’t coming for him. Every time he started to nod off he woke with a jolt and tensed up in anticipation. He didn’t want to feel that fear again. It wasn’t the same kind that he felt with Rick, but he couldn’t tell which was worse.

“Fuck.”

He wasn’t a man in this moment. He was a scared little pup who needed a nightlight. When he tired of staring at the entrance, he concentrated on the sliver of light streaming through the window. He was unaware of the moment when his eyes lids fell.

A thump against his cheek slowly roused Negan to wakefulness. Hovering right in his face was Rick whose expression was set.

“Rise and shine,” he greeted.

Negan just groaned in response as the soreness from sleeping in a seated position didn’t exactly do wonders for him. It was bright which meant that morning had come, and his troubled night of sleep was over.

He looked past Rick and noticed Rosita, Aaron, and Daryl present outside the cell, all carrying their weapons. Michonne was present as well, but instead of her katana she had rope. Negan frowned at them and wondered just how deep of a sleep he’d been in not to hear them all coming. But the better question was why they were there in the first place. He had a strong feeling they weren’t there to watch him go through his past morning routine of presenting himself.

“What’s going on?” he asked warily as he turned back to Rick.

“Improvement,” Rick stated flatly, before swinging a fist into his face, knocking him back into the darkness.

Negan felt himself floating as he registered the slight pain to the side of his face. His mind was hazy and all he could see was blackness. The muffled sound of voices started echoing in his head. As his mind cleared a little more, the voices started sounding familiar, and they came in segments.

“...sure you want to…do this?” He recognized it, but couldn’t place it well.

“I can’t risk him…” This one he recognized as Rick who sounded quite bold. “…if this helps me have more…control over him…”

“I’m no expert…” said the other voice.

“I believe in you,” said Rick. “So long as this doesn’t cause any fertility issues.”

“No worries, they’re useless now since they don’t contribute to conception. It may lower his sex drive more than what’s normal for a male Omega, which is naturally not as high as a female Omega's anyways.”

Negan blinked as the blackness subsided and brought him the scene of Rick and Dr. Carson standing over him, though his vision was still quite blurry with the focus going in and out. As far as he could tell, they weren’t acknowledging him as they talked with one another.

“You do understand that this doesn’t mean a change in his personality?” Carson was saying. “I mean this isn’t guaranteeing that he won’t snap at you on occasion.”
“His mouth I can handle, but that aggression has to be taken care of.”

“Well this procedure has been known to do just that in male Omegas. Although, don't expect him to turn into a docile pup after this. He may still exhibit behavioral issues.”

“I plan to keep him on tight leash,” Rick assured him.

Rick turned to him but said nothing. Negan shut his eyes and slowly turned his head.

He was dizzy, and he was just now realizing that he was tied down on the same examination chair he’d been in when Carson had given him the fertility test. And standing near the door as his guards was the same bunch that had greeted him that morning. Negan blinked several times as he tried to focus his vision and make sense of whatever was happening. He moved his mouth a few times which felt like it was full of cotton.

“What…what’s going…on?” he muttered groggily. He wished he could shake off the annoying dazed feeling. Surely Rick’s knockout punch wasn’t the cause.

“You’ll find out soon enough,” said Rick before stepping out of his line of sight.

“What..what?”

Carson moved into place between his legs which just happened to be free of any pants and were splayed apart.

“…nother…another, fertility…test?” Negan assumed.

“Not exactly,” said Carson whose attention was solely on the cart of tools he moved into place.

The next thing he felt was pressure, directed right on his ball sack. Afterwards there was pain. A specific type of pain that had him lurching his head back screaming.

He didn’t know what Carson was doing to him, nor could he move enough to stop it. The room was moving in an out of focus as his heartbeats sped up.

“Rick!...RICK!”

His alpha refused to come to his aid. Wasn’t he supposed to protect him?

He could feel something leaking between his legs. Carson muttered something but he couldn’t catch it. The room was fading in and out to the point where he wasn’t quite present. By the time the pressure was gone, he felt like he’d lost something.

The room was still spinning, but he managed to catch sight of Carson’s bloodied gloved hand before he fell into darkness once more.

Once more he was floating, but there was more discomfort with the feeling this time around. Negan moaned as he became aware of an oncoming headache. He blinked a few times and noticed a figure he couldn’t make out standing over him. He tossed his head slowly in a weak attempt to shake off the grogginess that was numbing his mind. He also hoped to clear away the horrible dream where he’d been in Carson’s office screaming in pain.

“You awake?” said a voice.
He blinked again and widened his eyes as his vision tried to clear. The figure standing over him was Rick. Negan frowned at his expression which he read as curious.

“What...what happened?” he asked slowly. He only now realized he was lying flat on his bundle of blankets in his cell.

“I told you, improvement,” Rick stated simply. He then lowered his eyes and indicated something he should take notice of on his person.

A jolt of fear struck him with the idea that the weird trauma he’d imagined hadn’t manifested in his head on its own. Eyes wide, he shook his head not wanting to believe something had happened. He hadn’t been conscious enough to grasp what Carson was doing to him, but he knew if it involved his lower half, it was not good.

He started to raise himself up and felt a powerful soreness stemming between his legs. He immediately paused and gasped.

“What the...fuck...”

“We’re not exactly high on pain relievers, so you’re liable to feel some discomfort.”

Negan shot him a look for the casual tone of voice Rick had used. The tremor of fear was already wracking his body before his eyes caught sight of the bandage lying flat, right where his balls should be. Of course since he’d become an Omega, his balls had become unnoticeable, but that didn’t mean he didn’t feel that they were gone.

“FUCK!” His breath caught in his throat as his hand hovered near the area. He managed to touch the bandage with a fingertip before quickly yanking his hand back as though he’d been burned. “WHAT THE FUCK...THE FUCK DID YOU DO TO ME!??”

He collapsed back into the blankets, practically choking on his own rapid breathing. The room was spinning again. To make it even worse, Rick brought his head into his line of sight then crouched by his side.

“You fuck...you fuck,” he cursed breathlessly. It had to be a bad nightmare. There was no way he was now ball-less.

“Hopefully that will discourage you from running, or hurting anyone again,” Rick said calmly. Eyes shut tight, Negan just shook his head and tried to bite back the shock.

“Why...why? I wasn’t going to...I surrendered.”

“Beating and reclaiming you in front of my pack wasn’t your punishment. I know you. I know it wouldn’t have been enough to put you in your place. I need you to know how serious I am, and that things have changed.”

Negan opened his now watery eyes and stared at Rick, still unable to comprehend.

“We could’ve talked,” he hissed. “Could’ve...before you...without my permission.”

Rick’s hand shot out and clamped his jaw sharply. The look he was giving him now was even darker than before.

“I’m your Alpha. I don’t need your permission to do anything to you. As for talking.” He paused and
gave a low chuckle. “We’ve talked in the past before this. I tried to work things out with you before, but it never mattered because somehow I always ended up hurt and someone in my family ended up dead. I’m never letting either of those things happen again.”

Slight whimpers escaped his lips as Rick released his hold on his jaw.

“This…this how you treat your Omegas Rick?” Negan questioned angrily.

“No, just you.”

Negan shut his eyes again and tried to steady his breathing as Rick rose to his feet.

“Goddamn it.”

“You don’t need them anymore anyway,” Rick informed him. “And I could definitely do without that aggressive behavior of yours.”

“Fuck you Rick! I wouldn’t…have done you…like that.”

Rick just shook his head.

“If I recall correctly, you tried to have me cut off my own son’s arm. You threatened to cut off pieces of Daryl, and after that, you threatened to take my hands. I know that wasn’t just talk. And it doesn’t matter if you were only talking about limbs. I’m erasing any chance of that Negan resurfacing.”

He turned on his heels and pulled out the key to lock the door. Negan writhed weakly, then stilled while muttering curses. He lifted his head and gazed at his Alpha.

“After the shit I’ve been through, with Leo…you do this to me now?”

“You don’t wait weeks to punish someone for what they did recently,” Rick responded. “Besides that, I needed to do this now before it happens.”

“Before what happens?”

Rick turned the key then met his eyes.

“Before I go into rut. And I assure you, it’ll be here…soon.”

Rick walked out of the jail altogether, leaving Negan to absorb everything.

Chapter End Notes

The castration idea actually came from another a/o/b fic that was pretty extreme with the Alpha dominance. I’m no expert on the procedure, so I took liberties with it and what it would do to a male Omega where in this case it won't affect fertility. The main punishment for Negan running off, and an attempt on Rick’s part to stop his violent nature. Besides that, I love body modification in fics. Also I wanted an allusion to Negan having threatened to destroy Rick’s hands even though season seven’s finale doesn't take place in this story. So I'll say Negan made the threat during some past raid of Alexandria.
Chapter 32

Chapter Summary

Various preparations are made, before Rick's eventual rut.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Negan could barely keep track of the passing days as his attention was still on his great loss. It hadn’t mattered if they had become useless lumps barely hanging after his transformation. He had always prided himself on his package. Then with a bitter feeling, he had to admit that that wasn’t so true after said package had become Omega sized. But the thought that he was less of a man now plagued him.

Rick hadn’t been there to ease the agitation. He hadn’t wanted him to, but he had come anyways to give him his meal for the day. As per the new rule, Negan would drop to his knees with a bowed head. There was no day off because of his recent surgery no matter how much Negan begged him for one. If he didn’t do it he didn’t eat, so he dropped and tried to ignore the hurt.

He didn’t bother to curse him since the second time he’d done so, Rick slapped him viciously and grabbed onto his dick with the threat of diminishing it even more. Catching the seriousness of his meaning, Negan kept his mouth shut whenever his Alpha came. He tensed every time Rick showed up, assuming he was about to start him on the old training method of presenting and doing chores, but so far Rick hadn’t enforced anything else on him. So Negan was free to spend his days sulking on his blankets in the corner.

Few thoughts swam in his head as he was still reeling under the crazy circumstances. He had been free of Leo’s pain, only to fall into one that was a lot worse.

“Fuck you Rick,” he muttered while he wasn’t around.

He wondered if Rick would have still done it if he’d never threatened to cut off limbs in the past. Maybe he had triggered his Alpha to have the idea to castrate him, but there of course had been no way for him to foresee Rick becoming his Alpha anyways.

He drew his knees up to his chin and took to rocking as a form of comfort. It was something to rely on now, especially since he was still afraid of the dark. He could definitely see Bernard or Kay laughing at him before reaching a hand over his thigh to feel where his balls had been...removed.

He shuttered and his leg jerked violently at the image.

“Fuck”.

He wasn’t sure how he was going to make it as he was now. He ghosted his own hand over the area and cringing every time.

After swallowing deeply, he leaned against the wall as a frightened, stressed out mess with the notion that his life was completely in Rick’s hand. The man had reached levels of lunacy, and he dreaded the moment when Rick lost it even more when he fell into rut.
Rick fingered the black collar curiously as he stood before some of his members who were currently helping Aaron, Daryl, and Tobin unload some of the supplies they’d managed to find. Aaron had discovered the collar when he went searching through an old store that had sold a few Omega training supplies. It was a special collar that was soft in the back so that an Alpha could still bite through it if they needed to bite their Omega’s gland. As a bonus, Rick had a nice chain to go with it to act as a leash.

“What do you think?” Aaron asked as he wandered over to him and nodded at the collar. “Might be more like treating him as a dog though.”

“Right now Negan has a lot of climbing to do to reach a higher level with me, if I even let him reach it. So this is perfect. I’m not letting him out of my sight for one minute.”

“Alright, but if he throws a fit and swings at you…”

“He won’t,” said Rick in a matter of fact tone. “That oil Carson gave me will keep him weak in that field so if he does try to swing at me, he’ll be about as powerful as a pup.”

“Good to know.” A sign of relief passed over his features. “After hearing what he’d done to Leo, I’d hate for an incident like that to happen here.”

“It won’t, and if you come across anymore training supplies, don’t be shy about bringing them to me,” said Rick.

“They’re better in your hands, than the Saviors’, said Aaron. He and Rick both looked at the supplies that were being boxed and carried away. “It’s not enough to please them.”

“We still have time to find more,” Rick said confidently. “And while that’s going on, we’ll have to set aside a plan to talk to Ezekiel again.”

“Still planning on going to war?”

“I don’t plan to, but it’ll be good to have more people just in case things go sour with the Saviors.”

Aaron’s eyebrows raised with interest.

“So the rumors are true,” he said with a sly smile. Upon Rick’s quirked brow he explained. “People, a few mind you, have been saying you might try and present your claim on Negan to the Saviors and take the title of true Alpha.”

Rick unknowingly puffed up his chest and smiled.

“My pack knows me pretty well.” Aaron shared in his laugh. “I do plan to present my claim to them, but not any time soon, so for now we’ll have to serve them. But I’d also like to gain an army in case they don’t respect the claim.”

“Is that the main reason you’re waiting? So you can get an army together as backup?”

Aaron noticed a slight flush in Rick’s cheeks and decided not to press.

From that reaction, he gathered Rick might be waiting until he impregnated Negan. Rick hadn’t made any kind of announcement that he had such intentions now that Negan was back, but the fact that his rut was coming didn’t leave much to wonder what the aftermath would most likely be, unless
he wore a rubber to prevent it. People knew Rick to be a family man, so Aaron was sure it would surprise no one that he might be planning for pups.

Daryl walked up to them looking agitated.

“Rick, I don’t think we should be doing this. We should be trying to fight them.”

“And we will if we have to,” said Rick. “But in order to make that happen we do need to round up more guns than we already have. For now, we need to keep the peace.”

Daryl sighed, still not happy with their continued enslavement.

“It’s going to be crunch time on supplies before we know it,” said Aaron.

“Yeah, and I wish I could be out there with you bringing the load in,” said Rick bitterly. “But when I go into rut, I’m not going to be able to leave Negan. It’ll be up to the rest of you to maintain that department.”

Daryl forced a nod as his hate for the claim seemed to have refreshed since Negan’s return.

“I get it,” he said, but Rick heard his feelings coming through.

“I haven’t had a rut with an Omega for a long time.” He gazed at his Beta, his brother, wanting him to really understand his situation. “As an Alpha, especially the Alpha of this pack, I think I’m entitled to going through the course of it.”

“Look at it this way,” Aaron began jokingly as he rested a comforting hand on Daryl’s arm, “it’s a good way for Rick to let off some steam. We wouldn’t want our Alpha losing his mind and biting people’s heads off like before do you?”

At the light joke, Daryl couldn’t help smirking at Rick.

“Guess I can’t argue that,” he said before walking off to finish carting the supplies away.

“Alright,” said Rick. “Time for Negan’s feeding, and this.”

He shook the collar then made for the jail.

“What the fuck is that?” came Negan’s tone of offense as he immediately caught sight of the collar in his hand.

Rick squared his shoulders and growled viciously under his breath as he stared him down. It took Negan a couple of seconds to realize he needed to drop to his knees, so he quickly scrambled into position. But Rick counted it as a failure as he unlocked the door, and slapped him hard across the face twice.

Negan yelped and bowed low afterwards.

“Sorry Alpha.”

“You’re going to have to do better, and this is going to help make that happen.”

Negan looked up as Rick set his lunch aside and unlatched the collar. As he zoned into his neck, Negan felt a surge of panic and scrambled back.
“No, please don’t Rick. I can’t wear that.” His eyes were wide, pleading. “I’m not a fucking animal.”

“You will wear whatever I tell you to, or do I have to remind you the hard way?”

The tone was enough of a warning to get Negan to settle himself. Satisfied, Rick moved forward and placed it around his neck while Negan’s face expressed illness. He whispered curses as Rick latched the collar shut behind his neck where it rested snugly against the skin.

“I shouldn’t have to tell you there will be consequences for trying to remove it, do I?”

“No.” It wasn’t an alternative accessory for his cherished red scarf, but he wasn’t about to vocally say as much. He touched it tentatively before dropping his hand.

“Good.”

Rick fetched the sandwich he’d brought and shoved it into his hand. He watched the man’s cheeks flush with the new embarrassment of the collar before curling his fingers around the food.

“Stand up,” he suddenly ordered.

Negan eyed him, concerned he had somehow pissed him off, but followed the command regardless. Rick crouched down and snaked his fingers between his legs, latching onto the bandage. Negan flinched hard but tried to keep still afterwards and hold in any comments. Rick peeled the bandage away just enough to see past it.

It was still noticeably red, but the area was healing nicely and quickly to his relief. He was sure that by the time his rut approached he’d be able to take Negan without worry of traumatizing the spot.

“Alright,” Rick said as he replaced the bandage. “Eat up. You’ll need to build up your strength for the days ahead.”

Negan didn’t have to ask what he meant. He knew all about Alpha ruts of course. As an Alpha he had enjoyed them immensely. The drive it brought was raw and powerful. It separated a real man from other men and showed Omegas what they were created for. But now it was different and he had no idea how Rick would behave. For Negan, it had been close to being dangerous drunk and he was sure Lucille had once expressed some concern when he’d gone through them; or had she been afraid?

His stomach twisted nervously. He didn’t want to think about what it would look like when the time came, since it would be more brutal than the full bonding sex he’d gone through with his Alpha.

As Rick locked the door, he locked eyes onto him, making Negan take a step back, quivering. Already his eyes looked intensely eager.

Rick returned home and set to work on bolting looped hooks on various walls in his house as a means for the chain when he had him on the leash. After that, he began work on securing locks on his kitchen drawers. Carl entered and raised a curious brow.

“For Negan,” Rick muttered after catching the questioning look.

“You never did that before when he was in our house.”

“I didn’t do a lot of things I should have as his Alpha. I have to take precautions now,” he explained.
He paused to drill the latch in place. “He decides to run or turn on us, I can’t have him getting easy access to knives.”

“Oh. So he’s gonna be our maid again?” Carl asked as he pulled up a chair.

Rick stopped working.

“Not exactly.” He sighed and ran a hand through his hair before standing to face him. “I’m going to go into rut soon, which means he’ll practically be moving in for a while.” As expected, his son didn’t seem too thrilled with either idea. It was one thing to screw Negan once with the full claim, but ruts were different.

“I’m guessing I shouldn’t be here then.”

“Right. You’ll have to stay with Michonne for a while until it’s over.”

Carl gave a nod.

“Fine,” he said as he got to his feet and made his way to the refrigerator. He reached for something, but froze halfway. “Hey dad, what did you take Negan to the Hilltop for? Another exam?”

“Something like that.” He certainly didn’t feel comfortable sharing more than he had to about his Omega with his own pup.

Signs of the rut came in the form of a restless night. Rick tossed and turned with the rising agitation. Eventually he had to get up and make himself a soothing cup of tea before he was able to continue sleeping.

Carl caught the hint of it, as well as a whiff since Rick’s Alpha pheromones were becoming quite prominent. Without meaning to, Rick had snapped at his son and even issued low warning growls. It wasn’t something Carl was unfamiliar with as he knew his temperament during a rut, however this time he had an Omega so it came out a little more forceful.

“I’m sorry son,” he apologized.

“It’s okay,” he said as he averted his eyes to his bowl of cereal. “Guess I should go ahead and head to Michonne’s today.”

Rick curled his fingers in and out as the agitation grew. Right now he didn’t feel comfortable with anyone else being around him, especially a potential Alpha even if it was his own pup.

“Dad?”

“Yeah?”

Rick furrowed his brow at the look of worry on his face. He opened his mouth to say whatever was suddenly bothering him, but then closed it and averted his eyes.

“Never mind.”

“Carl, whatever it is-”

“It’s nothing.”

He jumped up and hurried to his room to pack.
Rick knew his rut had come when he woke up hard and sweaty. While on the verge of coming to full consciousness, his hips involuntarily jerked a few times. He released a needy whine and sunk deeply into the mattress. The pressure was building below and the Alpha roared in his head. He was close to calling for Negan when he remembered he was still in his cell.

“Damn it,” he cursed, annoyed at having to leave the bed to fetch him.

Rick groaned as he pulled himself up. He felt slight dizziness which Rick knew to be normal as his senses heightened and his mind settled on sex. He felt the heaviness of his own balls as he got to his feet. He was eager to unload; eager to mount his Omega.

But he managed some self-control as he went through the basic routine of washing up and heading down for coffee. He knew the last thing he needed right now was caffeine but he didn’t care. If anything it ended up making him more energized.

On his way out, he gathered the chain for Negan’s collar and did his best to bite back his rising urges.

Along the way, he automatically growled at every Alpha and Beta he saw. They gave him a wide berth and averted their eyes, but once he passed them they couldn’t help staring at him from behind. With past ruts Rick had locked himself away in his house, but he always ended up leaving and running wild. He didn’t have to worry about that now that he had an Omega to keep him company.

He quickened his pace, ignoring everything else around him. The Beta guards sensed his powerful pheromones and swiftly moved aside before Rick could utter a possessive growl. One of them wordlessly handed him the keys, while keeping his eyes low.

Negan was curled up on the blankets, but the minute Rick came to a stop in front of the doors, his nose started twitching. His eyes snapped open.

Gradually he lifted himself up and saw Rick, standing there similarly to the way he’d stood when he’d gone into heat.

Rick slipped the key into the keyhole and pulled the door open.

“It’s time,” Rick informed him, glassy-eyed.

Chapter End Notes

Rick's rut is here! and I think we know what that will eventually lead to.
And Negan has a collar now. I enjoy coming up with various things that can be done with him, particularly if it's something that keeps him low on the totem pole. A collar is simple, but embarrassing and appears to lower him down to the level of a dog. He really messed up running away.
Chapter 33

Chapter Summary

Rick’s rut, with Negan on the receiving end

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

To say that he was tense was an understatement. Rick’s need rolled off of him in waves making every nerve in Negan’s body stand at attention. He locked onto his eyes and saw the intensity of his emotions, including anger which was enough to tip him off on what he needed to do.

Clumsily he hurried into a kneeling pose with his head bowed low.

“Sorry Alpha,” he muttered.

Rick observed him momentarily before stepping forward. The chain in his hand clanged, alerting Negan to its existence. He looked at the thing with dread. It was bad enough he was stuck wearing a collar, and to add a leash to it would be all the more mortifying.

“Get up.”

Negan was barely aware of how hard his heart was starting to pound. While staring the man straight in the eye, he rose shakily. His eyes dropped briefly and noticed the obvious tent in Rick’s pants. Automatically he took a step back.

How did Omegas feel when approached by an Alpha in rut?

He’d always thought they were just as excited as the Alpha. It didn’t matter if they were romantically involved or not. Sure his own Omega ladies had expressed concern when he’d gone into rut, but he figured they were simply nervous or behaving as submissively as possible to excite him more. After experiencing the horrible plugging sensation of a knot, Negan could see why they’d been so nervous. Knotting wasn’t something to look forward in his opinion.

Rick brought the chain up with a noticeable latch to hook it onto his collar, and right away the tension in his body increased.

“How’s, I promise not to run. I won’t. Just please, no leash,” he begged.

But the chain was hooked and locked to the collar anyways, and once Rick turned away, Negan was tugged harshly so he would follow.

Negan’s shoulders were slumped and his head was down as he trailed behind Rick, feeling as though he was walking to his execution. He heard a few gasps and several giggles from the people nearby, but Rick’s loud possessive growls shut them up instantly. It didn’t uplift his mood to know Rick was, in a sense, defending him. He refused to look at anyone as his face burned. Since his public reclaiming in the nude before the entire pack, Negan hadn’t walked amongst them, so he had managed to heal from the humiliation in private. But now it was back, and with a vengeance thanks to the collar and leash. He found himself actually gripping onto the chain as if it was a life line.
He wanted Rick to hurry and get them to wherever he was headed so he could get out of their sight, yet at the same time he wanted to prolong the inevitable. Just the thought of being knotted multiple times had his hole throbbing.

He glanced up and realized Rick was leading him to his house as it came into view. It was then that his feet stopped, seemingly of their own accord. Rick’s growl was a lot throatier than before, and it was just enough to encourage his legs forward.

“Rick…can’t we fucking talk about this?”

“No.”

“I don’t want-”

A slap silenced anything else he had to say.

When they made it to the front door, Rick paused before leading him inside.

“This is happening,” he stated, leaving no room for doubt. “Whether you like it or not, I’m the one in need this time around and you’re going to help me. Considering the circumstances, I’d like to avoid having to punish you as much as possible, since it’ll just delay things. And the last thing you want to do is piss me off right now.”

As he stared back at him, Negan could see a wildness within his eyes and wondered how Rick was managing to hold it back so well.

“Yes Alpha.”

Rick opened the door and led him through.

Unlike before, Negan stepped over the threshold with clear reluctance. Rick locked the door behind them with a loud click. Negan’s fingers were fidgeting. He briefly imagined curling them into fists, taking a swing at his Alpha, and making a run for it. And then he was lost in the darkness, trapped on a bed getting beaten. He jolted at the thought and the idea was quickly banned. Besides that, the thought of hurting him was sickening right now. Rick hadn’t bothered to tie up his hands or cuff his legs which showed he was quite confident that he wouldn’t pull anything. Negan hated that it was true. He certainly hadn’t felt physically strong enough for the task and he wasn’t sure why that was.

With a sharp tug, Rick pulled him toward the bedroom. While heading up the stairs, Negan’s heat pounded even more, and not out of excitement. His eyes darted all around.

“Rick, where’s Carl?” He hoped if the kid was around it would halt everything.

Rick only growled and tugged the chain making him stumble on the stairs. He supposed it had been a dumb question as an Alpha wouldn’t allow his pup to be near during his rut.

Once inside the room, Negan’s attention dropped to his old mattress. He did want to lay on it after being forced to sleep on just blankets so far, but not with Rick.

After shutting and locking the door, which made Negan whimper, Rick led him to the center of the room and unlatched his chain. Negan couldn’t look him in the eyes as he faced him.

“Present yourself,” Rick ordered as the chain slid to the floor.
A flash of offense crossed Negan’s features as he issued little noises that was meant to be a growl. But the aggressive emotion needed to turn it into something wasn’t there. Naturally Rick’s own sounds had more punch. So Negan lifted his shaky fingers and restarted the process of stripping, letting his shirt and pants pool at his feet. His hesitation was strongest when it came to shedding his boxers, making the burning sensation in his face quite fierce.

He wasn’t whole. He didn’t have any balls, a part of his body he’d also prided himself on, and so that left him as something to be pitied.

“OFF!”

The boxers were dropped. Negan jumped back as Rick reached for the bandage between his legs and ripped it away, producing a groan from the man. Rick crouched down and ran his fingers over the spot while Negan did his best to remain still.

Happy with how it healed, he righted himself and narrowed his eyes at his Omega. Negan dropped to his knees with a sorrowful whine. Rick paid it no mind as he circled around him and nipped through the collar at the back of his neck. He yipped then sighed before his body mellowed with the nip transforming into a bite. He felt his Alpha scent mark along his back gently, but it wasn’t comforting in the least. Afterwards Rick fetched the Omega oil from his dresser and proceeded to lightly oil him down.

Negan’s eyes fluttered shut as he willed himself to just breathe. It was still such a soothing feeling to be rubbed down, particularly now that he knew it would be the only source of comfort for a while. Still, he wasn’t sure why Rick had become insistent on the stuff.

He didn’t watch as his Alpha stripped behind him. He could hear the buckle of his pants opening and that alone quickened his breathing.

“Be gentle…be gentle…be gentle,” he muttered, praying Rick wouldn’t let the rut control him. But part of it was hoping it wouldn’t be so intolerable the second time around. Sex had once been something he greatly enjoyed, and now it was scaring him to death.

He grimaced as he became acquainted with the familiar wetness of slick. The Omega side was ready and waiting to give his Alpha what he wanted regardless of what Negan wanted.

The excitement of his Alpha echoed in his ears as a wild roar, before a hand suddenly grabbed the back of his neck and threw him face-down onto the mattress. One look back showed Negan that Rick was in full on hungry Alpha mode. He had forced it aside long enough.

There was no bracing it as Rick pounced on him. No fingers bothered to stretch the breeding hole. There was no easing in like before. Rick lunged his hips forward, letting that great cock of his immediately invade. Negan jerked and hollered. It had been such a long time, and he’d never adjusted to it the first round. Rick wasted no time in pumping furiously into his Omega, turning Negan into a limp doll as his body jerked against the bedding in rhythm with his motions.

Short cries and whimpers escaped. Not liking it he bared his teeth and tried to hold it in. There was no ignoring the forceful thrusts, nor the new feeling of Rick’s bare skin upon his back. To know that Rick had totally shed his clothes this time added further discomfort to his frazzled mind.

“Fuck.”

Animalistic growls escaped Rick’s lips, and every now and then he’d bite into his Omega’s neck harshly. His pace didn’t let up for a second, and within five minutes Rick was already panting.
heavily. It gave Negan no hope in believing Rick would wrap it up soon. Alphas in ruts tended to have an abnormal amount of energy and drive, so with an already sinking heart he knew he was in this for a while.

Negan turned his head and stared at the wall which rocked wildly before his eyes with his body’s continuous jerking.

Nails stabbed into his shoulders making him hiss. Rick raised his chest off of Negan and lurched his back as his hips kept going, moving his cock rapidly in his breeding hole. Negan gripped the sheets at the edge of the mattress and shut his eyes. The pain was subsiding for the arrival of pleasure. It wasn’t as strong as before and he reasoned it was because he’d lost his balls. At the same time, he didn’t feel he had the energy to meet his thrusts now anyways when the anxiety for this moment had weighed heavily on him.

The nails racked down his back and Negan lurched back with a cry. Rick wasn’t aware of what he’d done as he pressed against his back as he sped up his pace.

“R-Rick…”

He knew it was pointless to call to him now. When he’d been an Alpha that had gone into ruts, he had been oblivious to everything around him, including the Omega he was fucking. Rick couldn’t hear him right now no matter how loud he cried his name; not when sex was clouding his mind.

Sweat was dripping down his face. His breathing was loud and heavy, and was soon joined by Negan’s.

The thrusting never ceased.

Negan attempted to squirm to catch a break from being covered by his Alpha, but he was too weak to manage anything. He felt the man’s balls slapping against him, and an air of envy hit him.

And then the pleasure rose. Negan whined as the rhythm of his heart sped up, and before he knew it he was arching back from an orgasm; his cry of unwanted pleasure mixing with Rick’s howl of relief. He still lacked too much energy to roll back into the thrusts and simply accepted the assault.

He stared at the wall, panting hard into the mattress, wishing for it to end.

Hours seemed to pass before Rick finally halted over his trembling form. Rick moaned and rubbed his cheeks against his skin, before suddenly sinking his teeth into his neck and giving off vicious growls. While keeping a grip on his gland, he spared a few shallow thrusts that unleashed the hot load waiting to fill him. Negan jerked and his eyes practically rolled into the back of his head as the cum poured. He moaned, overwhelmed as the cock started to swell. And then the sickening bliss became horror as the boulder of a knot clogged his channel and stretched him terribly from the inside.

Negan shuddered and blinked rapidly. He felt he was on the verge of tears with the idea that this would be his torture several hours in a day, for as long as the rut lasted which was normally a whole week. He was sure Rick wouldn’t find another means of release to give him a break. He hadn’t forgotten he threatened to impregnate him, and being that he was a male Omega, it would take on long period of copulating for it to happen. There was still the chance that it wouldn’t since male Omegas were difficult to impregnate in the first place, so he held onto that belief that Rick wouldn’t be able to do it.

He made the mistake of stretching a leg and lurching forward, and the action cost him a sharp tug
from the knot that had him yelping.

“GODDAMN IT…not this shit again,” he cried. “Not this shit.”

“You’ll get used to it,” Rick promised.

Negan didn’t believe him.

Strings of cum surged into his channel again, pulling another orgasm from him and inducing him into something of a hazy state.

Time passed, and remaining locked didn’t become any easier.

“Fuck…fuck…fuck…fuck…”

“Settle down,” Rick warned.

“I can’t…I can’t do this.”

“You’re an Omega. You’re capable of adjusting.”

“No,” he said exasperated. His heart was racing and he had to take a moment to calm himself before continuing. “My Lucille, my Omega, was better at this. Hell, anyone who was born one is fucking better.”

He didn’t know why she’d suddenly come to his mind. All he knew was that he felt like crying for her.

“So Lucille wasn’t just a bat,” Rick surmised.

Negan’s emotions were on a high.

“I loved her,” he whispered. “If…if this ever fucking hurt her, why didn’t she tell me?”

Rick gave a huff.

“If you were always the man I met, it’s obvious. She was scared of you.” Negan shivered, not wanting to believe it. “That, or she didn’t want to hurt you by saying anything.”

Negan gave a frustrated groan as he thought of her. She seemed to be so far away in the past, sometimes he had trouble remembering some of his simplest times with her. Of course he remembered all the times they mated.

“No…you’re wrong.”

“Maybe, but it doesn’t matter,” Rick replied. “It’s in the past. You belong to me now.”

He shifted and Negan groaned as the knot shifted inside. He had to get his mind off the thing.

“What…what about you? Did your past Omega enjoy this?”

Rick snarled and bit into his neck, causing him to choke in surprise.

“Don’t imply shit about her! She was a good woman, a great Omega, unlike you.”
“I didn’t mean…damn it I’m sorry. I just wanted to know.”

Rick stiffened as he considered his words. It really wasn’t proper for an Omega to bring up their Alphas’s past Omega, however if the Omega was lost through death it was passable for conversation.

“Lori was a good Omega, and a good mother,” he started quietly. “As special to me as your Lucille was to you. She always had my back no matter what, which is why we were so good together.” His thoughts momentarily landed on Shane and the time she’d spent with him while he was comatose. It had been a tough one to get over, and he couldn’t help snarling about it now.

“Your pup told me, he had to put her down,” Negan muttered.

Rick shut his eyes. He didn’t want to think about the past right now.

“He’s got more balls than me,” Negan continued, sounding impressed. “I couldn’t put down my Lucille.”

Rick took to nipping at the back of his neck, feeling flustered.

“You’re not used to being an Omega in this department, but you will. By the time my rut ends, you’ll understand why you need this when you go into heat, and you’ll have no problem helping me when I go into ruts. Neither Lucille nor Lori are here anymore. It’s just us.”

“Rick.”

“Do not bring up Lori again,” he warned with a haunting growl.

Negan flinched in fear.

It wasn’t until three hours before Negan was released from the knot. He gasped in relief and rolled onto his side as Rick got to his feet. He had successful sealed his first load into his Omega, so it was time to take a break and round up lunch.

He grabbed the chain and hooked it onto Negan’s collar, then took the end of the chain and padlocked it in the hook he’d had installed near the door in his room. Negan was far too weak to care or do anything about it, so Rick was free to head downstairs.

The rut was appeased for now, yet he was semi erect at the moment. There would be another round, but after he got some stamina back into his Omega.

Rick rustled up a plate of spam sandwiches, chips, and sliced apple before making his way back upstairs. Negan was still recovering on his side, eyes fluttering softly. Rick set the plate down along with a glass of water and resumed his spot besides his Omega.

He pulled him up into a seated position as he whined in protest and twisted pathetically in his grip.

“No more…please…I can’t take it right now.”

“Which is why you need to eat. You need to keep up your strength, otherwise it won’t get any easier.”

Rick dug into one of the sandwiches, while watching Negan’s awareness return to his eyes. He took note of the food and with a shaky hand reached for one of the sandwiches. He looked at his Alpha,
eyes softening and narrowing from a mix of fear and a need to curse him out. In the end his shoulder drooped and he resigned.

“Yes Alpha,” he muttered before biting into it.

Chapter End Notes

Rick's first round of a rut, and naturally Negan's not happy about it. Also, a little moment for them to start knowing each other's backstories with the mention of Lucille and Lori. Much more soon ;)
Chapter 34

Chapter Summary

Rick’s rut slows to its end…and the results?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Rick was able to squeeze in a second round, complete with several more hours of knotting before he called it a night, even though part of him felt he could continue a third time. Negan on the other hand, was bodily exhausted and was trudging behind Rick as he led him back to the jail on his leash.

His ass was killing him and he felt so full that he was confident he could skip dinner. He knew that wasn’t going to happen with Rick insisting he keep up his strength. Negan saw no point in doing so. With Rick in rut, it was impossible for him to keep up with his stamina, but he was too tired to vocally point it out. Right now he could barely keep his eyes open. Sharp tugs on the chain from Rick were the only thing keeping him alert.

He looked from Rick to the growing night sky and shuddered. The darkness was still something he was very troubled by, and he wasn’t sure if it would ever go away.

“Rick, I…fuck,” He wasn’t sure how to confess to his Alpha that he was afraid of the dark. It was such a cowardly thing, especially coming from him. “Since you’re in rut, can’t I stay in the house?” When Rick said nothing he continued. “It’d be fucking easier on you.”

“I don’t trust you in my house while I’m sleeping,” Rick answered without bothering to turn and face him.

“You can chain me up, or bind my goddamn hands. I don’t care. I don’t want to go back to the cell.”

“My rut changes nothing between us,” Rick stated clearly. “You’re still paying for what you did to my pack, so you’re going back to the cell.”

“Rick.”

He came to a sudden stop and faced him. The expression was enough to make Negan back away as far as he could.

“One more word,” he warned.

Negan bowed his head and nodded.

They continued forward while dread began to fill Negan’s heart.

Once there, Rick unclipped the chain and locked the cell door behind him.

“I’ll be back with your dinner.”
Negan raised his eyes to see the expression of anger evident upon his face. Rick had always given him such a look, yet he wondered if in this case he might have been disappointed with his lack of response during their mating. Such a thought made him feel shame that he was disappointing his Alpha. It was stronger than his feeling of being satisfied that Rick wasn’t taking pleasure in it. In that sense he hoped (even though he rationally knew it was impossible) that Rick’s displeasure would mean the tortuous rut would end faster.

Negan wandered over to the blankets and collapsed onto it face-down, breathing heavily. Not only did he have the night to worry about, but the following day. He whined miserably as the anxiety took over.

The next morning was just like the first. Rick would come along, chain in hand, and lead him back to his house. Once there, he stripped and presented himself to his Alpha, then was pushed onto the mattress to be taken.

Negan squirmed and groaned every time Rick penetrated his massive dick deep into his channel. His thrusting was always wild, but come a second round they usually became gentler. It never mattered either way because Negan never acclimated to it.

He was always reduced to heavy pants just as Rick was, and cringed every time he bit into his gland or ran his nails into his skin. The knotting was still a nightmare that had him shutting his eyes tightly, wishing for it to hurry and do down. He was thankful for the breaks where they’d have lunch, but it still did little to fuel any energy back into him. Then after they’d digested properly it was back to a second round.

Once or twice he attempted to push him away and insist on a day off, but Rick, lost in the fog of sex, never listened. He found he was too weak to fight him off anyways, so the only thing he could do was provide his hole.

By the middle of the week, Negan found he’d at least managed enough energy to position himself on his hands and knees while Rick rutted into him, growling like mad. He concentrated on staying still and saying nothing that would agitate his Alpha.

At some point, he became familiar with the tingling sensation of slight pleasure as his hips rolled involuntarily to meet the thrusts.

“Fuck.” He shut his eyes and moaned like a needy little Omega that wasn’t getting enough. It wasn’t true by a long shot since Rick had gotten him so filled his stomach was actually distending a little from so much cum.

Negan never wanted to call it breeding. After six days had passed, Rick was still on his ass, even though the signs of him being in rut were diminishing. Rick’s rut was coming at an end, yet he never slowed. It made Negan wonder if the extended period was Rick’s attempt to make up for missing his heat. Negan had once apologized that he missed his heat since he was in Leo’s company. In response, Rick had slapped him for bringing it up and bit his gland until his body melted into the mattress. In response, Rick had slapped him for bringing it up and bit his gland until his body melted into the mattress.

Still, he refused to believe that Rick would get what he wanted out of him. His dick may end up pleased in the end, but not Rick. He would not produce his enemy’s pup. He glanced down at the slight bump below, unnerved by the amount of semen an Alpha in rut could produce. It made him ill and all the more tired.

Six days became nine, where traces of Rick’s rut were vague. The Alpha could call it then if he really wanted to, yet Rick led him to the house just as always. By now, Negan moved about with a
limp in his gait.

“I hope you’re happy,” he muttered as he limped down the stairs. “My ass is wrecked. I’ll never walk again.”

“Don’t be such a pup. You’ll get over it.”

Negan wasn’t convinced, and he could tell Rick was pleased with himself for what he’d managed to do to him. Negan himself had felt pride whenever he’d done such a thing to his Omegas. It was just something about them being so worn down that invigorated him.

Negan followed behind him into the house which he still longed to stay at night. Rick shut the door but didn’t bother to lock it as by this point he had gotten comfortable enough to keep it unlocked, especially with his Omega too worn out to run or fight. He then led him near the center of the living room before facing him and unlocking the chain.

“Present,” he ordered.

With a sigh, Negan began to strip. During the run of the rut, there had been two days where Rick desired to fuck him in a new location, which had been the couch. Negan wasn’t a fan as the bed was wider and more comfortable. As much as it annoyed him, he was far more interested in when this would end.

His clothes pooled at his feet. He promptly stepped out of them then fell to his knees, waiting. Rick secured the chain to his collar again and locked the other end onto one of the nearby hooks. Afterwards he proceeded to oil him up. The soothing ability of it was gladly welcomed. Soft moans echoed in the room as Rick massaged it into his pores.

He gave it a few minutes before ordering him to his feet. Negan stood and started to limp toward the couch. He was about to lay across it like he’d always done when Rick suddenly grabbed and spun him around to face him.

Negan was caught off guard as Rick moved him backwards into the couch where he landed on his back with a huff. Rick narrowed his eyes and growled as a way to tell him to stay as he proceeded to unbuckle his pants. He was past the phase of stripping entirely now that the rut was basically nonexistent.

Negan’s heart was pounding as it always had, but even more so now that he would be facing his Alpha.

“Why the change?”

Rick just stared at him.

“I want to watch you.”

His eyes widened at the creepy proposition, but didn’t protest. Rick kept his eyes locked onto his Omega as he climbed atop him. Negan stared back, desiring to feel braver than he did. Gone were the days when he was once able to make Rick shudder with his sharp eyes. Right now Negan couldn’t help feeling impressed by the amount of control he expressed.

Rick entered slowly, agonizingly slow, and Negan did his best not to react. They were suddenly in a staring contest and he was already losing as he flinched. Rick kept pushing, adjusting the speed and earning a hiss and a jerk from the Omega.
“What are you trying to…fucking see?” It irritated him, not understanding this sudden change, and it was made worse when Rick refused to answer. Instead he started rocking his hip, making him tense.

Rick never broke eye contact, but Negan had to shut his eyes with the hot rise of pleasure mixed with hints of pain. Rick quickened his pace into a squirmy Omega that was doing all he could to keep from vocalizing his feelings.

“Jesus,” he muttered. “Fuck.”

Rick smirked at the frown crumpling Negan’s features. And as his breathing picked up, along with the thrusts, Negan gave in and became a moaning, quivering mess. He weakly gripped at the couch while Rick dug his fingers into the man’s shoulders.

Every little twitch of his face and gasps from his lips fueled Rick’s energy, making him pump faster. The Alpha side roared with the needy moans that chorused in the room.

“Fuck…don’t you…,” he lurched back, gasping. “Ever get tired?”

“Nope,” Rick answered simply.

Negan was moving so wildly against the couch, he felt he was slipping. Not wanting to experience a fall, he unconsciously wrapped his legs around Rick’s hips as he continued to drive into him. Rick paid it no mind. He simply focused on reducing his Omega to heavy breathing.

Negan was completely lax by the time Rick slowed down, and his expression was that of bliss and exhaustion. Next came the clear feeling of a swelling cock which always made him whine.

He turned his head a few times, mind clogged and nerves tingly. Right away he met Rick’s eyes, finding trouble in seeing him clearly.

“You sure…know how to…excite a guy…don’t yah,” he muttered. He dropped his head back against the couch as Rick’s cum added on to the loads that came before it.

Rick dropped against his Omega, finally feeling the exhaustion as well. The jolt he’d received during his rut was depleted, leaving him to feel the age of his body.

“It’s finally over…right?” Negan asked after some time as they remained knotted.

“Why, you hoping for more?”

“Fuck no.”

Rick huffed as he suppressed a laugh at the discomfort his Omega was displaying.

Suddenly there was a knock on the door. Rick looked around while Negan tensed. Both fell quiet and waited, then the knock sounded again.

“Rick, it’s me, Michonne, and Daryl,” came Aaron’s voice. “If you’re busy, we can come back later.”

Rick bowed his head, feeling a bit annoyed. Of course they expected his rut to be over by now, which it was, and they hadn’t counted on him going overtime.

“Is something wrong?” he called out. Negan was a statue beneath him, staring at the closed door, wide-eyed.
After a minute of hesitation, Aaron responded.

“Everything’s alright, but the Saviors came!”

Rick cursed under his breath as he pulled himself up. The action elicited a sharp cry from Negan as the tug of the knot shifted from the sudden change.

“I’m just finishing up with my Omega! But if it’s alright with you, we’ll discuss this, now.”

“Rick…what the fuck?” Negan hissed in alarm.

Rick ignored him as he situated himself properly on the couch while pulling Negan onto him in a way that had him straddling his lap so the knot wouldn’t pull or disturb them from an uncomfortable angle. Negan’s back was to the door as he was facing Rick in this position, which was an adjustment on his part as he couldn’t stop squirming.

“Just be still and quiet,” Rick ordered.

“Fuck…you can’t let them see us like this.”

But Rick wasn’t interested in waiting for the knot to go down since it would take another hour. He wanted to hear about the Saviors now despite the situation.

“Come in!”

Negan heard the door slowly open. His face flushed as blinding panic settled in his core. He didn’t glance around to see their reaction to his naked ass on Rick’s lap. In fact, he was barely breathing. His ears were straining for so much as a gasp or a giggle, but he heard nothing. There was just silence upon their entrance.

“Come on in,” Rick invited as if he wasn’t the least bit embarrassed by the situation.

Negan supposed it might be easier on Rick since he was clothed, but he on the other hand was completely naked. He shut his eyes tight, trying to will his rapid heartbeats down. How must it look to them for this taller man to be sitting there with Rick’s dick up his ass?

He felt their hesitation, but in the end heard them taking a seat across from them. Negan shrunk in against Rick on his right-hand side as if to make himself as small as possible.

“Are they still here?” Rick asked.

Naturally the sight of Negan on his lap attracted their eyes. Michonne seemed quite calm about it, whereas Daryl seemed flustered by the scene.

“No,” said Aaron with much composure. “We met Simon and a few others at the gate. They didn’t bother to come in. It was just a pick up.”

“No one was hurt were they?”

“No,” said Michonne. “But Simon wants double the supplies on the next pick-up. He’s giving us three weeks this time.”

Negan tensed at the mention of Simon and held back a whine for his old friend. He couldn’t help imagining what he’d think if he had decided to crash the house with the others and found him essentially riding his enemy’s dick.
“We managed to talk him into it,” said Aaron, looking pleased with himself.

“That bastards could still go back on their word,” Daryl finally spoke. “I think enough time’s been wasted. We need to fight back now.”

Rick looked between the three as he responded.

“My rut’s at its end, so the next step will be to talk to Ezekiel again. Also we need to send word to Maggie.”

Negan couldn’t help the moan that escaped as Rick’s member twitched inside him.

“I can get a group together to gather up guns,” Aaron offered. “It’ll take time though.”

“We’ll make time,” Rick promised.

There was a burst, and Negan shuddered and clung to Rick as he released a load of cum into his channel in plain sight of the others. He tried to maintain control to keep it from being obvious, but noises of bliss slipped out in the quiet of the room.

Rick shifted which seemed to make his dick slip in deeper.

“So, we’re still gathering supplies?” Michonne asked.

“It might not be a good idea,” said Aaron. “I mean, if you plan to extend your family…”

He trailed off so as not to mention pups. Negan bared his teeth as the nasty mix of anger and humiliation swirled within him, making him quite sick.

“That’s a fair point,” Rick said thoughtfully. “But I think I’ll manage to get a helping hand from the Kingdom and Hilltop if I have to.”

“And Rick, about your…claim,” Aaron said with a nod toward referenced Omega, who choked.

Michonne and Daryl tossed Aaron a curious look, before confronting Rick.

“In time,” he warned, with a growl that ended further discussion on the matter in front of his Omega.

“Right,” said Aaron apologetically. “Well, that’s all we have to report, for now.”

“I appreciate you guys looking after the pack in my absence.”

“No problem,” Aaron said with a wink, before standing and inspiring the others to do the same.

Aaron and Michonne headed toward the door, but Daryl hovered on the spot.

“You’ll be back with us soon,” Daryl tried to confirm. Rick could sense his frustration at seeing a display of him with his Omega, but in truth Rick wasn’t fully bothered.

“I will,” Rick promised.

With a huff, Daryl marched out the door. Aaron gave a wave before shutting the door behind him.

Negan gave a loud sigh of relief that left him breathing quite hard.

“How could you…just…do that?” he asked.
“Do what?” Rick asked, as if he didn’t know.

Negan groaned and turned away from him.

“Fuck…I’m sitting here with your goddamn dick up my hole. What about my privacy?”

Rick started growling and grabbed the back of his neck making him cringe and yelp.

“Your privacy is up to me,” he stated clearly. “And as history would have it, a public display is normal.” Negan huffed, unconvinced. “Are you honestly telling me you never screwed your Omegas out in the open?”

The man had him there. Negan had never cared who was watching when he fucked one of his Omegas. In fact it was always to his delight, especially when the Omega was pleading for privacy. It was a show of power for an Alpha to display his sexual ability before the pack as a way to build onto his ego, and in a way better teach others how to properly put their Omegas in place.

“Fuck,” he muttered.

“Thought so,” said Rick.

“I’d never, figure you for that kind of an Alpha.”

Rick was quiet for a minute.

“I wasn’t, when I was with Lori.”

Negan contemplated his words before his thoughts shifted to the meeting his members previously held.

“Are you…really going to fight my old pack?”

He’d tried to keep the concern out of his voice but he had a feeling Rick detected it. After everything he’d gone through with his Alpha, he wasn’t sure how to feel about the Saviors now. If he was honest with himself, he wasn’t keen on the idea of Rick trying to wipe them out.

Rick never answered. Instead he growled and gripped the back of his neck harder.

The next day Negan was finally off the hook as he spent the whole time recuperating in his cell. The day after that, Rick stormed into his cell and informed him it was time to go to work. It was then that he found himself back on the old routine of chores.

Negan was willing to take it for the moment since he preferred it to being fucked all day. So without any struggle, he allowed Rick to lead him to Michonne’s house for cleanup. He supposed the pack was more willing to trust Negan in their homes, so long as Rick kept him on his leash.

He was still embarrassed about having to have it on like a dog, but he wasn’t willing to argue about it for fear of Rick throwing him down and fucking him before the eyes of more people. His heart rate picked up every time he thought about that moment.

A whole week passed without incident. While Negan was back on chore duty, Rick was back leading the pack now that he didn’t have to seal himself away in his home. Rick was happy for it, but at the same time he had an inkling of anxiousness directed at Negan. For that reason, he started enforcing a pregnancy test on him so he could ease his troubled mind.
When the tests turned out negative on two separate occasions, Rick felt the clear signs of disappointment edging its way into him. Negan, however, always smiled at the negative results. It was true that males were hard to impregnate, but that didn’t lessen the blow Rick felt at being incapable on his part.

It was an understandable feeling according to the books. Ruts heightened the Alpha’s mating drive to its fullest. If not an Omega’s heat, then a rut was the next phenomenon to rely on for pups. His instincts had been set on breeding and when it didn’t happen, it created a sense of shame in the Alpha. Of course an Omega would feel the same thing if they wanted a pregnancy. In this case, it didn’t help that Rick felt his own Omega was throwing his failure in his face.

He cursed himself for finding interest in the idea as all it had done was fuel the excitement over the past week.

When the second week hit, he decided to put it aside. Now wasn’t the time for such things anyways when they still had the Saviors to deal with. If a war broke out or they ran out of supplies, the pack would be in trouble. Survival came first. Even though he closed his mind to thoughts of pups, his inner Alpha was roaring at him to screw his Omega again.

It was only when week three came about did he notice a change.

Negan was moving sluggishly as he mopped across Aaron’s kitchen floor. Rick saw the slump in his shoulders and thought he looked more tired than usual. His eyelids drooped and his skin was pale. With a growl of annoyance at the fact that his Omega wouldn’t inform him of being sick, Rick walked up to him and placed a palm against his forehead.

“What are you…doing?” he asked tiredly.

“Doesn’t feel like you have a fever,” he muttered.

“I’m not fucking…fucking…”

Suddenly his breakfast came right up, splashing onto an area of the floor he just cleaned. Rick had jumped away right in time to avoid it getting on himself. Negan swayed a little and lifted a hand to his brow as if to ease possible dizziness. Rick, however, watched him thoughtfully before walking over to Aaron who was helping him guard Negan along with Eric.

“Do you have a pregnancy test available?” he quietly asked. “I’d hate to go home for one and leave Negan alone with you.”

Aaron and Eric traded loving looks before Eric responded.

“I’ll go get one.”

He jumped off of his seat and headed upstairs.

“I’m sorry,” Rick apologized, feeling he was crossing into a personal matter.

“Don’t worry,” said Aaron. “We used to try for a pup but…well we just kept some in case we decided to try again.”

Rick comforted him with a hand on his shoulder.

“You can always borrow mine,” he joked, earning a smile from the Alpha.
Eric returned, test in hand, and handed it off to Rick.

“Come on,” he said to Negan as he began tugging at his chain.

Negan followed him willingly to the bathroom where he soaked a towel to wash off the vomit around his mouth and shirt.

“Fuck,” he cursed as he took a fresh towel, this one soaked in cold water, and held it against his face. “What the fuck’s wrong with me all of a sudden?”

He turned to his Alpha who stood by his side as he always did, still acting as his prison warden.

“I…I need some privacy.” In response Rick just cocked his head, even though he knew why he was asking. “Gotta take a piss.”

It was then that Rick revealed the test.

“Piss on this.”

The look of offense on his face was something Rick had expected.

“I thought we were over that,” Negan said, feeling heated.

“We’re not,” Rick growled. He sharpened his eyes and squared his shoulders just enough to make Negan’s rising frustration subside. “Take…it.”

Shakily he took the box and opened it as he wandered over to the toilet with Rick trailing behind him to watch as he’d done before.

After his business was handled, they waited in silence. As a way to work off the building irritation with his Alpha, Negan started to pace.

“This is bullshit…fucking bullshit,” he muttered under his breath as quietly as he could, but Rick tossed him a warning glance before turning back to the test in his hand.

Then, ever so slowly, the corners of Rick’s mouth lifted.

“Not bullshit,” he said heartily, “Not by a longshot.”

He handed Negan the stick, and on the display he could see as clear as day, two pink lines which could only indicate one thing. His suddenly trembling fingers nearly dropped it onto the floor.

“I’m…pregnant,” he said, stunned.

Chapter End Notes

The scene of Negan being knotted to Rick on his lap was inspired by a similar scene in another ‘Walking Dead’ a/o/b fic. However in that one, it was Rick as the Omega knotted to Negan, so I wanted to see a reverse of it. (lol, I almost want to see fanart of the scene :)
Well, we finally reached the point where Negan is pregnant. I was hoping to get to this point before the show’s mid-season premiere and I'm glad I was able to do it :)
Pregnancy is a new field between Rick and Negan, however this does not mean it will turn them into a couple as I personally do not like Rick and Negan as a romantic pair. They have a prisoner/warden kind of relationship here, but with a pup on the way, they're liable to ease up and consider what's best for it. Although Negan's not happy with the news.

Thanks for sticking with this story up to this point. Really appreciate it :D
Chapter 35

Chapter Summary

Negan’s not happy about the pregnancy, and Rick breaks the news to one other person.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

He said the words but he couldn’t believe it. He just continued to stare at the pink lines as if he’d never seen the color pink before.

“No…fuck no!”

“Fuck yes,” said Rick as he took it from his lose fingers.


“We’ll use the ones I have at home, but for now you are pregnant so if I were you I’d start getting used to the idea.”

But Negan just couldn’t. It was too absurd. How could he have gotten pregnant? Never mind the constant mating, he had been an Alpha and Alphas don’t bare pups. But then he remembered he couldn’t really associate his body with an Alpha’s anymore, especially after Dr. Carson’s fertility exam. The man had practically said his body was perfect for producing pups, and in front of Rick who stood there and ate it up.

Negan made no more arguments against it as Rick led him out of the bathroom. He couldn’t until he took another test, but for now he would view it as a malfunction of the stick.

Aaron and Eric looked up curiously, watching Rick as they waited for him to break the news. Rick didn’t turn to them right away. Instead he brought Negan back to the mop.

“Finish up,” he ordered.

Wordlessly Negan got the mop and started on cleaning up his own vomit.

“Rick, everything go alright?” Aaron asked as Rick turned to them. Negan heard the question and cringed at the idea of others finding out.

“It’s positive,” he said in a quiet voice. He watched as the two exchanged delighted smiles. It wasn’t the reaction he expected, but he supposed the couple were eager to see a newborn pup again since the community was bare of them. “But to be sure, I’m testing him again.”

“Those tests are very accurate Rick,” said Eric.

“Negan’s not convinced. And I know that doesn’t matter, but I think once he accepts the truth I won’t have to hassle with him so much.”

“I’d keep a close eye on him either way,” Aaron hinted as he nodded at Negan. “If he’s not happy about it, he’s liable to do anything to get rid of it.”
After Negan finished, Rick took him to another house to clean up before he called it a day by leading him back to his cell.

“Rick?”

He came to a stop and faced him full on.

“What about my second test?”

Rick noticed he appeared calm, but he was sure he was anxious under the mask. But as he stared at him, he couldn’t help feeling that he was staring at a different person. He was still and always would be Negan, but the new addition to his body seemed to alter him in an unusual way.

“Tomorrow,” he stated.

“But-”

All Rick had to do was give him a sharp gaze and square his shoulders to make him back down from insisting. Of course with him being pregnant, it meant some things would have to change for the sake of the pup’s health.

The next morning Rick brought the test he’d gotten from Dr. Carson down to the jail. Negan had been anxiously pacing which gave Rick the impression that he’d stayed up most of the night denying the news. Once he noticed his Alpha, he dropped to his knees with his head bowed. Rick kept his eyes on him as he unlocked the door. After closing it behind him, he stood in front of his Omega, letting the quietness consume them for a moment.

“You wanted a second opinion,” Rick said slowly as he held out the stick.

Negan looked up at him. The mask of certainty was gone, replaced by an expression that hoped it wasn’t true. He took the stick and padded over to the bucket.

“He was wrong…it can’t be true…Carson’s full of shit…” came the muttered ramblings. Rick gave it no mind as he was certain they’d see the same results.

After Negan was done, they waited in the quietness.

“Fuck.”

Rick wandered over and peeked down at the stick with a satisfied smile.

“I guess that settles that. You’re pregnant.”

He pulled the stick out of his seemingly lifeless fingers, then stuffed it back into the box. Negan remained quite still, except for an occasional tremble. He was too shocked to do much of anything except focus on breathing. He turned his head to Rick as he was locking the cell door.

“R-rick,” he begged. He didn’t want to admit that this was scaring him; that this was not part of his plan. “I don’t want this.”

Rick stared back at him. It was easy for him to sense how unnerved he was about this and what it would mean in nine months.
“That’s too bad, because I do.”

“I don’t. I can’t.” He backed away until he hit the wall.

“You will,” Rick stated before walking away.

Negan slid down the wall as his already crumbled world caved in on him even more. If there was ever a need for a final confirmation that he was truly an Omega this was it, although it was just the type of confirmation he didn’t want.

He drew his legs up to his chin as the anxiety grew. Pregnancy was something for female Omegas to carry out. He’d never had any experience with a pregnant male Omega, though he’d seen a few cross his path at times and had always thought they looked ridiculous. Their bodies were permanently disfigured with breasts, soft muscles, and wide hips. As far as he recalled, they’d looked absolutely miserable as they carried their huge pup filled bellies around. He remembered when he was once at a bar with some of his pack members, Simon had shaken his head at a pregnant male Omega on tv and told him he felt sorry for the poor bastard because male Omegas experienced more pain at giving birth than the females. Negan hadn’t found it hard to believe.

Pain was another worry altogether. Right now, Negan was simply concerned about every change his body would go through as it prepared to develop and bring his and Rick’s pup into the world. Worse was knowing a part of it shared a bit of Rick, which didn’t sit well with him. It turned his stomach to think he and Rick were combined into the thing growing in his womb. But even if it hadn’t been Rick’s, he still didn’t want the pregnancy. He didn’t want the pain, or responsibility, or anything that had anything to do with pups.

He was used to it just being him after past failures of impregnating Lucille. He was past pups which, as far as he was concerned only got in the way nowadays. It wasn’t something for him to do, it was something for one of his Omega ladies to produce if it had to happen.

Negan leaned back against the wall, heart pounding and body trembling hard.

Once Rick walked through the door, he noticed Carl sitting on the couch reading a comic.

“Hey,” Carl greeted.

Rick nodded and smiled.

“Did I ever tell you how glad I am to have you back home again?”

“I lost count,” Carl joked, earning a chuckle from Rick.

He moved further into the house and let his hands drop to his hips as he braced himself for his son’s reaction to the news. He had a gut feeling he wasn’t going to take it well. Then again, he had taken to his mother’s pregnancy with enthusiasm over being a big brother, so there was hope.

“Carl,” he started. He paused as he ran an anxious hand over his hair. The boy looked up, concerned.

“Dad? Is something wrong?”

“I wouldn’t say it’s wrong.” He paused and met his son’s eyes. “Negan’s pregnant.”
Carl just stared at him, mouth slightly parted in surprise. Then his brows furrowed in a frown.

“What?”

“He’s pregnant.” The thought of embracing his future son or daughter brought a smile to Rick’s face. “Look’s like I’m going to be a father ag-”

Carl slammed his comic shut and immediately stood.

“How could you!”

While Rick had braced for a bad reaction, he couldn’t help stepping back as though it had caught him off guard.

“I went into rut, that’s how,” he said heatedly, “And these things tend to happen.”

“Not always,” Carl argued, sounding just as heated. “I know about protection, and it’s not hard to come by nowadays.”

“Carl,” Rick warned with a light growl, but Carl wasn’t backing down. The possible Alpha was attempting to square up his shoulders. “This kind of thing is not up to you. It’s my decision. I was worried you might not take to this, but I would’ve thought you’d at least understand. You took to the claim well enough.”

“That’s when I thought he was just going to be a worker, cleaning houses and fixing fences,” Carl countered. “I thought he was just a prisoner. You said it wasn’t a romantic bond between you two.”

“And it’s not, believe me. He’s my Omega, but he’s also a prisoner.” Rick halted as he tried to find a way to explain it to a very angry and confused pup. “Look, it’s hard to explain, but when you present as an Alpha, you’ll understand the instinct to breed. But more than that, it’s my need to care for pups again.”

He watched his son as he tried to process, but he was soon shaking his head.

“If you think you can just replace Judith-”

“This isn’t about…replacing Judith,” said Rick breathlessly.

His heart twisted at the thought of her, and the look of hurt on his son’s face made it all the more worse. He recalled him only ever saying his sister’s name once after her death, and from then on he avoided mentioning her when possible. He knew his son was still hurting over it just as he did whenever she came to his mind. Guilt added to the twist in his heart with the knowledge that they never discussed her passing properly. Neither had been in the right state of mind to do so, especially at a time when the pack was so terribly split apart.

“What happened to Judith…was horrible. It’s something we’ll never forget. We can’t. She was my daughter, your sister, and we’ll always love her. But me having another pup isn’t a way for me to replace her because she can never be replaced. I get that it’s hard to understand that I’m choosing to do this with my enemy, but this isn’t changing anything between us. This isn’t replacing your sister, nor am I replacing your mother with Negan.”

Carl seemed to process it for a moment before taking a step back and shaking his head.

“No. You didn’t have to do this.”
“I wanted to enlarge my family. I’m sorry you feel the way you do, I wasn’t sure about it in the beginning, but things change. This is happening.”

Carl hung his head and balled his fingers.

“Before I left the house, I was going to ask if you were going to do it…try for pups, but I couldn’t. The idea of it scared me. I didn’t know what it would mean. And now…I think, I think this is going too far with Negan.”

He turned on his heels, fleeing for his room upstairs and ignoring Rick’s calls.

Rick let out a long sigh as he sunk onto the couch and let his head fall into his hands. He wondered if it would’ve gone better had he discussed his interest in having pups before doing the deed, but it wasn’t as if parents sought out their child’s permission before having more pups. It had been his call, yet he was curious how Carl would react if he gave him a heads up.

He leaned against the couch as the fight brought his little pup to the front of his mind. Then he thought of Lori and felt dread coating his stomach when he thought about not being by her side when she gave birth. He liked to think that it would’ve been different, somehow; that Lori would have somehow survived if he’d been there, and that they’d still be here today. If that were the case, Negan would’ve ended up as someone else’s Omega, and if that someone had been a Savior then nothing would’ve changed for his pack. Granted they were still serving the Saviors, but there was a chance to turn it around with Negan no longer at the head.

He rubbed his temples at an oncoming headache. He didn’t want to think that was the reason he’d lost Lori and Judith. It didn’t make sense anyway. It was a difficult world and bad things were far more likely to happen than good. Unfortunately he had experienced more of the bad.

The prospect of a new pup no longer felt prominent now that Judith was fully occupying his mind; now that he remembered holding her soft body and looking into her soft blue eyes; now that he remembered seeing her bloody carrier lying empty on the ground after the war with the Governor.

He leaned into his hands again and did something he hadn’t managed to do when he lost her.

He cried.

Chapter End Notes

Well, breaking baby news isn't always a simple joyous occasion for some people.
More soon :(
Chapter 36

Chapter Summary

Rick knows that Negan's pissed, then he learns he's scared

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Rick wasn’t surprised when Carl didn’t respond to his calls or knocks the next morning. He figured it wasn’t something he could come to terms with in one day, but he couldn’t help feeling his son would always feel strongly against it.

“I’m here, when you’re ready to talk,” he said before retreating downstairs.

Ten minutes into making breakfast, he heard Carl’s footsteps coming down the stairs. Rick turned around the corner, prepared to greet him.

“Carl, I fixed us some—”

But Carl had moved past him and was exiting out the door. Before he disappeared, he caught the pack on his back, indicating that Carl was going to stay with Michonne again.

“Good morning to you too,” he muttered.

He settled himself down at the table alone and rested his face against his hand as he tried to ready himself for the reaction of the rest of his pack.

When he was finished eating, he stepped out of the house with an egg sandwich wrapped in a paper towel, a bottle of water, and the prenatal vitamins in his pocket.

“Hey.”

He turned to see Michonne walking up to him.

“Hey,” he replied back.

“You know, Carl came to see me.” She folded her arms as her eyes expressed concern. “Asked if he could move in.”

Rick shifted awkwardly on his feet and suppressed a curse. The last thing he wanted was for the news to spread before he was able to say anything.

“He didn’t explain, and I didn’t ask why” she added, upon sensing his distress. “I just figured you two might have had an argument. I didn’t want to push him and get too personal.”

“I’m not surprised to hear that,” Rick admitted dejectedly. “I saw him leave with his pack. But, I’m hopeful it’ll clear up. He’s just having a hard time right now.”
Michonne gave a nod as her expression hardened. Considering how sharp she was, Rick was sure she already figured out that their argument had something to do with Negan. He was just grateful she hadn’t pressed for the details.

“That for Negan?” she asked as she nodded at the food in his hand.

Part of him wanted to go ahead and share the details, but he just couldn’t.

“Yeah. Listen, I need the pack gathered in the church in fifteen minutes for an announcement.”

He watched her expression shift from curiosity to suspicion as she tried to read him. The way he was feeling now, he was certain he might buckle under her intense gaze. He could tell she wanted to ask the purpose behind it.

“I’ll spread the word,” she promised.

Rick nodded and continued onward.

Negan was curled up against the back wall, face buried in the folds of his arms. Rick came to stop and waited for the man to take notice of him, but he didn’t so much as shudder. He went ahead and turned the key in the lock, then entered. Negan mustered a barely audible whimper before slowly raising his head and catching his eyes. Rick noticed how red his eyes were on a face that appeared drained. With sluggish movements, he moved his body into the mandatory kneel with his head bowed low. Rick gave it a minute before approaching him with his breakfast.

“Now that you’re pregnant, you’re going to start taking-”

“You…did this to me,” Negan suddenly hissed. He leaned back and raised his head up. “You…you fucking did this to me, when you didn’t have to.”

A warning growl rumbled in the Alpha’s throat, making the Omega cower slightly and drop the glare.

“We’ve been over this,” Rick stated. “This wasn’t up to you.”

“It’s my damn body…it’s my life!”

As calmly as he could, Rick crouched down in front of him.

“After everything you’ve done,” Rick could feel the fury rising in his cheeks, “your life belongs to me now.”

Little choking noises issues from Negan’s throat. His breathing was becoming heavy as he flexed his fingers in and out of fists. He took a shuddering breath as his body started to shake, and then he raised his eyes to look at him again. Rick could see uncertainty, fear, and anger all swimming around in the dark pools.

Then without warning Negan lunged into him.

“You FUCK…fucking bastard!”

Rick was able to get to his feet, yet Negan was pushing forward, uselessly pounding his fists into his chest as his face masked desperation. There wasn’t enough strength in his punches to do much of anything thanks to the oil Rick had used on him, but rather than continue to be his Omega’s
punching bag, he grabbed ahold of his wrists. Right away Rick could tell it wasn’t solely done out of aggression, but fear, and now he was shaking violently as he hung his head and awaited punishment.

“Look at me,” Rick commanded.

Negan gave a shake of his head before he followed the order. Rick leaned in close so their noses were mere inches apart. The fear only increased in Negan as he whimpered and flinched.

“Everything that’s happened to you, up to this point, is from your own doing. It started when you thought you could oppress other packs and take their Omegas. It worsened when you thought you could kill my members and force me on my knees, to serve you. I know you don’t believe retribution is in order, but I do. And if that means becoming my Omega and bearing my pup then so be it.”

Negan’s breathing grew more frantic as he pulled against the grip he had on his wrists. Rick released one and clamped his hand on the back of his neck, making him cringe.

“Calm down. Stress isn’t good for the pup, and I don’t want to have to start drugging you just to keep you settled.”

He wouldn’t meet Rick’s eyes as he worked to give into the forced relaxation commanded by a gripped gland. Several deep breaths were needed before he was able to get the shaking under control.

“Rick…I’m scared,” he said ashamedly.

“I can see that.”

“No, it’s not just cause of the pregnancy…it’s…goddamn it, Leo.”

It wasn’t the response he had expected, and the confusion faded to anger as he squared up his shoulders.

“What about Leo?”

Negan looked up briefly before looking down again.

“I see them,” he muttered. He swallowed before continuing. “His pack. At night it’s so goddamn dark, I’m back there again…waiting for them to hurt or…do things to me. I don’t feel safe. You want to talk about keeping the fucking stress out, do something about this.”

The anger he felt faded and switched to confusion again. Negan was the last person he ever imagined being capable of being traumatized. Even though his being an Omega made him quite vulnerable, he still didn’t appear to be the kind of guy that would be so strongly affected by terror. Breaking him was one thing, but inflicting terror was a separate case. Still, he couldn’t help give partial credit to Leo for what he’d done as Negan’s experience had made it easier for Rick to manage him since his return. It was likely to have taken another year before the Omega reached his current level of being broken in.

And then Rick thought about that horrible night when his Saviors had surrounded him and the others in the woods. Offended, Rick threw him away from himself.

“Now you know how I felt, when you trapped us that night in the woods. How powerless, how terrified I was after the shit you put me through,” he growled. “I couldn’t sleep or eat for days and neither could the ones who were there!”
Negan ever so slowly looked at him, looking as though he’d just slapped him.

“You think you deserve a pat on the back or comforting words? WHERE’S MINE! WHERE’S THEIRS!” He pointed out the window, indicating the others.

Negan took a tentative step back, gauging his Alpha worriedly.

“I’m, sorry.”

Rick couldn’t help the disbelieving chuckle that passed his lips.

“That’s all you can say?”

Negan dropped his eyes. He opened his mouth as if to say more but closed it, realizing there was nothing he could say or do to make it right. Rick already learned what kind of a man he’d met back then. It had always been his goal to make that clear to new packs he encountered. He considered mentioning the fact that Rick had killed many of his pack members before that moment, but he knew it wouldn’t sit well with him.

“I’m…sorry. Things were different then,” he answered more quietly. He found it odd to think back on that night. At the time, he’d been so charged up that it had been so easy to crush his pack. And now, he wasn’t sure how to feel about it. He hadn’t known the people he’d taken.

“All I can get is an apology, and you know what… I don’t accept it, I don’t believe it.” Rick marched right up to him, causing Negan to step back until he was flat against the wall. “The only thing you’re sorry about is being in this situation. If it weren’t for the circumstances, I’d let you suffer in the dark,” he paused as he glanced down at Negan’s belly, “but I have a pup to think about.”

Rick moved away from him and picked up the dropped water which he thrust into Negan’s hand. He pulled the prenatal vitamins out of his pocket and dropped a large pill in his palm.

“Swallow.”

Negan glanced warily at the pill, uncertain of what it would do to him. Upon seeing the cold look on his Alpha’s face, he plucked it out of his hand and sent it down his throat with a large gulp of water.

“Open,” Rick commanded.

He did so and even allowed Rick to move his tongue up and down to make sure it was gone. Afterwards he picked up the dropped sandwich and thrust it into his hands. Negan felt grateful the food had been wrapped prior to its fall.

Rick turned without saying a word and pulled out his key to start locking the door.

“You’re scared?” he muttered with a shake of his head. He raised his head and stared his Omega down. “I’m scared, of what your pack will do to mine if I don’t stop them.”

Again Negan didn’t know what to say. He’d been away from his old pack for so long he could only imagine who was running the show now. Who was to say they wouldn’t suddenly decide to bring chaos down on his Alpha’s pack? And if such a thing ever happened, he wasn’t sure what it would mean for him.

Rick returned to his house and scooped up Negan’s chain. He stared at it before suddenly ramming a
punch into the wall, then resting his forehead against it. The reminders of Negan’s past deeds, including his son’s objection to the pregnancy, just hit him all at once. Now he didn’t feel like making the announcement to the rest. He didn’t want to think about the situation as being a mistake.

He shut his eyes and shook his head, wishing it didn’t feel so complicated; wishing he could take a break from the fears and reminders.

After a long sigh, he pulled away from the wall and checked his watch. He decided to give it a little more time before heading back to the jail.

Negan was seated on the blankets as Rick walked in again. Like before he dropped to a kneeling position.

“Rick, I-”

“Shut up.”

Once he entered, Rick clipped the chain to his collar. Negan didn’t protest and simply got to his feet and allowed him to tug him forward.

“I don’t want a word out of you until you’re back in this cell. Do you understand?”

“Yes Alpha.”

With a final growl as a warning, Rick tugged again to make him follow. Negan didn’t ask where he was leading him, but could only assume Rick was finally taking him to stay in his house. The thought relieved much of the anxiety he was already feeling.

It didn’t take long for him to notice that they were heading in the direction of the church. He could feel his heart starting to pound. His fingers twitched with a desire to know what was happening, but Rick never looked back at him nor said anything.

Rick opened the double doors, and dread settled in the pit of Negan’s stomach at the sight of Rick’s pack filling out the pews. Everyone looked right back at them as they made their entrance. The last time Negan had been confronted by these people he had been completely naked, and even though he was clothed he felt as if he was bare. He saw them whisper to one another and toss him icy glares. The sensation of it affected his Omega instincts and in turn, made him cower a little behind Rick.

“Everyone,” Rick began to the crowd, “I have an important announcement to make.”

Negan felt his blood run cold.

Chapter End Notes

Poor Rick was so traumatized after the night he met Negan (my heart broke seeing him like that), and it's certainly something Negan will have to come to terms with. Empty apologies won't do it.

But Rick is ready to reveal the pregnancy to the rest :)
Chapter 37

Chapter Summary

Rick reveals the news to the pack

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The whispers died down as soon as Rick walked forward with his Omega following behind like a little puppy on his leash. Negan avoided eye contact and put up a mask of indifference. He was tired of being afraid in front of these people; tired of his instincts encouraging such a feeling. The minute he looked up and caught a few eyes he went back to trembling. It was useless to fight it. He wasn’t that fierce Alpha anymore, particularly when there were so many Alphas around.

Rick made it to the front and faced the crowd. He scanned the room and found Michonne, but not Carl. It wasn’t surprising not to see him there, but it still left a bitter taste in his mouth.

“What I have to say concerns all of us. You may not like it, and I’ll understand that, but this is the kind of thing that will either bring us closer together, or tear us apart.”

Rick paused and looked at Negan who wasn’t meeting anyone’s eyes. He didn’t even appear afraid, but Rick knew he was as he took a step back.

“Settle down!” Rick command with a wave of his arms. “This isn’t something to-”

“How the hell could you do this!” Daryl suddenly demanded as he jumped to his feet. “Did you forget who he was?”

“I thought he was just a prisoner, not your mate!” someone else cried.

“This does not make Negan my mate, not in the way you’re thinking,” Rick declared, but he doubted many heard as the rapid talking continued.

“What about the Saviors?” Tobin asked.

“What about them?” asked Michonne. “Negan having a pup doesn’t change our situation with them.”

“What if it does?” Tobin argued.

“There’s no reason for them to find out,” said Tara.

At this Rick caught Aaron’s eyes and was reminded of the time he told him he would reveal the
claim to the Saviors. Rick had believed revealing a pregnant Negan to the Saviors would strengthen
the claim to them, but now it made him wonder of an alternate reaction. One where the Saviors could
disrespect his claim just because he’d gone as far as impregnating their old leader. He knew it was an
unlikely reaction, but he could see several of the Saviors taking offense.

“I’m sure we’ll be alright,” Gabrielle said as he turned to Tobin.

“The Saviors don’t matter for shit right now. What about Negan!” Daryl cried. Betrayal was written
all over his face as he turned to Rick. “It was hard enough with the claim. I don’t think I ever fully
accepted it. You never intended it to happened, but it did. You had needs, I got that. But this…I
don’t get.”

Negan shut his eyes and released a shaky breath as much of the tension was freed from his body. It
was the first time he felt something of a connection to the pack since they were vocalizing his own
offense to the pregnancy, and it gave him a small semblance of satisfaction in knowing Rick was
alone in wanting it.

Rick bowed his head for a minute.

“Neither does my son.” His eyes flickered to Michonne who seemed to understand why Carl had
wanted to stay with her. “Having a pup is a very personal and precious matter between an Alpha and
an Omega.” He shifted his gaze to Negan again who he could tell was listening hard even though he
wasn’t looking up. “To do it with someone I hate, with someone who hurt me, hurt us, doesn’t make
a lick of sense. I know it. But I’m a father. Caring for a pup is something I hold dear and I wanted
that again, after Judith.”

At this, Negan looked at him with an expression of mild confusion. Of course he didn’t know about
her. A shadow of understanding passed among much of the members. For those who didn’t know
Judith, others whispered the story. Rick had never gone into detail about it with the Alexandrians
when he’d joined them. Simply telling a few that he lost a pup was enough.

“But still,” Rosita began. “It’s Negan. What about Abraham, and Glenn, and everyone he’s killed?
What about Maggie? This is betraying them. It’s like it doesn’t matter-”

“It will always matter,” Rick said with a growl. “I did hesitate before making this choice because, I
didn’t want to smear their memory by doing this with their killer. Negan should have been executed,
for justice.”

He felt his Omega flinch next to him, but ignored it and started pacing before the now quiet crowd,
doing his best to catch each individual eye.

“But that’s not how it turned out. You all came to terms with my claim on him and I’m grateful. Now
I’ve taken it a step further. I get the controversy, I do, but I decided I wanted this. I want a pup again.
Blame it on my need to breed when I was in rut, but this is happening.” Rick stopped his pacing and
became still. “You don’t have to like it one bit, but I’ll be damned if I let any one of you lay a finger
on my Omega for this, or my pup. If you’re that pissed off take it out on me, or leave.”

Heads turned to one another and a few people broke out in quiet chatter.

“I really hope neither option will be the case, because right now I need everyone’s support,” Rick
continued.

There were many who still expressed their opposing view on their faces.

“Rick,” said Michonne. “I understand it was your choice, but what about what’s happening now?
With the Saviors still around, having enough supplies for ourselves is already a challenge.”

“We’ll manage,” Rick promised. “If I have to, I’ll get help from the Hilltop. This isn’t going to endanger us.”

“If we end up going to war with the Saviors, it could endanger the pup,” said a woman in the back.

“Now isn’t the time for this!” someone else shouted.

“This shouldn’t have happened at all! This is fucking Negan!” said another.

The chatter broke out loudly once more with several arguing against it and others trying to calm them down. Rick ran a tired hand over his brow. This had been the reaction he expected when he’d told them about the claim. They had been upset then, but not as much as they were now. He looked at Negan again and noticed he was finally watching the crowd and appeared to be pleased with the reaction.

“The pup will be innocent!” Rick shouted.

The declaration got their attention.

“Don’t forget that.”

Some appeared to take that much into account while others weren’t sure how to respond. Rick looked around at Daryl and Rosita. Neither were looking at him. If anything, a look of mild understanding came from Michonne. He cast his gaze at Aaron and Eric who gave him a look and a nod of approval.

Rick looked at the crowd again before deciding there was nothing more to be said. He began walking back down the aisle while giving a harsh tug on the chain, making Negan trudge after him.

They were heading toward the house now. Negan felt himself relax as it came into view. He followed Rick up the steps and inside while suppressing his need to speak. Rick didn’t say a word as he closed the door behind them, then led him near the center of the room and padlocked the end of the chain to one of the nearby hooks. After that he sank onto the couch with a heavy sigh. He leaned back into the cushions and just shut his eyes.

Negan was left standing there, watching him with uncertainty.

“I thought I was going back to the cell?” he muttered. Rick didn’t answer. Feeling an air of annoyance, he pressed on. “Why’d you do that? Parade me in front of your damn pack when you told them?”

“Shut up,” Rick said. There was no energy behind his words, so Negan kept at it.

“If you were trying to fucking humiliate me, it backfired,” he spat. Rick shifted and looked at him. “They fucking hate you for what you did to me, and I’m goddamn glad.”

In two quick strides Rick was in front of him, delivering a strong slap to his cheek that sent him reeling back. Immediately Negan yelped and touched his burning skin.

“I said shut up,” Rick said dangerously.

Negan looked fearfully back at him, but found a sliver of courage.
“You can’t keep, treating me like this. Not if you want the pup to make it.”

“Then I’ll have to start thinking of something else to keep you in line,” Rick countered. “Maybe I’ll risk leaving you in the dark. I bet I could find a good blindfold.”

It was like a switch flicked as a noticeable shiver went through him at the suggestion.

“Please don’t…Alpha,” he begged.

“I’ll do what I have to, to keep you from the way you were.”

There was no mistaking the fiery look in his eyes. Negan wasn’t sure if Rick would find alternative means for punishing him now that he was pregnant, but he didn’t want to tempt any ideas.

While keeping his eyes on Rick, he sank down to his knees. After a minute he bowed his head.

“If you don’t want to remain in your cell throughout your pregnancy, you better behave.”

“Yes Alpha,” he said with a groan.

Rick went to the closet and pulled out a vacuum, then he crossed into the kitchen and crouched down to a cabinet below the sink to pull out some cleaning supplies. He returned to the living room and handed his Omega some rags and the dust spray.

“Get to work.”

Negan suppressed a groan then set to work on dusting the table as Rick sank back onto the couch. A few minutes in, Negan paused as he thought back to the name Rick had mentioned in the church. He knew it had never come up before.

“Who’s Judith?” he asked without looking at him.

The only response he received was a slight growl before everything was quiet again.

Negan continued to dust for a far as the chain would allow before turning on the vacuum. Despite his pleasure at the pack’s reaction, he didn’t find enough relief from it as it changed nothing. Every once in a while he glanced at Rick who at the moment appeared to be taking a snooze. This inspired him to take in the room better and possibly find a means out of the situation. He didn’t expect to find anything, yet he remained hopeful that he’d discover some answer to aborting the pup; some nearby booze or pills of some sort.

“Don’t get any ideas.”

Negan jumped and turned to Rick who had one eye opened which was staring straight at him.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” he lied as he busied himself with fixing the vacuum bag.

“Don’t give me that shit,” Rick growled. “I know you’re desperate to get out of this, and I won’t let that happen. There’s not a damn thing here that’s gonna help you, and from now on I’m taking extra precautions.”

“Why?”

“To keep my pup safe, from you.”
Negan turned away from him then and went back to vacuuming while suppressing a curse.

When he had done all he could in his current area, Rick got up and chained him to a new location. Again Negan attempted to seek out a means of help, but he couldn’t afford much of a search with Rick’s eyes trained on him.

His stomach eventually reminded him that he needed to eat, so he stopped the vacuum and looked to Rick, but found he was no longer on the couch. He leaned around it and noticed he had crossed into the kitchen to fix himself a bowl of what looked like pasta from a can. Negan’s stomach grumbled even more, particularly when Rick crossed back into the living room with the aroma of it wafting under his nose.

Rick settled himself at the dinner table and prepared to eat.

“Rick, how about sharing?”

“Is that how you’re supposed to ask?” Rick asked after swallowing without looking at him.

“Please Alpha, can I have some?”

Rick took another bite before turning to face him. Negan could tell he looked unimpressed, so to better appease him, he dropped to his knees. He considered mentioning that he was eating for two now, but didn’t want Rick to think he was going too far with using the pup to make his own treatment easier.

Rick tapped his foot before rising and heading into the kitchen. Negan waited patiently on his knees. Once Rick returned and set a new bowl on the table, he rose to his feet and headed over.

“Stop,” Rick ordered with a raised hand.

Negan stopped in his tracks and watched with a curious frown as Rick pulled a pillow from the couch and set it on the floor next to his chair at the dinner table. Next he set the second bowl on the floor in front of it. The look of curiosity switched to disgust.

“You expect me to, eat on the fucking floor?”

“That’s how you eat in your cell,” said Rick casually.

“But, I’m not in the-”

“Let’s get something straight,” Rick began as he faced him dead on with squared shoulders. “Whenever I decide to let you stay in this house, you’re going to follow the same rules. You are still a prisoner, and you still have your place.” He pointed down at the pillow on the floor. “I won’t ever let you forget that. If you make any attempt to change that, it won’t be good for you. Now, you can either accept this arrangement, or I’ll take a more drastic approach.”

“The pup,” Negan began. “If I don’t eat, it won’t live.”

“I’ll contact Dr. Carson, have you strapped down with a tube in your stomach as an alternative if you have an objection to the eating arrangement. But I have a feeling you wouldn’t want to go down that road.”

Negan knew his feelings on this had to have showed as he gazed at Rick nervously. He definitely didn’t want to experience such an alternative, and he could practically feel his stomach turning at the thought.
“No Alpha,” he said with a sigh and a dropped head.

“Didn’t think so.”

Rick sat back down and continued to eat with his back to him.

Negan dropped his eyes down to the bowl on the floor. Minutes passed before he sighed and trudged up to it. The last thing he wanted to do was eat on the floor like some animal, but he sank his knees down onto the pillow regardless and picked up the bowl. He was grateful that Rick had bothered to give him a fork as opposed to making him endure eating like an animal.

The ravioli was what he expected coming from a can, but he ate it regardless as his eyes wandered to the kitchen.

“If you let me stay in the house, we won’t have to eat this can crap,” he informed him.

Rick just gave a huff.

“You think I should trust you in my kitchen?” Rick replied, with distrust clear in his tone.

“I’ve cooked before. I made spaghetti for your boy, remember?”

Rick clenched his fingers into a fist and shot him a glare.

“What I remember is you killing Spencer and Olivia that day,” he snapped. His glare intensified, causing Negan to flinch and look away.

After a moment Negan let his eyes wander to the chair on his left.

“Your place is on the floor,” Rick reminded him with a sideways glance at him. “I don’t want to have to remind you.”

The tone made him shiver and give up on the idea of sitting in it.

They were quiet for the remainder of the meal, with the only sounds coming from the clinks of their silverware against the bowls. Rick leaned back in his seat after finding himself full. He looked down at Negan who was fiddling his fork gently around an empty bowl.

“What I did, bringing you in the church for the announcement wasn’t done out of humiliation.”

Negan looked up at him, curious.

“Why did you?”

“If you hadn’t fought me, I probably wouldn’t have done it.” Rick paused and ran his hand over his face tiredly. “I expected they would take it hard, which is why I needed to remind them that you’re part of this pack. Keeping you hidden in the cell risks them forgetting. I want them to see you and remember.”

“Remember what?” Negan asked quietly, though he felt he already knew.

Rick’s hand suddenly reached down and gripped the back of his hair. He groaned loudly as he jerked his head back.

“That you’re mine. That you’re carrying my pup,” Rick growled. Negan pushed against his arm but it did little to ease the harsh grip. “Your body’s going to go through the changes, and they’ll have no
problem remembering then. And the further along you get, the more you’ll lose that part of yourself that made you what you are. There’s no going back. That’s what I want you to remember.”

Negan gave a whine as he looked into his blazing eyes.

“I fucking promise…I will.”

Rick gazed into his eyes as if trying to gauge whether he believed him or not. Then with an annoyed grunt, he released him and watched the slight trembling of his Omega’s body.

“You’ve been more manageable since I brought you back, but there’s always room for improvement.”

Negan looked up, surprised by the near compliment. It gave him some hope that Rick could be easier on him in the future. Then again, the fear of a changing body brought the fear back into him again, particularly when he thought of the pack seeing how ridiculous he’d end up looking.

“Here,” Rick said as he gave him his bowl and stood. “The only thing I trust you to do in my kitchen is wash dishes.”

Negan gave a nod and stood, preferring to accomplish a new chore for a change.

Chapter End Notes

Unsurprisingly, much of the pack isn't too keen on Rick having a pup with the enemy even if Rick wants it. And in turn, Negan's pleased about that. But as Rick pointed out, changes are coming, regardless of how anyone feels about it.
Chapter 38

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Rick wasn’t surprised to receive something of a cold shoulder the next day. He was greeted by his members like he normally was, but it was easy to tell that it was forced. Rick didn't harp on it much. There was still a ways to go before the pup arrived, and he imagined by then the pack would have cooled off. He hoped so at least, particularly when it came to Carl who still preferred the company of Michonne to his own father.

It wore on his mind as he prepared Negan’s breakfast which consisted of a bowl of noodles. With a sigh of frustration he gathered the food along with a bottle of water and the prenatal pills before exiting the house.

While on the porch, he glanced over at Michonne’s house as his thoughts continued to linger on his son. A second later he walking toward it.

Michonne answered after he knocked and greeted him with a light smile.

“Rick, how are you?”

“I’ve been better.”

She nodded and glance down at the food in his hands. The slight twitch in her expression showed that she didn’t want to be reminded of Negan at the moment.

“How’s, Carl,” Rick asked, feeling awkward about asking.

“He’s okay. As about as okay as everyone else is, considering the circumstances.”

“Yeah, I figure it’ll sting for a while,” he confessed with a bowed head, “but it’d be good if Carl came around. Tell him for me.”

“I can fetch him for you,” she offered, “I think it would be better coming from you, and that way you can talk about this.”

But Rick just shook his head as he met her eyes.

“I don’t want to push him and make it worse. I thought giving him a little space and some time to cool off would be the trick.”

“You can’t avoid each other,” she stated, brows furrowed in concern.

“I don’t intend to.” One way or another he planned to settle the matter. He was fine if the pack never forgave his actions, but he didn’t think he could handle the same treatment coming from his own pup. “I’d better head on.”

He turned away, but Michonne touched his shoulder.

“Hey, just remember, you don’t need anyone’s approval of this, and it’s not just because you’re our Alpha.”

Rick knew she had a point, especially since Carson had said the same before he impregnated his Omega. But he couldn’t help the desire to have them all on board.
“I appreciate that,” he said with a smile before heading to the jail.

The two Beta guards were now situated inside the jail instead of the outside of the building upon Rick’s orders. After Negan’s interest in seeking out an abortion method, he was intent on keeping him under twenty-four hour surveillance. When he walked in he saw the man sitting in the corner on his blankets, fingers absentmindedly tapping against the wall as he stared at nothing, looking like a lost puppy.

“Rick,” the guards greeted with nods, prompting Negan to realize his Alpha was present.

With clear reluctance he moved forward and kneeled. The sour expression on his face wasn’t easily missed. Rick took the keys from the guards and unlocked the door while keeping his eyes on his Omega.

“I suppose you don't regret what you did to me?” Negan muttered once he entered.

“You suppose right,” Rick replied.

Negan sat back on his heels while Rick pulled the pills from his pocket. His sour expression became sourer as he watched him dump a single pill into his hand, then thrust it and the water at him. Negan took it and swallowed it down knowing there was no arguing against it with the way his Alpha was glaring down at him. He opened his mouth afterwards and let Rick check that it was gone before he handed him his breakfast.

“What are those pills supposed to do to me?” he decided to ask.

“You’re clever enough to figure that out,” Rick snapped. He was in no mood for Negan’s nonsense particularly when things were so tense after his announcement.

Negan gave him a look as he caught onto his mood and simply took his breakfast over to the blankets in the corner.

“You do know these fucking pills won’t mean you’ll get a healthy pup out of me.”

Rick squared up his shoulders and emitted a low growl.

“You won’t get a chance to hurt my-”

“That’s not, what I meant.” He flinched at risking interrupting his Alpha. “I meant, with the way things are, and the fact that we’re all fucking infected, the pup might not survive birth. Why not spare yourself the heartache and end this now with the right pills.”

It dawned on Rick what he was talking about and his thoughts shifted to Judith. With a sharp growl he marched up to him and slapped him viciously across the face, making him yelp.

“Nice try, but that won’t scare me.” Upon Negan’s confused look, he continued. “None of what you’re saying matters, because Omegas are still capable of giving birth to healthy pups. Trust me, I know.”

Negan wouldn’t meet his eyes. Instead he had curled in on himself as if awaiting another hit. Rick didn’t bother and instead turned away to leave.

“If anything,” he decided to add as he locked the cell door, “you might not survive, and I don’t think
there’ll be any heartache from it.”

The words sent a chill up Negan’s spine.

“Finish up. You have work to do when I return.”

The rest of the day went as it normally did with Rick watching over Negan as he cleaned Gabriel’s house. Considering how miffed much of the community was, Rick was left wondering if there would be many homes opened for chores. Of course as Alpha he had a right to order anyone to stand aside so his Omega could get a day’s work in, but as of now he felt pushing them too hard would result in further division. Then again, he worried it might be the thing he needed to do. But then he would look at Negan and was reminded of the kind of leader he’d been. The last thing he wanted to do was rule with fear and aggression, however, if the order of things fell too much he would have to dip into such a role.

“I appreciate this Gabriel,” Rick said as they watched Negan dust the living room.

“No need. My house was in need of a cleanup anyway.”

“Well, I meant a little more than that,” he admitted. Rick paused to think of the best way to word it. “You’re one of the few who seems to be, alright with the pregnancy. Or at least I’d like to think so.”

Gabriel didn’t say anything at first. His eyes were glued into Negan’s back.

“It’s about the pup,” he said softly. “Not about who bears it.”

Rick nodded at his words.

“Yeah. In other circumstances it would be about who bears it, to me.” He shifted uncomfortably as he thought of Lori.

“Well it’s like you said,” Gabriel began, “you didn’t intend for the claim to happen. It just happened.”

Negan paused after dusting a currently empty bookcase as he looked at the neatly stacked books on a table. He expressed no desire to place them all back onto the shelves. Rick made the sound of clearing his throat which encouraged him to get to it.

“Maybe it was supposed to happen.”

Rick turned to Gabriel with a quirked brow.

“The claim you have on Negan,” Gabriel continued. “With you as his Alpha, Negan’s been demoted, which means he can’t hurt us.”

“No,” Rick agreed, “but his old Savior pals can.”

The priest turned to him with a calm smile.

“I believe in you Rick. I still believe we’ll find a way through this, and so will the pack. A sure sign of it is the conception of a pup. The others can focus on the offensive side of it all they want, but sooner or later they’ll have to realize that that pup’s not just Negan. That pup is you as well.”

A pleasant kind of warmth spread throughout Rick’s being. It was the only connection to Negan that
matter to him. To produce another blood heir was something that his heart swelled for. If that blood had
to be shared with Negan, then it was worth it in order to see it come into existence. The world was
in need of more life than the wandering dead.

“I hope so, otherwise I’ll have to find other chores for him if they won’t accept him in their houses,”
Rick said bitterly. “I’ll have to change up his workload anyways when he gets further along.”

A nice comforting silence settled over to two for a while, until Gabriel gave him a nudge and broke
it.

“So what are you hoping for? Boy or girl?”

Rick just smiled and never answered.

Alexandria fell under a normal routine where the only interruption came from Simon’s scheduled
visit to pick up the Savior’s half of supplies. Negan had been curious about it, but he hadn’t been
allowed to witness the exchange. It was the one and only time he was grateful that Rick had kept him
in his cell. Just imagining Simon catching him made him tense up.

Once the week passed, he came to realize he had a more concerning matter to deal with.

He had thought it was his imagination the first time he felt the slight itch in his pecs. Even when it
wasn’t, he didn’t view it as something to worry about. But dad by day the itching became more
pronounced. It was an annoying situation, but he would do his best to ignore it even when he tried to
sneak in a scratch without drawing attention.

What made it worse was when the area started becoming sensitive. It wasn’t painful, but it was a
feeling that he was definitely aware of whenever his shirt rubbed across his nipples the wrong way.

Negan understood what was happening by the time the next phase started to hit. After pulling off his
shirt to ready himself for a bath, he glanced down and saw that his pecs had become a little puffy.
There were no contours to mark an obvious sign of forming breasts, but it was clear that his chest
was going through the early stage of mammogenesis.

“Fuck,” he cursed under his breath as he couldn’t stop staring at them. He poked the area as if he
could push it back to its normal flatness and shivered at the tenderness.

He looked up at Rick who was observing him near the tub. The extra guards that were helping to
keep watch over him consisted of Michonne and Aaron today. The ever present Beta guards were
there as well, standing against the wall. They were all watching him like they normally did, but with
this new change, Negan found it hard to take.

“Alpha, can’t I, take my baths in your house?” He folded his arms over his chest, despite the
sensitivity, and dropped his eyes.

“Get in the tub,” Rick ordered, unconcerned.

“Goddamn it Rick, I…fuck.” He couldn’t figure out how to express the problem without explaining
it.

Growling, Rick marched over to him and grabbed onto the back of his neck harshly.

“When I order you to do something. You do it!”
Negan started shaking.

“I will. I just…” he dropped his arms and looked down at his chest again before continuing in a whisper. “I don’t want them to see me like this.”

Rick followed his gaze down to his puffy nipples. He gave them a scrutinizing look, then after a moment he reached out and traced a finger over one, making him shudder. He circled the nipple a few times, filling Negan with a weird sensation of pleasure as well as discomfort. Negan didn’t realize his eyes had fluttered closed as a soft whine left his lips. But then Rick abruptly pulled his finger away.

“Get used to it,” he stated coldly.

He groaned as he was dragged over to the tub. He wasn’t surprised that Rick didn’t show much concern. A pregnant male Omega growing breasts was natural, even if Negan didn’t find it natural on himself.

By the end of the week, there was no hiding the clear sign of man boobs. While not exactly prominent breasts, it was a development that had him sulking in the corner at night. No longer would his chest retain its former masculinity. It was transforming into a necessary resource for the pup.

Negan ran his fingers over his drooping nipples, wishing he could will them away. Powdered milk was good enough for a pup, but apparently his body didn’t agree.

Chapter End Notes

Well, Negan's in the process of forming two big developments ;)
More soon
Chapter 39

Chapter Summary

Rick has a new project as well as a trip for his Omega

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

By the time another week passed, his man boobs had perked up noticeably. The contours were there to show a development that was mostly seen in young growing girls. Negan tried not to look at them, but every now and then he’d pull the collar of his shirt open and peek as if checking to make sure they weren’t getting any bigger. Right now he assumed they were capable of filling out an A cup bra. Sometimes he bothered to touch them, but not often since the Beta guards were ever present. His face flushed whenever he looked at them afterwards.

“Fucking perverts.”

The guards never acknowledge that they took any interest in his growing development, but Negan was sure it was there. He didn’t expect most people got the chance to see a man growing boobs so of course they’d find him interesting.

Then there was his belly. It wasn’t super flat as it had been in the past. There was a slight mound to it that was barely noticeable. He purposely ignored it for now as he knew there would be days when he wouldn’t be able to.

As angry as the changes were making him feel, he didn’t bother to sum up the energy to express it against his Alpha. His body would continue on a more feminine path unless he found a way to interrupt the process. If anything he was more depressed than pissed off, and of course the fear was always present. If there was any minor positive thing about his bodily changes, it was that it kept him distracted from the dark of night. Negan still had the inkling fear of Leo coming for him in the night with the crowbar. Once he’d had a bad nightmare from it that had him drenched in sweat the next morning.

It had been the thing to motivate Rick to find a solution, and he found it in the form of a lantern that would play as a night light for him.

“There,” Rick had said after he placed it outside the bars of his cell. “That should be bright enough for you.”

Negan glanced at the lantern and gave a nod. He wished he didn’t have to resort to such a thing. Only pups were scared of the dark.

“Thanks, Alpha.”

“What? The big bad Negan needs a night light now?” one of the Beta guards joked. The other guard was doing his best to hide his laughter behind his hands.

Negan curled in on himself, embarrassed. Of course they hadn’t known what he’d gone through with Leo’s pack, so from their point of view he was just being ridiculous.
To his surprise, Rick had turned on them with a loud growl. Both Betas quieted immediately and averted their eyes. At the display of his need to defend him, Negan felt gratitude especially since Rick hadn’t told them why he needed the light.

If anything, chores were also a helpful distraction, but it bugged him to know that eyes were always on him. Whenever he paused in his duties to try and throw something of an aggressive stare at Rick’s chosen guards, Rick would always order him to get back to work. Negan had made no argument about following the command. He didn’t know if it was the beginning of hormonal changes that had him feeling more docile toward his Alpha.

Negan knew nothing about such changes when it came to pregnant male Omegas. He knew that the female versions tended to become more submissive than they were normally when pregnant. It was natural for them to look to their Alphas more and bow down knowing it was all for the sake of protecting their pup. In such a state, the pregnant female Omegas took their Alpha’s for always being right.

Negan growled at the thought of it. He didn’t want to start rolling over even more than he already did. He just couldn’t imagine what it would look like. How different would his personality be the further along he got? Would he not bite back or argue with Rick at all? The only change he’d notice was that he stopped being annoyed at Rick’s arrival in the morning. Now he was starting to feel comforted by his presence, which sickened him.

One morning Rick arrived with the chain in hand instead of breakfast. Rick opened the cell door, and once he entered, he simply stood in the center and stared down at his kneeling form. Negan glanced downward, certain he was looking at his chest. After three months, his breasts had definitely become fuller, graduating from an A cup to a C. The protrusion was not missed with his shirt covering them.

“I’m fucking up here,” Negan muttered as he pointed to his eyes.

Rick appeared to take delight in the comment.

“Like I said in the beginning, get used to it,” Rick told him.

“I don’t want to get used to it,” he mumbled. He folded his arms over his chest as if he could hide them.

“You’re going to have to. My pack’s not used to seeing a pregnant male, and I’m not going to take the time to demand them to stop looking.”

“Why the fuck not?”

Negan kind of knew the answer already. For some Alphas, it was a thing of pride for the pack to look at his pregnant Omega. It was as if it was a way to show off how well they’d impregnated their mate. At the same time there were some Alphas who were so possessive of their Omegas that they snapped at anyone who so much as glanced at them.

“After all this time, they’re still taking this pregnancy hard,” Rick explained. “But that’ll come to an end the more they take you in. Now get up.”

Negan slowly rose to his feet while using the wall as support. There was no need to use support as he was nowhere near having a large belly. The mound of his stomach was only slightly bigger.
“What about, breakfast?”

Rick walked forward and hooked the chain to his collar.

“I have something to introduce you to first.”

Negan couldn’t imagine what it could be, but followed him out nonetheless.

There were days when the roaming pack members stopped and stared at him. Even when it wasn’t obvious they were looking, Negan could feel their eyes on him. As a form of protection, he folded his arms over his chest and avoided the looks. Eventually he looked up to see that Rick was leading him to his house to which he felt better about the seemingly long journey. It was a place of comfort now despite the fact that he’d had to suffer his Alpha’s rut there.

Rick brought him inside, and after shutting the door he began to lead him upstairs. Negan felt a jolt and hesitated as he grabbed ahold of the chain.

“R-Rick, please…I’m pregnant remember?”

Rick stopped and looked back at him with a frown.

“I’m aware,” he stated, then he gave a sharp yank to the chain to get him moving.

Dread started to settle over Negan at the idea that Rick might try to fuck him again, but he couldn’t see why he’d do that. But Rick didn’t take him to his room. Instead he pulled him into a spare room next door.

There was nothing in it but a desk and a few chairs. Rick stood in the center and gazed around the room, while Negan found nothing of interest about it.

“This is going to be your next project.” Negan raised a brow, not catching on. “You’re going to turn this room into the nursery.”

Now both brows were raised in surprise. Of course a pup would need a nursery, but it hadn’t been a legitimate thought in his mind. He hadn’t concerned himself with such a question because he was still hoping for a way to be rid of the thing.

“Why me?” he asked, annoyed.

“Because you’re the Omega.”

Negan huffed and gave a shake of his head.

“I wouldn’t have figured you to lay certain things on a person just because they’re an Omega. Not from the way you ran things here. What happened to equality?”

“You know that’s not the only reason.”

Negan gave a nod. He didn’t believe his label as a prisoner would ever go away in Rick’s eyes.

“On top of that,” Rick added, “this is the best way to bring your nurturing instincts to the surface.”

A flash of anger surfaced in Negan’s features, but it quickly evaporated. He hated that Rick was planning to manipulate his Omega instincts, particularly at a time when he knew they would just
intensify with the pup.

“I don’t see a lot to work with here,” Negan argued sarcastically. “No cradle, no diapers, not even Mickey Mouse clothes. And you won’t find them in all that shit out there. So this, is a waste of damn time. Having this pup-”

Before he could say anything hurtful, Rick strode up to him, making Negan hurry backwards until he hit the wall. Rick’s eyes were fiery, and the growls coming from his throat, frightening. Negan felt himself panic.

“I know how you feel about that pup,” Rick snarled. “You may hate it now, but that will change. It’ll change because it’ll be on you to do your part in making sure it survives. Why else would you be developing these?”

Rick squeezed one of his developing boobs, making him flinch and groan. Afterwards Negan willingly dropped to his knees with his head bowed. Displeasing his Alpha was something that weighed on him more heavily nowadays. He couldn’t stand it, but there was no beating it.

“I can’t…I can’t feel for this pup,” he muttered. “I don’t want it.”

Rick pulled him to his feet.

“Like I was saying. You’re going to make this room a nursery. My pack is going to find enough pup supplies to cover all its need. As for a cradle, one of the houses already has one, so you’ll be moving it up here. We’ll start tomorrow. I don’t want to hear anymore arguments about it.”

Negan shut his eyes.

“Yes Alpha.”

He looked at the room before Rick led him out, hating what it now represented.

Breakfast for Negan was served to him in his kneeling position on the pillow next to the table. It was the second time Rick had allowed him to enjoy a meal in his house rather than the cell, which he was happy for.

Neither traded words which was fine by Negan who was more occupied looking up the stairs with dread. The pregnancy seemed to become a little more real with the simple mention of a nursery.

“Fuck,” he muttered under his breath.

When they’d finished, Negan expected to be taken off for work, but instead Rick led him over to one of the cars at the gate. Waiting for him were Michonne and Aaron, both holstering weapons of choice.

“We’re going out?” Negan questioned.

Rick didn’t answer. His eyes had wandered over to Daryl who was passing by in the distance.

“Daryl!”

The Beta looked around and hesitated before wandering up to him. He didn’t appear particularly happy to be interrupted.

“Have you changed your mind?” Rick asked.
Daryl eyed him seriously before tossing a narrowed gaze at Negan.

“No, I’m good.”

He turned to leave, but Rick dropped a hand on his shoulder, making him stop.

“Sooner or later Daryl, you’re going to have to face this. Everyone will.”

“I’m facing it just fine,” he grumbled as he pulled his arm away. “You had to do what you had to do. I get it.”

“Then come with me.”

Daryl seemed to consider the idea as he looked at Michonne and Aaron. Aaron had given him a nod to join them, but then Daryl looked at Negan and frowned.

“I can’t.”

Rick watched him leave as disappointment squeezed at his heart. He felt Michonne rub a hand down his arm.

“He’ll come around,” she stated confidently.

“Yeah.” Rick wasn’t sure if he believed that anymore. “What about Carl?”

She dropped her hand and her eyes. After all this time his own pup still managed to avoid him. An attempt at talking to him a month ago resulted in loss of tempers and terrible words. Rick couldn’t remember any specific time he’d had such a horrible argument with his boy, so the occurrence had left him dazed and sick for a couple of days.

Rick handed the end of Negan’s chain to Michonne before turning to him.

“Backseat. Try anything, and you can say goodbye to your night light.”

Negan didn’t bother to tell him he had no intention of trying anything since the last time he did, he ended up fucked up. The idea of even going out made him a little wary, but he slid into the backseat nonetheless. He was sandwiched between Michonne and Aaron while Rick took the wheel. Neither looked at him, making Negan feel more relaxed.

He didn’t bother to ask Rick where he was taking him. He realized right away he was being escorted to the Hilltop considering the path they were taking. The idea of it only served to make him queasy. He could stomach the pack knowing about the pregnancy, but not the doctor.

He concentrated narrowed eyes at the back of Rick’s head, despising him for the trip.

“Maybe you should rethink this Rick.”

Rick briefly looked in the rear-view mirror at him.

“Why’s that?”

Feeling a little brave, Negan continued.

“Carl.” Rick started a low growl, as did Michonne, but Negan kept going. “You can’t keep your
current pup in line. How the hell do you expect to raise this pup without screwing that up too?"

“Shut the hell up!” Michonne growled. Her hand had latched onto his arm and was gripping it painfully. Negan tensed.

“Let him go Michonne. He can run his mouth all he wants…now.”

Michonne softened, hating that Negan’s words had put an obvious damper on Rick. Negan on the other hand looked pleased, even when Rick flashed him a warning glare in the rear-view mirror.

When they reached the gates of the Hilltop, both Michonne and Aaron grabbed ahold of Negan’s arm on either side. Rick took his chain and led him forward as the Hilltop guard opened the gates for them. Rick automatically looked around for Maggie but didn’t see a hint of her anywhere.

“Hey Rick.” He looked around as Kal climbed his way down the fence. “You here for the doctor?”

“Yeah. I hope he’s never in the habit of going on runs.”

“No, we keep him close. Go ahead.”

Rick led his group up to Carson’s trailer and knocked. Upon answering, Carson smiled and shook Rick’s hand.

“Rick, it’s been a while. How are things?”

“That’s what I’m here to find out.”

Carson tossed a smile at Negan as well, but he only responded with a sour look.

“Well come on in.”

Negan shuffled behind Rick with his head down.

“So, I’m assuming Negan’s past due for a check-up,” Carson guessed as he started pulling out the items he would need.

Rick waited until Michonne and Aaron were settled against the wall and the door was closed.

“Actually, my Omega’s pregnant.”

Carson automatically stopped and faced him with a mixture of surprise and awe. He turned his attention to Negan who wouldn’t meet his eyes.

“Well, congratulations,” he said as he walked over to shake Rick’s hand again. A smile crept onto Rick’s face at being congratulated. “This is great. I’m sorry I don’t have any cigars to break out.”

“I think I’d prefer an ultrasound. Make sure everything’s alright.”

“Well do.”

Rick motioned for Negan to get into place on the patient’s chair which he did, reluctantly. As Carson was setting up and moving the machine in place, Rick walked over to Michonne.

“See if you can find Maggie. Let her know about the pregnancy. I don’t want her left in the dark.”
Michonne tossed a distrustful look at Negan.

“Are you sure?”

“I’ve got a hold on him. Plus Aaron’s here. He won’t do anything stupid.”

She nodded and headed out to find their old pack member. Rick secured his grip on the chain as he took his place by Negan’s side.

“Alright, let’s see what we got,” Carson said as he lifted up the end of Negan’s shirt.

“A hell of a problem, that’s what we got,” Negan snapped bitterly, earning a harsh squeeze on the back of his neck from Rick.

“I would’ve come sooner, but with the Saviors around, I need to be careful,” said Rick.

“No, I understand.” He squeezed a dab of the lubricating gel onto Negan’s stomach. He twitched at the cold feeling. “Sorry about that. Yeah like I was saying, the Saviors haven’t made it easy for us either. I dread the day we’ll run out of goods for them.”

Rick rested a comforting hand on his shoulder and looked him in the eyes.

“This won’t go on forever. I promise. I’m going to do something about them.”

Negan gave a little huff and twisted with discomfort as Carson looked back at Rick with gratitude shining in his eyes.

“Alright, let’s take a look.”

Carson pulled the monitor closer, then reached for the probe. Negan tensed as he rested it on his stomach and began to move it around.

“You will give me a heads up when this damn thing gets ready to fry me,” asked Negan.

“I guarantee you it won’t hurt at all,” Carson answered.

He turned his eyes to the monitor which brought Negan’s womb to life onscreen. Rick was momentarily brought to the moment he’d stood next to Lori as they saw their pup for the first time. He blinked away the sudden moisture in the corners of his eyes and partially wished that Carl was with him for this moment. Though he had wanted Daryl to join him, Rick also carried the desire to experience this moment alone without any guards. Considering Negan’s past escape, it wasn’t possible to take a chance without them.

He looked over at Aaron who was also watching the monitor. When he met Rick’s eyes, he smiled.

“There we are,” said Carson.

In the mist of black and white, there were two distinctly shaped blobs. Rick wasn’t focused on why that was; all that mattered was that he was seeing his pup on the screen. Right away, strong feelings of love seemed to spread throughout his being.

“Give it to me straight doc,” Negan began in a forced joking manner. “How bad is it?”

Negan was frowning at the screen, clearly unable to make out what he was seeing properly. Carson turned to him, then looked up at Rick with a wide smile.
“It looks like I’ll have to congratulate you again, because you’re having twins!”

Pure silence hit the room.

Chapter End Notes

Negan’s having multiples! Rick definitely impregnated him well :D I always planned for him to. I also considered triples which occurred in the Avengers a/o/b fic that inspires some of the happenings in this fic, but I didn’t want to overwhelm them too much, lol.

As for Rick ever being softer or comforting to Negan. There’s many factors that keep Rick from that behavior. Negan running away greatly affected Rick’s treatment of him; partial guilt from going so far with a murderer; The Saviors continuing to uphold Negan’s law of enslaving Rick’s pack; Negan threatening and saying hurtful things about the pup (in this case pups) doesn’t help. But two main issues still remains. Unless Negan expresses any genuine remorse for the pain he caused, and until Rick is ready to heal from that trauma, I don’t see Rick tossing him much comfort unless it’s for the sake of the pups.
Chapter 40

Chapter Summary

Rick faces the reaction of the twins from a few, including from a pack member who resurfaces.

Chapter Notes

Ok, back to updating, hopefully as often as I've been doing so far. I've a couple of other writing projects and things that I'm sharing my time with.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“What the hell do you mean we’re having twins!”

Rick didn’t fault Negan on the outburst. He was just as surprised as his Omega, but his feelings didn’t change.

“Well it generally means you’re having two pups,” Dr. Carson said as he tapped on the monitor that clearly displayed it. Negan mustered up his strongest glare, to which Carson threw up his hands as if to surrender. “I had nothing to do with it. I swear.”

He broke into a cheeky grin which made Negan all the more annoyed.

“This is…I mean, is really something,” Rick rambled. He suddenly shifted back and forth on his feet as if unsure of what to do with himself. “Thank you doctor…I really, can’t thank you enough.”

“Don’t thank me, it was all you Rick.” He turned to the monitor again.

“That’s right,” Negan growled as he shifted his attention to Rick. “You and your damn rut! One goddamn pup was bad enough-”

Rick eased him into silence with a hand on his gland.

“Stop,” he warned quietly, yet seriously. Negan was clearly eager to say more but relented with a shake of the head.

Rick turned a blind eye to Negan’s clear hatred of the matter since his heart was currently pounding with excitement. Twins were definitely not what he was expecting, but it made the news greater. Sure it meant more work and more supplies, but he was up to the task. As for most Alphas, it was always happier news to hear that their Omegas were have something of a litter of pups, and Rick could definitely hear an inner roar of approval.

He turned to Aaron with a big smile and saw him returning it.

“Congratulations.”
“Thanks,” Rick said with a slightly bowed head. He felt his cheeks grow a little warmer.

“I’m assuming that means you’ll definitely be calling me and Eric over to babysit?” he asked hopefully.

He nodded, then looked down at a seething Negan.

“First I’ll have to introduce my Omega to mothering.”

Negan started to ball his fingers into a fists while doing his best to control his breathing.

“Oh those instinct will certainly kick in the further along he gets,” said Carson. “Especially after the birth.”

“Fuck you,” Negan cursed as he looked between the two. “Fuck both of you.”

Just then, Michonne entered the trailer. Her face didn’t express how well things went when it came to breaking the news to Maggie.

“Everything go alright?” Rick asked her.

She didn’t nod right away, which expressed that Maggie was naturally struggling with the pregnancy news much like his own community.

“She’s more shocked than anything, but I think when it wears down she’ll be alright. She’s expecting herself so she should understand.” Michonne tossed her gaze to the screen. “How’s everything here?”

There was no fighting the wide smile that slipped onto his face again.

“I’m having twins.”

Her eyes widened and her mouth dropped before forming a smile.

“Rick…”

“I know, twice the trouble,” he said with a laugh.

“You won’t be alone in it. You’ll have me.”

“And Eric and I,” Aaron reminded him. “If they’re screaming their heads off, they can do it at our place on occasion.”

The warmth he was already feeling, increased. But when Rick looked down at Negan, he was reminded of the difficulty of having an extra pup, particularly with an Omega that had a problem with it. He was reminded of Carl’s intense feelings on the subject as well as the pack’s. He turned to the sight of the womb displaying the two blobs as Judith came to mind. He knew now wasn’t the time to think of such a tragedy, but he couldn’t hold it at bay.

“You know, it’s hard to keep a pup alive in this world. I…I failed to the first time.”

At a second mention of Judith, Negan turned a curious brow at him, but Rick wasn’t meeting his eyes. Carson stood and rested a hand on one of his shoulders, just as Aaron did to the other.

“That won’t happen. Not again,” Michonne said with much assurance in her tone.
“She’s right,” Aaron agreed. “This is the priority now. You’re going to have two beautiful pups. This is something to celebrate.”

“Exactly,” Carson added. He returned to his seat and turned to the monitor. “Now, how about I go over just how healthy your future sons or daughters, or son and daughter are.”

While eyes were locked onto the screen as they listened to Carson, Negan let his attention wander around the trailer, desiring to snatch up a possible means to ending their joy.

The checkup ended well with a clean bill of health for the pups. Every now and then Rick glanced down at the sonogram he held in his left hand as he led Negan forward on the chain with his right.

“This isn’t fucking fair,” Negan grumbled. He stared into Rick’s back. “From what I’ve gathered lately, you only lost one pup. How the hell does two make up for one?”

“Shut-up,” Michonne ordered.

“Don’t pay him any mind Michonne,” Rick informed her without turning around. “He’s upset now, but that’ll change.”

“No, it won’t,” Negan argued. “How many goddamn ways do I have to explain I don’t want this? That I don’t give a shit about this!”

Rick turned on a dime, facing his Omega with narrowed eyes. Negan backed away and averted his gaze. He was strongly compelled to drop to his knees.

“And how many times do I have to remind you, you aren’t in charge of things anymore,” he stated aggressively.

Negan gave a slight whine and bowed his head.

“Hey!”

They all looked around to see Maggie approaching. Rick tensed and prepared himself for the backlash, but the thing was she didn’t look too angry.

“Maggie, it’s been a while,” Rick greeted.

“It has.” Her voice was even and her eyes sharp and full of emotion. The guilt in Rick was starting to rise.

Before he could say anything else, her eyes dropped down to the picture in his hand. Wordlessly she took it and brought it up to her eyes.

“Twins,” she muttered quietly. She almost sounded in awe.

“Yeah, I was surprised myself,” Rick said, tentatively.

They all seemed to wait for a stronger reaction, including Negan who shot her curious glances. Slowly she rubbed a finger softly over the image as her face softened.

“Reminds me of when Glenn and I, first saw our pup.”

Rick looked at Negan who didn’t appear to know how to react to her words in another way except to
not look at her.

“I know it probably offends you,” Rick started. Maggie didn’t look away from the image. “I wanted to care for pups again. But I promise you, I haven’t once forgotten what Negan’s done.”

She looked at him then, before shooting a quick shot at Negan.

“He’s your Omega Rick. On top of that it’s your choice.” Her hand absentmindedly dropped down to her belly which protruded only slightly. “I won’t pretend that it doesn’t bother me, a little. But, it’s not like I can blame the pups on who their mother is.”

Negan gave an audible huff and muttered something under his breath. Rick dropped his hands on her shoulders as he looked her square in the eyes.

“They’re gonna be raised right,” he promised.

“I know they will,” she said. There was something of a faint smile playing on her lips. “I trust you.”

She handed him back the sonogram.

“I’ll be back to visit when I can. Or, you can always come back to us.”

Maggie stiffened as she looked at Negan again.

“I can’t. Not just yet.”

“I get it.” Despite the disappointed feeling, Rick pulled her in for a hug. “Take care of yourself.”

“You do the same.”

Rick turned and led the group back to the car.

As Negan sat between his guards, his eyes fell downward. He moved his hand as if to touch his stomach but caught himself and glanced up into the rear-view mirror. Rick happened to be looking back at him through it at that moment. Scowling, Negan dropped his hand and looked away.

“You want to see it?” Rick asked in reference to the sonogram.

“What’s to see?” he asked bitterly. “There ain’t shit worth looking at right now.”

Though he had gotten his fill from the screen, there was a tiny part of him that wanted to sneak a peek at the picture again. At the same time, he was repulsed by viewing an actual image of what resulted in his union with Rick. Regardless, it was still surreal to go from a powerful man that had a potential enemy crying on his knees to becoming the bitch carrying said enemy’s pups. He turned his gaze downwards again, wondering if this was truly the universe’s way of punishing him.

Negan wasn’t sure if Rick had bothered to spread the news to the rest of the pack. After they returned, Rick kept a close eye on him as he fulfilled his chores. When he was returned to his cell, Rick didn’t say a word to him despite Negan’s prodding.

He hoped he wouldn’t share it. The pack’s eyes would only follow him more closely as they awaited quite the swelled belly. He glared at the guards outside the cell who never stopped watching him. He was a sideshow now; an Omega mommy-to-be instead of a once respectable person.
The anger was starting to build, and with no Rick to direct it to, he threw his blankets against the bars.

“Goddamn it!”

Three days later, Negan was quietly dusting the tables in the living room as far as his leash would allow. Rick stood nearby watching for a moment, before turning the corner headed for the bathroom. Negan didn’t stir when he noticed him leaving out of the corner of his eye. By now, Rick had become comfortable enough to leave him on his own for a short period of time provided that he was chained. The area was devoid of anything he could use to harm the pups or anyone, which made Negan feel all the more trapped.

Just then the front door opened. Negan tensed, not liking the idea of a pack member barging in when his Alpha wasn’t present. To his surprise it turned out to be Carl who stopped in his tracks at the sight of him. Negan broke into a grin.

“Well if it isn’t Rick’s long lost pup come back from the dead. I’m surprised you remember this place.”

Carl glared and looked around.

“Where’s my dad?”

“Taking a shit as far as I know.” He paused in his dusting and looked him up and down. “I haven’t seen you in ages kid. Just what the hell are you doing here? Didn’t you move out?”

“That’s none of your business,” Carl spat.

He made to go past him, heading for his room.

“It’s the pup thing right,” Negan assumed as he turned to the coffee table. Carl paused and looked back at him. “I don’t blame you kid. I ain’t exactly fucking thrilled about it either. I don’t suppose daddy told you I’m doubling up on them.” At Carl’s questioning look, Negan elaborated. “Fucking twins.”

His eyes widened, which told Negan that Rick hadn’t spread the news; at least not to his own pup. Negan grimaced and dropped his head as his stomach turned.

“Yeah, fucking sad as shit. One was bad enough.” A small smile returned to his face as he looked at Carl again. “But at least I found another on my side, so maybe you can get your dad to see the mistake he’s made, or better yet, pass me something to fix this problem.”

Carl said nothing at first. Instead he dropped his eyes down to his belly. He could see that it wasn’t as flat as it used to be. Ever since he learned of the pregnancy, Carl had preferred to keep Negan from his sights, which was why he found the noticeable changes to his body curious.

“You’re sick if you think I’m gonna help you…kill them. That problem’s between you and my dad,” he informed him. “Dad wanted them.”

“What about you? These things will be your siblings. And when Rick can’t take it, who do you think he’s gonna call for a damn diaper change?”

“It’s your job to do those things,” Carl growled. “You’re his Omega.”
Negan glared and mustered up his best growl, though it still amounted to nothing since he wasn’t an Alpha.

“Not the way I see it.”

Carl huffed and proceeded to his destination again.

“Who’s Judith?” Negan suddenly asked.

Carl’s hand, which had landed on the post of the stairs, trembled. Negan gazed at him even though he was facing his back.

“She was Rick’s pup right?” Carl didn’t respond, nor did he turn around. “I remember he brought up the name at the church, when he first told them what he did to me. Your people seemed to know but he wouldn’t tell me shit. What happened to her?”

Carl’s fingers tightened on the post before he stepped away and confronted him.

“Don’t ever mention her! She doesn’t have anything to do with you.”

Negan gave a soft chuckle.

“Well pardon me for disagreeing. I think it has plenty to do with me since I’m the one carrying Rick’s replacement children.”

The young potential Alpha balled his fingers into fists and squared his shoulders.

“They aren’t replacements! Judith can’t be replaced. She was my sister damn it! How could she ever be replaced!”

There was no smile on Negan’s face now. Not when he could see the clear sorrow and anger swirling in the kid’s eye. He could even see a slight tremble to his lips. Just like before when he had teased Carl about his missing eye, Negan sensed that he’d pushed too far.

“What happened?” he asked quietly without an ounce of sarcasm in his tone.

Carl just glared at him as he worked to compose himself.

Around the corner, unbeknownst to both, Rick had come to a stop after leaving the bathroom. He had heard Carl’s raised voice and was eager to knock Negan back into his place for upsetting his boy. After things had gone quiet, he peeked around the wall. Carl’s back was facing him, so he was only able to get a view of the solemn expression on Negan’s face as he awaited the answer. Rick didn’t like the idea of Carl having to explain just to satisfy his Omega’s curiosity, but there was something about it that made Rick hold off from interrupting.

“She was, killed,” Carl began slowly. He stared Negan right in the eyes as if daring him to make some kind of inappropriate comment. “It was this asshole Alpha’s fault. His pack called him the Governor. We fought him after he took our people and tried to kill us, but he got away before my dad could kill him. Then he came back with a new group. We lost part of our pack because of him. We lost Judith.”

Carl hadn’t realized he had settled down on the couch, face drawn up as he went back to the scene.

“It was a damn battle. Things blowing up, everyone shooting…walkers everywhere. I found my dad, then we found…her empty carrier. There was nothing but, blood in the seat. Walkers were…”
“everywhere.”

Negan felt something twist sharply in his chest.

“Jesus,” he muttered, head bowed.

Rick shut his eyes and leaned his head back against the wall as he too went back to the scene. He’d never been able to get his son to discuss the events that took his pup, not even recently. He’d been too afraid to even push, especially when he didn’t want to revisit the past himself. And now, somehow, Negan had gotten it out of him. Negan had gotten him to face it.

“Goddamn it kid.” Negan’s face was a mask of pity. “I am truly sorry.”

Carl shot him a watery glare. Negan raised his hands in surrender.

“I mean it kid. Losing a pup, and the way you lost her…I wouldn’t have wished that on any pup no matter how old, even back when I was an Alpha. That’s a fucked up way to go for a little girl. Pups are the future afterall.”

“What about yours?” he asked angrily. “You don’t want the future you’re carrying.”

Negan froze and glanced downward again before giving a sigh.

“Not when it’s coming from Rick the prick I don’t, or any man for that matter,” he said as he sat on the couch next to him. “I used to. When I had my Omega, before the world went to shit, I tried to have a pup with my Lucille, but I couldn’t.”

His brows furrowed as he thought of her. “I couldn’t with any Omega. I let it go to the point where I didn’t want them. Trying to care for them in this world seemed like a pretty stupid thing to do, so I didn’t let my damn pack make the mistake.”

“So it was a mistake my mom got pregnant?” Carl questioned offensively as he sniffled, much to his own annoyance.

Negan considered the question thoughtfully before answering.

“Your daddy strikes me as the type that thrives on big damn families. I don’t know about your mom, but if I were you I’d chalk that pain up to that goddamn Governor of yours. If Rick let him get away after the shitstorm he brought-”

“He didn’t get away. He’s dead,” Carl responded robotically.

“Good.”

Carl wiped a tear and stood. He stared back at Negan, appearing a little befuddled.

“I shouldn’t have told you.”

“I’m glad you did,” said Negan softly. “Helps me understand Rick more, and you on top of that. I think it’s clear he likes making pups. Adding onto the future. It’s the kind of shit an Alpha’s supposed to do. Or maybe it’s because he had you first. After getting a bad-ass like you, I almost don’t blame him for trying to get another.”

Carl looked at him, taken aback. A minute later he turned his attention to his feet, thinking. Negan stood and glanced down at him until Carl met his eyes again.
“I bet Judith was goddamn adorable.”

Carl didn’t know what to say. All he knew was that he was having trouble looking at Negan any longer.

“Carl?” He turned as Rick finally rounded the corner. He wanted to wipe the tear tracks from his cheeks. “Everything alright in here?”

“Everything’s just peaches,” said Negan. He averted his eyes when Rick narrowed his own.

“Yeah,” Carl answered when he stopped in front of him. “I uh, I came to get a few things from my room.”

“Oh.” Rick hoped the disappointment didn’t show.

“Negan, said you’re having twins.”

A quick smile appeared on Rick’s face, before it evened out.

“Yeah, twice the trouble.”

“I guess that means my room’s not mine anymore?” There was slight humor to his tone. “They can have it, the pups I mean.”

Rick felt a glimmer of pride at his son’s offer to give up his room to his future siblings.

“No, you’re room will always be here, whenever you’re ready to come back.”

There was a contemplative look to him now as he looked back at his father. He shifted his eyes to Negan again, then dropped his head.

“Maybe I can, come back now,” he guessed. “At least for dinner, if you don’t mind.”

Rick wanted to hug him right there. Not wanting to overdo it, he broke into a smile and ran a hand lovingly over his head.

“Of course I don’t mind. Nothing would make me happier.”

Carl didn’t fight the smile that flashed on his face.

“Okay. I’m gonna go, tell Michonne.”

Rick watched him as he crossed the room and headed out the door. His chest expanded almost uncomfortably.

“How about that prick? I did what you couldn’t,” Negan said cheekily. “I deserve a fucking week off, or two, for bringing the fucking family together.”

Rick paid him no mind as all he could think about was the prospect of having his son return home.

Chapter End Notes

Seems Carl is ready to be on board with the pregnancy :D He was always going to
come back. Originally I imagined a scene where Carl decided to return after meeting the twins in the nursery. Carl and Negan have an odd relationship in the show and comics, so I liked addressing it earlier by having Negan cause him to return (though it wasn't his reason for talking to him), and in turn Negan finally learned about Judith. Rick's family got a little bigger :)

Chapter 41

Chapter Summary

Preparations and developments continue, while Rick decides to address a major issue for the pack.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Rick ran his fingers over the white wood of the crib. Immediately it made him think of home, back when the world was right, where there had been such a crib for Carl. It even made him briefly think of Lori.

“Think it’ll be big enough?”

He turned to the Alexandrian couple behind him and smiled.

“I think it’ll do just fine,” he answered to the man.

“Didn’t you say he was having, twins?” his wife asked.

“Honey it’s not like he can run to the nearest baby department. As dangerous as it is out there, we got to make do with what we have.”

“I couldn’t agree more,” Rick agreed as he gazed at the structure with much fondness.

“Besides that, it’s not doing us any good sitting up here collecting dust.”

“I appreciate it.”

It was definitely a good feeling to start laying down the preparations, but an even better feeling came from his son’s return. It hadn’t exactly been a smooth dinner his first night back, but at the same time it hadn’t been terrible. It had been mostly quiet and a little awkward, yet it was a start. Rick was more than happy to feed off of the strong positive energy it gave him. He looked over in the corner of the room where Negan stood with his arms folded over his chest, and a clear frown on his face. If it weren’t for the fact that Rick was holding onto the end of his chain, he was sure Negan would flee the room.

“Your damn mattress is good enough for your goddamn pups,” he spat.

With narrowed eyes, Rick made a sharp gesture at the crib which was enough to get the Omega to shuffle up to it and set to work on taking it apart. The couple took a step back from the scene and watched Negan, looking wary.

“Got names picked out for them?” the wife asked as a way to distract herself from Negan’s presence.

Rick just shook his head. He supposed now was the proper time to get a list going. He wondered if he’d be able to get Carl’s input on it being that he’d named his daughter.
When it was close to an hour, Negan had the crib in transportable pieces. Wordlessly, Rick was able to direct Negan to carry sections of the bars since they were light enough for his weakened state. Negan grabbed them while Rick grabbed one of the headboards since he still had to hold onto his chain. The couple grabbed what was left and together they left the room, heading for Rick’s house.

Negan didn’t want to look at passerby as he moved, but he couldn’t help glancing up every now and then. It was just as embarrassing to be in possession of the object symbolizing pregnancy as it was to walk without it. He just wanted to hurry up and be out of their line of sight, but of course Rick kept a steady pace.

Once home, Rick turned to the couple.

“Leave the rest on the floor. My Omega will take it from here.”

They gave a nod and laid their pieces near the stairs before departing.

“How fucking polite of you not to ask me to help by the way.”

Rick ignored him as he led him up the stairs. It was a slow climb as Negan adjusted his hold on the bars, already feeling tired from carrying them.

“I shouldn’t be doing this damn it,” he groaned. “I’m pregnant.”

“You’re not so pregnant you can’t still do your part to help,” Rick replied back while readjusting his grip on the headboard.

Once in the nursery, Negan was strongly tempted to just flat out drop his pieces instead of gently resting them against a wall. Rick set the headboard aside then faced Negan and unclipped the chain.

“Fetch the bedding,” he ordered.

“Yes Alpha,” he said with a sigh.

Rick followed him down to fetch the other headboard.

“Why the hell isn’t Carl here to help?” Negan grumbled. “I thought he was part of the family.”

“I wouldn’t consider you part of the family,” Rick answered in return.

“That’s right,” Negan said with a laugh. “I forgot, you just want me for my gorgeous body.”

A rumbling growl of warning started in his throat, and Negan dropped his sly grin.

When all the pieces were in the nursery, Rick oversaw Negan’s chore of reassembling the thing. He allowed him to grumble his frustrations as he found points where he couldn’t easily hammer certain parts together. Rick let his eyes wander away as he imagined the end result of the room, where the walls were painted with animals, where a rocker sat in the center next to a box of baby toys, where a changing table was set up next to a dresser full of pup supplies. It was a little saddening to think that there would only be so much he could achieve for his pups.

“Not that I give a shit, but if you’re looking for names, I got it.”

He looked back at Negan who was grinning up at him. Rick already knew what name was circling his head and laughed at the absurd idea.
“I’m not naming them Negan. Period.”

Negan appeared to pout.

“So you think he’ll ever care about them?”

Rick looked across the table at Carl, who was going for another spoonful of the soup they were having for dinner. He sighed and leaned back.

“I think it’d be troubling if he didn’t end up caring,” he admitted. “It would leave me as a single parent, guarding and caring for them at all times with no breaks. Then again, I have you and others that can help, so I won’t have to worry about doing this alone.”

“Well, I never took care of Judith that much,” Carl started, sounding almost ashamed.

Rick was pleased that Carl was at least a little calmer about the matter of his sister now. “Mom did most of it, so I wouldn’t know what to do.”

“Well I can show you,” Rick promised. “There may be times when I’m not here, and I can’t imagine feeling comfortable leaving Negan alone with them.”

Carl gave a shrug.

“Negan’s a lot of things, but I can’t imagine he’d…hurt them.”

Carl dropped his eyes, and Rick could tell they were both thinking the same thing; that the statement wasn’t exactly true. His son was definitely recalling the moment when Negan had asked him for something to abort the twins. Despite what Negan had said about not wanting pups hurt, Rick couldn’t be sure if there was any truth in it. As rare as it was, there had been Omegas who had gotten rid of their own pups. It was more common, however, to hear about an Alpha doing such a thing when pup murders came up. Negan had been an Alpha, and an extreme one at that, and regardless of the man’s change he knew a bit of that nature still lied within the man. Negan hated him, and Rick feared he might be willing to go that far after they were born just to destroy him.

“How about baby names?” Rick asked, wanting to divert from the dark subject matter. “Got any in mind?”

Enough time passed to the point where Negan noticed his "C" cup breasts transforming into "Ds". The fullness of them couldn’t be missed, especially as Negan couldn’t escape the new feeling of having a little weight on his chest. Besides that, they were all the more tender.

“Goddamn Rick.”

When he sat alone in his cell, there was at least an hour where he’d be sitting there staring at them. He was certain they were growing at a faster rate now, and he dreaded the moment when they’d fill with milk. There were minor aches in his hips as they started to widen for a male Omega, ensuring the pups would have enough room to grow and vacate the premises. He feared the idea of taking on an hourglass shape, especially knowing his hips would never return to the way they were.

When it was bath time, he often ran his fingers along his arms and noticed the growing softness. There was no need for muscles being that he was an Omega, but that was especially so with his pregnancy.
Morning sickness made itself known every now and then. The only time he’d felt satisfaction from it was when he had spilled his lunch all over Rick’s shoes. The downside, of course, was that he was forced to clean them.

Naturally the stares never stopped, and they only increased in number as he made it to his fourth month where his belly was beginning to take on a beach ball shape. When no one was looking, he let his fingers brush over the mound. His stomach would still turn at the sight, but much to his own annoyance he did find it slightly intriguing. Usually when he harbored such an emotion, he’d remind himself that he’d been an Alpha and that this wasn’t normal at all. He had to remind himself that his body was being destroyed before his very eyes, and there wasn’t anything he could do about it unless he was really lucky.

Negan set his attention on the task ahead, which was currently cleaning the outside windows of Michonne’s house while Michonne herself watched over him. He glanced across the field and noticed his Alpha speaking with Aaron a short distance away. It made him wonder if something was suddenly going on, or if they were simply having a laugh about him. He shook his head at the paranoia that was threatening to rise. Then he smiled when he felt a familiar set of eyes on him, and turned to his left to see Carl off to the side. Ever since Carl had resurfaced in Rick’s life, Negan had noticed the curious looks he’d give him on the few occasions they were around each other, which wasn’t often since Rick didn’t approve.

“Guess I’m gonna have to refrain from labeling you a little serial killer, since you’re committing to the role of pervert.”

Carl scrunched up his nose in offense, then tossed a wary look at Michonne. So far she seemed fine with the distance he had put between himself and Negan.

“Asshole,” Carl said in return, making Negan chuckle.

“Nothing to be embarrassed about, since every damn person’s doing the same thing.” He nodded at a random Alexandrian off in the distance who was clearly giving him the once over, and appearing quite aroused. Negan stooped down to dip his rag in the bucket of solution and moved to the next window. “A man growing tits and a big damn belly, it’s one hell of a sight, especially to a curious pup.”

He looked at Carl again and caught him staring at his protrusions. Carl took an awkward step back and averted his eyes.

“Scared?”

“Of what?” Carl demanded.

Negan sighed and dropped his head.

“Of looking like me.” Carl raised his brow as Negan shot him a toothy grin. “You become an Omega and get attached to an Alpha that wants to fuck you senseless, what I have here could be yours.”

He gestured to his own bodily changes, to which Carl frowned as his cheeks reddened.

“I’m presenting as an Alpha, so it’s not gonna happen to me.”

“Could happen to the Omega you decide to screw,” Negan challenged.
“She’s not a dude,” Carl blurted. Upon Negan’s look, Carl dropped his eyes.

“Oh, so you already got someone. Well pardon fucking me.” He stooped down to the bucket again as if to dip his rag, but instead focused on Carl. “Word of advice. You end up presenting as an Alpha, don’t take a page from Rick’s book on how to treat Omegas. You need a lesson, come talk to me.”

“You’re not an Alpha,” Carl replied, a devious smile playing on his face. “I can’t learn anything from you.”

“You’d be surprised,” Negan said in an even tone. He straightened up and tossed his gaze over at Rick who was still talking to Aaron, but was now joined by Tobin and Daryl. “What the hell do you think’s going on over there? Why don’t you run over and find out for me.”

Carl followed his gaze, but turned his attention to Michonne afterwards.

“I think I’d rather let you get back to work,” he said, before wandering away. “By the way, you missed a spot.”

Negan groaned and threw the rag into the bucket forcefully.

“Smart-ass pup.”

By this point, the nursery had a table covered with plastic that would have to do for a changing table, and a dresser. On the floor were several boxes containing the various pup supplies that search groups managed to collect. Sorting them out was a very disgruntled Negan who sat in the center of the floor.

Rick observed him from the doorway while also watching some of his people delivering more boxes of supplies and random pieces of furniture as they moved up and down the stairs.

“Last one,” said Aaron as he made his way back up, carrying a box. “And it’s the best one of all.”

He stopped so Rick could take a peek and see three boxes of diapers.

“It was all I could find. I know with twins you’ll probably go through these quickly.”

“We’ll find a way,” said Rick positively. “If anything, Negan can learn to make diapers from sheets.”

Negan gave a low grumble of irritation at hearing the remark, but busied himself with dividing up the clothes by gender.

“It’d be easier to focus on the pups if we didn’t also have to find supplies for the Saviors,” Aaron whispered.

Rick bared his teeth and growled at the thought of them as he settled his eyes on his Omega.

“We’ll be ready to solve that problem, as soon as I’m sure the others can make it,” said Rick. “I don’t want to take chances without them. And speaking of chances, I really appreciate you going out there.”

Aaron smiled and bowed his head.

“I’m happy to do it.”

Aaron stepped into the nursery and dropped the last box beside Negan.
“I think you’ll be relieved to see this.”

Negan peeked into the box he’d brought then sneered at him.

“How the hell can I be relieved when I still have to wipe a pup’s ass?”

“I’m sure you won’t mind after a while,” Aaron replied with a smirk. He gave a nod to Rick before leaving the two alone.

“Bastard. All of them,” Negan muttered. “If the pack’s so intent on helping, why don’t they handle this much?”

“Like I said before,” Rick started. He paused to shut the door. “You’re the Omega, and it’s time you focused on pup care.”

Negan huffed as he pulled a stuffed elephant out of one box. He squeezed it harshly before throwing it against the window.

“None of this is gonna mean shit to me. I’m not changing Rick.”

Rick walked up to him and observed him with a curiously serious expression. Negan shrank in on himself, certain he was about to get struck.

“Present,” he ordered.

Negan was clearly taken aback.

“Really Rick, in the damn nursery?”

Rather than respond, Rick reached into his pocket and pulled out the Omega oil.

“Just your shirt. Present.”

Reluctantly, Negan grabbed the end of his shirt and lifted it over his head. Ever since his developments had become more pronounced, he’d taken a step backwards in the comfort level of his own nudity. Soon enough, his rounded stomach was on clear display as were his shapely breasts. Negan threw his shirt down and folded his arms over his chest, looking pissed.

“On your knees. Raise your arms.”

Negan didn’t meet his eyes as he dropped and spread his limbs. Rick let his eyes linger on him a bit longer before he walked over to rub the oil along his arms. It wasn’t long before Negan’s eyes were fluttering closed. Rick worked it into his shoulder blades, pulling a sigh from the Omega as he relaxed further.

“Got something to ask you,” Rick said as he began to move his slick fingers down his back, making gentle circles in the skin. “And I expect an honest answer.”

“Hope it’s about…what I want for dinner,” he muttered.

“It’s about the Saviors.”

Negan tensed as his eyes flew open. Rick paid it no mind as he moved around to the front and dropped to his own knees so he could better work the oil in the sides of his torso.

“What about them?” he asked cautiously.
“Since you’re not around to lead them, who do you think is?”

It was clearly not a question he expected. His expression shifted into a look of offense.

“How the hell should I know?”

“They’re your people,” Rick stated.

At that, Negan dropped his eyes miserably.

“They were,” he said in a defeated tone.

Rick felt pleased at such an acknowledgement. He set the oil bottle aside, then rested his eyes on his full breasts. He reached out and cupped both in the palms of both hands. Negan whimpered and made a move to pull away, but Rick growled to keep him in place.

“Please Alpha,” he begged, cheeks redder than ever. “They’re…they’re tender.”

Rick shot him a look, but said nothing as he slowly kneaded the oil gently into the large mounds of skin. It was a new sensation as Rick had previously avoided his breasts when it came to the oil. Much to Negan’s frustration, his eyes fluttered and little moans traveled up his throat. Little squeezes here and there sent a noticeable shiver down Negan’s spin, while his shoulders slumped as he started falling into the feel of it.

“Who’s your best guess?” Rick continued, as if unaware of the reaction Negan was having to him.

“Hmm?” His eyes were completely shut now.

“Who’s leading the Saviors?”

He opened his eyes and took interest in what his Alpha was doing to his breasts. The arousal he was feeling only heightened as he brushed over his nipples.

“I…fuck…I don’t, fucking know. Hopefully Simon. I trust him to take care of the pack.”

Rick wasn’t sure if he really believed it or if he simply didn’t want to project a list of possible suspects. Dwight had told them that someone called Lenny had taken over the pack, and between him and Negan, Rick had a stronger reason to trust Dwight.

“One more question. Can your pack be trusted to keep their word on a deal?” He slipped his hands downward. Negan made a noise of disappointment as Rick instead turned his attention to his belly.

“My pack has always been trustworthy.” Rick thought there was a hint of bitterness in his voice. “As long as you follow the rules, they won’t suddenly kill your people. A deal is, law to them.”

“I see.”

“Why do you, wanna know?”

He didn’t bother to answer as he worked his fingers in and around his belly in a manner that suggested he was inspecting its size, rather than working in the oil. He dropped his fingers and pressed a palm flat against it before rising to his feet.

“Get dressed. We’re done.”

Negan looked back at him, bewildered by what had just taken place.
The front gates opened as it always did whenever Simon and several of his men came around to collect their half. The only difference was that the Alexandrians hadn’t brought forth their offerings for pick up. Rick was making a beeline toward Simon, eyes narrowed and shoulders squared. He saw that Simon had noticed the absence of their half as he turned to argue with Tobin, who was standing in the currently empty deposit area.

“Are you ready for this?” Aaron asked Rick he and Michonne trailed along behind him.

“It’s time,” he stated boldly.

Simon turned upon seeing Rick marching his way, and opened his arms in a welcoming gesture.

“Rick, there you are,” he greeted with a huge grin. “I was beginning to worry I might have to shake things up due to the fact that I fail to see our half anywhere on the premises. I’m sure you have a good explanation for that.”

“I do,” Rick said in an even tone.

Simon gave a satisfied nod.

“That’s good to hear. Let me guess. Change of location, because it certainly can’t be anything else.”

The warning in his words were clear, but it didn’t faze Rick. He simply kept up his composure as he took a step closer.

“More like change of plans.”

The joy fell as Simon frowned and placed his hands against his hips.

“And just what change of plans are you talking?”

Rick looked over his shoulder at the few Saviors he brought.

“I have a special request.”

“I hope it’s not for time off. I don’t think you’ve earned that luxury just yet.”

“I’d like you to bring your boss here.”

The grin vanished. Simon’s eyes momentarily widened as he'd failed to hide his surprise fast enough.

“Oh? You starting to have a…problem with me?” he growled.

Rick just stared him down.

“Not at all.”

The man’s face worked furiously as he tried to get an angle on Rick.

“Then why, may I ask, do you need to concern yourself with the big guy? Negan’s a busy man who’s got no time to come down here and-”

“Let’s just cut to the chase Simon,” Rick interrupted. “I’m aware that Negan isn’t in charge of the Saviors anymore. Whoever that person is now, I’d like to meet with him here, a week from now. On
top of that, I strongly advise that he bring as many Saviors with him as he can.”

Simon’s brows raised so high they almost disappeared into his hair. A guttural growl sounded from the second in command and his eyes flashed.

“And just what makes you so knowledgeable about Negan? Who the hell says he’s not in charge anymore?”

Rick raised himself up with a puffed up chest.

“I have my sources, and I’ll be more than willing to explain once you fulfill my request. Kill me or any of my people, and you’ll never know the truth.”

Simon was downright pissed, but he appeared to be thinking it over. He glanced over at the empty deposit area.

“Alright Ricky dicky. I’m going to...accept that request, even though you’re dead wrong about Negan.” He moved in close until their noses were mere inches apart. “I’m going to do it, because you have been our top worker bees putting up a strong service, and because I can’t wait to hear what you have to say to the big man. Whatever you’ve got to say better be good, otherwise, it’s bound to get real messy around here.”

Simon turned to his men. “Turn it around boys. We got a special message to deliver.”

He took his leave through the gates, but not before scowling back at Rick.

Several Alexandrians came forward and watched as the Saviors drove off.

“How do you think it’ll go?” asked Michonne.

“Doesn’t matter,” said Rick. “We’ll be prepared. It’s time for me to announce my claim on Negan to the Saviors, and take the title of true Alpha to end this.”

Chapter End Notes

The nursery’s coming together. And now that his Omega's clearly showing, Rick’s ready to tackle one of the main events of the fic by announcing his claim. How will the Saviors react when they find out Rick has Negan? Will they accept the claim?
Chapter 42

Chapter Summary

Rick declares his claim to the Saviors

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It was a usual sunny day, much as it had always been. The only difference was the tension that was starting to cloud the atmosphere. Pack members moved about engaging in conversations or their normal tasks, but did so with an air of nervousness. Several couldn’t help tossing glances at the gate in anticipation.

Rick watched it all from the porch. Every now and then he checked his watch. Once he patted his holster where his Colt Python rested on his left hip.

“Should be here soon,” said Daryl who had his eyes on the gates.

“Yeah, but even if it doesn’t happen, we still have a good number on our side.”

He turned in the direction of a handful of new faces that had arrived from the Hilltop under Maggie’s lead. They carried with them the few guns they had, but most held spears. Maggie was currently conversing with a group of them before turning to make her way toward Rick.

“I’m having them spread out and cover any blind spots,” she informed him.

“I appreciate this,” Rick said with a nod. “Hopefully we won’t have to worry about trading gunfire.”

“They’re Saviors. I’m betting at least one of them will try something to start it off.”

“Damn right,” Daryl agreed. “Face it Rick. They’re not gonna like that you got Negan before they could.”

“Like it or not, they’ll have to accept it,” he replied, growling. “I’ll make them accept it if I have to.”

The sound of trotting horses nearing the gates alerted his attention. Two members near the entrance slid it open to reveal the Kingdom’s leader, King Ezekiel, marching forward with a large group of people behind him, several who were on horseback. Rick smiled and crossed the land to meet him. Though the king had originally refused to take part in the war, he was pleased he was swayed from the knowledge that the lead Savior was taken.

“If it isn’t a pleasure seeing you again Rick Grimes,” he greeted, smiling with a look of interest.

“Same to you. I see you didn’t bring the tiger.”

The king gave a light chuckle.

“I did not feel the need to have her partake in this matter. It would do for things to run as smoothly as possible without a symbol of fear present.”
Rick stepped aside as the Kingdom crowd made their way inside. Ezekiel gazed around with an expression of caution.

“Looks like we arrived on time,” he noted. “I feared we would be late.”

“It shouldn’t be long before they show up.” Rick took in Ezekiel’s people. Several of them were equipped with bows while the rest harbored guns at their sides. “I can’t thank you enough for coming. I know it puts you in a position you didn’t want to be in, but in the end I promise we’ll all benefit from this.”

“Precaution is a wise move Rick Grimes.” The way Ezekiel was looking back at him now, made him feel quite revered. “We can only hope they honor their deal, but if not, we are ready for them. Though I have not known you long, I feel that I can look to you as a true Alpha.”

Rick bowed his head and half smiled as the king clapped his shoulder.

“I think I prefer just Alpha, but if it’ll keep the Saviors away, I’ll take it. Make yourselves comfortable. Alexandria welcomes you.”

Ezekiel nodded and turned to address his own pack while Rick headed for the jail. He would admit to no one that the entire setup was slightly overwhelming, particularly with the idea of taking on such a large title. The title, of course, were just words. The power that they held depended on the Savior’s response, then again he knew they could carry more weight going forward. From this day on, the pack would be obliged to follow him more closely. He blanched at the idea of anyone, particularly an Alpha, viewing his ideas and actions on a level of perfection simply because he would be known as a true Alpha. Rick had never set much store in the title, and it hadn’t changed at this point. Still, it was something that had his chest puffing up and the Alpha side of him roaring in pride.

It was a surprise to wake up to the louder than normal sounds of the pack, but to view the huge gathering that was now taking place outside the window, filled Negan with a strong sense of anxiety. His wary eyes wandered from one person to another. Among them he recognized Maggie, and a man he thought was the leader of the Kingdom. On top of that, all the people they’d brought were strapped and ready.

“What the fuck,” he muttered. He turned to the two Beta guards in the room. “What the hell’s going on out there? Answer me for once damn it!”

Neither said anything, so his anxiety rose. He turned to the window again, watching as they conversed with one another. A few of them even pointed his way and he quickly ducked out of sight.

“Shit.”

He couldn’t imagine what was going on, but he knew it had something to do with him. Without realizing it, he let his hand fall over his belly as he theorized the possibility that he would be executed before an eager crowd. He couldn’t see how his Alpha would allow it when he’d wanted a pup so badly.

When Rick entered the room, Negan immediately back-pedaled to the corner of the wall.

“Rick, fuck…what the fuck is going on out there?”

“You’re about to find out.”
Negan glanced down to his hands where he was carrying a piece of white fabric in one and holding a bowl of cereal in the other. Rick set the bowl down, opened the cell, and tossed the fabric at his face.

“Put that on. I don’t want to hear any complaints about it.”

Negan unfolded what turned out to be a shirt, and one he was sure wouldn’t fit him well. Rick’s warning growls started to echo in the room, encouraging Negan to quickly pull off the shirt he was wearing.

“Remember the pups,” Negan tried as the uncomfortable fast beats of his hearts began. He glanced downward and noticed the gun on his hip. “You can’t just, kill me now.”

He pulled on the shirt with shaky fingers.

“Who said anything about killing you?” Rick said without an ounce of emotion.

Just as Negan had figured, the shirt wasn’t the right fit since the shortness of it exposed his rounded belly.

“This damn shirt’s too, short.”

With a smile, Rick sauntered up to him and laid a hand flat against it.

“It’s supposed to be.” Negan whimpered as Rick’s eyes became almost cold. “From now one that’s the style you’re wearing, so everyone can remember what you’re carrying for this pack.”

Negan tried pathetically to pull it down to hide the pregnancy, but it was useless. Already he was starting to tremble at the thought of all those eyes landing on his bulging flesh.

“Please Alpha,” he begged. “I can’t…I can’t have them see me like this. They already know I’m pregnant.”

Rick’s fingers snaked onto his gland, making him whine with pain.

“You will do as I tell you.”

The ferocity of the Alpha was coming off in strong waves that had Negan shuddering. Though Rick had quickly become a dominant force in his life, it didn’t seem to compare to how it was coming across today. Negan searched his eyes as best he could, hoping to find the answer for the sudden change.

“What’s, going on Alpha?” he asked tentatively. The guttural growls were replacing the ones of warning. “I’ll do whatever you want, just, tell me.”

The stare Rick was giving him was too much, so he turned away. Rick turned and picked up the cereal, then waited for Negan to take it.

“Finish that before I return.”

Negan clung to the bowl and looked out the window again.

Rick was back on the porch. Every now and then he checked his watch then looked around at the newcomers. They were all waiting patiently at assigned positions away from the gate. They had their
weapons ready, but not in a position that came across as threatening.

He paced back and forth, feeling slightly irritated.

As soon as the sound of cars reached his ears, Rick came to a stop. Several dark cars pulled up and parked in a nice line. He stepped off the porch just as Simon stepped out of the truck within view of the gate. From across the way, he shot him a smug look as he curled his lips into a smile. Rick could only imagine his reaction when he learned about Negan. Stepping out of the driver’s side was a rather large, light haired, rugged looking man whose red face was already plastered with a scowl. Immediately Rick assumed him to be Lenny, current lead Savior. He was unlike Negan who used to appear with a big grin and make a show of his arrival. This man appeared quite pissed at having to show up as he quietly stepped forward.

The rest of the Saviors gathered behind the assumed Lenny as he peered between the bars of the gate, shifting his blazing eyes from one person to the other.

“Which one of you fucks is Rick Grimes!” he demanded.

Heads turned as Rick moved forward and stopped halfway.

“Are you the leader of the Saviors now?” Rick asked, tone bolder than it had ever been before.

The man eyed him for a moment, before a small smile crept up.

“If you’re asking if I’m taking over for Negan for the time being, then you’d be right. Name’s Lenny, and Simon here tells me you have something important to say to me.” He turned to his right where Simon stood, looking pleased. “Something that pertains to the big guy Negan himself. But before we get into that, let me ask you something Rick. Are you looking for a war? Because I see an awful lot of people here, people with guns and shit, people that I don’t believe belong to your fucking pack!”

Rick remained as calm as ever.

“No, I’m not looking for a war. They’re just here for my protection. You do have a lot of Saviors with you.”

“Well that’s because you apparently asked me to bring a shitload of them. Or did Simon get it wrong?” He turned to his supposedly new right-hand man in question.

“I assure you I got it one hundred percent correct-o,” Simon assured him. “Ain’t that right Ricky boy?”

“He’s right,” Rick agreed. He shifted his eyes over familiar faces like Arat, Gary, and Laura, and a few others who gazed back at him intently. “I did want you to bring as many as you could, because what I have to say is about to change everything.”

Lenny just grinned.

“I find that hard to believe Rick. Look, I don’t know you, but what I’ve gotten so far was that you had gotten on board with the program here. What I want to know is why that suddenly changed? Now I sure as hell didn’t have to drag my ass all the way out here just to get you back in line. I almost didn’t. I almost told Simon to go back and put it right. Fuck whatever he has to say. Make that fucker produce goddamn it because it won’t change a damn thing for him.”

“It will change, I guarantee it,” Rick announced sharply. A small growl made itself known to the
watching Saviors. Lenny blinked and started scowling again.

“Will it?” Lenny teased. He cast his gaze at the watching pack behind Rick. “Do I have your guarantee that you won’t just start shooting up the place? I’m damn ready for that plan just so you know.”

“I give my word.”

Lenny pressed his face in closer against the bars.

“Well then spill it Ricky dear. What the hell do you have to say?”

“It’s not just what I have to say. It’s what I have to show.”

With that, Rick marched right back to the cell. Meanwhile, Simon started to pace as he glared back at the pack within.

“We should just cut them. Right now,” Simon spat. “They’re obviously up to something.”

Lenny waved a hand at him while keeping his attention on the people.

“Not now Simon. I gotta see what this son of a bitch wasted my time for. If it isn’t good, then we’ll kill a couple.”

Due to the placement of the entrance, Negan couldn’t get a good look at what had taken the pack’s attention. All he knew was that they looked too quiet and tense, and that in turn made him tenser. He jumped when Rick entered the jail and approached the door. Again, Negan stepped back into the corner. He had a bad feeling about what was about to take place.

“Rick, what the fuck!”

He was ignored as Rick marched right up to him and grabbed the back of his neck, squeezing hard. Negan slumped automatically and barely had a chance to catch his footing as Rick pulled him forward with the other hand gripping his arm. The two Beta guards followed behind them.

“Alpha…please…the hell…”

Negan tensed as Rick’s pack members and visitors turned to stare at him. No one jeered or laughed as he stumbled alongside his Alpha in the awkward grip. He looked among the faces trying to get a sense of what was going on with them, especially since he noticed their weaponry.

“Fuck…what the fuck is…”

He instantly went silent as his eyes landed on the gates where he could see a large number of his ex-pack staring back at him between the bars. Rick came to a stop in the same spot he’d had earlier when he addressed Lenny, then waited.

Not a sound was heard.

Negan wasn’t sure if he was breathing or not as something horrible shattered inside of him. The wide-eyed ex leader connected to the wide-eyed Saviors. A mouth or two dropped. A Savior shook his head in disbelief while another muttered inaudible curses under his breath. Simon for one, looked like a ghost. He was gripping the bars so tightly, Rick thought he might pop a vessel. Lenny was outright flabbergasted. His face twitched as if wanting to frown in anger, but apparently he was too
shocked to express that much.

“Goddamn,” Simon said quietly; the only person to say anything thus far. “Negan?”

The sound of his name had Negan tugging against Rick’s grip as the world caved in on him even more. His breathing became heavy and his legs were weak. He did not want to believe that they were actually there. He did not want to believe that his once proud, powerful pack, was seeing their leader in this pathetic state, owned by their enemy.

“Fuck…fuck…fucking no,” Negan rasped just as the shaking started up.

“Oh my god,” Lenny snapped. “The fuck. What the fuck! How the hell did you…how the fuck do you know about Negan?!”

Negan wanted to muster up a growl at the sight of the Alpha, but all he could feel was pure fear. Fear that wanted him to flee the scene. Rick held him too tightly for him to get away.

“I came across him in a building,” Rick stated. He would not give away Dwight. He looked at his Omega who was trying to turn away from the scene but couldn’t. “I was close enough to sense that he changed, but I had every intention of killing him. I should’ve, but I didn’t. I turned him into my Omega when I lost my chance to do it. And when the son of a bitch went into heat. I fulfilled the claim.”

Several of the Saviors burst into chatter while the rest stood like statues trying to process it.

“You just, happened to come across him!” Lenny cried. “Bullshit! You knew! TELL ME HOW YOU KNEW!”

“It doesn’t matter!” Rick argued.

“It does, to me! TELL ME!”

“HE’S MINE!”

Rick clamped his teeth down onto the gland. Negan cried out in pain as he sank to his knees. The silence was immediately back. Lenny took a step backward as if he just couldn’t accept what had just happened.

“You fuck!” Simon shouted angrily. “You can’t just…goddamn it, Negan.”

Rick growled viciously as he held onto the gland. Negan wavered a bit as he lowered his eyes. He would’ve taken death right there.

“Jesus…Jesus.”

Negan looked at Simon desperately as Rick released his teeth.

“I’m sorry Simon,” he apologized. The look of pity was too much for Negan to bare any longer. Simon had helped him escaped, and the only thing he managed to do was waste the opportunity and get owned.

“Holyshit, he’s fucking pregnant!” one of the Saviors cried.

“Goddamn, he’s got fucking tits!”

“Jesus you’re right!”
“So sick.”

His breathing was shallow as he stared down at the ground. The shame rolling off him was akin to the worst heatwave on earth, which worsened as some made sounds of disgust while a few hooted and whistled. Negan raised his eyes again to Simon before looking at others like Arat, and Regina, and even Gary. Their shock was decreasing a little to make room for pity and even rage.

“That’s right!” Rick cried. “My Omega’s pregnant, as you can see. There’s no going back on the claim now.”

“Alright Rick,” Lenny started slowly. “I didn’t think you’d have anything good to show, but clearly I was fucking wrong. You managed to capture our escaped Omega.”

Lenny’s flashing eyes zoned in on Negan who cringed. It was a clear sign they weren’t viewing him as their leader anymore; at least Lenny wasn’t.

“Pregnancy aside, what do you want in return?”

Rick squeezed Negan’s neck, making him whimper.

“I want recognition.”

“Recognition for what?”

“Recognition, as true Alpha!” Rick demanded.

The Saviors that hadn’t managed to tear their eyes away from Negan, did so to look at Rick. Lenny looked as though someone had slapped him.

“Not only did I know about Negan, but I also know about the deal. Whoever claims him becomes the true Alpha of the Saviors.”

Negan groaned and clenched his fingers in the dirt.

“You are not a damn Savior!” Lenny announced.

“The deal didn’t specify,” Rick countered. “It’s whoever claimed him.”

Lenny leaned away from the bars and fashioned a crooked smiled on his lips.

“You telling me you want to run our pack now? Cause that shit ain’t gonna happen. The pack’s mine! Negan was mine!”

“He’s mine now! I don’t want your damn pack!” Rick rose himself up tall. “As true Alpha, I reserve the right over all packs in this territory. I’m not taking Negan’s lead of controlling other Alphas. I am demolishing your rights over my pack, along with the Kingdom, and the Hilltop! Our services stops here!”

Cheers and applause from the Kingdom and Hilltop packs erupted all around. Some of the Saviors traded uncertain looks while Lenny just looked pissed.

“You sure you want to go down that road Ricky? For Negan?” Lenny threatened, growling. Several others joined in a chorus of growls behind him.

Rick dropped his eyes down to his quivering Omega.
“I do,” Rick assured him. “As an Alpha yourself, I’m sure you understand the importance of honoring such a deal. My Omega is claimed so it’s done. If you can’t accept that, then I’m afraid things will have to go south. If you want to be an honorable, decent Alpha, then you’ll acknowledge my claim and my order.”

Lenny became something of a tiger as he started to pace. His eyes were zeroing in on Negan again.

“The hell with that!” Simon suddenly shouted. “Doesn’t matter how you found out about the deal, it was among this pack! You’re no more a true Alpha than I am. Lenny?”

Lenny didn’t appear to be listening. He leaned against the bars again.

“I am an honorable Alpha Rick. An Alpha that doesn’t abide by the rules, is no Alpha in my eyes.” He dropped his gaze and grinned at Negan. “What do you say Omega? You think I should abide? I give you permission to answer your betters!”

Negan mustered up his best glare.

“Fuck you Lenny!” He was on the verge of snarling, as best as an Omega could. “You and the rest of those motherfuckers!” His eyes lingered on Simon momentarily. “After everything I did for you. You forgot who I am!”

“No,” Lenny disagreed. “I see what you are! A shitty little Omega that don’t know his place.” Negan stared at him as if stunned. Lenny just kept smiling. “Look what you’ve become. It’s pathetic. You were supposed to be our great Alpha. A true Alpha. Our goddamn savior of the Saviors! And here you are, claimed by this fucking runt of an Alpha, shitting yourself like a little bitch. This is what you were all along, and it took a damn cold one to bring it out of yah. Still got that mouth on you though. I’ll be happy to beat the living hell out of you to get you back in line!”

The fierce growl did nothing as he deflated to nothing. Negan glanced from one ex member to the other feeling absolutely worthless. None of them had said anything in his defense. Simon appeared to try, but in the end he turned away as a mix of emotions fluttered across his face. It was more confirmation than he needed that things were never going back to the way they were. What he’d done to save them in the past meant nothing to them anymore. What he’d represented was old news. He wasn’t their Savior or leader or anything. He was just another Omega meant to serve and be fucked.

Negan couldn’t take it anymore. He slunk closer to Rick and did his best to hide behind his leg.

“You’re not touching him!” Rick growled. The rest of his pack joined in growling. “He’s mine and that’s that! Acknowledge the claim!”

Lenny shook his head and laughed as if it had all suddenly become hysterical.

“You know what Rick. Fine.” He raised his hands up in mock surrender. “You found him, you knew about the deal, you got me. You can keep the little shit. All this hassle has been enough on my nerves.”

Negan gave a choke that sounded like a sob.

“And my demand,” Rick reminded him. “Our service of your pack is done.”

The current leader took a little longer to come to a conclusion. Rick readied himself to give the command to attack.
“You’re not actually going to agree?” Arat asked, speaking for the first time.

“I prefer to be an honorable Alpha.” Both Rick and Lenny maintained strong eye contact with the other as the tension rose. “So you know what. Deal.”

Many of the Saviors gasped while Rick’s pack seemed to exhale all at once.

“I’ve had enough of this goddamn area anyway. Good luck with our great leader. Bet he’s a good fuck in bed.”

Lenny dropped his gaze down to Negan again before returning to his truck. The rest of his pack hesitated; waiting as if they expected to get the command to start shooting. Since it didn’t come, they followed their leader’s lead and returned to their cars.

Rick released a heavy sigh of relief as he watched them start their engines. He caught Simon’s face, a mask of indifference that was cracking at the seams, before it vanished as his ride turned away. Rick turned his attention to the quacking mess on the ground.

“It’s over now.” Slowly Negan raised his head. He was pale and his eyes looked wet. “You’re officially a member of my pack.”

Chapter End Notes

The Saviors finally know :) I’ve been looking forward to getting to this point. Rick definitely wanted to wait until Negan was clearly showing with his pregnancy as in this a/o/b world, an Alpha is highly unlikely to take an Omega that is already pregnant.
Chapter 43

Chapter Summary

In the aftermath of the announced claim to the Saviors, Negan makes a request.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

He heard the words, but at the same time he didn’t. Negan dropped his gaze back to the ground as emptiness filled him. He couldn’t move, nor could he think.

“Get up.”

He tensed at the command of his Alpha but didn’t budge. He felt an intense grip on his gland that made him choke, and then his Alpha was next to his ear, whispering the words in a dangerous tone.

“Get…up.”

Negan got to his feet, but it was mainly Rick’s doing as he forced him up. He didn’t care that Rick was dragging him back to the cell. Eyes were on him, but Negan just looked right through the faces. There was applause and cheers for Rick’s success at freeing them from his old pack, and the idea of it was just numbing to him.

Negan walked slowly to his corner in the cell once Rick opened the door. He was partially aware of sliding down the wall to the floor. Drawing his knees up wasn’t an option, so he settled for a slightly bent knee.

“This is it,” he muttered as he stared forward at nothing. “I’m truly yours. No going back now.”

“Were you hoping to go back?”

Negan looked up at Rick who was standing over him, eyes narrowed as he awaited his answer. Of course Negan had known he couldn’t go back, but it hadn’t meant he’d cut ties with the Saviors. They had been his pack long enough to become as important as Rick’s people were to him. He’d come to terms with being an Omega, and never imagined ever changing back into an Alpha. It didn’t seem possible now. Still, somehow, he had hoped his connection to the Saviors would remain intact despite that fact.

“I don’t know what I was hoping,” he answered flatly. “I would’ve been fucked if they’d got me… more than I am now. But…they were my pack.”

“That’s right,” Rick agreed. “They were.”

He turned to exit.

“Wait.”

He didn’t expect Rick to stop, but he did. Negan would’ve preferred it if he faced him. He wanted him to meet his eyes, or anything as he needed something from him at the moment, but he wasn’t
sure what. With the pack gone, particularly Lenny, he felt he was out of the danger zone, yet he was left in an odd state of loneliness.

“I…I don’t have the Saviors anymore.”

“I’m well aware.”

Negan gave a shake of his head, trying to clear it.

“I just…fuck…I don’t know if I can do this. Live with this fucking pack.”

“You don’t have a choice,” Rick growled.

“Not like this. I…I need something!” He held his eyes on Rick who still wouldn’t face him. Negan took a moment to really figure out what that something was. “I need…your trust.”

Rick faced him fully now, as he looked at the Omega in mild surprise.

“My trust?”

“It wasn’t just about the power I had over them,” Negan explained. “I had my pack’s trust. That’s how I was able to keep them alive.”

“That was when you were in charge!” Rick cried as he stormed right up, making him jump. “It’s your turn to trust me to keep you alive, and safe.”

“And I have damn it, as much as it pisses me off.” Frustrated, he ran a hand over his hair. “Now I’m asking for a little in return.”

Rick stared him down. He found the request partially humorous, but the sharpness of Negan’s expression told him he was serious.

“You’re not just my Omega,” Rick began, “you are a prisoner, for the vile things you’ve done. How can I ever expect to trust you?”

“You have to. I’m carrying your goddamn pups!”

The sound of flesh striking his cheek echoed loudly. Negan raised a palm to the sore spot and kept his eyes averted.

“Enough,” Rick demanded in a dangerous voice. “Enough of the slander on those pups. Like it or not, they’re not just my children.” He paused and crouched down to his level, causing Negan to press back into the wall. “You want trust, that’s something that’s gotta be earned. So far, you’re not giving me any reason to trust you. Threatening the pups, talking back. I’m starting to wonder if I’m going too soft on you again.”

Negan shook his head and met his eyes.

“You haven’t, Alpha,” Negan said almost pleadingly. “I’ve done what you wanted! I do the fucking chores, I’m got pregnant. I haven’t tried to get away again.”

“As long as I’ve kept you on a leash, you couldn’t,” Rick stated. “And I don’t feel comfortable letting you off it anytime soon.”

Negan dropped his hand from his cheek which still throbbed slightly.
“Am I just supposed to stay in here the whole time? Even, give birth in this cell? What’s it going to take to earn a bed? If my job’s also to look after these guys, then I’ll have to be near the nursery.”

With a close eye, Rick considered him before rising to his feet.

“That’s not how it worked before. When inmates became pregnant, they continued their sentence behind bars until it was time to give birth. I could do the same to you.”

Negan held his gaze with great intensity.

“But you won’t, will you? It’s not like before. I’m not like I was before.” He scrambled forward and positioned himself on his knees. “After today, it’s just me. The Saviors are gone. You say I’m part of this pack now, officially, and that means a two way street. Please. I just need you to trust me a little, otherwise, I don’t see how this can work. Living in fear of each other can’t be good for the pups, especially when they get older.”

“Like I said, trust is something you earn. I’m not sure there’s a lot you can do to prove you’ll earn it. On top of that, I’m not letting you off the hook for your crimes.”

“I don’t expect you to let me off the hook. It’s clear enough where I stand.” He gazed into his Alpha’s eyes before dropping them to the floor. “I can prove it. I have to as your Omega. I’m asking for a chance…please.”

He bowed his head low enough to expose his gland. Rick stared down at it thoughtfully. Ever since the pups came into the picture, it had been a matter to consider. If he wanted his Omega to do his part in pup care, it required a little trust. Things were susceptible to change, and problems arose at unexpected moments. Rick knew he would have to consider the off chance Negan would have to look after the pups without anyone. There was still that underlying fear that Negan might hurt them; even slimmer was the fear that he could hurt the pack somehow. With the title of true Alpha, it definitely called for an Alpha that was able to reign his Omega into place obediently. True Alphas were viewed as Alphas that had perfected their Omegas on all level while strongly leading the pack.

To Rick, the meaning of the title didn’t matter. All that really mattered was that they were done with the Saviors, though he did see the importance of keeping a Savior, or rather ex-Savior, in place.

Rick reached down and squeezed the gland, making him whimper.

“Your chances have been what you’ve done so far. I was easy on you in the beginning, and you blew it when you ran away.” Negan bowed his head down further and trembled. “Getting you back was starting over. I know I’ll have to trust you with the pups, which is why I’ll be keeping my eye on you all the more. My pack will take me as the true Alpha, and a true Alpha is meant to have an Omega that follows without trouble.”

Negan was already nodding in agreement.

“If that’s what it means to be a true Omega, if there was ever such a thing, then I’m fucking it.”

Rick eyed him suspiciously before speaking again.

“When I come back, the usual routine.”

Negan understood it to mean there were no more surprises. It was back to chore work as usual.

“Yes Alpha.”
In the following days, things ran as it normally did except for two significant changes.

For one, the termination of their service to the Saviors helped the majority, if not all, of the pack look to Rick again with more pride when before there had been anger due to the pregnancy. A couple of them believed the new title meant they had to alter their behavior when approaching him by giving a short bow or immediately dropping their eyes after eye contact. Rick set them straight right away that nothing had to change on how they treated him, but it was a lesson in progress for a few. Despite the new title, Rick couldn’t help puffing out his chest a little.

The second change wasn’t as noticeable to most, except to Rick. Negan for the most part appeared to take more interest in his chores. This was especially true when it came to the nursery. Though he never looked thrilled when Rick brought him into the room, he’d gotten the impression that Negan was gaining some satisfaction from working on it. Rick didn’t have to order him to clean or arrange supplies. Negan just went straight for it with something of determination in his eyes.

At first he assumed Carson was right about his Omega’s nesting instincts kicking in, but then he considered the idea that it was a way for him to keep his mind off the loss of his Saviors. He didn’t mind if that was the case as it provided a way for him to move on.

“Alpha, can I work in the nursery for a while?”

Adding onto the changes, Negan always referred to his status whenever it had something to do with the nursery.

Rick looked up from a pup care book he was reading from his position at the kitchen table. Negan was currently mopping the floor, but was now awaiting the reply with a hopeful look.

“There’s not much left to do up there,” Rick answered. Tables were set, the dresser was filled with as much supplies as could currently be found, and a box in a corner served as the toy chest. Until they gathered more, it had to remain a simple setting.

“Please. I just need to straighten it a little.”

Negan watched Rick rise to his feet, feeling what had now become a usual glimmer of pleasure whenever he was going to go into the nursery. In the back of his mind it was still a sign of a nightmare he never wanted coming true, but as of late it had quickly turned into a welcomed distraction.

Rick unhooked the chain just as Negan rested the mop aside. Quietly he followed his Alpha up the stairs. At the door, Rick stepped aside and reattached the chain to a hook while Negan wandered in.

He stood in the center and looked around as if trying to figure out what to do. He decided to move a chair aside and straighten a large, light yellow rug.

“Might need a rocker,” he muttered as he glanced at the plain chair in annoyance.

After the rug, he moved to the dresser and rearranged the clothing. Rick said nothing the whole time. He just watched his Omega from the doorway, making what were unnecessary changes in his opinion. In a way it was a humorous sight, as well as fitting for a pregnant Omega.

Once Negan had spent as much time as he could fixing the clothing as well as adjusting the dresser itself, he wandered up to the crib. Here he just leaned against the rail and looked down into the bedding.
“Fuck,” he muttered. It still filled him with disbelief to know what was coming in a couple of months. Then for a brief few seconds, the image of his pack came to his mind. “Goddamn it.”

“What’s wrong?”

“Nothing,” Negan lied as he gripped the railing tightly. “Just tired.”

Suddenly he felt a bump in his belly that startled him.

“Jesus!”

Rick moved further into the room as Negan dropped his hands on his stomach. As per Rick’s ongoing rule, he was still kept in short shirts to keep the rounded tummy exposed. It still annoyed Negan, but at the moment he was more intrigued with what was going on inside.

“I think…” he trailed off as he felt the bump again, this time in another area of his stomach, “they’re kicking.”

Naturally Rick’s interest was piqued. He rested his hand gently against his protrusion. A minute later he felt a clear kick, followed by another. The smile immediately stretched across Rick's face. To say it was a weird experience for Negan was an understatement. It was an interesting feeling, but now it was becoming scary as he felt another kick.

“No need to panic,” Rick said as he caught sight of Negan’s face, finding it funny. “It’s normal.”

“Not for me damn it.” He ran his fingers over the skin as if it could help calm them down. “They’re kicking up a goddamn storm in there.”

“They sure are,” Rick agreed with a chuckle as another kick vibrated under his palm. “Carl was like that.”

Negan looked away from his belly and saw the mist in his eyes.

“Then I guess you’re to blame for the commotion.”

“The one and only time I’ll take it.” Rick dropped his hand, then quietly moved away. Negan figured right off the bat he had to be thinking of his old Omega Lori, but he didn’t want to risk bringing her up after being warned long ago not to.

“Hey Rick, how about…how about you let me exercise my chance for trust.”

Rick raised a suspicious brow.

“How?”

Negan gave him a classic shit-eating grin.

“By fixing our little family a hell of a dinner.” When Rick didn’t appear sold, he continued. “Come on, it’ll be like a celebration for feeling our kickass pups for the first time.”

Rick just looked annoyed.

Negan grinned as he stood in the kitchen’s entrance.
“Really appreciate the chance Rick,” he said as he kicked off his shoes. Rick quirked a questioning brow. “Thought I’d get in the spirit with the whole barefoot and pregnant in the kitchen thing.”

“Just remember,” Rick began as he locked the end of his chain on a nearby hook, “I’ve got my eyes on you.”

For good measure he gripped his gland in warning before taking a seat at the table to watch. Seated with him was Carl who had decided to take part in watching as well despite the fact that Negan’s previous run in the kitchen marked the end of Olivia and Spencer.

Negan wasn’t bothered by their watching eyes as he gathered the ingredients together.

“You’re gonna love this,” he said as he started measuring out the flour and salt in a bowl. “Your pup sure as hell did, even if he’s too damn scared to admit it.”

Rick turned to Carl who gave a barely noticeable shrug.

“I’m surprised you trust him around food,” Carl told him in a quiet voice.

Rick turned to Negan who had now started whistling as he mixed.

“There’s nothing available for him to poison us with. The most he could give us is bad cooking.”

An hour in, Negan felt an odd comforting feeling setting into him. It wasn’t something he’d had since being claimed by Rick. Cooking was a comfort, but he had never needed such a feeling back in the day. It was just a minor interest to take part in from time to time. If Lucille had done something to please him especially well, he would offer to prepare a nice fitting meal to return the favor. Having lost her, he found himself wishing he’d done it more often regardless. The thing was it wasn’t an Alpha’s job to make the meal.

As he kneaded the dough, he glanced back at Rick. He couldn’t imagine this becoming a regular duty for his Alpha. He glanced at Carl, then smiled. He had definitely gotten something out of cooking with the kid the first time around, but something about doing it for him felt special.

“Goddamn Omega hormones,” he muttered.

He took the rolling pin and rolled the dough, then cut the appropriate shapes. After placing them on a pan and setting it in the oven, he reached for a few cans of tomato paste as well as various spices, peppers, garlic, and tomatoes. At times Rick would stand, observing him closely as if to make sure he didn’t make a mistake.

“You wanna know the recipe so bad, all you gotta do is ask,” said Negan who was clearly finding Rick’s behavior amusing.

“As long as you’re not adding harmful ingredients, I don’t give a shit.”

Negan just chuckled.

“Suit yourself. It’s a secret fucking family recipe anyway.”

He stirred the mix together in a pot which he placed on the stove. Next he added pasta to a boiling pot of water. In no time the air had a sweet spicy scent that managed to pull a growl from Rick’s stomach.

“I don’t suppose you ever did this kind of thing at the Sanctuary?” asked Rick.
Negan tensed, not necessarily wanting to be reminded of the place now. The smile faded just a bit.

“Nope. I was an Alpha then. It was the Omegas’ job,” he replied flatly.

“But you know how to cook,” said Carl.

The compliment made Negan’s smile rise again.

“So you admit you fucking loved it the first time.”

Carl looked affronted.

“I didn’t say anything about love,” he muttered.

When everything was hot and ready, a very pleased Negan walked up to the table with two plates of spaghetti. He dropped one before his Alpha first, then Carl.

“After this, you’ll never want the canned shit again,” he assured them as he headed back for a basket of fresh biscuits.

The biscuits were set in the center of the table. After that, Negan stepped aside, awaiting his Alpha’s reaction. Carl furrowed his brow as he looked at him.

“Where’s your plate?” he asked suspiciously.

“Alpha’s eat first, especially when they’re a true Alpha.”

He shifted his eyes to Rick who returned his gaze. Without having to ask, Rick understood the question. Right now he saw no reason not to enforce such a structure. Before the title, Negan had been allowed to eat alongside him, kneeling on the floor. The last thing he wanted to do was go backwards by being too soft on the Omega, especially after the loss of his old pack. Negan was not the average Omega.

Instead of replying, he turned to his plate and picked up the fork. He eyed the saucy pasta warily then gave it a sniff. Nothing looked or smelled off about it.

“I promise it won’t kill you,” Negan said as if he was offended. “You know I couldn’t kill you even if I wanted to.”

“Very reassuring,” Rick muttered, unconvinced.

Regardless, he twirled the pasta onto his fork, but hesitated before taking a bite. Rick even hesitated to swallow it down after chewing.

“Weeell?” Negan prodded.

Rick sighed and looked at him.

“Not bad. I’ll give you that.”

The shit-eating grin was back.

“What’d I tell you.”
Rick turned to Carl who was already enjoying a couple of forkfuls. Rick turned to the pasta again, finding it odd at how far he’d come with Negan, from being forced to fetch his own ax during the RV trip, to Negan willingly fixing him a meal. It did reflect back to the day he had decided to fight back after the loss of two more members, but in a way it was different. There was something warm about it; something almost, homey.

“This going to be a regular thing now?” Rick asked as he leaned back in the chair.

“I’m not turning into goddamn Gordon Ramsay. This was just a chance to show off one of my skills.”

“And earn trust,” Rick added.

Negan tensed just slightly.

“You gave me permission to start, otherwise you would’ve never left me around the damn stove.”

Rick turned back to the spaghetti and twirled in another forkful.

“I gotta admit,” Rick paused to swallow down a bite. “It’s not a bad start.”

The warmth that enveloped an Omega for pleasing his or her Alpha, coursed throughout Negan’s being.

Chapter End Notes

In the beginning development of this story, I pictured Negan barefoot and pregnant cooking his spaghetti again in Rick's kitchen, so I had to have it :) After the clear loss of his pack, Negan wants a little trust to cope, and Rick's willing to at least start small while keeping precaution. Also the pups made contact with their first kicks :D
Chapter 44

Chapter Summary

A visitor comes to chat with Negan

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Rick yawned tiredly as he rose from the mattress then rested his head against the palm of his hand. After a minute he looked across the room, imagining Negan occupying his mattress while he slept on a blanket pile. It was now six months into Negan’s pregnancy, and Rick was beginning to consider the safety of having Negan in his home. Ever since Carl had returned, the idea of him being under the same roof as Negan didn’t sit well with him even if Negan was chained. He couldn’t stop imagining him miraculously getting a hold of a knife or fleeing Alexandria altogether. It wasn’t possible for any of it to come true considering all the precautions he’d taken, but Rick had had his share of nasty surprises. Still, as close as Negan was getting, he preferred to have him close by. The level of his possessive and protective drive would increase as his Omega got further along in his pregnancy, and he was not looking forward to how agitated it would make him.

Rick freshened up, got dressed, then headed down to fix himself and Carl some breakfast.

The lack of variety in vegetables in the fridge, told him they’d have to stock up from the Hilltop soon, or the Kingdom. After the Saviors had departed, Ezekiel had his people stay as security for a week in case the Saviors decided to annul the claim. On top of that, Rick had a new community for trading. With their help, along with Hilltop, and the abolishment of their slavery to the Saviors, Rick felt a great weight lift from his shoulders. The fear of caring for twins had decreased.

“Hey dad.”

He looked up as Carl rounded the corner.

“Morning son. Sleep alright?”

“Yeah.” He pulled up a seat before a bowl of cereal and fruit. “Dad, I was thinking about going on a run with Aaron.”

“I don’t know Carl.”

“Why not? I can handle myself out there.”

Rick saw the great interest of it reflected in his eyes. Despite his son’s capability, he’d never felt comfortable with the idea of him going on a run. It was especially true now that he was beginning to become all the more protective when it came to pups.

“I’d rather you stay here,” he stated. “Even though we handled the Saviors, I’d rather not take the chance that you might run into them.”

“It wouldn’t matter if it was Saviors or someone else. I can protect myself.” He paused and softened his tone. “Dad I really want to do this. I want to, you know, find something cool for my brothers or
The look Rick gave made Carl’s face redden a little. It was the first time he’d considered Negan’s pups as his siblings. He smiled and reached over to pat his shoulder.

“You don’t have to go out there just to get a gift for them. You being there is good enough. Besides that, I’d feel a lot better if you stayed close.”

Carl searched his eyes before nodding.

“Okay.”

Rick took a drink of his coffee then glanced in the direction of the stairs.

“I got a question to ask. How would you feel about, Negan moving in here?”

Carl hesitated before taking another bit of his cereal, becoming very still. Afterwards he shrugged.

“He’s your Omega.”

“And you’re my pup. If you don’t feel comfortable with it, I won’t do it.”

“You have twins to think about.”

“I can make Negan just as comfortable in his cell as I can in this house.” He took another sip of coffee as he thought up ways to make it work. Aside from having his Omega closer, it would serve as another chance for him to gain his trust.

“It’s up to you dad. I think it’ll be okay. He didn’t kill us when he cooked dinner.”

“That’s true.”

Though he liked having some kind of confirmation that it was the thing to do, he now felt the opposite.

A sudden knock at the door alerted his attention. When Rick answered it, Daryl was standing on the porch looking pissed.

“The little bastard’s back, waiting at the gates,” he growled.

“Who?”

“Simon.”

The hairs on the back of Rick’s neck raised as a growl rumbled in his throat. He didn’t bother to ask why Simon was here. Instead he pushed past Daryl and stormed toward the entrance.

Rosita and Tobin were there holding guns on the Savior who had his hands raised. He appeared to be holding it together well, however it wasn’t of much interest to Rick since the Alpha in him was roaring against a potential threat to his Omega and the fact that he had dared to step onto his territory.

Rick stopped a few feet from him and stared. Simon met his eyes but said nothing. He wasn’t smiling nor throwing any facial exaggerations at him to irk him. He seemed calm, but Rick could sense he was very tense as well as a little afraid.
“What the hell are you doing here?” Rick asked with forced calmness.

Simon inhaled deeply and dropped his eyes.

“I want to talk to Negan. Please.”

He sounded so unlike himself; like a man that was tired or had experienced some trauma. It wasn’t enough to move Rick.

“Why?”

Simon met his eyes then.

“It has nothing to do with Lenny. This is all me. I just need to talk to him.”

Rick studied him a little longer before turning to Rosita.

“He alone?” he asked her.

“We didn’t see anyone else. Michonne and Daryl scouted the area. It’s just him.”

He turned back to Simon, not trusting him for a second as he started growling again.

“I came alone, I swear,” Simon promised. “Lenny doesn’t even know I’m here. Thinks I’m scavenging.”

“Whatever you have to say to Negan, you can say to me.” The Alpha in him just wanted to pounce on this Alpha who desired to get close to his expectant Omega. It was taking everything to hold himself back.

“I…I can’t goddamn it. I need to see him.” He took a step back and waved his hands. “I’m not trying to take him away or any shit like that.” When Rick said nothing, he dipped his head as if in a sign of respect. “He was my Alpha once. Please…true Alpha.”

Rick felt himself calm a bit, yet he was still on edge. He nodded to Rosita and Tobin, then headed for the jail. Rosita promptly pushed Simon forward to follow.

At six months his belly was noticeably a little larger, and Negan found himself interested in running his fingers over it every now and then as he sat in the corner. It still bothered him to have to wear trimmed shirts to show off his expanding gut, but he’d done as much complaining about it as he could. His Alpha wanted him that way, so he had to try and ignore it. The same went for his still growing breasts. Once or twice he wondered if he should ask for a bra. He really didn’t want to go that far if he didn’t have to. He’d stepped far enough into feminine territory and he wasn’t even comfortable with such changes anyways. A simple addition of a bra, in his opinion, would send him over the edge.

He looked up at the sound of Rick entering the room. With the help of the wall, he worked to position himself on his knees, but it was getting all the more difficult now. Rick raised his hand before he could fully master it.

“I think we can put aside kneeling for now.”

Sighing with relief, Negan rose.
“Thank you Alpha.”

Negan waited for Rick to enter, but he didn’t do so. He just stood outside the door staring at him.

“You have a visitor,” he said flatly. Negan noticed the lines of anger etched across his brow. Already it was making him nervous.

“Who?” He couldn’t imagine who it could be.

Rick turned to the entrance.

“Bring him in,” he called.

Before he could come up with any guesses, the man appeared with Rosita and Tobin escorting him in with guns pointed at the back of his head.

“Thanks guys, the guards will take it from here,” said Rick.

The ever present Beta guards lifted their guns on Simon, relieving Rosita and Tobin of their services.

Negan was barely aware of such exchanges as his eyes were glued on his one-time right-hand man. He took a few steps back as his heart started to pound. Simon met his eyes at first, but then dropped them. While Negan was quite still, Simon fidgeted on the spot in an awkward manner and raised his hands to his hips.

“Long time no see,” he started quietly.

Right away Negan felt offended.

“Long…time? Seeing you behind the goddamn fence last month doesn’t count for a fucking long time no see Simon.” If he was an Alpha, the growl coming from him would have been impressive.

“Yeah, I know.” He scratched his head as he awkwardly shifted on the spot. Then he became still and faced him. “I know you probably don’t want to see me. After what happened, I don’t blame you.” He stopped to glance at Rick who was keeping a careful eye on him. “I just-”

“Did Lenny send you?”

“No. I came on my own. Bastard doesn’t have a goddamn clue.”

“And you couldn’t have come sooner?”

Simon didn’t say anything for a minute. Instead he dropped his head, appearing ashamed.

“What happened to you was still fresh in everyone’s mind,” he replied in a defensive air. “Lenny got so fucking paranoid he wasn’t letting anyone run off to do shit, especially me. I had to be careful.”

Negan studied his eyes and his expression. He’d known Simon for practically his whole life, and could easily get a read on the man.

“That wasn’t the only reason,” Negan began quietly. Something seemed to drop in his chest. He felt it was similar to heartbreak. “You couldn’t see me, after what I’d become.”

“That’s not true.”

“It is!” He turned away from him, bowing his head. The shame was making him tremble. “It was one
thing to help me after the change, but seeing me like this, as someone’s goddamn bitch, was more
than you could handle. I don’t blame you. I never wanted any of you to see me like this, especially
you Simon.”

He grabbed the end of his shirt and attempted to pull it down, knowing it was impossible to hide the
obvious protrusion.

“Negan…” Simon started, but he couldn’t say any more. His eyes drifted down to his belly
momentarily before he averted them.

“I’m a fucking freak show. I’m not your damn leader anymore, so what could you possibly have to
say to me?”

“All I can say, is that I’m sorry.” Negan looked at him. The drop in his chest increased as did the
trembling. Simon noticed and pretended not to see. “I’m sorry this happened to you.”

“Me too.”

Silence fell between them as they avoided each other’s gaze. Simon turned to Rick with a glare, but
Rick’s expression of aggression was too much.

“How’d it go down?” Simon said as he faced Negan again. “How did you end up with this prick?”

Negan gave a laugh of disbelief.

“Feels like a fucking long time ago. He was telling the truth about cornering me in a building. I tried
to fight him, but he had me.” He grabbed the bars and leaned forward. “I tried Simon. I tried to stay
free after you helped me, but I failed. I couldn’t stay my own man, even when I ran away.” At
Simon’s expression of interest, he continued. “I got away from the prick once, but another goddamn
pack got me, and it was the same goddamn pack I met on the road, the day I got bit.”

The realization dawned on Simon.

“Jesus.”

“I know. It’s like bad karma.” Negan looked at Rick with a sad smirk. “To make it worst, Rick the
prick actually saved my ass from those assholes.”

Simon didn’t appear impressed.

“And this is how he treats you?” he asked angrily. “The man fucks you til you’re popped with a pup
then sticks you in jail!”

Rick’s sudden growling entered their ears, making both Simon and Negan back down.

“It’s two pups actually,” Negan corrected sadly.

“Jesus.” Simon shook his head, looking disgusted. “But still, keeping you here…”

“None of this is what I wanted Simon, but the reality of it is that it’s something I should expect.” He
released his grip on the bars and stepped away. “That’s what real Alphas do. They put their Omegas
in line. That’s what I am now. A fucking Omega! I can’t go back. My own damn pack wouldn’t let
me anyhow. I’d just be in a goddamn room getting fucked, by every fucking Alpha, every fucking
day, for the rest of my fucking life and you know it!”

Simon bowed his head and cursed under his breath.
“I don’t expect you to, come back.” He tossed a wary look at Rick. “Even if you weren’t…Rick’s… I couldn’t protect you there. I…I…shit.”

Negan noticed the sudden agitation in the Alpha which was very concerning.

“What is it Simon?”

Simon searched his eyes before speaking.

“I think it should’ve been me.” Upon Negan’s questioning look, he continued. “I should’ve claimed you myself.”

It was the phrase to set Rick marching his way, snarling as he grabbed him and pushed him hard against the door.

“You’re not taking my Omega,” he warned.

“I’m fucking not!” Simon yelled. “I’m speaking in the past tense.”

“Please Alpha, don’t hurt him,” Negan begged. The sudden aggressiveness was eliciting fear in him; fear of what he’d do to Simon. Rick looked at him before releasing his hold and walking away.

Simon brushed himself off, glaring at Rick before turning to Negan.

“The damn thought never crossed my mind until Lenny ordered a hunt for you. I didn’t want to claim you. On top of that, I didn’t want to take your place. I thought that if you got away it would be enough to keep you safe. If I’d known you’d have ended up here, I…I would’ve done it.”

Negan stared at him, wide-eyed. He didn’t know how to feel about it. It was something that lifted his heart a little, but not by much. Simon had basically been his brother, and to turn into his brother’s Omega was a situation he found slightly sick.

“We couldn’t have become bonded like that Simon,” he countered.

“It wouldn’t have to be…we could’ve been as we were,” he explained quickly. “You’d have been under my protection, and not weighed down with fucking pups.”

Negan just shook his head.

“Did you forget? In the Sanctuary, Omegas are shared. I wouldn’t have just been yours.” He couldn’t look Simon properly in the eyes. His stomach was twisting as if he was nauseous.

“I would’ve changed that as true Alpha,” Simon tried. “If that wasn’t enough, we could’ve just ran, together.”

Feeling tired, Negan settled back down on his pile of blankets.

“Doesn’t fucking matter now. It’s done.” There was a kick in his belly, and he placed a hand over it as he stared across the cell. It was almost as if he was getting reacquainted with the life he’d now had for so long. “Just tell me, how’s Lenny running things?”

“He’s shit compared to you. Man sets off quick. Has us running in circles trying to get another goddamn community under our dicks. He spends a lot of time pissed off that he didn’t get you, but the people are following him.”

“And…” he was afraid to ask his next question, “what are the people saying, about me?”
“Negan, it doesn’t matter.”

“WHAT ARE THEY SAYING ABOUT ME?”

He stared Simon down until he responded.

“A lot of them feel the way Lenny does. The past don’t mean shit since you’re an Omega now. But others, they’re disappointed. They feel betrayed. All in all, that respect they shouldered for you is gone.”

Negan shut his eyes. He didn’t expect it to hurt again, but it did. He was feeling just what he’d felt at the moment he saw the Saviors on the other side of the fence; humiliation and intense fear all coated by shame.

“There’s gotta be some that, remember you for who you are,” Simon added, sounding hopeful. “They’re just too damn scared to say anything.”

“But I’m not who I was,” Negan argued quietly. “I don’t even feel like I was. What I felt as an Alpha, is fucking replaced by shitty Omega instincts.”

Simon opened his mouth to speak again, but closed it and simply leaned his head against the bars of the door. Rick stepped forward and grabbed his arm.

“Time’s up,” he declared.

Simon allowed Rick to pull him away.

“You were the best goddamn Alpha we ever had.”

Negan stared at him as he rose to his feet. How he longed to step out of the cell and embrace his old pack member. One of the Beta guards moved to keep the gun on Simon as Rick moved him toward the exit. Soon Simon would be gone, and he’d never see him again.

“I’m sorry Simon.” It was the only thing he could think of saying.

Simon made eye contact with him one last time.

“Me too.”

After that, Rick fully ushered him out of sight. Negan was left standing in the middle of the cell, feeling more lost and alone than ever.

Chapter End Notes

I know in the show Simon turned against Negan, but here I wanted someone on the Saviors’ side that had concern for Negan. I’ve come to look at Simon and Negan’s relationship on a brotherly level like Rick and Daryl, at least for this fic they were. Simon was able to confront him properly, but will there be consequences? We’re getting further into Negan’s pregnancy, so keep in mind that his Omega instincts are on pretty high, particularly when it comes to any submissive behavior he exhibits. At the same time, Negan can still be Negan ;)
Simon's visit rattles both Rick and Negan.

“Don’t come back. Ever.”

He pushed Simon over the threshold of Alexandria with enough force to knock him off balance. Simon spun around with a glare and looked eager to respond, but decided to back down. With Rosita and now Daryl holding their guns on the man, he didn’t dare respond anyways.

Rick was eager to tear into Simon right then and there, and it was taking all of his control to keep the Alpha at bay. It was hard for him to imagine that Simon wasn’t out to claim his pregnant Omega, particularly when he never trusted the Saviors as a whole. As far as he knew, it was some kind of play to get Negan somehow, yet he knew it was unusual for Alphas to take interest in an already impregnated Omega.

“Fine friend,” Simon said while tossing up his hands for effect. “I get it.”

“No, I don’t think you do,” Rick growled. “You come back, or any of your friends do, you’re dead.”

He didn’t need to say it loud. Simon could sense his ferocity easily enough.

“Then I won’t come back,” he said as if he was speaking to a kid, which in turn made Rick start growling. Simon sighed and looked away. “You don’t have to mind me Ricky. You’re the top guy with the big swinging dick now. Me, I’m just a guy got his balls crushed after seeing his friend. What you did to him…Jesus. I wouldn’t have believed it if I hadn’t seen it with my own goddamn eyes.”

“Leave.”

Rick’s eyes flashed, making Simon throw up his hands in surrender as he walked toward his truck. Simon tossed him a nasty look before starting the engine and heading back to the Sanctuary.

“Think he’ll be back?” asked Daryl.

Rick kept watching until the truck vanished out of sight. He desired to punch something at the moment and regretted not doing it to Simon.

“No. I don’t think he will. But if he does, he’s mine.”

He turned on his heel, heading back toward the cell.

“Fucking Simon,” Negan muttered as he took to pacing back and forth. “Fucking goddamn Simon.”

He didn’t stir as Rick entered the room, not when his thoughts were going a mile a minute. There
was the heartache he didn’t want to feel, along with an intense betrayal. Along with Simon, other faces from his old pack came to his mind, and as they did he found himself before them once again as Rick presented him.

“Fuck…Fuck…why’d you do that Simon, why!”

Rick took a step forward and leaned toward the bars.

“Calm down,” he ordered.

“How can I fucking calm down? Simon was just here!” he cried on the verge of something of a growl. His pacing quickened.

Rick unlocked the door and entered; still Negan didn’t seem to notice.

“I said calm down. Agitation isn’t good for the pups.”

At that, Negan gave a laugh and tossed him a quick look as he kept pacing.

“I’ll be fucking fine! Or didn’t you see how fucking fine I was after you threw me before my pack! Now you want to talk about goddamn agitation? Fuck you!”

Rick was on him. He spun him around and clamped down hard on his gland, making him yelp and fall to his knees. Rick held him there for a moment, growling loud and hard in his ears.

“Watch your mouth,” he growled after he released him.

At last Negan acknowledged Rick’s presence. He trembled just a bit and exhaled sharply.

“Fucking Simon,” he whined. He had no energy to rise to his feet. He simply eased onto the floor, head bowed.

Rick stood over him, watching silently as he continued to curse his old right-hand man.

“I shouldn’t have let him talk to you.” He kicked himself for not giving into his Alpha instincts. Simon had nothing to do with his Omega any longer.

Negan choked and worked his way to his feet.

“No, Alpha, it was...” He wasn’t sure how to place it. “He was my right-hand man for Christ’s sake. I, don’t know why this is fucking with me. Maybe because he’s a damn reminder of what I don’t have, but in the long run, it’s good to know I still have him.”

Again the growls came as Rick grabbed his chin in a tight grip, forcing him to stare into his eyes.

“You don’t have Simon anymore. All you have is me, and this pack.” Negan whimpered as the heartache returned. “I've told him not to come back, but if he ever does, it won't be good for him.”

Rick let go, and Negan shut his eyes then, wavering on the spot as if he just couldn’t take the idea in his head.

“Don’t fucking hurt him…please.”

Rick didn’t respond as he stepped out of the cell and locked the door.

Once he was gone, Negan felt genuinely scared for Simon. He couldn’t help thinking that Rick
would just hunt the man down rather than wait for a potential return. As conflicting as the man’s visit had been, Negan didn’t want Simon dead. From what he could tell, his old friend hadn’t turned. He was still the only person he had on the other side.

“Goddamn Simon,” he muttered as he settled in the corner. He looked past the bars to the entrance of the room as he imagined what his life might have been now if Simon had claimed him instead of Rick.

Rick marched to his house as the heat of an angry Alpha plagued him.

“Hey Rick.” He looked around and saw Daryl coming up to him. “You want me and a few to follow that asshole? Make sure he ain’t up to something.”

“I don’t think it’s necessary.” Rick grumbled. “Right now, I just need my Omega under me. It’s time to move him into the house.”

Before Daryl could protest, Rick picked up his pace, leaving him behind.

Knowing where to start was a tough one for Rick as he stood in the living room. He didn’t like the idea of letting Negan reside in the nursery. As he moved his eyes upstairs, all he could think was that the best place was his own room. There were hooks set up for the leash which was needed during his rut, but in this case he wanted more security. There wasn’t enough time to create a jail within his room. Besides that, he didn’t want one in there anyways.

Then he thought of Simon, and that in turn made him all the more compelled to get his Omega under closer watch. It was imperative that he protect his pregnant Omega against any form of threat.

Rick headed into the kitchen and fished out extra hooks while making a mental note to track down more chains and the leg cuffs.

Daryl paced behind the couch as his narrowed eyes stayed glued to Negan, who was currently dusting his living room. The Beta had never set much store in housework, but with Rick needing more places for his Omega to work, he allowed it.

“I don’t trust this,” he grumbled to Rick, sitting on the couch.

“What don’t you trust?”

Daryl became still as he continued to observe the man.

“Him, the way he is now.”

Rick followed his example in watching his Omega more closely. He had gotten used to watching Negan work with an average amount of energy. However, after Simon’s visit, he’d become more sluggish and distant. Right now he was moving at a near snail’s pace as he moved a dust cloth along a shelf. Rick had naturally assumed the pregnancy was the main reason for it. The further along he got, the more it would weigh on the Omega, sapping him of his energy as well as shifting his mood. Still he was sure that Simon was still plaguing his mind.
He growled, annoyed that the one time he thought to grant his Omega a slight reward for the cooking, was potentially setting him back. Of course the gesture could’ve been anything else, but with Simon’s visit, Rick had also been able to get some insight on how the Saviors were handling the changes. If anything, the visit informed him not to let his guard up. He had to be ready if Lenny ever decided to return.

“All the more reason why I should bring him under my roof. Simon might have screwed him up.”

“What’s stopping you?”

Rick glanced back at him.

“I might give him an inch or two now and then, but it doesn’t mean I trust him,” he informed him. It was the one answer he was comfortable giving, as opposed to explaining that the idea unsettled him.

Negan paid no mind to what his Alpha was saying to the Beta. Right now he wanted to concentrate on his work, but it was next to impossible as he found his thoughts drifting elsewhere. A comforting thought at the moment was imagining himself in his old bedroom back at the Sanctuary.

He could see himself as he was. Large where it counted, and in charge.

He flecked his fingers and could practically feel the strength of an Alpha coursing through his bones. It was just as Simon and the rest of the pack thought. He was a great Alpha.

“And this is how he treats you?”

He spun to his left and jumped away from the angry sight of Simon standing next to him.

“Fuck!”

Dizziness threatened to take him down before it subsided.

“What’s wrong?”

He looked around to see Rick and Daryl staring at him. Rick was on his feet, ready to secure him. Negan looked away and massaged his temples. He was feeling strangely hollow, but most of all scared, however he didn’t want Rick to know that.

“Fine…just, kicking pups scared me is all.”

Rick seemed satisfied with the answer and sat back down.

“Finish up.”

Negan gave a tentative look to his left before responding quietly. Simon wasn’t there. Had he been there, as a ghost? Had his Alpha killed him as he feared? It would have evened out, only slightly, as he had killed off two of his closest people that night.

“Yes Alpha.”

He didn’t want to know.

A week and a half had passed since Simon’s visit, but to Negan it was as if he’d come a day ago. Simon didn’t have to enter his thoughts for him to feel the weight of frustration and loss. No longer
was working in the nursery a welcomed distraction. Making snarky remarks at Rick or nearby onlookers didn’t help to boost his mood either.

He assumed it was what it felt like to fall into a depression even though he didn’t want to classify his feelings that way. Sure he’d felt it in the beginning with his changed life, but he had come to a point of tolerating it. He thought maybe he could force himself to move on. There was no way out now, yet Simon had showed up like a symbol of hope that he’d never be able to reach.

He saw Simon searching his eyes.

“I think it should’ve been me,” he’d said.

Negan closed his eyes and let his face drop against his hands.

“I should’ve claimed you myself.”

Negan’s sigh turned into a choke.

The words taunted and depressed him. It forced him to go through the motions of the day, and he was scared of what would happen the longer it continued. No longer was Leo’s pack the mark of a restless night. Simon had taken his place.

“Hey, are you listening to me?”

Negan blinked and found himself staring back at Rick from behind the bars. Zoning out was becoming easy.

“Yes, I’m just tired,” he lied. He rested his hands on his belly. “Pups kick all the time now.”

Rick studied him a little longer before he opened the cell. He stepped forward to latch the chain onto his collar. Negan heard it click loudly in his ears as he watched him do it. With a sudden unexplained rise of panic, he jumped back, jerking against the chain. As fast as it had happened, Negan corrected it by becoming still, and earning a sharp, questioning look from his Alpha.

Rick said nothing and instead pulled him forward.

Negan followed him without saying a word, feeling as if he was heavier than he currently appeared.

He kept his head partially bowed, yet his eyes wandered to the pack walking about around him. Something about it was starting to put him on edge. When he caught a few eyes, the feeling increased where he just didn’t feel safe. He looked at the gates and just briefly saw all the members of his old pack standing behind it, staring back at him with hollow eyes.

The image gave him a chill, and he quickly turned his attention to Rick’s back instead. He found himself burning a hole in it with his eyes. He didn’t want Rick right now. Rick couldn’t keep him safe.

Rick came to a stop when he reached the porch of his own home. By this point, Negan felt the uneasiness was better defined as full on anxiety.

“Before you start working, I wanted to bring something to your attention.”

Once Rick shut the door, Negan started shivering.

“Fuck,” he muttered, too low for Rick to hear.
Rick hooked the end of his lead on a hook, then moved to the center of the living room.

“I’ve debated when I should do this,” he began. “To be honest, I was delaying it for as long as possible. I do have my son to think about, but in three months’ time you’re going to give birth to more of my children. I have to know they’re safe around you.”

Negan heard him, but at the same time he didn’t. He didn’t understand why his heart was suddenly beating so fast, or why his breathing had kicked up. Why did he see Simon standing in a corner of the room, looking at him with pity…and something else?

“What are you...what the fuck’s going on?”

“I’m sorry,” he apologized.

Negan blinked and he was gone.

“What’s going on is I’m considering letting you live in my house,” said Rick.

Negan looked at him. It wasn’t what he expected to hear. But rather than feel joy with the thought of leaving the cell, he somehow felt even more trapped than he already was. He took a step back, cursing under his breath.

“Why? What are you going to do?” He couldn’t trust Rick right now. His instincts were screaming at him that he was in immediate danger.

“You were the best goddamn Alpha we ever had,” came Simon’s words.

Despite the fear, he puffed up his chest a bit. He had been the best goddamn Alpha. Simon had been right.

“I’m going to do what I’ve always been doing. Watching you,” Rick continued. He turned away to grab something out of sight and held it up. Negan immediately zoned in on the leg cuffs. “You’re not having free reign of the house. You’ll remain chained in a way that keeps me and Carl safe from you.”

Negan was shaking his head now.

He took another step back.

“No,” he practically growled. “You don’t need to do that. I don’t deserve it!”

“It’s the only way this will work,” Rick informed him. “You want to move into the house don’t you? I can’t-”

“I’M A FUCKING ALPHA! STOP TREATING ME LIKE…FUCK…an Omega?”

Suddenly he was in his Sanctuary, walking the halls. The chest was puffed and his grin was in place as the Alphas, Betas, and Omegas all knelt before his passing presence. All the confidence in the world was coursing through him. There was none of the submissive, fearful Omega crap clouding his mind. Most of all, there was no Rick.

He could even see his Omega ladies who, one by one, stood and presented their glands as they bowed their heads down low. Grinning, Negan leaned over to bite into Sherry’s neck.

“What’s wrong with you? Hey!”
He blinked and he was back in Rick’s house. It took him a few minutes to realize Rick was in his face with his hands gripping his shoulders.

“No…NO!”

He struggled hard; backpedaling until he reached the end of the chain.

“You need to calm down!” Rick shouted.

“I can’t…I can’t…I was there! Where I was supposed to be.”

The room was starting to spin before his eyes.

He was barely aware that his mouth was running, cursing his Alpha out as he continued to struggle against his hold. But he was too weak to fight him off. He’d been strong once. He’d been flat across the belly and chest, but not anymore.

He shut his eyes to escape the dizziness as his heart pounded, as the walls closed in.

“Calm down…you need to calm down,” Rick tried in a gentler tone.

“No…not safe…not safe here,” he argued, frightened. “I was wrong to think I was...to think I could do this.”

“You are safe, and you can do this.”

“I was fucking wrong! I can’t be yours.”

He opened his eyes and saw his old pack giving him that hollow look again. They were everywhere, and he was outnumbered, defenseless.

“Stop it!” He didn’t want to see this. He didn’t want to go crazy; not at a time like this.

“Negan.”

Simon was nowhere to be seen.

“Negan!”

He rolled his eyes to Rick. It had been a long time since he’d seen the man look so scared. Negan wondered if he could see what he was seeing, as well as feel what he was feeling.

“What the fuck…is happening to me?”

Scared didn’t even cover it. He saw himself. He was sure he was his Alpha self, yet he couldn’t be sure.

His legs wobbled as they could no longer support him. Everything closed in and became darker.

“Negan…NEGAN!”

He couldn’t respond to Rick’s cries as darkness enveloped him.
Did Simon's visit screw Negan up? We'll see. As often the case for Rick and Negan, things don't always go over so smoothly especially with the pregnancy happening. Also it feels like a long time since Negan's past Alpha life was referenced.
Muffled voices eased their way into his semiconscious mind. The darkness was fading, but the confusion was still present as the voices became clearer.

“…okay…it’s stress…”

“…sure?...the pups…”

Negan groaned as he became aware of the light against his closed eyelids. The voices didn’t belong to Simon nor anyone from the Sanctuary, so he supposed that was a good sign.

“Back with us?”

He opened his eyes slowly and saw Dr. Carson peering down at him. After a moment, he smirked as he recalled the situation from the last time he met with the doctor after being unconscious.

“What am I missing this time?” he joked in a sluggish tone.

“Hopefully not your mind,” he replied as he pulled away.

Negan let his eyes roam as he became reacquainted with the doctor’s office. The events of what had possibly lead him to lying on the chair came back to him, and he shut his eyes again.

“Damn.”

“Yeah,” Carson agreed. “You had your Alpha pretty shaken.”

Negan turned his head to his right and noticed Rick sitting in a corner. He did appear to be a little frazzled.

“Why Rick, did you shed tears for me?” he mocked. “Figured I died in your loving arms?”

Rick scoffed as he stood and walked over to him.

“I think I know the difference between a dead man and an unconscious one.”

Negan shifted against the chair, wanting to pull himself up from such a laid back position.

“Just, take it easy. You were out for a while,” Carson said as he pulled up a stool next to him. Negan noticed he had brought the ultrasound near him as well, but he wasn’t interested in that.

“So what happened doc?”
“Well, I was going to ask you that? Rick said you were acting bizarre prior to blacking out.”

The looks both men were giving him made him feel cornered. He tried glaring back at them, not liking that specific look of concern. He glanced up at Rick who appeared just as curious, and also a little anxious to know the truth. Negan couldn’t see how he could express it, so he turned away from both.

“What’s going on with you?” Rick asked quietly. “Does this have anything to do with Simon?”

“What makes you say that?” he asked, sounding a little cold.

Rick sighed before continuing.

“You seemed to be, reverting back to the days when you thought you were an Alpha. Or at least, you thought you were somewhere else.” He paused, waiting for Negan to give him something. “I thought it was just stress from the pregnancy, or rather I told myself that. I knew Simon might have screwed up…”

“It…fuck…I don’t fucking know what it was,” Negan begrudgingly admitted. “After Simon came, I was seeing his ass. Hearing him too. Made me go back to the days I was an Alpha, and I just…I don’t fucking know why, but the whole thing got to me. Scared me shitless considering I couldn’t hold my shit together.”

Rick took a moment to take it in before answering.

“I thought, for a minute, you might have actually reverted to, an Alpha.”

Negan noticed the worry that crossed his features and sneered at it. He knew Rick’s concern was for what would have happened to his pups if he did change back. As for himself, a change back would have been gladly welcomed.

“If it’s possible to turn an Alpha into a goddamn Omega from a walker bite, then I guess the reverse is fucking true too.”

He looked at Carson for an answer, but the man didn’t appear too confident in knowing.

“Well, what happened to you is still a first. And I certainly wouldn’t recommend getting bit a second time to test it out. From my examinations, and considering how far you’ve come, I’d say it was impossible to revert back on the fly.”

“Then what the fuck happened to me?” He cried as he pushed himself up further. Rick laid a hand on his shoulder to ease him back down.

“When it comes down to it,” Carson paused and twiddled his thumbs, “stress, and hormones.”

Negan gawked at him.

“Are you fucking serious?”

“Hey, being a first time Omega, and a pregnant one at that, can be overwhelming. Particularly when something triggers you into collapsing.”

“Like Simon’s visit,” said Rick.

“Exactly,” Carson agreed. Negan deflated into the seat, not at all liking that a simple visit from an old friend broke him down so easily.
“That can’t be it. Goddamn stress and fucking Omega hormones made me see things, and hear shit?”

“Well, for an Omega, pregnancy is a delicate time. Hormones are at the highest, and so is your sensitivity level. On top of that you can’t expect not to have your emotions running wild. You may not see yourself that way, but I’d say it’s safe to lean on for an answer as to why you lost your shit.” He smiled at him and patted his knee. “Don’t worry. You get more practice at being an Omega, you’ll be better able to keep yourself together. Right now it’s coming at you full force.”

“And my having been an Alpha has nothing to do with it?” he asked as he rose back up.

Carson was busying himself by grabbing the gel and hovering it over his exposed belly. Negan winced as he felt it being squirted onto his skin before he felt the probe.

“Maybe,” he admitted, straight-faced. “You weren’t born an Omega, so it’s entirely possible that past Alpha instincts were triggered and collided violently with the Omega ones. Therefore, it would be wise for you to let go of any Alpha feelings you may still possess, once and for all.”

Negan grimaced as he laid back down and stared up at the ceiling.

As far as he was concerned, he’d long ago let go of such feelings. His core was all Omega now. Still, the idea that bringing forth any past Alpha feelings could create health problems disturbed him.

“Are you saying that any reference to his past, his Alpha past, could cause him harm?” Rick asked.

“Not necessarily. Again, it’s all guesswork,” Carson assured him. “I wouldn’t expect him to fall over every time he thought about his Alpha days. The sudden visit from his old pack mate along with his pregnancy was probably the best trigger for it.”

“Fuck.”

He didn’t like the idea of not seeing Simon again. Then again, he never expected the man to ever pay him another visit.

“Okay,” said Carson as he took in the screen. “Seems the pups are alright. No problems there.”

“Thank god,” Rick mumbled.

Negan simply shut his eyes, not wanting to deal with any of this.

“I didn’t ask you the first time, but would you like to know the sex? This machine isn’t great, but I’d still be able to clarify it for you.”

At that, Negan chuckled.

“Might do Rick some good since I haven’t heard him come up with any names yet.”

“I just haven’t told you,” Rick remarked. “And no. This is one time I’d like to be surprised.”

Carson nodded, smiling.

“Alright. But I can at least give you this.”

A minute later Negan felt the doctor moving something across his belly. Once he stopped, a soft thumping echoed in the room. Negan opened his eyes, knowing right away he was listening to one of his pups’ heartbeat. He felt Rick unconsciously curl his fingers into his shoulder in a gentle manner. Looking up, Negan saw the moisture in his eyes as he stared at the screen. Carson moved
the doppler again and the second pup’s heartbeat sounded off.

“How about that,” said Carson softly.

“Takes me back,” Rick said, voice thick with emotion.

Negan looked at the screen, seeing the two blobs again, though this time they looked more human. He glanced down at his belly and gently touched it. It didn’t seem possible that such sounds could be coming from within. Just hearing it, and somehow sensing it, made him feel a little tingle.

“Holy shit.”

“Isn’t that something?” Carson asked.

Negan laid back against the chair again, wide-eyed as he calmly listened to the thumps. He didn’t fully know what to make of what it was doing to him. All he knew was that he was feeling a lot calmer now.

Negan stood in Rick’s living room. All of his attention was currently on rubbing his belly. Part of him felt suddenly possessive, but at the same time irritated.

“We’re going to try this again.” He looked up at Rick who stood in the center. “And hopefully this time you won’t pass out on me.”

“Very fucking funny Rick,” he muttered in annoyance. “You want to blame someone for me passing out, blame yourself.”

Rick ran a hand through his hair and turned his eyes away.

“I figured letting you speak to Simon would be a kind gesture.”

“It should’ve been,” Negan replied. “Just that my sensitive Omega ass can’t handle it apparently.”

“You’re only two months away from giving birth. Can’t get you too excited before then.”

“So, me moving into your damn house doesn’t count as high excitement?” he teased. “I didn’t think this day would ever fucking come.”

“Neither did I,” Rick admitted. “But, I’m going to take a chance and trust you in my house, so long as you follow the house rules.”

“House rules meaning, being under lock and key at all times,” he said bitterly. He glared at the leg cuffs in Rick’s hand. “Look at me Rick! I’m bigger than a goddamn blimp. I can’t exactly run anywhere even if I wanted to. So what do you say we do away with the leg cuffs?”

Rick eyed him suspiciously, then took in the largeness of his tummy. Negan was basically reduced to waddling everywhere. Besides that, the leg cuffs could potentially endanger the pups should he trip. The added weight was something that his Omega was struggling with at times.

“Alright. No leg cuffs.” Negan beamed. “But for the first couple of days, you’re staying on the leash. At night, the legs get cuffed, no exception.”

“Yes Alpha,” Negan replied with a smirk that annoyed Rick.
At that moment, Carl entered the house. He quirked a curious brow as he caught Negan’s expression.

“Hey kiddo. Guess who’s coming home, for good.”

Any edginess Rick might have felt prior to this, returned with a vengeance.

For the most part, Negan freed from the prison wasn’t as bad as Rick imagined it would be. There was more of an occasional snark coming from the man, but he never showed signs of taking advantage of the situation. Most of Negan’s time wasn’t spent in the house anyhow as he still had a few chores to do. The real concern was at night.

The first night, Negan was clearly hesitant in having to have his legs chained.

“Come on Rick, I’m already tied down with the leash.”

Rick rose up after having locked his legs securely.

“I know we had a deal and all,” Negan continued. “Or rather, you fucking told me how it was gonna be. But, it’s not like I’m going to stumble off into the dark of night.”

Rick ignored him in favor of setting up his mattress with a few extra pillows and a blanket. Needing his Omega comfortable for the sake of his pups meant that he would now make himself a bed of sofa cushions and blankets.

“You’re welcome,” Rick exclaimed, as if Negan bothered to thank him.

Negan looked at the comfortable looking mattress and felt the gratitude sting at him. He waddled over to it and slowly maneuvered himself onto it.

“Fuck,” he cursed. “I’m getting so damn fat, I can’t even see my bellybutton. I long since lost sight of my dick, and damn if I wasn’t thankful for that.”

“Just shut up and go to sleep,” Rick grumbled as he settled himself against the cushions.

After comfortably finding a position on his side, Negan looked at him.

“You going to keep an eye on me all night?”

“That’s my job isn’t it.”

“Well, protect me all you want. Just know, I’m liable to scream if you try and take advantage of me,” Negan said, chuckling.

Rick just shook his head as the Omega grinned at the joke before rolling over. He expected Negan to let loose now that he didn’t have to return to the cell. Rick was fine with allowing it to keep him from stressing too hard.

Days started to pass without incident with Rick finding there to be little difference in having Negan in the house. There was concern of how he’d get along with his pup since they were under the same roof, but both went about things pretty normally.
In the evenings after a meal, Rick would lend him a book on pup care. And even though Negan appeared to browse through the pages, he knew he wasn’t really reading. Still, it offered him an educational way to pass the time.

“How about a game of cards instead?” he’d ask on occasion.

Rick would simply frown at him.

“You’re only allowed so many privileges. Your job is to focus on what’s ahead.”

Negan would groan and turn an irritated eye back to the book.

Then a day came when a knock at the door froze everything, at least just for a moment.

Rick looked down at Negan who was seated on a stool beside him, finishing up a bowl of cereal. He shifted his gaze from the chain hooked to his collar, to where it was secured to a nearby hook on the wall. He had a need for double checking the security before leaving him alone. Carl, who was sitting across from him, gave him a nod to assure him not to worry about leaving him alone with the man.

The knock sounded again, and Rick finally walked over to answer it.

Michonne was on the other side, grinning from ear to ear. Next to her was Kal from the Hilltop.

“What happened?”

“It’s Maggie,” she said excitedly. “She had her pup.”

Rick broke into a smile as the warmth from the news of a newborn pup filled his heart.

“That’s great. How is she, and the pup?”

“They’re doing great,” said a grinning Kal.

“Kal is ready to take us to go see,” said Michonne. “You should bring Carl.”

“Get Daryl and Aaron to watch Negan,” Rick ordered. With a nod of affirmation, she hurried off. Rick peeked back into the house. “Carl. Go get ready. We have a special trip to make.”

Rick wasn’t sure why he felt an air of nervousness as he rode in the backseat. It wasn’t even his own pup. Then he swallowed thickly as he recalled just whose pup it was.

Glenn wouldn’t be there to see it. He wouldn’t be there to hold it in his arms and tell him or her how much he loved it. It was because of his Omega. It was because of his own decisions leading up to that moment, and that in turn brought about the guilt. He gritted his teeth as he thought of Negan. It was mainly because of him. To think that if Negan never approached any community with the need to force them into slavery, there would never have been anyone desiring to fight back. It would have been pure peace.

Rick shut his eyes. He wished for peace for Maggie now in such a time.

He opened them as he felt Michonne rest her hand atop his. Upon looking back at her, he could tell that she knew what he was thinking, and with a slight change in her expression, she was asking him
to let it go for now. Now was the time for joy, not sadness.

As best he could, he tried to suck it back in, and patted her hand in thanks.

“So what is it?” Carl asked Kal from the front seat.

“It’s a surprise, that’s what it is,” Kal teased, annoying Carl and making Rick smile. He imagined his son holding his future twins in his arms.

Kal pulled through the Hilltop gate and parked near Barrington house.

“Greg let her have the second most comfortable room in the house,” Kal said as they exited the car. “We weren’t gonna have him make her give birth in a trailer.”

Kal led the way forward while Rick, Carl, and Michonne followed. Rick looked at the wandering pack members. Smiles were evident upon their faces, and there was definitely an air of happiness in the air that gave rise to his mood. Glenn would have wanted him to be happy for this too, he thought.

Kal knocked on the closed door to one of the nearby bedrooms.

“Maggie, it’s us.”

Rick heard shuffling on the other side of the door, and then it opened.

Sasha stood there with a huge smile. Rick returned it just as she moved forward and embraced him in a tight hug.

“Feels like a while,” she told him.

“You’ve been busy,” he acknowledged.

“Well, she’s not the only one,” came a soft voice with a southern accent to it.

Rick looked up and caught the radiant glow coming from Maggie. She was sitting against several pillows on a large bed, looking almost angelic surrounded in all the whiteness of the sheets. And there, wiggling in her arms, was a bundle wrapped in a blue, patterned, cozy looking blanket. Rick saw the little arm wave up from the folds.

With his eyes solely on the pup, Rick walked toward her and peered down. The few strands of hair was dark and the face was nicely full. Even though the eyes were closed, Rick had a strong feeling they were Glenn’s.

“What is it?” Carl asked.

No one answered as everyone watched Maggie quietly transfer the bundle into Rick’s arms. Right away he began a gentle rocking motion. Just by looking, he could already guess, yet he looked to Maggie for confirmation.

“It’s a boy,” she said, as if she could barely contain her happiness.

“A happy healthy baby boy,” said another voice.

Rick looked across the room and was surprised that he didn’t notice Carson there. Standing next to him was Enid looking thrilled. He smiled at them and slowly turned so Michonne and Carl could get a good look.
“Ohhh, he looks just like Glenn,” said Michonne sweetly as she lightly took a hold of his little hand. A tiny finger curled around her larger one.

“That’s so cool,” Carl gasped in awe.

“It is,” Rick agreed. “Here. You should get in a little practice holding him. That is, if it’s okay with mom.”

Maggie nodded, and Rick transferred the bundle into his son’s arms. He was a natural.

“Does he have a name?” Carl asked.

“I offered my name, but she wouldn’t take it,” said Kal.

“I offered Abraham,” said Sasha. There was an air of sadness in her tone, but at the same time there was pride.

“They were all great names,” Maggie insisted. “But I felt there could only be one that suited him best. Hershel.”

Rick nodded in understanding as he thought of her father. It had been a long time since he’d surfaced in his mind, and it made him wonder what he would make of the choices he’d made so far, as well as how he’d been leading the pack.

“Little Hershel will be honored to carry such a name.” He leaned over and kissed her on the forehead. “He’s beautiful Maggie. Glenn would’ve…he, would’ve been proud.”

The smile faltered only briefly as she placed her hand on his.

“Thank you Rick.”

“Come here little one.”

He looked up to see Michonne had the pup now.

“I’m sorry I wasn’t here to, see the birth,” Rick apologized with a bowed head.

“Don’t be. You wouldn’t have wanted to see that.” He looked up and caught the mirth dancing in her eyes. Then she laughed and was joined by Sasha.

“No, you wouldn’t have Rick. Girl nearly drew every walker here with her screaming.”

“You should’ve seen Gregory though,” said Kal. “He peeked his head in at one point and stumbled out of the room like a drunk.”

Kal imitated the action, bringing about more laughter. It made Rick so warm and comforted, that he just wanted to stay here in this moment.

“Well, anyhow, it’ll be your turn soon,” Maggie reminded him.

“Yeah, and I can’t wait,” Rick admitted.

“Me neither,” said Carl.

“What are you hoping for?” Enid asked him.
He gave a shrug and shook his head.

“Doesn’t matter. I’ll take either brothers or sisters. But it’s gonna suck trying to tell them apart.”

“You will send a picture to me if I can’t make it,” Maggie questioned, to which Rick nodded.

“Or I can come up here and fetch her,” said Sasha. Rick raised a brow in question. “I think I’ve been away from home long enough. Enid can hold things down here.”

Enid moved close to Maggie and took her left arm in hers.

“We’ll be happy to have you back,” said Rick.

Michonne walked up to Rick, eyes glued to the little being as she passed him back to Rick who gladly took him.

“So much like Glenn,” he muttered as he opened his eyes, which were a nice shade of deep brown.

He pressed his nose against the pup’s cheek, inhaling deeply the scents of Maggie and Glenn combined. After that, he planted a kiss on his forehead and placed him back into his mother’s waiting arms.

Chapter End Notes

A little taste of Rick having a pup in his arms again. Overall, a bit of an emotional chapter for me to write with the heartbeats of the pups and Maggie’s pup. :)
Chapter 47

Chapter Summary

As the pregnancy nears the end, both Rick and Negan fear and wonder about the future.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Negan placed a hand against his belly as the little kicks thumped against his skin. He was feeling pretty comfortable lying on the sofa, but now the pups were disrupting the peace, much to his annoyance.

“Jesus, give me a goddamn break will yah?” he muttered.

“Does it, you know, hurt?”

He looked up to see Carl standing nearby. With Rick currently vacant, he had taken amusement in viewing the kid as his guard.

“The kicking?” he asked. He worked his way to a sitting position, which took a little time considering the greater expansion of his stomach. He did not think a belly could get so huge on a human. In his opinion it was as if he’d swallowed a medium sized yoga ball. “It’s more fucking annoying than it is painful. I guarantee one of them is set on being a soccer player. If it ain’t that, they figure they could kick their way out.”

Carl chortled while Negan rubbed circles over the spot.

“Can I, feel it?”

Negan raised a brow. He was slightly taken aback by the kid’s curiosity, yet at the same time he enjoyed it. He leaned back and spread his arms to rest along the top of the couch, easily leaving his tummy vulnerable.

“Be my fucking guest.”

Carl took a hesitant step forward, then stretched out his hand. He tensed before firmly placing it against his stomach. Negan found himself quite amused at the intrigued look on his face. A couple of seconds later he gasped.

“I felt them.” There was a light smile playing across his face.

“Yeah, well I feel it a hell of a lot more than you do.” He glanced down at his active protrusion before looking at Carl again. “I don’t mean to bring up the past again, but, you’ve been through this before.”

Carl looked at him questioningly.

“I’m talking about your sister. Judith.” The look crossing Carl’s features was almost disquieting.
“What about her?”

“You've been around the pup, so you have a little experience in this field. Me, I don’t know shit about it. Your mom had one pup then another, but me I’m about to pop out two at the same damn time.”

“I don’t know. It makes sense that you’re scared,” Carl acknowledged.

“Scared,” he laughed. “I’ve been scared ever since I turned into a damn Omega.”

The sound of footsteps coming down the stairs distracted Carl.

“Well it’s not like you’re going to be alone in raising them. Dad’s here too.”

“The actual cause of the problem,” Negan groaned as he turned to him.

“I see you’re putting those parenting skills to use,” Rick muttered as he noticed the discarded pup guide books on the coffee table. He also took notice of Carl feeling his siblings’ kicks in his Omega.

“The best damn way for me to get those skills is not by looking through bullshit books, but by asking the source.” He grinned as he nodded toward Carl who looked a little confused.

“You want parenting tips, I suggest you ask me,” Rick advised.

“Pass.”

Rick just shook his head.

“Don’t get too comfortable there. I have some work for you to do.”

“In my condition?” Negan asked, looking affronted. “I thought I had permission to take it easy nowadays. I’m one fucking month away.”

“It won’t be much. I’d just like you to do a little cleaning in the spare room for our new guest.”

Negan narrowed his eyes in bitterness.

“I’ve said it before, and I’ll fucking say it again. Four’s a goddamn crowd Rick.”

Rick just smirked at him, taking entertainment from his Omega’s irritation.

“Like you said, you’re one month away. All the more reason for him to be near.”

Negan folded his arms as best he could over his enlarged breasts. He didn’t care about the logic in Rick’s reasoning.

A few days later, a car pulled up outside the gate. After getting the okay from the guard on the fence, a Beta down below opened the gate to allow the car entry. Rick, Aaron, and Sasha made their way over to greet Dr. Carson just as he stepped out with a bag, and turned to them with a warm smile.

“Rick. How are you holding it together?”

“As well as any expectant father can,” he answered back.

The doctor gave a nod of understanding and broadened his smile.
“The good thing is you’ve been through this before, with Carl.”

Rick chuckled and glanced back at the house.

“Yeah, but it feels a little different knowing Negan’s the one giving birth to more of my children.”

“I bet he won’t handle it as well as Maggie,” Sasha claimed as she took up a defensive posture.

“He’s a first time Omega, and on top of that a first time mom,” said Aaron. “He’s going to lose his shit.”

He shared a laugh with Sasha while Rick turned his attention on Carson.

“I’m sorry to pull you away from Maggie.”

“Oh don’t be. She and the pup are doing fine right now.”

“I appreciate it, all the same.” Rick gestured toward his house. “Negan has a spare room cleaned up for you.”

“Actually, I was thinking it’s best if I bunk up in another house,” Carson said while waving off a hand.

“I know Negan’s an ass, but he can’t be that bad if Carl’s living with him,” said Sasha.

“It’s nothing to do with that. He’s already stressed, and I don’t want my intrusion to make it worse. I’m sure your Omega would be quite pleased if I didn’t move in.”

Rick gave something of a nod of agreement.

“He wasn’t exactly fond of the idea.”

“Thought so. My being there would potentially worsen his mood, not to mention yours.” Rick frowned at him, so he elaborated. “Alphas can get a little, well, aggressively territorial when their Omegas are close to birth. Same can be said after it. I’m sure you experienced that with Carl.”

“Doesn’t feel like it,” Rick said as he dropped his eyes in thought. “Then again, I didn’t exactly have a big pack back then. It was really just me and Shane. I was fine with Shane being around Lori while she was pregnant. But I see your point. Not all traditions should be changed.”

“Especially when it’s healthier for the bonded pair and pups,” Carson added.

Rick nodded. It was instinctively mandatory that an Alpha keep others away from his or her newborn pup for a certain number of days. Alphas tended to be quite aggressive at such a time. Besides that, the days alone allowed for the Alpha and Omega to further bond with the new pup. It wasn’t all that imperative when it came to Beta and Omega pairs like Maggie and Glenn, otherwise he wouldn’t have seen her pup so soon. On top of being an Alpha, Rick was the leader of the pack, so such a feeling would likely double.

“He can bunk with me,” Sasha offered. She turned to the doctor. “Unless you’d rather bunk with one of the guys.”

“I’d be happy to stay with you. Especially since I already know you,” he said, smiling.

Once it was settled, she and Aaron grabbed the suitcases he’d brought, then led him toward Sasha’s house.
Rick watched them go as an odd empty feeling sunk into him. He presumed it to be the anxious feeling any expectant father would get. It was natural to get nervous, but being that it was Negan, it made him very nervous. Right now it was tough for him to imagine being alone with Negan and the pups. He couldn’t help comparing it to the time when it had just been the two to them in the RV after his kills. Would he feel as trapped and as scared as he had in that moment?

He wasn’t sure, but the stress was starting to bring up other worries as well. Being that the pups were half Negans, Rick wondered how much they would resemble him. Would he get the sense that he was outnumbered with three Negans, or would he see a bit of himself in their children?

Part of him wanted to set up a kind of therapy session with Carson on the matter, but at the same time he felt ridiculous about bringing his worries up. He couldn’t expect anyone to understand such fears when no one was able to understand how he could go so far with Negan in the first place.

He was alone. He and Negan were alone in this.

Rick considered going to Sasha’s house to talk Carson into staying in his home, however, his feet turned him in the opposite direction.

“Fuck.”

Negan ran a hand down his sore back as he moved slowly across the nursery, after filling a drawer with a new shipment of found pup clothes. He placed the other hand under his belly as if he was trying to carry the weight with the one hand.

“Why do they have to be so heavy?” he asked bitterly as he looked over at Rick, who was going through another box of pup supplies.

“Because it’s two, not one,” he answered simply without looking up.

“Well fuck me,” he started sarcastically. “And here I thought twins meant one pup with two heads.”

Rick actually laughed.

“Oh you think that’s funny Alpha? What’s funny is leaving you all the diaper work.”

Rick didn’t bother to correct him by stating it would be a shared job.

“Just sit down for a minute and relax.”

He wasn’t too surprised to see the Omega take his advice as he settled in the new rocking chair Tobin had managed to find on one of his runs. Rick watched him rub circles in his belly before raising his attention to his face. Already Negan was looking worn on top of disgruntled. If anyone was to view his face from afar, he imagined said person would have no trouble taking him for an Omega just on face value alone. In all the time he’d been an Omega, Negan had maintained the image of an Alpha with his tall, strong build. It was one reason why Rick was surprised that he was viewing him as a diminished version of what he once was. He wondered why he was just now noticing.

Negan looked away from his belly and met his eyes, smirking.

“Taking a picture with your eyes?”
Rick huffed and turned back to focus on sorting the items from the box.

“Not exactly.”

Negan leaned back in the chair and rocked it lightly as quietness settled. Upon getting enough of it, he broke it.

“So Ricky. Any thoughts to names yet, or do you still have no fucking clue what to call your own kids?”

Rick gathered the packages of diapers and headed to the closet. He took his time in stacking them in a corner, then went back to sort out the rest.

“There’s no rush on names,” he finally answered.

“Which is your way of saying you got nothing,” Negan stated. Negan glanced over at the crib. A grimace passed over his features momentarily. “I still say Negan is the best goddamn name you can give them. Not that I give a shit.”

Rick turned to him and saw what appeared to be a clear sign of tiredness in his face, yet he read something else entirely; that he actually did give a shit.

“And I still say we’re not naming them Negan,” Rick said firmly.

Negan brooded as he kept his gaze on the crib, then he smirked.

“You know what I should’ve gotten? A goddamn pup shower, and a shit-ton of gifts. Why the hell didn’t I get one?”

“Who the hell would come?” Rick questioned.

Negan groaned, then rocked himself up to his feet.

“Good fucking point,” he muttered.

He wandered up to the crib and just stared down at the bedding. He found it peculiar that he didn’t know what to think about the situation anymore. He was still against the pregnancy, yet there was a strange kind of curiosity lingering at the back of his annoyance. Feeling angry didn’t quite say it.

“Hey Rick,” he began slowly. “You think having these pups will, change things for me?”

“Having pups always changes things.”

“No, I mean me, specifically.”

Rick faced him full on, just as Negan turned to him and shrugged in a near shameful manner.

“Pack still hates my guts. Doesn’t seem to matter I’m knocked the fuck up.”

“I wasn’t aware that you gave a shit about my pack,” Rick said with a slight growl in his tone. “You never asked to earn their trust, or approval. You asked for mine.”

“I know,” he said while dropping his eyes.

“Do you want their approval?”
In all honesty, Negan wasn’t sure. As he thought of the question, he actually found himself longing for it. Then it made him want to throw up a big middle finger at the whole group. Suddenly it wasn’t just Rick’s fault that he was in this mess. It was everyone’s.

“Fuck, I don’t fucking know what I want, except to not have these things in me anymore. But once they’re out of me, then what? How’s your pack gonna look at me then? All I got is you and Carl to rely on for protection…and company.”

“What are you saying?”

Negan chuckled and raised a hand to his forehead. If he wasn’t aware that he was completely present, he would have considered himself delusional.

“I don’t know what the hell I’m saying, or fucking feeling for that matter.” He dropped his eyes to his belly, letting his fingers roam over the skin. “I’m just scared of the whole damn thing.”

He didn’t look at Rick as he shuffled up to the doorway. With his back facing him, Negan spoke again, in a tone that came across as broken.

“Can I go downstairs for a while, Alpha?”

Rick was slow to cross over and unhook his leash from the doorway hook. As he gazed at the end of the chain in his hand, he wondered if there would be a time when he could trust Negan off the leash. Deciding it was best not to discuss it, he silently led him downstairs.

Once the ninth month arrived, Rick noticed a clear buzz in the atmosphere. He could feel people’s anxiousness and at times see it in their faces, especially when they were trying to hide it. Every now and then someone would walk up and start a conversation with him about any random thing, but Rick was always ready for the allusion to the pups.

He didn’t mind. The fact that they were interested, and maybe even a little excited, boosted his own mood. It was much better to be surrounded by people who were positive about the upcoming birth. Of the Betas, Omegas, and Alphas, Rick found it was mainly the Omegas who genuinely smiled and sought him out whenever he was out and about. They weren’t willing to do the same to Negan the few times they saw him, which made Rick suspect that deep down, they still carried some fear of him. It didn’t help that Negan would glare or flip them off if they got too close to him. When they surrounded Rick, they burst into questions about possible names, babysitters, what gender he wanted, and any other cute pup things they could think to ask or discuss.

“You’re their Alpha,” Michonne told him humorously. “You have to expect them to smother you with attention, and even some affection.”

Rick smiled and laid a hand against his cheek where a female Omega had kissed it.

“It’s not just that,” he told her. “With pups being a rare thing, it makes them even more excited.”

“Well, you won’t have long. And in the meantime, you still need to think of some names.”

“Carl and I started working on a list but, I don’t know. I think I’ll know what to call them when I see their faces.”
After another week passed, the buzz of excitement only increased. Rick felt it starting to wear on him, but he never admitted it to anyone. Instead he let his feet carry him into the church.

He stood at the entrance, looking into the empty room. With a sigh, he walked down the aisle and plopped down in the first pew up front. There, he hunched over with his head in his hands, and let it all crash down within him. There was some relief in being alone in the silence. It was an opportunity to not think, and he welcomed the sensation with open arms.

Several minutes later, he heard light footsteps that made him shift his face from the cover of his hands. Daryl was treading up the aisle, with the crossbow in one hand.

“Sorry,” he apologized as he averted his eyes. “I saw you and, wanted to make sure you were alright.”

“I like to think so,” Rick muttered.

“I’ll leave.”

He turned, but Rick held out a hand.

“No. I think, I could use your company.”

Daryl paused, uncertain, but didn’t flee.

“Alright.”

Rick smiled softly, and then it faded as he turned to massaging his temples.

“I been through this twice before, and the feeling’s been the same,” he began quietly. “I’m excited… nervous. But that’s when it was with Lori. With Negan, I have those same feelings, but I think I’m more scared than anything else. What’s life going to be like, raising the pups with, Negan?”

Daryl gave a barely audible huff.

“Bet Negan’s more scared than you.”

“He is,” Rick said truthfully. “But I’m the one that has to hold it together. I’m the Alpha here.”

Daryl shifted his eyes for something to say; something that would ease his Alpha’s mind. Sentimental words weren’t exactly the norm for him.

“Hey, how about you come hunting with me.” Rick looked up at him, mildly surprised. “Come on. It hasn’t been just you and me in a while.”

“Sorry. I’ve just been a little preoccupied with my Omega. But, I think I could use a break.”

“I think you deserve a break.”

The Alpha smiled and got to his feet. Already his mood was lifted from having Daryl at his side again as they left the church.

“Fucking Rick,” Negan cursed. He scrubbed hard at a piece of food stuck to a plate as he stood over a sink of soapy water. He glanced up at the clock on the wall and shook his head.
“What’s your problem?”

He looked around to see that Carl had appeared in the kitchen entrance.

“Rick’s the goddamn problem, as fucking usual. Leaving me here alone while he’s out having the time of his life.”

“I don’t think he views hunting that way,” he argued. “And he’s only been gone an hour.”

“Feels like forever,” he said scornfully. “Bastard. Why the hell didn’t he bring me along? I’m the one that could use a goddamn break from this fucking place. And, I could get in a little target practice.”

“Hmph, clingy much?” Carl teased. He smirked at him before wandering away. But the remark caused Negan to freeze in place.

“Damn,” he muttered.

It wasn’t a feeling he noticed, but he supposed the kid had a point. In the last couple of days, he found himself somewhat appreciating Rick’s company. And whenever he was left alone, the loneliness seeped in quick before he recognized it. It was ridiculous of course, and he only had his raging hormones to blame.

“Aah.” He gasped as he felt a sudden painful cramp, and nearly dropped the plate in the process. Negan gripped the edge of the sink for a minute as he focused on breathing. Deciding it had passed, he returned to cleaning the plate.

A couple of minutes later he felt it again, harder. With a sharp intake of breath, he hunched over. His left hand moved to clutch his stomach as he looked ahead, wide-eyed. Something was happening that his brain couldn’t comprehend properly. Perhaps the steady rise of dread was preventing the answer from automatically hitting him.

“Aaaah...shit!”

The plate fell and shattered on the floor as the other arm embraced the first over his belly.

“CARL!”

He didn’t want to believe it was happening now. He couldn’t process that the twins were coming right this instant.

“Goddamn it,” he rasped. He was starting to tremble.

Carl hurried up to the entrance and took in the sight of Negan’s face, a mask of misery and horror. Negan shifted awkwardly in his hunched over position as his heart pounded.

“The fuck?” he asked as he met Carl’s eye, asking for an answer when he already guessed what was occurring. The Omega side was sounding off the alarm, yet he wanted to argue that this wasn’t happening.

“You’re going into labor,” Carl answered in a tone that said he couldn’t believe it himself. He stood like a statue, unable to take his eye off of him.

Negan shut his eyes and shook his head as his innards did somersaults.

“FUCK.”
Carl found his feet and rushed over just as Negan gave a long wail. He unclipped the chain from his collar while Negan desperately clutched at his belly, willing the pain to stop. Carl hooked a hand around his arm, but then he released it.

“I need to get Carson!” he exclaimed.

He started to run, but Negan’s hand shot out and grabbed the front of his shirt. Carl’s eye became as wide as a saucer as Negan pulled him in close. With a great effort, Negan opened his pain filled eyes and stared him down with a glare that was as powerful as an Alpha’s.

“Get…Rick.”

Chapter End Notes

This is it! Negan's finally gone into labor. What a time for Rick to be away, lol, but it is a stressful and fearful time for him as well. Be here for the blessed event. It's bound to be quite an exciting and emotional moment :D
“Fuck, fuck…fuck…FUCK!”

He breathed heavily with his eyes closed tightly, mentally praying for the pain to subside. Along with that pain, fear threatened to overtake him. It was enough to make him want to blackout. Negan growled sharply as he made a great effort to push it aside for now. When he felt more in control, he started moving slowly toward the kitchen entrance. For the moment he was saved from the sudden pain, but his teeth were gritted in preparation for another hit. So many alarms were going off in his head he couldn’t make sense of what any of it was trying to tell him. All that mattered was the most obvious alarm.

“Here, let me help you,” Carl offered.

Negan tossed him a look after momentarily forgetting he was still hovering by his side. He pulled his right arm away when Carl grabbed for it.

“The only goddamn help I want from you, is fucking Rick,” he growled. His face was flushed, and his anger was high. Once he made it to the entrance, he stretched his arms across for support and stood in the doorway, breathing deeply. “Goddamn, this isn’t supposed to happen now!”

“It had to happen sometime,” Carl pointed out. He shifted back and forth behind him, ready to support Negan.

“They’re fucking early!” he shouted. “Doc said…next week.”

“I guess they didn’t want to wait any longer.”

His attempt at levity didn’t make a dent in Negan as he staggered up to the table, and gripped the back of a chair. His knuckled turned white almost immediately. As it hit him again, he wasn’t prepared. Biting down to hold in the cry was useless.

“AAAAAHHHHhhhh…fuck…GODDAMN it!”

His hands were shaking on the chair. There was no way to describe the pain, except for it being an intense sharpness that tore at his middle. He could even feel the pressure traveling down his lower spine.

“Let’s get you to the couch.” Carl again took his arm, but Negan waved it off.

“NO…I want,” he paused to catch his breath, then he glanced up at the stairs. “I want the bed.”

“Negan, I don’t know if you can travel up the-”
“I WANT THE GODDAMN BED!”

Carl jumped back, startled, then waved his hands in surrender.

“Oh kay…okay. I’ll help you up, then I’ll get dad.”

Negan was unaware of gripping onto the kid’s arm after he gently pried his grip from the chair. He was certain it was getting hotter in the room, and that all the air was vanishing from his lungs. Never had his belly felt so heavy. He was even starting to feel an extra heaviness in his breasts. He wasn’t sure if it was normal for Omegas on the verge of birth, and cursed himself for never reading the pup books. The weight was definitely pushing down, adding to the sudden trial of walking.

“We’ll take it slow,” Carl said once they reached the base of the stairs.

Negan’s eyes were fluttering, but he forced himself to focus.

“Fuck…I’m gonna kill Rick,” he said under his breath.

They took it one step at a time. Whenever the pain hit, Negan came to a stop and cursed before Carl coaxed him into continuing.

“I think, we’re supposed to count contractions or something,” Carl brought up, sounding unsure.

“Fuck that shit,” Negan snarled. “All we need to know is it fucking hurts.”

He thought about how Simon had mentioned long ago that labor for male Omegas were brutal. He didn’t even want to think about the birth part. However, the birth part quickly came to his mind as he made it to the doorway and saw the mattress.

“Fuck.”

“Come on.”

Carl guided him over.

“I’m gonna kill Rick,” Negan muttered again.

“Yeah I’m sure he’d appreciate hearing that from you,” Carl said as helped maneuver him down. Afterwards he snatched up the pillows from his dad’s makeshift bed, and piled them up behind Negan. “Lay back.”

“Fuck no. I’m not ready for that stage yet. I just want to sit.”

“You sure?”

Negan shut his eyes and breathed in deeply. As of right now, he didn’t feel like he was in much pain. The contractions had subsided, which greatly eased the terror that threatened to take him. He spread his legs slightly and leaned back while maintaining a seated position on the edge of the mattress.

“I think, I’m alright now,” Negan decided. He sighed heavily, then dropped his head to stare at his belly. “Probably had a fight in there. Damn sibling rivalry already starting.”

“Well, I’m still going to get dad, and Carson. You want anything before I go?”

“How about hot water?” Negan questioned with a chuckle. “Aren’t you supposed to boil some?”
“That’s in the movies,” Carl scoffed. “I’ll be back.”

He hurried out the room. Negan watched him disappear, then turned his attention up to the ceiling. It seemed impossible that his life had reached this point. For a second he thought of Lucille. He could just see her smiling at him, as if this was a wonderful moment.

“Fuck.”

He dropped his gaze to his belly again, and rested a hand against it. As far as he was concerned there was nothing wonderful about it. It wasn’t supposed to be this way. It was Lucille who was supposed to have such pups long ago, and after all this time his heart wasn’t in it, especially as they were half his enemy’s. He rubbed his fingers up and down the skin, unsure of what exactly he should feel other than fear and anger.

He gasped and curled his toes as another contraction hit, then cursed himself for not thinking of asking Carl for drugs.

Carl zipped out of the house, frantically looking up and down for the familiar faces of his dad and Dr. Carson. Feeling that he had no time to spare, he ran up to the nearest member.

“Hey, is dad back yet?”

“No, I haven’t seen him,” the man answered.

“Damn it.” He found the idea of his dad missing the birth a little unsettling since he’d missed Judith’s. His dad had longed for this moment, and he wasn’t even here. The thought in turn made him think of his mom. How she had laid on a cold stone floor, saying her goodbyes to him.

“Carl?”

He spun around and saw Michonne walking up to him, face expressing concern. He assumed he looked quite frightened.

“Michonne is dad back?”

“No, why?”

He didn’t realize he was starting to pant.

“It’s Negan…he’s having the twins.”

She seemed slow to react, but then she gasped in sudden joy. Her expression then straightened as she understood the task at hand. Grabbing his shoulders, she looked him right in the eye.

“Is Carson with him?”

“No. Negan wanted me to get dad. I need to get him too.” He made to run off, but she held him back.

“I’ll get Carson, you go back to Negan.”

He nodded, but his heart was beginning to beat rapidly.
Negan was now resting his hands on his knees. His head was bowed and his eyes were closed as he tried to ignore the little voice in the back of his mind that was reminding him of what he didn’t want to hear. ‘Your Alpha’s not here!’ ‘Your Alpha’s not coming!’

He gritted his teeth, as his instincts attempted to work him into a frenzy. This was a vital moment, and his Alpha didn’t have the balls to be present for the torture he himself had caused.

“Fucking Rick,” he grumbled. He turned to his side and rolled onto his hands and knees. His breathing was easier, but his heart was going insane. He clutched at his chest just as another contraction hit.

“AAHHH…motherfucker!”

His thoughts shifted to the many times he’d been on his knees before Rick. He thought about the first time he’d bit into his gland, securing ownership. He jolted and squeezed his legs together as best he could as he remembered the first knot from Rick’s dick.

Negan blinked away the mist in his eyes. He never considered himself an emotional guy, but he was startled to feel something twist in his chest, which he didn’t like one bit. Such a feeling, or more appropriately termed, instinct, had him longing for his Alpha. He looked at the mattress in front of him and felt more afraid.

“I can’t do this…” he muttered in a hollow tone. “Can’t…”

He turned, crawling away from it; desiring to move away from the entire thing.

Hurried footsteps up the stairs made him stop. He looked toward the door and felt great disappointment in seeing Carl in the doorway.

“Where the fuck is Rick!”

“He’s, not here yet. But Carson’s coming.”

His eyes widened at the symbol Carson represented. Once he came, he would enter an experience designated for Omegas only. He was barely aware that he was shaking his head.

“It’ll be okay,” Carl assured him as he dropped by his side. “It’s going to be okay.”

Negan could only look at Carl. This pup who was not his Alpha, who had seen him at his strongest, was viewing him at his most vulnerable. Granted he’d seen him get spanked, and put in his place after Rick rescued him, but this was difference. It was so grossly personal and revealing. Shame was coating him, and he couldn’t look at him anymore.

“Carl! Negan!” came the sound of Dr. Carson’s voice from below.

“Up here!” Carl cried.

Negan began to whimper. If he could shrink in on himself he would have.

“GGgaahhh.” He shuttered as the pain struck again and had him curling into the floor as much as was possible. He heard Carson come to a stop in the doorway, but didn’t raise his head.

“Allright,” Carson said as he moved forward. “I’ve done this once, and I think I can do it again, twice.”

Negan choked back the rising emotions as he started to shake.
Rick leaned back against the passenger’s seat with a relaxed smile playing across his face. The time away had been greatly appreciated. Though hunting wasn’t his top hobby, it had become a de-stresser when he hadn’t expected it to be.

Daryl looked over at him and smirked.

“Got a feel for hunting now?”

Rick just chuckled.

“Can’t say I do, but the time away is what mattered.”

A minute of silence passed before Daryl filled it.

“We should do it again.”

Rick glanced at him and noticed some emotion filtering under the tough exterior. It had been a long time since he and Daryl spent time together. Time spent with a close pack mate was something he sorely missed.

“Yeah. And we will,” Rick promised.

As Alexandria came into close view, the gate was pulled aside. Right away, Rick noticed his pack in various little huddles talking. A few were racing back and forth to talk to one another. He frowned at the sight, sensing something odd was happening.

“What the hell’s up?” Daryl muttered as he parked the truck on the side.

When Rick opened the door, that oddness came across as excitement.

“Hey he’s back!” someone yelled. A couple of heads turned to look at him. Some expressed smiles while others seemed shocked. Michonne, who was hovering on Rick’s porch, ran toward him.

“Rick!” she cried. The Alpha didn’t move as he was still bewildered. “It’s Negan. He’s having the pups!”

It was all he needed to hear.

He broke into a run, heart immediately pounding as he made a beeline for his house. This was it. He was about to meet his sons or daughters. He was about to be a father to little ones again. He felt the slightest bit of fear at the idea of almost having missed it.

He burst into the house, frantically seeking his Omega.

“Negan!” he called, upon not seeing him in the living room.

“Up here!” he heard Carson yell from upstairs.

Rick turned and practically took the stairs two at a time. Peeking out of the doorway was Carl who looked relieved.

“Did I...” He couldn’t finish the question as he moved. He didn’t want to imagine missing a second birth.
“No, he’s…still in labor.”

Rick made it to the doorway just as he finished explaining, and saw for himself. Negan was leaning into the dresser near the window, eyes shut tight and breathing heavily. Carson was behind him, rubbing his back and whispering to him in a low voice to calm him, but it didn’t seem to be working.

Rick didn’t make a sound. He stood there in the entrance, unable to take his eyes off of Negan as his mouth parted in awe. Then slowly Negan looked at him, glowering.

“About fucking time prick!” he growled. “Where the hell were you!”

“I was, with Daryl,” he said weakly. He moved forward as if walking in a dream.

Negan chuckled darkly.

“Cheating on me…at a time like, this?” He gasped and sucked in the air sharply as another contraction hit. It was strong enough to make him curl against the dresser. His gasps transformed into pained whines that revealed the obvious fear coursing through him.

“I’m here now,” Rick said as he walked over. The Omega opened his eyes wide as he looked up at his Alpha. The fear was clear in his orbs.

“It shouldn’t be long,” Carson assured him. “His water hasn’t even broken yet. Carl, can you bring some blankets and towels.”

The kid nodded and took off. Rick, meanwhile, secured his place behind his Omega as if he was about to knot him. Instead, he reached a hand up and started massaging his gland while resting the other hand over his belly. Negan tensed at first, but then felt his wildly running mind start to ease down. The quietness was only broken by his Omega’s labored panting, and Rick’s quiet growls of approval.

“This is fucking bullshit,” he rasped. “I can’t…I can’t do this.”

“You are going to do this,” Rick informed him. “There’s no other way.”

“Bullshit there’s no other way! Knock me the fuck out and cut them out of me!”

“No.”

“Then…fuck…give me something! Any fucking thing…for the pain.”

“I don’t have much for labor pains now, but I do have some pills that would be safe,” Carson offered. He walked over to a table to search through the bag he’d brought.

“No,” Rick said with a growl. “No drugs. I want this all natural.”

There was something to be said for a drug free birth. It was marked by tradition and a respect for the Omegas of the past, but Negan didn’t care about any of that. He glared harder as he turned to face him.

“IT FUCKING HURTS!”

“You’re an Omega. You can handle it, I know you can.”

His breathing became harder as he threw his hand off his belly.
“Fuck you!”

A sudden wetness erupted between his legs. Negan stumbled back and stared down as it trickled down his legs. His cheeks reddened at the thought that he’d pissed himself.

“Your water broke, which means they’re coming,” Carson said, as if he’d read what he’d been wondering.

Carl returned with a handful of towels and blankets.

“Is this enough?”

“Yes. Spread some on the mattress.”

“Fuck,” Negan muttered. He was getting nauseous, and the pain was becoming more intense when it didn’t seem possible. There was definitely not enough air in the room. He felt Rick’s hands on his arm and tried pulling away. He was amazed that moments ago he had actually longed for the man’s presence. “Don’t you fucking touch me! I’m not doing this.”

“You are. You don’t have a choice right now.” He turned to his son. “Carl. You’re going to have to leave now.”

“What? No, I wanna stay.”

“Carl.”

“I was there when mom gave birth to Judith,” he argued.

“And I appreciate that,” Rick acknowledged. Negan interrupted him with a sudden cry that caused him to jerk back in his grip. Rick unconsciously ran a hand down his arm, gently. “But I’m here now, and this is a matter between an Alpha and his Omega.”

“AAAAaahhh…FUCKING GET OUT!” Negan yelled as he glanced at Carl before hunching forward. He wailed as he dropped his head against Rick’s chest; the cry was muffled in his shirt. He could barely tolerate Carson being present, let alone the kid.

Carl looked at Negan as he felt a sudden burst of mixed emotions. Then he met his dad’s eyes.

“Good luck,” he wished him, before leaving the room. Carson closed the door behind him.

Chapter End Notes

As I was writing/working on this chapter, it ended up becoming longer than I expected. So after some debate I decided to cut it in two parts. Expect part 2 by the weekend :) Well Rick made it in time to be there for his Omega. And if Negan is going to go through every aspect of being an Omega, as well as pay for the pain he's caused Omegas in the past, he's going to experience childbirth naturally ;)
“Alright, let’s get those pants off,” Carson announced.

“Touch them and die!” Negan threatened.

But he was ignored as Rick grabbed a hold of his sweats and underwear, and worked them down his legs. Even though Carson had seen everything below him a few times, Negan blushed as if it was the first.

“Step out of them,” Rick ordered.

With a sob, Negan did so as he averted his eyes from both men. The shame he’d felt was ramping up and he hadn’t even gotten to the worst part yet. He turned his attention to the window, wanting to imagine himself elsewhere as a way to distance himself from the situation, and most of all pain.

“Do they know?” he found himself asking. “The pack…they fucking…gggahh…know what’s happening?”

Rick threw his garments aside and faced him.

“They do.” Negan choked as if the response physically hurt. “And they’re all excited for it, which is a good sign. It’s a sign that this is going to happen, and that everything’s going to be okay.”

A sudden wave of gratitude struck Negan and he didn’t know why. He hated Rick, yet he was acknowledging that he needed him, his Alpha, right here. He gazed at Rick, feeling as if he was viewing him totally exposed for the first time. Rick seemed so strong and in control, and here he was falling apart as he began trembling violently. Desperately he sought out some kind of connection as he latched onto his arm while maintaining eye contact. Wordlessly Rick guided him over to the bed.

“I’m sorry,” Rick apologized. “I wasn’t…I almost missed this.”

Negan just swallowed thickly.

“Your goddamn pups…you better be here,” he grumbled.

“Our pups,” Rick corrected. He gently eased his Omega onto the mattress. As Carson got into place, Negan laid back against the pillows. He tensed up immediately as he hit them, and let out a string of curses.

“I can’t believe this is happening,” he said tiredly. “GGGgggrrrr.”

He threw his head back against the pillows, groaning between clenched teeth. The twins were
tearing into him with a vengeance. Carson pulled on some plastic gloves, then positioned his legs apart to examine him. Negan cringed as he felt his fingers prodding his breeding hole.

“You’re almost fully dilated.” Negan turned his head, not wanting to see the doctor or any of what was about to happen. “Negan.”

The Omega heaved a sigh and miserably raised himself up to face him again. In the chaos of his mind, he became aware of Rick settling down behind him. Moments later, he felt Rick’s hands on his shoulders as he began nipping at his neck.

“You’re going to feel the urge to push here in a minute okay,” Carson continued.

“I feel the fucking urge to get these things out of me now!” he hollered in a rush. Another sharp contraction had him melting into the mattress. The pain seemed to be hovering to the point where Negan believed it was the end of a minute’s relief.

“Fuck…just, fuck! I didn’t fucking want this goddamn it!” Rick’s nipping into his gland shifted into sucking, as a way of settling the state of his Omega, yet it was also a sign of the Alpha’s early affection for the pups he was about to birth. As far as Negan was concerned, it was doing him no good. He could feel the pressure starting to build below. Shifting his body to try and find comfort also did very little. “Men weren’t fucking meant to do this!”

“Male Omegas are, just like Omega females,” Carson countered. “The labor is the one part that sucks, but in the end you’ll be rewarded. You’ll have two beautiful pups to look after. For now, just breathe. In, and out, slowly.”

Following the instruction was tougher than he thought, but he tried it regardless.

“Fuck.”

“That’s it. Just in…and out…in…and out.”

Carson glanced up and looked at Rick who stopped sucking the gland and smiled back. The Alpha in him was roaring with excitement, aside from being flooded with the need to protect and comfort his Omega. Rick moved more pillows behind his head while keeping a hand connected to his shoulder. Negan didn’t register the touch. He stared at the ceiling in shock. The pressure was intensifying, and the pain, searing, as if a walker was tearing into his pelvis as it ate. He squirmed and screamed with the pain.

“I’m going to die,” he said, defeated. This was what dying felt like. He was shaky, and the sweat was starting to pour. Rick pressed his hand harder into his shoulder.

“No you won’t,” Rick declared. Negan leaned his head back to look at him. “You’re going to make it, and you’re going to help me raise and take care of our pups. Neither of us knows why a walker bite changed you. Maybe it was for this. For what you never had.”

Negan wanted to reply, but had no words.

“Okay,” Carson said. “This is it! Start pushing!”

His body was already instructing him to do so, yet Negan was shaking his head. He had long since been past the point of no return, yet this would truly solidify it. Bringing his pups into the world now, was incomprehensible. He wasn’t ready. He wasn’t ready for the feel or the pain. He wasn’t ready to meet his own children.
“PUSH!” Carson demanded.

“You can do this,” Rick was saying.

The weight of the pressure heading downward could no longer be held back. Another damn seemed to break, flooding his lower half with the most excruciating agony. He ground down as he worked his muscles to propel the pup forward.

“AAAAAAAAAAAAHYYYYYYYYY!”

Never before had he had a reason to scream in his life. His innards stretched and twisted in ways he couldn’t imagine.

“That’s it, keep pushing,” Carson instructed. “And breathe, remember to keep breathing. Your body knows what to do.”

He could feel the size of it moving down his channel, bringing with it a burning, ripping pain. He couldn’t stop screaming. He was sweating profusely, resulting in his hair plastering to his forehead.

“Oh, okay, I can see the head!” Carson said excitedly. “Stop pushing!”

“GGAAAAHHH….FUCK!” The stinging sensation was incredible. He violently shook his head and jolted. Rick had to pin him down.

“Just take a minute and breathe, and relax. I know it’s hard, but try to stay calm. Everything is going smoothly.”

“Cause you’re not…fucking feeling it!” he cried.

Rick leaned forward as if he could see what was occurring from his position behind Negan.

“How’s it looking so far?” he asked. Aside from his Omega’s yells, he was sure he could hear his own heartbeat. He knew it wasn’t accurate to compare himself to Negan at the moment, but he was sure he was just as scared and nervous as he was.

“From what I can tell, good,” Carson confirmed. “Or, I have a good feeling about this. Your Omega’s a strong one.”

“GET IT THE F**K OUT OF ME!” He could feel the pup slipping back in a little, and it was enough to freak him out. Rick pulled back the pillows and began the suckling on his gland.

“I will I will,” Carson promised. “Or rather you will. We have to be careful here so your body doesn’t tear, especially when it comes to male Omegas. Your channel needs to stretch just a little bit more. Rick, remove his shirt to expose his breasts. Once they’re both out, I imagine they’ll be quite hungry.”

Rick loomed over a sobbing Negan who paid little attention to him maneuvering his arms so he could pull off his shirt. Both boobs were already leaking in anticipation.


Negan barely heard it. He paused to catch his breath and choked on the air before he heeded the order. His screams chorused around the room at a higher pitch, tempting Rick to jam his fingers in his ears.

“F**K…F**K…F**K!” Negan could see nothing as his eyes were shut tight.
“I got the head,” Carson informed them. “The shoulders are coming. It should be easier now.”

Negan could hear Rick muttering in his ear, but he couldn’t make sense of anything being said.

“Almost…almost…let your body slip it on out! You’re doing great!”

With quite the guttural scream, Negan worked all his energy into expelling the occupant that had been banging against the walls of his belly for release. He sank further into the mattress, panting hard as the fullness of his body lessened and some form of relief kissed his insides. Negan exhaled a great sigh. He was there, lying against the softness of the mattress and pillows, yet he almost wasn’t present within his own body.

There was silence, and he took great pleasure in it.

And then that silence was broken by a new sound. A sound that reminded him why he’d been put through such torture.

The wail of a newborn pup filled the room, replacing Negan’s previous screams. He gasped at the noise, then gradually rose his head and saw Carson cradling a wiggly little pink being in his arms that was screaming its head off and moving wildly. Negan let his eyes roam from the crown of the pup’s head, which had a nice little growth of black hair like his own, to the button nose that somehow hinted at Rick’s.

“Goddamn,” he whispered, as if unable to believe that such a creature could come from his body. He wasn’t sure if the water leaking from around his eyes was sweat from his forehead, or tears. Instincts were urging him to reach out and take it in his arms immediately.

Rick crossed over to Carson, eyes glued on the pup. He met Carson’s eyes as the tears slipped down his cheeks; as his face broke into a huge smile.

“What the hell, is it?” Negan asked tiredly.

Carson turned to him, smiling broadly.

“It’s a girl.”

Negan looked at the pup again, awestruck. Rick caught her little swinging fist and kissed it.

“Hello sweetheart. It’s daddy,” he said softly.

“Daddy, would you like to do the honors?” Carson questioned as he raised the scissors.

Rick took them and snipped the umbilical cord. Afterwards, he eagerly received the pup from Carson’s hands. Carson took a clean towel and gently wiped away some of the fluid before Rick rubbed his wrist gland against her skin, establishing and securing the link between Alpha father and daughter. He pressed his nose against her cheek then met his Omega’s eyes.

“She smells like us. She’s beautiful.”

Negan rose a weak hand toward her, but then it dropped as a contraction hit. He fell back against the pillows, cringing.

“GGAAaah…FUCK, not again!”

“Alright Negan,” Carson began. “You’re not out of the woods yet. You still have her sibling to bring into the world too.”
“I can’t…I fucking can’t!”

“Yes you can,” he assured him. “You’ve done it before.”

Negan rolled his eyes to Rick, who was settling his daughter down in a nest of blankets and cushions nearby before returning to his place behind him. Negan stared at her before the contraction hit.

“Okay Negan. Let’s go!” Carson encouraged. “Pup number two.”

Negan heaved in several deep breaths then gave into the natural demand of his body.

“AAAAAHHhhhhhh!”

“It should be easier this time.”

Negan ignored the doctor as he worked his muscles to push. In the strain of the process, he felt Rick at his gland again.

“IT STILL…FUCKING HURTS…goddamn it,” he growled. He noticed the subtle difference in the intensity. He assumed the wetness from the first birth slicked him up enough to ease the pain.

“For male Omegas, the second birth in multiples can sometimes feel like the first. But don’t think about that. Breathe…just breathe…and push.”

“I’m fucking pushing!”

Again he was introduced to the abnormal feel of a small body moving down within.

“Okay, there’s the head!” Carson announced.

Negan tossed his head back, panting hard as he paused in pushing. He’d become soaked in sweat and he was already so exhausted, he just wanted to collapse further into the mattress. He needed energy; one last burst of energy to get the last kid out. Rick moved away from his gland and opted for massaging his shoulders.

“Come on, we’re almost there;” he muttered in his ear. “We’re almost there. Bring our second pup into the world.”

Negan summoned all the strength he had as he started pushing again.

“I’ve got the shoulders. Come on. You can do it.”

“GGGrrrr…God!”

The excruciating side of it was lessening. Relief was just around the corner once he got it all the way out.

“It’s coming…it’s coming!” Carson cried. “I’ve got it!”

“Goddamn it,” came his hollow tone. Negan thought he could just slip into unconsciousness right there as his last bit of strength trickled out of him.

Like before, there was a moment of silence. But then the silence started to stretch.

“Is it alright?” Rick asked, sounding worried. He jumped up and walked over. Negan hadn’t raised his head to look. He was listening for the cries which still hadn’t come.
“Hold on,” Carson muttered seriously.

“Is it okay?” Rick asked again.

Negan was frozen where he lay, staring wide-eyed at the ceiling. He couldn’t move as he listened to the continued silence. He was afraid to ask what was wrong. And then at last, the little cries of the second pup sounded off. Negan exhaled deeply. Such cries didn’t sound as loud as the first, yet it still made an impression.

“Another girl huh?” Negan asked without raising himself up. He had no power to do so.

“Nope. It’s a boy.”

Negan gave a dry laugh as the tears started flowing again. It was over. The pain he’d carried for nine months was finally over. He lifted his head and watched as Carson passed his screaming son into Rick’s arms.

“So handsome,” Rick praised, eyes filled with tears just like his Omega’s.

He kissed his forehead and proceeded to rub the gland of his wrist over his body. Negan could see why Rick had called him handsome. He had a slight resemblance to his sister, but Negan could see more of his Alpha in him. The cheeks were plump and flush, but unlike the first, the crop of dark hair was thinner.

Rick took the scissors while barely looking away from his son, and just as before, he cut the second cord.

“Well, I think congratulations are in order. You’re a father again Rick, and you Negan, a new mom,” Carson announced in the atmosphere of wailing lungs.

“Time to meet your children properly,” Rick said as he turned to Negan. His Alpha’s eyes were glistening with so much pride and love that Negan couldn’t help but feel the impact. He looked into the pup’s face feeling just as awestruck as he had when he’d seen his sister.

“Holy shit.”

Rick crouched down and extended the pup. Despite the instincts Negan was quite hesitant, and looked at Rick in fear.

“It’s okay. It’s okay. Hold your son.”

His hands shook as he reached out, and then the pup was gently placed into his arms.

“Goddamn…goddamn.” He didn’t have any other words to say.

“Let him get his first drink,” Carson informed him.

Negan briefly looked away and noticed his nipples leaking. He moved the pup in closer so that his little lips touched base with the nipple of his right boob. The pup didn’t latch on right away, which made him worry slightly. When he finally did, he began to suckle fiercely. Negan was amazed. The mere feel of it was doing something to him he couldn’t explain.

“Jesus,” he gasped as a warm, tingling feeling coursed through him. “These things work afterall.”

“Room for one more,” said Rick.
Negan watched him move to his other side with the first pup, and settled her on his left. Negan secured the other arm under her as Rick maneuvered her to latch onto the other nipple. Unlike her brother, she immediately started feeding. Negan shifted his gaze back and forth, watching their little lips work furiously before he dropped his head back against the pillows.

“Holy shit Rick,” he sobbed. “I…Alpha…I have a daughter and son. I fucking have, a daughter and a son.”

He couldn’t understand the feelings running within him, nor why it was making him cry. Rick squeezed his shoulder and leaned his head against his neck.

“You did it,” he praised. “You did it.”

Negan still couldn’t believe he had pushed forth these beings that expressed their union; that was both him and his Alpha as one. He shut his eyes and just breathed in the moment.

“So, got names?” Carson asked.

“Fuck.” Negan turned to Rick. “How about it prick?”

Rick gave a watery smile and ran a hand over the boy’s head.

“I’ve been leaning on Jacob.” He shifted soft eyes at his daughter. “And for her-”

“Can I…name her?” Negan begged. His lower lip trembled as he watched her.

“I thought you didn’t care about names.”

“I changed my damn mind,” he muttered. “I want to name at least one now. Please Alpha.”

“I told you they’re not going to be named Negan.”

Negan gave a shake of the head.

“No. I want to call her,” he paused as he looked down at her again, “Lucy.”

Rick’s eyes widened, then softened as the realization hit for why he’d chosen the name. It even managed to bring the memory of his deceased Omega Lori to mind. He thought it over as he gently brushed his fingers over her head without disturbing her.

“Alright,” he replied in a near ghostly tone, “Lucy it is.”

“Lucy and Jacob,” Carson repeated. “Beautiful names.”

Negan looked at the doctor, feeling a strong need to thank him. Rick settled close beside him, and in turn, Negan felt himself relax even more.

The delivery was done. He had brought two brand new pups into the world. It had been nothing but pure hell up to this moment, yet as of right now, his instincts were telling him it was worth it.

Chapter End Notes

The birth chapters did take more work writing as it involved figuring out the structure,
researching births, and getting some inspiration from an avenger's a/o/b fic's birth scene. In the end, fraternal twins :D. I liked the idea of them getting the chance to raise both a daughter and son, particularly when it comes to Negan. Now it's onto the next arch of their lives; parenthood. I can't wait to get around to writing that.

I'm glad you guys have continued to enjoy the story :) It's so awesome to get to this point at last.
Chapter 50

Chapter Summary

Carl meets his siblings as Negan worries about the future

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Rick couldn’t stop looking at the pups who were both cradled protectively in his arms. They had both settled down after having their fill of Negan’s milk, and were now barely wiggling as they made soft coos. Rick just kept smiling down at them. Lucy looked back at him lazily with her bright blue eyes as her little fist hovered over her mouth. As for Jacob, he was currently taking pleasure in napping against his chest. Unable to help himself, he planted a kiss atop his head and did the same to Lucy.

With a sigh, he leaned against the wall, relieved that everything had gone well. Then he tossed his gaze at his Omega. After bringing two pups into the world, he was out for the count, sleeping deeply on the mattress with a sheet covering him up to his shoulders. Rick stared into his sleeping face. There was nothing soft or peaceful about it. He just looked as he always did; like Negan, the bastard who rose to become one of his greatest enemies. It was still hard for him to believe that they had gotten to this point. The man had taken people from him, then in some odd twist of fate, he seemed to have repaid him by giving him two pups. Immediately the thought of two brought Abraham and Glenn to his mind.

It wasn’t the right way to look at it, but for the moment it was the one way Rick could view it. Perhaps it was the only way Negan could have made up for what he’d done to his pack. He certainly didn’t expect to ever hear a genuine apology from him.

The door cracked open slowly, making Rick growl softly and hold his pups closer. His inner Alpha wasn’t going to let anyone near them right now. But it wasn’t just anyone as Dr. Carson peeked his head in, smiling.

“Hey, how’re you doing?” he asked softly.

Rick relaxed and chuckled softly.

“I think I’m already on edge,” he said as he looked down at his pups again.

“It’s expected. Means you’ll be quite the protective dad, just as you’ve been with Carl,” Carson replied. “How about the pups?”

“Perfect,” he said warmly.

Carson’s smile widened, then he looked over at Negan.

“Still knocked out huh.”

Rick followed his gaze.
“Guess he’s got a right to be, after bringing these beautiful pups into the world.”

The doctor nodded.

“Well, I’ll check on you guys in a little while.” Rick nodded. “Oh, and if it’s alright with you, Carl would like to meet his brother and sister. Don’t worry, I didn’t spoil that much to him.”

Rick gave him a look that told him he would like nothing better. Carson patted his shoulder, then retreated to fetch his other son. Oddly enough, Rick found he felt just a twinge of nervousness at the idea of Carl meeting them. He found himself imagining Carl rejecting them because they’d come from Negan. Of course they were past such drama, but with a close enough look, one could see Negan in them. Rick chalked it off to irrational Alpha concerns.

Lucy started getting fussy, prompting Rick to start bouncing her gently just as the door slowly opened again.

“Dad,” he whispered. His eyes were immediately on the little bundles.

“It’s alright son. Come on in.”

Rick watched him sink to his knees beside him, mouth parted slightly in wonder. The silly concern about Carl rejecting them instantly vanished.

“Carl, I’d like you to meet your brother Jacob,” he said as he nodded to his right arm to indicate him, “and your sister Lucy.” He nodded to his left. Lucy’s fussy moment threatened to turn into loud cries.

Carl stared at them a little longer, before he looked at his dad. His lips were pulling up into a smile, and he swallowed heavily before speaking.

“Whoa. A brother, and a sister.”

“Yeah.”

“I won’t have to try and tell them apart after all.”

Rick chuckled softly at the joke. Carl let his eyes wander to Negan.

“Looks like it nearly killed him,” he acknowledged.

“He thought it was going to,” Rick replied, humorously. “But he did it in the end.”

“Can I hold them?” Carl asked as he shifted from his knees to a cross-legged position on the floor.

“One at a time,” Rick stated. “Here, take Jacob while I calm Lucy.”

Carl eagerly reached out to receive his brother in his arms. A strong sense of pride welled up in Rick as he watched how natural Carl was with holding his little brother. Jacob opened his eyes, which were a light brown, and looked up at his older brother curiously.

“I’m a big brother again.” Carl smiled, looking like a giddy child.

“That you are.” Lucy’s sudden pitch in crying afforded her dad’s attention. “Sssshhh, it’s okay. I got you…I got you sweetheart.”

She settled down after a few more rocks of his arms.
“She looks like him,” Carl said as he looked over into her face.

“Yeah,” Rick muttered. He could see the similarities between her and his Omega in her features already. “Got a set of lungs on her just like Negan. But despite that, she’s still beautiful.”

“So’s Jacob,” Carl added. “He looks more like you.”

Rick puffed up his chest, feeling even more proud.

After a good ten minutes, Carl traded Jacob for a chance to hold Lucy. Everything was relatively calm and quiet.

“She’s soft,” Carl pointed out. “They both are. That was how…Judith felt.”

He curled in a little on himself and kept his eyes averted as if ashamed of bringing her up. Rick felt his heart soften all the more.

“It’s okay Carl. I miss her too.” He leaned back and gazed upwards. “If it helps, I like to imagine she’s with Lori, somehow. I’d like to think they’d be happy that Jacob and Lucy are here.”

Carl bit his lip and gave a thoughtful nod.

“Yeah, maybe.” He looked down at his sister and touched her cheek. “Where did you come up with the name Lucy? It wasn’t on the list.”

“I came up with it.”

Both turned to see Negan was watching them with half opened eyes. He still appeared terribly exhausted, yet he was able to pay attention to the scene before him.

“You don’t like it?”

“No, I do,” Carl assured him. “I think it fits her.”

He huffed in a tired little laugh as he turned his gaze to the ceiling.

“I guess I did alright,” he assumed. He hated how tired he felt at the moment, like he’d never be able to move his body again. On top of that, he felt a tinge of slight misery; a misery that he found similar to the feeling he’d had when he first realized he was stuck as an Omega thanks to Eugene and Carson’s brother not having a cure. The excitement he’d had right after the birth was muted.

“You should get some rest,” Rick told him.

Negan turned his head to him. He could see that the glow of the birth was still clearly present in his Alpha.

“How the hell can I get any rest with you two yammering so much,” he grumbled.

“You want us to leave?” Rick asked as he prepared to rise. Negan dropped his eyes to his son in his arms and swallowed.

“No.” He didn’t feel like dealing with anything at all right now, yet he didn’t want to be without his pups. The idea of that much was oddly frightening. “No. Fucking stay.”

Rick settled back against the wall. Carl readjusted Lucy in his arms while Negan watched. The sight of both him and Rick, side by side happily holding his children, brought on a new feeling of
exclusion. As a way to bite it down, he forcefully chuckled.

“How do you like your sister and brother? Fucking adorable.”

“I didn’t think they’d be ugly,” Carl replied.

“Of course they wouldn’t be ugly. They’ve got my goddamn gorgeous DNA in them. And by the way Rick, you owe me a fucking thank you for that.”

Rick just gave an annoyed sigh.

“Maybe later,” he answered, making Negan grin.

Rick’s eyes were glued to Jacob, then it transferred to Lucy. Carl in turn reached out to Jacob to tickle his feet. Bitterness licked at Negan’s insides from the scene. He turned away from them.

“So what happens now?” He really was at a loss for what the next step would be.

“Now, you rest,” Rick declared. “I know the birth was pretty traumatic for you, so you need to-”

“Don’t,” Negan interrupted in a near whisper. Suddenly it wasn’t just bitterness biting at him, it was sadness. “You don’t fucking know how traumatic that fucking birth was. Fuck…I thought, I thought they were going to tear me apart.”

He hated how his breathing was picking up.

“Are you alright?” Carl asked, just as Negan ran a hand over his head.

“Alright? Are you shitting me? I just squeezed two small people out of an extra hole in my ass, and you want to ask if I’m fucking alright? God did it hurt…like a motherfucker.”

“Yeah,” Carl tentatively agreed. “I heard you screaming. It was kind of scary. I never heard anyone sound like that.”

He looked back and locked onto his eyes.

“Not even your mom? Were you there when she had your sister?” Upon his silence, Negan averted his eyes. “I guess not. It’s a good thing though. You wouldn’t have wanted to see that shit. People say it’s beautiful, but there’s nothing beautiful about it.”

“I was there,” Carl said quietly. “When my mom had Judith. That’s why I had to…”

He didn’t finish the statement, and Negan didn’t need him to. He could easily guess that she’d had complications of some sort with the birth of her pup, and he didn’t want the details. He recalled the moment back at the Sanctuary when Carl had told him he’d put his own mom down. He never explained the cause of it.

“You’re braver than me kid,” he complimented. “I couldn’t put my Lucille down. She was sick, very sick, and a damn walker only fueled it when it got to her. God she was a sight. You two would’ve loved her.”

He squeezed his eyes shut and forced back any tears.

“So that’s where you got the name Lucy,” Carl correctly guessed. Oddly enough, Lucy seemed to respond as she loudly cooed. “It’s a pretty name.”

Negan smiled momentarily before turning to look at Rick with a minor glare.
“If this birth had done that to me, would you have put me down Rick?”

Rick stared back at him with quite the serious expression.

“I’d have to,” he said thickly. “I have to keep the pups safe.”

He expected such an answer. It was the right answer after all. He couldn’t stomach the idea of anything bad happening to them. And as his eyes landed on them again, he had a sudden need to yank them away from the pair and hold them close.

“So back to my major question,” he started. “What happens now?”

Lucy started becoming quite fussy again, prompting Carl to hand her back to his dad.

“Just rest,” Rick declared again. “There’s no hurry for anything right now. The hard part’s over.”

“No, the hard part’s just beginning,” Negan argued.

Rick had to agree with that one. In that sense, he wasn’t exactly sure how to answer his question, especially when it was practically a question he’d been asking himself. He shut his eyes for a moment as he thought of the days ahead, where it would basically be just him and Negan before he brought in the pack.

“We have time to figure that out,” he finally said. “What happens now is, taking it one step at a time.”

“One step at a time huh?” Negan asked with a hollow laugh. “That’s all you got for me?”

“That’s all I have,” Rick admitted. He looked into their little faces. Jacob gave a cute little yawn and waved a little arm around, while Lucy was just in a feisty little fit. “I know pups weren’t part of your plan, but parenthood is important to me.” He raised his eyes and locked onto Negan’s dark orbs before continuing. “It’s a fulfilling role. You yourself said you wanted pups long ago. That feeling may have died, but I think this is your chance to revive that. Lucy and Jacob, they’re going to go on. We’re going to raise them to survive this world, and we’re going to be there for them as long as we can. This world needs people, not the walking dead. I hope you come to understand that. This is how we save people. How we keep life going. Killing is not how it’s done.”

Negan swallowed thickly as he stared at him. He could feel his eyes moistening and he had to turn away. Of course Rick was referring to his old beliefs on saving packs; killing one member then pulling them in to serve his own. It didn’t matter if his Alpha had a different view on how to best secure life, Negan couldn’t let it go. Things had been just fine before that particular walker had come along to bite and change him.

But hovering in the back of his mind was a hint of doubt that he couldn’t shake. Instinct was naturally telling him that his Alpha was right because Omegas were meant to listen to them. The past didn’t matter now anyways. Now, it was about how he was going to do this, and he had no idea.

“Whatever you fucking say,” he muttered.

Carl rose to his feet while keeping his eyes on his siblings.

“Can I tell the pack about Jacob and Lucy?” he asked eagerly.

“Absolutely, that is if Carson hasn’t beaten you to it.”

Before leaving, he planted a kiss on both of their heads. Afterwards, Rick and Negan were left alone.
in semi quietness. Lucy was still making noises while Jacob was falling asleep.

“I guess there’s one bright side to this,” Negan suddenly said.

“What’s that?”

“We don’t have to worry about school expenses.”

Rick gave the joke a sad kind of smile.

“They’ll still be taught,” Rick assured him. “Alexandria still has school for the few pups here.”

“Sucks for them.” He turned to Rick, watching him rocking the pups simultaneously. Rick looked up and caught him.

“You want to hold them for a moment?”

He did, but at the same time he didn’t.

“I don’t think, I can right now.”

The look crossing Negan’s face was one that Rick found a little concerning, yet he was certain it was just tiredness, and fear for the future.

“Well, I’d appreciate it if you could hold them for a second while I get a bassinet to rest them in. Can you sit up?”

Negan thought about the request, before he slowly moved his body into an upright position against the pillows. He groaned with discomfort as his body dragged against the mattress. The sheet over his chest slipped down, and he grabbed it so as to avoid his breasts getting revealed. Rick set Jacob down so he could carefully get to his feet with Lucy. Negan watched with something of apprehension in his eyes as Rick presented his daughter to him again. With some reluctance, he took her in his arms again, and the feeling of warmth began to course through him. Rick walked away to retrieve Jacob, and this time Negan didn’t hesitate to take him.

“Goddamn hormones,” he muttered. The back and forth feelings he was having for them was frustrating.

“You okay?” Rick asked as he closely monitored how he held them.

As Lucy settled against Negan’s side, she calmed down greatly. Jacob was still sleeping. Again, Negan was lost in staring down at them.

“I fucking got it alright.”

“Alright. And while we’re on the subject of the pup’s future, you’re going to have to be more mindful of your profanity. I don’t want them picking up dirty talk from their mother.”

Negan tossed him an evil eye.

“Give me a goddamn fucking break. Fuck.”

Rick held back a growl and the need to grip his gland in warning. Instead he sighed in annoyance, then left. Negan sank against the pillows as he monitored them.

“How do you guys like your brother?” he asked them. “Carl’s a kid to admire. He’s got his shit
together and can kick this world’s ass. Now for your goddamn dad, well, I wouldn’t go out of my
to get him a fucking world’s greatest dad mug. He’s a stubborn little prick, and he’ll always be
one. I tried to get him to work with me in the past, and everything would’ve been fine if…fuck it.
You guys probably won’t believe this, but I wasn’t always an Omega. I was an Alpha. A true one at
that. I had everyone’s respect. Everyone looked to me to survive. Now it’s different. Now they’re
looking to goddamn Rick as the new true Alpha. It’s all fucked up.”

He sighed and looked up at the ceiling.

“I’m sorry, but I didn’t want this. I didn’t. I didn’t want to be a damn Omega. I didn’t want to be his
damn Omega either, and I sure as fuck didn’t want his pups.” He looked down at his pups. Suddenly
he was trembling with shame. The feeling of shame was mixing with a new feeling of helplessness.
“Goddamn it…I don’t know how to feel about this. You’re fucking here now, and I can’t let you
go…But I don’t know if I can do this. I don’t fucking know if I can want this. You don’t fucking
know who I was before this. I don’t know if you should…I don’t know if I can be what you and
Rick need me to be. This isn’t me…this isn’t me.”

He kept repeating the last lines like a mantra.

Rick returned with two laundry baskets and some more blankets.

“We don’t have a bassinet, but I hope we can…”

He trailed off as soon as he took notice of the sight of his Omega, bent over his pups with a look akin
to sorrow.

“What’s wrong?”

After a long pause, he answered without looking at him.

“Nothing.”

Chapter End Notes

Carl met his siblings and is pretty thrilled, while Negan is experiencing mixed feelings
now that the excitement of the actual birth has died down.
Chapter 51

Chapter Summary

Rick receives an important warning from Carson

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

As soon as Negan managed to get to his feet, the first thing he did was shuffle up to the lengthwise mirror. He wasn’t exactly happy with what he saw as he pulled up his shirt to view his stomach. It was still puffy, and he could only imagine the stretchmarks to come. He pulled the shirt up further and took note of his breasts. They were full and ready to do their job in nursing the twins. With a bitter groan he pulled the shirt down, hating how he’d never have a flat chest again. As time passed and the twins grew, they’d eventually sag from no longer having a purpose. He dropped his hands down to his widened hips. It made him wonder how often eyes were drawn to them as it was so noticeably different from his past slimmer look.

The current frown on his face furrowed as he took a step back and took it all in. All in all, he hated how he changed, and how there was no going back to his original Alpha physique.

“Fuck.”

A sudden cry broke out, and he turned with a pained sigh to the floor, where Jacob was releasing his displeasure loudly from his resting place in the laundry basket, a.k.a, bassinet.

“You’re starting to get like Rick, complaining about curse words,” he grumbled as he walked over to him. He winced as his body cried from the movement.

In a matching basket next to him, Lucy wiggled with discomfort and threatened to follow her brother’s lead. For now, Negan just concentrated on one as he pulled Jacob into his arms. He bounced him gently on his shoulder while swaying.

“How the hell am I gonna do this?” he muttered as he caught sight of his reflection in the mirror. “Don’t even know if I’m doing this right.”

Rick appeared then in the doorway.

“Everything alright?” he questioned, to which Negan tossed him a glare. At that point, Lucy’s minor cries transformed into a wail.

“Does it sound alright?” Negan growled.

His Alpha moved forward to tend to Lucy. As he hovered over her basket, he glanced up at Negan.

“Why aren’t you resting? You shouldn’t even be on your feet.”

“I couldn’t resist seeing the damage done to my body in the aftermath.”

Rick gave him a careful once over before speaking again.
“Don’t worry about that. Give him here a minute.” Rick extended his arms, and Negan handed Jacob over after brief hesitation.

Negan turned to the mattress, dreading the idea of making it his stay for a while. He was at least thankful Rick had cleaned and turned it over after the birth. With aching joints and sounds of protests, Negan worked himself down and back against the pillows.

“I got a feeling I’ll never be the same on the inside either,” he griped. “I’m never fucking going through that shit again.”

Rick moved next to him and presented the pup.

“Here. Go slower with the bouncing. Jacob doesn’t like it too fast.”

“What the hell happened to me resting?” he asked in an offended tone.

“You can rest while getting some practice in.”

Negan eyed him with irritation, but then received Jacob in his arms again.

“Slow huh? I don’t think I’ve ever gone slow with anything in my life, and I mean anything,” he said with a sly smile. Rick tossed him an expression showing he was not amused by any sexual references.

“They’ve gotta be hungry, so I suggest you make yourself comfortable.”

Negan cringed as the crying picked up.

“Fuck, you serious? I haven’t even had my goddamn breakfast yet.”

Rick picked up Lucy and started rocking her gently. Negan felt himself quite annoyed that the man didn’t appear affected by the noise.

“I’ll fix you something while you feed them,” he stated.

“Not with Carl and the nosy ass doc still hanging around.” It didn’t matter if Carson had already viewed him doing it. He just couldn’t take him watching a second time, particularly when he was much more alert. As for Carl, he deemed the idea of him watching as sick.

“They’re both on their way out,” Rick explained. “Carson’s going back to stay with Sasha remember? But he’ll be dropping in to check on us.”

“And Carl?”

“He’s staying with Michonne.”

Despite the fact that the house would be empty of prying eyes, Negan didn’t feel at all relieved. It was the start of the first new day with the pups, and such a day called for much alone time between the bonded Alpha and Omega pair and their pups. As Negan looked at Rick, he could see the same apprehension just hidden beneath the surface of his calm exterior. He was clearly just as nervous about this alone time as he was.

“Fine,” he said as he readjusted himself against the pillows. He winced as Lucy took her crying up a notch. He looked down at Jacob, whose cries weren’t nearly as loud. “Get a little louder kid. Your sister has you beat so far.”
Just then, Carson appeared in the doorway and smiled at them.

“Sounds like peace and quiet will be absent from this house for a while,” he joked.

“Keep it up, and you’ll find these two screaming their damn lungs out in your bed,” Negan threatened.

He made his way inside with his medical bag by his side. Negan found himself feeling a little tense in his presence since their last meeting together was quite personal. He chose to use Jacob as a distraction, especially since he was failing to calm him.

“Come on honey, calm done. You’re alright…you’re alright.”

Rick took to pacing around the room as he rocked Lucy. Soon enough her cries, combined with her brother’s, created an odd kind of harmony.

“I bet you missed this,” Carson teased as he watched Rick, who smirked at him.

“The last time I went through this, it was with one pup, not two.”

“And whose damn fault is that?” Negan asked as he gave him a questioning glare. “If you hadn’t fucked me so many times—”

“Hey,” Rick warned in an even tone. He gave him the kind of look a parent might give to scold a child.

Negan looked back at him as if ready to snap back, but turned to Carson instead.

“The least you could do is get me some damn earplugs.”

“I’ll see if I can scrounge up any,” Carson said.

Negan leaned back and shut his eyes after having given up on quieting Jacob. Carson wandered over while pulling out a stethoscope. He kneeled beside him and placed the diaphragm on the pup’s chest, but not before giving it a quick breath to warm it.

“You won’t hear a goddamn thing over all this noise,” Negan said, exasperated.

“Nope, I hear something,” Carson disagreed. “A healthy heartbeat.”

He pulled out other instruments to do a quick check up of the eyes, ears, and nose. After that, he walked over to Rick to do the same to Lucy.

“Everything looks good,” he declared. “Two healthy pups. What more could you ask for in a world like this.”

“How about a nanny?” Negan insisted. “A nanny would have this shit down.”

“I know this is all new to you Negan,” Carson said as he faced him, “but if you have any concerns or questions, don’t be afraid to ask, especially when it comes to your Alpha.”

Negan tossed Rick an unimpressed look before looking back at the doctor.

“He has experience with this afterall,” Carson continued.

“Which is why he should do all the damn work,” he replied.
Rick ignored him in favor of walking Lucy over to the window. He was muttering words in her ears, too soft to be heard by the others. Negan took interest in this for a moment, before realizing it was bugging him. The way his Alpha already seemed to be at ease with a pup was stirring up an odd sense of anxiety in him. The sound of footsteps coming toward the room distracted him, and he looked up to see Carl peering in the door, yawning widely.

“Yeah, I wanted to get up early,” he said as he walked into the noisy scene.

“I’m right there with you kid,” Negan agreed as he watched Rick proceed to bounce Lucy in his arms. He turned to Carl with a pleading expression. “I don’t suppose you’re looking to get a roommate at Michonne’s?”

“You’re not abandoning ship now,” Rick declared.

“Why the hell not? It’s already sinking.” He gestured toward the screaming pups, but after a minute he needed a hand to massage his temples. The stress was already building in a bad way. A way that brought him back to that feeling of helplessness and loss.

“Well, I will leave you two to your sinking ship,” Carson said. He dug through his bag and pulled out a bottle of pills and set it down besides Negan. “Take one after you eat. It’s good for Omegas, especially male Omegas, after they’ve given birth. Helps bring back your strength and, well, help toughen up your mood for what’s to come.”

Negan scowled at the vitamins.

“Like I need another reminder of what I’ve lost.”

He caught Rick’s gaze and saw something of interest in his eyes. Not wanting to delve into that topic, Negan looked away.

“Well, I’ll be seeing you two. Good luck.” Carson patted Negan’s shoulder before turning on his heel. In that brief instant, Negan wondered how he’d gone from a man to be feared, to one that received friendly pats on the shoulder from someone who wasn’t threatened by him.

“I’ll walk you out,” Rick offered as he followed behind while still carrying Lucy, and leaving Negan and Carl alone.

Carl hovered over him for a moment, before dropping to a crouched position. He took in his little brother with soft eyes as he reached out to playfully shake his little hand. Jacob paused in his crying in favor of looking back at Carl. His little mouth was dropped as if he was in awe of his bigger brother.

“Hey there. Hey, remember me?”

Jacob made a little noise as if to say that he did, making Carl laugh. Negan stared, finding fascination in Carl’s ability to do what he couldn’t.

“Kid, I’ll give you a million bucks if you keep your ass right here.” He didn’t view it as begging, but a small part of him knew it was pointless to deny that fitting term. Carl just looked amused.

“Even if you got a million bucks, money is useless now.”

Negan just shrugged.

“Maybe one day it won’t be, and you’ll be one lucky man.”
Carl just laughed it off and stood.

“If dad wants me to stick around, he’d tell me.”

“What about me? Me and your daddy are paired, which fucking means I’m your step-parent, and that fucking means I have a right to tell you what to do.”

Carl seemed to ponder this as he stared at him, until Jacob stole his attention.

“I don’t know if dad would see it that way just yet,” he decided. “Besides, mom told me about this kind of thing.”

“What thing?”

“Where new pair parents have to spend time with their pup alone.”

Negan summed up his best growl of annoyance.

“You’re speaking ancient history kid. In today’s world, who the hell says we have to hold onto tradition?”

“I think it would mean a lot to my dad,” Carl said quietly. He dropped his gaze, and Negan couldn’t fathom why the mood seemed to have gone down. “And maybe, it’ll help you too.”

“It should be Rick doing the brunt of the work,” he said with a little huff. “It’s supposed to be fucking natural for an Omega to look after pups, more so than an Alpha. But I’m changing the rules. I didn’t sign up for this shit in the first place.”

But as he continued to hold Jacob’s soft body against him, doubt was working its way to the front of his mind.

“Just keep doing that. Comforting them. You’ll get the hang of it.”

“Well hell, thanks for nothing,” he grumbled.

“Well they’re probably hungry.”

Negan gritted his teeth as the beginning of a headache reached his temple.

“I’m starting to think you’re going to be about as helpful as Rick.”

“Rick,” Carson started as he leaned against the front door, “I know you’ve handled parenthood before, and you’ve done just fine.”

Rick shrugged it off as if it wasn’t anything to praise him for.

“Parenthood always has its ups and downs, especially as a single parent.” He turned to Lucy who had since quieted down.

“Yeah well, you’re not a single parent anymore. You’ve got Negan with you, and he’s brand new to this. On top of that I sense he’s still giving you trouble.”

“He’s a lot better behaved than he was in the beginning,” he informed him. “I think he’s done being a problem for me.”
Carson shifted as he dropped his head in thought. Catching the expression, Rick furrowed his brow in concern.

“Is something up?”

“Well, I was thinking, it’s best to keep a close eye on him right now.”

“It’s just going to be the two of us for a while, so I don’t think it’d be too hard to-”

“No, I mean really keep a close eye on him. Some new Omega male mothers tend to experience postpartum depression.” Rick’s eyes widened as he became all the more alert to what he was telling him. “Of course females experience it too, but it can be more common among males. As for Negan, I’d say that would be especially true. I mean he’s gone from a proud Alpha to an Omega who’s fought you as long as he could before he had to settle for his Alpha. The stress of that much, on top of all the hormonal changes he’s gone through can definitely bring about depression.”

Rick took a moment to let the possibility sink in.

“Negan, never struck me as the kind of guy that would…” He trailed off as he felt doubt in his own words.

“Anyone can get depressed,” Carson pointed out. “I know Negan comes across as this powerful, fearless force, but he can break just like the rest of us. This is a new turn in your lives, which is very foreign to him. It’s liable to bring about some anxiety.”

“Maybe. He was questioning what was next. What the future held for him now. I did walk in on him looking upset, but he said it was nothing.”

He could feel his gut twisting a little as the topic of depression weighed on him.

“Sounds like a strong sign of it.”

Fear clucked at his heart then as he held Lucy closer to himself.

“What about the children? Would he actually try to…hurt them?”

It had been something he’d kept an eye out for during the pregnancy, but once they were born, the concern hadn’t been in his mind. The pause Carson gave the question only made Rick feel worse.

“It’s not likely, but not improbable. Negan’s expressed himself as a cruel man in the past, but I never got the impression that he’d enact any cruelty on pups.” Then his face fell as he averted his eyes. “At least not any that young. When he took over the Hilltop, he killed a pup named Rory. I wouldn’t exactly consider him a pup since he was in his teens, but still, he wasn’t an adult. All the more reason to watch him.”

“What do I do?” Lori had never gone through it, so he’d never had to face it.

Carson laid a hand on his shoulder and squeezed it.

“Most would suggest medication, but it’s not like it’s always readily available now. Personally I’ve always put more faith in therapy, and not the kind where you two have a sit-down in an office. I’m talking therapy between you two. Omega males are most successfully helped through this with their Alphas, so if he is experiencing postpartum, it’ll be up to you to help him work out his feelings and lift his mood. Go easy on him, and don’t expect a cure in a day. At times, it may take a while for it to pass.”
Any feelings of being a proud true Alpha, seemed to deflate in Rick as the twist in his gut deepened.

“I don’t know how much good I can do. I don’t know much about it, nor can I see myself doing therapy sessions with Negan.”

“I’m far from an expert too Rick. If it’s possible, I’ll see if I can scrounge up any books on the subject while I’m looking for those earplugs. In the meantime I would suggest just doing the best you can. Do what comes naturally.” He looked down at the pup in Rick’s arms and reached out to touch her cheek. “And be sure not to neglect him during this time. I know your pups need you, but so does he.”

Rick swallowed and gave a nod. At that point Carl had just rounded the corner. He walked right over and planted a kiss on Lucy’s forehead.

“I’m heading to Michonne’s.”

Emotion squeezed Rick’s heart as he looked at his oldest son. He supposed it was simply left-over emotion from the birth.

“All right son, I’ll see you by the week’s end.” He pulled him into a side hug and planted a kiss in his hair. “I’m so glad to have you back with me. You know that don’t you?”

At first Carl appeared confused, until it dawned on him that he was referring to his past disagreement with the pregnancy. He simply broke into a smile.

“I know. And good luck with the pups.”

Rick nodded and watched him trot off to Michonne’s. A few members passing by tossed curious looks back at Rick. He moved further into the house, feeling suddenly quite protective of Lucy.

“I’d better get going to,” said Carson. “And remember what I said.”

“I will, and I appreciate all your help.”

“If you have any problems or concerns, any questions, be sure to ask. There’s no shame in an Alpha asking for help.”

“I promise I will.”

Carson gave him one last pat on the shoulder before turning in the direction of Sasha’s house. Rick slowly shut the door, then headed back upstairs.

A moment ago, all he’d really felt was continuous joy at the pup’s arrival, and now it was dampened with a worrying speculation. Already a voice at the back of his head was denying that it could be true. Negan wasn’t the kind to feel such a thing. Then he recalled his more submissive behavior that followed the trauma he had experienced in Leo’s pack. Anyone was capable of breaking from any form of trauma, but it was especially true for Omegas, which was exactly what Negan was now. It was something he’d have to continuously keep in mind. He was an Omega and the mother of his children. The fact that he was still Alexandria’s prisoner would have to be set aside for the moment if he truly was showing symptoms of depression.

Rick made it in the doorway and immediately zoned in on Negan who was staring at Jacob with uncertainty. Once he took notice of Rick’s presence, he tossed him a sly grin.

“Alone at last. Guess I’d better light some damn candles for our candlelight dinner.”
Rick sighed and wondered how he was going to do this, and what it would take to ensure his pups were safe from their own mother.

Chapter End Notes

Strong advice from Carson for Rick. Naturally Rick's going to do all he can to protect his pups, and as Alpha it's his duty to look after his Omega.
Chapter 52

Chapter Summary

Negan gets further acquainted with parent life

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Rick was ready for it. He already had his ears prepped the minute he heard it. He opened his eyes and looked over at Negan who was out of it on the mattress across from him. So far he was given a peaceful night, but it would change.

Ten minutes later he was proven right as Lucy started crying. He watched Negan frown slightly and sink further into his pillow. Rick just watched, waiting for the Omega to get the hint that there was only one way to stop it; that it couldn’t just be ignored.

It took five minutes of Lucy’s crying before the man finally pried his eyes open. Right away he met Rick’s amused gaze and scowled.

“The fuck Rick?” he asked tiredly.

“What?”

“Aren’t you going to do something about that? In case you haven’t noticed…I’m trying to sleep.” He shut his eyes as if hoping he could easily sink back into unconsciousness despite the noise.

“And I’m not?” Rick raised himself up. “We’re in this together, and for this first hour, I need you to tend to her.”

Negan’s eyes shot open.

“What the hell do you mean…this first hour?”

“It’s something you’re going to have to get used to,” Rick explained. “Waking up at odd hours to tend to the pups.”

Negan glanced at the makeshift bassinets that rested between them. Just then, Jacob began to cry his nightly displeasure. Negan looked back at Rick and saw that intense Alpha gaze that declared this was an order not to be dismissed. He had hoped Rick would become the softy he’d met long ago and handle such situations on his own, but it was clear it wouldn’t be the case.

“Goddamn it,” he grumbled as he rolled off of his mattress.

As he bent over them, he did his best to wipe the sleep from his eyes. Rick got to his feet and crossed the room to turn on the light, causing Negan to groan with the sudden brightness.

“Jesus,” he muttered as he covered his eyes.

“You got to see what you’re doing.”
Before Negan did anything, he simply studied their faces. Afterwards, he rested his palm against their foreheads. With a groan, he slipped a hand down to their diapered bottoms.

“What the hell’s wrong with them?” he grumbled as Rick wandered next to him. “They’re not wet, and there’s no fucking fever.”

“Pups can get fussy in the night. Sometimes it’s because they’re hungry.”

“Well what the hell do I do?”

“Try calming them down by rocking them,” Rick suggested simply.

Negan seemed to move robotically as he cradled Lucy in his arms. Even with her loud cries, Rick was sure he heard him mutter something about earplugs.

“Fuck.” Negan held her to his shoulder and did a light swaying motion while kneeling on the floor. Rick could practically see his body struggling to stay awake.

“Try standing to do it.”

The Omega issued a heavy sigh before following the order.

“I’m too damn old for this shit already.”

Rick smiled softly before turning to take care of Jacob. After pulling him into his arms, he wordlessly demonstrated to Negan how to properly rock their pups by using Jacob as an example. He could tell Negan was sneaking glances at him to make sure he was following correctly, while pretending he wasn’t doing any such thing. It was something that Rick found a little humorous, but when he noticed his Omega’s frustrated expression, he was reminded of Carson’s warning.

“Don’t be afraid to ask if you need help,” Rick reminded him as he faced him dead on. Negan only narrowed his tired red eyes.

“Fuck off. It’s three o’clock in the goddamn morning.”

“Shit.”

“You’ll get a lot more of it if you don’t learn how to properly diaper them,” Rick said to his very annoyed Omega. “I can’t be the only one to do it.”

Both men were currently standing before the changing table in the nursery, and as practice for Negan, Lucy was on the table crying her little lungs out. Negan was currently in the process of wiping away the mess she’d made while a look of pure disgust remained on his face. Once Rick gave the nod of approval for her cleanliness, he eagerly grabbed a fresh diaper.

“Damn it,” Negan muttered as he somehow managed to twist the diaper up so badly that he couldn’t unstick the tabs from each other.

“Just take it easy. You’ll get it…and don’t throw that one away. We don’t have diapers to waste with two.”

Negan sighed as he attempted to straighten out the diaper. As he worked, Rick shot glances at his frustrated expression. He couldn’t help taking it as another sign of possible postpartum depression.
“Jesus, why are these things so difficult?”

“They aren’t,” Rick disagreed. “It’s your first one.”

“And my goddamn last,” Negan declared. After managing to smooth it out relatively well, he glanced at Lucy’s face which was still scrunched as she screamed. “What next?”

“Lift her legs and powder her bottom. Once you do that, you can finish up with the diaper.”

Negan followed the steps while Rick continued his close observation over his shoulder. He lifted her little legs, and shook just enough powder to properly cover her rear. Next, he slid the diaper underneath and began tapping up the sides.

“Happy prick?”

“I’m not unhappy” Negan sneered at the pleased look on his face. “Come on, you should be proud of yourself.”

“Proud?”

“Yes proud. If I’m not around, it’s nice to know our pups won’t have to spend the whole day in dirty diapers.”

Negan gave a soft chuckle as he gathered Lucy into his arms.

“I don’t know Rick. If Carl’s still living with us, I can always grab him.” Jacob made noises in the crib, prompting Negan to look over at it. “You get that one. It’s only fucking fair.”

Rick turned to the crib just as Negan exited the nursery. He smiled down at the pup and tickled his tummy.

“Hungry little man?” he asked. The pup simply gazed at him with his large eyes. “Okay.”

Rick picked him up and headed downstairs as well.

Halfway down, he noticed Negan had perched himself on the end of the couch with a still wailing Lucy. He was doing a pitiful attempt to bounce her into having a better mood.

“Come on sweetheart,” Rick heard him beg as he moved closer, “Give my damn ears a break. I’m begging you.”

“They haven’t had their breakfast yet,” said Rick. Negan looked downright murderous as he met his eyes. “Come on, it’s routine.”

Negan settled Lucy down on the couch so he could remove his shirt. He brought one of his arms down in an attempt to hide his boobs from Rick, even though there was little point to it. Still, he flashed his eyes up at his Alpha to check if he was watching, which he was.

“Don’t be checking me out Rick,” he warned with an air of his usual sarcasm. “I’m nowhere near ready to get fucked again.”

“We’re going to have to get you shirts with buttons for easier feedings,” Rick commented as he walked over.

“Or better fucking yet, get some damn baby bottles.”
Rick frowned at the idea.

“I think the traditional way is best. It helps an Omega form a stronger bond with their pup.”

Rick settled down on the couch as Negan positioned Lucy to his right nipple. Of course with her crying, it took a moment for her to realize she was being presented with food. Her little lips quickly locked on and suckled fervently. Rick moved closer to connect Jacob to the other nipple, but at the same time he shot glances at Negan. It would have been better to see the corner of his lips raised, rather than the straight line.

“Anything wrong?” Rick asked after Jacob was happily feeding.

Negan shifted against the pillows and looked down at the pups.

“As long as they’re not screaming their heads off, then nothing’s wrong.”

He shut his eyes as if he planned to use this time to doze. Rick didn’t blame him. A night of screaming twins was absolutely something to lose sleep over. As that was the case, he decided it was probably not best to try a therapeutic session just yet, at least not one that involved talking.

He got to his feet and circled behind Negan. Next, he dropped down to his knees and reached for his Omega’s neck with his hands. Negan tensed, snapping his eyes open.

“What are you doing? Fixing to fucking strangle me for complaining?”

“No. It’s just a way to help you relax.” His fingers went to work on massaging the gland.

“I don’t need you…to…” He trailed off as his eyes drifted shut with the feel of it.

Naturally anytime the Omega gland was tampered with, his body would willingly fall into a relaxed state. Negan didn’t think it was possible since he felt the new stress of the twins would disrupt the process, but so far it wasn’t the case.

A moment later, Rick moved his hands away and bit down on the gland in a gentle manner. Negan slumped and fell further into his relaxed state with a whine. Rick’s own eyes fluttered shut as he felt his Omega’s calm demeanor. He listened to his gentle breath as well as the soft suckling of his pups. The sounds and the feel of it only added to the joyous sensation of being an Alpha parent with a family to watch over.

Rick slowly opened his eyes and released his grip.

“We’re going to get through this,” he promised quietly.

He wasn’t certain if Negan had really heard him. All he’d given in response was a tired noise of agreement.

The next day, Rick was seated comfortably in the rocking chair in the nursery, quietly rocking both Jacob and Lucy in both arms. Jacob’s eyes were partially closed, but he was eager to fight against falling asleep, unlike his sister who had already given in. Rick chuckled as he watched him.

“I can tell, getting you to bed is going to be more of a challenge when you get older,” he teased. In response, he kicked his little feet.

Rick planted a kiss on his forehead. He couldn’t seem to stop doing so for either of them.
“You’ve got such a damn knack for that.”

Rick looked up to see Negan standing in the doorway, eyeing the pups with something of relief as well as jealousy.

“It’s not my first time parenting,” he explained. “And why are you up? I was giving you the day off.”

Negan raised his brows.

“I won’t pretend to know shit about how this is supposed to go when pairs are alone with their pups, but I’m pretty goddamn sure it doesn’t involve either parent getting a day off. Besides, I can’t exactly get a full day off when I have to feed them.”

“Fair point,” Rick agreed. “Does that mean you’ve changed your mind?”

Negan raised his hands up as if he was surrendering.

“No, I think you got it covered.”

Rick turned his attention back to the bundles in his arms, particularly Lucy who was starting to get fussy.

“Easy there sweetie. I’m here,” Rick told her quietly. He proceeded to hum and picked up his rocking before turning to Negan again. It was clear he seemed to want something, but didn’t know how to go about bringing it up. “Wanna talk?”

“Not especially,” Negan grumbled.

“So you didn’t come up here for anything?” Rick prodded.

Negan averted his eyes, then dropped his fingers against the collar still present around his neck. Since he’d given birth, Rick hadn’t bothered to chain him down again. The thought of doing so was far from his mind even though Carson had warned him about his depression. Now that Negan was pointing it out, Rick wondered if he should resort to chaining him down again.

“I got to thinking about the future a little, which made me remember this damn thing.” He dropped his fingers away from his collar and folded his arms. “How do you think our pups will take to seeing me walking around with a collar? Might make them question their fucking fabulous father.”

He flashed Rick with a smirk as if he took delight in the pups becoming angry with him. Rick rolled the idea of a collarless Negan in his head.

“As soon as I feel you’re safe enough, I might consider removing it.”

“What do you mean safe enough?” he spat. His raised voice caused Lucy to give a cry of discomfort.

“Calm down.”

Negan huffed and moved further into the room.

“I haven’t run or hurt anybody since you brought me back from Leo’s.” Then his eyes dropped down to the pups. “Is it them, you’re worried about? You think I’d hurt…them?”

Rick sighed as he readied himself to explain.
“I understand that this is going to be hard on you. In fact, for some new Omega moms, it means a case of postpartum depression.”

Negan’s eyes widened and he took a step back, surprised.

“That’s what you think of me huh?” he groaned. “Just because I’m fucking tired, and speak my fucking mind when I have a complaint, and don’t have a hell of a clue how to do this goddamn job, that fucking means I have depression?”

Rick didn’t say anything at first. He chose to give him a moment to calm himself as his breathing was picking up rather heavily.

“There’s no shame in it,” Rick replied.

“Really?” Negan challenged. “What about your past Omega Lori? Was she depressed?”

Rick felt an intense emotion starting to raise at the mention of her from Negan’s lips, but he held it back.

“No, she wasn’t. But it doesn’t matter. It’s my job as your Alpha to make sure you’re alright. To make sure all of us are alright.”

Negan turned away. The anger was clear on his face.

“I don’t have fucking postpartum.”

“Fine,” Rick stated. “Doesn’t matter whether that’s the case or not. All I know is, you’re still struggling with this, and I want to help you. I want to help you accept our pups fully.” Negan balled his fists but refused to turn around. “I think I can do that, as long as you’re open with me. You asked for my trust a while ago, so I’m going to trust that I can keep you unleashed. I don’t think you’re off that bad that you’ll hurt the pups. But for doing that much, I hope you will talk to me, and from there we can work to sorting this out.”

Negan gave a huff in disbelief and finally faced him.

“I doubt you can help me with any fucking thing, except getting this collar off.”

Rick considered him for a moment, before he took his time in getting to his feet. He then gently placed the twins in the crib before turning to Negan. Negan tensed, his mind somehow believing that his Alpha might strike him for his request. Instead, Rick’s fingers moved to the back of his neck, and unlocked the collar. Once it was gone, Negan let his fingers run over the bare skin of his throat. The simple absence of the collar was like a breath of fresh air.

“We’ll make that step one,” Rick deemed it.

Chapter End Notes

With the beginning of parenthood, Negan could definitely use Rick’s support :)


Chapter 53

Chapter Summary

Both Rick and Negan make certain confessions

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“I think we can officially say you suck at Gin,” Negan said with a smirk as he dropped down his winning cards. Rick rolled the taunt off with a shrug.

“I haven’t had a game since,” he paused as he thought of Shane, “well, it’s been a while.”

Negan caught his hesitance, but decided not to point it out.

“If we were placing bets, I’d be a rich man.” He gathered up the cards and began shuffling. “How about another round? Give you a chance to beat my ass, not that you can.”

“We’ll see.”

Rick leaned back and took in the pleased expression on his Omega’s face as he dealt the cards. Gin Rummy wasn’t exactly his first pick as a way to unwind and stay entertained, but since it was an interest of Negan’s, he felt it was a good way to boost his mood.

He glanced at the corner of the table where the baby monitor allowed him to keep an eye on the currently napping pups.

“You know what would make this a hell of a lot better? An ice cold beer,” Negan said.

“Not when you’re nursing,” Rick countered.

“Such a fun sucker,” he muttered as he gathered his cards.

Rick dropped his eyes to his own hand then.

“It’s not about sucking the fun out of it,” he explained. “As parents, we’ve got to be responsible.”

Negan gave a huff.

“Responsible huh,” he muttered. “I think it’s only fair if you shouldered most of that responsibility since I didn’t ask to be a parent.”

Rick leaned back and observed the straight line across his face. This wasn’t meant to create further tension between them, yet Rick felt it might be good for Negan to get his frustrations out.

“I know you didn’t,” Rick admitted. “It was my call. You can chalk that up to the unfairness of being an Omega.”

Negan shot him a glare.
“So, I suppose the reason Carl’s here is because you forced it on your old Omega?”

Rick leaned back as Lori drifted to his mind.

“Of course not. What Lori and I had isn’t the same as what we have. I loved her even before she became mine. Once we were bonded, we were equal.” Rick looked him dead in the eye before continuing. “As for us, well, we’re not exactly on the same level.”

“Because I’m a damn prisoner,” he gritted as he threw a card down. “That just makes it alright.”

A noise from Lucy on the monitor briefly stole Rick’s attention.

“Well think about it Negan. Where the hell would you be if I hadn’t claimed you?”

“Don’t fucking lecture me,” Negan warned. “I’m more than goddamn aware that my own pack would have fucked my ass senseless.”

“I’m not exactly talking about that,” Rick said as he fingered through the cards in his hands. “I’m saying, if you hadn’t become an Omega, you would’ve been off a lot worse.”

Negan narrowed his eyes, confused.

“The hell you talking about?”

The Alpha gave a heavy sigh before looking back at him again.

“Before I learned about what happened to you, I was planning to start a war,” Rick confessed. Negan simply stared back at him. Anger was the current feeling he had at the thought, but it wasn’t as strong as it would have been long ago. “I went to community leaders to discuss the possibility of them fighting against you. Of putting an end to you. I reached a point where I was done, and if things hadn’t gone the way they had, there would’ve been losses, on both sides. And you…you would be dead.”

Negan averted his eyes as the Alpha in Rick strengthened his glare to a powerful degree.

“You think so do you?” he asked quietly.

“I know so,” Rick confirmed. “This may not be the life you wanted, but it allowed you to avoid death. Now from your point of view, it’s not fair. This world isn’t fair.”

This time it was the sound of Jacob that made him focus on the monitor. Negan too followed his gaze. Since they’d been playing the game, he hadn’t given it much attention, and now he couldn’t stop watching his pups as they wiggled and moaned in their sleep. The anger that had built was decreasing rapidly.

“This is your way of knocking the depression out of me?”

Rick jolted hearing him hint at his problem when so far it had been pure denial on his part. He took in the face of Jacob who faced the camera of the monitor more so than his sister.

“I think having an honest conversation can help.” He nodded at the cards. “And doing stuff like this on occasion could help you work it out.”

Negan stared down at the cards in his own hand and threw them down.

“You know what Rick, I guess you win this round.”
Rick smiled.

“How about another chance to beat my ass?” Rick asked, causing Negan to grin.

“I’m not saying no to that.”

Cards, in Rick’s opinion, was the key to keeping his Omega at ease for the moment. The only other outlet was having a game of pool, but that required leaving the house. He already knew Negan wouldn’t feel comfortable stepping outside just yet, so in the moments they had to unwind, Rick let him choose the game.

Rick had hoped it would lead to him opening up about his concerns, but he chose to use the time to taunt him and make crude jokes. Rick shrugged it off, figuring it was better than having a clearly moody Omega. But since Negan wasn’t really willing to address his problem with him, Rick suggested that he talk it out to their kids.

“They’re good listeners,” Rick had told them.

“Maybe when they’re not crying their heads off,” Negan replied.

Negan didn’t want to give the idea much mind, but it wavered in the back of his head regardless. It moved to the front of his mind when he wandered into the nursery for a little bonding time with the twins. It was a request from his Alpha that he spend a little alone time with them at some point in the day, which did not include feedings. It was meant to encourage and enhance what should be his natural motherly instincts. In his opinion, such instincts had already run its course after he first laid eyes on his pups. He had been overcome with emotion during the birthing process, so naturally his Omega side took the dominate role.

However, some instincts were still there. He could feel it as he hovered over the crib and looked down.

He said nothing as Lucy stretched her little arms and yawned widely, nor as Jacob kicked his little feet and blinked at him. There was something tight and warm happening in his chest. It seemed to happen every time he was alone with them, but he refused to tell Rick.

“You’re daddy thinks I should talk to you about my problems,” Negan informed them. “Like I haven’t done that once already. But how the hell does he expect me to…”

He trailed off, not wanting to complete the sentence.

“Fuck it. Maybe that bastard’s actually right. He thinks I’m depressed.”

Lucy opened her eyes after having been woken by her mother’s voice, and proceeded to watch him like her brother. The sight of the attentive little audience brought an unintentional smile on Negan’s face.

“Guess I can count on you guys to be good listeners.”

He reached in and carefully pulled both into his arms. Then slowly, he stepped over to the rocking chair and settled down. He positioned them in comfortable positions on both sides of his body before he started rocking.

“I think I can see why Rick likes this damn chair so much,” he wondered. “It’s not fucking bad.”
Lucy curled into him while Jacob tried to curl a finger around his shirt. Negan watched them with what he felt was a closer observation than how he looked at them previously. In a way, he was almost brought back to that moment where he saw them for the first time.

“I bet Rick tells you all the time he loves you two. I haven’t said it.” The expression of ease on his face fell slightly. “I’m sorry. Right now it’s fucking hard. It’s fucking hard to believe what my life’s become. On top of that…it’s fucking hard to imagine, how much you two scare me.”

Their little eyes bore into his, making him look away and lean back into the rocker.

“Before this, I wasn’t scared of shit,” he continued. “I already told you I never planned for this, but there was a time when I did want pups, with my Omega Lucille. But when you go years without getting that chance, you get over it. Alphas aren’t really supposed to get over it. They need a continuation of the damn line.” He paused and looked down at them again. They seemed to be hanging onto his every word. “Makes me wonder if it was really instincts telling me to try and have those pups with Lucille. Did I even truly want it back then, or did I really want it because that’s just how this world works? What kind of Alpha doesn’t have pups? I don’t fucking know. Maybe I would’ve been just as scared then if I could’ve conceived them.”

He leaned back and laughed softly as something seemed to click in his head.

“I don’t stand for pussies. It’s about being strong, and fucking fearless. But, I think it took talking to you two for me to realize, I might have a little pussy in me.”

The tightness in his chest was increasing.

“You two are part of me. My damn flesh and blood. I was used to it being just me, but that’s not the case anymore.”

He leaned his head down close to them as he blinked away the moisture in his eyes, and did something he had yet to do. He planted a kiss on Lucy’s head, which he made last as he took in her scent. He did the same to Jacob, and afterwards, felt a strong sense of comfort and love.

“I’m gonna try not to puss out on you two. I’m gonna try…not to be fucking scared.”

Negan held them as he rocked in the chair for much of the rest of the day.

Feeding time for the twins after the talk, became a much more enjoyable experience for Negan. The connection was getting stronger, yet he still felt little moments of unease.

“You’re going to get past this.”

Negan looked over at Rick who was studying his face closely as they readied for bed one night. He supposed the stress of it was showing on his face, and he cursed himself for not hiding it properly.

“I still think you’re fucking wrong,” he griped. “I’m not depressed. If I was, it’s over.”

“Well, whatever was wrong, you’re doing better.”

Negan internally brightened at the compliment from his Alpha.

“You know what would make me fucking feel better?” Negan asked after throwing a sheet across his mattress. “I can’t believe I’m asking for it, but…a goddamn massage with that oil.”
Rick quirked a curious brow at him, but in the end nodded.

“Alright. Present.”

Negan stripped his shirt as Rick walked across the room to fetch the oil.

A moment later, Negan’s eyes were drifting closed as Rick worked the oil into his still tired muscles. Relief was flooding through him, particularly when he massaged the sides of his hips. Rick chuckled as a needy whine issued from his lips.

“And here I thought you might be tired of this,” Rick teased.

“Fucking never,” Negan moaned.

Chapter End Notes

A couple of confessions from both. In the end, it seemed to have helped Negan fare better, but he's still got some healing to do.
Chapter 54

Chapter Summary

The pack meets Lucy and Jacob

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Fuck…fuck…fuck.”

Negan paced on the floor of the nursery in an agitated manner. Every now and then he paused and peeked out the window, but doing so didn’t do much good for him. Regardless, he stopped his pacing and walked over to it. Outside, pack members were moving toward the house. It put him on edge and he wasn’t sure why that was.

“Fuck.”

He turned away from the window and froze in the middle of the room, hating the twisting sensation in his gut. He heard a coo from Lucy which caught his attention immediately. Lucy was pretty active as she lay in the crib moving her limbs about and making noises, while Jacob was more passive and quiet.

“This day came too damn quick,” Negan grumbled as he stared down at them.

He heard footsteps at the door and automatically knew it was Rick without turning around.

“It’s time,” Rick said, which sent a slight jolt down Negan’s spine.

“Fuck.”

Rick moved into the room just as Negan turned away from the crib.

“You know, you can still change your mind,” Rick informed him. “I gave you some time to think about it.”

“There’s nothing to think about,” he spat as he sunk into the rocker. His face was set to brood. “I already fucking told you I’m not coming.”

Rick gave a shrug.

“It’s tradition.”

“Fuck tradition.”

Rick studied him closely and easily read the anxiety that was coursing through him. He couldn’t even stop fidgeting as he sat in the rocker.

“Alright,” Rick said softly.

Negan shot him a look as he watched him walk over to the crib to greet the twins.
“You’re my goddamn Alpha,” Negan growled. “You can fucking make me come if you want and I couldn’t do shit about it.”

Rick pulled Lucy into his arms before he faced his Omega.

“I don’t want to make you do this, if you don’t want to. That’s not good for you when you’re trying to…well, get accustomed to your new life.”

“Just fucking say it. When I’m trying to get over my depression.” The word never felt right to say. He preferred to think of it as a phase of frustration instead.

“That too,” Rick agreed. “But it’s easy for me to tell you’re not in the mood for crowds.” He walked over to the doorway and peeked his head out. “Carl! Let’s go!”

“Finally willing to break tradition,” Negan began with a smirk, “how untraditional of you.”

Rick just shook his head at him.

“Just try to relax. There’s nothing to be worried about after all.” He broke into a smile as he looked down at Lucy who was as wiggly as a worm in his hold. “They’re going to love them.”

Negan didn’t feel the least bit reassured by the words. The people outside knew who the pups belonged to; they knew they weren’t just Rick’s. He saw how happy and calm his Alpha was and couldn’t understand why he wasn’t feeling the least bit worried. Surely after all their time alone, he hadn’t forgotten that his pack hated his chosen Omega. With that being the case, he could just see the hate in their eyes when they laid eyes on his children. The image actually made him shiver.

Carl came running up looking eager.

“Are you coming?” he asked Negan as he crossed over to the crib.

“No, I am not fucking coming,” he replied as he gripped the armrest of the rocker especially hard.

He watched the kid reach down and pull Jacob out to cradle in his arms.

“Hey Jake. You ready for this?” Carl playfully wiggled his hand around, resulting in Jacob giving something of a giggle.

“Be careful how you hold him.” Negan was looking straight at him, and met Carl’s eye when he looked around.

“I’ve held them both before, remember?”

“Yeah, but you might get too damn excited out there.” He felt compelled to jump up from the rocker and retrieve the pup. Instead he gritted his teeth, and forced himself not to rise or express anything.

“He’ll be fine,” Rick said confidently. Negan grumbled something inaudible under his breath and looked away. “Before we go, I’ll ask again. You sure you don’t want to-”

“How many goddamn times do I have to say I’m not coming?”

Rick nodded as he readjusted Lucy in his arms.

“Alright. I’ll come back to check in on you.”

“No fucking need,” Negan spat.
“I think there is,” Rick countered.

Rick lingered a moment longer before following Carl out of the nursery. Negan’s eyes landed on what he could see of his pups before they were gone from his sight. Immediately the anxiety picked back up. He ran a nervous hand over his head as his leg twitched. He was still annoyed that he was feeling this way. The proper emotion to exhibit was pride not fear.

“Fuck.”

Rick stopped before the front door with his hand on the knob. He turned to Carl as he lined up next to him. Such a moment was meant to be shared with his Omega, but it was nice to also share it with his oldest pup. It added comfort, particularly since his heart was starting to hammer against his chest.

“Let’s do this,” he stated. Carl smiled at him, then Rick opened the door.

Standing in a semi-circle around the front of his house, awaiting the arrival of their true Alpha, was basically the entire pack. Eager as well as worried faces greeted Rick and Carl as they stepped out onto the porch with the bundles in their arms. Sounds of awe, and words like “adorable” and “beautiful”, coursed throughout the group as they gazed back. Rick puffed up his chest with pride as the smiles widened.

“Oh my god, they’re so cute,” said Tara.

“I just want to take them home,” said a female Omega standing near her.

“Look at that,” Aaron said as he circled his arm around Eric’s waist and pulled him closer.

“We’re definitely babysitting,” Eric stated.

“You’ve been truly blessed,” Gabriel said as he nodded at Rick.

“So cool,” said Rosita.

The continuous compliments were filling him to such a great degree, Rick felt he could tear up right there. There wasn’t a sour face in sight; no sign that anyone cared that they had come from Negan. They saw what he saw in the pups.

“Everyone!” he announced, causing the pack to quiet down. “I’d like you all to meet Lucy.” He raised her higher to indicate the pup. The awes and compliments started again.

“Such a sweet girl,” a woman said as she rested a hand on her chest.

“So precious,” said Tobin. He looked on the verge of tears.

“Look at that hair, it looks so soft,” said the woman who had given Rick the crib. She was leaning into her Alpha’s chest as he rubbed her shoulders.

“Maybe we should have some pups of our own afterall,” her Alpha said with a chuckle.

“And Jacob,” Rick finished as he nodded at the pup in Carl’s arms. Carl happily held him higher as the expressions of joy continued.

“Look at that handsome fellow,” a Beta cried in the back.
“Looks like Rick,” Michonne pointed out.

“They both do,” someone behind her pointed out.

“Another son, way to go Rick!” announced a young Alpha.

Rick looked down at Lucy upon noticing her feistiness had settled as she was more interested in taking in the rest of her family before her. Jacob, on the other hand, looked back at everyone lazily as if he was unimpressed.

“Congratulations Rick.”

“Thank you,” Rick said happily.

The congratulations continued all around as Rick and Carl walked forward to center themselves better so everyone could get a good look. A few members started coming up after Rick gave a nod of permission. They lightly touched their waving hands, or gave a kiss on their heads if they were especially close to Rick like Michonne.

“They’re beautiful Rick. Congratulations,” she said after pulling away from Jacob’s forehead.

Rick felt like his cheeks were flushing hard from all the praises and continued looks of adoration.

“Thank you.”

“You wanna hold him?” Carl asked as he presented Jacob to her.

Rick watched as a look of pure longing spread across her face as she extended her arms.

“Hi there Jacob. Hi,” she said happily. A few people gathered closer and laughed as he cooed loudly at her words.

Rick drifted his eyes away and noticed the only face that didn’t express full joy.

“Hey Rick, mind if I hold her?” Eric asked as he and Aaron came up to him.

“Of course I don’t mind,” he said happily as he gently passed her into his arms.

“You’re so lucky,” Eric commented. “Look how beautiful she is.”

“Absolutely. Hi honey, I’m Aaron.”

Sasha came up and pulled Rick into a hug.

“Congratulations Rick. They’re amazing, and I bet they’re a handful.”

“Thank you, and they definitely are.”

“I hope you’ll be calling me too for babysitting.”

Rick nodded, then turned back to the person that had caught his attention. He made his way between the crowd as the figure turned away. When Rick reached him, he dropped a hand on his shoulder to stop him.

“Daryl, you okay?”

Daryl turned to him, looking as if he wasn’t sure how to express his feelings. All in all, Rick figured
he just wanted to disappear from the scene.

“I’m alright,” he muttered. “Just…pups are, something I don’t handle much.”

Rick knew it wasn’t true, considering how Daryl had looked after Judith when he had been far too crushed to do so after losing Lori. The Beta had a soft spot for them, but Rick knew it was because of Negan. Rick didn’t bother to point out the real cause of his problem. He understood his continued difficulty with his Omega.

Michonne walked over while barely looking away from Jacob.

“Would you like to hold my son?” Rick asked Daryl as he shifted awkwardly on the spot.

Rick could see the emotion cracking through the rough exterior of Daryl as he looked down at the pup. His arms came up, and Michonne gently rested Jacob into them. Rick was sure he wasn’t thinking about Negan at that moment as his eyes took him in.

“He looks just like Rick,” Michonne pointed out. She gently ran her hand over the back of his head.

After a minute of watching Jacob wave his arms and kick, Daryl spoke.

“He does.” He looked at Rick. “Bet he’ll be just like you.”

“Time will tell.”

“So, Jacob huh?” Daryl questioned.

“Yeah. You know if you were hoping for me to use your name, you could have asked,” Rick teased.

Daryl actually smirked at the joke, then began rocking Jacob as he became a little fussy.

Negan stood as still as a statue as he watched the scene play out from the nursery window. He could see the smiles and expressions of excitement even though he couldn’t hear what people were saying. But it was obvious to him that they weren’t rejecting the pups. Instead, they were embracing them; loving them. Realizing this gave him some relief, but not much. He gritted his teeth and turned away. A new weight of worry was sinking into his stomach, which had him staggering up to the rocking chair. The pack loved the pups apparently. They loved that they were Rick’s pups, but the minute they recalled who the other parent was, he was sure it might be a different story.

He sank into the rocker with a tired sigh. He had given his Alpha what he wanted and as of right now, he couldn’t see what his own purpose in the pack was except to keep the pups alive. How would the pack’s reaction have changed if he had gone instead of Carl? He could imagine people shrinking away from him despite the fact that he would be holding one of his children. The exuberance of the moment would have died, and Rick would have had to spend the time defending him as his Omega again when it was supposed to be about the pups.

“Damn it.” He sunk his head into his hand as he imagined a more difficult future going forward.

Sometime later, Rick came up and found Negan still sitting in the rocker, looking tired.

“You alright?”
Negan pulled his head away from his hand and pulled up a smile.

“Feels like a fucking long day. So, how’s it going out there?”

“It’s going great,” Rick said warmly. “If you were worried they wouldn’t accept them, you were dead wrong. They can’t get enough of Lucy and Jacob. They love them.”

He crossed over to the window to look down at the scene. Rosita was holding Jacob now and being crowded by several women, while Lucy was in Gabriel’s arms.

“You want to come out for a while and see?” Rick asked as he moved toward Negan.

Negan felt the panic trying to build up and desperately bit it down.

“No. I’m fine right here,” he muttered. “I’ll probably just take a damn nap while it’s quiet.”

Rick gazed at him.

“Are you sure you’re alright?”

“I’m fucking fine. Just tired.”

“Alright. I’ll be back soon.”

Rick squeezed his shoulder before exiting the nursery. Negan watched him leave before turning his eyes to the empty crib. If there was one thing he was truly happy about, it was that Rick’s pack had at least welcomed his children.

Chapter End Notes

Finally the pack gets to share in the cuteness of the pups :)
Chapter 55

Chapter Summary

Rick leaves Negan alone with another member of the pack.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Rick gave a tired yawn as he made his way down the stairs. He figured he could start on a cup of coffee before Negan and the twins woke up, which he knew would be soon.

He started it up, then sank down at the table to wait. A moment later, he could hear Lucy crying from upstairs. Rick rested his head against his hand and shut his eyes. His time alone with his Omega was up, and now it was time for him to get back to doing his share of keeping order in the pack. The thought of it made him tired, but it didn’t make him regret a thing.

Rick looked in the direction of the stairs, having expected his Omega to handle the situation. He wasn't on an expert level, but his way with the pups had improved. At least he believed so any way. But as the cries continued, he figured Negan might need a hand after all. He got to his feet and made his way toward the stairs just as Carl left his room to investigate his crying sibling.

“Get your ass in here and help me!” Rick heard Negan shout to Carl.

Carl hesitated before stepping into the nursery. Rick trusted him enough to help handle the matter, so he turned to the coffee instead.

As he poured a cup, he heard a loud thump and a cry from his porch. Rick headed over to the back door and opened it in time to find Dr. Carson straightening up and stepping down the stairs. Aside from that, he noticed his porch was littered with a couple of pup contraptions like carries, boxes of blankets, diapers and clothing, play mats, a carriage, and even a twin stroller.

“Oh, Rick? Hope I didn’t somehow manage to wake you. I’m normally not clumsy, but your pack’s been pretty generous with the gifts,” he apologized.

“I doubt you could’ve woken me up from all the way upstairs,” Rick said with a laugh. “Why don’t you come in? I just made coffee.”

“I don’t want to intrude. I just wanted to let you know I was going to head back to check on Maggie’s pup this morning. But then I figured it might be too early to come here.”

“There’s no such thing as too early around here with newborns. Come on in.”

Carson smiled and stepped inside. Rick poured an extra cup and walked over just as Carson took a seat.

“The pack took to the twins well,” Carson commented before throwing in a spoon of sugar. “They adored the hell out of them.”

“Yeah,” Rick agreed as he joined him by taking a seat. “I wasn’t worried.”
Carson nodded, smiling.

“So, things are going alright around here?”

“As alright as to be expected.” Rick took a long drink of coffee. He knew where Carson was going with this.

“What about Negan? I wasn’t surprised to see he didn’t present the pups with you. That would’ve been too much for him to handle.”

Rick sighed as he put his thoughts in order.

“He’s definitely not cured, but he is doing better.” Carson raised his brows as if he wasn’t expecting such an answer. Rick just nodded to confirm it. “I believe he is anyways. When we’re not dealing with the pups, we’ve had a couple of card games. Puts him in the best mood. He’s not fully opening up to me, but I know he does when he’s alone with the twins.” Upon Carson’s look of curiosity, Rick elaborated. “I had him spend some alone time with them to encourage bonding. I suggested he could talk to them. As his Alpha, I feel like he’s more at ease.”

“Well, I’d still keep a careful eye on him Rick,” Carson advised. “Now that your bonding period is up, it’ll be tougher if you’re out among the pack.”

“I’ll have Carl or someone else stay with him on those days.”

“Good.” He took a sip of his coffee, then dropped his head in thought. “I don’t know how open you are to this idea, but…well some Alphas ease the stress of their Omegas by, well, screwing them.”

Rick stared at him pointedly over his drink.

“I think it’s a little soon to add another pup to the house,” Rick pointed out.

“It’s not about going that far,” Carson clarified. “It’s more like a comfort screw. Being gentle and keeping the gland bit so they stay relaxed. As a bonded pair, your Omega’s body stays open to you. What you do affects his mind on a chemical and instinctual level. Just as long as you don’t go as far as knotting or impregnating.”

Rick bowed his head in understanding. He had heard of such a thing. In his opinion, it was something done on a romantic level.

“I think Negan would hate me more,” Rick replied. “Besides, I don’t want to give him any wrong ideas.”

“It’s not about anything other than affecting the senses,” he explained. “The other resort is using some pretty strong drugs, but you work with what you’ve got nowadays. Of course an Omega can react negatively to such a method, so it’s highly possible you won’t have luck with Negan using this. It’s meant to be a way to settle your Omega, but it’s also read as a gentle way of establishing dominance. On the whole, it creates this biological feeling of being secured by an Alpha. If much of his depression stems from fear of his life, he might need reassurance that he’s protected and needed, by you.”

Carson watched as Rick bowed his head to think it over.

“I’ll keep the idea in mind, but I doubt I’ll use it,” he decided. “Like I said, he’s getting better.”

The doctor nodded in understanding.
“That’s all that matters.” He took one last sip of coffee, then rose to his feet. “Before I leave, I’d like to give the pups one last check up.”

“I’d appreciate it,” Rick said as he too got to his feet to lead him to the nursery.

Later that morning, Carl wheeled in the last of the pup gifts from the porch as he brought the stroller into the living room where the rest of the gifts were collected.

“Look how lucky you are,” Michonne said to Lucy as she repositioned her in her arms so she could see for herself. “You too Jacob.”

She looked over at the pup who was lying against Rick’s chest on the couch. Negan threw the stroller a suspicious look before he stretched out on the couch across from Rick.

“If somebody had died getting that shit, this might not be much of a celebration.”

Michonne threw him a wary look, but then turned to Rick instead. He could tell being in the same room with Negan was a bit of a struggle for her. It was a sign of the reality that couldn’t be forgotten. Just because the pups were here, didn’t mean Negan had been forgiven.

“Well, nobody did thank god.”

“Yeah. And isn’t it cool they found a stroller? And this carriage?” said Carl. “Now we can take them out easier.”

Negan met Carl’s eyes.

“Well good for you guys. Take them out and give me some goddamn peace and quiet.” At that minute, Lucy shattered it by crying. “Goddamn it.”

“Feeding time,” Rick informed him.

Negan grumbled and pulled himself up. When he approached Michonne to receive Lucy, she pulled back. The look in her eyes showed clear distrust which Negan caught right away.

“Gonna feed them yourself Michonne?” he teased. His eyes dropped down to her chest, and he grinned. “You appear to have the equipment for it, but you’re not an Omega.”

“Shut up.”

“It’s okay Michonne,” Rick assured her.

Trusting his word, she handed Lucy over.

“Come on sweetheart. Let’s make it you and me for a while,” Negan said as he left the room. The sassy smirk he’d had in place when teasing Michonne, dropped once he was out of everyone’s sights.

“Has it really been okay when it was just you two?” Michonne asked Rick once Negan was gone.

“It was. It’s just…this is hard for him right now.”

Michonne moved over to where Negan had been seated and sat down.
“Hard in what way?”

Rick just shook his head. The last thing he wanted to do was have the pack concerned about his Omega’s postpartum depression. Worst case scenario, it would cause the pack to alienate Negan at a time when Rick needed him brought into the fold and closer to the pups.

“I won’t go into details, but it’s something I’m trying to help him with. He has gotten better in the time we were alone.”

Michonne gave a shrug and leaned back.

“Seems like the same Negan to me. Still got that mouth on him.”

Rick just chuckled.

“Well his mouth won’t hurt anybody. Although I do need to enforce the rule about no profanity around the pups.”

“You’re getting soft,” she teased.

“I bet their first word’s gonna be fu-”

“Carl,” Rick warned before he could say the word. Carl just smiled and gave an innocent shrug.

“But he’s okay around the pups?” Michonne asked.

The question brought him back to the moment when he’d asked the same thing of Carson.

“Yes, he’s safe. He wouldn’t hurt them. Still, I don’t like leaving him alone if ever I have to attend to pack needs. So, whenever I have to, and if Carl’s not able to, I’d like you to keep an eye on him Michonne.”

It clearly wasn’t a request she was expecting, so it took her a moment to accept it.

“Yeah…okay.”

A couple of days later, Carl was laying Jacob down next to Lucy in the carriage. Both twins were wide eyed and appeared quite curious about what was happening. Negan looked on from the corner of the kitchen with his arms folded. The tension from the idea of the pups being outside among the rest of the pack had returned. He shifted from one foot to the other before eventually sinking into a chair.

“They’re ready to go dad.”

Rick walked over, smiling as he settled himself before the carriage.

“Don’t you keep them out too late,” Negan snapped. “The pack will rile them up so bad they won’t fucking sleep, which means we won’t.”

“Well, why don’t you come with us, so you can help me keep track of time?”

“Pass.”

A knock on the door stole Carl away from the scene.
“You haven’t been outside in a week,” Rick pointed out.

“That’s because I haven’t had shitty ass chores to do,” Negan argued. “That’s been the only time I was allowed outside, Alpha.”

“Well, after you get in an easier routine with the twins, you can get back to helping with the chores. For now, going outside gives you a break from the house.”

Negan looked to the window. He did desire a minute of fresh air and sunshine, but it didn’t feel worth getting if he was just going to be gawked at or avoided like some vile creature.

“Like I said, fucking pass.”

Michonne entered the room, smiling as she walked over to the carriage to greet the twins.

“Hey sweeties. Ready for your day out.”

Negan’s brooding expression deepened.

“What’s this, a fucking family affair without me?” he grumbled.

“No, because I’m staying here, with you,” Michonne explained.

“The fuck?” Negan cried as he jolted up in his chair. “What the hell Rick? I don’t need a damn babysitter!”

“It’s not up to you,” Rick informed him. “If I want Michonne to keep you company, then that’s the way it’s going to be. We’ll be back after a while.”

Rick pushed the carriage toward the door with Carl following behind him. A minute later, it was just Negan and Michonne. He sighed as he eyed her, standing like a guard with her arms crossing her chest.

“How much is Rick paying you to watch my ass?”

“If money was still a thing, it would take at least a hundred for me to take the job.”

Negan just laughed, then got to his feet.

“Well, I’d gladly pay you two hundred to get the hell out.”

He sauntered out of the kitchen area and laid across the couch with a heavy sigh. He figured Michonne would stay put, but instead she followed him and settled on the other couch.

“You don’t have to literally watch my ass,” he said as he shut his eyes to take in a possible nap.

“I’m not. I’m just keeping you company.”

He opened an eye and saw her flipping through a magazine left on the coffee table.

“Fair enough.” He didn’t bother to shut his eyes for a nap as he no longer felt up to it in her presence. He looked at her as a thought occurred to him. “You know, in the few times you’ve guarded me in the past, we never actually talked.”

“What’s there to talk about?” she asked without looking up from her magazine.
“How about we start simple.” He sat up from his resting position and faced her dead on with an eager grin. “How did you meet Rick? Were you together before shit went down?”

Michonne looked up, then leaned back as she met his eyes.

“No.”

“How about you elaborate there. How did you meet him?”

She was clearly not interested in having a conversation with the man, yet she saw no harm in answering.

“I was on my own. I got injured after escaping a bad place, and I found a prison. That’s where I met Rick and the others.”

“A prison?” Negan asked, sounding intrigued. “So your goody two shoes leader was an inmate.”

“No. Rick and his people found the prison when they were looking for a place to stay. If you must know, Rick was a sheriff.”

The eagerness fell from Negan’s face.

“Jesus. So he was a pain in the ass fun sucker before the world went to shit. And here I thought I’d learned something interesting.”

Michonne closed her magazine then.

“What about you? What were you before shit went down?”

“A damn Alpha,” he muttered as he dropped his head.

“You know what I mean.”

A fond smile spread across his face as he thought of the days of the past.

“A coach.” Michonne raised her brows as if she didn’t buy it. In response, he nodded. “It’s true. I tried to rear in pups before they turned into major asshole when they grew up. That was my major contribution to the fucking world back then. Bet you can’t say the same.”

“Well I didn’t coach,” Michonne stated.

“What did you do?”

“I dealt with people, just not as young as pups. And I was, and still am, into art.”

Negan waited for more, but she didn’t give it.

“That’s it?”

“That’s all you’re getting from me about my past life.”

Negan groaned in annoyance and proceeded to lie back down.

“Fine. I can take a hint when a woman wants to stop talking.” He was quiet for a minute, then he continued. “At least tell me this. Did you have an Omega?”

Michonne frowned and curled her fingers hard into the arms of her chair.
“Why?”

“Just wondered, if you were one of the poor souls that lost their other half in all this.” He averted his eyes down to his hands as his chest tightened. “I was. I had my Lucille.”

Michonne gaged him closely. She was never one to believe her enemies had much genuine feeling left in them once they decided to become dangerous, but as she looked at Negan, she was sure the emotion over his loss was real.

“That why you did the things you did?” He turned to her then. “I came across a couple of cruel Alphas before I met Rick. It’s not an excuse, but the reason some of them have gone crazy, is because they’ve lost their Omegas, and maybe even their pups.” Her face became grave as she dropped her eyes to her lap. “I had an Omega, and a pup. After I lost them, I was gone. I never hurt anyone. I was just…gone. And then I found a friend, and after that, I found Rick and Carl, and everyone else I call family. They brought me back. That’s the thing about Alphas like Rick. They're supposed to lift you up and encourage the best out of you. It’s not supposed to be the other way around.”

Negan stared at her intently before he became thoughtful.

“I was never gone. I was always a forceful Alpha. Maybe that increased after I lost Lucille…I didn’t notice. I did what I did to survive.”

“We’ve all done things to survive,” she said boldly. “Some of it, are pretty bad. But feeling regret for those things goes a long way. Changing goes a long way. I realized I couldn’t survive on my own. I needed people.”

“I had people,” Negan argued gruffly. “I had a whole damn pack, bigger than yours.”

“And where are they now?” She awaited an answer, but when he gave none, she kept going. “Even if you still had them, it wouldn’t have worked. Packs are stronger and better with an Alpha that can show humanity. With an Alpha that can work with others on an equal footing. The old world might not have been that way for the most part, but I believe things can change going forward.”

Negan made a sound of disbelief.

“Hm, if you’re somehow telling me I should change, I don’t think it’d make a damn lick of difference. Your damn pack will always keep my ass on the outside.”

“Only if you stay on the outside. Only if you stay gone. But I don’t think you’ll get anywhere unless you understand us and feel something for what you put us through. You have pups to look after now, and I can’t imagine you’d want them to follow in your footsteps by staying gone.”

Negan didn’t want to imagine it right now. He had always taken pride in his personality and behavior, but considering the trouble it brought him, he didn’t exactly like the idea of his own children experiencing similar woes.

“I need them to be strong,” he insisted quietly.

“There’s another way to be strong.”

He looked her in the eyes. Something about her expression made him feel as if he was truly talking to someone who’d fallen quite hard before finding a new kind of strength. He smiled and gave a soft laugh.
“You’re one hell of a babysitter. I gotta give you that.”

Michonne turned back to her magazine as they settled into a comfortable kind of quietness. She felt a lot more relaxed upon finding that the task of watching Negan wasn’t as bad as she’d thought.

Chapter End Notes

I don't think it was ever mentioned in the show what Michonne did in her past. I heard she was a lawyer when I tried looking it up, but another source claims she dealt with art. I'm not sure, so I left it vague here. Michonne isn't one to really open up to Negan, yet she did so anyways :)
Little growls of annoyance escaped under Negan’s tongue as he undid the dirty diaper. It didn’t help that Carl was off to the side, snickering in his hand.

“Why the hell isn’t Rick getting you in on this?” he complained.

“I guess he wants you to practice more,” Carl assumed, shrugging.

“That’s just a damn excuse not to give me a break.”

The look of disgust was in place as he removed the waste filled diaper. Carl covered his nose from the smell while Negan could only scrunch his as he lifted Jacob’s legs. Jacob was bawling his eyes out as if Negan was doing something much worse to him.

“Jesus Jake, what the hell is your problem? Ain’t I doing it right?”

Carl peeked over as if Negan was addressing him.

“Looks right to me.”

“And how the hell would you know?”

“Well, I changed Judith’s diaper once. But that was it.”

“Christ. You’re about as helpful as a damn ’how to’ book.”

After he wiped and powdered the pup’s bottom, Carl handed him a clean diaper. He dropped into the rocker as Negan finished up at the changing table.

“You know, I was thinking,” Carl started as he began rocking. Negan tossed him a suspicious glance.

“What, were you thinking?”

“I was thinking, how about you take the twins out? Like for a stroll.”

The lightest twist of fear ran up his spine. He didn’t even want to acknowledge any such idea.

“That’s your daddy’s job,” Negan muttered.

“It can be your job too,” Carl reasoned. “Aren’t you tired of being cooped up in the house all day?”

He really was, but he wasn’t going to admit such a thing aloud to Carl, especially when it ran the risk
of him informing Rick. He lifted his fingers to his temples and massaged what felt like the threat of an oncoming headache.

“You might not believe it, but it’s pretty fucking cozy being indoors,” he lied. He threw him a smile to further convince him, but it didn’t work.

“I know you’re scared. You don’t have to be.”

Negan desired to point out that he was wrong. He had no idea was it was like to be in his position. Pressure was bubbling in his chest with the need to shout out the facts, but he held back.

“You could go with my dad,” Carl elaborated, thinking it would solve the problem.

“Give me a fucking break kid. You and Rick,” he growled. “No, means fucking no! Now leave me the fuck alone!”

Startled by the shout, Carl got to his feet.

“Alright,” he said quietly. With a bowed head, Carl shuffled out of the room.

“Damn it.”

He didn’t feel good about yelling at him, especially when it only frightened Jacob more. Negan pulled him over his shoulder and tried bouncing him a little.

“Pardon the fuck out of me little man. I didn’t mean to scare you.” He looked in the direction of the door, expecting Carl to pop back in. “Fuck, is this what it’s going to be like when you and your sister are older? Me getting mad and yelling my lungs out at you? I can tell you I’m not looking forward to it if it feels like this.”

Jacob quieted down enough to where Negan’s ears weren't ringing. He took a deep breath and released it, then wandered over to the window. People were milling about as usual. Rick was among them somewhere with Lucy, showing her off. It grated at his nerves a little, and in response he removed Jacob from his shoulder and stared into his face.

“You guys’ll get what I won’t here.”

Jacob looked at him with confusion as jealousy started to seep into Negan's gut. Both Lucy and Jacob would be free, so long as the pack didn’t hold their parentage against them. But Negan knew he would always be a prisoner. The conversation he’d had with Michonne a couple of days ago registered in his mind. She had implied that the pack would give a chance to someone who changed and cared. He scoffed at the idea. He never wanted to change, and he certainly didn’t care about the pack.

“Come on kiddo. Let’s lay you down on your play mat.”

That evening, Negan sat on the stool next to his Alpha as he quietly ate a bowl of chili. Carl sat across from him, and every now and then he tossed him curious looks. Negan simply ignored him.

“So dad, when do you think I can go out on a run?”

Rick appeared taken aback by the sudden question.

“Not anytime soon,” he replied before taking a bite full of chili.
“Why not? I’m not a pup anymore.”
“I said no Carl,” Rick said more firmly.
“Kid’s trying to bail on helping out around the house,” Negan said with a laugh.
Carl turned to him with a hopeful look.
“Well, what about you? Don’t you think I’m old enough to go out there?”

Now Rick seemed baffled as well as a little frustrated at the idea of Carl asking his Omega for permission.

“Sure,” he agreed nonchalantly. Rick faced him with a raised brow, but Negan didn’t give him any mind as he took a long drink of water. He grinned at Rick once he was finished. “The kid’s practically a man, so he has a goddamn right to go out there and provide for his people.”

“Well it’s not your call to make,” Rick said with a warning growl.

“What the hell do you think I am to him? His damn brother? After I became your goddamn Omega, I became his goddamn guardian too.” He turned to Carl with a huge grin. “I say you can go.”

“Well as the Alpha of this house, I’m saying no.” Rick’s growl of affirmation closed the door on any more arguments.

They settled into silence for a minute, until Carl broke it.

“How about I take Lucy and Jacob for a stroll tomorrow?”

“That’ll be fine,” said Rick.

“And I’ll bring Negan along.”

Both men gaped at him.

“The fuck,” Negan complained. “I told you I’m not doing that shit. You want to stroll them along, you do it on your own.”

Carl turned to Rick instead.

“Dad, don’t you think it’ll be good for him to get out and with the pups? He can’t hide away forever if he’s part of the pack.”

“Nobody’s fucking hiding, and I’m not fucking going,” Negan stated.

But Rick was pondering the idea.

“I think that would be a good idea.”

Negan’s spoon clanged loudly against the ceramic bowl as he dropped it and faced him with his strongest glare.

“You need to get out with them, among the pack,” Rick explained. “Staying in here isn’t going to help you get any better.”

“And being out there is!” he cried as he pointed to the door.
“Yes. I think it will, so I insist.” Rick stared Negan down until his shoulders slumped in submission.

“Goddamn it.”

An uncomfortable, tingly sensation traveled from Negan’s fingers, all the way up to his shoulders as his hands rested on the handle of the carriage. Jacob and Lucy squirmed slightly as they looked up at him from within.

“I can’t believe I’m fucking doing this,” he mumbled.

“You’ll be fine,” Carl assured him.

“I might actually be fine if Rick’s sorry ass was here.”

“Well he had a council meeting, so you’re stuck with me.”

Negan huffed as his grip on the handle tightened. Carl stepped forward and opened the door. Negan knew it was silly to feel so much anxiety. It was better not to even care what the others thought, particularly since he didn’t care about them. So why did it matter so much? He didn’t need people’s approval to live among them; not when he had Rick’s protection. But somehow that didn’t feel like enough.

“You ready?”

He pulled out of his thoughts as he looked at Carl. His face was set, showing just how much he liked this idea.

“Fuck.”

Negan made that first step forward, pushing the carriage out onto the porch. The fresh air hit him immediately and seemed to do some good for the tumultuous feelings within him. He moved further and allowed the sunshine to hit his skin. It gave just enough warmth to revive him. Then the feeling dampened as a few heads turned his way. There weren’t any smiles from what he could see. Carl moved by his side and caught onto his distraction.

“Fuck. I knew this was a bad idea.”

“Just, act how you used to when you went out before. I mean before the twins got here,” Carl advised. “You weren’t scared of them then.”

Negan had to admit he had something of a point there. He pushed on, deciding he would just ignore the curious eyes.

“Where the fuck are we going anyway?”

“We’re just circling around. Or making it up as we go.”

“Fine, but the minute I smell a shitty diaper, we’re turning back.”

They moved down the street at an easy pace. For the most part, Negan focused on keeping his eyes ahead of himself. Every now and then he’d spare a look at the twins, but that was as far as his attention went.

A few people heading his way along the same path parted quickly. Carl greeted them, but Negan
kept silent. He hated how his heart thumped just a little harder when he saw people out of the corner of his eyes. It only made his feelings come through stronger as he tossed a few faces a glare.

“Would it kill you to smile?” Carl asked. “There was a time when you couldn’t stop smiling.”

“That was different. I don’t have shit to smile about now.”

He was beat. He was fully aware of his position here, more so since he was out with their Alpha’s pups. Passerby averted their eyes and looked at the little ones instead. No on one was going to acknowledge him, so he saw little point in tossing fake smiles or making jokes. He saw no reason to play nice.

“You and Rick are so lucky.”

Negan came to a halt and turned to see an Omega woman standing nearby watching him, before looking down at the carriage. It occurred to him after a couple of seconds that she was talking to him.

“Yeah,” he began lamely as he looked down at them. “It’s not a common thing around here after all.”

“I can’t get enough of seeing them,” said another woman, this one a Beta, as she walked across the lawn toward them.

“Then I’ll fucking take a picture and mail it to you,” Negan remarked. The anxiety was started to deplete.

A few more people occupying the area, were shifting from being cautious to being interested as they too joined the scene.

“Can you lift them up so we can get another look?”

Negan observed the small group gathered around him before reaching down to pick up Jacob. It was amazing the amount of comfort holding the pup gave him. Jacob balled his little fist as he started to cry.

“Come now Jake. You don’t want to be a crybaby in front of all these people,” Negan told him as he gently bounced him. “I’m sure you made a better first impression than that.”

A few of the observers awed, while some laughed softly.

“Twins must be a handful,” said Tobin as he moved closer. “Rick gave the impression that it’s easy.”

“Ain’t a damn thing easy about it,” Negan argued. “Trust me, if he was feeding them from his own tits and changing diapers all day, he wouldn’t be as happy.”

“Well, I’m sure you do just fine.”

There were only two murmurs of agreement from the compliment.

“He does,” Carl added. “My dad would be pissed if he was doing a crappy job.”

“He sure as hell would,” Negan said. A smirk was spreading far across his face. “He would’ve sent my ass back to jail.”

The joke actually garnered some laughter from the crowd. Negan didn’t want to admit it, but it was doing something pleasant to him. It was actually lifting his spirit. He laid Jacob back down and
picked up Lucy to show off. Compliments were rolling off tongues.

“She’s so precious.”

“You’re so lucky.”

“Congratulations.” One of the watching Omega ladies walked up and actually rested a hand on his arm. “I mean in.”

He hadn’t drawn the huge audience Rick had, but for what he got, it was enough. It suggested there was a chance; a chance that he could somehow have a future among the pack. Of course the pups were a magnet for onlookers, but he preferred to think that they might come to remember that Rick stood by him as his Omega.

He traded a look with Carl who just smirked at the fact that he was enjoying the attention.

Then his gaze drifted elsewhere as he noticed the entrance gate opening. The big grin he’d had on his face was slowly dropping as he recognized the figure standing just outside the gate. The Alexandrian that had opened it, greeted the figure as she came forward, but she wasn’t alone.

She briefly chatted with the Alexandrian before she turned to face her old home, and right away, her eyes met Negan’s; right away, the smile she had was gone.

“Shit,” he cursed as he felt his anxiety starting to rise again.

Maggie had returned, and with her little pup held protectively in her arms.

Chapter End Notes

Negan made that first step outdoors since giving birth, but Maggie has appeared. Things might get a little tense.
Chapter 57

Chapter Summary

Maggie confronts Negan

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

His first thought was to hightail it back to the house, but her stare had him frozen on the spot.

“Hey, Maggie’s here,” said Tobin as he took notice of their old Alexandrian member.

Maggie proved capable of stealing his audience as Tobin and several others moved toward her.

“So cute,” said the woman that had touched his shoulder. She smiled at Lucy before she too wandered off to whatever task had previously kept her occupied.

“Fuck,” Negan muttered when he found himself alone with Carl.

“Don’t worry about it,” Carl told him, yet Negan could see how conflicted he looked. He clearly wanted to go over and greet an old friend and her pup, but he believed it wasn’t right to leave his step guardian and siblings.

“Fucking go if you want,” he grumbled. He settled Lucy back down next to her brother.

“No, it’s okay. I can see her later.”

“I said go,” Negan said with more force and a fiery glare to match.

It was odd that the anger was building when it was more appropriate the other way around. The Beta widow had the right to be angry, not him. Negan didn’t want to think of it as some kind of twisted jealousy. She was the true member of the pack, yet her presence was throwing him off.

Carl looked ready to say something, but decided against it and turned to join the others greeting Maggie. Negan turned away and just took a deep breath. Jacob’s cries slowed to a halt, catching his attention.

“I don’t suppose you’d like to go home?” he asked.

The pup simply blinked at him. Negan tossed his gaze at Maggie. Figuring the small crowd would keep her busy, he continued onward with the walk. He was Rick’s Omega afterall, which meant he had a right to do such a thing in Alexandria. Being a prisoner in prison wasn’t a factor when he had pups to care for, and he would let her know if she decided to find and harass him.

“Damn it,” he grumbled.

“What’s his name?”
Maggie turned to a smiling Omega woman and grinned as she looked at her pup.

“Hershel,” she replied.

“Isn’t he sweet,” said another woman.

“Handsome fellow,” said Tobin. “Looks a lot like…Glenn.”

He shifted awkwardly, feeling as if it might have been the wrong thing to say, but Maggie just nodded.

“He does. And I’m happy for it.”

She looked away from little Hershel and lifted her eyes to watch Negan moving down the path ahead. She barely acknowledged the carriage he was pushing and instead, focused on him. As the twist that had been forming in her gut grew, she did her best to keep her feelings from her face while in such pleasant company.

“Hey Hershel,” Carl greeted as he came up and shook his little hand. “You too Maggie.”

“Carl,” she greeted with a warm smile as she pulled him into a half hug. “How’ve you been doing?”

“Good. Not too many crazy things have been happening around here, except the twins.”

“Right,” she said in a slightly flat tone. “How’s Rick? Is he around?”

“He’s in a meeting.”

Maggie raised her eyes again to keep track of Negan’s movements.

“Alright.”

With a sigh, Negan settled the carriage under the shade of a tree. It was out of view from the entrance, which helped lower the stress. A few passerby tossed him curious or conflicted looks, but didn’t come near. Negan wasn’t concerned about drawing their attention for the moment. Instead he busied himself with searching for his Alpha. He cursed himself for desiring to have his protection, or at least company, but it was better than feeling vulnerable.

“Where’s your damn daddy when I need him,” he muttered. He scouted his surroundings a little longer before turning back to the pups. They simply looked back at him with nothing intelligible to communicate. Smiling, he ran a hand over their heads. “The good thing about you guys is that you can’t leave me. At least not right now.”

He found it hard to imagine Lucy or Jacob becoming so pissed with him, that they’d actually turn their backs on him.

He settled against the tree and stretched out a leg. The warmth of the day was easing him so much that he tuned out the rest of the world. In fact, he didn’t even hear the footsteps approaching him from behind.

“How did it feel?”

Negan jolted at the sound of her voice. His eyes locked onto Maggie as she rounded the tree and faced him. No one had come with her, so it was just the two of them, and their pups.
Her stare was piercing, and there was no trace of warmth in her expression. Negan couldn’t believe it actually made him nervous. He knew if he’d still been an Alpha, she wouldn’t have fazed him.

“How did…what feel?” he asked uncertainly. He wasn’t sure how to answer if she was referring to her Omega.

She briefly glanced at the pups in the carriage.

“Giving birth.”

Negan relaxed a little, but not much. As much as he wanted to believe they were having a nice conversation, it was clear there was hostility.

“Nearly fucking killed me.” It wasn’t a lie in his opinion. It had been a painful experience he would never forget.

Still, such words didn’t seem to give Maggie any satisfaction as he thought it might. She moved closer to the carriage and studied the pups. Negan felt his heart thumping painfully against his chest.

“A boy and girl,” she acknowledged.

“Yeah, Jacob and Lucy.”

Maggie didn’t seem to acknowledge him. She was solely interested in the pups, yet her blank expression didn’t brighten the way most people did when they saw them. Not liking her reaction, he set his attention on her pup.

“What about yours? What’d you get there, a boy?” He hoped it sounded friendly enough.

“Yes. I had a boy,” came a robotic tone.

Her expression remained unchanged as she continued to stare down at his children. It was unsettling, and warning bells were starting to go off in Negan’s head, encouraging him to protect his pups, but he couldn’t move. It was almost as if Maggie was an Alpha that was keeping the Omega in him subdued.

“What’s his name?” Negan asked slowly. He prepared to get to his feet because he had no idea what she was thinking, nor what she was going to do.

But then Maggie backed away, and looked at him while bringing her pup in closer to her chest.

“Hershel,” she said simply.

There was no emotion. The accusatory glare she was giving him sent him back to that night where she was on her knees, shivering and crying in anguish. That wasn’t the person standing in front of him now. This widow had strength, yet he was disturbed.

“Hershel…okay. It’s good to give a kid a unique name.”

“It was my father’s name.” The anger was clear in her tone, as was the mist in her eyes.

Negan wasn’t sure what to do. Considering the way she answered, he assumed she might have lost more than an Omega. He bowed his head as his discomfort increased. He was a cornered animal just waiting for her to go in for the kill.

“I take it you lost your father? Sucks.” He couldn’t think of anything else to add to steer the
conversation in a more positive direction. After what he’d done, he’d never be able to give her comfort.

Maggie just kept standing there like a statue. He knew there was only one thing she wanted from him, so he decided to go ahead and give it to her.

“Look, I’m sor-“

“Don’t,” she warned, her eyes flashing. “Don’t you say you’re sorry. I know you aren’t.”

Negan was brought back to that night again, where he was standing before her Omega with the bat raised. He remembered the power coursing through him as he smashed it into the Asian man’s head. It had always felt good to use Lucille in such a way. When it started feeling so good, he didn’t know, but he had never regretted it.

But now, he actually felt sickened to think of the scene. He supposed it was because the surviving mate was standing before him, and attempting to ignite a twisting sensation in his gut that had never been there before. Or perhaps it was because he was a sensitive Omega. Either way, He knew he wouldn’t be receiving forgiveness from her.

“What do you want me to say?” he asked dejectedly.

Her glare intensified.

“Stand up.”

Negan hesitated before complying. He briefly took his eyes off of her to see if anyone nearby had noticed his situation. Only a few looked his way, but none showed concern. Had Maggie pulled a gun on him, it would be a different story.

“Maggie, what are you going to-”

“Don’t say my name,” she spat.

“Alright,” he said as he raised his hands in surrender. “I just…I don’t want you do to anything stupid. We have our pups here.”

“I’m well aware.”

“Rick is here,” Negan tried. “He wouldn’t want you to do anything either.”

He hoped mentioning Rick would be strong enough to stop whatever she had planned to do, as well as remind her that he was under his protection. Lucy gave a little cry that threatened to become louder. Negan wanted to go to her, but feared making the smallest move.

“Just shut up and drop your hands.”

The thumping in his chest was becoming downright painful. She glanced at the pups in the carriage before walking right up to him, closing any distance between them.

“Take a look at Hershel. Take a good look at him!” came her demanding tone. Negan shifted his eyes down to the little bundle. The pup was asleep, but wiggled from the sound of his mother’s raised voice. “He’s the spitting image of his father. A father he won’t have the chance to meet, and love. Glenn won’t get a chance to raise him like a father should.”

Negan wasn’t surprised to hear such words.
“You took those chances away from him. Away from my son.” Her lower lip quivered before she continued. “Away from me.”

The twisting sensation in Negan’s gut increased to a nauseous feeling. He looked at the pain in her eyes, before looking at her pup again. Hershel did look an awful lot like his father, but honestly it never mattered. That night, he had truly intended to put Rick down, but he hadn’t wanted to do it in front of Carl. Anyone could be on the receiving end of Lucille, and it never mattered to him whether or not they were parents, just so long as the pups weren’t near.

He glanced at the carriage and tried to picture himself in a similar situation. Naturally he’d go for revenge if anyone had hurt his bonded pair, but in this case his other half wasn’t a person he was particularly fond of; and yet the idea created a sense of worry in him. Of course there had been Lucille, but he hadn’t lost her in such a violent and unfair way.

“I’m sorry.”

“Is that all you can say?”

Negan frowned, desiring to yell that there was nothing else he could say. He could make an emotionally driven, apologetic statement, but he knew she’d see it as bullshit.

“I…I’m trying here,” he began. “You’re not exactly talking to the same damn person you met that night. I was a different man. Now I’m not.”

“Because of Rick,” she assumed with an aggressive tone.

“Because of a lot of things.” He started to take a step back.

“Don’t move,” she ordered dangerously, making him stop immediately. “What makes you so different now? You think just because you’re an Omega, I should forgive you?”

“No.” He surprised even himself as the word blurted from his lips. “I don’t fucking expect you to. No amount of sorrys is gonna mean a damn thing from me. You’re always going to want to kill me.”

Maggie took a moment to study him before turning to the carriage.

“I wouldn’t do that to those pups. But this pain you’ve caused…it’s destroyed everything, and what makes it worst is that you don’t give a damn.”

Her free hand had shot out, fingers wrapping tightly around his neck. He choked as she started pushing back until he fell up against the tree.

“You don’t give a shit about what you did to us!”

Negan could only stare at her as his vision started to blur. He didn’t even have the power to push her off. Even if he had, he just couldn’t.

“Maggie?”

She turned, startled, and released her hand from his neck. Sasha had snuck up on the scene, but Negan noticed a few nearby members had finally taken a higher interest in what was happening to him.

“What are you doing?”

Maggie seemed taken aback by her own actions, particularly as Lucy started to cry. But then the look
of fury was back.

“I had to let him know,” she pleaded. “I had to let him know, that Hershel doesn’t have a father. That…I don’t have Glenn.”

Negan grabbed his throat and looked to Sasha. She appeared calm, yet her expression echoed understanding. He wondered if it would turn into two against one.

Sasha moved toward Maggie and searched her eyes.

“I know you’re hurting. I am too remember? I lost Abraham.”

Both women turned to Negan who let his gaze fall to his feet. He had particularly enjoyed taking out the red headed Alpha, but now it didn’t feel so great to reminisce about it.

Maggie’s face threatened to crumble as if she was going to cry, but she held back.

“If you’re looking for an apology from him,” Sasha said as she looked pointedly at Negan who was now sinking to a seated position against the tree, still avoiding their gazes, “you won’t get it. At least not a sincere one. Not for a while anyway, if it’s possible. He’s Rick’s Omega, and the mother of his pups. We have to accept that. And we have to trust that we’ll be able to get some closure by remembering who our Alphas were. Maybe in time, Rick will be able to get Negan to understand what he’s done, but it won’t work this way.”

Hershel made a noise that was shifting into a cry. Maggie too followed his lead as tears ran down her cheeks.

“I don’t think I can ever forgive him. Glenn could, but I can’t.”

Negan wasn’t one for caring whether or not someone was happy with his decisions, yet at the moment, the idea of not having her forgiveness was disheartening.

Sasha pulled Maggie in close and whispered words of comfort. Negan just watched as the twisting sensation intensified.

“I was an asshole,” he said quietly. The statement drew Sasha’s attention. “I never had a problem being an asshole. A couple of days ago, someone told me I’d need to understand what you people been through. Maybe I can, one day. I…I think I’m getting there, slowly.”

He looked at Maggie, but she kept her back to him. Sasha, on the other hand, was watching him closely.

“Let’s go Maggie. We’ll have lunch at my place.”

Sasha quietly led her away from the scene. The few people that had given them attention, turned away now that it was over. Lucy was still crying, so Negan forced himself up on shaky legs.

As he stood in front of the carriage, all he could do was look down at both pups. His nerves were so on edge, he was shivering slightly. The bloody scene that had happened that night replayed in his mind, as did other such bloody scenes before it.

“Would you understand, why I did what I did? Or would you side with her?”

Jacob didn’t answer, and Lucy just kept crying.

He reached down and pulled her up to his shoulder as his stomach sank. Suddenly it worried him to
imagine their answer. Considering the lack of forgiveness thrown his way, he could see himself being completely alone in the near future.

Chapter End Notes

Originally I planned for Rick to come in to defend his Omega, and the three would've had something of an awkward talk to work it out. But then it shifted to Rosita, then finally it shifted to Sasha. The show portrayed Maggie and Sasha having a sisterly bond, and Sasha was the one with Abraham, so she definitely understands Maggie's pain, therefore I figured she'd be the most successful in calming her. Also it's good to get other community members involved with Negan. This could have been a case of Maggie resolving her conflict with Negan, but I feel like she'd have a long way to go before she could reach it.
Chapter 58

Chapter Summary

Negan has a major outburst!

Chapter Notes

Slight warning for 'self-harm/suicide' scare

Life fell into a routine that Negan had quickly become accustomed to. It was always climbing out of bed to attend to a screaming twin, or twins, in the middle of the night. By morning, their feeding needs came first unless one or both was in need of a morning diaper change. Negan had yet to get accustomed to the smell of dirty nappies. After a change, he would have his own breakfast, and if the twins weren’t in need of anything major after that, it was on to chores.

Not having had to do chores for a while had almost been refreshing, but to be reunited with it again made him feel a mix of hate and love. As days passed, it was more of a hateful feeling.

“Why the hell can’t Carl pull his weight around here?” Negan had grumbled. In response, Rick would shoot him a look that was answer enough.

Carl did a few things when it came to helping out, as did Rick if he wasn’t busy with the pack, but much of the household responsibilities fell to Negan.

He knew Rick wouldn’t have attempted to lift a finger if he wasn’t so certain he was still experiencing depression. After a month, Negan didn’t want to admit that it was still present. He liked to view it the way Rick did, where he was getting better and getting closer to the pups. The thing was, he was tired. Pessimistic thoughts would run through his head, stirring up his mood in a bad way.

He was starting to snap at Rick in a nasty tone. A few times Carl was on the receiving end of it. Once or twice one of the Grimes’ men offered a game of cards to cool him down, but he viciously refused. It wasn’t taken for anything other than postpartum, but Negan was beginning to wonder if his past conversation with Maggie had triggered the emotional rollercoaster.

It was absurd in his opinion since much of his anger and stress stemmed from motherly tasks. If there was any contributing factor from his time with Maggie, it was that he had been reminded of who he’d been, and he couldn’t help comparing that to who he was now. He hadn’t bothered to tell Rick about her outburst that day, and he supposed Sasha kept it quiet as well since it was never brought up.

Negan didn’t feel he had a right to bring up Maggie’s troubles, especially if Rick was only going to agree with what she’d done.
He growled to himself as he sat, curled up in a chair, brooding. He was experiencing one of those days where his depression was at its strongest. When that happened, it was best to sit still and wait for relief.

He balled his fists and just concentrated on breathing. The sounds of Jacob and Lucy reached his ears as they threatened to become fussy. He glanced down at the colorful mat on the floor where they laid, wiggling slightly and waving their hands. Jacob started up before his sister could really get going. He still never managed to become as loud as her, but his cries were still ear piercing.

Negan no longer cringed at the sounds. He was able to let it pass through one ear and out the other, however, it still grated on his nerves.

He stared at his crying son as numbness coated him. It was almost like an out of body experience and he could not get his body to move toward him. He couldn’t even sum up the energy to care.

Hurried footsteps reached his ears, but Negan didn’t look around. He kept his dull eyes on the wailing pup.

“What’s going on in here?” Rick bent down and pulled Jacob to his shoulder. “It’s okay. Hey, it’s alright Jake. Negan? Why aren’t you tending to him?”

Negan remained in his sitting position, staring at the spot where Jacob had previously laid, oblivious to anything else.

“Negan!”

He rolled his eyes toward his Alpha, but kept his lips buttoned.

“Are you just going to sit there?” Then he furrowed his brow as he took notice of his expression. “What’s the matter?”

“What’s the matter?” Negan asked in a low and disturbed voice. “I’m tired. I can’t take much more of this shit. That’s what’s the matter.”

Rick bounced Jacob a few times and rubbed his back, but it did nothing to ease him.

“Alright, I get it,” Rick said.

“No I don’t think you do.”

Negan sat up, his eyes starting to flash. He was ready to spring at Rick, but kept his fingers embedded in the chair. Sensing the rising rage, Rick walked over to the nearby carrier and placed Jacob inside. He did the same for Lucy before facing Negan.

“Okay. Then explain to me what’s going on.”

“Don’t you fucking start with that!” he spat. “You know goddamn well what’s going on with me. Since the beginning, I never wanted to fucking be here. But here I am!” He jumped to his feet just as Jacob started getting louder. Negan looked at him briefly. “I thought I might be able to do this… but I was fucking kidding myself! This isn’t the fucking life for me, and it sure as hell isn’t the one I deserve!”

“I’m aware that you didn’t want this life,” Rick began as he did his best to bite down the growls from his throat. “I know you’re struggling due to the depression, and I’m sorry you have to experience that because of the pups. I’m doing my best to help you. I know you care about Jacob and Lucy.”
“THAT’S NOT THE FUCKING POINT! I WANT OUT!”

Lucy now increased the volume of her cries.

“AND GO WHERE? Back to the cell!” Rick challenged. The growls finally made their way up his throat. “Because that’s the alternative! I’m not letting you go! I can’t. I can’t let you walk after what you’ve done!”

Negan balled his fingers into fists that were shaking at his sides.

“It’ll never be enough for you people!”

“What are you talking about?”

Negan took a step closer.

“You and your people will never let the past go…and I’ll never be able to feel anything for it! I’d never be able to walk without fear of someone wanting me dead.”

Rick searched his eyes and calmed down some.

“You won’t get hurt as long as you’re under my protection.”

“You mean as long as I’m your damn Omega! I don’t want your goddamn protection, I just want out!”

He turned on his heels, but Rick grabbed his arm.

“No! You’re not going anywhere until we sort this out!”

“GET YOUR FUCKING HANDS OFF ME!”

He exerted enough force to push him back and free his arm so he could take flight up the stairs. Rick started to move, but paused from the need to soothe his upset children. He gently ran his hands over their heads.

“It’s alright guys…sssshhh…calm down. Mommy’s gonna be-”

The sound of a door slamming upstairs interrupted him. Rick turned and hurried up the stairs. His Omega blowing up wasn’t anything new to him, yet this somehow felt quite different. His Alpha senses were warning him to settle him immediately.

It turned out not to be the bedroom door that was slammed shut, but the bathroom. Right away it caused his heart to start racing. His fingers curled around the knob and turned. He wasn’t surprised to find it was locked.

“Negan!” He pounded on the door. “Open up! Let’s talk about this!”

He waited for an answer or even the sound of the man moving around, but there was silence.

“NEGAN!”

He pounded again.

“I’ll break it down if I have to!”
It was a bluff, being that he wasn’t strong enough to break it open on his own. Silence continued to reign from the other side. Rick dropped his forehead against the wood of the door and shut his eyes.

“Please…just open the door,” He begged in a low voice. He didn’t want to believe his Omega would do anything life threatening, but the outburst had been serious.

There was a loud crash in the bathroom that jolted him. It had been the sound of a mirror breaking. Rick instantly grabbed the knob, jerking it violently as he rammed his shoulder against the door.

“NEGAN! OPEN THE DOOR!”

Several slams against it with his body did nothing except bring him pain. Rick stumbled back as the air quickly left his lungs. He turned and flew down the stairs. The only thing on his racing mind was to get help.

The Alpha roared in his head as his heart thumped with the fear that he’d be too late. He thought it might be a mistake to run off. He cursed himself for not continuing to ram into the door, yet his legs kept pumping until he reached the front door. He threw himself onto the porch and quickly scanned the area. Immediately he noticed Daryl walking with a pile of wood tucked over his shoulders. He hurried up to him and grabbed a hold of his arm.

“Daryl, I need you! Hurry!”

He was pulling him back without even realizing it.

“What the hell’s going on?” He pulled his arm away just in time to stop the wood from falling.

“It’s Negan, he’s in trouble,” Rick hurriedly explained.

Daryl’s eyes didn’t exactly soften at this, but Rick’s widened orbs were alarming him.

“Please.”

Daryl could see how troubled his brother was, so he dropped the wood and ran after him as he lead the way back to the house.

“You gonna tell me what’s wrong?” Daryl asked as Rick dashed up the stairs.

“He locked himself in the bathroom. I heard glass breaking.” They made it before the door, and Rick turned his troubled gaze to Daryl. “I think he might have…”

Daryl didn’t need him to finish the sentence. He got it loud and clear.

“Let’s go.”

Automatically, they positioned themselves side by side, and charged forward against the bathroom door. Rick could feel that a second shoulder did make a difference. They rammed into it again after a quick count down to three. A second time turned into a third where Rick actually felt the door give from the force. On the fourth try, it finally gave way. The door cracked in places and flew open. Rick and Daryl barely managed to stop themselves from falling forward.

Shards of glass littered the floor. Rick briefly looked at the broken mirror and noticed it had the impression that a fist went through it. A few hints of blood showed it had definitely cut into Negan’s skin.

“Negan!”
Rick moved forward and rounded a small corner where the bathtub was positioned. He yanked the shower curtain aside, expecting to see his Omega laid out, bleeding from the wrists, but he saw no such scene.

Negan was hunched over, shivering, with his face buried against his raised knees in the far end of the bathtub. The hand that had punched the mirror was in clear sight.

“Negan,” Rick said in a softer tone. Daryl joined Rick’s side just as Negan slowly raised his head. A few tears ran down his cheeks as he met Rick’s eyes.

“Fuck…I’m sorry Alpha….I’m sorry.”

Negan continued to mutter it as his shivering began to increase. Rick let his eyes roam over him to quickly check that he truly didn’t injure himself purposely. Seeing he was physically intact for the most part, he turned to Daryl.

“I’ve got it from here. Can you, check on the twins for me.”

Daryl stared at Negan a little longer. His face expressed conflicting emotions. He tore his eyes away and looked at Rick.

“Sure.”

Daryl crunched on top of the glass as he made his way out the door. Once he was gone, Rick moved toward his Omega and laid a hand against his shoulder, making him jump.

“It’s alright. Let’s…let’s take care of that hand.”

Negan bowed his head and allowed Rick to help him out of the bathtub as if he was a pup. Rick wanted to believe that he knew what to do now, but his still pounding heart informed him he had no idea.

Chapter End Notes

A comment from someone a while ago, questioning Negan attempting suicide in the future, inspired his major meltdown here. I’ve never viewed Negan as becoming so depressed that he’d go that far, but he definitely scared Rick.
Chapter 59

Chapter Summary

Aftermath of Negan's meltdown

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Rick walked him over to the sink and pulled out a pair of tweezers from the counter drawer. He took Negan’s hand and pulled it over the sink, then set to work on pulling out any pieces of glass that had gotten into the skin. A little tremble that ran up Negan’s arm, threw Rick off.

“Be still,” Rick ordered as he concentrated on pulling out a tiny shard.

“I, don’t think I can,” he admitted.

“Well, try to at least.”

Negan gave a heavy sigh and held his hand as still as he could. He proved successful in doing that much, but not when it came to suppressing little whimpers. Rick looked at him and noticed how troubled he appeared.

“You don’t have to worry. Everything’s alright now,” he assured him. “I’m just glad I wasn’t too late.”

Negan raised his brows as he looked at him. Then they furrowed in understanding, and he hung his head.

“You wouldn’t have been too late,” he muttered. “No matter how I feel, I’d never fucking take myself out of this world. Doesn’t matter how shitty it becomes.”

“Regardless, you scared the shit out of me.”

Negan’s attention drifted to the cracked mirror, then down to the fallen pieces of glass. It almost felt like a shock to know that he could feel so intensely angry and afraid at the same time.

“Fuck.”

After Rick finished clearing the skin, he moved on to cleaning the scratches. Numbness coated Negan as he watched his Alpha tend to his injury. He didn’t feel like an adult at all, but an emotionally driven pup with problems that needed to be given attention. He never wanted to believe his depression was so serious. He especially didn’t appreciate looking to his Alpha for help, but as Rick wrapped his hand, he realized it was desperately needed.

He looked at the broken mirror again. It was starting to scare him that he’d gone that far. Such a thing made him wonder if he really wouldn’t hurt anyone when his frustrations rose too high.

“Let’s just, hope this never happens again,” Rick said quietly as he turned Negan’s hand to make sure he bandaged it well enough.
Negan shrunk in on himself as if Rick was pinching his gland.

“Rick, I’m fucking sorry.”

“You’ve told me.”

“I don’t know how the fuck this even happened.” He examined the work done to his hand as he moved away from his Alpha. It had been a long time since he felt shame coursing through him, and he wasn’t pleased to feel it again.

“I think you shared some of the reasons behind it when you were yelling at me downstairs,” Rick replied in a more lighthearted tone.

Negan shrunk in on himself even more. He felt compelled to kneel before him, just as he had been instructed to do before the twins had come along. His Omega side was urging him to make up for the trouble he caused his Alpha.

“It’s not an easy fix,” Rick continued. “The most we can do is talk about it.”

“Or drug me the fuck up,” Negan countered.

“Come on.”

Rick turned away and led the way out. Negan followed with a hanging head as he rubbed at his bandaged hand. There was a rise of fear as he started his descent on the stairs and thought of the pups. He actually wanted to ask Rick if he thought he might be too dangerous to be around them, but he was afraid of the answer.

He paused halfway down when he noticed Daryl standing over them in the carriers. They had long since stopped crying and were instead, gurgling and cooing as Daryl messed with their feet. The sight made Negan feel oddly sour.

Rick joined his Beta’s side and greeted the pups while Negan kept his distance.

“They give you any trouble?” Rick asked him.

“Nah. They were alright after they settled down.” He briefly glanced over at Negan who averted his eyes. “He alright?”

“Yeah. I intend to make sure he is,” Rick promised. “That’s why I’d appreciate it if you looked after them for a little while.”

Daryl considered the request before nodding. He could see how important this was to him.

“Alright.”

“Also tell Carl I need him to spend the night with Michonne, or you if he wants. I need a little alone time with Negan.”

Daryl looked at Negan again. His hardened expression appeared conflicted.

“Alright. But if you have any kind of trouble with him, let me know.”

Rick shook his shoulder in great appreciation.

“Thank you. You really came through for me today.”
Daryl gave him a pat on the back before he grabbed both carriers and headed for the door. Rick followed behind him. Negan moved all the way into the living room and caught Rick locking the door after Daryl had left. A second later, he was shivering. He knew his stunt of locking himself in the bathroom had infuriated his Alpha, and he was going to be punished for it, badly.

Once Rick started making his way back, Negan slowly dropped to his knees and bowed his head low enough to expose his gland. He braced himself for the pain of getting bit. Rick came to a stop right in front of him, and just observed him. Little trembles moved down his arms.

“Get up.”

“I, I can’t,” came Negan’s shaky reply.

Carson’s suggestion drifted to Rick’s mind then. Right now it didn’t seem appropriate to try it, but considering the state his Omega was in, he reasoned it could be more effective than anything else; at least a little more effective than talking had been lately.

As Negan remained kneeling, Rick circled behind him. With his eyes glued to the back of the neck, Rick crouched down. Quietly he leaned in, then bit into the gland. Negan tensed and made a yelp that was partially muffled. Rick wasn’t biting hard, but gently. Negan definitely appeared to be more open to him as his body slumped down a lot more than it had in the past. He wavered in his kneeling position as if he was struggling to stay upright.

Without saying a word, and without releasing his neck, Rick guided Negan forward onto the floor. Negan didn’t so much as kick a leg in response. He just allowed his Alpha to do whatever he wanted, and willingly laid facedown.

Rick continued to hold on while his hands worked to loosen the belt buckle around his Omega’s waist. Negan didn’t protest his actions. With fluttering eyes, he stared forward with an expression of misery.

The pants were pulled down, followed by the boxers. As if Rick had flicked a literal switch, Negan’s hole began producing slick. Rick caught the scent, but kept his nerve as he unzipped his own pants. Afterwards, he released the gland and nipped at his neck.

“This isn’t going to be what you think it is,” he informed him. Negan started to look back at him, but was too worn out to do so. “You’re highly stressed, and I want to make it go away.”

“Alpha,” Negan started to beg. He wanted to tell him that getting him pregnant again was no way to make the stress go away. In fact, he couldn’t say he was even in the mood for what he was about to do.

“Sssshhh.”

Rick bit into the gland again, holding it gently as he moved his hips forward. Rick’s rock hard member was ready to breach. Slowly he moved inward. The Omega’s body didn’t even jolt in anticipation. It registered its Alpha’s dick, so it welcomed it where it belonged. Negan shut his eyes and gritted his teeth as he felt the invasion. It was tickling his sensitive nerves so strongly, that he was starting to tremble with an odd sense of excitement.

Ever since Rick first penetrated him, Negan had come to hate sex. It had sparked pleasurable feelings, but Negan had never been happy about it. He supposed it was exactly why his Alpha was using it as a punishment.

Once Rick buried himself in Negan, he kept still, holding onto his neck as gently as possible. Then in
a slow and controlled manner, he began thrusting. It wasn’t what Negan expected. There wasn’t the burst of energy he expected from the Alpha that had gone aggressive. It was soft and somehow relaxing, like some form of an internal massage. With his gland bit during the process, Negan was surprised to feel the tension lifting. His body was concentrating on how nice it was feeling, and in return his mind eased.

Rick thought Negan might throw some fit or cry out, but he was doing none of those things. He simply laid there, limp, almost as if he’d fallen asleep.

“Wha…why this…Alpha?” he slurred.

“Don’t like it?”

“Hmmm.”

Rick softly chuckled, then bit down on the gland again. Near hypnotic waves seemed to course through Negan’s being as Rick continued with the gentle thrusts. His toes curled and uncurled in his shoes. He even sighed on occasion. Rick too felt the tension leave his own body. He shut his eyes and thought of nothing.

Later came the familiar feeling of inflation as his member began the knotting process. Negan tensed beneath him and gave a cry.

“No…fuck…I don’t want…”

But Rick had raised himself up and slipped out before it could form properly. He stood and zipped himself up while Negan remained on the floor, confused. A minute later, he turned to him.

“You’re…not gonna knot me?”

Rick shook his head.

“It wasn’t about knotting you, or getting you pregnant.”

Negan’s brow furrowed. This was unheard of from an Alpha.

“Then what was it?”

Rick gave a faint smile.

“Hopefully something that helped.” He walked away, headed for the kitchen. “How about some coffee? I’d offer tea, but you don’t seem to be the tea drinking type.”

Negan’s mind was still reeling from the experience. He certainly felt something different; something he attributed to comfort. He raised himself to his feet and pulled up his boxers and pants. He joined Rick in the kitchen as he was dumping scoops of grounds into the filter.

Negan said nothing for a moment. He simply watched his Alpha. His Omega side felt appeased. The last time he’d felt such a thing was when Rick had praised his cooking, yet this was a different kind of appeasement.

“Are you, worried about me being around the twins?” He wasn’t sure why he started with such a question.

“Tobe honest, maybe just a little,” Rick admitted as he looked up from pouring a cup.
“I don’t want to feel that again.” He flexed his bandaged hand and cringed at the slight pain. “I was just so fucking pissed.”

“You’ve been pissed before,” Rick reasoned.

“Not like that.”

Rick walked over with two cups of hot coffee. He set them down at the table, then took a seat. Negan remained standing.

“I guess it was bound to happen,” Rick said thoughtfully. “Maybe I shouldn’t be surprised.”

“I don’t know.” Negan pulled up a chair before his cup. “Maybe it wasn’t just the pups. Maybe it started because of what Maggie said.”

Rick raised a brow and studied him over the top of his cup.

“Maggie?”

“Yeah. When she came to visit, she had a few choice words for me.”

“Why didn’t you-”

Negan quickly waved it off.

“I didn’t want to get into that. What she had to say wasn’t anything I wasn’t expecting. It’s just, well even before that, I started wondering what the pups would do if they learned about the shit I did. I like having them as my damn flesh and blood, but they’re your damn flesh and blood too.”

“What are you getting at?” Rick was intrigued.

Negan stared down at his cup and tapped it absentmindedly as he frowned in thought.

“I care about them, but sometimes I don’t know if I love them. It’s fucked up.” Rick didn’t appear to take great offense by it. He started to speak, but Negan continued. “Even if I don’t know how I feel about them sometimes, the thought of them leaving me because of my past, scares the hell out of me. The thought of them following my past scares me just as much. One little screw up, or one fuck up with the wrong person could get them killed. This goddamn pack is still struggling with me. It’s fucking obvious. So if I can’t figure my shit out, I’ll…I’ll be alone.”

He avoided Rick’s gaze as he choked down a long drink of coffee.

“So,” Rick began slowly, “It’s not just about the hardships of pup rearing.”

“I guess not.”

They said nothing for a while. Rick tapped a finger on the table and leaned his head back.

“Well you can’t get rid of me. I’m your damn Alpha,” he said with a sly grin.

“Won’t keep me from feeling lonely.”

Rick gave a shrug and sighed.

“Maybe not. It’s one of the prices you paid for your actions. People who do sick and terrible things don’t always gain acceptance or forgiveness.” Negan shrunk with a sense of shame. “It’s a hard cold
truth that I think you should know. You're an adult after all.”

“So what the fuck do I do?”

“Time will tell if you’ll really feel sorry for what you’ve done. In the meantime, I think you should do just what you’ve been doing. Looking after those pups. Helping out when me or someone else needs help. Asking for help when you need it, no matter what it is. And what helps most of all, is not being an asshole.”

Negan laughed quietly and took another sip.

Sometime later, Negan was stretched out on the couch in a deep sleep. It was already evening, so Rick didn’t bother to wake him. A knock on the door stole his attention from his sleeping Omega. On the other side was Daryl who had returned with both pups. Jacob was crying softly in his carrier while Lucy wiggled about making funny noises.

“Appreciate your help on this Daryl,” Rick said gratefully as he reached for the carriers.

“Anytime,” he said with a nod. He looked past Rick in an attempt to seek out Negan. “Your Omega... he alright? Is he safe around them?”

Rick nodded.

“I’m watching him closely, but no matter how angry he gets, I don’t believe he’ll ever hurt them. I hope they weren’t trouble.”

“They were alright. Jacob was having trouble sleeping. He only started waking up when I walked over here.”

“Well, I appreciate it all the same. I’ll take it from here.”

Once Daryl departed, he closed the door, then made his way up to the nursery.

“Were you two really good for your uncle?” Rick asked. He laughed when Lucy cooed especially loud. Jacob’s cries, however, were becoming louder.

Negan blinked and stretched as he woke. At first he was confused to see that he was on the couch in the living room, but then he recalled what had happened that day. He pulled himself into a seated position and ran a hand over his head. He did feel better, yet he was still tired. He looked around as he became aware of Jacob’s cries from upstairs. He sighed at having to do a late night feeding, but rose to his feet nonetheless.

When he reached the door of the nursery, he could make out Rick bending over the crib. Jacob’s cries sounded loud enough to compete with his sister at last.

“Hungry huh?” Negan assumed as he wandered into the room.

Rick raised himself up and looked at him, wide-eyed. Negan didn’t like the feeling it gave him.

“What is it?”

Rick looked down at the crying pup as he pulled him into his arms.
“It’s Jacob. He’s sick.”

Chapter End Notes

I was inspired by the few interested in Rick screwing his Omega again. Besides that, I figured we could have it one more time before the end. Rick and Negan have chatted, and we'll see if it does him any good. Meanwhile, poor Jacob.
Chapter 60

Chapter Summary

Rick and Negan deal with Jacob's sickness

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The cries were pleading. It wasn’t the usual cries that echoed off the walls when Jacob got upset. It was the type of cry that was tugging at his chest instead of grating at his nerves.

“The fuck…the fuck.”

He dabbed gently around Jacob’s red face with a soft, cool towel as he laid in the crib. With his other hand, he felt the abnormal heat of his skin. Just outside the nursery, Carl was rocking Lucy in his arms and doing his best to keep her calm as she too began screaming, but not because she was suffering like her brother.

“Where the hell is Rick?” Negan suddenly cried. “And where the hell is that goddamn doctor?”

“He’ll be here,” Carl assured him.

“Fuck!”

He hated the way his heart was pounding. How staying calm wasn’t something he could do properly. The Omega side screamed at him to do something to heal his pup. To make sure it wouldn’t…

He shut his eyes briefly. He wouldn’t let the rest of that thought enter his head. Tears leaked down his pup’s cheeks and his fists waved weakly. Negan just kept dabbing the cloth against his skin, hating it was all he could do for him. He had no idea what to do. Naturally it pissed him off, but at the same time it scared him to death.

Footsteps hurrying up the stairs barely stole his attention.

“Carson will be on his way,” Rick informed them as he moved over to the crib. Negan scooped Jacob up immediately and stepped out of his reach.

“On his fucking way! He should be fucking here right now, goddamn it!”

“It’s the best we can do for now,” Rick began softly. “We just need to keep doing what we’ve been doing last night.”

“Fuck!” He gently bounced Jacob as he held him close. “It’s not fucking good enough. It’s not!”

Without realizing it, he started pacing wildly.

“Negan.”

He shot Rick a nasty glare.
“We should’ve just taken him to the Hilltop!” Negan argued. He refused to stop moving.

“For Jacob’s safety, I didn’t want to take that chance,” Rick explained.

“Oh, but it’s goddamn okay for Maggie to bring her pup down here!” The rage and fear were building quickly. “It was safe enough for her!”

“Maggie’s pup wasn’t sick,” Rick replied. He was ready to pull his pup from his Omega’s arms, but Negan wasn’t giving him the chance. “Jacob’s a lot more vulnerable this way. Besides that, I’d prefer Jacob to be around a source of cool water.”

“Well it’s not fucking working,” he hissed through gritted teeth.

He looked down into that wailing face. The kid was begging his mother to do something; to help him. Never before had Negan felt more useless.

“Negan…Negan.”

He was barely aware of how softly Rick had called to him, yet he came to a stop. He tightened his grip around the helpless little creature as his body began to tremble. Jacob was still so hot, and his skin had an unhealthy complexion. The light brown eyes looked miserable.

Rick was closing in with his arms stretched to receive the pup. Negan hesitated before slowly delivering him into his Alpha’s arms.

“He’s going to be alright. I promise.”

Deep down, Negan felt he could believe him, even though his mind was running in circles as it tried to find some kind of instant solution. The way Jacob was looking and sounding made him feel it was impossible to see anything other than one outcome. This world was crueler than it had been before. People were lucky to keep their pups alive nowadays no matter how old.

“Why don’t you get some air,” Rick suggested. “I’ll watch him.”

“No fucking way.”

He was ready to put up a fight if he had too. It had been a long time since he challenged his Alpha, but he was willing to go that extra step. Rick didn’t growl to warn him to keep his place. He simply squeezed his shoulder.

“I’ll call you if it gets worse. Just go get some air. Jacob’s going to need you to be strong, so I can’t have you stressing out this much.”

Negan didn’t want to go. Every fiber of his being told him to stay. But as he looked in Rick’s eyes, he felt he could trust what he was saying even though he didn’t like it. He looked at Jacob again before dropping his head.

“Fucking fine.”

He stormed out of the room before he could change his mind. Carl followed behind him. Lucy had calmed down greatly and clung to Carl’s shoulder as if he was a lifeline. Negan tossed her a quick glance then focused on making it to the front door. Jacob’s cries were still clouding his mind.

Negan opened the door and let the air hit him. He stood there taking it in, hoping it would give him immediate relief. When it didn’t, he staggered outside.
“How the hell does Rick expect me to do this without losing my fucking mind?” He sank onto the steps and dropped his head in his hands.

“You want to take Lucy for a while?” Carl offered.

At first Negan shook his head, but then he realized he could use a pup to hold closely.

“On second thought, give her here.”

Lucy stopped crying and gazed at him with a questioning look. If she could speak, Negan was sure she might ask what was wrong with her brother. Something welled up in Negan’s chest. He dropped a kiss on her forehead and rested his cheek against hers as he shut his eyes.

“Jacob will be alright,” Carl said confidently. “It’s normal for pups to get sick.”

“I don’t give a damn about normal,” he growled. “I just want him better.”

“I know.”

Negan pulled away from Lucy and cradled her as she kicked her little feet.

“Do me a favor. Head back inside and keep an eye on Jacob. He so much as cough, I expect your ass to move and let me know.”

Carl studied the intensity in his eyes before nodding.

“You got it.”

After Carl went back inside, Negan released a shaky sob and fell into a steady rocking motion which wasn’t so much for Lucy’s benefit. He shut his eyes again and muttered a string of curses under his breath. Getting fresh air wasn’t doing any good. There was no breathing easier just because he had stepped outside. He faintly thought about how absurd it was to worry so much, but then the rational side reminded him that he had already experienced a great loss to sickness.

“Negan?” He opened his eyes to see Michonne standing before him. Her face was on the verge of expressing concern. “You okay?”

He sighed and leaned back, not wanting to discuss the problem. Clearly word hadn’t spread far when Rick had sent someone to fetch Carson.

“Jacob’s sick,” he said tiredly.

Michonne took a minute to process the news, before walking over and sitting down next to him.

“Is it serious?”

“What the fuck do you think?” he spat. “Of course it’s fucking serious. Kid’s running a damn fever.”

The anger was welling up in him again, more so now as he prepared to hear her say that his pup was going to make it.

“Is there anything I can do?”

He looked at her then and shook his head.

“Rick sent someone to get Carson here. He’s watching Jacob now.”
Michonne nodded and repositioned herself on the step.

“Then I’ll keep you company until he comes.”

Negan supposed she somehow read his mind and knew what he didn’t want to hear. For that, he felt much gratitude.

Like the previous time she’d kept him company, they fell into a peaceful silence. Negan was surprised to find that it eased the stress.

“Rick and Carl promised me he’ll be alright,” Negan said, breaking the quietness. “I wanna believe it, but I can’t. I been through this before, with Lucille. It wasn’t a damn fever, but there’s not much difference. She was sick…so I know, it doesn’t always turn out fucking alright.”

Lucy became more active in his arms and cried out, prompting him to start bouncing her.

“Well, even if you don’t want to believe in Rick or Carl, I think you could at least believe in Carson.”

He turned to Michonne. There was a look of determination on her face now.

“Doctors can get shit wrong too, especially when there’s no hospitals and not enough medicine to go around,” he argued.

“Still, if you don’t have a little hope, it’ll just be harder.”

Lucy started to cry. As he looked down at her, he couldn’t help seeing Jacob in her place. He ran his fingers over her soft hair and made shushing sounds.

“Easy there darling. Everything’s going to be fine.” He kissed her forehead again. “I fucking promise. You’re not getting fucking sick either.”

The moment was broken when he heard the entrance gate opening. Negan rose to his feet as a member slid it aside and allowed a car to drive right through. Once it parked, Carson exited with his bag.

“Thank fucking god.”

Carson was now the one hovering over Jacob as he checked him out on the changing table. Rick stood off to the side, but Negan remained close as he desired to attempt to hold onto Jacob’s moving hand.

“Nothing to worry about here,” Carson said as he moved his stethoscope away from the pup’s chest. He opened his bag to pull out other instruments.

“What the hell do you mean nothing to worry about?” Negan shouted. “What the fuck kind of a doctor-”

“Neagn, calm down,” Rick warned.

“Calm down! Are you fucking serious? Our pup is…” Tension took him as he looked into that little reddened face.

“Going to be fine,” Carson finished for him. “I don’t believe this will turn into anything serious. You
and Rick did well by trying to cool him down. It might not seem like much, but it did help.”

“But he’s still sick,” Negan said gravely. He let his fingers run down his cheek. Jacob wasn’t crying, yet Negan felt unsettled by his calmness.

“Well there’s no instant cure for a fever. It’ll take a few days. I’ll leave you with some pup Tylenol that he can take, but in the meantime, keep him as cool and as comfortable as you can.”

Negan felt his heart sink. It wasn’t fair that Jacob had to continue suffering for days. He was just a little pup, still brand new to the world. Negan kissed his fist, then pulled him into his arms.

“Fuck…it’s fucking bullshit,” he muttered as he dropped into the rocking chair.

“I’m glad you’re taking this so seriously,” said Carson, which alerted Negan.

“Really,” he said skeptically, “because Rick and Carl kept insisting I should stay calm.”

“Actually I meant it more in the lines of, it’s nice to see how much you care. I don’t know if you would have cared so much in the past.”

The accusation pissed him off. He had always cared, or rather he had always cared about his pack. And no matter what kind of an Alpha people took him for, he had never had a cold thought against a pup.

But then his previous conversation with Rick, came to the front of his mind. He had admitted to being unsure about his love for the pups. The guilt that stirred from the memory, began crushing him on the inside and compelled him to hold Jacob just a little bit tighter. No longer did it feel like Jake just happened to get sick. To Negan, it felt as if the fault lied with himself.

“Thanks for everything doctor,” Rick said. He extended a hand which Carson shook.

“Oh it’s no trouble at all. And just for Jacob’s sake, I’ll stay here for a few days. I think your Omega would appreciate that.”

Unable to voice it, Negan nodded. He wanted to sob for what he was currently feeling, but he didn’t want Carson to see.

Jacob didn’t want to suckle on his nipple, but Negan kept trying until he was able to convince him. The enthusiasm he’d had while feeding wasn’t present, but the important thing was that he wouldn’t starve.

Negan rocked them in the rocker as he fed. He was sure he hadn’t taken his eyes off his pup once.

“Carson better be right about you being okay,” he said with an edgy tone. “If he’s not, I’m kicking his ass from here to Hilltop.”

Rick stepped into the doorway, but Negan was barely aware of his presence.

“Is he doing okay?”

Negan glanced up at him and gave a small shrug.

“I don’t know. I guess he’s as okay as he can be.”
Rick nodded in understanding.

“That’s good. Give the medicine a chance to do its thing.”

Negan dropped his gaze back to his feeding pup.

“I’ll leave you to it.”

Rick turned away to head back downstairs.

“Wait.” The sensation of guilt returned to his gut once more, making him hesitate in what he wanted to say. He took in Jacob’s face and knew he had to just say it. “This is on me.”

“What are you talking about?” Rick asked. He stepped into the nursery, frowning.

Negan swallowed thickly and forced himself to look at his Alpha.

“Jacob getting sick,” he said sorrowfully. “I…I told you I had doubts about fucking loving them, and it’s like the universe tried to answer those doubts by…fuck…by trying to kill one off.”

It wasn’t the words Rick expected to hear coming from his mouth. He had never viewed Negan as the sort to believe in universal interventions, but considering how nerve-wracking the experience had been for him, he supposed it was easy for him to believe such a thing.

“Listen. This doesn’t have anything to do with the universe, or you,” Rick informed him. “Pups get sick. It’s a coincidence it happened that day, but it’s not your damn fault. It’s no one’s fault. You might feel guilty, but, I believe the guilt you feel is more about you realizing how you felt about the pups. The only way to stop that is by doing what you’re doing now. You care about them, and that feeling is going to grow.”

Negan saw the point he was making, but he couldn’t shift his heart into embracing it right now.

“When they’re old enough, you think we should tell them about me?” His gut twisted a little at the thought of having such a conversation with an older Jacob and Lucy.

“Do you think we should?” Rick ran his fingers down Jacob’s cheek. He was still very warm.

“I think they’d find out, one fucking way or another,” Negan replied.

“But then you can deny it.” Rick gave Negan a stern look as he raised his head. “I think it’s important for kids to know a thing or two about their own parents. Makes it easier for them to connect with us. Then again, some of the darker parts of a person’s past are sometimes best kept secret. Still if you tell them, it might help lessen the weight you’re carrying.”

Rick bent down and kissed Jacob’s forehead before heading out of the nursery. Negan leaned back into the rocker and let his eyes roll up to the ceiling.

“If there’s one thing I know about your daddy kid, it’s that he’s goddamn good at lecturing.”

Chapter End Notes

Jacob is on his way to getting better :) which is quite comforting to Negan.
Chapter 61

Chapter Summary

A special treat is given for Jacob's wellness

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Negan was pleased to see the proper color returning to Jacob’s face in the passing days. His body no longer felt like a furnace, and he no longer wailed in misery. When Jacob was able to actually giggle from a tickled tummy, Negan was convinced he was out of danger.

The pup kicked his legs happily as Negan teased his toes and tickled underneath his feet.

“This is what you get for worrying me.” Jacob just giggled in response. Smiling, he kissed his cheek then pulled him up to his shoulder. “Let’s go see what Rick’s up to with Lucy.”

He made his way downstairs. Lying across the couch was Carl, who was buried in a comic while crunching into an apple.

“Carl,” he called, “when you get a chance, pick out a book for your brother and sister.”

“Oh, they’re reading now?” Carl joked.

“No, because you’ll be fucking reading to them come nighttime. I think it’s time to acquaint them with story time.”

Carl shrugged and nodded.

“Okay.”

Negan left him to his comics and moved toward the kitchen. Rick was seated at the table having lunch. Next to him was the carriage where Lucy lay, sleeping. Rick smiled at Jacob and automatically reached for him. Negan handed him over.

“I don’t suppose you have council shit to attend to?” he questioned as he pulled up a chair.

“Not that I know of. Why?”

He looked at Jacob, then the carriage before answering.

“I figured it’d be nice to have a celebratory dinner.”

“What are we celebrating?”

Negan gestured at Jacob as if it was obvious.

“The kid not dying.”

Rick smiled and looked down at the pup who was quite active as he squirmed against him.
“He was far from dying,” Rick started, “but I don’t oppose it.”

Negan grinned as he leaned back in his chair.

“Damn right you don’t oppose it.”

He jumped up and headed into the kitchen to figure out what he could make with what they had. He hoped to pull off a dish that had been just as good as the spaghetti. He whistled a made up tune as he brought down cans of various veggies from the cabinets above the counter. Halfway through searching, he paused and looked out the window. He didn’t know why, but he felt a sudden urge to run outside and let the whole pack know that Jacob was alright. He put the blame on his overactive Omega instincts, but didn’t growl in annoyance for once. The needy side had helped him to bond closer to the pups, so he supposed it was useful to have them.

“Something wrong?”

Negan looked around and noticed Rick watching him.

“No,” he said with a shake of the head. “Just thinking.”

“Oh.”

He started to go back to his search, but stopped himself as an interesting thought settled in his brain.

“Actually, it might be a hell of a treat to take that celebratory meal outdoors.”

Rick wiggled Jacob’s foot as he gazed down at him.

“How about it Jake. You like your mommy’s idea?”

“Okay first thing, it’s time to drop the damn mommy label. Just cause I got tits, it don’t mean I’m a damn woman,” Negan said with a look of great annoyance. “And second thing, of course he likes it. Look at him.”

There was no audible response, except for gurgling which brought forth spit bubbles from Jacob’s lips.

“I’ll take that as a yes,” Rick decided.

Sometime later, Rick was out pushing the carriage with both Jacob and Lucy. He greeted people he passed, and paused when they wanted to come over to see the pups. Rick walked around an area where four picnic tables were set up yet barely used. Community dinners weren’t a thing in the pack, but he wondered if Negan’s meal could change that.

“How about we take a little rest break?” he told his children as he headed over to them.

He settled down at one of the tables, and simply watched the typical scene of his members enjoying their day. It was just enough to please him.

“You two are going to grow up in a good place, with good people.” Both pups were gazing up at him curiously. Lucy decided it would be a good time to suck on her thumb, making Rick’s smile widen. “It took a lot of hardships to get to this place, but it turned out to be just what my pack needed. I’m grateful you get to have this.”
Emotion threatened to overtake him as he recalled the troubles from the past, and how there was great uncertainty as to whether or not he’d be able to get his son and his small pack to a place of safety. Had it not been for Aaron finding them, he was sure he wouldn’t have lived long enough to have the twins. Of course, they wouldn’t have existed without Negan.

Footsteps approaching stole his attention from them.

“Hey,” Daryl greeted as he marched up. “Me and Aaron just got back from a run.”

“Find anything?”

Daryl nodded.

“We got a good load.”

“That’s always good to hear. Hey, sit down a while and rest up.”

Daryl set the crossbow on the ground and seated himself across from Rick. His eyes shifted over to the carriage.

“Jake’s no longer sick huh?”

“No, he’s all good,” said Rick gratefully. He reached in and tickled the pup’s belly. “In fact, Negan wants to celebrate it with an outdoor meal.”

The Beta was taken aback by the news.

“He’s cooking it?”

“He’s cooked for me and Carl before, and we survived if you haven’t noticed,” he said with a cheeky grin, making his best Beta shake his head. “I’d like it if you joined us, I’m sure he won’t mind.”

At the invite, Daryl visibly tensed and dropped his eyes.

“How many people are coming?”

“Well, honestly, Negan didn’t say if he wanted others to join us,” he answered with a shrug. “I’ll suggest the idea that this could be a community meal.”

“I don’t think he’d like that.”

“I think he might,” Rick countered. “Some time after he lost his old pack, he expressed an interest in finding his place in this one.”

“That’s cause he has no one else,” Daryl growled. “No other choice. His pack is his Alpha’s pack.”

“You’re right about one thing. He has no one else but us, and no one wants to be alone. But even though my pack became his through reason of the claim, he’s free to reject them. I don’t think he wants to do that anymore.”

Lucy started whining, which drew Rick’s attention. He wiggled her little feet, but when that didn’t calm her, he pulled her into his arms. Her whines turned into soft crying.

“What’s the matter sweetheart? You want to go home?”
Daryl tapped his fingers against the table as he watched Rick talk to her and rock her against him. It made him momentarily think of the time Rick had held Judith. Such a memory sparked his nostalgia for the old days where things seemed much simpler and less conflicting.

As he looked at Lucy, he noticed just how obvious it was that she looked like Negan. Daryl felt his stomach twist as her face naturally brought him to mind. In turn, it brought to mind the days he’d been locked away in the Sanctuary’s cell, slowly losing it.

“You’re good with her.” He pushed the memory aside as he tried to focus on the moment. Rick smiled after getting Lucy under control.

“I’ve had practice before. You want to hold her?”

“Nah, it’s okay.”

“Come on, she doesn’t bite. I promise.”

Rick offered Lucy up. Daryl was slow to accepting her in his arms. It had been easier holding Jacob, the miniature copy of Rick. Lucy was different. She expressed her lively nature as she wiggled around furiously.

“Bet she’s more trouble than her brother,” Daryl assumed.

“She’s definitely energetic.”

A small smirk registered on his lips. He liked the idea of the pack having another little ass-kicker.

He looked up, then noticed the man that had been on his mind walking right up to them. He stiffened and handed Lucy back to her father.

“Well here the hell you are,” Negan said in mock annoyance as he addressed Rick. “Was it so damn hard to answer my text?”

Rick ignored the joke in favor of putting Lucy down. Daryl on the other hand wouldn’t look at him.

“We’ll be heading back in a minute,” Rick said. “But while you’re here, I’ve got a question. How do you feel about turning the celebratory meal into a community one?”

Negan raised his brows and stepped back.

“You mean, with other people coming?”

“Yeah. I think it’d be good for you.”

It was clear he wasn’t a big fan of the idea, but he didn’t automatically turn it down. Instead he rolled his eyes over to Daryl and stiffened.

“Are you coming, if I do?”

It took a minute for Daryl to realize he was talking to him. He stared back at the Omega as the twisting sensation in his gut increased.

“I don’t know.” He turned to Rick and noticed a look of disappointment. “Rick wants me to.”

Negan searched his eyes, easily reading his feelings.
“Fair enough.” He glanced at his Alpha who encouraged him with his eyes, and the smallest nod. Negan bared his teeth and turned back to the Beta. “If you want to fucking come, it’s fine with me. Might be a good time to let bygones be bygones. What do you say?”

Daryl went back to drumming his fingers on the table as he considered his words. He stood looking him up and down, and then took notice of the grin on Negan’s face; the shit-eating grin he saw him wear whenever he was screwing someone over.

“I don’t know if I can make it,” he replied gruffly, before walking away.

Negan bared his teeth and sank down where he’d been previously sitting.

“Could’ve gone fucking better.” He dropped his eyes as his past thoughts surfaced. “I don’t fucking blame him. A man locks me up, I’d go to war with him.”

He purposely glared at Rick who sighed, knowing Negan was also referring to his own time in Morgan’s cell.

“I think you know the difference there, between your lockup and his.”

Negan followed Daryl’s path into the distance.

“Maybe, but I don’t think he’d accept an apology either.”

Just before the day turned into evening, a nice spread of food was laid out on the picnic tables. Negan had managed to make a cheese-less lasagna, while Rick had prepared other foods to include on the menu. Aside from the lasagna, there were garlic rolls, mini sandwiches, bowls with different flavors of chips, a simple salad of lettuce, carrots, and tomatoes, spiced apple slices, and steamed green beans. It was far from fancy, but worked all the same.

People were happily lining up and filling their plates. A couple of them desired to take their food to go rather than stay. Negan didn’t acknowledge the feeling it gave him too much. He focused on his own plate as he listened to people adore Lucy and Jacob who were lying in the carriage next to him. Every now and then, he glanced over at his Alpha. He was currently busy talking to a few members under the tree. The man was smiling and laughing and, all in all, having a good time.

“I heard this was your idea,” came Michonne’s voice as she sat down across from Negan.

“The meal part was. This community thing, not so much.”

“Don’t like it?”

He took a moment to take in the people around him. Only two other members that he didn’t know, shared the table with him and Michonne. Still, the other tables were occupied, so it was better than having no one at all.

“Can’t complain,” he said as he flashed her a smile. “It’s my fucking pack too isn’t it?”

“Hey Lulu.”

He turned to see Sasha addressing Lucy and tickling her toes.

Sasha raised a brow at him, but she could sense his teasing.

“Well I’m calling her by her new nickname,” she stated. Then to his surprise, she settled down next to him. “This was a good idea. Having dinner together.”

“Don’t get used to it,” Negan muttered. “I ain’t slaving over a stove every damn night.”

“I wouldn’t mind adding to the menu next time.”

He looked around to see Aaron standing nearby, eating off of the plate in his hand.

“I still expect to get a chance to babysit.”

“Well hell, I hope that means you’re available for housework too,” said Negan while giving a laugh.

As Negan chatted with his company, Rick watched from afar. He had started getting worried that the whole thing might be a bad idea considering his Omega’s depression, but he was pleased to see that he wasn’t completely shunned. He turned to the other tables and felt saddened not to see Daryl in sight. He wasn’t surprised.

The people he’d been talking to, walked away to chat with others. Rick decided to return to Negan, then a hand fell on his shoulder. He smiled at seeing the long haired Beta behind him.

“So you managed to make it afterall.”

Daryl just shrugged.

“It’s free food.”

Rick laughed and clapped him on the back.

“Mostly I came for you. I know this means something to you.”

“It does,” Rick said with a nod, before looking over at Negan. “I’m hoping this’ll do more than bringing him into the pack. Maybe it’s a way for him to see he should be sorry for what he did to these people. Might not happen today, but it’s a start.”

Daryl wasn’t solely convinced, but he didn’t argue it.

“Come on. Let’s get you a plate before you starve to death,” Rick joked as he guided him over to the tables.

Rick fluffed out the clean sheet as he spread it over his new mattress, which had been one of the good things Daryl and Aaron had found on their run. He glanced over at Negan as he fixed up his own mattress for the night.

“So?” Rick started.

Negan paused and looked at him.

“So fucking what?”

“How do you think it went? I thought I’d ask since you barely said anything about it afterwards.”
“There’s not much to say. It’s people eating. What’s there to be hyped about?”

Rick chuckled.

“You know. It might not have been easy, considering…”

“Yeah,” he muttered. “I wouldn’t expect a damn get well card from any of those pricks…but goddamn, I gotta admit it wasn’t half bad.”

Rick was again satisfied with the affect it had on his Omega, and was sure their community meals could involve both the Kingdom and the Hilltop packs in the future.

“Lucy and Jacob had a good time,” Rick added as he settled down on the mattress.

“Looked bored out of their minds to me,” Negan disagreed. “If we do this again, we need to add a puppy pool for their entertainment. Hell, I could use a damn pool myself.”

Rick just smirked.

Morning came, and the good feeling Rick had from the previous day stayed with him. Negan was still asleep, so Rick didn’t bother to wake him just yet. He noticed he himself had gotten up rather late after glancing at his watch. He got to his feet, got dressed, and then made his way to the nursery. After checking on his children, he headed downstairs for his morning coffee.

Once the decanter was filled with the necessary drink, he poured it into the waiting mug. He sighed in relief and lifted it to his lips.

It was then that he heard some kind of a mechanical crash outside. He set the mug down and walked to the door just as the sound was followed by gunfire.

He threw the door open and saw people fleeing for safety or running forward, armed with guns. A few were already stationing themselves to shoot back at attackers clad in dark clothing. Tobin was running along to join the fight, but changed course as he hurried over to Rick.

“What the hell’s going on?”

“It’s the Saviors,” he said quickly. “They’re attacking!”

Chapter End Notes

A great calm, with a happy dinner between everyone, before a very big storm as the Saviors return!!! We weren't done with them, and now... it's about to go down.
Chapter 62

Chapter Summary

The Saviors vs the Alexandrians

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Rick didn’t pause to wonder why this was happening; why the Saviors decided to break their deal to let his community be. Tobin handed him a spare pistol before running back into the fight. Rick shut the door, then hurried to a table near the stairs and opened the drawer. He reached for a particular set of keys waiting inside, then hurried to a spare room.

“Damn it,” he cursed. His mind was starting to reel, but he forced himself to keep calm.

He pushed against a dresser that demanded much of his strength to move aside. Afterwards, he ran his hand along a certain floorboard and worked it until he was able to lift it up. Hidden in a secret space, was a safety deposit box. He chose the appropriate key and unlocked it. Inside was his Colt Python, along with some ammunition. He had always kept it close ever since Daryl had reunited him with it at the Hilltop, and he was quite grateful that he’d decided to do it. Rick loaded the gun, then moved everything back into place before leaving the room.

He heard Lucy crying above and turned to the stairs just as Carl made it halfway down. Immediately he noticed the guns in his hands.

“Dad? Is something going on? I heard-”

“We’re under attack,” he quickly explained. He tensed as the gunfire outside was more noticeable now.

“Who’s attacking?” Carl asked.

Rick heard Lucy’s cries clearer as Negan exited the nursery with her clinging to his shoulder.

“What the shit is…”

Negan trailed off as he sensed the tension in both Rick and Carl.

“The Saviors are attacking,” Rick answered as he glanced up at him. Right away, Negan’s face paled. Rick turned back to Carl and handed him the spare gun. “Stay here and protect Negan and the pups.”

He turned on his heels, heading for the fight outside.

“Wait! Dad!” Carl cried as he trailed after him. “I should be out there too! I can help!”

“No. Stay here and protect Negan,” Rick ordered as he opened the door. “I need you to do that much for me. I have to help the pack.”
“Hold the fuck on!” Negan cried as he too hurried down the stairs while keeping a tight grip on Lucy. “Is it Simon? Is he fucking here? Is it goddamn Lenny?”

His heart was already starting to race at the prospect of either of them being in Alexandria, especially when it came to Simon.

“I don’t know. But stay here.”

Negan grabbed onto his sleeve before Rick could fully leave them. He wasn’t exactly sure what he wanted to say.

“They’re my old pack…I can, I can talk to them,” he offered hopefully, but Rick was already shaking his head.

“No. Just stay put and watch over the pups. Carl will protect you.”

“I don’t need goddamn protection!”

But Rick didn’t hear it as he tore away from Negan’s grip and headed into the battle zone. Negan watched him go as a sinking feeling entered his gut. He knew his Alpha was capable of taking care of himself, but it didn’t stop him from having a brief sense of worry for his safety.

Carl pulled him back and shut the door, then locked it.

“Go upstairs.”

“Now you’re giving me orders pipsqueak? Who the hell do you think you are?”

“Look, dad told me to protect you and my siblings.” He moved to the windows and closed the curtains. “And I’m going to do that.”

Carl gestured to the gun. Negan looked away from it and back to the door.

“I should be out there damn it.” He couldn’t shake the idea that he could do something even though he was no longer their Alpha. As Lucy’s cries threatened to become louder, he started bouncing her. “It’s okay sweetheart…ssshhhhh.”

“No. You should be here protecting your pups. Please Negan. Upstairs.”

He acknowledged the look of ferocity on Carl’s face, and was more convinced than ever that he’d make a hell of an Alpha when he presented.

“Alright kid. You do your job. And you better hope Rick does his too, cause if he dies out there, I’m gonna be fucking pissed.”

Rick barely had time to see that the Saviors had crashed their truck through the front gate to gain entry. What laid before him now, was a scene he expected to see if he had waged a war with Negan. He was constantly ducking bullets and slipping out of sight as Saviors ran here and there, firing at his members.

Thankfully his own people had managed to get ahold of the few weapons they had, with much thanks to the Kingdom since Negan had raided their armory when he’d been in charge. He took a moment to curse his Omega as he noticed the bodies of Alexandrians littering the grounds.
Rick ducked behind a car, then popped a shot at a nearby Savior before he could take out a defenseless Beta woman. Another Savior noticed from across the grounds, and hurried over to Rick who readied his gun. Before either could fire, he was taken out by an arrow through the head.

“Rick!” Daryl cried, as he ran up to him.

“Why is this happening?” Rick asked.

“Don’t know. The guard said they came barreling through the gate. You think they want Negan?”

It hadn’t occurred to Rick, but it seemed to be the one thing that made sense.

“If they are, they won’t get him. Carl’s watching him.”

They quickly moved from the cover of the car to the cover of a house. Both Rick and Daryl took shots, going for the kill when possible. An assault rifle had them falling to the ground until they could locate the shooter.

Rick looked up in time to see said shooter go down from a nice clean shot to the head. He looked up to see that it had come from Sasha, who had climbed onto the roof of a house to get a high advantage. He smiled gratefully as she took out several more as she quickly made her way forward to take cover.

But then she gave a horrible cry as blood burst from her back. Rick watched in horror as she turned to find the person responsible, only to receive a shot in the head.

“NO!”

Rick’s cry went unheard as she tumbled off the roof.

He took two shots before he was able to take out her killer. There was no time to mourn as bullets came his way. Rick hurried around the corner of the house and came across a Savior that had just stabbed his knife into the stomach of Tobin. He stopped and faced Rick.

“Deal’s off,” he said as he stood. “Give us the damn Omega!”

Rick was ready to shoot, but Michonne beat him to it as her katana sliced through his chest. The Savior gave a gurgled yell of pain, then dropped to the ground.

The three immediately crowded around Tobin with Michonne putting pressure on the wound.

“Y-you…you guys…go,” Tobin forced himself to say. He coughed, causing flecks of blood to fly from his mouth.

Rick bowed his head as the blood poured from the site. He could already sense there was nothing they could do.

“I’ll get help,” Daryl said, then he hurried away.

Tobin tried taking a deep breath as he faced Michonne.

“Go…they…need you.”

“No. We can’t leave you like this.”

Tobin held up a hand, and Rick took it.
“Rick,” he begged with the last of his breath, “Save...them.”

The grip on his hand lessened, and Tobin fell still against the house. Michonne shut her eyes. Shakily she got to her feet, and used her sword to prevent him from becoming a walker. Rick bowed his head. The Alpha inside was roaring for vengeance, as well as weeping for the members he’d lost. But there were many more that were still alive and in need of protecting.

“We have to keep going,” Rick told her as he straightened up.

Lenny barged out of one of the houses accompanied by two other men.

“Where the fuck is he!”

One of his men threw a smoke bomb for cover as they fled before an Alexandrian could properly gun them down.

“We haven’t tried that house!” one of his men cry as he pointed to one up ahead.

Carl stood in the doorway of the nursery, his gun at the ready as he gazed downstairs. Negan was looking out the window after having calmed Lucy enough to place her back in the crib. He balled his fists at the sight of pack members strewn out across the land. He’d developed no strong bond to them, yet the sight disturbed him. Then there was the sight of his old men. As he watched a few go down, he felt the burning sensation of anger. Anger that was directed at the Alexandrians. He knew he should be siding with Rick’s pack considering the fact that the Saviors had already washed their hands of him. He wasn’t their Alpha any longer, yet there was a hint of the need to protect them and take charge. It was confusing and maddening to be torn in such a cruel way.

“Goddamn it,” he murmured.

“Hey.” Negan turned to see Carl walking into the room, looking at him with an expression of concern. “You okay?”

The sound of glass shattering below reached their ears.

“What the hell?” Negan made for the door, but Carl raised his hand.

“I got this.”

Carl carefully made his way out the door with his gun drawn. Negan bared his teeth and made to go after him. He always believed the pup was a badass, but this was a fight he wanted to take on.

Then Jacob made an especially loud coo that stole his attention, and at the same time reminded him that he didn’t exactly possess the same strength he’d had as an Alpha. He was now as soft as a marshmallow and unless he had a gun, charging into the fight was pointless.

“Fuck.” He walked over to the crib and ran his hand over the pup’s head. “Settle down little man. Settle down. We’re gonna be-”

A gunshot interrupted him.

“Carl!”
He made for the door, but had the strongest urge to glue himself beside his pups.

There was the sound of movement downstairs, followed by three more gunshots. His heart was hammering so hard. Never had he believed he would find the sound of bullets frightening, but it was pulling out the strong feeling of fear which all Omegas knew only too well. The alarm in his head was telling him to grab his pups and hide, but the problem was there was another pup out there in danger.

He hurried to the nursery closet, hoping he could use something as a weapon.

“Shit…shit.”

“Negan!”

He stopped and turned around just as Carl made his way in the doorway, panting. The pistol in his hand showed the clear sign of having been used.

“Hope you actually shot something kid.”

“It was two guys, coming in through the window,” he explained. “I got them.”

“Good.”

Carl moved into the room, but stopped at the sound of footsteps hurrying up the stairs. He made for the door, ready to fire at a third intruder. Negan watched as he made to pull the trigger, but before he could do so, something collided hard and fast against his head.

“CARL!”

The kid dropped to the floor, unmoving.

Negan stood, frozen, as he realized the object in the intruder’s hand was a bat. It wasn’t Lucille, not by a longshot, but it still managed to trigger the memory of his beloved weapon. And carrying the downgraded version, was none other than Lenny who stooped over to pick up the dropped gun. He grinned as he turned it over in his hand, then he slowly turned on his heel and faced Negan. It was as if ice had been dumped over his skin as Negan started to shake. He took a step back just as Lenny stepped forward waving the gun.

“Well holy fuck,” he said jovially. “I finally found your ass. Miss me?”

Chapter End Notes

While Rick's trying to defend his pack, it's become Alpha vs. ex-Alpha in his own home.
On a side note, characters chosen for deaths were the ones that ended up dying during the Savior war on the show.
It was hard for him to form a coherent thought when it felt like a bad dream. It did not seem possible that Lenny was standing right in front of him, grinning, much like himself whenever he had successfully screwed someone over. A little cry from Lucy pulled him back into the full reality of the situation and what he needed to do.

“Maybe you don’t miss me,” Lenny said as he took another step forward. “But I bet you miss your damn pack. How’d you like to be reunited?”

Negan raised his hands up to his chest in surrender.

“Is that what this is about?” he started. “This attack. You killed all those people, just to get to me?”

“If you come quietly, it’ll end, but I can’t imagine you give a shit. I’m losing men for this, and you bet your ass you’re gonna pay for that too.” He lowered his eyes and eyed Negan’s waist as he licked his lips. “Several times over, you’re gonna pay.”

Jacob made a little noise along with his sister that finally drew Lenny’s attention. He moved over to the crib, and Negan’s heart practically jumped into his throat.

“Please!” He took a huge step toward the crib. Lenny pointed the gun at him, stopping him from coming any further. “D-don’t…don’t hurt them.”

Lenny ignored him in favor of studying his children. He continued to hold the gun on him, and for a brief moment Negan considered wresting it away, but he shrunk in on himself when he recalled how weak he was. He wasn’t that powerful Alpha anymore.

“Well well goddamn well. Look at this shit. You had two of them by that sorry ass Alpha.”

Negan could feel the sweat dripping down his face, and the shaking was getting worse.

“P-please…please…”

“I wouldn’t have imagined Rick could fuck you so well. Hi cutie, what’s your name?” He laughed as he tickled Lucy’s tummy. Negan jolted with nausea and rage, but was still frozen in place by an intense fear.

“Lenny, you wanted me. Leave the pups alone. They don’t have shit to do with this.”

Lenny turned his smiling face to him, then seemed to think his words over.

“A real Alpha, doesn’t care for competition,” he informed him. “Which fucking means, if you can
remember, that once you’re mine, these pups by your old Alpha is a hindrance. It’s gonna be my
damn pups sucking on your big ass tits. No one else’s.”

“No…no.” Negan was shaking his head without realizing it. “No…you don’t have to do that…
please!”

“I can do without Rick’s damn bloodline. I already took care of that little look-alike over there,” he
said as he pointed at Carl’s prone body outside the nursery.

Negan looked over at Carl as well. He didn’t want to believe that Lenny had hit Carl hard enough to
kill him. Negan just shook his head.

“No, just take me. They won’t survive without me, so they’ll die anyway.”

“You don’t expect me to believe that,” Lenny challenged. He gave a guttural growl and took a step
closer to Negan who stepped back. He looked at the crib, desiring to stand before it. “What’s to stop
Rick from finding formula?”

“It’s impossible,” Negan tried. “Just…you don’t have to worry about them. This is about me isn’t it?
And it’s something I don’t fucking understand. I thought you said you were an honorable Alpha.
You made a deal with Rick and you’re fucking breaking it!”

Lenny narrowed his eyes as he moved closer.

“I don’t need any lip from a goddamn Omega!” His hand came around fast and struck Negan hard
across the face, making him stumble back against the dresser. “I’m the fucking true Alpha of the
Saviors, and what I say goes!”

Negan strongly desired to argue that he himself had been the only true Alpha of the Saviors, but the
last thing he wanted to do was tick him off more.

“I thought you were done with me,” Negan said as he raised a hand to his sore cheek. “You said it
was pathetic that I became this.”

“It is,” Lenny agreed. “But you’re still a damn Omega. I thought I could let you go, but I guess I’m
just a little bit pathetic in that sense since I couldn’t. What the fuck kind of a Savior wouldn’t want
the chance to fuck their old true Alpha now that he’s got the right equipment for fucking.”

“You sick shit,” he hissed.

Lenny just laughed.

“Don’t get me wrong. I’ve never had a thing for you, but what happened to you is like gold. I was
crazy to give into Rick. A fucking Alpha turned Omega has gotta be a hell of a fuck. I haven’t had
an Omega substitute that compared since I left. My goddamn goal in the beginning, was claiming
you, and that’s exactly what I intend to do.” He turned to face the crib. “Right after I wipe out the
extra baggage.”

Negan was on him in a flash as he jumped onto his back, arms wrapping around his throat and
clawing at whatever bit of flesh of the man he could reach. The sudden force of his action threw
Lenny off, making him stumble around. He yelled while Negan reached for the gun.

“Fucking get off!”

Lenny moved backwards, slamming Negan into the closet. He brought the gun forward. Negan
made a wild grab for it, but ended up knocking it out of his loosened grip.

“YOU LOUSY FUCK!”

“FUCK YOU!” Negan yelled.

Lenny didn’t care about the lost gun then as he barreled his fist into Negan’s face. He brought the fist forward again, making the room spin in his eyes. Negan grabbed his arms to stop the assault, but his Omega strength just couldn’t contend with the Alpha’s. Lucy and Jacob were now crying. His heart ached with a need to run to them.

“You’re gonna know your damn place!”

In an instance, Negan was slammed face down on the ground after Lenny grabbed onto his gland.

“Fuck!” Negan urged his body to break the submissive spell of a squeezed gland, but it just wouldn’t do it.

Lenny was laughing again as he plopped his weight right on top of his back, making him groan and thrash.

“Be still,” Lenny ordered with a guttural growl. “You’re exactly where you need to be. Unfortunately in this position, I can’t feel those big tities. But I’ll have plenty of time to do so, mate.”

Negan could sense what was coming, and thrashed worse than ever.

“Don’t Lenny! You don’t fucking want an Omega that’s already been knocked the fuck up!”

“At this point, I don’t care. You take what you can get in this world, and I’m getting you.”

He started leaning down, teeth ready to bite into the gland.

“No! Fucking NO!”

There was a sudden explosion, and the next thing Negan felt was blood and flecks of brain matter raining down as Lenny slumped on top of him. Negan was frozen, confused, as he tried to regain control of his breathing. He shifted, making Lenny move along his right hand side. When he rose onto his knees and looked down, he saw that Lenny was clearly dead, thanks to a gunshot going straight through the head. Lenny’s lifeless eyes stared back at him in shock.

“The fuck?” Negan question.

Then he realized it either had to be Carl or Rick. He got to his feet and turned, but his relief dropped when he saw it was neither of them.

“Simon?”

Simon still held his gun out and was looking down at the body. He appeared to be a little conflicted at having had to kill his Alpha, yet it was clear he wasn’t too sorry. He raised his eyes to meet Negan who wasn’t exactly sure how to feel.

Rick currently found himself struggling to get a Savior off of him after he surprised him by grabbing him from behind. He drove him back against the railing of a house, breaking it as they crashed through. The dazed Savior released Rick, which allowed him time to raise his gun and shoot. Rick
watched as the blood spilled across the porch, then looked around to see Michonne successfully chopping off the arm of an armed Savior, before taking her deadly weapon straight through his throat.

Stealing his attention from other battles was the rise of smoke going off around him.

“RETREAT!” someone cried.

A smoke bomb landed close to Rick, causing him to double over as he coughed harshly. He could just make out various figures running. It seemed the war was done, but the smoke was sapping him of the energy and awareness needed for him to check on his pack or even stop the fleeing enemies.

Simon moved into the room.

“You okay?”

It took a minute before Negan could respond.

“Y-yeah. Fucking thanks for that,” he said as he looked down at Lenny. “Jesus. If I’d have known he’d become this much of an asshole, I would have-”

“We gotta go,” Simon interrupted as he grabbed his arm. “The pack’s gonna be getting the hell out of here, and we gotta move.”

“Hold the fuck on!” Negan cried as he pulled his arm away. “What the hell you talking about? You think I’m actually going back to you goddamn traitors? Spend a lifetime of being fucked by every goddamn body?”

“No, I don’t want you to. That’s why it should just be us.”

Negan’s brows lifted in surprise.

“Are you, serious?”

Simon’s eyes softened.

“I am. I hated that you were here, but I had no other way to save you until Lenny came up with this attack. I followed him as he searched for you and, well you saw the rest.” He glanced down at the body. “I would have been up here sooner if it hadn’t been for one of Rick’s damn people. But that’s done now, so we need to go. We’ll go as far away from the damn Saviors and goddamn Rick as possible.”

Negan took a step back, his mind spinning. He heard his pups crying and looked at the crib, but didn’t move toward it. Simon’s offering was just the thing he had needed long ago; the perfect way out without having to deal with his enemy or his old pack. But now it had changed. Now he had pups that needed him.

“I can’t…I can’t just leave them.”

Simon bared his teeth, but worked his mind quickly.

“So…damn it, bring them and let’s go!”

“I can’t be your Omega Simon.”
“It won’t be like that,” he assured him. “I’m not claiming you. I’m just protecting you. You’re gonna be free! Free of this damn place, and free of your Alpha as long as you come with me.”

Negan was still conflicted about it. This was a good deal Simon was offering. He would no longer have to try and earn a place within the pack, and most of all, he wouldn’t have to have an Alpha. He looked over at Carl and thought about the moments they’d shared together, and in turn thought about the ones he had with Rick. They had developed the oddest family in history, and despite its downs it hadn’t been too bad in the end. Hell, he actually enjoyed some things about it.

Still, his old friend had returned to his side, desiring to make him free. Simon had been like a brother in the past and always would be. Aside from the freedom he was offering, he wondered if maybe there was some small chance that he could redeem a piece of the life he’d once had. One where he could find people that would actually be willing to follow an Omega. One where he could find some high ground yet again, and be the one forcing others into submission just like old times.

But he was getting ahead of himself. The first question was whether or not to take the offer.

“Time’s wasting. What do you say?” Simon prodded.

Consciousness slowly made itself present to Rick as the world tried to right itself in his eyes. He realized he was lying on his back. Groaning, he pulled himself up and raised a hand to his head. The gas had made him dizzy, but it was wearing off. He took in his surroundings and noticed his members were shaking off the affects or already checking on the injured.

“Rick, you alright?”

He turned to see Daryl and Gabriel coming toward him. Both men helped their Alpha to his feet.

“Yeah, I’m alright.” He looked around at the scene again and didn’t see any sign of a living Savior. “It’s over.”

“Yeah,” Daryl agreed. “After that gas, they ran for it.”

Rick jolted as one important thought entered his head.

“Damn it!”

“What is it?”

“Carl and Negan.”

Despite the still wavering effects of the gas, Rick took off running toward his house. Clouds of the remaining smoke obscured his vision, but he kept pressing onward.

He stopped when he noticed the huge opening of the broken window and hurried over to it.

“Carl!” he waited, but received no answer. “CARL!”

He tried the door, then turned back to the window and climbed through. He saw a body lying right at the stairs, and a second one on the living room floor. It didn’t give him much comfort since Carl had failed to respond to his calls.

“CARL! NEGAN!”
He hurried up the stairs, then fell still at the sight of Carl’s body near the nursery.

“Carl!”

Immediately he hurried toward him and dropped to his knees. He noticed the bruise on his head and a bat nearby, which told him what had happened.

“Carl, wake up! You’re alright. I know you’re alright.” He shook him slightly as his heart beat rapidly. “Carl…please.”

A little moan escaped his lips as he started to come to. The relief Rick felt was enormous. Carl blinked his eyes a few times before settling them on the person hovering over him.

“Dad?”

“Thank god. Are you alright?”

“I…I think so.”

Rick helped him sit up. Carl scrunched up his face as he felt the pain from the blow, making him run a hand over the spot.

“Dad, I’m sorry. Saviors got in.”

“But you got them. And Negan…”

He jumped up and turned to the nursery as his Omega came to mind.

“He stayed in the nursery,” Carl explained.

Rick’s breath caught in his throat when he saw the body of Lenny, but what was more disturbing was not seeing Negan. He ran to the crib when he realized he couldn’t hear his pups. The shock was instant.

“No…god…NO!” His heart plummeted so fast and so hard that he dropped to his knees with a cry of despair.

The crib was empty. It was too much for Rick to take in.

Negan was gone, and so were the twins.

Chapter End Notes

The war has ended, but Negan’s run off with Simon. Naturally it's devastating for Rick to lose him, particularly his children.
Chapter 64

Chapter Summary

Negan contemplates his choice

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Both pups had settled down greatly as they laid bundled up in the backseat next to Negan, who held a worried expression on his face as he watched them. He knew he wasn’t so much scared for the twins, but scared of the choice he’d made. Getting in the car with Simon had been a clear statement that he had chosen the Saviors; men that had followed Lenny into slaughtering people he had come to know a little and even like. When he ran behind Simon through the haze of the smoke, the one thing that kept him moving was fear of Rick seeing him making off with two wrapped bundles. But as he moved, he had caught sight of a few familiar bodies.

He had gasped when he saw Sasha on the ground, staring lifelessly ahead. Simon had to grab him to get him moving when he halted to stare at her. When they made it to the broken entrance, they barely managed to dodge a walker Eric. Negan couldn’t help wondering how Aaron would react when he saw him. Once Simon directed him to his car, Negan’s mind fell into numbness and his eyes remained widened. He barely had the sense to hold onto the pups.

Simon glanced up into the rearview mirror as he drove them along.

“Rick’s not gonna catch us,” he told him. Negan slowly rose his eyes to look at him. “That smoke gave us plenty of time, so you don’t have to worry.”

Negan gave a barely audible “yeah” in response.

The Alpha could sense the Omega was barely holding it together, and he found it awkward that Negan of all people was feeling that way.

“If Rick does somehow, catch up to our asses, I’m still packing.” He patted his belt where he still held his gun. “One shot is all it’ll take to-”

“Fucking don’t…please,” Negan begged. He didn’t want to think about his Alpha being murdered. It had been bad enough to see so many Alexandrians take a bullet or worse. The idea of Rick being that unfortunate didn’t sit well with him.

“Allright,” Simon replied. “I guess I get it. He was your Alpha. Was being the goddamn keyword. You need to get used to the fact that you don’t have an Alpha anymore. You are fucking free goddamn it. Free as a goddamn jay bird.”

Negan just shut his eyes. He didn’t feel free. In fact, he felt wrong. There was a bit of nausea in his stomach, and it made him wonder if homesickness was already setting in. Such a thought led to Rick’s house entering his mind, and it made him think of Carl for the moment.

“Don’t even know if Carl’s alright,” he mumbled as he looked through the back window. Guilt twisted his insides for not checking on the kid before fleeing.
“What’s that?” Simon asked, but Negan refused to repeat his words.

“Where the fuck are we going?” he questioned as a bit of firmness entered his tone.

Simon drummed on the steering wheel in thought.

“Anywhere,” he replied. “Right now we need to find a good hiding spot. If you didn’t bring those damn pups with you—”

“HEY! They’re my damn children! I wasn’t leaving without them goddamn it! The fuck!”

Simon held up a hand in surrender as Negan huffed in rage.

“Alright alright. Jesus. It’s just, you’re more of a target for Rick. You fucking know that don’t you?”

“I am fucking aware Simon,” he said bitterly.

He looked down at the twins again and was fully hit with the realization of how difficult it was going to be. He could barely handle them with Rick and Carl’s help and now it was on him to do it completely alone. He didn’t see Simon lending a hand, considering the glares he’d tossed them.

“If you plan to keep ‘em, we’ll probably have to change states to keep ‘em from Ricky boy.”

Negan rubbed Jacob’s tummy as he threatened to get fussy.

“Just as long as you find a damn house and…the shit I need for them. Crib and diapers.”

“And how the fuck are we supposed to find that shit?” Simon challenged while glaring through the mirror again.

“How the fuck do you expect me to care for them without it?” Negan challenged back.

Simon laughed.

“Sounds like things weren’t all that crappy at that hellhole,” Simon decided. “I noticed that nursery so those pups had it good, but I can’t promise it’ll be that way instantaneously.”

“We can’t live like fucking animals. Jacob and Lucy don’t deserve to live that way!”

After a sigh, Simon bit his lip. Negan could see, as well as feel, his frustration building.

“I’ll see what I can do. What I can scrounge up without getting killed.”

Negan’s attention was stolen by a small herd of walkers not too far in the distance. He followed their slow moving bodies before they fell out of sight.

After being behind the walls of Alexandria for so long, he had almost forgotten what lied beyond it. Of course no one could ever really forget. It was just that the walls provided security and a sense of normalcy that was hard to come by. If Simon was unsuccessful in finding a well secured safe haven, he would be forced to stay completely alert at all times to make sure no walker or prick threatened his pups’ lives.

“Even though, I don’t have an Alpha,” Negan started slowly, “I still expect you to do your part.”

“I said I would. I promised to protect you.”
“Not just me Simon. The pups too.”

Simon didn’t agree right away, which twisted his heart just a little.

“I don’t…Jesus. I don’t know shit about pups.” He used the mirror to look at them briefly.

“You don’t have to know shit. I didn’t. I just need to know I can fucking count on you to watch out for them too!”

“I will.”

“I mean it Simon.”

“Alright.”

Lucy started to moan and waved her arms frantically.

“SSsshhh. It’s okay honey. I’m here,” Negan said gently as he rubbed her foot. His words failed to quiet her as the little moan turned into a wail. Simon visibly cringed while Negan cursed, knowing what was wrong. “Pull over.”

“What?”

“I said pull over goddamn it!”

Simon cursed under his breath before slowly pulling to the side of the road.

“We have to keep moving damn it,” he stated as he turned around. Then he quirked his brow as Negan began lifting his shirt. He looked away in time before he could see him free one of his full boobs.

“Don’t fucking look,” Negan ordered as he reached for Lucy.

“What in god’s name are you doing?” Simon growled while keeping his eyes forward.

“The fuck do you think? She’s hungry.”

Simon just shook his head.

“Jesus. This ain’t the kind of nipple action I hoped to have in my car one day.”

“Just shut up and be patient.”

He cradled Lucy carefully as he moved her toward the nipple which she latched onto immediately. Negan couldn’t help the small smile that came onto his face as she started suckling.

“Well do you fucking mind if I drive while you stick your boob down her throat?”

Negan frowned and was ready to snap back, but then worry set into him once more.

“Fuck. Maybe this was stupid afterall,” he muttered.

“I told you,” Simon growled. “Bringing those pups along is just gonna make shit harder.”

“I already told you, I couldn’t leave them behind,” he said with a near growl. “Even if I did, I don’t know how I’d survive. I’d always be thinking of them Simon.” The Alpha didn’t know what to say to that, so kept quiet. “And if it was just the two of us, you can’t promise you can keep me safe.
Omegas are valuable, and if an asshole pack comes along, I’d be more fucked than you.”

Simon’s fingers tightened on the steering wheel as if he’d said something offensive.

“What the hell happened to you?” He started to turn around, but catching a glimpse of Negan nursing had him turning back again. “Jesus. You had more faith in me than that in the past. Ain’t nobody getting you.”

“A pack will smell Rick on me, not you, and they’ll be inclined to claim me if you don’t. Just standing over me might not be enough.” He paused and ran a finger down Lucy’s cheek. “It’ll be a hell of a lot harder on me, especially with pups. Pups that you don’t want shit to do with.”

“They’re not mine damn it!”

“That’s right they fucking aren’t!” He sighed and ran a hand over his face. “And that being said, this whole damn thing is unfair to you.”

Simon looked into the rearview mirror again as Negan locked eyes with him.

“I didn’t ask for these pups, but they’re here, and I care about them. You sure as hell didn’t ask for this, and I don’t think it’s fucking fair for you to go breaking your back for them. I don’t want to hold you back, or risk putting you in danger. There were people in Alexandria willing to go that mile, but here it’s just the two of us.”

“Negan.”

“And what happens if we don’t find a place? We’d be totally fucked.”

Silence fell, with both men bowing their heads as it all sunk in. Simon drummed his fingers as he started becoming impatient and anxious from how it was affecting him.

“So what are you saying? You want to…go back?”

Negan could hear the anger in his tone. He didn’t blame him for being pissed.

He looked at his surroundings through the window. It was a little hard to imagine full freedom after his experience with Leo’s pack, but it wasn’t just that; there was something else he just couldn’t put his finger on.

“I can’t fucking believe you,” Simon hissed. “You want to go back to that asshole Rick! To that shitty prison?”

“I said goodbye to that cell just before I had the twins,” Negan corrected. “As for Rick…well…he’s hasn’t been much of an asshole lately.”

“Answer the damn question,” Simon growled. He was feeling several emotions that he did not want to examine. “Do you want…to go…back?”

Negan took a moment to really think about it. If he truly wanted this, then there was no turning back. Simon was his only chance. Then he thought about Rick and having to live a more submissive life. There was no taking a higher ground, and the idea that he could ever do so again seemed laughable now that he was out in the open.

He bared his teeth at the number of times Rick had bit or pinched his gland. He cringed as he thought of the knots of his dick. The good thing about leaving was that he’d never have to deal with his long
rut, however, he himself would experience heats. He could already feel the torture of it as it came to mind. Only Rick could ease those days. He hated the sex now, yet his last moment of being fucked by Rick had been quite pleasurable. He looked at Simon, not wanting his best friend to ever follow in Rick’s footsteps when it came to such things, particularly when it came to ruts. He didn’t want to believe Simon would ever lose control and fuck him when it happened. He knew he was honestly not interested in doing such a thing, but Alpha instincts were powerful and uncontrollable at such a time. The last thing Negan wanted was for their bond to fall apart because Simon had given in, or because Negan allowed it to happen because he’d felt sorry for him.

Lucy unlatched and cooed, reminding him that she and her brother were still present. Of course it wasn’t just about him anymore. He had his son and daughter to think about. He would need to keep them nourished, which meant Simon would always have to find enough for them, especially as they got older. Rick’s community had a network in place with other communities, so the chances of failing to have food and protection was slim. Before Rick, he’d had comfort and safety in the Sanctuary, and it oddly continued after he was claimed. It was dangerous passing up such a life. It was so much more dangerous with Jacob and Lucy.

Negan slowly raised his eyes and faced his old friend.

“Simon,” he began softly, “you’re my brother, and you’ll always be my damn brother. I can’t fucking thank you enough for what you’ve done. For not leaving me in the end.”

Simon clutched the steering wheel tightly and bowed his head as his lip trembled. His face imitated an expression of someone who had lost someone in death.

“Right,” was all he could answer back.

He hit the gas and turned the car around.

Rick reloaded his gun with slightly shaky hands. Despite his inner turmoil, his face expressed an Alpha that was not to be crossed. Daryl tossed him a look as he readied his own gun, then looked over at Michonne.

“Rick, we’re going to find them, and Negan,” she promised quietly, but he didn’t respond.

It had taken a lot for the others to talk Rick into waiting until a few of his members could become conscious enough to join him. The last thing they wanted was their leader running off alone and potentially facing hidden Saviors ready for a little revenge.

Rick glanced over at Carl who was being helped by a miserable looking Aaron who held a bag of ice to his head. He had heard that the man had to put Eric down after he’d turned. Just the thought of it made Rick all the more anxious about what was happening with Negan. At the same time, he was enraged. He wasn’t sure if a Savior had managed to snatch him up, or if Negan took the opportunity to flee. Had it been a Savior, he couldn’t understand why they’d let Negan bring his pups.

“We all set?” Rick asked as he looked at Daryl and Michonne.

He didn’t wait for an answer. He turned on his heels, making a beeline for the nearest car. He would not focus on the bodies still littering the grounds. Right now the Alpha was roaring within, and he had no idea what he was going to do once he passed the entrance.

“I’m going to kill every last one of them,” Rick growled under his breath. It seemed to be the only rational way to fix all that had happened.
Rick reached for the handle of the car when Michonne suddenly touched his shoulder.

“Rick, look.”

He followed her gaze past the broken entrance and saw a figure coming down the road. In his arms were two small bundles.

With his eyes glued to the figure, Rick walked forward as if he was in some kind of trance. The three people he expected to be difficult to find, were coming right toward him. Negan’s shoulders were hunched and his head was partially dropped in shame.

Rick nearly tripped over the debris from the broken gate as he made his way outside. Without realizing it, he started to run. Negan kept up a steady pace as he walked. Their eyes locked momentarily, but Negan didn’t have the courage to hold the gaze.

Once the space was closed between them, Rick immediately reached for a pup and was given Jacob. Michonne had trailed behind Rick, and hurried over to take Lucy.

Negan was now left standing there, awkwardly looking away and shaking ever so slightly. Rick didn’t notice as he was too busy studying Jacob for damage.

“You okay little man? You alright? I was so worried.” He looked over at Lucy in Michonne’s arms. “How about you sweetie?”

“They’re fine,” Negan mumbled.

At last, Rick snapped his attention on him. The anger he’d had returned to his features.

“What the hell happened?” His tone was as dark as it had been the day he’d rescued Negan from Leo’s pack.

Negan looked at the pups before dropping his eyes.

“I, I was saved from Lenny, by Simon.”

“Simon?”

“Yeah. He wanted to rescue me from here, from you.”

A loud growl erupted from Rick’s throat. He desired to pull his gun and hunt the Omega kidnapper down, but held his ground for his pups’ sake.

“And you went willingly,” Rick accused.

“Rick stop,” said Michonne. “Maybe Simon didn’t give him a choice.”

“No, you’re wrong,” Negan admitted. “He gave me a choice to go with him, so I did.” He hated the look of disappointment that fell on her face. Rick, on the other hand, was still pissed.

“You ran away,” Rick began while forcing in calmness. He wanted to grip his gland and never let go. “And on top of that, YOU KIDNAPPED MY CHILDREN!”

Now he was compelled to throw him against a wall. Negan swallowed hard, then sunk to his knees with his head bowed.

“I couldn’t leave them,” he cried, “I’m sorry…I just…I just couldn’t. I know it was fucked up.”
Negan received his second slap to the face for that day, which seemed a lot more painful than Lenny’s strike. He reeled back but didn’t lift a hand to his sore cheek as shame coursed throughout him like a flood.

“You’ll never change will you?” Rick growled. He tightened his grip on Jacob. Negan briefly looked up at him. “Not really. You’re always going to pull this kind of shit. Even after losing your pack, you’re still going to be that same bast-”

“I came back!” he quickly said, silencing Rick. “I left, and I’m sorry…but I came back. I realized it was a dumb move. I was having it good here even though it fucking sucked ass in the beginning. But more than anything, I knew it wouldn’t be fair to Jake and Lucy. It wasn’t even fair to Simon. I don’t want to go back out there Alpha. I want to stay here, with my kids. With, my pack. With…you.”

Rick stared down at him, feeling more anger than moved. Negan kept his gland exposed with his head bowed, but Rick made no move to bite. He shut his eyes and sighed deeply before opening them to look down the road.

“Where’s Simon now? He just dropped you off when there could be walkers about?”

“I told him not to get close. I didn’t want you to kill him.” He raised his head then. “Please Alpha. Don’t go after him. He won’t be coming back. He respected my choice to return.”

Rick thought it over. It didn’t appease his Alpha side in the least, but for now he was more relieved just to have his pups with him again. Besides that, it was more important to keep the people that had survived the war safe. His earlier thought of chasing down the remaining Saviors also passed. The last thing he wanted to do was lose more members, however, they would keep their guard up for the next couple of weeks. With Lenny dead, he doubted they’d try anything anytime soon. When he furthered his thoughts on the matter, he was willing to believe Lenny had wanted the attack more than the others, but it was just a feeling.

“Get up,” he ordered.

Negan cringed, but slowly rose to his feet. He stood there waiting for the worst.

“They’re going to get hungry, so the least you could do is feed them while I check on my pack.”

Negan brightened at being accepted back. Then he thought about the things that had gone down, and Carl.

“Rick, Lenny attacked Carl. He did his job protecting my ass, but…I don’t know if he’s-”

“He’s going to be okay,” Rick assured him. “He was just knocked out. I don’t blame him for what happened.”

Negan nodded, then he looked past the broken gates and took in the bodies.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry about what my fucking pack did to you.”

“It’s not your fault, and they’re not your pack anymore. You’re not a Savior anymore, if you’re willing to change.”

He rested a hand on his shoulder and stared Negan straight in the eye. Both knew it wasn’t something that could happen overnight, and there were no guarantees, but for the moment, Negan just nodded.
“Let’s go home,” Rick said as he turned back to Alexandria. Michonne followed at his side.

A minute later, Negan trailed behind his Alpha, back to his home.

Chapter End Notes

We had Negan running away before, and Rick having to fetch him. This time around, I felt it was important for Negan to decide to come back on his own. A big development from where he was in the beginning, and a positive step going forward for him changing.

This technically could have been the last chapter, but I thought it be nice to round it off with one more! I'm glad I've managed to make it to this point because I had worried I'd end up not completing this.
4 years later

Rick headed into the living room as he drank from his cup of coffee. As he did so he failed to look down, and ended up tripping over a fairly large, brightly colored toy truck. He experienced spillage as some of the coffee went flying onto his shirt. Rick muttered under his breath before looking around.

“Jacob! What did I say about leaving toys lying around?”

The rapid patter of little feet came down the stairs.

Jacob, now four years old, still favored his father’s looks with his pink lips, thin nose, and hair that was the same dark shade of brown as Rick’s. He paused halfway, then crouched down and peeked through the balusters at his dad, who was giving him a soft version of a firm stare.

“Did you leave this truck in the middle of the floor?”

Jacob nodded then looked at the truck.

“He’s trying to get away from the monstur,” he said defensively. “I had to get the monstur, see.”

He held up a large Tyrannosaurus rex toy and proceeded to make growling noises.

“Even so, you don’t leave your toys in the floor,” he said in a tone that was less soft.

Jacob continued making the dinosaur sounds a little longer before stopping and rising.

“Okay daddy.”

He continued downward, but jumped over the last two steps. Rick ruffled his hair as he ran by to get his truck.

“Daddy!”

Rick looked up to see Lucy coming down from Carl’s room. In her hand was one of Carl’s comics. At four years old, she remained the spitting image of Negan with her sharp eyes, rounded nose, and black hair that traveled down her back.

“Yes honey?”

She waited until she made it all the way down so she could gaze up at him with her light blue eyes.
“Where’s mommy?”

“Why?”

She held up the comic which featured three armor wearing individuals battling swamp monster like creatures. It even showed one on the verge of being cut in two.

“I want him to read this to me.”

“Oh you, do?” Rick looked up the stairs. “Carl!”

Carl peeked his head out of his room and grinned sheepishly at him. All Rick had to do was point at the comic, which made his oldest son shrug.

“Uh, yeah. I don’t think she’s ever going to be into those Disney fairy-tale books. She’s too much like me, and Negan,” he replied.

Lucy stuck her tongue out at him, making Rick laugh. He picked her up and tickled her belly, making her giggle loudly.

“And what about me? I can’t read it to you?”

She shook her head wildly.

“Not like how mommy does it.”

Rick raised a suspicious brow.

“Well then, I’m just going to have to have another talk with mommy then.”

“Where is he?”

“Out in the garden.”

“Can I go?”

Jacob looked up from having his T-rex attack the truck. He jumped up and ran up to Rick.

“I wanna go too! I wanna plant bananas.”

Rick just laughed as he patted his head.

“Jacob, I told you we can’t plant bananas.”

“Can I go anyways?”

He turned from Jacob to Lucy, then nodded.

“Of course. Let’s go.”

Rick held onto their hands as they walked along the path leading over to Alexandria’s garden which had expanded greatly throughout the years. Along the way, people greeted the twins happily. Both Jacob and Lucy were always polite when they spoke back.

When they made it to the garden, there were already several people doing their part in weeding or
picking fresh vegetables. The threesome closed in on an area of tall tomato plants. Lucy released her
dad’s hand and eagerly ran toward a figure sitting on a crate with the comic still in her hand.

“Mommy, mommy!”

Negan turned away from picking tomatoes and gave his daughter his famous grin. Not much had
changed about his appearance, except for the obvious rounded belly that was the result of another
pup on the way.

“Finally gonna pull your weight around here princess?”

With a mischievous smile, she shook her head then thrust the comic in his face.

“Read please.”

Negan took the comic as Rick and Jacob approached.

“She refused to let me read it to her,” Rick explained.

“Well I don’t blame her,” he said as he looked at his Alpha. “Your crappy reading doesn’t do her
any favors.”

“Oouh, mommy said a bad word!” Jacob exclaimed, which earned him a look from Negan.

“One of these days kid, you’re going to feel real bad about policing your mommy so hard about
that,” Negan teased.

Jacob just bounced on the balls of his feet and smirked.

“Hey, am I interrupting anything?”

They looked around to see Michonne coming forward. Jacob dashed over and was embraced in a
warm hug. Lucy turned back to Negan and flapped the comic.

“Can you? Can you read it to me?”

“Later tonight,” he promised as he tapped her nose affectionately. “We’ll make it you and me, and
Jake.”

“And me,” Rick added. “I think I should listen in for a change.”

The Omega groaned.

“Michonne,” Rick said while turning to her, “could you watch them for a while?”

“Sure.”

Negan leaned in and kissed Lucy on the forehead.

“See you later sweetheart. I Love you.”

“Love you too.” She leaned forward and returned a kiss to his cheek.

Jacob ran over and received the same affection to the forehead.

“You too little prince. Love you.”
“Me too,” he said, before following his sister who had latched onto Michonne’s hand.

Once they were gone, Rick turned to Negan. His eyes dropped down to his bulging belly. It wasn’t as big as it had been when he had been pregnant with the twins, but it was still huge.

“How are you holding up?” he asked, with a nod toward it.

Negan rested a hand over the extended flesh and sighed.

“Just as I held up the first damn time this happened. I’m goddamn happy it’s not twins this time. My body couldn’t take it.”

Rick just laughed. He released a breath of comfort and took in his working pack. Aside from an expanded garden, they had expanded on their security with a taller, stronger fence surrounding the community that had a few more houses added to the neighborhood. Trade was now more common between Alexandria, the Kingdom, and the Hilltop now that the Saviors were gone. Guards were posted at all times, including on secured roadways to lessen the loss of lives. All in all, Rick was pleased to have brought to life a bit of Deanna’s dream.

“Rick.”

He looked down at Negan. His head was bowed and he was twiddling his fingers.

“Yeah?”

Negan smirked and shook his head.

“It’s funny how things turn out.”

“Tell me about it,” Rick agreed as he ran a hand over his head. “If I weren’t living this life, I’d swear it was a dream.”

“Well, it didn’t turn out to be a bad dream afterall,” Negan replied. He turned his gaze to the community and nodded. “I doubt my Sanctuary would’ve come to look like this. I liked it fine the way it was.”

“Just like you liked your Alpha life?” Rick questioned while folding his arms. He gave his Omega a sharp look, causing him to shrug.

“Of course I liked it. I was born a damn Alpha, just like you were. There’s power, and a lot of damn respect when you’re on top. On top of that, a lot of fine Omega asses.” He felt his eyes misting just a bit. “After all this time, I still miss it…but, it’s like I don’t regret what’s happened to me. If this never happened. If I never got bit, I wouldn’t have Lucy or Jacob.”

Rick nodded as he took in his words.

“That’s true. I was going to kill you, but I’m glad it didn’t come to that.”

Negan just laughed.

“Well you’re not the only one who’s glad.”

He made to get up, but due to the trouble with the big belly, Rick lent a hand.

“I guess being on the bottom isn’t something you’ve gotten used to after all this time either,” Rick assumed.
At this, Negan bowed his head and gave it some thought.

“Well, to be fucking honest, I have gotten accustomed to it. Maybe because you’re not as much of an asshole Alpha as you could have been. Crappy sometimes, but not too bad.”

“I’ll take that as a compliment,” Rick said, smirking.

Negan looked at the man and couldn’t help comparing Rick’s version of being an Alpha to his own. As much as the man tended to piss him off on occasion, he couldn’t deny the spec of respect he felt for him. People felt honored to be led by a man that didn’t have to make threats to keep them safe and working. Rick had made it work, and he hadn’t needed a bat to make it happen.

“What about the past?”

“What about it?” Negan asked suspiciously with a raised brow.

“You ever feel regret for what you did to my pack?”

Negan folded his arms and sighed deeply.

“You have good people here Rick. I came to realize that. With that being said, I’m sure Glenn and Abraham had to be good people too. I’ve heard it enough times for sure. Same goes for the others I hurt.” He shut his eyes momentarily before looking Rick square in the eyes. “I thought the only fucking way to make it, was standing on top with a fucking iron fist, or in this case, a barbed wire bat. I thought you were weak, but you’re not, and neither are these people. I’m sorry I thought I had to do what I did. I’ve said that before in the past, but it never meant anything. But after living as an Omega and having these people for my pack, having you...I am sorry.”

Rick studied him carefully before patting his shoulder.

“I knew it would happen, eventually.”

“Four goddamn years,” Negan muttered. He ran his hand tiredly over his forehead.

“Well, you were always a stubborn asshole.”

Negan just chuckled as Rick began leading him away from the garden.

“Come on. Take yourself a lunch break. You’re eating for two afterall.”

With a smile, Negan ran his hands over his protrusion.

“Yeah, and this time we’re naming it Negan.”

“Only in your fucked up dreams,” Rick replied with a smile.

Chapter End Notes

Complete!
I gotta say this story turned out a lot longer than I planned, but the good thing about that was that I got all the moments and details I wanted in it at a nice steady pace. This started as a desire to see Rick dominate Negan for once, and it turned into a fic that
explored many aspects of their thoughts and behaviors, particularly Negan, in regards to what they were in this world. Originally I considered having an earlier moment where Negan would apologize for what he did, but it always felt early to me. Negan appears to be the kind of man that would need a couple of years before he can genuinely apologize. Sometime ago I imagined a continuation of this fic where Negan would take on a more heroic type role when he decides to try and save Rick. So there's sequel potential, maybe.

I've greatly enjoyed writing this and I'm especially glad you guys have enjoyed the ride. Thank you for sticking with this even through the rough moments, and thank you for the awesome comments :D

Sequel link: https://archiveofourown.org/works/17465609/chapters/41130002

End Notes

The holidays are coming up and I debated on whether to post this, lol. But TWD series is on so it's probably the best time cause it keeps me motivated. I imagine future chapters will get longer. This was just set-up.
I'll update when possible if there's an interest :)

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!