Part three of the AFTERCARE series, where Negan rises to even more fame and power, Daryl is quite a handful and Jesus is a happy camper. Off to new places, lovely puppies :)

Notes
See the end of the work for notes
'Make me!', the first workshop presented by the Leather Factory's big man himself after almost 8 weeks of absence was an eagerly-awaited, sold-out event with 250 mostly male listeners who followed the speech being held in the building's club area with utmost interest.

"In every relationship between a dominant and a submissive, there will be times of backsliding, pushing limits and general disobedience."

And Negan thought he felt fit enough to hold a workshop after two full weeks at home. He had gained some weight back, had caught up with most of his work and was well prepared for the scheduled presentation. He just struggled a bit to find back to his usual sleep pattern and morning routine. No matter how often he set his alarm for 6:30 in the morning, he didn't hear it and overslept on a regular basis.

"It's a part of their growth. It doesn't mean they are more or less submissive or that they don't deserve the fucking collar they wear."

As a result, his days started with a bit of a delay and the only way to cope and kickstart his brain was caffeine. A lot of it.

"It means your sub might go through a time of change, or certain circumstances give them the feeling that they need to test the boundaries to make sure they are still safe and intact." He went from left to right in front of his audience, putting both hands behind his back. "They need to know that the person they are submitting to is still in charge and strong enough to lead. They tug the leash. They test you -" He went to the table where he had left his coffee cup, frowning when he found it empty. "...to make sure you’re fully in control." He snapped his fingers for the man kneeling obediently on the floor, then touched his head briefly, signaling for him to get up. He handed him the cup, "Be good and give me a refill." then turned back to his listeners, raising his voice a bit. "I know this may seem counter-intuitive, but it is their way of looking for more safety. They want to feel boundaries, they want you to put your fucking foot down and wield your authority. Exercise control."

Daryl glanced back over his shoulder as he walked off to the small coffee kitchen. He really hated this workshop. It had started much too early in the morning, the theme was horrible and everything smelled like coffee and strangers. He wanted them all to leave. They could learn about BDSM at
home, from books or youtube. Then Negan could go back to bed and rest more, or have a real breakfast with his healthy tea and green toast.

But that wouldn't happen and instead, he had to refill the much too big cup with more caffeine. He glared at the coffee maker, poured a little bit of steaming dark liquid into the cup, then a bit more until it was barely half-full, soundly sniffed his nose as he eyed the sink and eventually filled the rest of the cup with warm water from the tap to reduce the amount of caffeine as much as possible.

"Writing lines is another form of essay punishment that can be a great reinforcement tool. Handwriting lines in a book is a physical reminder as well as a mental one that they have disobeyed."

Negan was in the middle of giving some non-sexual discipline examples when Daryl came back and politely held the cup out. He wanted to say 'Here is your drink, Sir' but then just huffed a nervous breath because everyone looked at him.

"Thank you." Negan gestured for his sub to put the cup on the table, giving him a brief smile before he turned back to the audience. "Another very effective discipline method is a good old-fashioned lecture. Having to sit down and listen to the Dominant telling them that they have been disobedient is not a pleasant experience. Driving it home is the purpose. Make sure you have their full fucking attention, don't allow them to tune you out." He arched his brows at the listeners and blindly snapped his fingers for Daryl, then pointed two down, giving him the signal to kneel next to the table. He touched his sub's hair rewardingly and reached for the cup to take a sip, squinting at the lukewarm, very weak beverage. He was pretty sure that the coffee Joseph had brewed earlier had tasted much better, or maybe he was just too tired to notice.

Daryl lowered his eyes and nervously pulled his fingers behind his back, sensing the man's displeasure.

"Privilege restriction!" Negan put the cup back down with a clank and continued his speech, deeply annoyed already and it wasn't even noon yet. "Another very effective punishment to discipline unwanted behavior. Take away favorite foods, cut TV or computer time, no fluffy fucking warmed up towels for a week, that cozy extra pillow they rest their pretty little head on. Anything that they take for granted. You take it."

Daryl shrunk a little bit into the floor, guilt poking his chest for watering his owner's coffee down like a bad criminal, while all the listeners scribbled notes or raised their hands for questions because they wanted to know more about disobedient subs and good methods to correct their behavior. He really wished the workshop would be over soon.

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"Boys." Negan came out of the bedroom, patting down his pants pockets. "Have you seen my fucking phone?" He rummaged through the metal bowl on the dresser in the entryway, then looked through all the jackets hanging on the coat rack, cursing, before he went to the dining table.

"No, Sir." Jesus quickly took his feet off the chair and sat up straight. "Should I call your number?"

"Yes." Negan pressed two fingers between Daryl's shoulder blades to make him sit correctly, then caressed his hair lovingly.

"No prob."

Daryl stopped eating his amaranth-cauliflower-casserole and peeked through his bangs across the table, watching with crinkled nose as Paul dialed a single number on his phone. One. Because
Negan was number one in all aspects of life, speed dial and otherwise. He heard it beeping and then felt his stomach clench qualmishly when the big black leather sofa in the living room area started to ring. Muffled somehow.

"Oh, there it is." Paul smiled, disconnecting the call.

"What the fucking god damn shit-" Negan squinted as he went to the couch and flung both of the decorative cushions Olivia had made for him in her sewing class on the floor. There it was. His phone and the note with a very important contact he thought he had lost. He cursed again and immediately dialed the number. "Yeah, sorry. Thought I had lost your number. Did they start already with the production?" He kicked one of the 'Best Boss Ever' cushions as he left the room.

"Poor Daddy." Paul pulled his legs back up onto the seat while he moved everything that looked like vegetables to the left side of his plate. "He gets old."

Daryl just sniffed his nose, picking at a piece of cauliflower before he glared at the untouched food on Negan's place. He really hated business calls.

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"What are you doing here, it's fucking nap time I said." Negan glanced up from his documents when his sub appeared in the doorway of his office at just 2 in the afternoon. "Are you unwell?"

Daryl shrugged. He wasn't unwell. He just couldn't sleep and wished Negan would stop working for a while and rest with him. "Can you come." It was a quietly mumbled request and he put a hand on his stomach. Maybe he felt a little bit ill after all.

"Here." Negan beckoned his sub over, then snapped his fingers to make him kneel. "Do I have time to take a nap with you?" He brushed the hair out of Daryl's forehead, feeling his temperature. "No, not today. I'm fucking busy, right?"

Daryl moved an inch closer to the desk chair in his kneeling position. "I can help." Maybe he could write something or look through photos and Negan could rest on the grey couch in the meantime.

"You can help?" Negan tucked a long strand behind a pale ear. "You wanna sign all that shit with your pretty name and make some calls for me?"

Daryl sniffed his nose, doubt flickering through his eyes for just a second before he tipped his head to the side, trying to nuzzle into the caressing touch. "Okay." He could try.

Negan chuckled deep in his throat, then leaned in to place a brief kiss on tousled hair. "Fucking sweet boy. Be good and rest on the couch until I'm finished. Then I'll take you for a ride in the new car." He patted his sub's chin and turned back to the pile of work on his desk, blindly snapping his fingers towards the couch. "Chop chop."

Daryl's heart sank. He hated the silly new car even more than caffeine, business calls and paperwork combined.

"Boy." Negan signed two documents and put them into a beige folder. "Couch." He shoved his files and papers aside and opened his laptop instead, just to discover that the battery was completely empty. "What the-" The fucking thing had charged up all night. He sighed in annoyance and raised his voice when he looked to the right and saw that his sub still knelt next to the desk, his head lowered. "Daryl! Do as you're fuckin' told!"

Daryl waited another two seconds, staring at his knees with a numb feeling in his stomach, before he
got up and reluctantly went to curl up on the grey sofa. First he watched for a while how Negan searched for the charger of his notebook in every drawer of the desk, all the shelves, the cabinet and even behind the side table with the Scotch bottle. But the longer he watched, the worse he felt, and eventually turned around to face the backrest and closed his eyes to pretend that he would be asleep. It seemed to work because a big hand caressed his head briefly before Negan left the room to search for his god damn charger at the store, the apartment and the club.

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"Awesome!" Jesus ran three fingers over the black, glossy surface of one of his Dads new Dodge Charger, admiring the brand new vehicle from all sides. "It's so pretty!" He bent down to rub his cheek over the shiny hood, purring in appreciation. "Looks like a lady."

"Looks like you need a reminder of the rules." Negan grabbed boy number two's ear to pull him off and away from his scratch-free car. "You keep your fucking hands off or you fucking walk." He handed the three folders he was carrying to Daryl, then rummaged through his leather jacket and pants pockets in search for the car keys, sighing when he couldn't find them. "Paul, be good and run upstairs. Forgot the god damn keys on the counter."

"Aye, Sir!" Jesus saluted and jogged off, his leather duster flapping behind him like the cape of a super hero.

Daryl sniffed his nose, dropping his gaze. "We can walk."

"We can walk?" Negan squinted, going through his jacket pockets a second time because he was sure he had put the keys in there. "We need to visit the notary midtown. It's too far to walk."

Daryl didn't think so. "'s like hikin'."

Negan sighed again, giving up on his key-search. "You wanna hike through fucking Atlanta?" He tugged the front of his sub's jacket, pulling him closer. "Not a good idea without your special sandwiches."

Daryl shrugged. "'can make some."

Negan chuckled, kissing the top of his sub's head. "Another time."

"Sorry, Sir!" Jesus came running back, a bit out of breath. "No keys, I've looked everywhere!"

"Great." Negan closed his eyes for a moment as he massaged his forehead. "Wait here."

Daryl watched him leave and vanish around the corner towards the store. He didn't want to wait and after 6 seconds of hesitation followed.

"I'll stay here!" Jesus waved after him and then got his phone out to snap a couple of cool selfies with Daddy's new car in the background for his Instagram.

"Sorry, I came by bus. Shane needed the car." Rick was busy unpacking a delivery of new bondage rope made in Norway. "And Simon took the afternoon off to see Harlan." He craned his neck, trying to spot his intern between all the shelves. "GLENN! CAN NEGAN BORROW YOUR CAR?"

"Uhm..." Two seconds later a young man peeked out behind the card-board display for travel size Boybutter containers. "I have a scooter? But you can borrow it if you want?"

Negan sighed soundly, "No, thanks." and then flashed an icy look at the young man coming ruefully
through the front door. "I fucking told you to wait, boy!"

Daryl stopped immediately, lowering his gaze as he hugged the paper folders to his chest.

"Why don't you just send it by mail?" Rick shook his head, finding a miniature package of gummy bears attached to the invoice and the friendly note 'Thank you for shopping with us'.

"Do you even know what a fucking notary is."

Rick looked up, squinting as the obvious flaw in his plan dawned on him. "Well then just take a bike or your truck."

"Fat Joey has the spare key for the garage and he is at his god damn..." Negan waved two fingers in the air searching for the right term. "Pig party or whatever."

"Ah right." Rick nodded. "The BBQ contest with his pork club. He's good. He gave Shane a recipe for a sweet Texan honey glaze."

Negan gave his employee a blank look, his patience wearing thin.

"What?" Rick opened the small candy package, popping a green gummy bear into his mouth. "Seems you'll have to take Glenn's scooter." A sly smile curved his lips as he gestured towards the parking lot and the fabulous bus stop at its end. "Or public transport."

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8-months-pregnant Mrs. Bergstein felt a little uncomfortable with the young passenger standing next to her seat, who gave her a withering death stare ever since a tall, very attractive man had offered her his seat in a very generous gesture.

"Hey!" Negan snapped his fingers harshly in front of Daryl's face, making an elderly lady almost drop her knitting equipment. "Eyes on me!"

Daryl sniffed his nose extra loud, gesturing with his forearm to the mean pregnant lady. "'s your seat!"

Negan arched his brows, momentarily stunned by his sub's attitude. "Really."

Daryl grimaced at the dangerous flicker in dark eyes and quickly lowered his head, sniffing his nose again. "'want you to sit."

"You want to behave." Negan corrected and then pushed his sub down on a free seat when a girl with dreadlocks got off the bus at the next stop.

"Are we there yet?" Jesus tapped with both thumbs in high speed on his phone display, not even looking up. "I'm hungry."

"We're going to the notary." Negan swayed a little from left to right when the bus went a bit too fast around a corner but kept his protective stance in front of his safely seated submissives.

"Hm." Paul sent his message to one of his Dads before flipping through his Pokedex. "Do we have any snacks?" Notary didn't sound like a place offering burgers or pizza.

"No." Negan made a step forward when a woman with three shopping bags tried to squeeze past him in the narrow aisle. "You just had lunch." He combed a hand through Daryl's hair, seeing how he tried to read the label of one of the folders he held on his lap.
"Not even a tic-tac?" Jesus glanced up, squinting one eye.

"Even a fucking newborn can go four fucking hours from one feed to the next." Negan pulled a box of orange tic-tacs out of his left jacket pocket, tossing it against boy number two's chest.

"Sweet." Paul shook five onto his palm, another one directly on his tongue and shoved number seven between Daryl's lips, before he slid the small box back into Negan's leather jacket, "Thank you, Sir." and jumped off his seat to push between two other passengers and aim his phone at a certain spot near the window to catch a Pokemon he still needed for his collection. "It's a Snorlax!"

Daryl had opened one of the folders he was holding and read some of the text, following the words with his index finger. Last will and testament. He wasn't sure what it meant exactly but had an idea and tugged the fabric of Negan's pants, looking up. "What's it for." His question sounded a bit more gruff than intended, but Negan didn't seem to mind.

"It's a legal document that communicates a person's final wishes to let dependants know what should happen with their possessions and other things they are responsible for. Accounts, dependents and interests management." He wanted to close the folder but Daryl stopped him.

"'s it for when you die?"

Negan arched his brows in a warning when Daryl refused to take his hand off, then closed the folder. "It's a necessary formality. I have it since I started my business. Now I had to revise something, it needs to be notarized. That's all." He brushed the tousled strands out of his sub's forehead. "Right?"

Daryl didn't want to agree. He didn't want to hold the silly paper folders any longer either or go to the stupid notary in a bus that had no seat belts or enough seats for everyone to sit safely. But he didn't say it out loud, just hid his face in the rough fabric of his owner's pants and after a moment mumbled something that was so quiet that nobody else could hear it. "You didn' die."

Negan glanced down, not saying anything. He just put a hand on Daryl's head, broad and safe.

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Notary Kate DeLauer on Fowler street was a busy woman but knew how to entertain her clients during unavoidable waiting periods. The waiting area was equipped with comfortable lounge furniture, the newest lifestyle magazines, a gigantic TV, and a wide selection of snacks and beverages to choose from.

Jesus was delighted. "Goldfish cracker and mountain dew!"

"Water and carrot sticks." Negan was annoyed that he had missed his scheduled appointment due to an unnecessary bus ride all across the city. Now his entire day had to be re-planned. He took a seat and snapped his fingers for Daryl to do the same right next to him. "Have you seen my fucking phone?" He opened his jacket to check his inner pockets, but couldn't find anything.

"You want mine, Sir?" Jesus had to admit that he started to worry. At first he thought it was just a weird coincidence when multiple items in Negan's possession got lost, repeatedly. But by now, after almost a full week and endless searches all through the Factory, he started to believe that one of his Dads maybe had a more serious problem. He knelt down on the carpet between Negan's legs, holding his phone out. "Don't worry. You probably forgot it at the store." He glanced up at the man's frustrated face and tried to block all the horrible words like 'Alzheimer's' and 'Dementia' from his thoughts. Negan had been through enough shit.

"Thanks." Negan sighed, cupped his sub's cheek briefly and accepted the colorful phone, getting up
from his seat to call his employee. "Yeah, it's me." He massaged his throbbing temple on the way to the window. "Can you reschedule my 3 PM to 4 and cancel my 4 PM? I'll call him back for a new appointment."

Jesus bit his lip and leaned his head against Daryl's knee. "Poor Daddy. I hope it's not amnesia."

Daryl furrowed his brows. "No. He's not sick."

"Yeah, you're probably right." Paul took a bite of his carrot stick, chewing noisily. "Maybe the factory is haunted. You know?" He glanced up at Daryl. "When ghosties are pissed off or bored they prank the living and hide their stuff to make them lose their mind."

"Th." Daryl huffed a laugh that didn't sound amused at all. "No."

"Or it could be a pixie or a Leprechaun or maybe some kind of evil Easter Bunny," Paul suggested, moving a bit to the left when Negan came back to claim his seat. "Maybe it wants food or presents and in return, it stops hiding Daddy's stuff."

"What are you talking about." Negan handed the phone back and took a sip of his sub's water.

"The evil mischievous Easter bunny living in the factory, Sir." Paul got up to sit on Negan's lap and share some comforting snuggles. "Probably in the C-Wing. It hides all your stuff because you don't give it carrots." He pressed his nose into the crook of Negan's neck, inhaling deeply. "Don't worry, I'll catch it."

"Mhm." Negan closed his eyes for a moment, wishing he had brought a bucket of headache pills. "Do that."

Daryl wanted to offer that he would help, but then didn't and just pulled his fingers, feeling awful.

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"How can you not fucking have them?"

Miss DeLauer held her breath and rolled with her chair several inches backward when her handsome client lost his temper right in front of her $2039,- mahogany desk.

"You carried them around since we left!"

Daryl just stood there, his head down, staring at his shoes and the expensive marble floor in the notary's office, not saying anything.

"Maybe we lost them in the bus?" Jesus offered in an attempt to save Daryl from being slaughtered. "We can call the bus company, I'm sure they found them."

Negan gritted his teeth, shut his eyes for a moment, took a deep breath and then turned to the notary, trying to keep his voice down. "Sorry 'bout that. Will contact you for a new appointment." He shook his head on the way to the door and took Daryl by the wrist to drag him along instead of holding his hand. "Paul. Call us a fucking taxi."

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The entire crew of Copper Sky, a local company specialized in high-end, full house renovations, arrived at 3:54 PM at the premises of 1660 Peachtree street, ready to inspect their newest project.

Daryl watched them leave their cars, watched them enter the building, first the office, then the club
area, before Negan and Rick went with them towards the C-Wing. He had strict instructions to wait at the bar and drink his apple juice. He wasn't supposed to follow. 'Drink and wait here' was what Negan had told him in a strict tone. And after witnessing his owner so angry at the notary, Daryl really wanted to be good and follow the order. But then he saw how Negan squeezed his eyes shut, twice, rubbed his temple and finally asked Rick to go and get his headache pills. He had taken two instead of one. And even Rick had looked a little bit worried, with a discreet 'Are you alright?' comment.

It made Daryl's heart ache. Horrifying pictures of Negan in bed, having a seizure late at night, popped into his head. Pictures of beeping machines and a white plastic tube slotted between pale lips. He grimaced at the thought and after two minutes of hesitation followed the group of men into the dark corridors and countless rooms of the factory's C-Block. It smelled like mildew and cellar and faintly like the warm, musky cologne Negan used. Daryl sniffed his nose and stopped when he heard male voices in a bit of a distance, talking about all the different changes Negan wanted to make in the abandoned part of the building. Production rooms for leather gear and more storage on the ground floor, several guestrooms and a 2-bedroom apartment on the first floor, a sauna in the basement along with several sports rooms.

Daryl listened and then walked a bit faster when the group went upstairs through one of the staircases. He tip-toed behind them, close to the wall, heard them go through a heavy metal door, heard the door fall shut, and then almost got a heart attack, when he bumped into a very tall, very solid body as he went around the last corner of the dimly lit staircase.

Negan didn’t say anything, just stared down at his sub, raising his hand to slowly count up to three with his fingers. As soon as he had his third finger spread out, he took his hand down. "No dinner, no TV, no blue mark. You go upstairs, you wash, you brush your teeth, you report, you wait on the fucking chair until I arrive."

Daryl scowled, lowering his head. "'s afterno-"

"YOU!" Negan made a step closer, raising his voice instantly. "Go upstairs! You wash! You brush your fucking teeth! You will report! You wait on the god damn chair and think about your behavior until I arrive!" He came another inch closer, yelling when his sub attempted to contradict once more. "NOW, BOY!"

Daryl didn't turn around immediately. He waited three long seconds, staring down at his old boots and the concrete stairs he was standing on. He felt angry and wanted to yell back. He felt guilty and wanted to kneel and apologize. He felt like crying and was afraid that his pansy tears would win the battle, so he gave in and turned to leave, noticing how his legs felt strangely weak and his pulse thumped somewhere deep in his throat.

He held his head down the entire way back to the club, up the broad metal stairs, through the white door, up the bright staircase in the main part of the building, through the brown wooden door of Negan's apartment. He sat down to take his shoes off. He didn't look at his reflection in the mirror when he went into the bathroom to wash and brush his teeth. He didn't put on socks, underwear or his wonderful sleepwear with dinosaur-print, just plain pajama bottoms and a matching grey shirt, both hanging too big on his body. It was barely 5 PM when he scribbled thick, angry lines and blotches of blue marker in the empty square at the fridge where a perfect blue cross was supposed to confirm how good he had been all day long. The chair for bad boys made an ugly scraping sound on the spotless hardwood floor when he dragged it into the middle of the living room area to sit on. And when he started his report, he stared for almost five minutes at his silly smartphone and the word 'Good', but couldn't come up with anything to write behind.
It was almost dark outside by the time he was done. He read through the things he had written, deleted the word 'secrets', twice, but in the end added it again, and then had no chance to change anything else, because the door opened and Negan came in, harshly snapping his fingers for Jesus to prevent him from sharing any form of greeting. Instead, both sat down at the dining table to have dinner.

Daryl couldn't see them, but he heard the clanking of dishes and listened to the words spoken as if he wouldn't exist at all. About a ping pong room in the C-Wing, a new gag the leather store sold and a convention in Europe. It made his stomach clench. He wanted to turn around and watch. He wanted almond milk and sandwich with mortadella. He wanted to sit on Negan's lap and eat the leftover pickles from Paul's plate. He wanted to apologize so badly.

But he didn't. And when Negan finally got up and carried his dirty dishes himself to the sink because his sub was too bad to serve him, Daryl hunched his shoulders and shrunk a few inches on his place on the chair.

"Are you finished?" Negan held his hand out.

"Yes." Daryl's answer was barely audible and he didn't dare to look up when he handed his phone over.

Negan pursed his lips, nodding once when he read the unusually negative report. He didn't comment on it, though, just slipped the phone into the back pocket of his pants, before he approached boy number two, who just stuffed the rest of his sandwich into his mouth. "Paul. Be good and sleep in your room tonight. You may watch TV."

"Everything okay, Sir?"

"Yes." Negan bent down to kiss Paul's hair. "Don't forget to report later. You've been good today."

Jesus smiled, unable to contain the happiness and pride spreading through his chest. "May I say good night?"

Negan nodded and stepped out of the way when Paul went to give the crushed man on the chair a tight hug with some added whispered words that weren't meant for his ears, and that was okay.

"Have a nice evening, Sir, I'll message you later." Jesus smiled respectfully on his way out and quietly shut the door.

Negan cleared his throat, taking a moment to sort his thoughts and mind. He took a second chair and placed it opposite from Daryl, sitting down with a deep sigh. "You haven't been good today?"

Daryl's chest felt too tight, his heart drumming heavily inside. "Hm." He shifted on his chair, holding on to the sides of his seat. "Yes."

"What is the correct answer."

"Yes, Sir." Daryl kept his gaze down, just as his voice, wishing he wouldn't sound so ugly.
"How come you haven't been good today."

It was a simple question but hard to answer if spoken words were required. Daryl tried anyway. "The coffee."

"You served coffee that I didn't like?" Negan kept all emotions out of his voice, trying to sound neutral.

"Hm." Daryl nodded. "Yes, Sir."

"What else."

"Didn' sleep." He sniffed his nose. "Didn' listen 'n lost your folder."

"True. You've been fucking disobedient today." Negan studied the hunched man on the chair, and stretched his own legs out, crossing his ankles. "What about your secrets. Are you bad for having secrets or do you have bad secrets."

Daryl wrinkled his nose underneath his long bangs, shrugging. He wasn't sure.

"You are allowed to have secrets. That doesn't make you a bad person. But having bad secrets is not a good thing. If secrets make you feel bad you should talk to somebody about them."

"Hm." He fumbled with the edges of the chair, scratching the underside of the seat.

Negan pinched his nose, deciding to change the subject for now. "How come you hate my awesome new car." He didn't get an answer. "And my phone. And my office. And the fucking coffee." He tipped his head to the side, waiting. "You wanna answer, boy." The mumbled reply he got after a minute of complete silence was almost too low to hear.

"I'm scared." Daryl pointed at his head even though he didn't mean his own.

"It scares you when I drive a car?"

Daryl nodded.

"And you don't want me to get a fucking headache?"

"Hm." Daryl bit the inside of his bottom lip while curling his bare toes on the pretty hardwood floor.

Negan sighed soundly and rubbed his bearded chin, then got up. He took his chair, carried it back to the table and stopped right in front of his crushed submissive when he came back. He took a firm stance, straightening his back and shoulders. "You wanna tell me your secret?"

Daryl felt his throat getting tight and his eyes well up. Sniffing his nose helped a bit. Leaning his forehead against Negan's hip helped even more. "I'm the bunny." As soon as the words were out his fingers searched for comfort by clawing into the rough fabric of grey pants. "It was me."

Negan ran the tip of his tongue along his teeth, waiting a moment before he placed a hand on tousled hair. "You took my keys and my phone?"

Daryl nodded, digging his nose into Negan's pants. "'n your charger n' your files."

Negan squinted. "You took my fucking charger?" He made a step back. "Where the fuck is it? I was searching my ass off!"
Daryl pointed vaguely in the direction of the kitchen.

Negan turned around in disbelief, then groaned, massaging his forehead with one hand while he gestured with the other for his sub to get up. "Go, get it. And my fucking car keys." This time his order was followed. He watched as a very nervous Daryl went into the bedroom to pull a smartphone and tablet out beneath his pillow. Then a laptop charger out of the pot where Olivia usually stored the onions in the kitchen. And a bunch of keys out of the freezer, where they had been safely hidden between organic peas and frozen banana chunks.

Daryl placed everything on the kitchen counter, lowering his head. "n I switched your alarm off."

The dark expression in Negan's eyes mirrored his mood perfectly. "And you lost my fucking files on purpose on the bus seat."

Daryl sniffed his nose. "No." He pointed at his belly. "Hid them here. Under my jacket."

Negan closed his eyes, trying to stay calm. "Where are they."

"The storage room. Underneath the nuts." Daryl pulled his fingers nervously, smacking his lips. "m sorry."

"Hh." Negan huffed a chuckle. "Not yet my friend." He shook his head again, then snapped his fingers. "Chair. Straight back. Eyes up." He had no patience for Daryl's hesitation and pulled him onto the chair, then forced him into the right position. "Eyes up I said! I listened to you, now you will fucking listen to what I have to say and you will do it in a respectful manner, is that understood!"

"Hm." Daryl nodded, his eyes flickering anxiously from left to right.

"WHAT!"

He nodded again, adding a quiet answer. "Yes, Sir."

"So let me get this straight." Negan put one arm behind his back, holding two fingers of the other hand up. "All the times I ran around like an idiot, searching for my fucking stuff, it was you who fucking hid them. Then you watched while I searched." He huffed another laugh. "You also manipulated my fucking alarm and my work. Because-" He bent down, arching his brows in front of Daryl's face. "You have been worried that I work too much?"

Daryl looked to the right, towards the windows, avoiding eye contact. "Yes."

"You do of course realize that you doubled my stress level, made me waste time searching for crap and made me reschedule my fucking appointments?" He raised his voice. "All the while making me wonder if I truly get fucking crazy!"

Daryl didn't answer this time but he tried to hold his tears back.

"Not cool, boy! Not cool at all!" Negan shook his head, leaving to get himself a glass of water from the kitchen. He kept his distance when he came back, leaning against the kitchen counter as he studied the man on the chair. "I appreciate the thought behind. And I thank you for being concerned about my wellbeing. But this?" He gestured blindly to the pile of his belongings laying behind him on the counter. "This is bullshit."

It was easier to look at Negan with a bit of a distance between. Daryl managed to hold eye contact, and he managed to get words out, even if they sounded far more choked and croaky than intended. More furious than he meant them. "You didn' have to see it." He sniffed his nose, wiped it with his
sleeve and then gestured with his forearm. "I don' wan' it again! You can't leave me!" He got up for just a second and sat down again right away, but kicked his foot, before he dropped his head, angry at the stupid tear trickling down his nose.

Negan watched for a moment, then pushed off the counter and slowly closed the distance. He held the glass of water to his sub's lips and made him drink, softly caressing the back of his head in the meantime. "There are exactly two scenarios that would cause me to leave you. One is that you want me to leave. And the other is that I die. Both are out of my control. But other than that I will stay by your side and honor the fucking promise I made. " He took the glass away but not his hand, combing gentle fingers through tousled hair. "We all can die at any moment and it really sucks. But I do everything in my fucking power to stay alive as long as possible. I don't eat crap, I try to stay fit, I don't smoke, I don't drink much. I would never drive a fucking car when I'm drunk or too tired." He tipped Daryl's chin up, looking down for eye contact. "That is all I can do. And I sure hope that you do the same for me and that we have a fucking long, great as hell time together."

Daryl hooked his fingers into the belt loops of Negan's pants as he glanced up, trying to get the small request out that burned in his heart. "Can you not work so much."

A faint smile softened Negan's features and he pursed his lips, shaking his head once. "I love my work, it keeps me fit. But I sure could use more breaks in between. Fucking quality time with my boys." He cocked an eyebrow. "How about a two-day getaway, no work, just you sucking my dick in a fucking hotel bed."

Daryl nodded instantly. "Okay."

"Okay." Negan smiled at the eager response and cupped his sub's cheek, then pinched his chin before he stepped back to break the contact. "Now take that chair back and put your fucking pillow on the floor. No sleeping in my bed for a week. And if you ever hide any of my shit again you sleep downstairs for a month. Is that understood."

"Yes." Daryl hated the punishment with every fiber of his being. And having the possibility taken away to hide the car keys again was a scary thought. But he nodded anyway and courageously got up to ask permission for physical contact. "Can I touch you."

"May you touch me?" Negan grabbed his sub by the shoulder, pulling him in close. "You may give me a fucking hug and say I'm sorry Sir."

"I'm sorry Sir." Daryl buried his face into the soft fabric of a luxurious shirt, all the stress and worry falling like heavy rocks off his shoulders as soon as strong arms embraced him, so tight it almost hurt. He didn't mind. He wanted it to hurt. He wanted to feel it as much as possible. All the strength and power of mighty, tall Negan. His man. Active, loud and very much alive.

----

It was not even ten in the evening when the owner and CEO of Leather Factory Inc. slept soundly on his side of the bed, his alarm clock set correctly for 6:30 in the morning, a bunch of knickknack and trinkets laying exposed on the blank mattress next to him. Because the thick pillow they were usually covered with lay on the floor, right in front of his nightstand. Along with several blankets, arranged like an oddly shaped nest.

In its middle, resting peacefully on his back, slept a young man, his legs pulled up and spread to the sides, one arm next to his head, the other hand held safely by his rightful owner, up in the big bed.
Chapter End Notes

Off to Europe :)


"What happens here." Daryl glared at the wide open space with all the luxurious leather seats and people in suits. After check-in, dropping their luggage off and being herded through long security lines, patted down and threatened with the weird beeping thing, he thought they would finally board the plane now. But instead, they went to a posh restaurant-like room for rich people. He didn't like it.

"It's the lounge." Negan checked something on his phone and then slipped it into his pocket. "We're having something to eat and relax a bit."

Daryl sniffed his nose, gesturing towards the building’s glass front. "'s almost dark." They had no time for dinner. They would surely miss the plane.

"It's an overnight flight." Jesus took his beanie off, tousling his hair in the process. "With beds and pajamas." He was so excited that he felt all giddy. Just 10 more hours and they would wake up in a true kingdom. The destination of his dreams. The land of milk and honey. Oh, he would vlog the whole time and snap a trillion pictures.

"No." Daryl glowered at Paul and his blunt assumption, "'s not true."

"Of course it's true." Negan put a hand on his sub's back, guiding him towards a table in the far back of the room where hopefully nobody would bother them. "I don't sit through a fucking 8 hours flight, waiting for a thrombosis to kick in while my boys spill fucking juice and pudding all over my good pants. Might as well get some shut-eye."

"It was tiramisu." Paul corrected. "And the juice wasn't my fault, the lady with the cart bumped into me."

"Mhm." Negan snapped his fingers. "Sit."

Daryl slid onto the posh leather seat next to Paul, looking around uneasily. He didn't know they would wear pajamas and have a plane with beds inside. He flicked his head to get some hair out of his eyes when Negan sat down across from him, immediately studying the menu. "'s it with seatbelts?"

Negan didn't look up. "Will we be able to put seatbelts on while sleeping?" Herb-roasted shrimp with baby arugula, Tuscan kale, and grilled avocado. God, he was fucking hungry. "Of course. Don't want my puppy to roll off the fucking bed when it gets a bit bumpy, right?"

---

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. Welcome aboard British Airways flight 226 from Atlanta Hartsfield-Jackson to London Heathrow. We've reached our cruising altitude of 36,000 feet and
Daryl looked from left to right and then back over his shoulder, trying to locate the female voice providing them with information. He wasn't sure if he liked the bedroom-plane. There were many rows of normal seats, but a very polite flight attendant had led them right past them, through a thick blue curtain and now they were seated in private, booth-like cabins.

He was next to Paul, but their seats weren't connected. There was a separator between them that could be raised or lowered by a touch of a button. They had tables and tv screens, a reading lamp, noise-canceling headphones and a small closet with a bag inside. An amenity kit provided by the airline, with a toothbrush, eyemask, earplugs, socks and other things, all individually wrapped in plastic.

Daryl sniffed his nose when a lady came and put a small bowl of warm nuts and a glass with something fizzy on his table, asking him if he wanted anything else. He didn't answer, just shook his head and then opened his seatbelt because the green sign had gone off and he wanted to get up to see Negan.

He had the seat at the window to his right, but there was an aisle between them and he could only see his legs, casually stretched out, resting on the footrest, while his upper body was shielded by the weird plastic wall of his cabin-booth.

"Do your ears hurt?" Negan didn't open his eyes when his sub appeared in his first class suite. He was actually really comfortable.

For a moment, Daryl considered to say yes, because then Negan would make him hold his breath and squeeze his nose. But he had promised to be good all day, so he rather said the truth. "No." He gestured to his own seat. "I have nuts." Maybe he could serve some as a snack.

"I know." A slight smirk wandered over Negan's relaxed features. "Fucking pretty ones."

It took a couple of seconds for Daryl to understand the joke. He furrowed his brows, wrapping an arm around his chest.

Negan chuckled, hearing something similar to a very low growl. "Grumpy puppy." He opened his eyes and held his hand out, "Come here." then grabbed his sub's wrist and pulled him down on his lap. "I got my own. We eat them later, right."

"Okay." Daryl liked this seating arrangement much better. On Negan's lap, able to look out of the window, he just wished Jesus would stop playing video games and join them, too.

"You like traveling first class?" Negan stretched his tired muscles, taking a sip of water as he rubbed Daryl's back with the other hand.

Daryl shrugged. He didn't like it much because he rather wanted a seat right next to Negan. But he didn't want to say that and just sniffed his nose, flicking a strand of hair to the side. "Where's the bed."

"The seat turns into a bed." Negan closed his eyes again, drawing circles up and down his sub's spine. "But we eat something first and you wanna brush your teeth and report."

Daryl wrinkled his nose underneath his tousled bangs. He really didn't want to sleep here. "m not
"sleepin' here."

"'course you do. You wanna be fit in the morning. Will be a fucking long day."

---

54 minutes later it was fully dark outside and Daryl glowered at the white tablecloth the flight attendant had put on his small table, along with silverware and a bowl of red soup. Just because he hadn't been brave enough to ask for fries and a burger like Jesus.

"Fucking look at that." A tall man came down the aisle after visiting the first class restroom and stopped by his seat, combing three fingers through his hair. "Are you making healthy food choices like a good boy?"

"Hm." Daryl nodded, glancing up. "You can have it." He even had weird bread with seeds inside.

"I have my own. It is harissa soup. It's good. Try it." Negan bent down to kiss his sub's head, gave the happy boy on the seat next to him a wink, and sat down again to enjoy his dinner. The second one tonight. He was on vacation after all. At least right now.

Daryl looked after Negan and then stared for 11 seconds at his soup before he grabbed one of the spoons the lady had put on his table and dipped it in. He sniffed at the thick red liquid, licked it... and ate the rest in under two minutes because it tasted absolutely awesome. And as soon as his bowl was empty, the polite lady returned and replaced it with a new plate, explaining that it was prune and gorgonzola stuffed chicken. There were also broccoli and strange green leaves on the side. Daryl ate it all and then a french fry from Jesus because it was held in front of his mouth.

"DADDY?" Paul didn't get up or took his headphones down but raised his voice to make himself heard. "WOULD YOU MIND IF WE HAVE THE SALTED CARAMEL FUDGE CAKE FOR DESSERT?"

A wealthy businessman clad in a white, ankle-length Arab garment looked confusedly up from his notebook and 73-year-old Lady Patricia Thompson, who was on her way home, coughed, almost choking on her amuse bouche.

The tall man on seat 1K groaned, put his fork down, dropped his cloth napkin on his seat as he got up and crossed the aisle to have a private word with boy number two.

"Oh hi." Paul smiled sheepishly when Negan was right next to him all of sudden.

Negan arched his brows in a warning. "Fucking feet down, sit straight and no music while fucking dinner." He took the headphones off his sub's head. "Behave or you ride fucking coach on the way home."

"But I love my rich-bitch seat." Paul ducked his head guiltily, caressing the white tablecloth with loving fingers. "I'm good."

"You better be." Negan patted Paul's cheek none too gently and went to leave, approaching their personal first class flight attendant on the way back to his seat. "Jennifer. The gentlemen on E and F share the cheese platter and dessert number 2. And we'd like to have our beds made in an hour."

"Of course, Sir." Stewardess Jennifer beamed like a Christmas tree and at the same time blushed violently at the exceptionally attractive passenger and his deep, sultry voice. "Please let me know if I can do anything else for you." She melted a little when he gave her a warm smile and touched her shoulder, telling her the most gravelly 'Thank you' that had ever passed her auditory canal.
"Sweet." Paul checked the menu and was pleased to find the words **caramel** and **fudge** behind #2 in the dessert section. "Dibs on the whipped cream!"

Daryl opened his mouth for another crispy french fry and sniffed his nose, happy that he wouldn't have to talk to the cabin girl again because the rest of the food and the bed-making had been already ordered.

---

Almost three hours into the flight, passenger 1K relaxed in the light of the reading lamp with a nightcap on ice and a bit of classic British comedy while he read through the reports he had received. They were detailed, honest and sounded satisfyingly positive. He sipped his drink, corrected three minor grammar errors and then stretched his legs out on the undeniably comfortable bed his seat had transformed into. It had been a good idea to invest in a bit more luxury, he had to admit. It was also fun to spoil his subs, who enjoyed the experience each in their own way.

He crossed his ankles and groaned as he leaned back into all the extra pillows Jennifer had brought him, flipping through the photos of the day. Four he had snapped himself. Daryl with his suitcase posing shyly in front of an aircraft model at the airport. Paul sitting on Daryl's lap in the first class lounge with a bag of gluten-free pretzels. Daryl gazing mesmerized out of the window 36,000 feet above the ground. Both of his boys coming in identical dark blue airline pj's out of the lavatory, looking like twins.

There were also some photos that Paul had attached to his report. Pictures of all the food he had consumed during the day, Daryl wearing his headphones, a cute Asian flight attendant, a random shot of a can of coke, a selfie with Daryl cuddling together on one seat, and a mirror shot of them both brushing their teeth in the first class airplane bathroom.

The last two pictures came from Daryl and had turned out a bit blurry. A fluffy white blanket of clouds at sunset somewhere above the Atlantic ocean and Negan himself, standing tall and proud in the middle of the airport.

He loved them all, saved them under 'March 2018', then drank the rest of his Baileys and got up.

"Will you sleep like that?" He glanced down at the two young men tightly embraced on Daryl's narrow bed. "You'll get a fucking cramp."

Jesus smiled sweetly, seeing one of his Dads hovering over him. "No, but blue balls. The puppy humps me."

Daryl scowled, punching Paul's chest. "I'm not." It had been the other way around.

"Ksst. Don't." Negan grabbed his sub's chin. "You wanna tell me goodnight. It's late."

"G' night." Daryl sniffed his nose, wishing they could be home in the big bed.

Jesus kissed his fingertips, then touched Negan's lips with them. "Sleep well, Sir."

"You too." Negan kissed Paul's thumb, then bend down for a brief peck on Daryl's lips. "Will you dream something nice for me?"

"Hm." Daryl nodded. Negan was really very pretty. "Yes."

"Yeah?" A faint smile flickered through Negan's eyes. "What will you dream of. Tell me."
Daryl blinked when his long bangs were brushed out of his face. He pointed at Negan's chest.  
"You."

The smile extended over Negan's whole face and he leaned in for another kiss, spiced up with a tiny lip-bite. "Make it a good one then."

Two hours later, 36,000 feet above the north Atlantic, Daryl woke up panting, the hair on the back of his neck damp, gruesome pictures of a completely destroyed Tahoe and a lifeless Negan covered in blood tumbling through his head. He sat up, thinking for a moment he would be at the hospital. In a narrow spare bed, together with Jesus. But then a steady humming noise seeped into his drowsy brain, a person coughing, a stewardess walking by. He tucked some hair behind his ear and climbed off the weird bed he had been resting on. The carpeting of the narrow aisle was cool and rough beneath his feet and Negan's seat by the window was shielded by a dark blue curtain the cabin crew had drawn shut for more privacy. He rubbed his eye with the heel of his hand, hesitant of whether he should disturb or not but then the ugly, numb feeling filling his chest won. He moved the curtain a bit and found a tall man resting peacefully on his back, on perfectly white bedding, no blood or horrible tubes and wires.

Negan inhaled deeply, opening his eyes. "What's wrong."

Daryl raised one shoulder, then gestured to the blue seatbelt strap dangling onto the floor from somewhere underneath the covers. "You forgot your belt." His observation sounded a bit gruff but he meant it nicely.

Negan groaned and reached for his phone to check the time. Still three hours until their arrival. He dropped his head back into the pillows, pulling his blanket back. "Go ahead."

Daryl sniffed his nose and after a moment of uncertainty sank to his knees to put the seatbelt around his owner's waist. He had to search for the second strap underneath the covers and it was a bit difficult to snap the buckle shut but in the end it sat snugly on a pair of luxurious Lacoste sweatpants. Daryl liked it, just as the warm flat belly underneath, revealed by a slightly askew shirt.

"Thanks." Negan combed three fingers through the longish hair at the back of Daryl's neck, pausing when he found it damp with sweat. He felt the man's temple and forehead just to make sure it wasn't a fever and then folded his blanket back completely. "Come here." There wasn't any hesitation and he liked his sub's weight and scent wrapping around him in pure gratitude. He covered them both up again and closed his eyes. "No wriggling."

Daryl's whole body got flooded with relief and a deep sense of comfort. He rested his head on a broad chest and pulled his legs up left and right from Negan's thighs, straddling him in his lying position. Then sighed contentedly, pressed his nose into the soft fabric of a white shirt, brushed his lips over the pebbled nipple he felt underneath and shifted his hips from left to right.

"Sst." Negan pulled his arms breathtakingly tight around his sub's body, keeping him from moving. "No fucking wriggling I said."

Daryl held his breath, lying completely still for 28 seconds, before he exhaled, letting his breath soak hotly through Negan's shirt. It dampened the fabric and he poked his tongue to the hard nub underneath, then caught it with his teeth.

It made Negan's dick twitch. He slid a hand along the side of Daryl's face, beneath his hair, cupping the back of his neck to squeeze once and make him look up. He kissed him, "Naughty boy." pulled
him up a bit, out of the danger zone, and let his hand rest on his head. "Are you excited about London?"

"Hm." Daryl pressed his nose against Negan's neck. He wasn't sure if he was excited. "What happens there."

"What happens in London?" Negan stroked up and down Daryl's back, then slipped three fingers beneath the waistband of the man's pajama bottoms. "The UK BDSM conference is this weekend, we will work there, Rick and Shane join us on Friday." He caressed the very top of his sub's butt crack, loving the goosebumps he caused. "Until then I will relax and fuck my boys and have some horrible British food."

Daryl sniffed his nose, trying not to move. He really wished Negan would wear a rubber glove. "'s it with sugar."

Negan chuckled quietly, placing a kiss on tousled hair. "Sugar, salt, and fucking fat. Tons of it."

Daryl listened, enjoying the vibrations humming through a broad chest into his own. He reached a hand out to gently stroke the side of Negan's face and his hair. "We can take some from here." Harissa soup and chicken with plums inside.

"Yes?" Negan closed his eyes, something warm poking near his heart at the sound of Daryl's serious tone and the clumsy fingers caressing his hair. Fucking puppy. "Should we ask Jennifer to pack some veggies and nuts for us."

Daryl's fingers stilled for a moment as he thought the suggestion over. "No." He didn't like it, though. "I can do it."

"Mhm. I'll send you through fucking Hyde Park." Negan felt a pleasant tiredness crawl through his body. "Puppy can catch some ducks and squirrels."

At 6:58 AM, 36,000 feet above the north Atlantic, Daryl was lulled back to sleep by the aircraft's steady humming noise and his owner's deep, comforting voice and body heat, while exciting images of himself hunting food for Negan danced through his head, leaving no room for anything else.

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"Aaaand good morning in London my little lamb chops!" Jesus smiled brightly into the camera as he strutted through the busy hallways of Terminal 5, slipping his passport back into his leather duster. "We just arrived, the weather is splendid-" He panned the camera towards the pretty downpour on the other side of the building's glass front and the young man pressing his nose against the pane to have a first look at the new environment. "- and our sweet Puppy is really excited to be here! Right luv?"

Daryl turned around with a grim expression. He wasn't sure why Jesus spoke in a weird accent all of sudden and he also felt severely pranked because the country outside the window looked just like Georgia, only a bit wetter. There wasn't any castle, palace or people on horses like in a real kingdom. Not even any gold or diamonds. Just normal buildings, trees and cars and everyone wore ordinary clothing. This was bullshit.

"Uuh blimey, Puppy is grouchy." Paul put an arm around Daryl's shoulders to head towards the baggage reclaim. "I mean, we have been able to get a bit of sleep, but- let's be real..." He zoomed in on his own face, opening his eyes really wide. "Jet lag is nature's way of making you look like your passport photo."
"Boys! Move it!" Negan snapped his fingers harshly, having no patience for any form of dawdling after spending 58 unnecessary minutes circling Heathrow before they had been given permission to land. If he wanted to be on a fucking fairground ride he would have booked a trip to Disneyland.

"Hss." Paul winced into the camera, ducking his head. "Poor sleep deprived Daddy. He needs a cuddle."

"PAUL!"

"Coming, Sir!" He took Daryl by the hand, starting to jog through the crowd with a brief wink to his audience. "See ya later, mates and muggers!"

----

After needing almost an hour to get all the luggage back, spending another thirty minutes in customs to explain why one of his subs had a backpack full of cooked eggs, ham and breakfast sausage in his possession, and waiting 40 minutes for the private car Eugene had booked beforehand to assure a relaxed trip from the airport to the hotel, Negan's mood wasn't the best.

He dropped into the backseat, pulled the door shut and gestured for the driver to start while biting back a comment about the soggy, food-scented bag Daryl clutched on his lap. He sighed and got his wallet out to store a bundle of exchanged money away.

"Uh, pounds!" Jesus leaned over Daryl to have a better look at the foreign currency. "It's so pretty!" He took one of the bills and held it against the very gloomy daylight coming through the car window. "Look, it's Her Majesty! May I keep it?"

"Yes." Negan handed a £50 note to Daryl as well to keep it even and then lifted off the seat to tuck his wallet into his back pocket, "You also wanna sit and buckle up."

Daryl sniffed his nose, staring at the strange dollar bill. It had a picture of a curly-haired man with a crown. He held it up for Negan to see. "s it the king?"

"It's Elizabeth II." Negan found a chapstick in his jacket and felt at least three percent better after using it. "She's the Queen here."

"Hm." Daryl nodded, looking back at the paper money. He had imagined that a queen would look differently. With long hair and a pink dress.

"It's yours. Put it in your wallet, you don't wanna lose it." Another twenty percent of stress fell off Negan's shoulders when his sub glanced up at him in humble gratitude, mumbling a shy 'Thank you' before the £50 note was stuffed awkwardly into a pretty leather wrist wallet, crinkling up hopelessly in the process. And he knew that the money would never be spent, but would instead share the fate of several other precious items in Daryl's possession, hidden underneath a pillow. "You're welcome." He patted his sub's knee and then leaned back and closed his eyes, listening to Jesus torturing the poor chauffeur with 101 questions about left-hand driving.

----

"And did you know that British cars have the steering wheel on the right side of the cabin because historically, they wanted to keep their right hand free to use a sword whilst riding a horse or driving a carriage?" Jesus put one knee on his wheeled suitcase and held on to the retractable handle, scooting along the shiny hallway.

"Yes." Negan stepped into the hotel's elevator, patting his thigh to make Daryl follow. "I was there
when he fucking told you." He was also tired and had a serious headache.

"Oh right." Paul parked his makeshift scooter in the back of the elevator and sat down on it, studying the brochure he had snagged in the lobby. "Ha!" He held a hand up for Daryl to share a triumphant high-five. "Indoor infinity pool on level 52!"

Daryl touched his palm half-heartedly to Paul's fingers, not sure where to look first. The hotel was located in a gigantic skyscraper that looked like a shard of glass from the outside and was very luxurious from the inside. They were by now in the third elevator but still hadn't reached their room on the 37th floor. His stomach felt weird being so high up. It was even much higher than the factory's rooftop.

"Daryl." Negan went through all the pockets in his jacket. "Did you take my fucking phone again."

Daryl shook his head but pulled a smartphone out of his jacket a second later. "'m just holdin' it." He shrunk a couple of inches under the stern icy stare he received and lowered his head, glowering at the shiny marble floor until the golden elevator doors opened with a faint 'bing'.

Negan held the warning stare for another moment before he turned around to leave, harshly snapping his fingers.

----

The Westminster suite of the Shangri-La hotel at the Shard was a luxury one-bedroom suite with a walk-in closet, separate living room, a fully equipped office, a private bar, generous dining area for up to 8 people and a large, open marble-clad en-suite bathroom. It also offered personal butler service, that Negan declined because he was traveling with both of his submissives and didn't need any more people tending to his needs.

Thanks to the floor-to-ceiling windows the view was stunning in every direction. From St. Paul’s Cathedral, the Tower of London and Tower Bridge, to the meandering river Thames along Canary Wharf. And to make the panorama view-experience perfect for their guests, the hotel provided several leather chaise longues to relax right by the windows, binoculars and a telescope for a more detailed look at the city, and even the bathtub was located at the suite's glass front to enjoy a spectacular view while taking a bath.

Jesus was in awe. "Oh my..." He abandoned his suitcase at the door, went straight towards the impressive glass front enclosing the entire suite and put both hands flat on the pane, gazing down at the city. "It's like we're in an aquarium! In the sky!"

Daryl wrinkled his nose and stayed close to the entry. He wasn't sure if he liked to be in a room on the 37th floor that had no solid walls, but glass all around.

Negan closed the door and handed his sub two bags. "Find the closet, start unpacking."

The strict tone made Daryl's stomach clench. He scowled, grabbing the luggage defiantly. "'was just holdin' it." Maybe Negan hadn't heard his explanation the first time. Maybe his ears were already damaged because he was on the phone so often.

Negan arched his brows, pointing towards the bedroom. "Find the fucking closet. Unpack."

Daryl's scowl grew deeper. He wanted to say something but then just growled angrily and went to the bedroom, dragging the bags and Paul's suitcase along. He hated England.

"What?" Jesus made big eyes when he turned around and found a small, very elaborate birthday
cake on the long dining table. It had his name on top, written in elegant chocolate letters. "For me? But it's March." He smiled in surprise and took the card lying next to the cake plate.

_Sorry I missed your birthday._

_Enjoy London._

_Love, Daddy_

He glanced up at Negan, back down again at the beautiful birthday card and its private message, slipped it back into the envelope like a precious treasure and went to embrace one of his Dads. Tightly. "You..."

"Don't get too excited," Negan smirked, wrapping his arms around the slender body. "It's sugar-free."

Jesus didn't say anything, but he smiled and took Negan's face in both hands, rising up on his tip-toes for a kiss. A peck with open eyes, then another one and a third, before he closed his eyes and parted his lips, thinking of three very special words when he was kissed deeply.

Negan hummed in appreciation and patted his sub's butt as he pulled back. "You wanna order us some lunch." He placed another kiss on damp lips, "Something light if you plan to eat that cake afterwards." and left to check on boy number one in the bedroom. He found him lying on the gigantic, Emperor size bed, curled up on his side, sulkily fumbling with the corner of a decorative silk pillow.

Negan chuckled low in his throat, shaking his head when he discovered all the luggage untouched in front of the closet. "Yeah, right." He snapped his fingers and pointed two down at the plush carpeting. Then swatted one of Daryl's shoes when he didn't move instantly. "Down!"

Daryl hesitated a moment longer even though his heart pounded really fast and his ears grew hot. And when he finally followed the order, he just slid off the bed to slouch on the floor and glare daggers at the carpet.

"No." Negan made a step forward and adopted a wider stance, his feet pushing between his sub's thighs, his legs touching the man's head and chest. He straightened to his full height and snapped his fingers again, right next to Daryl's ear this time, pleased when the slouched posture was reluctantly corrected. "For as long as we're here all the furniture in this suite is mine. Chairs, bed, couch, the fucking pot. You wanna use it, you fucking ask." He slapped Daryl's cheek lightly when he attempted to say something. "I am talking! Not you!"

Instead of trying to retreat, the urge to get closer got really bad and Daryl huffed a breath and leaned his forehead against grey pants, his heart almost jumping out of his chest.

"I asked you not to take my stuff anymore and yet you fucking did! And instead of making amends you behave like a rude little shit!" Negan grabbed the top of his sub's head, forcing him to look at the pile of luggage in front of the wardrobe. "What the fuck is that! Should I unpack that shit myself or get someone of the hotel staff to do it?"

Both options sounded horrible to Daryl's ears, and he didn't want Jesus to do it either because he wanted to be the good one and get a raisin. He tried to avoid his eyes, his chest heaving. "No."

"Damn well right I fucking shouldn't!" Negan released him and instead squatted down, snapping his fingers for eye contact. "A fucking reminder on how the chain of command works." He arched his brows. "I say it, you fucking do it. End of chain." When Daryl meant to look away he grabbed his
chin and raised his voice. "AM I CLEAR!"

"Hm." Daryl wanted to nod but it didn't work.

"WHAT!"

Five fingers reached out to search for support, clawing into the rough fabric of Negan's pants. "'s clear." Daryl smacked his lips nervously when dark eyebrows lifted half an inch higher, not satisfied with the answer. "Sir."

"Good." Negan gritted his teeth, letting go of his sub's chin. "Now you open that fantastic walk-in closet and unpack all our shit as I like it. Then you come to the dining room and apologize. Then we eat." He waited for the small nod he knew would come and copied it with a stern look before he got up and left. "You may start."

Daryl blinked after his tall, angry owner, missing him already. He wanted to follow, preferably on all fours because Negan liked that best, and hide between long legs underneath the dining table, eating green beans and small pieces of chicken directly from Negan's fingers. But he wasn't allowed to. He had to take care of the luggage first. And it was a very big pile of luggage. He looked at all the suitcases, crawled over to open one of them and was immediately greeted by the scent of familiar washing powder. It made him feel better instantly.

45 minutes later, seven empty duffle bags and suitcases were stored away on the lower shelf in the spacious walk-in closet and all the clothes, shoes, underwear and jackets had found a place. Some a better place than others maybe, but nothing lay on the ground. The fetish gear was hidden behind a wardrobe door, so the cleaning lady wouldn't get frightened, the toys were put into a large drawer and Negan's favorite riding crop hung on a hook at the wall with the handle up. Daryl carried the laptop and charger into the office and then kept his head down when he entered the dining area of the living room, holding a slightly crinkled paper sheet in hand with some blue crosses and a lot of empty squares. "'m done."

Negan sat at the head of the long table while Paul sat to his left. And even though a plate stood by the unclaimed chair to Negan's right side, Daryl knelt down on the ground, soaking the praising words he received up like a sponge.

"Good job, remembering the rules." Negan reached out to comb his fingers through tousled hair, then took the piece of paper out of Daryl's hands and put it on the table. "I will put that up for you after lunch. We'll find a nice place for it, right."

"Yes." The friendly words and gentle touch made Daryl's insides explode with happiness.

"You want to apologize now?"

He nodded and shifted nervously on his ankles, flicking his head once. "'m sorry."

Negan cut the salmon on his plate. "What are you sorry for?"

"Takin' your phone." Daryl sniffed his nose with a glance up. "'n bein' rude."

"Mhm." Negan nodded, tapping his finger on the table next to Paul's fork, reminding him to use it.

"You wanna behave from now on and be my good boy?"

"Hm." Daryl wanted that more than anything and straightened his back even more, putting both arms behind his back. "Yes."
"Very nice." Negan took a piece of fish with his fingers and shoved it between Daryl's lips. "That's making me damn happy."

Daryl couldn't contain the smile that stretched all over his face. He liked Negan so much. And salmon.

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"No, we will rest a bit and go out tonight, I guess." Negan leaned back in his chair, holding his phone in one hand while he tickled the back of Paul's neck with other. "Did you close shop already?" He listened to his employee and tried to ignore the crumbs and buttercream on the luxurious carpet and Daryl's shirt. It wasn't his fault that Paul was bad at feeding cake. "Well, good. Then go home and spoil your man."

"Have fun, Daddy!" Jesus shouted to the left while maneuvering a full fork of cake between Daryl's lips.

Negan held the phone out for his sub. "Here, he wants to talk to you."

"Oh." Paul took it, "Hello Sir!" handed the dessert plate over to Negan and got up to speak to Rick in private in the next room. "Will Shane wear his new leather pants? Can you send me a picture?"

Daryl looked after Jesus and then glanced up at the tall man on the chair. He flicked his head to get some hair out of his eyes and opened his mouth. Wide. The cake was awesome.

Negan smiled faintly but put the cake on the table. He ate a bit himself, drank a sip of his tea and finally wiped some buttercream off the plate with his fingers and held it out for his sub. "Is that tasty?"

"Hm." Daryl nodded, his eyes on Negan's face as he licked it off the man's thumb.

"It is, right?" Negan agreed, enjoying the feeling of a wet tongue on his hand. "You also look fucking good down there." He forced his thumb between Daryl's lips, all the way in, then leaned in close to nuzzle a warm face. "Makes me want to keep you on that floor, crawling around like a sweet puppy for my enjoyment." He cupped the back of his sub's head and pushed his thumb in half an inch more, licking the corner of a damp mouth. It tasted like cake. "All naked, just wearing my fucking collar." He inhaled the scent of Daryl's skin, loving when his thumb was sucked greedily. "You'd like that, wouldn't you. Presenting your gorgeous ass for me."

Daryl wanted to nod but his head was held in a tight grip. He exhaled around Negan's thumb then tried to suck it deeper into his mouth.

"Yeah, you would love that, naughty boy." Negan closed his eyes, rubbing his nose along his sub's glowing cheek. "But first you wanna take a nap."

Daryl made a small sound of protest in the back of his throat. He didn't want to sleep now.

"Mh." Negan nodded. "Yes, you do. You wanna be good for me and pick a spot somewhere on that nice warm carpet. Curl up like a good puppy for a nap so you'll be fit to serve me later tonight." He moved his thumb slowly back and forth, kissing the side of Daryl's nose. "Right?" He got a muffled 'yes' as an answer and rewarded it immediately, whispering "Good boy." before he replaced his thumb with his mouth and tongue, sharing a deep, claiming kiss.

----
At almost 2 PM on the 37th floor of the Shangri-La hotel in London, Daryl Dixon slept on the thick, expensive carpeting between couch and coffee table, out like a light after hours of traveling. His knees pulled up, his butt in the air, chest down and lips slightly parted, producing a small glistening puddle of spit, while gentle fingers played with his hair.

Paul rested on the couch. He was so tired, he had difficulties to keep his eyes open. "Sir?" He curled a strand of Daryl's hair around his index finger.

"Hm." Negan pulled his sub tighter against his chest, spooning him cozily, his arms wrapped around a slender middle.

"Thank you for taking us here." Paul nestled his butt into Negan's crotch. "It's perfect."

Negan slipped his hand underneath his sub's shirt, caressing a flat stomach."You're welcome."

Jesus took a deep breath, lazily combing his fingers through Daryl's long hair. "Sir?"

"Hm."

"You know what would make it all even more perfect?" He stroked the side of Daryl's face with the back of his fingers. He was so soft and pretty.

Negan didn't open his eyes. "No fucking him."

Paul squinted, his fingers stilling. "Not even a -"

"No." Negan swatted his sub's warm stomach lightly. "Sleep."

"Okay." Paul closed his eyes with a slight shrug, wriggling his round ass cheeks deeper into one of his Dads crotches. He could wait until next Christmas.

Chapter End Notes

Please (please?) don't harass me with 'Negan is abusive' messages. His decisions and behavior (not only for this chapter but the whole 'Make Me' storyline) is explained in the first part of AFTERCARE - Make Me - Chapter 2 Hide and Seek, where he speaks about it in his seminar.

Have a wonderful Sunday, lovely reader!puppies <3
Pastimes

Chapter Summary

This is not a chapter. It is Mim being bored at the doctor, missing his boys.

Chapter Notes

I NEED MY BUGGER TO CHEER ME UP AND CUDDLE DADDY (╯︵╰,)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Good evening from the beautiful rainy city of London!" Jesus stood near the floor-to-ceiling windows, filming the panoramic view from their hotel suite for his loyal Youtube followers. "Isn't it pretty? The Thames..." he made two steps to the right with his phone. "The Tower over there. The Bridge. Beautiful, right? I will show you more of the city tomorrow when we do a bit of sightseeing and tourist stuff." He filmed himself as he walked over to the huge sofas in the middle of the living room, but sat down on the floor, next to the young man who already knelt there. "Today after all the traveling we are kind of jet-lagged and lazy. We took a nap and now we're waiting for the big boss-man to finish some work before we head out for dinner." He leaned his head on Daryl's shoulder, "So I figured I use the time and do the little Q&A I promised you guys for months. And because you're always asking for the Pup... Here he is! Looking pretty while I answer your Q's." He grinned, batting his eyelashes. "So let's dive right in. Like an open hole at a sloppy party."

Daryl gave him a side glance, frowning. "Hm?"

"Hu?" Paul feigned innocence, then cleared his throat, reading the first question off Daryl's phone while filming with his own. "Anyway. Firefly87 asked, What's your favorite motion-lotion AKA lube?" He squinted one eye, smirking, "Slick." then tucked a strand of hair behind his ear, getting more serious. "Well, personally I like silicone-based lube because it stays slickest the longest, BUT I am usually not the one choosing the lubricant, and all of my Dads prefer water-based lubes because it's condom safe, toy safe, doesn't stain and is very kink friendly. Like you know, great for fisting and you can use it during electrical play. The negative side is that it usually doesn't stay wet that long because our bodies absorb water and then that stuff can get really tacky." He wrinkled his nose, not a fan of sticky lube in his butt.

Daryl listened attentively, looking at Jesus. "You can add more water." He knew because Negan did that often during long fisting sessions and he loved the gooey results.

"Oh yes, of course." Paul agreed. "You can add a bit of water or even spit and everything is nice and slippery again." He smiled. "Next question. DrMorales says, Hey Jesus, how many Daddies do you have?" He held three fingers up. "Three permanent and occasionally one for just a scene or night." He had to squint and hold the phone closer to read the next question. "FranzTahn22arbaugh... asks, What is your TV guilty pleasure?" He didn't have to think very long. "Oh boy, the Alaskan Bush people."
Daryl nodded enthusiastically into the camera. "Hm."

"Definitely, he got me addicted." Jesus nudged Daryl's arm, nodding as well as he scrolled through the next questions. "Bellobarkbark11 asks, What do you want to be your kinky superpower." He chuckled. "Being self-purifying because I'm lazy? And to get hard on command. Boom, just like that."

Daryl chuckled, too, snapping his fingers like Negan always did. It would be funny if it worked that way.

"GunnerPena wants to know what our real-life names are." Paul grinned from ear to ear, tipping his temple against Daryl's hair. "Puppy and Jesus. Literally, on the payroll at our place of work, it says Puppy and Jesus. We don't go by any other name." He arched a brow. "Not anymore..." He scrolled past three questions that sounded too obscene for Youtube and read the next one in a more serious tone. "Shaimaanahdi301 asks, how do you feel about hateful comments on social media?" He looked into the camera, shrugging. "You know what they say, opinions are like assholes. Everyone's got one. Some people know how to clean out but some poor creatures will forever be full of shit." He shrugged again, keeping a perfectly straight face while the young man next to him couldn't contain his laughter. "It's true. That's how the saying goes."

"Hja." Daryl shook his head and rubbed his eyes, sighing.

"Mister Fiddlestick wants to know, What's the hierarchy in your kink family? Hmm..." Paul scratched his bearded chin. "Well, as you might have guessed, Negan is the chief, the head, the boss of ev-er-y-thing. What he says always goes, for all of us. I also have two other Dads and I submit to them, but they are both subordinate to Negan in their decision making. And while Puppy is respectful towards them, he is only submissive to Negan. He is Negan's partner and main sub. But I guess between us subs, I am kind of the Alpha?" He squinted one eye, shrugging. "It's hard to explain, but you get the idea."

Daryl seemed to agree with everything, because he nodded into the camera, sniffing his nose.

"Patchel oxfir says, Hey Jesus, what are your three favorite Pokemon? Keep up the good work! Love your channel!" Paul didn't miss a beat to answer the question. "Thanks, Patchel! My faves are Arcanine because he is a badass puppy, Jynx, the most iconic Dragqueen of all times and of course Machamp because hello?" He arched a brow close to the camera. "He has four hands. Do I need to say more." He kept his voice low and mysterious, "No, I don't." before picking the next question. "Neganlover2000 asks, What is in your fridge?" He chuckled. "Well, Neganlover two-thousand, we are not home right now and the stuff they have in the mini bar here is off-limits because it's basically crap like candy and lemonade. But at home, there's usually all kinds of great stuff in the refrigerator."

"Hm." Daryl shifted on his ankles. There was a lot of tasty food in the fridge at home.

"Right?" Jesus rested his head on Daryl's shoulder. "Like cottage cheese, and that thick Icelandic yogurt. The really good applesauce from Eden, roasted red pepper hummus. And we always have a big container with grapes and berries, but they have to be organic. Daddy is very particular about that."

"'n the pudding." Daryl nudged Paul's thigh.

"Oh God, yes! Tapioca pudding from Kozy Shack!"

"Hm." Daryl nodded, that was the one he meant.
"It is so good." Jesus rolled his eyes upwards with a satisfied grunt. "And the butter from Ireland!" He gave the camera an urgent look. "I swear it is so worth the extra dollar. It is the best!"

Daryl sniffed his nose, nudging Paul's hand. "'n mustard."

"That's right. Daddy is a mustard lover. He has this really big collection of fancy organic mustard with honey and horseradish and other stuff. Really yummy." He nodded, glancing at Daryl's phone for a new question. "Bondagequeen Millen asks, If you could live in a Disney movie, which one would it be?" He puckered his lips, moving them from left to right. "Hmm, tricky. I don't know, I really wanna be employed at Monsters, Inc. I would rock that. I'd be the top scarer. Or WALL-E. I'd like my own floaty chair. I'm lazy." He chuckled, patting Daryl's knee. "You'd be Ariel. You love swimming and diving and you are a massive hoarder."

Daryl didn't know why Jesus was laughing because he had never seen Ariel, but was pretty sure it was a movie about a mermaid and he didn't like the comparison.

"Jason-from-Grindr asks, What is your favorite and least favorite kink?" Jesus glanced at Daryl. "What do you say?"

Daryl held a fist up, a faint smile on his face. He loved fisting.

Jesus smiled back. "Yeah, I guess I'd go for fisting, too." He spoke into the camera, more serious. "And my least favorite kink would be needle and blood play. That stuff really freaks me out."

Daryl listened, sniffing his nose. "What is it." He had never seen play like that.

"Oh, you know," Paul pointed at his right nipple, "Like when you put needles through your skin or nipples, or you cut the skin or scratch it to draw a bit of blood. Some people find that very erotic." He could tell from the uneasy expression on Daryl's face that it wasn't anything he should talk about in greater detail without supervision. "What about you? Any kink you didn't like so far?" He received a shake of the head and put a hand on the back of Daryl's neck, stroking the soft skin there as he spoke to his audience again. "Yeah, that's a good example of Negan's expertise. He's amazing at introducing new stuff to his subs and knows exactly when's the right time. I doubt Puppy'll have a least favorite anytime soon, if ever." He gave the camera a smile, then read the next question.

"Skydiver Chan says, Hey Jesus, I love the look of leather gear but I am vegan. Any tips?" Jesus switched into full business mode. "Yeah, actually Skydiver Chan, the Leather Factory offers a great fetish gear line made of neoprene. Looks a lot like leather, feels great, is light and very fluid-friendly." He wagged an eyebrow, "You should check it out." and scrolled for the next question.

"Miscellaneous Spider wants to know, Is Negan the kind of guy who would offer you his leather jacket on a date if you are cold, and would he buy you a burger when you're hungry?" He laughed, shaking his head. "Negan is the kind of guy who would make sure that you go out appropriately fed and dressed, so you'd not get cold or hungry."

Daryl showed his approval, nodding with a tiny smirk.

"And he wouldn't buy you a burger, probably, but maybe smoked salmon or avocado toast."

"Hm." Daryl nodded again. Negan would also hold the toast and make him take a bite.

"But he would definitely share his jacket for comfort or as a special reward." Jesus was sure because it had happened several times. "Troy Baker asks, What's your favorite travel destination and why?" He raked a hand through his long hair, thinking a moment. "Uuh, I would say here? It had always been a dream of mine to visit the United Kingdom and I am absolutely thrilled that I'm here now. But I also like warm, sunny places." He nudged the young man to his right. "What about you, Puppy?"
Daryl wasn't sure if he liked England very much. The ocean and the cruise ship had been nice. But his favorite so far was the motorcycle trip with Negan and Jesus. He sniffed his nose, flicking his head. "Camping in the woods."

"I knew he'd say that." Paul crossed his legs to have a word with his subscribers. "You know we did that trip into the wilderness and he was like Indiana Jones or something while I was basically princess Peach, eaten by ticks and mosquitos. I couldn't even assemble the fricking tent." He arched his brows at the camera. "Or get the fire going." He formed an L with his fingers and held it in front of his forehead when Daryl laughed next to him.

"Hja." It was true. Jesus wasn't a nature-boy."You wouldn' survive a day."

Jesus squinted, first at Daryl, then at the camera. "Next question." He scrolled through the remaining comments and stopped at a nice one, that would maybe silence a lot of rumors and gossip that was out there ever since Negan's accident in January. "Cayman the caveman asks, What is Negan up to at the moment? He wasn't online much in the past months. Can you give us an update?" Paul kissed Daryl's cheek, "Be right back." and got up, filming himself as he walked to the fully equipped office the Westminster suite offered for its guests. "Well Cayman, thank you for your question. I could certainly give you an update..." He gave the door between living room and office a gentle knock before he opened. "But why don't we ask the big man himself?" He smiled at the camera, then politely greeted the tall man sitting at the desk. "Hello Daddy, would you mind if I come in?"

Negan didn't look up from his laptop screen. "No."

"I'm just filming a Q&A for my channel and people want to know what you're up to." Jesus went around the desk to stand next to Negan's chair. "They miss you."

"Mhm." Negan finished a last sentence then moved back with his chair, patting his thigh. "Here."

Paul slipped gracefully on Negan's lap, putting an arm around his shoulder as he filmed them both. "Would you like to greet Youtube?" He ran his fingers through the short hair over Negan's ear. "Maybe share your wisdom with my disciples?"

A very faint smile played around Negan's lips. He sighed, lifting one of his brows half an inch. "Yes. Get off the fucking internet and do something productive."

Jesus chuckled, nuzzling his cheek against one of his Dads perfectly trimmed facial hair. "There you have it, Cayman. Daddy is not a fan of chillaxing." He turned his head, kissing a sharp cheekbone. "He's a workaholic."

"I am committed." Negan clarified, patting his sub's leg. "And at the moment on vacation with my boys." He leaned back with another deep sigh, taking Paul's phone to hold it himself. "This weekend you can meet me at the UK BDSM conference. You wanna check the website for other upcoming events. And you also wanna leave the house and take a fucking long walk instead of staring at your computer the whole day." He gave his sub's subscribers a stern look, "Be good." and handed the phone back.

"Mh." Jesus gave his undefined affiliation an amorous sideglance. "Thank you, Sir."

"You're welcome." Negan made Paul get back up, wanting to finish his mail. "Get ready, we leave in 30 minutes."

"Yes, Sir." Paul kissed Negan's cheek once more and left the office, filming himself. "So, as you can see he is as gorgeous and busy as ever." He grinned, deciding that there was enough time for a last
question. "Maya37 asks, Are you and Puppy allowed to make out without permission?" Paul pursed
his lips, squinting into the camera. "Pff... sure we are!"

"No, you're not!"

The stern voice out of the office made him duck his head. "Okay, we're not." He went back to the
livingroom and slumped down on the sofa, ruffling Daryl's hair. "Daddy thought it would be good to
tighten the reins a bit, you kn-"

"Off the fucking furniture!"

Paul winced, instantly sliding off the couch to sit obediently next to boy number one on the carpet.
He took the phone closer to his face, whispering. "Fun fact, he also has bat senses and x-ray vision."

"Get ready I said!"

He smiled, tipping his head to the side to lean against Daryl's shoulder. "You heard it guys! Thanks
for watching. See you later!"

Chapter End Notes

I feel about 8% better. Now please excuse me while I hide the rest of the day under my
bed.
Starstruck

Chapter Summary

*I was advised to warn and tag more, so here you go:

Nothing to warn and tag in this one? Other than, it is tiny and boring? Also shows 24/7 D/s Lifestyle, total power exchange, Daryl being rebellious, Negan being strict as a result, and Jesus going through a serious 80's phase :) Here, dance with him:
https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PL1dAAITS5P-Zpq4KKbRcZXzWHMUan5qIM

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the long wait, puppies. Daily update until Sunday? Let's sniff some London air, shall we

See the end of the chapter for more notes

London's legendary nightlife had endless possibilities to make a night out an unforgettable experience. Taking in a spellbinding musical in the West End, watching a blockbuster at one of the big movie theatres at Leicester Square, exploring the vibrant club scene, or enjoying hot new bands in Soho or Shoreditch.

Leland Adams from Moniaive, a small enclave of peace and quiet in the southern uplands of Scotland, traveled with a very low budget, though, and therefore couldn't afford any extravagant evening entertainment in England's capital.

In order to save up for the trip, he had accepted a full-time office job during the day on top of his job at his uncle's little pub at night. He had also occasionally worked some mornings and weekends at the bakery right next to his parent's house because his mom knew the owner from her pottery course.

Still, it had taken him seven long months to earn enough money so he could realize his big dream and purchase a weekend pass for the UK BDSM Conference 2018. And not just any pass, but one of the limited diamond ones that ensured access to the event as well as to all the workshops, panels, parties and even the big Gala dinner on Sunday. On top of that, his 699,- ticket included a meet 'n greet with his favorite person in the whole wide world. Negan. His hero. The man he worshipped ever since his parents had invested in a computer four years ago and he had been able to have a glance out into the big world, beyond the borders of his small hometown where terms like 'Gay' and 'BDSM' didn't exist.

However, standing now in the shine of the iconic electronic billboards at Piccadilly Circus at almost 7 in the evening all by himself without his family for the first time in his life, the big City of London and his bold plan to attend a BDSM Convention seemed way scarier than he had initially thought. He had never seen so many people in one place and mixed with all the vehicles on the street, the noise, and buzz, it was really intimidating.
He wanted to call his mother and beg her to pick him up.

But as soon as he got his old Nokia phone out and his Negan-Screensaver gave him a sexy, confident smile, he remembered that he was about to meet his idol. The man who had saved him from far away without even knowing it, by making clear that Leland Adams wasn't wrong or sick, just gay and into BDSM. He had to meet him. He wanted to thank him and hug him just once. He couldn't be a coward now. Not when he had gotten so far already.

So he tucked the phone back into his pocket and grabbed the suitcase he had borrowed from grandma Hatti, making his way to the hostel he had booked for 12 pounds the night, breakfast not included.

He could do this.

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"Oi! Watch it, tosser!"

At 8:12 PM, after putting his luggage down, claiming his spot in a cozy 10-bed-room at the Picadilly hostel and the ambitious plan to buy a bottle of water and bag of pretzels at a local supermarket, Leland Adams almost tumbled down the sheer endless escalator at Angel station, when a young man in grey business suit pushed him rudely out of the way as he jogged down the stairs, obviously in a hurry. So much for good old British politeness.

He went to the right side to stand between a Japanese tourist and an elderly lady with weird hat and was really glad when he reached the bottom in one piece. He had no idea where exactly he was right now or how he had ended up here. A friendly girl had done her best to give him directions to the next Tesco store and after changing trains a couple of times and taking the wrong stairs and exit at some point, he was suddenly somewhere in Islington, between a posh club and a Hilton hotel.

The good thing was that he had found a Sainsbury's store that solved his low-budget dinner problem. The bad news was that he had no idea how he should get back to his hostel. Not that he had much of a choice in terms of directions when a large travel group from Poland shoved him to the left on an insanely crowded platform.

He waited, not even able to see the train that clattered out of the tunnel and came to a halt a few feet in front of him. The closing of the doors was a tight fit and Leland watched the packed train leave, hoping that there would be another one. He looked from left to right on the now almost deserted platform. There was a woman with a newspaper, another woman with a small dog, a man in black suit with white earphones and shiny shoes, and a young guy wearing his long hair in a messy, low bun underneath a red Manchester United cap that he wore backwards. Leland loved his outfit. Blue skinny jeans, washed-out baggy 'Dr. Pupper' shirt in red and white and beat-up Converse shoes with two little holes at the side. He was completely absorbed in whatever was emanating from his black Sennheiser headphones, bobbing his head and doing a small dance in place, shuffling and crisscrossing his feet.

Leland thought he looked familiar somehow and then smiled when the young guy did the same, dancing towards another man with longish hair and a dark hoodie that hung a little too big on his body.

"Culture Club." Jesus took his headphones off and put them on Daryl's head, not stopping his little in-place dance. "I'm going through a serious 80's phase." He swiveled his hips and leaned in for a brief kiss, making Daryl smirk.
Leland couldn't help but stare openly. He had never seen two guys kissing before. This wasn't a Queer as Folk video on Youtube or a bad porn flick in the shady parts of the internet his mother had warned him about. It was real life and these guys behaved as if it was totally normal to share affection in the middle of a platform in the London underground.

It made his belly tingle and his heart stumble. It was like seeing Father Christmas, Barrack Obama or a unicorn. And then his stumbling heart missed a beat or ten when a third man appeared, entering the platform from the stairs, phone at his ear.

He was exceptionally handsome, performing a confident stride with his long legs and lean body. Perfectly trimmed facial hair, high cheekbones, his dark hair slightly ruffled, one strand falling into his forehead. He wore a black leather jacket open over a plain white shirt and grey pants that were tucked into black biker boots. When he ended the call, he slipped the phone into his pocket and took his shades off to hang them into the collar of his shirt. He approached the young guy in the black hoodie from behind and took the headphones off to hang them around the dancer's neck, saying something with a serious face that Leland couldn't understand.

But he realized instantly who this man was. All three of them. Negan, Jesus, and Puppy. The Leather Factory's holy trinity. The three men who set new standards and serious relationship goals for millions of fetish people around the globe. Just like that. Here in London, taking public transport as if they weren't heroes but ordinary people.

His stomach clenched so hard from shock and happiness that he thought he would have to vomit. He knew Negan was the most beautiful man the planet had to offer, but seeing him here, moving, breathing, interacting in real life, put him on an even higher level. The charisma and power he oozed were breathtaking. An alpha male at his finest. It made his knees weak. No wonder everybody had the urge to prostrate for this man.

The noise of an approaching train didn't pull him out of his trance. Instead, he watched mesmerized how Negan grabbed a bit of Jesus' shirt to pull him in a safe distance to the gap, before he wrapped five fingers around Puppy's wrist and led the way into a moderately crowded car, putting his other hand on Jesus' back to guide him safely along. The red automatic doors of the train closed behind them before Leland snapped out of his thoughts and hastily hurried to push the button.

He didn't want to miss another train and he didn't want to lose Negan.

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From King's Cross to Russel Square, Leland found himself pressed uncomfortably into the center of the car between an old man and a group of tourists, each carrying a huge backpack. He had lost sight of the three men he had been following and his eyes darted nervously to the route map over the door when a female voice came over the speakers, announcing the next stop in perfect Oxford English. At Holborn, the doors opened and for a moment he felt the urge to follow the passengers who got off, but nothing about the station seemed familiar, so he stayed and was pushed another step back when more people boarded, making the car even more crowded than before. The train began rolling forward again into the darkness of the tunnel and he caught a glimpse at the phone display of the girl next to him. She was in the middle of composing a message to her friend Sue about a date at the Cargo and shot him an angry look as soon as she caught him staring. She turned away for more privacy, leaving Leland with a pang of hot embarrassment in his stomach. He felt his face grow hot, dropping his head to stare at his shoes until the subway car swayed from left to right and he almost lost balance. He stumbled a step to the right into a broad back and quickly reached out for one of the poles to hold on to, trying not to fall. He hunched his shoulders and mumbled a meek apology under his breath that nobody heard anyway when the distinct scent of leather and a musky cologne reached
his senses. He glanced up, staring directly at the smooth material of a black leather jacket, just an inch away from his face. And when the subway car swayed again he made contact with the broad back once more, accidentally nudging it with his nose.

The stranger didn't even seem to notice or be in any way affected. He just stood there like a rock, two fingers of his gloved hand wrapped around the blue pole, his feet in a secure stance in front of the two young men occupying the seat underneath a window. He watched them with hawks eyes and at one point reached out briefly to tuck a strand of hair behind a pale ear.

Leland's belly flip-flopped, heat crawling over his skin while cold sweat broke out beneath the fabulous Vans sweatshirt that his mother had bought for him at TKmaxx for 55% off.

It was Negan. All impressive 6'2" of his glorious presence. He could smell him and when he glanced up, see the tips of the very short hair at the back of his neck. He wanted to cry and had a really hard time not to faint, especially when the darkest, most sexy chuckle rumbled from somewhere deep in the man's throat.

"Fucking grumpy Puppy."

"I just called..." Jesus sang in his sweetest voice, nuzzling a warm cheek in an attempt to cheer Daryl up. "To say... I love you." He sniffed the side of his nose, then kissed it. "You need to smile. I am channeling my inner Stevie Wonder for you."

Daryl wrinkled his nose and pulled his shoulders up, furrowing his brows even more. He wasn't in the mood. He wanted to punch all the lazy people who occupied the seats where Negan should sit. "'asshole doesn' need two!" He gestured outraged at the rude 19-year old who slumped across two seats because texting his girlfriend after a 6-hour workday was really exhausting.

"Hey." Negan tapped his sub's cheek with two fingers, then snapped them harshly. "Look at me." He waited for eye contact, not at all impressed by the defiant glare he received. "Do I want you to point your fucking finger like a rude shit?"

Daryl's scowl grew deeper but he shook his head anyway. "No."

"Damn well right, I fucking don't." Negan arched his brows but kept his voice calm. "Sit on your hands." It took a moment until his order was followed, "See?" and he rewarded the slightly confused expression in blue eyes with a smile and a raisin out of his pocket. "That's a good boy. You wanna behave and focus on me, right?"

Daryl hadn't received many raisins lately and savored the rare taste as if the small dried berry had been imported all the way from China or the moon. "Hm."

"Mhm." Negan nodded, letting the nonverbal answer generously slip. "I don't wanna sit over there. I chose to stand right here so I can have an eye on my boys. If I wanted to sit, I fucking would."

Paul's ears were able to multi-task and had no problem to follow the conversation while he listened to Laura Branigan singing about self-control. He hummed the lyrics along, tapped the beat of the song with his foot for another three seconds and then grinned up at one of his Dads. "You can sit on me, Sir." He closed his legs to offer a more comfortable seat and patted it invitingly. "No problem."

Daryl chuckled because it was the most ridiculous idea he had ever heard and then sniffed his nose, watching in slight bafflement when Negan gave Jesus a challenging look and parked his tall form with a sigh on his sub's lap. Daryl tucked a strand of hair behind his ear, feeling jealous immediately.

"Uuh." Paul tried to purr like a very confident Bengal tiger instead of a crushed Persian cat,
wrapping his slender arms around Negan's leather-clad middle. "That's niiice."

"Mhm." Negan got his phone out to answer one of Rick's 23 messages. "If I feel your dick poking anywhere near my fucking ass I'll cast it in cement."

"Noo!" Jesus laughed and tried to squeeze his thighs even tighter together, feeling his penis twitch on cue. "Now you jinxed it, Sir!"

Negan took his phone down and looked back over his shoulder, arching his brows in a warning.

Paul laughed again. "It's not my fault! It's just curious because you feel so fine!" He sighed in frustration and leaned his forehead against the heavy leather of Negan's jacket, trying to concentrate and think of something very unerotic.

Negan sighed as well as he proceeded to type his text message.

Leland smiled from one ear to the other, wishing he would be brave enough to use the fancy video-feature of his phone to capture this wonderful moment forever. ...and then quickly lowered his head with bright red, glowing hot cheeks when he noticed that Puppy had caught him staring and was busy killing him with a frosty death stare.

Still, it was the best day of his life.

----

To pass time until the food was served, a young man at table 21 of Soho's infamous Balans on Old Compton street, watched one of his favorite YouTubers, chuckling in high amusement.

"Ksst." Negan kicked an old Converse sneaker underneath the table.

"Yes, Sir?" Jesus slipped his headphones down around his neck, grinning happily.

"Are you reporting?" Negan put his own phone aside after having read and corrected the report Daryl had sent him.

"Actually I'm watching Bunny's new 'Does this thing really work.'" Paul chuckled again, tucking some hair behind his ear. "It's a little magnetic thingy for your cup that helps you to slide your cookies down into the milk without getting your hands all messy." He made an up and down movement to demonstrate the mechanism he was talking about. "It's called the dunking buddy. We should get one."

Negan gave him a blank look, blinking slowly.

Paul cleared his throat and opened an empty document on his phone. "Or I report as you asked me to." He started to type with both thumbs, muttering under his breath. "...not that I'm allowed to eat cookies anyway."

"What was that?"

"Hm?" He glanced up, pure innocence on his face. "Nothing Sir, I am really looking forward to my miso glazed tofu."

"Mhm." Negan tapped a finger in front of Daryl's plate. "Why are you not eating. You wanted the fucking starter platter."

Daryl waved his forearm angrily in the direction of the restaurant's big front windows. "'s the asshole
from the train! He's watchin' you!"

Negan wasn't interested to check his surroundings for any fanboys, sure that there were some of them around. Instead, he took Daryl's plate and glass away and put both on his own place, then snapped his fingers. "Hands underneath your fucking ass. Eyes on me."

Daryl glared at the young man in front of the restaurant, then for half a second at Negan before he lowered his head guiltily and shoved his fingers underneath his thighs and sniffed his nose. He really hated when people stalked Negan.

"Eyes on me I said." Negan waited patiently for his order to be followed. "What is your fucking job, tell me."

"Focus on you."

Negan gave his sub a stern look in silence for almost a minute, then took a fried onion ring off the plate and held it across the table. "Open."

Daryl leaned forward, his hands obediently underneath his thighs and opened his mouth.

"Eugene and Abe will be here for the weekend. Until then I am the one taking care of fans if I feel it's necessary." Negan fed his sub a stuffed mushroom. "You don't do it. You concentrate on me and behave."

Daryl wanted to contradict because the boy was still in front of the window and even took a photo with his phone. But then Negan held the glass of water out to make him drink and it felt so nice that he decided to be good for his owner and do whatever he was told.

"Good boy." Negan's tone dripped with pride and affection when Daryl held submissive eye contact while drinking in small, humble sips. "Behaving so well for me. I like that."

There were three ice cubes in Daryl's water but his belly filled with warmth anyway and he spent the next hour eating tasty noble-food directly from Negan's fingers.

----

Lined with bars, gay-themed shops, and clubs, the Old Compton street was the epicenter of London's gay scene, and at 10:40 in the evening very lively.

Too lively for Leland's taste. Seven very bold men and a woman in huge stilettos and thick, fake lashes hit on him, some in more tasteful ways than others. Person number nine, a guy in his late 40's with a Russian accent, obviously didn't plan to waste any time on flirting and asked him directly for a fuck. Leland had stared in shock at his tall, muscular admirer, not sure how to react, when the door of the Balan's opened and a group of three people stepped outside, literally saving his life or at least his virginity. Because in less than a minute all attention was on them.

"Oh my God, it's Negan!" A man in a very tight, purple t-shirt almost ran Leland over, followed by two guys wearing bright red lipstick, who shrieked in ecstasy as if they had spotted Madonna or Cher. Leland couldn't blame them. Negan looked stunning, wearing black shades now to his iconic leather jacket while he patiently posed for countless selfies and put his signature on various body parts of excited people. Jesus did the same and even shared some tight hugs and bright smiles, while Puppy was casually guarded through the crowd by Negan's firm hand.

Leland watched for a while from a safe distance, glowering at all the rude fans who had the nerve to ask their idol for hugs or even boldly tried to kiss him. Secretly he admired their courage, though.
Especially when a crying young man fell to his knees in the middle of the street, declaring his deep, undying love and devotion for Negan, and was rewarded with a warm smile and a big, leather-clad hand briefly cupping his cheek.

It made Leland green with envy and from the looks of it, Puppy felt the exact same way, because he first grumbled something, giving some people a serious death stare, then made a protective step in front of his owner before he angrily pushed an overly enthusiastic fan off who tried to get a hug without permission. It all turned into a little scuffle when the fan shoved Daryl back, making him stumble, and got immediately put in place by Negan and a suddenly very savage looking Jesus. It took not even twenty seconds until the biggest name of the worldwide leather community had regained control of the situation, both of his subs and the almost fifty fans surrounding him, oozing dominance and authority in buckets.

And some of it must have spilled on young Leland Adams from Moniaive/Scotland because suddenly he felt a horde of butterflies swarming through his much too tight chest before they all decided to move to his lower regions to cause an uproar somewhere in his new 2-bucks-underwear from Primark. His body temperature increased noticeably just from watching the Alpha of his dreams exerting total supremacy over his upset sub with not more than body language and a warning look. It was the most erotic thing he had ever seen, and the last glimpse of Negan he was able to catch because in the next second he lost sight of his little group of heroes when they vanished into a club at the left side of the street with the bright shining caps G-A-Y above the entrance.

He didn't even dare to think of the possibility to follow. Instead he turned around and did his best to find the way back to his hostel and his spot in a 10-bed room, where he would fantasize about a scenario where he was actually brave enough to speak to the man who meant the world to him, ask him for a picture and autograph and maybe even a tiny hug.

Chapter End Notes

Tomorrow: Please bring your blindfolds it is puppyplaytime without any plot
**I was advised to warn and tag more, so here you go:**

strong Dom/sub dynamics, alpha/beta sub dynamics, introvert, phone anxiety, heavy dominance, buttplugs, inspection, collars, deep submission, serving, rough sex, unprotected sex, spit kink, punishment, jealousy, dirty talk, two (or three) men more than liking each other <3

As for the whole third part of AFTERCARE, Daryl's and Negan's motivations and behavior are explained in the very first section of the first chapter 'Hide and seek'

Negan didn't switch the overhead spots on. The nightly city lights falling through the surrounding floor-to-ceiling windows bathed the living room area of the Shangri-La's Westminster Suite in a dim, mysterious ambiance. Enough to see, appropriate for his tired eyes and looming headache. He threw the keycard onto a cabinet, checked his phone before he put it down as well and went to pour himself a Scotch. "Paul." He took a sip, pointing with his glass to the right. "Wash yourself. Undress him. Clean him. Lube him up, give him a medium plug."

Daryl flicked his head, looking from one man to the other. "I can do it myself."

Negan ignored the gruff tone and the fact that his sub sat down on the edge of the couch. He took another sip, flipped through an info brochure about the UK BDSM conference, drank again and then casually walked up to the sofa and combed gentle fingers through Daryl's hair. Twice. Before he tightened his hold on some of the long strands and pulled him off the seat, forcing him with a firm hand into a kneeling position on the floor. "Apologize."

Heat pulsed through Daryl's chest. Trapped between the couch in his back and solid legs right in front of his nose, a big hand on top of his head, he held first his breath, then let it out as he leaned his forehead against grey denim. "I'm sorry." He shoved his hands underneath his butt to emphasize his words. Then he flinched and buried his nose deeper into the rough fabric of Negan's pants when his cheek was slapped. "Sir."

"Are you allowed to use my furniture without permission."

He closed his eyes and shook his head once. "No."

"Are you allowed to talk back."

He straightened his shoulders, shifting on his knees. "No."

Negan emptied his drink and held the glass out for Jesus to take. "That's exactly right. But you are allowed to go with Paul and let him do his job. Then you are allowed to come back and present like a good boy." He brushed his fingers through the longish hair at the back of Daryl's head. "You wanna do that for me?"
Daryl wanted to. More than anything. He nodded, soaking the thick fabric of grey pants with warm breath.

“What do you wanna say.”

He wanted to say that he more than liked Negan, how pretty he was and how good his pants smelled. But that wasn’t what he was supposed to say. “I wanna do it for you.” It was a quiet answer and he brought a hand out from underneath his butt to touch a heavy biker boot.

“Yes, you do.” Negan tucked a strand behind Daryl’s ear, then made a step back. “You may start.”

Jesus came closer, smiling as he went on tip-toes to kiss Negan’s cheek. “Thirty minutes, Sir.” He took Daryl by the hand and quietly vanished into the spacious bathroom. He was a big fan of subbie brother grooming time.

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The nightly city lights and blue-ish glow of the computer monitor were the only light sources in the office at almost one in the morning. A heavy leather jacket hung over the backrest of Negan’s chair and his sleeves were rolled up. He had turned the heating up a notch.

Still, Daryl was shivering slightly when he stepped through the door, completely naked.

“We are done, Sir.” Jesus wore his dark blue pajama bottoms and a white t-shirt that he had stolen out of Rick’s closet.

Negan flipped through four more photos, selected one that looked at least half decent and blindly waved two fingers for his subs. "Here."

Daryl sniffed his nose and covered his nudity with one hand when Paul gently urged him forward. He stopped next to the desk, lowering his head with the sudden wave of embarrassment that rolled through his body.

"Down."

Paul kissed Daryl’s bare shoulder from behind, then pushed him down in a kneeling posture.

"Did you brush his teeth?” Negan turned with his chair to face his boys and took hold of Daryl’s chin to lift it, loving the insecure flicker in blue eyes and nervous smacking of pale pink lips.

"Yes, Sir. Three minutes, plus flossing."

"Mhm.” Negan pulled his sub’s bottom lip down to expose perfectly white teeth and forced a finger between them to have a closer look. "Open. Wide."

Daryl exhaled a huff of minty breath and unsuccessfully tried to swallow when long fingers examined the inside of his mouth and pressed his tongue down. Then he gagged once because the back of his throat was nudged with full intention.

"Nice.” Negan retreated his fingers and immediately tilted Daryl’s head to the left to find a pale ear beneath neatly combed hair. "Did you clean them?"

"Yes, Sir.” Paul generously brushed some long strands out of the way to provide a clear view for one of his Dads.

Daryl held his breath and didn’t dare to blink when his ears were meticulously inspected, first the
right, then the left, before the skin of his collared neck got checked as well.

"Good job." Negan pinched Daryl's chin and leaned back in his chair. "Up. Show me your feet." He didn't comment on the eleven seconds of uncertainty his sub needed to get back up again or the awkward bent of his leg to present his left foot somehow. "Did you wash them?" He took a firm hold of the man's foot and examined perfectly cut toenails.

"Yes, Sir." Jesus smiled proudly. "Even between the toes." It was the one thing he had forgotten last time.

"Mhm." Negan wasn't in any hurry, checked each toe separately, then did the same with the other foot before he signaled for Daryl to turn around. "Bend down. Feet apart, hands on your ankles."

Daryl knew the position but couldn't help the moment of hesitation or the nervous increase of his heart rate. He held his breath and noticed the slight trembling of his leg muscles when a broad palm caressed the outside of his thigh and short fingernails scratched lightly along his flesh, close to his crack, causing goosebumps.

Negan pulled his sub's butcheeks further apart, exposing the flat base of a black silicone plug, surrounded by glistening lubricant. "Did you lube him up good?"

"Yes, Sir." Jesus stood close to Daryl, his legs touching the man's bare back.

"Mhm." Negan wiggled the plug a bit, pulled it out half an inch, gave it a twist and pushed it firmly back in. "Good. Stand up." He moved back with his chair and got up, getting a smartphone out of one of the desk drawers. He went to Paul and handed it to him, "Great job, boy." then pulled him in for a kiss. "You may call Rick. Thirty minutes."

"Thank you, Sir." Paul melted against Negan's front, loving the big hand holding him by the back of the neck. "May I sleep in your bed?"

"Hm." Negan inhaled boy number two's scent and planted a last kiss on damp lips. "No humping my fucking pillows."

Paul chuckled, kissing the soft shirt covering Negan's chest. "I will try my best, Sir."

"Mhm." Negan patted a perky butt. "Go. Tell him I said hi." He watched Paul leave the room, then snapped his fingers, pointing two down right in front of his feet. "Here."

Daryl followed the order but covered his bare genitals with both hands, keeping his eyes down. He really hoped he wouldn't have to call anyone.

"Look at me."

Prickling warmth crawled over his skin, making his cheeks and earlobes glow when he lifted his head and looked directly into a beautiful face.

Negan tried to contain a smirk, the tip of his tongue wetting his upper lip. "Paul did a good job cleaning you."

"Hm." Daryl nervously fondled his penis.

The smile that tried to break free found its way to Negan's eyes. He cocked a brow, nodding. "Hm. You wanna present your pretty dick for me."
Daryl pulled his shoulders up, shaking his head as his fingers stiffened in front of his bare genitals. It was accidentally hard and leaking a bit. He didn't want to reveal that.

Negan pursed his lips. "No? Why not?" He reached out to tuck some hair behind Daryl's ear, then caressed his jawline with one finger. "Did you take a piss?"

"Hm." Daryl leaned into the touch, giving a nod because it was true.

"Good boy. Did Paul wash you afterwards?"

Daryl nodded again, his brows knitting as his heartbeat reached his throat.

"Mhm." Negan copied the nod, taking his fingers off. "What about your hands?"

Daryl sniffed his nose and answered in rough voice. "washed them."

Negan held firm eye contact, straightening his back and shoulders to let his posture match his assertive tone. "Show me."

Daryl looked unsure for a moment but then held both hands up and even raised them a bit higher, spreading his fingers so Negan could see better. "With soap."

Negan took one and pulled it to his nose, sniffing, before he nipped a finger gently and placed a kiss to the heel of Daryl's hand.

Daryl watched mesmerized, his own tongue poking out when Negan licked a thin, wet trail from the inside of his wrist over his palm along the underside of his middle finger. It made his toes prickle and his stomach flip. And then his penis twitched again when Negan smirked, long lashes lowering a little over dark eyes and his middle finger vanished between perfect lips.

A surprised little gasp escaped Daryl's throat. It felt so soft and wet and sent electric sparks through his body.

Negan didn't take his eyes off his sub's flushed face as he gave the finger a last suck and lick before he released it. "Tasty boy." He made a challenging step forward, putting a hand between Daryl's legs to give the erection he found a firm tug. "Look at you being so fucking hard for me. You like being inspected?" He didn't get an answer but he enjoyed the look of pure submission he was given. "Hm? You like presenting for me like a good puppy? Tell me."

Daryl liked it very much but he felt embarrassed to confess it, so he avoided his eyes and shook his head once. Then flinched and hid his face against a broad shoulder when his ass was swatted, hard.

"You wanna tell the fucking truth!"

Negan's sudden strict tone made Daryl's blood pulse in his ears and his dick twitch once more. "I like it." He mumbled it into the fabric of a white shirt and felt ashamed and proud at the same time.

"Oh yes, you do." Negan pulled his sub closer, fondling the back of his head lovingly. "Because you like when I take care of you, isn't that right, boy." He kissed soft hair when he heard a shy 'Yes'. "Mhm. Now wait in the living room for me. I wanna take a shower." He brushed his lips against a warm ear, lowering his voice. "And then I want your pretty ass."

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The panoramic view from the 37th floor down at the nightly scenery of London was breathtaking
and intimidating at the same time. Almost unreal. More like watching TV instead of really being there.

Daryl liked it anyway. Spotting all the differences between Atlanta and this gigantic city. Feeling kind of invisible even though he stood naked behind a floor-to-ceiling glass pane. His feet cozily warm due to the underfloor heating and plush carpeting. Listening to the distant sound of the shower. It made him feel safe and comfortable, mixed with a little bit of nervous anticipation that built up in his lower belly like a pool of boiling water. He didn't know for sure what was coming, but he had a good guess. It was exciting and made him heave a deep breath that came out a bit shattered and didn't do anything to ease all the tension.

On the contrary, he felt even more agitated, noticing that the shower was turned off and nothing but silence was to be heard from the bathroom. For a long time. It made his stomach clench and his toes curl into the thick carpet. He watched a helicopter move over the nightly sky, any noise it might have made swallowed by the thick, soundproof wall of windows. And then a hot bolt of shock shot through his chest when suddenly a phone rang behind him. It was Negan's. He could tell from the ringtone that was very basic and classic compared to anything Jesus made the other phones of the family sound like.

He looked back over his shoulder and saw the small display illuminated on the coffee table in front of the huge, L-shaped sofa. It was the middle of the night. He didn't want Negan to answer the phone now. He didn't want him to talk about silly business. He didn't want him to get another headache. He wanted him to relax and fuck and sleep in the big bed without any interruption.

It rang for the fourth time, fifth, sixth. By the seventh, Daryl went to have a look. First, it was really just a glance with his hands behind his back because he wasn't allowed to touch it. But then he saw the name 'Chris' flashing up brightly with the eighth and ninth obtrusive ring and horrible pictures popped into his head. Of a young, beautiful man, laughing and flirting, possibly sitting on Negan's lap, before the whole thing ended up in a steamy fisting session. The thought alone made the pit of his stomach boil with anger. He wrinkled his nose underneath his long bangs and sat down on the edge of the sofa to watch the phone ring another time before he took it and tapped on the red button to reject the call and ostracize this silly Chris-slut who had the nerve to call in the middle of the night while Negan was on vacation.

He sniffed his nose when peaceful silence filled the room before his stomach twisted up in super tight knots of guilt and then dropped like a bucket of rocks when a very familiar whistle resounded from the other room. His head jerked up and he flinched, the expensive phone slipping out of his fingers to land somewhere on the fluffy carpet. He bent down hastily to pick it up, bumped his forehead against the coffee table and then realized that he sat on the couch and quickly slid off to kneel somewhere on the floor. His heart pounded like a steam engine in his chest and ears, fueling the defiant anger that churned through his entrails when the whistling changed into a cold, especially dark chuckle. He hated sluts so much.

"Look at you being such a busy little secretary."

Daryl glowered at the carpet, the object of evidence still in his trembling fingers. He wanted to say he didn't do anything. Just looked. He wanted to say it was all Negan's fault for knowing so many sluts. He wanted to choke that ugly Chris-person. Beat him up and rip his balls off for messing up everything.

Negan stood in the doorframe, raising a hand to scratch his stubbled jaw, then huffed a thick sigh with a shake of his head. "Here."

It was a very simple order, one word, one meaning, but still, Daryl felt like he was asked to read an
entire book of Shakespeare in front of 1000 people. He tensed, staying unmovingly in his crouched position.

After almost a minute the order was repeated. Not by a spoken word, but through harshly snapping fingers that sounded like a sharp whip in the otherwise completely silent suite.

Heat pushed through his chest up into his throat and head, making his cheeks burn like fire. He rose to his feet, his livid glare burning holes into the luxurious carpeting on his way through the room. And to make his anger unmistakably clear, he lifted his head defiantly to meet his owner's hard stare. Negan's hair was still damp and ruffled from a quick towel dry, some strands falling into his forehead. A white towel was tightly wrapped around his hips, hard muscles packed under dark chest hair, his long body and authoritative posture showcasing his dominance over everyone else in the room.

Daryl's eyes flickered nervously from left to right before he dropped his gaze to rather glare at his feet. "was your slut." He meant to sound loud and accusing, but then his statement came just as a weak mutter when he held the silly expensive smartphone up, already regretting his rude behavior.

Negan didn't comment on it, nor did he accept the phone. He reached out to brush the hair out of his sub’s forehead and examined the spot that had made painful contact with the edge of the coffee table. There was a small bump, nothing severe. He rubbed it with the pad of his thumb, then snapped his fingers, pointing two down.

Daryl fell to his knees immediately, relieved to get into a submissive position.

"Go into my phone history."

He glanced up, confused by the order.

Negan didn't plan to repeat himself. "Find my missed calls. Select the most recent. Call back. Apologize." The very second Daryl intended to open his mouth for a protest, he raised his voice into a threateningly deep timbre, bellowing down at the man by his feet. "NO BACKTALK! DO AS TOLD!"

Daryl blinked, sinking ten inches deeper into the cozily warm carpet. He wanted to cry. He wanted to apologize and beg for a different punishment. And when Negan just turned around to leave the room, he wanted to yell and kick something, because it hadn't been his fault. "'t wasn' my fault." It was just a quiet mumble, not meant to be heard by anyone. But it felt good to say it and he decided to do it again and not hold the silly phone any longer. "'t wasn' my fault!" The second time he said it louder, put the phone on the carpet and gave it an angry push. And then he didn't say anything anymore and just sat there in silence for almost eight minutes, pulling his fingers, glaring at the carpet, pondering his options.

In minute nine he moved half an inch closer to the phone, debating whether he should take it or not. In minute eleven he grabbed it and pressed the small button at the left side. The display got bright with a background picture. It was him on one of Negan's awesome motorcycles, smiling happily. He remembered that day.

In minute thirteen Negan came back into the room, wearing a white hotel-bathrobe. He didn't say anything but went to stand close to his sub.

Daryl looked up, hoping for a word or a gentle hand touching his head but nothing happened. The word 'sorry' was thick and urgent on the tip of his tongue and he huffed a small breath and leaned his forehead against Negan's leg.
In minute fifteen he held with one hand on to the luxurious terrycloth of Negan's bathrobe and scrolled with trembling fingers through the caller history of the phone. He found the name Chris at the very top of the list and felt a painful lump grow in the back of his throat. After 40 seconds he tapped the name anyway, holding his breath as he held the phone somewhere close to his ear. It beeped. Five times.

'Fiorentini.'

His heart stopped when he heard a voice at the other end of the line. A female voice with a heavy Italian accent. His fingers clawed deeper into Negan's bathrobe and he slid two inches closer to the tall man offering at least a minimum of succor.

'Hello?'

He wanted to say something, ask for Chris, apologize for rejecting the call, but the only thing coming out after almost twenty seconds was a rough, very quiet 'Daryl Dixon'. He was horrified when he heard himself saying it and glanced up in panic.

Negan didn't seem to be angry, though. He just took the phone out of his sub's fingers while placing the other hand heavy on slightly tousled hair. "Christina, sorry, had my boy call you back."

The words 'my boy' made Daryl's belly warm. It helped to soothe the overwhelming guilt when he realized that Chris, the slut, wasn't a pretty man who tried to flirt, but a woman, who was certainly a business partner.

"Yes, I got them." Negan combed his fingers through longish strands, "But I wanna discuss it with Rick before I make a decision." then tickled a pale ear for half a second before he walked over to the high windows, gazing at the nightly city. "Mhm. No, but the others were fucking brilliant."

Daryl wanted to follow but didn't because he wasn't asked to do so.

"Yes, I'll let you know. Tuesday, I guess."

He glanced up and then quickly straightened his posture when he heard the word 'Bye'.

Negan ended the call and left the room without another word. When he came back, he didn't have his phone anymore but a black leather collar with a D-shaped silver ring.

Daryl knew it. It was his old training collar.

"Head down." Negan squatted down and wrapped the broad leather band around his sub's neck, over the silver steel collar he already wore. He brushed the hair in the back aside and fastened the buckle, making sure it wasn't too loose. "Eyes on me." He locked his gaze hard and tight with Daryl's. "How many blue marks did you have this week."

Daryl sniffed his nose, fumbling with his fingers behind his back. "None." The answer came out a bit more stubborn than he wanted it to and the scorching look he earned made him slouch his shoulders in shame.

"Damn fucking right. And will you get one today?"

He shook his head, trying to avoid his eyes but his chin was tapped instantly with two harsh fingers, reminding him to hold it up. "No."

"No, you won't! You talk back, you act out, you touch my fucking stuff, you don't follow the rules
AND you are still a rude shit even though I asked you to behave!” Negan's jaw clenched, his nostrils flaring slightly. "I don't like it, boy. Not one. fucking. bit."

Daryl wanted to say something, try to defend himself even if he wasn't sure how because all the accusations were true. He also wanted to apologize, but as soon as he attempted to form a small 'sorry', a hand was raised to stop him.

"No. You don't speak without permission." Negan reached out to tuck the silver ring in the front of Daryl's collared neck. "And you wear this for a while. It'll help to remind you of your fucking place." He arched his brows with a last warning look and got up, snapping his fingers. "Now go, get me a water."

There was a selection of expensive water brands on the cabinet next to the dining table. Tiny bottles, not one made of plastic, but fancily colored glass with pretty labels. Daryl got up and covered his nudity on the way through the room. The leather collar felt strange around his neck but in a good way. The one he wore underneath was beautiful but nobody ever recognized it. It looked almost like normal jewelry. The black leather collar, on the other hand, was an eye-catcher. No matter where he went with it, people gave him curious looks. It made him feel proud and special and very much in the right place.

He held his head a little bit higher as he approached the dining room cabinet and didn't need long to select a bottle. He chose one made of white glass with black imprint. 10 Thousand BC. Jesus had made him try it because it was water from real melted glacier ice in Canada and was thousands of years old. It tasted awesome and made him think of mammoths and sabertooth cats. He opened it, filled a very clean glass and spilled a bit when he brought it back to present it shyly.

Negan took a sip, then another, his eyes sharp on his sub. "You want some?" He received a nod and took a third sip, taking his time. "Ask."

Daryl flicked his head to get some hair out of his eyes. "May I your water." It didn't sound very polite or friendly but his wish was granted anyway.

Negan beckoned him closer and firmly held him by the back of the head as he fed him a few big gulps of £20 water, holding the glass to his lips. He watched his sub drink, huffing noisily through his nose when he ran out of oxygen. "That's a nice drink, boy." He took the glass away and emptied the last bit himself. "Thank you for serving me."

Pride welled through Daryl's veins, making him instantly happy and his eyes shine.

Negan handed the glass back and gestured with two fingers, expecting it to be taken away.

Daryl did and heard fingers snapping when he needed more time than Negan wanted him to. He placed the empty glass awkwardly between a bottle of French sparkling water and an Evian special edition before he hurried back, a hand covering his bare genitals.

"Look at me."

He blinked through his long bangs, feeling strangely shy.

"What will I do now. Tell me."

He sniffed his nose, eyes flickering nervously as he touched his bare buttcheeks. "have my ass."

A soft, deep laugh slipped past Negan's lips. "Is that what you want?"
"Hm." Daryl pulled a shoulder up to rub his ear against. He did. "Okay."

Negan pursed his lips as he scanned his sub's insecure features with dark eyes. "Yeah? Where should I take your gorgeous ass?" He made a step forward and leaned in close, his tongue snaking out to tease the corner of a pale pink mouth before he brushed his nose along a warm cheek, through soft hair and nipped the pale ear he found. "On the floor?"

Daryl licked his lip where just a wonderful tongue had been and tipped his head aside. "Your furniture." It was a polite suggestion because he didn't want Negan to be on the floor.

"Mhm." Negan straightened his back. "Look at my puppy saying such clever things." He walked Daryl backwards and crowded him into the long side of the dining table, blindly reaching out to move a chair to the side. "Should I fuck you in my bed?" He grasped the edge of the table on either side of Daryl's hips, caging him in. "On my couch?" He cocked his head to the side, "Or right here on my fucking table." The third option lacked a question mark and was more of a challenge in almost threatening tone as he pushed himself between his sub's legs, forcing them apart.

Daryl stared up at him, "You can." half-shrugging even though he felt a bit breathless.

"Mhm." Negan squared his shoulders and moved another two inches forward, his chest pushing against his sub's smaller form. In one quick move, he gripped the man's thighs, lifting him up to sit on the edge of the table. "Ask."

The polished wood of the table was cool underneath Daryl's butt, his feet didn't touch the ground anymore and the superior body pushing and manhandling him knocked every coherent thought out of his mind.

Negan's dark eyes never left Daryl's face as he stepped back and took his robe off, throwing it carelessly to the left, his abs and pecs rippling with the movement. "Ask." He brought a hand to his cock, stroking himself.

Daryl furrowed his brows and grabbed his own genitals without even noticing it, when he took in the sight right in front of him. Long fingers working a perfect erection, thick and full, its head round and gleaming in the half-dark room. A big hand and strong, slender wrist sprinkled with masculine hair, rropy veins standing out on muscular arms. He licked his lips and huffed a breath, his eyes darting from from Negan's crotch up at his face and back down again.

"Ask." Negan repeated, enjoying the obvious arousal on his sub's face. He closed the distance again, his gaze locked hard with blue eyes.

Daryl had difficulties to swallow as he stared up, his mouth dry, his legs unconsciously widening. "Can you." His voice sounded rough and shy somehow. He felt as if he would melt or maybe burst into flames when broad hands stroked the skin of his thighs.

"Can I what?" Negan leaned in close enough for a kiss, his lips almost brushing Daryl's mouth. "Fuck your sweet puppy hole here on the table?" He lingered a moment longer, adoring the puffs of ragged breath hitting his face, "Would you like that?"

Daryl nodded with a mumbled 'Yes' and then whimpered in relief when his mouth was taken in a deep, eating kiss. He lifted his ass off the table, wrapped his arms around Negan's neck and his legs around the man's middle, rocking his hips in an attempt to create some friction. He felt big hands kneading his ass and toying with his embedded plug. It made him pant into the kiss. He needed more.
"No." Negan pulled back, nipping a wet bottom lip. "You concentrate on my pleasure, not yours." He lowered Daryl back down and placed both hands on the man's thighs, forcing them apart. "Lie back. Present your ass for me."

Daryl was kissed a last time and then firmly pushed backwards. The surface of the table was hard and cold in his back, the new vulnerable position making his dick twitch.

"Good boy." Negan made a step back again, stroking himself as he watched his sub. "Put your heels up."

Goosebumps spread over Daryl's skin. He pulled his legs up and squeezed them tightly together, his heels on the edge of the table.

"No, you wanna spread your legs for me. Wide." Negan groaned low in his throat when his order was followed, allowing him a clear view on a firm ass. "Yeah, go on. Spread your cheeks for me, show me where my plug is."

The object in question was sucked in half an inch when Daryl's inner muscles contracted around it. He hesitated a moment before he reached down and grabbed his butcheeks to pull them apart. It made his heart stumble in shame and excitement and then it almost burst with pride when a deep voice rewarded him with praise.

"Sweet boy, look at you being so good for me!" Negan's tone sounded raspy, thick with arousal. He kept stroking himself, palming his swollen head with beads of precum. "You want to try and push it out? Make room for my dick?" To his surprise, he received a spoken answer in almost desperate voice.

"Yes." Daryl nodded, focusing on Negan's voice like a lifeline. He wanted to do anything if it meant that Negan came back and touched him again.

"Good boy. Try for me then. I'll watch." Negan's lips parted in pleasure and his cock swelled in his hand as he watched and listened to his sub's efforts. Grunting and heavy breathing. Glistening pink flesh being pushed out, then relaxing again. A black rubber plug moving with it.

Daryl exhaled in exertion and finally grabbed the slippery base of the plug and pulled, helping it to slide out. It fell to the floor, leaving a wet, gaping hole, twitching with the sudden emptiness.

"Eyes on me." Negan's tone was raucous and heavy with lust, pushing in the last thick inch. "Fucking arms above your head."

Daryl complied, putting his hands left and right from his head, the underside of his arms and his
palms submissively up. A huff of air pressed out of his chest when the overpowering presence looming over him started to move. He locked his clouded gaze with sharp, dark eyes, wanting to touch the strand of hair that fell down on a furrowed forehead.

Negan pulled out half the way and slammed back in hard and deep, his jaw clenched tight as he set a rough pace, drunk on the desperate gasps and grunts he coaxed out of his sub's throat. "Fucking pretty boy, so happy to spread his legs for me."

The grip on Daryl's skin was bruising, the frenetic thrusts almost painful, his body being rocked and held and handled in a ruthless manner, and he didn't care. He wanted it that way. So much that his heart ached. He wanted to feel every bit of power and strength Negan had to give. Wanted to feel him alive and in charge. Capable of holding him down and putting him in place as he pleased. And when one hand left his leg and instead grabbed the broad leather collar around his throat, jerking it roughly, a very familiar tension started to coil inside him, his sputtered breaths and helpless whimpers for more mingling with Negan's animalistic growls and grunts. He brought a hand down to claw at Negan's wrist, feeling dizzy as he was pulled off the table by his collar and a hungry mouth was crushed over his in a wild need, a panting, gasping slide of lips and tongue.

Negan tilted his sub's hips up more, breaking the kiss, his eyes dark with possessiveness as he pounded into the tight heat, each thrust pushing him toward his breaking point, until he shattered. His fingers digging deeply into Daryl's flesh, his cock milked by the inner muscles pulsing and clinging on him. He bit his lip, then parted them, staring down into blue eyes that held nothing but worship for him.

Daryl stared back, his entire body trembling with waves of fiery fractures rippling through him. He wanted to say thank you and cry, crawl somewhere inside this tall, powerful man and stay forever. He wanted to lie on top of that table, sweaty and sticky, spread wide open, beautiful cum dripping from his used hole for the whole world to see.

Negan let go of Daryl's legs and leaned over him, bracing his arms on the table. He examined the feverish face beneath him for a moment, then gave a small nod with his chin, whispering just one word. "Open." Almost voiceless, but the command was followed immediately. Flushed lips parting wide, a silky pink tongue sticking out in anticipation. It sent a gleaming spark through his eyes. He gathered some saliva in his mouth and let a thick drop trickle down, watched as it landed partly on a willing tongue and partly on a slightly scruffy chin before he gathered some more and spat it with force right into Daryl's mouth. It was swallowed greedily and brought the hint of a smile on pale pink lips.

It was obviously contagious because it tipped the left corner of Negan's mouth up as well. "Fucking puppy."

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At 2:03 AM in one of the Shangri-La's best suites, a naked, young man knelt in perfect posture on the plush carpet in his owner's bedroom. For seven minutes before he dared to speak. Very quietly, but in a polite manner. "May I an invitation."

After 17 seconds, Negan took a deep breath and folded the covers back, holding a hand out to his sub on the floor.

Daryl took it and was pulled up into bed, encouraged to lie in the middle between Paul and Negan. It relaxed him immediately, taking the tension out of every muscle and the worry out of his head. Everything was warm, soft and smelled good like familiar people and fresh laundry. He pushed his bare butt into Negan's crotch, felt a broad chest against his back and a strong arm wrapped around
his body like a safety belt. It was better than a cloud in heaven.

"Mh." Jesus blinked his sleepy eyes open for just a second as he moved closer and entangled every limb with Daryl's slightly cool bodyparts, hugging him chest to chest as tightly as possible while he took a deep sniff of a collared neck. "You smell naughty." He sniffed again, inhaling deeply right beneath a pale ear. "And like Daddy's love."

A happy butterfly tumbled through Daryl's chest and it performed an extra spin when Paul placed a kiss first on a warm cheek then on flushed lips. Daryl kissed back, smiling a little because he couldn’t help it, before he fell into a deep, dreamless sleep, 37 stories above the city of London.

Chapter End Notes

Tomorrow: 'Diamond Ring' ... bring your credit cards or (sugar) daddies, lovely puppies. We go shopping :)

**Diamond Ring**

Chapter Summary

**I was advised to warn and tag more, so here you go:**

24/7 D/s, public puppy play (if you squint), fairy dust, trauma, no breathplay just hiccups ;-)  

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

The tips of Daryl's hair were still wet from his early morning swim on the 52nd floor and the faint scent of chlorine he carried along mixed up with the smell of fresh coffee and baked goods as soon as he entered the Shangri-La's luxurious breakfast room. He sniffed his nose, scanning his surroundings with disapproval. He really didn't know why they couldn't eat in Negan's suite without all these rich people and their fancy attire, who gave him funny looks because his hair wasn't combed and his favorite Leather Factory hoodie had been in the washing machine for at least 200 times and looked accordingly used.

"Uh, sausage." Paul didn't seem to mind who watched him devour the three plates of English breakfast he planned to order along with a liter of Earl Grey tea. "I bet there's real meat inside." He leaned over the silver serving platter, sniffing the offered pork sausages.

"I wouldn't do business with him if he was the last dick on earth!" A tall man holding the first phone call of the day strode through the entrance, instantly owning the entire room with his commanding presence. "Because he's a gigantic fuckwaffle, that's why!"

"Mh." Paul smiled, heading for the station with the sweet breakfast choices. "I wonder if they have waffles."

"Maybe he's lucky and the fucking Dollar Tree will partner up with him, but sure as shit will I not put that garbage on my shelves!" Negan pinched Daryl's cheek as he passed him, then entwined their fingers to guide him towards a free table by the windows. "Well, yeah." He pulled a chair out, stroking his sub's hair when he sat down. "Yes, alright. Will call you later." He disconnected the call and took a seat on the opposite side of the table. "What happened to my collar." He kept a straight face, seeing the broad leather collar around Daryl's neck soaked.

"Nothin'." Daryl straightened his back when a waiter approached him to fill his cup.

"Good morning, Sir. Tea or coffee?"

Negan casually answered the question for his sub. "He takes water and fresh orange juice."

The waiter took a humble half-bow, "Of course, Sir." and left.

"You didn't take the collar off for swimming?"

Daryl pulled his shoulders up, trying to make his neck disappear. "No?"
"Mhm." Negan pursed his lips, glancing at his phone when it beeped with a new message. It was Rick saying 'Good Morning' even though it was night in Atlanta. He sent a sleeping face emoji back and looked up to give his sub full attention and eye contact. "Am I the only one who gets to take the collar on and off?"

Daryl sniffed his nose, answering gruffly because he wasn't sure if it was a trick question. "Yes."

"That's right. Thank you for remembering the rules, sweetheart." Negan emphasized his praise with soft voice and a small, gentle smile that came as such a surprise that Daryl blushed slightly and felt his heart skip a beat.

"Careful!" Jesus juggled three full plates past a hotel guest from Sweden, almost losing one of the oven fresh raisin buns he had brought for Daryl. "Uhf, that was a close shave." He put everything on the table, including the extra waffle he had carried tucked underneath his chin. "That Granny thought she could steal all the bacon but I was faster." He hiccuped as he slumped down on the chair next to Negan and shoved a huge plate over to Daryl. "All your favorites with whipped cream." He hiccuped again and then a third time while he took a big bite of a tiny chocolate croissant.

"What the fuck is that." Negan wrinkled his nose, studying the food boy number two had put in front of him.

"Mh," Jesus pulled a leg up on the chair and leaned over Negan's plate, pointing at each item with his half-eaten pastry. "Bacon, sausage, waffle with syrup, french toast and these are baked beans. Didn't know what you like, Sir."

Negan turned, giving his sub a blank look. "Eggs, plain yogurt and some fresh salmon if they have it."

Jesus pulled his shoulders up, hiccuping again with a sheepish grin. "Oh right. Be right back, Sir." He got up with an especially loud hiccup and shoved the rest of the croissant between his lips, leaving for the man who prepared fresh scrambled eggs and omelets in front of the guests.

Daryl looked after him and sniffed his nose, then glanced at Negan in a silent plea, not sure if he was allowed to eat the pile of delicacies Jesus had selected for him.

Negan sighed, waving two fingers. "Eat."

The corners of Daryl's mouth tipped up but he didn't say anything, just forked all the whipped cream between his lips that topped his syrup glazed waffles. After the fifth fork, he found a single blueberry at the bottom of his whipped cream mountain. He picked it up with thumb and forefinger, licked the cream and syrup off and held it out across the table. "'s for you."

Negan glanced up from the message he was typing and liked everything he saw. The serious expression in blue eyes, the smudge of white next to Daryl's mouth and the little spit-wet berry. He didn't comment on it, just put his phone down and leaned forward, eating the blueberry from his sub's fingers. "Are you my good boy?"

"Hm." Daryl nodded, because he was, and then glowered at Negan's phone when it started ringing.

"Yes." Negan took the call, getting up from his chair to walk back and forth in front of the windows. "No, that's okay, I wanted them in black. Seventeen with cuffs. Yes."

Daryl watched in silence, hating when Negan started to massage his temple. It wasn't even nine in the morning.
"Look, I found chia pudding." Paul came back with a very reasonably filled plate that he put on Negan's place. Scrambled eggs without salt, smoked salmon, cucumber, grilled tomato, greek yogurt and a small additional glass with something gel-like. "Who's that now?" He glanced up when Negan groaned into the phone, closing his eyes as he rubbed his forehead.

"What the fuck. I told him seventeen! Stop the fucking production and adjust it for god's sake."

"Hm." Daryl shrugged. Whoever it was, he hated him.

Jesus hiccuped, twice, then decided to interrupt the conversation. "Daddy, I brought the food you wanted." He said it with an extra friendly smile and little wave to get himself noticed, then hiccuped again.

"Well, yes. Send them over, I'll go through them." Negan tucked the phone between ear and shoulder, walking back to the table, but he didn't sit down. "Hm. No, it will take a while, I'm taking my boys shopping." He stepped behind Paul's chair, hearing him hiccup once more, and held him by the back of the head while he covered the man's mouth and nose firmly with the other hand. "No, six maybe. Mhm." He ignored the muffled 'Uh fopping' that was spoken against his palm and tightened his hold, even more, cutting off any source for oxygen intake. "Surely not!" He snorted, chuckling into the phone, while he took his hand off, waited for Paul to take a deep breath, and then covered his mouth and nose again. "Do I look like fucking Mary Poppins? Get it yourself!"

Daryl watched the whole procedure in silence, slowly eating his waffle. He didn't know who Mary Poppins was but he would for sure buy something nice for Merle.

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The Disney store's groundfloor salesroom on Oxford street was already crowded at 10:30 in the morning and the tall man standing in its middle flared his nostrils, pure disgust contorting his handsome face, when little Mai-ling from Tongcheng/China twirled right next to him in her new princess tutu, while the sing-a-long version of Frozen's 'Do you want to build a Snowman' blared out of every speaker for the seventh time since they had entered this hell hole, because Mister Rovia desperately needed a pair of Mickey Mouse slippers for one of his Dads.

"Hello!" A very enthusiastic girl in blue Disney shirt approached her grumpy customer with the brightest smile she had to offer. "Would you like a basket, Sir? It makes your shopping experience so much more magical!"

Negan clenched his jaw when little Toby ran for the third time from behind into his legs and gave the friendly sales girl a whithering death stare. "I fucking doubt it."

The young woman made a step back and refrained from using her Cinderella magic wand to conjure a smile on the man's face, having a feeling that it wouldn't work. Instead, she grabbed her basket and went to the next customer who didn't have such an intimidating aura.

"Look what I found, Sir!" A young man in leather duster, wearing Mickey ears on his long hair, heaved a shopping basket full of Disney magic through the crowd to park it in front of a pair of black biker boots. "One for Joseph, one for Olivia and this is for Simon, isn't it cute?" He held a little Ratatouille car air freshener up that smelled like some kind of French food.

"No." Negan took the mouse ears off his sub's head. "Where's Daryl."

"Still upstairs." Paul pointed to the stairs and then looked down at 4-year-old Lulu, who shyly tucked his leather coat.
"Are you a princess?" She gave him the most serious look.

He melted like Olaf the snowman on a hot summer's day, putting a hand on his flattered chest. "Aww... that's so-"

"Fucking true." Negan grabbed the full basket, snapping his fingers harshly against the back of Paul's head. "Go, get him and fucking meet me at the check-out." All this fairy dust polluted air made his dick shrivel.

"No problem, Sir." Paul gave one of his Dads a bright smile and whispered to his little admirer as he turned around to leave. "I'm a pixie." He brushed his hair aside to reveal one of his ears that looked indeed a bit pointy.

Little Lulu looked after the pretty pixie in pure astonishment until it had vanished in the crowd.

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"And this my friends is the place of pilgrimage for the music lovers of the world!" Jesus panned the camera up at the sign above the doors. "Phonica records in the heart of London! Amazing selection and a great vibe. Let's go in!" He held the door open and looked back over his shoulder when Daryl didn't follow.

"Go, we come in a minute." Negan pulled his sub aside and held the left part of his jacket open, offering a place to hide.

"Okay, Sir, take your time." Paul smiled, vanishing in the store. They had witnessed a small collision on Brewer-street. It hadn't been bad, just some broken taillights, but still, Daryl was visibly shaken. It pained him to see it, so it was good that he had a whole record shop full of precious vinyl as a distraction.

"Are you thirsty?" Negan covered Daryl's back and head as much as possible with his jacket, resting his chin on tousled hair. He got no spoken answer and let the tiny shake of a head slip. "You wanna go back to the hotel?" He squinted when a gruff word was mumbled into his shirt.

"Home." Daryl didn't like this city where all the drivers sat on the wrong side of the car. He wanted to go back to Atlanta and hide Negan's car keys somewhere in the abandoned part of the factory where nobody would ever find them.

"Home?" Negan widened his stance a little, wrapping both arms around his sub with a deep sigh. "We just fucking got here. You haven't seen the palace yet, you didn't send a postcard to your brother ..." He rubbed his bearded chin over the top of Daryl's head, then glanced down when blue eyes peered up at him. "Right? I thought you help me with my work."

"I can." Daryl shrugged, his interest caught.

"Great." Negan shrugged as well. "What do you wanna do."

Daryl sniffed his nose, trying to flick his head in the tight embrace. "A demo." He would do much better than all the sluts.

A deep chuckle rumbled through Negan's chest. "Yeah? Should I spank your cute ass in front of all the jealous little fanboys?"

Daryl scowled. He hated fanboys. "Yes."
The determined answer made Negan smirk. Maybe it was time to involve his sub a bit more in his work. "Hm." He pursed his lips, "I will think about it." and then looked back over his shoulder when Paul knocked from inside the store at the shop window, mouthing the words 'credit card, please?' before he folded his hands in a pleading prayer. Negan sighed, patting Daryl's butt. "You wanna bring Paul my wallet before he offers his fucking kidneys or a blow job."

"Hja." Daryl chuckled quietly against Negan's shirt, enjoying the smell of leather, cologne and just a very faint hint of sweat. No bleach, no disinfectant.

"Good boy." Negan kissed the top of his sub's head and took him by the hand, leading him into the store that would hustle a small fortune out of his pockets.

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After having spent 117 GBP at the Disney store for a pixie from Atlanta and three times as much at the record store, Negan encouraged Daryl to pick their next shopping location and tried not to show his annoyance when the store of choice was just a local supermarket, where a very happy Daryl left after twenty minutes with British chocolate for Merle and a magazine about motorcycles.

Jesus carried his full bags through Regent-street, pointing out a fancy boutique on the other side of the street. "Maybe you want a beanie hat for next winter?"

Daryl wrinkled his nose. He could just borrow Paul's.

"Or maybe you want a lightsaber?" Jesus spread his arms invitingly in front of a big toy store. "Or monopoly! We could play with Joseph and make him buy all our cheap motels."

Daryl shook his head, having no idea what Jesus talked about. He didn't want to buy funny socks at Primark, either, and didn't feel like going into the weirdly smelling Lush store. But he sniffed his nose in front of a display with postcards at a small kiosk and needed nine minutes to select a nice one for his brother. It showed the huge glass-shard-building where their hotel was located and said 'Greetings from London'. That was convenient because then he wouldn't have to write so much.

Negan paid for the card, a stamp, a bottle of water and new tic-tacs because Paul had eaten the rest of the last package, claiming he would starve, not even three hours after breakfast.

"Daddy could buy you a diamond ring." Paul wriggled his brow in front of Cartier. "That would be fancy."

"Th." Daryl snorted, giving Paul a light push that still made him almost stumble onto the street with all of his bags.

"Hey. Be good." Negan squeezed Daryl's hand in a warning. "Maybe I wanna buy you a fucking ring. You have a problem with that?"

The comment took Daryl by surprise and he wasn't sure what to say, knowing that Merle would fall off the chair, laughing, if he had heard the conversation. "I'm not a girl." He scowled, but secretly wished he had a pretty gold ring underneath his pillow.

A deep chuckle emerged from Negan's throat. "True." He stopped at Bow Wow, a little pet store next to a questionable bar and parked his sub with a snap of his fingers in front of the window. "You're a rude shit who wants to wait here while I do my shopping." He patted Paul's cheek. "Watch my Puppy. I'm right back."

"Alrighty-roo." Paul saluted tiredly and put his bags down, flexing his sore fingers.
Daryl watched his owner vanishing in the store, then watched him through the shop window, feeling angry and guilty at the same time. He didn't agree that he was a rude shit and should wait outside, especially when they bought new things for Tiger.

"I am hungry..." Paul leaned with his back against the window. "And my feet hurt. London is exhausting." He slouched his shoulders for three minutes and then glanced up in slight interest when a hot guy in his early 50's walked by, giving him a sexy grin. "Helloooo Daddy."

Daryl punched Paul's shoulder with a growl. He hated flirting and didn't want Paul to have more Daddies.

"Hey!" Paul laughed. "I am just friendly!"

Daryl didn't comment on it. He was busy watching through the window how Negan talked to a lady in front of a shelf with dog treats. She nodded and showed him a small brown bag, obviously reading the ingredients for him, and he seemed satisfied because he took it, along with a nice dark blue metal dog bowl and a little squirrel squeaker toy.

The door made a faint jingling sound when Negan left the store. "Have you been good?" He handed Paul the bag and arched his brows at Daryl, who gave him a very serious nod. "Mhm." He stepped closer, occupying his sub's personal space. "Did my puppy wait so nicely for me?"

Daryl nodded again, "Hm." staring up at Negan with three butterflies poking around in his belly when a big hand reached out to touch his crotch. Just like that, in front of the store where everyone could see it.

"That's so nice of you." Negan purred, fondling his sub's package. "You wanna have a reward?" He copied the shy nod he received and got a small treat out of his jacket pocket. It wasn't a raisin but looked like a brown cookie in bone-shape.

Something hot shot through Daryl's chest, down into his lower belly as soon as he realized what it was. He moved his head back, tensing for a second but then opened his mouth anyway because the treat was held to his lips. He didn't chew, just stared up into dark eyes, not sure if he should be more angry or embarrassed. But Negan's expression didn't hold any mockery. He looked calm and friendly, as if he waited for something. And as soon as Daryl started to chew timidly, a very proud, very soothing voice rewarded him, accompanied by a gentle hand fondling his crotch again.

"Good boy..." Negan leaned in closer, pleased when his sub spread his legs a little to give better access. "Is that so tasty? Tell me." He didn't wait for an answer but licked pale pink lips with a soft tongue. "Such a sweet puppy for me."

Daryl exhaled soundly through his nose, his heart almost jumping out of his chest. He was hard and his dick twitched in much too tight pants. The weird taste of a real dog treat spread around his tongue. The deep voice purring sweet words of praise for him made the pit of his stomach hot and his cheeks flush. And suddenly he was very aware of the broad leather collar he wore visibly for everyone else to see around his neck. Especially when a couple of strangers walked by, openly staring at the two men sharing affection in front of a pet store. It made his feet all tingly and his heartbeat even faster.

"Good job," Negan spoke against his boy's lips, his voice just above a whisper and thick with pride. "Are you working so hard to make me happy?" He got a nod and copied it again, sharing a gentle kiss with faintly smiling lips. "Yes, you do. Making me so proud."

"Don't mind me, keep going." Paul smirked, holding his camera up to unashamedly capture the heat
of the moment for the rather boring nights when all of his Dads would be out working or were too tired to play with him.

"Mhm." Negan broke the kiss and grabbed boy number two's camera to shove it into his pocket.

"It's not my fault if you don't keep me entertained." Paul shrugged, starting to rummage through the new bag he had been given to carry. "Uh, look, Daddy bought you new dishes." He fished the shiny, blue metal bowl out for a closer look. It had the words 'Good Boy' written on one side. "Fancy!"

Daryl sniffed his nose before he offered a gruff statement. "'s for Tiger." And it made him already jealous.

"Don't be ridiculous." Negan patted his sub's cheek, "Tiger doesn't need another fucking bowl." and then walked off, snapping his fingers. "Chop, chop now. Daddy's hungry."

Jesus grabbed the bags, following eagerly because all he wanted at this point was food.

While Daryl wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, his stomach making an excited little flip as pictures of him eating organic blueberries out of a bowl for real puppies danced through his head.

----

At almost noon, three men walked through the streets of Soho in search of a place with healthy lunch options.

"Boy. Here."

Daryl had difficulties to concentrate on the subtle hand signals he was given, distracted by his surroundings. There were a lot of bars with funny names, shops for adults with poppers and dildos openly displayed in the windows and in-between small, cozy bookstores with colorful doors. They walked around a corner into another street, broader and busier than the last, and he glanced up at a building that looked almost out of place in this neighborhood. It was higher and bigger, looked modern and fresh compared to the others. The shop windows were tanned black and bold red letters hung resplendently over the automatic doors. LEATHER FACTORY. Daryl's heart skipped a beat. He stopped for a second, flicking his head, then jogged three steps up to catch Negan and tug his sleeve. "'s yours!" He waved his forearm to show what he had discovered.

"Imagine that." Negan took his sub by the hand to guide him across the busy street.

Jesus held his phone up to film for his loyal subscribers. "Ladies and Gents, the London store! It's the third biggest of them all." He followed Negan through the doors, capturing the faces of shock and surprise when the staff and customers realized that the Boss himself graced them with his presence. "Uh yeah," he gave his audience a 360 degree view. "Look at all the goodies here. Magical."

Daryl couldn't believe it. It was a leather store just like the one in Atlanta, with naughty toys and fetish gear and pretty cardboard Negans, holding baseball bats. Just the man behind the counter didn't seem familiar. He looked dumbfounded and quickly swallowed his chewing gum when Negan approached him.

"Good morning!" Negan took his shades off and shared a very firm handshake with the intimidated salesperson. "Where's Gary?"

"Uhm," Ron blinked through his glasses, staring at the surprise guest as if he had seen a ghost. "In the back, Sir." He pointed a weak finger somewhere to the left.
"Good!" Negan reached out to give the young man a hearty back pat, then gestured to Daryl. "That's my boy, Daryl. You wanna show him around while I have a word with your supervisor."

Ron nodded, his skin looking more pale than usual. "Of course, Sir."

"Hm." Negan nodded as well and left to find his store manager.

Ron stared after him and then at the man he was supposed to entertain. He blushed, offering a shy 'Hello' before he avoided his eyes, wishing he had applied for the open spot at Marks&Spencers instead of the world's most famous fetish company. He should really listen to his mother more often.

----

Thirty minutes later, Paul was still busy filming for his channel, accompanied by a group of Negan-fans by now, who were more than willing to guest-star in the vlog, while at the other end of the store a shy salesperson tried his best to explain his very quiet guest the amenities of their newest bullwhip model.

"It's handmade." He took it cautiously from the shelf. "In Andalusia."

"Hm." Daryl flicked his head, not sure if he was allowed to take it, but then just did because it looked so awesome.

"The handle is really beautiful." Ron tried, holding an arm behind his back while extending a finger to show what he meant. "You can test it if you like."

"No, you fucking can't." The tall man coming back out of the staff room took the weapon out of his sub's hands to hold it underneath Ron's pale nose. "This thing has a range of 10 feet and will cut your fucking ear off like a knife if you're standing in the way!"

"Uh, I didn't-" The young salesman bent backwards two inches, finding the real Negan far more impressive than the sassily grinning cardboard version. "I'm sorry."

Negan arched his brows. "Go, wrap it. Puppy can test it at home."

Ron took the coiled up leather, nodding hastily, "Of course, Sir." and hurried to his cash register.

"What do you wanna say if somebody buys you your first own fucking bullwhip." Negan gave his sub a stern look.

Daryl blinked through his long bangs, "Thank you." and then added a small 'Sir' when one of his owner's brows arched up a bit higher.

"Better." Negan waved two fingers. "Now go, ask Ron for a pen. Fans want my autograph and I don't plan to stay here all fucking day. I'm hungry."

----

At almost one in the afternoon, after Negan had given 28 autographs and had posed for at least the same amount of selfies, he sat at a private table of a posh restaurant and enjoyed the soothing relief his headache pills offered, along with a healthy dish of crisp polenta with hazelnuts and kale, and a big glass of iced green tea, when his phone beeped. He glanced at the time. It was early morning now in Atlanta.

Rick Grimes
Good morning. Enjoy your lunch.

08/03/2018, 12:58 PM

He answered the message with an honest 'much better, good job', read through a short e-mail from Eugene, a text message from Simon and then glanced up and decided to take a picture for his Instagram. Of his two boys, both sitting there with their still half full plates, completely absorbed as they admired their shopping hauls.

Jesus sitting in a pile of Disney merchandise and vinyl records, smiling faintly as he read the backside of a Billy Idol record from 1986.

Daryl humbly stroking the smooth leather of his bullwhip, which lay on the table next to a fuzzy squeaky squirrel, a blue dog bowl, an open bag of puppy treats, a motorcycle magazine, a bar of Cadbury caramel chocolate, a postcard and a stamp.

He posted the photo with a winking smiley and the words 'Happy boys - sore credit card', before he switched his phone off and tucked it into his jacket pocket to enjoy the rest of his lunch without interruptions.

After two minutes, Daryl glanced up. "can test it at the club." There was enough space, even for the longest bullwhip.

Negan gave a nod, "You can." then took a casual sip of his tea. "Should I watch?"

The hint of a smile appeared on Daryl's lips. "Okay." He would like that so much.

"Okay." Negan nodded again, not saying anything else. But he nudged his sub's shoe underneath the table, feeling ridiculously good when he was nudged back.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading, sweethearts <3 Let's go sightseeing next :)
**I was advised to warn and tag more, so here you go:**

Possibly disrespect towards a 'leader' of a beautiful nation (there, I did it again), 24/7 D/s, phone anxiety, trauma, punishment

**Chapter Notes**

See the end of the chapter for notes.

"You wanna continue your behavior?" Negan didn't give a shit that a whole group of tourists watched him enforcing the rules in public, in the middle of Trafalgar Square. "Give me my fucking phone."

Daryl glared daggers at the ground by his feet, boiling with rage. And with each second that passed, the muscles in his back and arms tensed more, his fingernails digging into his palms. "Don' have it."

"My. phone." Negan tried to stay calm, seeing his sub's struggle. A familiar picture by now. "Now." He held a hand out.

Daryl flexed his fists the moment his chin started to tremble. His eyes flickered nervously from left to right for a moment, wishing there would be a chair to sit on or a corner he could face. But there was only the great wide open, dozens of people, probably all staring at him. "Don' have it." This time his words sounded much quieter and pathetically meek even to his own ears. And just a split of a second later he blinked rapidly, his nostrils flaring with heavy breathing when the tallest, angriest man ever started to count.

"THREE!"

Daryl panicked, feeling like his head would explode.

"TWO!"

He pulled the phone out of his pocket and flung it furiously into a big hand. The loud counting stopped, but his heart pounded so heavily that it made him dizzy. He knew he had to apologize or move to Alaska, but he didn't want to do any of it because he wasn't the evil one here. The phone was. And because it was all so hopeless he didn't suppress the weird sob that really needed to come out. "'t always rings!" He gave the broad leather-clad chest in front of him an angry push but didn't want to see himself being so evil, so he took his forearm up to hide his face, before he turned away, sobbing again. "Your head hurts." The last words came out in a hoarse, high pitched tone, not very loud and not very confident.

Negan waited. 60 seconds. Giving his own frustration time to cool off and his sub a moment of privacy, before he slowly closed the distance, his nose almost touching the back of Daryl's head. "Don't take my stuff. Don't ever shove me again. Don't lie to my fucking face." His icy tone warmed up a bit when a shattered sob rippled through his sub's chest. "I took four calls today. I have a fucking business to run, even when I'm on vacation."
Jesus bit his lip and stepped closer to Negan's side, leaning his forehead against a leather clad upper arm. He huffed a breath, not saying a word.

Negan closed his eyes, rubbing his face with a sigh. "Turn around."

Daryl wanted to, but it was so hard that it took half a minute before he actually did.

"Thirty lines. I want them by 10 tonight, with your report."

Writing lines was a horrible punishment but it was better than moving to Alaska. Still, Daryl didn't take his arm down, sure if he did he would see hundreds of people staring at him.

"You may apologize."

Daryl sniffed his nose and exhaled a breath but didn't get a word out. He lifted a finger, blindly touching the front of Negan's jacket.

"No. Apologize."

Jesus pressed his nose into the leather covering Negan's upper arm, wishing he could help.

23 seconds later, a very small, almost inaudible "I'm sorry" was spoken and Daryl didn't protest when his arm was pulled down.

"Look at me." Negan took hold of his sub's chin, tilting it up. "What are you sorry for."

A woman walked by, staring. Daryl saw her out of the corner of his eye.

"Eyes on me. What are you sorry for."

Daryl pulled his fingers, trying to make his voice work as he looked into Negan's stern face. "Your phone."

"I am sorry for taking Negan's phone and hiding it." Negan corrected. "You write it ten times tonight. What else are you sorry for."

Daryl pulled his thumb, shifting on his feet as he stared up, but still noticed the man who walked by. "Lyin' n pushin' you." He was very sorry for the latter and reached out to shyly touch the bottom hem of a smooth leather jacket.

Negan let him. "I am sorry for lying straight to Negan's face. I am sorry for showing violence towards my owner. Ten lines each in your best fucking Sunday handwriting." He jerked Daryl's chin when the eye contact was broken. "RIGHT?"

Daryl tried to nod in the firm grip. "Right."

"Good." Negan narrowed his eyes, letting go of his sub. "And since you like to carry my fucking phone around, you may do it for the rest of the day." He handed it over. "Don't fucking drop it, don't lose it, answer every call and message like a good little assistant."

The color drained from Daryl's face, his eyes wide.

"What. You don't want me to do it, so do it yourself." Negan patted first his sub's pale cheek, then Paul's butt. "Chop, chop now, we have a fucking bus to catch."
The Hop-on Hop-off bus tour was certainly the best and most hassle-free way to experience London’s attractions. And since they had started so early, they had most of the red double-decker bus for themselves.

Paul insisted to sit on the open-top deck, where he knelt on his seat, excitedly taking one picture after another or filming segments for his vlog, while Daryl sat next to Negan, wrinkling his nose as his hair got tousled by the fresh London breeze.

He didn't really enjoy himself. He had seen the town already from the window in their hotel suite and he still felt guilty for acting out first thing in the morning. The phone, that he held like a precious Fabergé egg in his hand, didn't make the situation any better. It could ring or beep at any moment. He could just as well carry a hand grenade around.

"Are you taking good care of my phone?" Negan opened the 0,2 l £3 waterbottle he had bought at the sightseeing-bus-ticket shop and held it to his sub's lips.

"Hm." Daryl drank, trying to nod while his chin was held by a leather-clad hand.

"Very nice." Negan took a sip himself and leaned back in his uncomfortable seat, spreading his legs as he put his shades on. "Don't forget to take some nice souvenir photos for me." Maybe he could take a little nap in the meantime.

"Hm." Daryl looked at the relaxed person next to him and then at the barber shop to his left where the bus had stopped because a young couple on their honeymoon wanted to join the tour. He sniffed his nose again, taking a blurry picture of the 'GoodFellas' barber shop sign, complete with comb and scissors.

After enjoying some of the tour from their bus seats, listening to the audio commentary, Jesus had insisted to get off as soon as he saw the majestic gates of Buckingham Palace.

Daryl wasn't very impressed. The factory looked much better.

"Take a picture of me!" Jesus saluted, standing at attention for Her Majesty right in front of the gates, smiling brightly.

Daryl snapped a picture. "'s the Queen inside?" He couldn't even see a golden carriage in front of the door or at least a horse.

"No." Negan signed a jacket sleeve for an excited fan. "If the Union flag is up it means she's not home."

"Hm." Daryl wrinkled his nose against the sun as he glanced up to see the flag flying above the palace. He took a picture.

"Daddy should have one, too." Jesus mused, putting an arm around Daryl's shoulders while he enjoyed the view a bit longer. "You know, like a black stallion on a red ground. We could raise it at every Threshold or for his birthday."

"Hja." Daryl loved the idea. That would be awesome.

"I'll set it up every time I want my dick sucked." Negan took the phone out of Daryl's hand and gave it to the fanboy. "Os. You wanna take a pic of me and my boys."
Oswald Vasilchuk came all the way from Ukraine to visit the beautiful United Kingdom, and not in his wildest dreams would he have imagined meeting the Lord of his kink world, here, in front of the Queen's official residence. On the other hand, it was only fitting because Negan was indeed considered Royalty within the leather universe.

He smiled brighter than the three men posing in front of the high palace gates as he released the shutter and would never wash the back of his neck again, because Negan squeezed it rewardingly with a friendly 'Thanks, be good' before he left to board a red sightseeing bus with both of his boys like an ordinary person.

---

After an hour, Daryl Dixon had taken several pictures of Big Ben, the Houses of Parliament, Jesus doing a little happy dance on his bus seat, Negan's thigh, a big church, a funny statue and a boat on the River Thames, before his nightmare came true and the grenade-phone beeped and vibrated in his hand. It sent an electric shock right into his guts and he held it out for Negan in slight panic.

"It's Rick." Negan had his head tipped back against the backrest, enjoying the late morning sun coming out. And he didn't have to open his eyes to know who messaged him several hours before the sun would rise in Atlanta. "Tell me what he wants."

Daryl opened the message. It really was the Cowboy boots guy. He read the message first quietly to himself, mouthing the words along, and then out loud for Negan. "Can't sleep. What are you doin'."

"Take a picture of me. Send it." Negan didn't move or open his eyes behind his sunglasses.

Daryl took three pictures because Negan looked so pretty and sent the best one to Rick's number. It didn't take long before the phone beeped again. This time he opened it promptly because he wanted to know what the answer was. "You look good." He sniffed his nose, glancing at Negan. "'s with a smilin' face." Almost like flirting. He didn't like it.

"Write, 'I know, now go back to sleep.' "

"Hm." Daryl thought that was a good answer and he needed almost three minutes to compose it because he forgot a 'w', an 'e' and wrote 'back' with just a normal 'k'. But after the second try, he got it all right and send it. "'m done."

"Very good." Negan patted his sub's knee. "Now go, tell Paul we're getting off at the next stop."

Daryl didn't get to carry out the task, because Jesus had adopted one of his Dads bat hearing, at least when it came to hearing good news. "YES! Madame Tussauds!"

---

Daryl had never been to a wax museum before and now that he was taken to one, he really didn't like it. It was hard to tell the wax figures apart from the real people and one was supposed to take selfies all the time. It wasn't fun at all.

... even though other visitors seemed to have the time of their life.

"Oh my God, it's Freddy!" After Paul Rovia from the United States of America had swooned over Audrey Hepburn, Marilyn Monroe and Brangelina like a good homosexual should, he almost fainted and fell to his knees in front of the very lifelike replica of Mister Freddy Mercury. "Please take a picture before I spontaneously combust! I am not worthy!"
Daryl chuckled, taking a photo of a religiously prostrating Jesus, and then another one of Negan dragging boy number two back up to his feet by the lobe of his pixie ear because the floor was dirty and the pants were new.

In the section of Hollywood stars, a group of young men from Norway coincidentally witnessed a very tall, very attractive man in leather jacket posing for a pic next to the Terminator, which brought not only their inner fanboys out but also twelve cellphones, before they begged their Leathergod Negan for selfies, hugs, and autographs. It all turned into a bigger affair as soon as other visitors noticed that the Negan-wax figure was, in fact, a real, breathing person, and after 16 minutes and a small queue of hysterical fans forming for an unplanned meet 'n greet, the Madame Tussaud's security staff had to interfere.

The room with the athletes was more quiet, giving Jesus the opportunity to have a secret glance into David Beckham's football shorts, lick Wayne Rooney's wax-cheek and give Christiano Ronaldo some bunny ears for a photo that he posted to his Instagram.

In the next section was a lot of noise, loud growls from a gigantic Gorilla and dinosaurs. Jesus took a picture of a humble Daryl Dixon, standing next to Mister Spielberg because he was the creator of Jurassic Park.

The royal throne room was partly closed off with a thick red rope. There was a real throne in the back, made of gold and red velvet, and in front of it stood the whole royal family with crowns and medals, wearing their official attire. All male visitors received black tophats if they wanted a professional picture taken. Jesus was thrilled and happily picked his spot between the Queen of England and a very elegant Duchess of Cambridge because he was a fan of girl power, while the patient photographer tried to encourage Daryl to participate as well.

Daryl shook his head with a glare when he was offered a tiny Union flag to hold instead of wearing a top hat.

Negan signed his name on a Madame Tussaud's brochure for a fan from Israel, then took the top hat, put it on, grabbed his sub by the wrist and walked him into the photo scenery. Not to stand next to a wax figure, but to sit on the throne behind. His legs spread, one casually stretched out, one elbow on the golden armrest, his chin resting on his knuckles.

"Here." He snapped his fingers and pointed two down to the free space next to his right foot.

Daryl hesitated for a second before he followed the order and got rewarded for his submissive posture by long fingers, secretly tickling his neck. It made him smile and the professional photo of the royal family for 45 GBP was one of the best he had ever seen.

"Look at us." Jesus thought so, too, carrying the photo all the way to the fantasy section. "You can't even tell that we're not a part of the family." And then temporarily lost interest as soon as he spotted a life-sized Spiderman. "Hold my beer while I mate with my boo." He handed the photo blindly to one of his Dads and went to find a very creative selfie-position for his new screensaver picture.

Twenty minutes later, a tall man from Atlanta took a little break on an artificial rock in the Ogre Swamp, to read with his intimidated sub through a business-related message on his evil grenade phone, while Paul Rovia entertained his loyal YouTube subscribers with a little vlog segment, next to his new best buddy, Harry Potter.

"You know, I wish there was a Hogwarts for kinky people? Where we could learn a bunch of spells for BDSM and stuff?" He put an arm around Harry's shoulders. "Like a spell for bondage. I mean wouldn't that save so much time? You would just wield your wand and all is wrapped up." He put
his camera down and presented a bright smile for the shy fan from Tokio who couldn't believe that he got hold of Harry Potter and Jesus himself in the same room.

The 'leaders of the world' - section was the last on the tour and Daryl glared at the stocky guy standing in an Oval Office scenery next to a huge desk and the US flag. His face looked grim and orange and he spoiled the wonderful picture Daryl wanted to take of the tall man who slouched casually in the office chair, having his biker boots up on the desk.

"Wait." Jesus pulled his knitted beanie hat out of his pocket and stood on his tiptoes to put it on Mister Trump's weird hairdo. "See?" He made a step back to examine his masterpiece. "That's so much better!" He turned around, putting a hand on the wax figure's shoulder and showed a happy peace sign for the camera.

Daryl chuckled and captured a rare smirk of his very own president.

----

"Put that fucking critter down!" A tall man in leather jacket and biker boots strode with long steps over the perfectly mowed lawn of St. James's park, harshly taking his sunglasses off. Obviously, it was too much to ask to have a little peace and quiet in the sun after 5 hours of sightseeing.

Daryl looked up, holding a wildly flapping duck in both hands. He just wanted to see if he was able to catch it, but now he didn't know what to do with it.

"Down!"

He put it down carefully, then sniffed his nose and wiped it with the back of his hand. "'s jus' a duck."

"It's a fucking germ factory paddling around in that sewer water all day long!" Negan grabbed his sub's hands, found them as filthy as expected and dragged him across the lawn to the sunny spot where Jesus was waiting, enjoying a huge portion of fish and chips to his lemonade, that he had wiggled out of one of his Dads because he was cute and knew how to use it.

"Sit." Negan gave Daryl a light push and grabbed a bottle of 3£ Evian. "Hands."

Daryl opened his mouth for a french fry, glancing up at the tall, angry man towering over him. He held his hands out.

"I think it's cod." Jesus gave his chunk of fried fish a closer look before he shoved it between Daryl's lips. "Right?"

Daryl chewed four times before he offered his opinion. "'s Pollock." He sniffed his nose again with a glance at Negan, shaking the expensive water in thick, dirty drops off his fingers.

"It's pressed fish waste with fucking salt and fat." Negan dropped the bottle and claimed back his place in the short grass, resting his head on a rolled up leather jacket. He crossed his ankles, put one arm underneath his head and rested the other hand on his stomach, taking a deep breath.

Jesus watched him, nibbling on his fried fish waste. "Don't fall asleep, Daddy? We haven't seen the London Eye yet and the Tower." He tugged Negan's shirt. "We have to marvel at the crown jewels."

Negan took another deep breath, closing his eyes. "Mhm." He reached out and blindly grabbed one of Paul's hands, putting it on his crotch. "You can marvel at them right now."
Daryl chuckled and then flinched when the phone rang, his heart instantly pounding up to his throat. Negan didn't lose his relaxed posture. "Boy. The phone."

"Hff." Daryl took it, timidly pressing the button before he held it up to his ear, listening.

'Hello?'

It was a male voice.

'Negan?'

It sounded like the buzz-cut guy. He exhaled soundly into the phone, then said a small 'Daryl Dixon'.

"Good job." Negan whispered his praise, but it dripped with affection and pride.

There was a chuckle on the other end of the line. 'Oh hey, boy. Doing good? How's London?'

Daryl let out a shattered breath, scratching his head right above his ear. "Good."

'Great! Can you give me the boss for a second?'

Daryl shook his head, then flicked it because a strand of hair fell into his eyes. "No." Negan wanted to rest and he was punished with phone duty.

Mister Walsh, far away in Atlanta, rubbed the back of his neck, not sure what to do with the severe lack of information. 'Well, okay. Can you tell him we could stop the production and fix the problem?'

"Hm." Daryl nodded, sniffing his nose. "Okay."

'Thanks, boy. See you on Friday, right?'

"Hm." A small smile wandered over Daryl's features. He had forgotten that everyone would come on Friday. "Yes."

'Bye!'

"Bye." Daryl pushed the red button, buckets of pride washing through every nook of his body. "It was Shane." He turned to face Negan, tapping the man's hand with one finger.

"What did he want." Negan lifted his index finger and caught Daryl's pinkie with it.

"Problem's fixed."

"Mhm." Negan inhaled deeply, stretching his tired body and then fished a raisin out of his pocket to shove it between his sub's lips. "Sure looks like it." He held his arm out. "Now come here. Daddy's tired."

----

In the afternoon on one of the big lawns in London's St. James's Park, Daryl had the best time yet in England. It was almost like a camping trip. They were outside, the sun was warm on his skin with a light breeze every now and then. He watched the squirrel he had spotted a while ago in one of the trees in a bit of a distance and Negan was just lying there. Resting. All relaxed, with no beeping phones, headaches or business talk.
He turned his head, burying his nose into Negan's shirt and then blinked when gentle fingers brushed the tousled hair out of his face. It was Paul, just a few inches away, snuggled up to Negan's other side.

"Hi." Jesus smiled, just mouthing the word, almost soundless. "Do you wanna build a snowman?" He sing-sanged the last part quietly because the song was hopelessly stuck in his head after their fantastic shopping trip.

A deep, hoarse chuckle slipped past Daryl's lips, but he was too tired and relaxed to give Paul a slap or push. And he didn't move away either when the man came an inch closer for a kiss, just a soft little peck, then another with a smile in-between, before it turned into something deeper, with a bit of tongue, that tasted like lemonade and french fries.

Daryl sighed, sliding his knee over Negan's thigh and his fingers into Paul's long hair.


Daryl broke the kiss, tipping his head back to peer up and give a timid guess in a gruff tone. "Daddy's tired."

Negan suppressed a smirk. "That's right, so stop fucking wriggling." He closed his eyes underneath his sunglasses and relaxed again.

After three minutes of silence and lying perfectly still, Jesus wasn't able to contain the chuckle any longer that desperately wanted to come out. "You said Daddy." He loved his family.

Chapter End Notes

Hello puppies :) I know I said Sunday, but I got invited to something fun and I will (probably?) not be able to update again before Tuesday. Hope that is okay <3 Enjoy your weekend!!!

Next up: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gFJq9VH5kU8
Late Thursday afternoon was a glum, rainy one in London. Daryl woke up after a nap that had turned into an almost 4-hour sleep. He lifted his head out of the pillows, looking around with still heavy eyes. There was nobody else in the bedroom. He wiped the tousled bangs out of his face and got up, scratching his thigh as he walked into the suite's office.

"Where's Jesus." He sniffed his nose, his tone gruff.

Negan didn't look up from his work, just lifted his hand off the desk, waving with his pen towards the door. "Leave the room. Come back when you remember a better way to greet me."

A shot of embarrassment churned through Daryl's stomach, turning into angry defiance in under two seconds. "No."

Negan scribbled a note down. "One."

Daryl wrinkled his nose and wanted to say something else, but didn't because he didn't want a second strike. He waited a moment, then turned around stubbornly and went back into the bedroom. There was an armchair, a cushioned bench at the foot of the huge bed and a chaise longue by the windows, but still, he sat down on the floor because he didn't want to ask for permission to use the furniture. He sniffed his nose again, resting his wrists on his pulled-up knees as he glowered at the fluffy carpet, feeling angry. Negan took a phone call in the other room, then rustled through some papers, and after a while called somebody from the hotel staff to order supper. Chicken, broccoli and greek yogurt.

Daryl's stomach rumbled. He was hungry and Negan sounded so nice the way he spoke on the phone. Calm and authoritative. It made his heart ache a little and his mind think of a million better ways to greet his owner after a long nap in an awesome bed. He shifted into a kneeling position, listened a moment longer to make sure all phone calls were ended and then got up, flicking long hair from his eyes as he entered the office. He stopped in the door, hiding half of his body behind the frame. "Woke up, Sir." In his imagination, the words had sounded much better, not as gruff and more friendly, but Negan seemed to like them anyway because he glanced up from his computer screen.

"Come here."

The command didn't hold any anger, so Daryl came closer, flicking his head again as he stood next to the desk. "Hello."
Negan finished a sentence, then moved back with his chair, patting his thigh.

Something warm and happy fluttered through Daryl's stomach. He sat down, trying to be as light as possible, but a firm arm wrapped around his waist, making him take a proper seat.

"Did you sleep well in my bed?" Negan moved them back closer to the desk, opening the Leather Factory's official website.

"Hm." Daryl nodded but after a moment really wanted to give a better answer. He tapped Negan's arm, turning around. "Thank you."

"Mhm." Negan caressed his sub's back, rubbing up and down his spine, but kept his eyes on the screen. "Look what a polite boy I have. Good job." He tickled the nape of Daryl's neck. "You wanna give me a kiss?"

Daryl gave a nod, tentatively leaning in to peck the corner of Negan's mouth.

It curled up into a faint smile. "Good boy. Thank you." Negan scrolled through a new section Eugene had worked on the past days. "Paul couldn't sleep. He is excited because we'll go see a match tonight. I sent him upstairs to swim a bit."

Daryl sniffed his nose, his interest caught. "Laps?" He wanted to swim as well.

"Yes. You think he can do 40?" The new shopping cart solution worked wonders. Negan was pleased.

"Mhm." Daryl nodded, wishing Negan would stop working for a moment. "I can do more." It was true.

"I know you can." Negan patted his sub's thigh. "But you don't have time to go swimming now." He closed the tab, leaned back into the chair and wrapped both arms around Daryl's middle, giving him his full attention. "Right? What will you do now. Tell me."

Daryl scratched his collared neck with the back of his fingers. "Offer my ass." He really wanted to.

Negan chuckled, a smirk playing around his lips. "Fucking naughty boy. You wanna offer your pretty mouth and serve me in the bathroom. Help me to get ready for tonight."

"Okay." Daryl shrugged, a bit embarrassed.

The smirk extended from Negan's lips to light up his eyes, making them sparkle as he studied his sub's face. "Okay. Prepare my shit then. I'll be there in a minute."

----

Daryl liked the hotel bathroom. It was warm and big and just as nice as the one at the apartment in Atlanta. He was naked, except for his collar, waiting in perfect posture with his back to the high floor-to-ceiling windows as he watched Negan's bathroom routine. Brushing teeth, clipping nails, trimming his beard, before he washed his hands and opened the toilet lid, pulling the front of his underwear down.

Daryl's stomach clenched in anticipation, knowing exactly what would come next. He straightened his shoulders a bit more, attentively cocking his head to watch as a flow of urine splattered into the toilet bowl. His heartbeat sped up, drumming noticeably in his chest when he heard the flush and a tall man approached him. Towering over him, calm and imperious. Long, muscular legs covered in
dark hair. Daryl looked up and submissively opened his mouth, sticking his tongue out soft and invitingly, waiting for permission, that didn't come by a spoken word, but through two fingers reaching down underneath his chin to guide him up a few inches.

Daryl kept his eyes open and firmly on Negan's face as he lapped a couple of yellowish drops off before he wrapped his lips around a glistening cock head, sucking gently. Hot sparks of pride and excitement flurried through his belly when a big hand cupped the side of his face and deep words of praise rewarded him for his service.

"Good boy, that's how I like it, right. Does that taste so nice?" Negan combed three fingers through longish hair, relishing in the image by his feet. Blue eyes full of devotion looking up at him, a silky tongue and pink lips working on his length, his collar around a pale neck, thighs widely spread. No resistance, no hesitation, just pure, heartfelt submission. It brought a low, subtle growl out of his throat and made his voice more husky. "Yeah, make me hard so I can fuck that gorgeous throat." He saw the tiny flicker of excitement in Daryl's eyes and parted his lips when he was instantly sucked in a more serious pace. Tongue lapping, wet slurping noises, eager lips moving on him. He brought his other hand up, holding the man's head in both hands, starting to slightly rock his hips. "Fucking good job, Daryl, serving me so well." He got a confirming grunt and the hint of a nod, both making his dick swell even more. "Yeah? You think the people on the street watch you? Sucking my cock here by the fucking window?"

Daryl exhaled soundly through his nose, his stomach flip-flopping at the thought of others seeing him right now. He pulled back a bit, his lips and chin wet, and opened his mouth even wider, taking Negan in deeper. The familiar urge to gag overcame him, but he didn't stop and went all the way down. His own dick jumped and leaked a gush of precum as soon as his throat was breached and stretched, and Negan tipped his head back, groaning openly. The grip on his head got tighter and strong hips started to move in earnest, pumping against his face. He loved it. Everything about it. The feeling of being used and being able to give so much pleasure to this powerful man. It made his blood rush and his heart swell. Fingers buried in his hair to roughly tilt his head back and the sting on his scalp spurred him on even more. He couldn't breathe, his eyes watering, but he kept them up and open, wanting to see Negan's face. The flush that shaded the crest of his cheekbones, his eyes hooded and dark.

"That's right, all the way." Negan's nostrils flared, his voice as rough as his touch. He pressed himself down his sub's throat, grunting in pleasure when the tight muscles spasmed and rippled around him, hearing Daryl gag and splutter. "Yeah, fucking hold it." He waited another two seconds before he let go to grant a much-needed breath, adoring the load of white, foamy thick spit that came out with his dick and blue eyes humbly blinking up at him.

Daryl coughed and wiped his mouth with the back of his wrist, then smacked his lips twice and opened them again, wide.

Negan cursed, hooking his thumb behind Daryl's lower teeth to pull his jaw down. "Look at you, fucking eager." He brought his cock back between gaping lips and let his sub lick and suck for a while before he pushed deeper again, tipping his head back as he felt the swollen head of his dick breach a tight throat. "Fuck yes." He gritted his teeth, one hand on the back of Daryl's head to push him down all the way. "Show me how much you want it, boy."

His nose buried in coarse, dark hair, his head held firmly in place, Daryl gagged but didn't fight the intrusion. On the contrary, a wave of deep pleasure churned through his lower abdomen, making his dick leak and his butt throb. He groaned, his tongue pressing against the underside of Negan's cock, spreading the thick saliva he choked up.
"Yeah, keep your eyes on me." Negan started moving again, holding his sub's head firmly in both hands to cradle it for full control, enjoying the submissive gaze fixed on him and the glistening spit, framing a willing mouth. "Are you taking my dick so well? Look at you, fucking gorgeous." He watched, panting, his expression heavy with lust as he urged himself back and forth and then grimaced in stark pleasure when Daryl started to grunt and groan around him, sending deep vibrations to his nerve ends. "Are you telling me such a nice story, boy? Hm? You love my dick so much?" His fingers tightened in long strands of hair as he increased the force of his thrusts. He felt his orgasm build and didn't even try to prolong it. This wasn't meant as a long act, he wanted to get off, hot, fast and messy, shooting his load to get rid of all the tension of the day and get his head free for the night.

He glanced down, a devilish grin kicking up the corner of his mouth as he saw teary eyes full of devotion and thick drool decorating the lower half of a prettily flushed face. He could tell Daryl was almost out of oxygen, knew he should probably pull back, but he was so close, the tight heat clenching him so perfectly, he just had to finish off. He grabbed his sub's head in a new angle, feeling sharp nails digging into the back of his thighs when Daryl searched for support, and pumped himself towards his climax, three more times, before he snapped and exploded, releasing thick spurts of cum into the depth of a gagging throat. He gasped, letting out a deep guttural grunt, his legs trembling with the force ripping through him.

Daryl was dizzy, feeling Negan explode against his tongue, cursing something dirty in that deep, decadent voice that made him melt into a puddle on a luxurious bathroom floor. He couldn't breathe and had given up control over his body, allowing to be handled, moved and used however his owner pleased. And even when he was finally released, he didn't move and had to be pulled off forcefully because he didn't want to leave this wonderful light-headed space full of pleasure and devotion. A mixture of thick, white and translucent fluids came in a gush out of his mouth with a loud gagging noise and he didn't care and let it flow down his chin and collared neck, too exhausted and content to do anything about it. He knew his hair and face were a mess and he could tell that Negan liked it because his big, tall, powerful man praised him with words and hands, touched and caressed him, cooed the sweetest, most obscene words he could think of. A broad hand wiped his gooey face before a soothing wet cloth did the same and not one, but two raisins were shoved between his flushed lips because he had done so well. His head was cradled against a muscular thigh to rest and breathe for a moment, long fingers combing through his hair.

He inhaled deeply, enjoying his rapid pulse and the flow of pure bliss pumping through his veins, the entire city of London spread out behind his bare back, the only person that mattered at his front, holding him safely.

----

Even though it was considered a friendly, the encounter England-Germany at the Wembley stadium was listed as a high-risk fixture by the police forces of the United Kingdom, since both countries cherished their decades-old rivalry.

"THERE WERE TWO GERMAN BOMBERS IN THE AIR!" Even Paul Rovia from the United States of America, who felt deeply connected with the beautiful English nation, and shouted his support at the top of his lungs, practically hanging over the plexiglass barricades that were supposed to keep the home-fans from slaughtering the people on the visitor's section. "There were two German bombers -- two German bombers -- TWO GERMAN BOMBERS IN THE AIR!" And he would have climbed over the meek fence to stuff that bratwurst right up Herbert Mueller's England-mocking throat if he wouldn't have been stopped by a big hand grabbing him by the back of his wonderful new Three Lions shirt.
"Would you fucking stop that!" Negan dragged his sub back onto the cheap grey plastic seat he had just paid 220 GBP for, making him sit down. Maybe he shouldn't have agreed to buy a pint of beer along with the ticket. "Behave!"

"They called me an island monkey!" Paul outragedly gestured to the German fan club that had traveled all the way from Munich to support their team.

"They would've called you fucking worse if they knew where you actually come from." Negan wiped the pastry crumbs off his seat and slumped down with a sigh, trying to find space for his long legs somewhere between all the garbage scattered on the ground. And then lowered his head with a grunt, feeling a headache coming up when a young man from Atlanta with baggy soccer tricot and white-red war paint on his face, climbed up on his chair to fervently chant 'I'm England till I die!' with 87.000 other English supporters. He had a feeling it would be a long night.

"'s empty." Daryl sniffed his nose, holding his drained plastic beer cup to the man with the wallet. He wasn't sure about the British food, but their beer was absolutely awesome. Just as this whole football thing. He liked it a lot. It was like the party for Merle's 35's birthday at the Pussy Cat. Everyone was drunk, had at least two missing teeth and wore their hair as short as their patience towards outsiders. There was not one woman around, or people with fancy clothing. Instead, he was surrounded by roughneck guys, black tattoos, the smell of beer and more swearwords than he had ever heard in his life. Even Negan had dressed accordingly in a plain black hoodie and washed-out jeans, not bothering for cologne or hair gel. It was like a trip to heaven.

"You've already had two. The match hasn't even started yet." Negan read a message from Rick, who had just boarded the plane to Europe, along with Shane, Eugene, Abe and 11 pieces of luggage, on the verge of a nervous breakdown because he had forgotten to switch the porch lights off at home. Daryl sniffed his nose again and then wiped it with the knitted England-fan-scarf Negan had bought for him in front of the stadium to hide a broad leather collar from unsympathetic hooligan eyes.

"Please can I more." After the first two beer, his request rolled a bit easier off his tongue, even though it sounded as gruff and sullen as always.

"I buy it." Jesus offered, hopping down his chair because the chant was over and his cup was empty as well. "They also sell meat pie down there and chili fries."

"Yeah, right." Negan heaved his long body out of the narrow plastic seat, grabbed Daryl's empty cup and pushed Paul down on the chair. "You fucking stay here and behave!"

"No problem, Sir." Jesus gave one of his Dads a bright smile that made the white-red paint at the corners of his eyes crinkle and then watched him leave and vanish in a crowd of white fan tricots. This was better than a Guns 'N Roses concert and Halloween Threshold combined.

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Buying three cups of beer, two greasy cheese-whatevers and a cold British meat pie at the Wembley stadium was not only as expensive as purchasing a 1-bedroom apartment in lower Manhattan but also took almost an hour, the selfie-hug-autograph encounter with two fans from the Netherlands not included.

And when Negan finally managed to climb the stairs up and down back to row C 100, the entire stadium was roaring with a stomp-stomp-clap rhythm, belting out an impressive Queen classic.

"WEEE WILL -- WEEE WILL -- ROCK YOU!"
And in the middle of it all stood a usually rather shy young man, arm in arm with his best buddy, up on the cheap plastic seats. He wasn't singing along, but he did seem like he had the time of his life.

Paul was singing, though. Loud, one arm around Daryl's shoulders, the other high up in the air.

Negan couldn't help but smile. It was a rare sight that almost made him forget about the hole this silly event burned into his pocket.

----

Almost two hours after admission, a few children entered the pitch carrying the flags of the two countries, followed by some officials and two rows of football players. One team in white shirts and blue shorts, the other clad in a strange turquoise, greeted by 87,000 enthusiastically cheering fans.

Daryl nibbled some cheese off his greasy pretzel, looking from left to right when everyone fell quiet and a female voice from the speakers announced the German national anthem.

He could see on the big screen that the German team sang half-heartedly along, just like the away-fans behind the plexiglass barricade.

"We don't like them." Paul explained, but out of propriety refrained from booing, like some of his fellow English supporters did.

"Hm." Daryl sniffed his nose, turning to Negan who slouched in his seat, legs spread and stretched out as much as possible, while he worked through some e-mails on his phone. "'s the enemy."

Maybe Negan didn't know.

"Mhm." Negan didn't allow the tiny smirk that wanted to come out to tip his lips up. "You wanna share some of your fatty cheese thing." He opened his mouth when the slightly spit-wet pastry was held to his lips, taking a bite. The Germans were done singing, the audience applauded and 95% of the stadium rose from their seats in preparation to render homage to their sovereign. Negan didn't plan to participate but he waved two fingers at his sub. "Get up, you wanna sing for me like a good puppy."

Daryl didn't want to sing, but everyone else around him got off their seats, proudly putting a hand above their heart. He glanced to his right, seeing Jesus doing the same. So he got up as well, hesitantly holding a hand to the left side of his chest.

"God save our graa-cious Queen-- long live our noo-ble Queen... God save the Queen!"

And with the first note of the English national anthem resounding from the speakers, the little hairs on Daryl's arms stood at attention just like thousands and thousands of proud citizens of this country, who fervently sang every word at the top of their voices. It was so loud and imposing, it gave him goosebumps.

Jesus straightened his back and held his chin up, singing loud and clear and then raised his voice even more as if he wanted to make the Queen herself, far away at the Buckingham Palace, proud of him.

"SEND HER VIC-TOOO-RI-OUS!"

He held both of his arms up in the air, soaking up the atmosphere like a sponge.

"HAA-PPY AND GLOO-RI-OUS!"
Daryl looked from Jesus back over his shoulder, and felt a strange lump growing in his throat, seeing all these grown men singing in unison, with such pride and wholeheartedness.

"LONG TO REIGN OOO-VER US... GO-OD SAVE! THE! QUEEEEEN!"

The whole stadium exploded in roaring applause and he joined in, timidly clapping his hands while all around him 87,000 thousand people shouted 'ENGLAND!' along with the beat of drums that he couldn't see.

It was one of the best things he had ever witnessed and wished Merle could have been there, too.

"Did you secretly sing for me?" Negan sent the short video he had recorded to English-soccer-crazy Mister Grimes and put his phone away, sipping his beer.

"Hm." Daryl sat down, pulling one shoulder up to rub his ear against. He had totally forgotten to sing for Negan.

"Mh." Negan put an arm around his sub's shoulders, pulling him close. "You did earlier tonight, right." He nuzzled a pale ear. "On your knees, in the fucking bathroom."

Something hot churned through Daryl's belly, pictures of Negan's beautiful face contorted by pure pleasure popping up into his head. It made his dick twitch in his pants and he squeezed his thighs together, snuggling closer to a broad chest. "can do it now."

Negan chuckled. "Horny puppy. You've had enough cock for one night."

Daryl didn't agree, but he forgot about the throbbing in his lower belly as soon as a shrill whistle was to be heard and the match started, causing the man to his right and every other person in the stadium to jump to their feet in high excitement.

"COME ON ENGLAND!" Jesus climbed on the top of his chair again. "Let's make cabbage soup out of these mugs!"

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After 34 minutes into the game and Germany's most famous diver tumbling to the turf in a theatrical fall, Mister Rovia on seat C127 almost popped a neck vein in utter outrage.

"WHERE IS YOUR HONOR YOU FUCKING COCKWOMBLE!" He threw his hands in the air, then shoved ten fingers through his by now hopelessly tousled hair, taking a huge gulp of beer out of Daryl's cup because his was empty since the free kick from minute seven. "Did you see that? I can't believe that shit, what a fucknugget!"

Daryl nodded, with a grim stare at the pitch, hating the opponent's number 10 with all his heart, especially when the referee gave a penalty and the scoreboard switched 15 seconds later to a 1-0 for Germany. "Fuckin' asshole!" He waved his beer cup towards the field, spilling a bit on the seat row in front of him, while the visitor-supporters behind the barricades started a victory party with loud 'DEUTSCHLAND' chants and a tall, resolute man from Atlanta had to use all the strength his left arm possessed to keep Jesus from jumping over the fence to murder Herbert Mueller with one of the annoying vuvuzelas the Munich fan club had brought along.

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Ten seconds before the halftime whistle, England's very angry star striker scored the equalizer, netting the ball into the top corner with a brilliant volley. The crowd went mental, shouting the
player's name, smiling, jumping, climbing over one another.

...just like Paul Rovia who jumped on Daryl's back, yelling victory chants with the other supporters at the top of his lungs. "YES! THAT'S MY BOY!" He kissed Daryl's head, then jumped off again to grab the Three Lions emblem on the left side of his shirt, kissing it provocatively for the opponent's supporters to see. "TAKE THAT YOU PATHETIC CUMBUBBLES!"

A little army of stewards in neon vests had to interfere, to keep some furious German fans from climbing over the fence to kill a happy American pixie.

Daryl didn't even notice, and he didn't want this evening to ever be over.

----

During the halftime break, everyone went for a piss and more beer. Including Paul Rovia, who had to tinkle like a maniac after almost 4 pints.

Just Daryl stayed behind, shooting a death stare at the redhead a few rows back, who thought it would be funny to throw empty cups around. One almost hit Negan. Daryl got up from his seat to stand protectively next to his owner, glaring at the rude cup-person.

Negan didn't look up from his business mail. "Are you keeping me safe like a good puppy?"

Daryl nodded, moving two inches closer to Negan's seat. "Yes." He meant it and put a safe hand on Negan's broad shoulder.

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The second half started as heated as the first had ended and nothing held Jesus on his seat anymore. "What was that, what did he just say?!"

The German supporter from the other side of the plexiglass barricades was nice enough to repeat his statement half a tone louder, earning braying laughter from his buddies. "Reg dich nicht so auf, Schwuchtel!" He tossed a french fry over the fence and then moved a step back, when Paul made a running jump in his direction, muttering furious curses.

"That's it you little shitpouch, I'm gonna-"

Negan got up with a groan, wrapping an arm around his sub's waist to drag him back to his seat. "No fucking beer for you anymore."

"Let me go," Jesus kicked in the tight hold. "I'm gonna end him!"

"You fucking sit." Negan pushed him back down, arching his brows in a warning. "Watch the game or we leave."

"Uuuh!" Half of the German fan club burst into laughter. "Papi spricht ein Machtwort!"

"I SWEAR I'M GONNA BITE YOUR WIENER OFF AND-" Paul gritted his teeth, trying to push past the tall man standing like a rock in his way.

"Hey!" Negan didn't touch him, just straightened to his full height, staring his sub down. "Sit." He waited until his order was defiantly followed, waited another ten seconds in a silent warning and then turned around, beckoning one of the German football fans closer, giving him a fake smile. "You. Come over here for a second."
Daryl forgot to chew the rest of his cheese pretzel, looking from Paul to Negan and back again, not sure if they should maybe get up to help. He couldn't hear what Negan was saying, but he saw the expression on the other man's face changing from cocky and amused, over serious, to very rueful, before he gave a small nod and vanished in the crowd of his side of the fence.

Negan came back and sat down, stretching his legs out with a sigh, "What an asshole."

Daryl sniffed his nose, twice, then held his pretzel out for a bite. "It's not greasy anymore." He had nibbled all the cheese off by now.

Negan gave a weak sidelong glance, cocking one brow, but after ten seconds opened his mouth.

It made Daryl's heart happy and all the butterflies in his belly flutter with pride.

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The friendly Germany-England at London's Wembley stadium ended in a 1-1 draw, which, considering the history between both teams, was like a 10-0 victory for England, and the British supporters celebrated the result accordingly.

With a very enthusiastic Paul Rovia leading the way. "YEAH, SLOB MY KNOB YOU FUCKING TWATFACE!" He grabbed his crotch with one hand and flipped a whole group from Stuttgart off with a finger of the other.

"PAUL!" Negan snapped his fingers harshly, holding the door of the taxi open because he really wasn't in the mood to take the tube in a city full of police and drunk football fans.

Jesus ducked his head to the left when a half-full bottle was thrown his way before his sleeve was grabbed and he was pushed onto the backseat of the car and the door was almost slammed into his face. He laughed, rolling the window down as the driver hastily left the Wembley's parking area because a mob of furious German people ran after his car, throwing cans and bottles. Paul's hair blew around his happy face when he stuck his head out of the window, showing the sore losers both of his England-loving middle fingers. "FUCKETY BYE, TOSSPOTS!" He adored this country, and football.

Chapter End Notes

Next up: Friday night excesses... because the group is reunited :)
Chapter Summary

a week of tinies

today: Positive reinforcement

warnings: puppy play kind of, (edging)

Chapter Notes

Happy Daddy day dear puppies <3

and thank you to the big mighty D for digging in the garbage and finding a trash queen :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Normally, if Daryl was present at business meetings, he sat on a chair nearby or stood in the background. On this Friday morning, however, it was different. After a 40 minutes swim on the 52nd floor and a quick hotel breakfast, Negan had sent Paul to the venue where the BDSM conference would take place, to take care of a few things. But Daryl wasn't supposed to help. Negan had asked him to undress, put him in a pair of tight black underwear and made him kneel near the desk in his office. Quietly. His knees spread, his back straight, his head lowered.

It wasn't cold and he had just eaten oatmeal for breakfast, but still, he got goosebumps and his stomach rumbled strangely. He wasn't supposed to speak or do anything, just to be present on his very best behavior.

He tried his best for half an hour. He didn't look up when Negan walked several times through the office, he was very quiet when Negan sat at the desk to take a call, and he didn't even flinch when somebody knocked at the suite's door and Negan went to open. He figured it would be the man from the hotel with the ironed shirts or more glacier water. But it wasn't. He could hear a female voice and he could tell from Negan's attitude that he didn't know her well, but had obviously expected to see her. It seemed she had two names. Anne and Jadis. And she told Negan which one she preferred to be addressed by.

There was an exchange of a few words before he led her into his office and offered her a seat in front of the desk.

Daryl took a nervous breath, shifting on his ankles. He wasn't introduced or asked to do anything, but when Negan sat down in his big leather desk chair, a big hand reached out to briefly fondle the back of his head.
"Your sub?" Jadis pointed her chin towards the man on the floor, lifting a sharp eyebrow.

"My permanent," Negan confirmed, sorting some documents.

Jadis seemed to consider that for a moment, giving the submissive an appraising once-over. "You share?"

"Not even when fucking hell freezes the fuck over." Negan signed a paper, his tone as calm and casual as if he would indeed talk about the weather. He glanced up, handing the document over. "Anything else you need from me?"

A deferential smile twitched on Jadis' lips as she accepted the paper, "No." She crossed her long legs, leaning back in her chair. "Let's talk details."

Negan leaned back as well and entwined his fingers over his chest, giving a nod, the left corner of his mouth tipping up. "Yep."

Daryl peered through his long bangs. He really didn't know what was going on.

----

As it turned out, Miss Jadis was a Dominant as well, the owner of several slaves and a human cat whom, in her own way, she loved dearly. She was also a successful product designer and very much interested to collaborate with the Leather Factory. There was a plan for joint authorship to write a book together with Negan about the modern D/s lifestyle, and they also wanted to launch a new product series called 'Caregiver', that addressed the needs of any D-type / s-type relationship without the strict focus on sex.

Daryl liked the conversation between them. They seemed to have mutual respect for one another and the first product samples for the Caregiver-line looked very nice. There were magnetic reward charts, teeth-friendly treats, a blank book to write punishment lines, bowls and collars for human puppies, an hourglass for timeouts, soothing lotions for sore skin and other things he couldn't identify.

"I like that one." Negan picked up a flat paper bag. It was white with the black words 'Puppy Love' in the front, but the o was replaced by a red paw print.

"High protein, no sugar, no grains." Jadis pursed her lips with a challenging look. "Try."

Negan sniffed the open package, took one of the small treats out, bit half of it off, "Open." and shoved the rest between his sub's lips.

Daryl chewed timidly. It wasn't crunchy but still hard to chew and it tasted a bit like banana.

"Good?" Negan got a shy nod. "What do you wanna say."

Daryl straightened his back, his eyes flickering briefly to Jadis before he focused on Negan. "'s good." He huffed a small breath. "Thank you."

"Good job." Negan tickled a pale ear peeking out between long strands of hair and went back to work, talking with Jadis about a special bathroom product for subs he had in mind.

Daryl didn't really listen and after six minutes he moved a bit closer to the desk and leaned his forehead against the armrest of Negan's chair, his heart drumming in his chest because he had no permission to do that. But Negan didn't seem to mind and absently combed his fingers through tousled hair.
It was a long meeting, but also a very successful one and it was finished off with a coffee in the living room.

Daryl hadn't asked to use the furniture and knelt in perfect posture in a bit of a distance by the big windows because that was where Negan had snapped and pointed his fingers. For a while he watched all the tiny cars down on the streets, got lost in the labyrinth of streets he saw from above, feeling pleasantly invisible while the other two people in the room held a casual conversation and the room smelled like leather, cologne and fresh coffee. He heard a deep, gentle laugh rumble from Negan's chest, following something Jadis said about Cat, and he knew she didn't talk about a real cat with fur and whiskers because Negan answered 'just like my puppy'.

He liked that. It made his belly warm because even though Negan owned a dog and more than one boy, Daryl was his only puppy.

After about ten minutes, he felt a tingle down in his lower belly that grew quickly stronger and more urgent, up to the point where it let a cold chill run down his spine and goosebumps spread over his naked skin. He shifted nervously on his ankles, glanced several times at Negan on the couch and bit his lip, not sure what to do. He considered raising his hand or to just speak, but every time he wanted to start, somebody said something and he lost his courage. He waited three more minutes, pressing his thighs together, feeling his neck and earlobes grow hot. Then he couldn't take it any longer and slid a few inches in the direction of the couch, hoping Negan would say something.

He didn't. Just sipped his coffee, nodding to something Jadis explained about the workshop she would hold at the conference.

Daryl squeezed his penis and held very still, sure he would wet himself, but the pressure in his bladder faded a little after a couple of seconds and he went on all fours to crawl up to the huge L-shaped sofa, at this point not caring anymore that they had a guest.

Negan didn't stop his conversation, but he held a hand out, blindly stroking his sub's hair. "No, I think it's half an hour or less." He leaned forward to put his empty cup on the coffee table. "I wouldn't worry about it." He spread his thighs for his sub to kneel between and glanced down when Daryl huffed a nervous breath with an almost distraught expression. "What's wrong boy, hm?" He arched his brows, a friendly smile on his lips as he cupped his sub's cheek.

Daryl exhaled, smacking his lips before he lowered his head and dug his face into Negan's belly. "Can I go for a piss."

Negan squinted, not sure if he had understood the muffled words correctly. "May you go to the bathroom?" He received a desperate nod instantly. "Yes. Go." He felt the fabric of his shirt getting soaked with hot breath and didn't say anything when Daryl awkwardly scrambled to his feet, a hand between his legs and his head down as he left the room with bright red cheeks.

Jadis sipped her coffee, smirking. "He shy?"

"He's making progress."

When Daryl came back after 5 minutes, the conversation was about a special 6-point seat belt for the car that would not only keep any s-type safe on the back seat but also keep them in the right mindset during a car ride.
"Like a racing harness?" Negan cocked a brow.

Jadis nodded, her lips pursed. "Yes."

"Hm." Negan spread his legs and held a hand out when he saw his sub standing in the doorframe, obviously not sure what to do. "Come here. Did you wash your hands?"

Daryl nodded, sniffing his nose as he walked up to the couch and knelt down, trying not to look anywhere but Negan. He held his hands up for inspection.

"What do you wanna say."

He shifted on his ankles. "Washed my hands."

"Mhm." Negan took both by the fingers and turned them palms up, then let them go and got a raisin out of his pocket. "That was a great job, right? Asking so nicely and washing your hands." He shoved it between pale pink lips. "Did you sit down as I like it?"

Daryl nodded again, smiling faintly because he was so good.

"You wanna give a real answer."

"'was sittin'."

"Better." Negan pinched his sub's chin, "Straight back, eyes on me." waited until the posture was more to his liking and continued the conversation.

It was about cars and insurances. Money and quantity turnover. The necessity for an agent and parallels between dog training and sub training.

Daryl was bored. No matter how straight he held his back or how well he kept his thighs spread, Negan didn't give him any attention. He was just talking to his business partner, without touching his hair or face or feeding him raisins.

He sighed, very quietly, and fumbled with the fluffy material of the carpet. Pulled it and rubbed it with his finger, wishing Jesus would come back already to whisper funny things and secretly sneak him sugarfree gummy bears.

"Well, whether they realize it or not, it's pretty much the fucking same." Negan grabbed the little squeaker toy that lay next to him on the couch and absently tickled his sub's shoulder with it, then gave him a brief smile and tossed it between Daryl's spread knees. "It doesn't fucking matter if it's a clicker or a finger up their ass. If it's a clear form of communication combined with positive reinforcement it'll do the job."

Daryl sniffed his nose, a hot flash of embarrassment shooting through his chest. He didn't know why Negan had given him the dog toy and he was sure Miss Jadis had seen it. He lowered his head in slight shame and didn't dare to look up again. But even after three minutes, nobody mocked him or laughed. They just continued their conversation.

After five minutes he stubbed it with his finger, bored again.

After six minutes he fumbled with the squirrel's ear. Then with the tail, sighing quietly because Jadis talked about Cat again and a sculpture she wanted to make.

In minute eight he accidentally squeezed the toy and it made a horribly loud squeaking noise. His
heart stopped, embarrassment making his skin burn like fire. He froze, staring at the carpet and waited for the laughter that would come. But it didn't. Instead, a big, gentle hand reached out to touch him. Four long fingers slid along the side of his face underneath his hair, below his ear. A broad thumb caressed his lips. Just like that, while calm voices spoke about a book publisher in New York and not about silly humans playing with pet toys.

He leaned into the touch, his eyes closed, enjoying it like a cool cloth on a hot summer day. But after not even ten seconds it was gone, taken away to leave him alone again, suffering through endless boring small talk.

He glanced to the left, raking his fingernails through the thick carpet. He looked to the right, to trace the outline of Negan's shoe with his fingertip. He fumbled with a trouser leg and leaned his head against Negan's knee, but the hand didn't come back, or any other form of attention.

He wrinkled his nose underneath his long bangs and took the squirrel to just look at its face. It really looked like a Rupert, Jesus was right. He rubbed the toy's nose with his thumb, heaved a sigh when Jadis started to talk about one of her slaves and how she loved to paint him, and then absent-mindedly let the squirrel climb from Negan's boot, up into the leg of his pants. He really didn't like painting.

But he loved the big hand that came back to pet him. It stroked his cheek and tickled his ear, and when he glanced up, a very friendly face smiled at him. Both didn't last very long before all attention was back on Miss Jadis, but he soaked it up like a sponge anyway.

After another two minutes and a discussion about blue color versus red for a book cover, Daryl took the squeaker toy, fumbled around with it for a moment to gain more courage, then slid two inches closer to the couch and put the toy on Negan's thigh. He glanced up, his heart speeding up a bit before it skipped a happy beat because the rewarding hand came back instantly to caress his cheek and tuck some long strands of hair behind his ear.

"Good boy." Negan said it casually and not very loud, not interrupting Jadis' narratives, but he shared another brief smile and then circled his fingers around the back of his sub's neck and gently pushed him down into his lap.

A flood of happiness spread through Daryl's chest. He buried his nose into the familiar feel of rough denim and the bulge underneath, inhaling deeply. He didn't mind that there were almost 30 minutes of more boring talk, because his hair was stroked the whole time and when he turned his face to the side, the fuzzy squeaker toy was nudged against his nose.

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Negan accompanied Jadis to the door at 11:03 in the late morning and saw her off with a firm handshake and gentle hand on her shoulder. Then he went to pour himself a water, went into the bathroom and the office. He took a call, answered a message, and pre-ordered dinner to be served in the room at 18:30 sharp before he came back into the living room to stand close by the windows. He snapped his fingers, pointing two down. "Here."

Daryl got up and went from the couch to the windows, insecurely glancing up at Negan before he crouched down and got into the required position. On his knees, his back and shoulders straight, his legs spread wide.

Negan sighed soundly as he squatted down, looking his sub firmly in the eye. "You've been fucking good all morning." He combed long fingers through tousled hair, then reached down to fondle the man's crotch, massaging him through his underwear. "Kneeling like a good boy, letting me do my
"business, right?"

"Hm." Daryl arched his back, surprised by the pleasant touch.


Daryl grimaced with the slight pain but tried his best to hold eye contact. "'was good."

"That's right." Negan nodded, continuing his massage. "You wanna know what I'm thinking?"

Daryl huffed a breath, his eyebrows knitting as he spread his legs wider. "Yes."

"I'm thinking you can earn a mark today." Negan gave the erection he had created a couple of firm strokes through the thin underwear."Right? You wanna be so good for me, I can tell."

"Mhm." Daryl nodded, huffing another sound breath. His chest heaved and his stomach muscles rippled as he tried to sit still without humping Negan's hand. "Yes."

"Yes, you do." Negan cooed, slipping his fingers past the waistband of his sub's underwear. "You wanna behave all day and make me proud, show me your pretty blue mark on the chart tonight." The expression in blue eyes got desperate as he started to stroke at a serious pace. "Isn't that true, sweetheart."

Daryl's shoulders tensed and his thighs trembled. He nodded and licked his flushed lips, whimpering quietly as he lost his perfect posture and put his arms around Negan's neck.

"Yes, I know." Negan let him, touching their foreheads together. "You wanna be my good puppy." He could tell by the amount of precum drenching his fingers that Daryl was more than close already and gave the rock hard cock a firm squeeze before he took his hand off. "And you wanna go get dressed now and serve me in the bathroom." He placed a soft little kiss on damp lips, ignoring the whimpered protest of pure despair. "The others will come soon. We meet them for lunch, right?"

Daryl wanted to cry, his mouth searching for more contact just as his throbbing penis. He made a small wailing noise with a meek shake of his head.

Negan chuckled, "Yes, we are." nudged their foreheads together a last time and rose to his feet with a groan, stretching his muscles. "Chop, chop boy." He ruffled his sub's hair and vanished to the bathroom.

Chapter End Notes

you are invited to lunch tomorrow because Jesus loves you
Chug-a-lug

Chapter Summary

Today: Power Exchange

warnings: mild pee-play, edging, Gilmore Girls, German culture

Chapter Notes

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VvTRk8tSyPw :) :) ;)

...for the grumpy cat in Bielefeld

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

"I can see them!" Jesus climbed up the plinth of a 160-year old pillar at Victoria station, shielding his eyes with a hand on his forehead even though they were inside and the only light falling through the old station's glass roof was the gloomy English midday sun covered by thick rain clouds.

"Mhm." Negan leaned casually with his left shoulder against the pillar, scrolling through 11 new messages on his phone. "Come the fuck down." He ducked his head to the side when his sub tried to use him as support to climb back to the ground.

"I wonder what's in their bags." Paul had counted at least 9 pieces of luggage. Endless possibilities to transport 'I am so glad we are reunited- I missed you so much'- gifts.

"Shirts." Daryl was pretty sure, craning his neck to see past all the people, while he rubbed himself through much too tight pants, trying to sort his aching balls somehow.

"Ksst."

He sniffed his nose, looking at Negan.

"Are you allowed to touch yourself."

He flicked his head, then raised one shoulder to rub his ear against. "No."

"Who is."

Daryl gave a meek guess. "You."

"Clever boy." Negan glanced at his phone again when it beeped with a new message from his store manager in Amsterdam. "You wanna be touched, you ask me to do it."
"Or me." Jesus hopped down the pillar, wagging a brow at Daryl. "My fingers are magic."

"Right." Negan dialed a number in the Netherlands while grabbing the back of Paul's shirt to pull him backwards. "Go use your fucking magic digits to carry your parent's luggage." He pushed him towards the four people fighting their way through the crowd, then turned around for a bit more privacy. "Yes, hi. What the crap do you mean the water's fucking knee-deep!"

---

"I can't believe you booked a table here of all places." Rick wiped a smudge of sweet mustard off his dark grey denim shirt, glaring at the surprisingly strong waitress who effortlessly carried six 1-liter-stein past the table. "It smells like a brewery!"

"I was instructed to locate a restaurant with nonchalant ambiance that serves pork products in preference to salt-cured roe." Eugene took a hearty bite off his gigantic pretzel, pleased with his online-booked table in the middle of London's most famous Bavarian beerhouse. "Based on 159 positive TripAdvisor reviews this tavern seemed to meet the requirements." It even had an authentic live-polka band.

"Great." Rick scrunched his nose as he rubbed the paper tissue a last time over the ghastly brown stain on his new shirt. "But Shane isn't supposed to be around all this alcohol."

"Naah." Mister Walsh leaned back in his seat, putting an arm around his partner's shoulders. "It's alright." He stretched his legs out casually underneath the table, spreading them a bit wider for ultimate comfort when waitress Lisl served a monstrous Schnitzel platter for ten people even though they were just seven. "I won't have room for beer when I'm done with this."

"Uuh it's breaded!" Jesus crawled half over Shane's lap, snagging a shoe sole-sized piece of meat off the platter to transfer it on his own plate. "Would you like one, Sir?" He pointed his fork across the table.

"Yes." Negan didn't look up from his phone, still busy to message with his store manager in Amsterdam. "Two. No sauce."

"You haven't put that down since the airport." Rick lifted a piece of meat on Shane's plate, along with a slice of lemon and some baked potatoes. "You should take a break."

"He's right." Paul agreed and got up to serve one of his Dads at the opposite side of the table to not make a mess. "Or you should get someone to deal with your correspondence." He went politely to Negan's left and used a knife and fork to move two breaded escalopes from the platter to his plate, along with a couple of lemon slices. "You know like Michel."

"Who's that." Negan sighed, opening a picture of a flooded basement.

"It's the concierge at the Independence Inn." Paul explained and refilled Negan's water glass before he went back to his seat.

Negan squinted. "In Boston?"

"No." Rick was busy cutting his food in neat, bite-sized pieces."It's a fictional hotel from a TV show." He dipped a piece into ketchup and put it into his mouth, gesturing with his fork when Negan gave him a blank look. "The Gilmore Girls."

Negan lifted his eyebrows, then shook his head. "Of course."
Shane grinned. "He watches it while he irons."

"Just because it's the only thing that airs on Sunday mornings!" Rick glared at his boyfriend and earned an amused shrug.

"Now that's what I call a beer!" Abraham's eyes lit up when Lisl finally heaved 5 ice cold Steins on the table, along with two Cranberry Soda for Mister Walsh and his loyal partner.

An appreciative hum escaped Eugene's throat as he took one of the frosted glasses and nipped the firm foam head while he made some room on the bench for Daryl, who came back from the restroom.

"Did you wash your hands?" Negan read through an urgent e-mail concerning his new clothing line's photoshoot.

"Hm." Daryl sat down between Negan and Eugene, feeling a bit short, especially when he looked at the giant beer mug in front of him. "Yes."

"Good. Did you touch yourself?"

It was a casual question but he felt offended anyway because everyone else was at the table and he really had touched himself for a moment. He sniffed his nose, glaring at the trail of creamy white foam running down the side of his glass. "Ja. Took a piss."

Paul's eyebrows shot up at the defiantly muttered answer, before he hunched down behind his stein, sure that the gates to hell had just been opened.

A low chuckle rumbled through Negan's chest but he didn't say anything, just finished composing his short answer. He pursed his lips with a small shake of his head, sighed soundly as he put his phone on the table and finally turned to face his sub, instantly grasping his chin in a firm grip. "Are you being a fucking smartass?"

Daryl tried his best to avoid his eyes as he grunted a small 'No' but then had to look up anyway because his chin was jerked roughly. "'m not!"

Negan just stared back in a long, silent warning, every hint of former amusement vanished from his face. "Get up. Go back to the fucking restroom. You wanna remember what we talked about this morning and the tone of voice you wanna fucking use with me!" He released the man's chin, pointing in the direction of the toilets. "Five minutes. You may apologize when you come back." He snapped his fingers harshly, blighting the stubborn response his sub tried to counter with. "Now!"

Daryl got up and glared daggers at the floor all the way back to the restroom. He didn't want to think about morning conversations and polite ways of speaking. He didn't want any beer and schnitzel either. He wanted to be alone, preferably home at the factory where it was much easier to get blue marks and behave well. He kicked the restroom door, gave it a hard push and bumped into a tall man from Luxemburg, totally on purpose. He didn't apologize, just grumbled an angry 'Watch where you're goin'!' and then stood a bit lost in the middle of the tiled room, not sure if he was supposed to face the wall or not. He decided against it and went next to the hand dryer that was mounted to the wall, leaning with his back against the polished tiles. He was upset. And if Negan thought he would come back in five minutes and apologize he was fucking wrong because he wouldn't. He was mad at him. For asking silly questions and always being on the phone. And for making it so hard to earn a blue mark.

He sniffed his nose, kneading his fingers, then pulled them. Maybe he was not really mad at Negan,
only a little. But he still liked him very much.

After four minutes a man with oversized Eminem t-shirt came in, used the urinal, didn't see a reason to wash his hands and left the room again with a wet spot staining the crotch area of his baggy sweatpants.

Daryl wanted to leave as well. Five minutes were over. But he heard loud laughter from the restaurant and the clanking of beer glasses. Certainly everyone made fun of him for being punished with a timeout.

He wrinkled his nose, glaring at his shoes. He would never go back out there and Negan was the one who needed to apologize for being on the phone all the time and not letting him touch himself.

After eight minutes the door swung open again and a guy entered. 6' 2", grey pants tucked into black biker boots, white shirt underneath an open leather jacket. He smiled casually, gave a short nod towards the man at the wall, "Sweetheart." and positioned himself in a firm stance in front of one of the pissoirs, unzipping his fly.

Daryl pulled his shoulders up and wrapped an arm around himself, watching through his long bangs as his owner relieved himself with a loud groan, tilting his head back.

Negan finished off, shook his dick a couple of times and tucked it away. Then went to the sink, washed his hands and dismissed the disease spreading hot-air hand dryer, holding his wet hands up in front of his sub. "Paper towel."

Daryl glanced up, surprised by the request.

Negan arched his brows. "Go on, dry my fucking fingers." He watched as some environmental-friendly stiff, grey paper towels were hesitantly taken out of the dispenser and awkwardly rubbed over his hands. "So... you wanna apologize now and come back out? Your food gets cold." At first he got no answer at all, then a little shrug and finally a quietly mumbled 'No'. "Well," He didn't mind, took the damp paper towels, threw them blindly into the overflowing trash basket and pinched his sub's chin, "That's okay, do it when you are ready." and turned to leave.

He didn't come very far, five fingers grabbing the sleeve of his jacket.

"I'm sorry." Daryl avoided his eyes and didn't say it very loud but he really meant it.

Negan didn't smile. He stepped in front of the compunctious man, put both of his hands on the tiled wall, left and right from Daryl's head, examining his face for 14 silent seconds. "You want me to change the rules? Give you permission to touch yourself and jack off whenever you fucking want?"

Daryl glared at the few dark hairs peeking out at the collar of Negan's shirt, not sure what to say. Maybe it was a trick question and even if not, he didn't want the rules to be changed.

"I mean just think about it, you could do it in bed next to me, or while I fuck you. You could shoot your load ten times a day without me even knowing it. Wouldn't that be awesome, boy."

He shook his head. It sounded awful and really mean.

"Hm." Negan nudged the man's forehead with his nose. "Look at me." He waited patiently for his order to be followed and smiled faintly at the grumpy look he got, mixed with a heartwrenching flicker of confusion and pure remorse. "Why are you not allowed to touch yourself."

Toying with the fabric of a white shirt made it easier to answer. "cause you said it."
The smile on Negan's lips grew bigger for a moment. "Look at you being so clever." He adored the happy expression instantly flickering through blue eyes. "And the reason I say it is because it is not about your fucking pleasure. You are supposed to concentrate on mine. Focus on me. Give yourself the fuck over. I am in control, I am in charge." He held the unwavering eye contact while bringing a hand between his sub's legs, fondling him through his jeans. "I love your dick, I love watching your face when you cum. I love the fucking noises you make and the taste of your sweet puppy jizz." He increased his massage a bit, feeling his sub's dick swell to full size and hardness. "I love how you fucking look at me when you really want my dick up your gorgeous ass but you can't have it because we are in a public men's room." He brushed pale pink lips rewardingly with his own when they parted slightly and got just a hint more color, matching the blush on warm cheeks. "And if I decide..." He lowered his voice a bit, but other than that didn't care in the slightest that the door opened and a complete stranger entered to take a piss or whatever. "... that I want to keep you hard and on the fucking edge for hours because it makes me god damn fucking happy to see my boy horny, then I expect you to respect my wishes and keep your fucking hands off your dick." He gave the impressive bulge he had created a none too gentle squeeze. "Is that understood."

Daryl nodded, desperation contorting his feverish features.

"What do you wanna say."

He exhaled a huffed breath, pushing his middle forward, wanting more of the torturing fingers. "'s understood." It was a quiet promise but he managed to hold eye contact and add a polite, "Sir."

"Mhm." Negan switched back to a more gentle fondling but his tone stayed sharp. "Last time I checked that fucking collar around your pretty neck it said you are mine. All of you. I am your owner. If you have a problem with my rules or my decisions you approach me respectfully and we will discuss it. But you won't behave like a fucking jerk towards me and misbehave on purpose. Not in private, not here in fucking public in front of our fucking friends and colleagues."

Daryl shrunk a couple of inches into the tiled floor, guilt making his chest burn like fire as he stared up into more than serious eyes.

"I told you before I will punish you wherever you think it's appropriate to talk back and give me bullshit. I don't care. You are mine and I am in charge of you no matter where the fuck we are."

He gave a single, meek nod, then lowered his head, leaning against Negan's chest. "'m sorry." He noticed the door being pulled open with a 'Faggots, get yourself a room' before it fell shut again and he couldn't have cared less.

Negan took his other arm off the wall and wrapped it around his sub, pulling him in a close embrace. "You're forgiven." He rested his chin on tousled hair. "You wanna be my good boy now and earn a blue mark?"

"Yes." Daryl's answer was muffled by a soft shirt but came without hesitation, feeling relieved to the core.

"What do you wanna say."

It was a secretively whispered question that made his heart swell and his stomach clench in the best way possible. "'m good for you." He inhaled the scent of familiar washing powder, cologne and warm skin mixed with well-worn leather, adding the only fitting term of address. "Sir."
Nobody made fun of Daryl when he left the restroom after a time-out in semi-public. But the atmosphere was rowdy, with everyone standing on their seats, shouting and raising their beer with a collective "Prost!" fully encouraged by the Bavarian band and its lead singer who was dressed like a German leprechaun, churning away on his accordion. The whole place was swinging, hollering and smashing steins together, swaying and losing beer to the floor like they were on some kind of doomed submarine.

Daryl liked it. He followed Negan through the crowded tables and was greeted by a very enthusiastic Mister Rovia who stood high up on his seat, wearing a Tyrolean hat made of green felt that somebody had put on his head.

"Puppy! Drink with us!"

Daryl didn't answer but he smirked as he sat down, seeing Abraham and Shane engaged in a serious arm-wrestle across the table. The battle took almost three minutes and had both men sweating and grunting before Shane finally slammed his opponent's hand on the table and jumped up from his seat, throwing his arms in the air.

Rick seemed proud and smiled in Paul's camera, glad that the moment of his partner's victory was captured for the next vlog. Daryl watched and blindly opened his mouth for a big piece of schnitzel fed by his owner. He chewed twice and then turned to Negan in a moment of full surprise when he realized how exceptionally delicious the food in his mouth was.

"Mhm, fat, cheap pork and bread." Negan cut another chunk off and held the fork up for his sub. "Better memorize the fucking taste, boy." He wagged his brows, shoving the food between Daryl's lips. "You won't get it again anytime soon."

"Ha!" Jesus hit his fist on the table, much too tipsy after a liter of Erdinger Weissbier. "But what if he wants it for his birthday dinner?" He cocked a challenging brow at one of his Dads like a Mafia boss gambling for higher stakes. "You can't deny him that!"

"True." Negan ignored boy number two's provocative tone, cutting another piece off. "Then he gets one. Chicken, gluten-free, fucking air fried." He fed it to Daryl. "Right boy?"

"Hm." Daryl nodded with full cheeks, greedily eyeing the rest of the breaded meat on the big platter in the middle of the table. He wanted at least three more.

"Hhh." Jesus squinted across the table for ten seconds, unblinking, before he grabbed his half-full glass of beer and slowly took a sip. "Fair enough, Sir."

Rick took the glass out of his boyfriend's fingers. "You've had enough."

"Come on." Abe wiped some foam off his mustache. "Let the guy live a little. Barley and malt is good for his growth."

Rick glowered at the objection. "He's 33."

Abe shrugged. "All the more reason for a little manuring."

Shane laughed, shaking his head and then raised his non-alcoholic drink when a Mexican wave rolled through the room, infecting one table after another and everybody hollered a "Prost!", chugging as much beer down as possible, before joining in a tremendous group roar to the neighboring tables.

A tiny smile played around Daryl's lips as he watched. He took the still untouched mug from his own
place and tapped the sleeve of a black leather jacket, sniffing his nose.

Negan finished a short message on his phone before he put it down. "Can you do it in one go?" He turned around facing his sub.

"Okay." Daryl shrugged with one shoulder, pure excitement flooding his chest when Negan took his own glass and raised it with a small toast.

"Well then, here's to you, Mister Dixon."

They clinked their glasses and started drinking at the same time, maintaining firm eye contact. The first few gulps were easy. After half a liter Daryl felt full but kept going because Negan did as well and Jesus was cheering him on like it was a mortal combat. After three-fourths, he was out of breath but he imagined Merle standing next to him, calling him Darlina. He stared at Negan, seeing his dark eyes shine, his whole face clearly contorted in a smug grin while he seemingly effortless chugged the cool liquid down.

"Look at the boy!" Shane hollered across the table and Abraham delivered a hearty back pat when Daryl forced the last swig of beer down at the same time as Negan did. He gasped, feeling proud as he put his empty glass on the table.

Negan did the same, smirking with a commendatory nod before he grabbed a handful of his sub's shirt to pull him in for a brief kiss on he mouth. "Fuckin' puppy."

----

Everyone was in a jovial mood when they left the Bavarian beerhouse in the late afternoon for a stroll through London. Negan had his arm around Rick's shoulders, laughing about a story featuring Carl and a lost shoe. Jesus jumped on Shane's back, claiming he was too seasick to walk. While Eugene and Abraham casually flanked the small group from both sides, blocking some autograph and selfie requests as friendly as possible. Daryl smiled, watching the six men walking in front of him, using the full width of the sidewalk. He took five blurry pictures. One of Jesus biting Shane's ear, one of Eugene telling a fanboy that Mister international Leather wasn't available for an autograph right now, one of Rick trying to scrape molten ice cream off his shoe, one of a random firetruck driving by, and one of Negan, because he looked so tall and pretty from behind. He liked them all, wishing he could send them to his brother.

They walked past a street musician who got a high five and ten GBP from Paul, they waited in front of Hamley's until Rick was done shopping for his kids, and they went all into a huge bookstore where Eugene completed the collection of his favorite limited exorcism graphic novel series, and Negan bought two books. 'Flight: 100 Greatest Aircraft', and 'Gold in the Water: The True Story of Ordinary Men and Their Extraordinary Dream of Olympic Glory' by P. Mullen. Both were for Daryl and he almost bumped into a bus stop, reading through the first pages as the group walked to a drug store because Mister Ford needed some pills for his hayfever problem.

Negan carried the books for the rest of the way, over a bridge and the impressive River Thames, past some sights that Eugene documented with a vintage Polaroid camera for his travel journal, past a juice bar where Rick got an additional pineapple-blackberry stain to the mustard on his shirt, and through a park where Daryl felt the urgent need to relieve his overflowing bladder.

He reported the problem to Negan after 7 long minutes and was walked over a neat lawn, past some flower beds, a pond with ducks, towards a row of trees.

"'t says keep off the grass." He stumbled a bit reluctantly after his owner, trying to pull his wrist free
as soon as he saw a green warning sign to his left.

"It also says 'Your dog - Your fuckin' business'." Negan dragged his sub in front of a mighty oak tree and stood close behind him, reaching around his waist to unbutton his fly.

"'can do it myself." Daryl attempted to push Negan's fingers off but was stopped immediately by a stern voice.

"No. Fucking hands down!"

He complied, a rush of heat churning through his guts when his penis was taken out and held casually between a thumb and long fingers. He tilted his head back against a broad shoulder and then turned his face to the side, hiding it against a warm neck. He really had to pee but it was very difficult like this.

"That's better." Negan let his voice drop into a low, soothing tone, slipping his slightly cool fingertips underneath Daryl's shirt to tap the area below his navel in a steady rhythm. "You wanna take a nice piss for me, isn't that right boy." He scraped his fingernails lightly over sensitive skin, causing goosebumps.

Daryl pushed his butt back, feeling a bulge swell against his crack. He nodded, "Hh." shifting on his feet when his bladder contracted once before a stream of hot fluid started from somewhere in his body, splattering against the bark of a tree. He squeezed his eyes shut, releasing a puff of warm breath.

"Good boy." Negan wrapped an arm around his sub's chest, holding him close. "Are you making me so happy?"

"Yes." The naughtiest feeling, mixed with pride and something very warm rushed through Daryl's body. It tickled in his lower belly, his heart thumped wildly, the rough stubble underneath Negan's jawbone pressed against his lips.

"Yes, you do." Negan confirmed giving the man's dick a couple of firm strokes as soon as the steady stream of urine ebbed away. "Makes me fucking hard to watch you being so good for me."

"Hm." Daryl nodded, grinding his hips back into the erection teasing him. "Can you fuck me." The deep chuckle he earned rumbled through a broad chest against his back, making the corner of his mouth twitch up, before a moan escaped his lips because a big hand grabbed him fully, massaging his genitals with a firm grip.

"You would like that, right?" Negan rubbed his middle against his sub's ass, stroking him to serious hardness. "Being fucked against that tree where everyone can see you."

"Yes." Daryl widened his stance and glanced down, seeing some pre-cum leak to mix up with the last drop of urine at the tip of his cock. Both ran down over the side of a long finger when Negan squeezed his length, making him gasp.

"Naughty puppyboy." Negan pumped him for a moment longer, nipping a collared neck and then took his hands off completely. "But you don't want to cum now. You wanna be good and wait until I give you permission, right?" He started to button his sub's fly back up, ignoring the whimpers of protest when he forced a rock hard dick beneath a tight layer of denim. "Hm? Is that what you wanna do for me... strolling around the park with that fucking pretty boner, so everyone knows how much you like me?"

Daryl nodded fervently, "Yes." not even thinking of other possibilities. He dug his nose into the
comfort of warm skin and rough stubble, hiding his face against Negan's neck, his hands obediently at his sides while he was tucked away by skilled fingers.

"Good boy, making me so proud."

The praising words he was given were low and deep, not sarcastic or mocking at all, but full of pride and affection. They made him swoon and hold his head up extra high when a firm hand entwined with his fingers to guide him back to the others and along the neat trails of one of London's most beautiful public parks. He didn't listen to the conversation about flooding damage in a leather store in Amsterdam, he didn't care when two middle-aged women approached Negan for a selfie, he didn't even see the extra big squirrel running right in front of them across the path. All he could focus on was the hand holding his securely. The long fingers and fine dark hair, the black leather sleeve with silver zipper brushing his wrist.

... and the good prospects of a blue mark on a piece of paper hanging somewhere in the Shangri-la's Westminster suite, just for him.

Chapter End Notes

there's a taco party at the Westminster suite, you are invited :)
"Hja!" Daryl chuckled, not taking his eyes off the colorful jewels on his phone display, but found the joke Shane had just told about a mango-colored toad-guy absolutely hilarious. The whole evening was a blast. The dinner had been amazing, informal in the dining area of their suite, with a taco buffet where everyone ate with their fingers. They had more beer and a lot of virgin margaritas with fresh lemon. And even though he had been a bit hesitant at first when Rick had offered him a place on his lap, he liked it now quite a bit and even leaned his head back against the Cowboy-boots-guy's shoulder because he felt pleasantly relaxed.

"Who in their right mind would eat that?" Rick laughed, studying the package of the Puppy Love-treats. "Just give them a cookie!"

"'s better than cookies." Daryl's thumbs flew over his phone display, delivering a kick-ass performance for level 32.

"It is?" Jesus leaned over the table to fish a snack out of the bag and popped it into his mouth. "Hmm..." He chewed, tilting his head to the left with a slight squint as he let his taste buds do their job. "Yes. Sorry, Sir, they are way better than cookies." He was just about to lean over the table again to snag the whole bag out of one of his Dads fingers but then grabbed Negan's phone instead when it vibrated for the 26th time with a text message from Amsterdam. He sat up straight on his chair and held the phone to his ear, pretending to speak to the disturber in his best fake French accent. "Alllo... I am truly sorry madam, monsieur Neegon is booked up until after the summer. Perhaps you would care to make a reservation for September?" He pretended to listen to the nonexistent caller, feigning annoyance. "Mhm, mhm... yes madam, I am sure it is a matter of highest concern but there's really nothing I can do for you right now... mhm... mhm." He rolled his eyes, making a blah-blah gesture with his hand and Daryl at the other side of the table chuckled in amusement. "Perhaps... If you had a recommendation and note from Master Franklin I could see if we have a cancelation?" He gave a genteel shrug, pretending to flip through an invisible reservation book. "But otherwise, madam, I am afraid I won't be able to- OU!"

"Don't touch my fucking phone." Negan slapped the back of Paul's head and took his phone, but instead of checking his messages, switched it off and slipped it into his pocket. He took a sip of his water, pinched his nose and sauntered around the table, taking a puppy love-treat out of the bag, "Ksst." He fed it to Rick who looked a bit irritated but opened his mouth anyway.

Negan smirked with a wag of his brows, tickling his employee's ear for just a second before he gave his attention to Daryl. "Are you done eating?"
"Hm." Daryl flicked his head to get some hair out of his eyes but didn't look up because he was almost through the current level of his game.

"Mhm." Negan gave his voice a firmer undertone. "Eyes on me please." It still took a moment before his order was followed, but the brief flicker of annoyance vanished from his sub's features as soon as eye contact was created. "Thank you. Are you sitting with Rick tonight?"

Daryl sniffed his nose and froze in his relaxed posture on the other man's lap, a spark of uncertainty flashing over his face, not sure if he was in trouble. He answered anyway, even though it came out a bit reserved. "Yes."

The corner of Negan's mouth tipped up and he stepped even closer, forcing both of the men's legs further apart to stand between them. "Oh yes? What did Rick bring for you, tell me."

Daryl sniffed his nose once more, staring up at the tall man crowding him. "My cup." He pointed blindly at the red plastic cup standing on the table, still filled with a rest of alcohol-free margarita.

"Mhm." Negan pursed his lips, studying an insecure face as he leaned down and brought a hand between his sub's legs, fondling him through his jeans. "He did bring your puppy cup all the way from Atlanta, that was so nice of him, right?"

Daryl gave a faint nod, his eyes fixed on Negan's lips as they came closer. "Yes." It was a quiet answer and he opened his thighs a bit more for better access, a hot flash tickling through his lower abdomen when he felt another man's dick twitch against his butt.

"Yes, it was." Negan agreed, almost nose to nose with his sub, massaging him firmly to full hardness. "You wanna say thank you." He placed a soft kiss on parted lips and curled his other hand around the back of Rick's neck, stroking its nape with his thumb.

Daryl's eyes fluttered shut for a second, his cheeks flushing when strong fingers massaged him expertly through his pants, pushing him rhythmically into the swelling cock he could feel against his butt. He craned his head back on Rick's shoulder, wanting to intensify the kiss with Negan. "Thank you." He breathed his reply against rough stubble and then groaned because his mouth was urged open by warm lips and a determined tongue. He reached up to touch Negan's face and almost dropped his phone but somebody took it out of his hands to give him the opportunity to hold on to a soft white shirt.

"Good boy." Negan whispered his praise, making sure it dripped with pride and encouragement. He deepened the kiss and dug four fingertips into curly hair, feeling Rick nestling into his touch.

Daryl exhaled soundly through his nose, moving his hips with the big hand fondling him. His mind was racing and blank at the same time, the request for a fuck and permission to cum at the tip of his tongue. He felt the muscles in his thighs tensing and heard himself pant into the kiss, noticing fingers he wasn't familiar with caressing his side and belly.

Negan pulled back just an inch, pleased with the desperation in blue eyes. "You wanna cum?"

Daryl knitted his eyebrows, bringing his hand to the back of Negan's head to hold him close, afraid he would go away and stop. He nodded, spreading his legs a bit wider, hoping for more than just fingers.

"Mhm." A smirk played around Negan's lips. He could feel wetness seeping through his sub's pants and tell by the man's ragged breathing that he was close. "When do you wanna cum, tell me."

Daryl whimpered, bucking his hips into the teasing touch and turned his face to the right, finding the
scent of Rick's skin and a strange cologne. It confused him and he turned back to focus on Negan. "You tell me."

"Such a clever boy, look at you." Negan's tongue came out to trace a flushed upper lip. "You do wanna cum when I tell you, right?" He copied the meek nod he received, giving the steel hard erection he had caused a last stroke and squeeze before he took his hand off and pulled back more, changing his voice to a more casual tone. "But first you wanna go take a shower and write your report." He patted the side of Rick's neck and stood up straight. "Right? Chop, chop, it's late."

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"No, not just listening but actually understanding what they're saying." Rick crossed his legs, fumbling with Shane's fingers that rested on his shoulder. "It's the key to every good relationship."

"Yeah, but sometimes that's hard to do." Shane watched his partner from the side, nodding with a slight smirk. "When someone talks a lot I use buzzwords."

"Hm?" Rick sipped his juice.

"Buzzwords." Shane nodded again, his smirk spreading from his lips to the corners of his eyes at his boyfriend's confused look. "Fascinating is a good one."

Rick squinted, realizing how fascinating Shane found his fan theories about certain TV shows and the internal drama at his drama club. "Seriously?"

Shane shrugged, wrapping his arm a bit tighter around his partner's shoulders in an attempt to console him. "I have a short attention span."

Negan chuckled, sipping his wine as he glanced down at his subs sitting on the floor in front of the couch, watching the last bit of a silly Japanese action movie. He could tell Daryl was frustrated to the max, short from exploding. He had taken a shower and brushed his teeth with the bathroom door wide open as a reminder that it wasn't time for a quick wank. After half an hour he came back to the living room, his dinosaur print pajama bottoms impressively tented and his mood a bit hostile. Still he had politely served a juice, a glass of water and a red wine, even with a mumbled apology when he had accidentally spilled a little bit on Rick's pants. But now he clearly fought with himself and the unsolved problem between his legs.

It was kinda cute. Especially when Jesus leaned over to lick Daryl's ear before he whispered something with a mischievous smile and got pushed off with a grunt. Paul laughed and pushed back, turning it all into a little fight.

"Hey!" Rick wanted to interfere when Daryl wrestled Jesus down, grunting.

"Sst." But Negan stopped him, finding it interesting to watch.

"Bite me." Paul didn't really fight back but spread his legs and cocked a challenging eyebrow at the man lying on top of him.

Daryl glared, holding two slender wrists down left and right from Paul's head. For a moment he didn't know what to do. He was genuinely angry but the sudden friction felt also very good and he moved his hips once. Then a second time, and a third, kind of fascinated how the expression in Paul's eyes changed from sassy to aroused. And then he didn't think anymore because Paul lifted his head off the carpet and kissed him. A carnal kiss that made his hips pump automatically, dry humping in earnest. His raging erection lengthened against Paul's dick, repeatedly rubbed against it, before its covered tip accidentally nudged Paul's butt, pressing demandingly into a fabric covered ass
crack. He groaned at the indescribable sensation, hot pleasure balling at the base of his spine to instantly spread like a little shockwave all over his skin as if he was overcome by a sudden fever. He made it happen again and again, seeing Paul's cheeks flush and his lips part, pure need on his face. The image filled him with a fierce satisfaction, making him increase his efforts and rock himself firmly into this new exciting place.

It caught Shane's interest and coaxed a surprised chuckle out of him.

"What the hell." Rick wasn't as amused, wanting to get up, but once again Negan stopped him with a firm hand on his thigh.

"It's okay." He leaned into the backrest, his legs spread casually, resting his wineglass on his knee. "Let him try." He pursed his lips, rubbing his canine tooth with the tip of his tongue as he watched his boys making out. Daryl's movements were a bit clumsy, fast and frenzied, but Jesus seemed to enjoy it immensely. He opened his legs wider and then wrapped them around Daryl's grinding hips, moving with the rhythm, panting into the kiss.

After a minute Daryl froze, his butt high up in the air to cut the friction, his thighs trembling. He winced and dug his face into Paul's shirt, whimpering.

Negan chuckled, blindly holding a finger up when Rick attempted to say something. He waited a moment to see if Daryl was able to gain control back and calm down a bit but then heard him gasp and whimper again, almost the sound of crying when Paul moved beneath him, trying to continue what they had started.

"Boys." Negan kept his voice calm but made sure its volume cut into his subs dazed minds. "Enough. Come here."

Daryl heard it but couldn't move. Breathing hard, his body stiff from head to toe, trying to make the process stop that had started somewhere deep down in his belly, trying to will the pressure and tingling away, his painful erection down. He let go of Paul's wrists and felt soothing fingers in his hair the next second.

"Sorry, I got carried away." Jesus chuckled, carefully rolling them over. He kissed Daryl's forehead and got up, sorting the contents of his sweatpants as he walked up to the couch.

Negan snapped his fingers for him to kneel by Rick's feet and spread his own legs a bit more, holding a hand out when Daryl slid closer to the couch. Awkwardly on his butt in a crouched posture, his hair wild and his cheeks violently blushed, a big stain of precum visible in the front of his tented pajama bottoms. Negan pushed the man's head down against his thigh, combing five fingers through tousled strands. "Did you play with Paul?"

Daryl gave a faint nod, not looking up.

"Mhm, I asked you to report." Negan swiped the hair from the back of his sub's neck, pulling the collar a bit. He felt hot breath soaking the fabric of his pants. "You wanna do that for me?"

Daryl nodded again, fighting against the urge to touch himself.

"I get it." Paul rose gracefully to his feet and went to collect two phones and a bottle of 5£ mineral water. He gave two of the items to Negan and plopped with his own phone down on the armrest next to Shane, smirking as he opened an empty text document. "Uh boy, baby Jesus has some likes for sure today."

Daryl lifted his head reluctantly when his cheek was patted. But then felt 30% better because a bottle
of cool glacier water was held to his lips and he gulped half of it down as if he had just crossed the desert. Then he was given his phone and long fingers played with his broad leather collar while he started to type his report. It was difficult to concentrate at first but after a while everyone started to talk about a sports team from Atlanta and a time where nobody used the internet because it wasn't invented yet. It was a calming background noise and he could send a complete report after 21 minutes.

Good: serving, meating, piss, beer, rick, paper toels
Bad: touching, I'm rude, playing with jesus
Like: Negan, swimming, books, piss, schnitzel, beerhouse, friends, dinner, cup, playing with jesus
Hate: angry, time out, phone
Change: the flood, the phone, the marks

Negan just glanced at his phone when it vibrated but didn't read the report right away. Instead he tickled his sub's ear, creating firm eye contact. "Go wait in the bedroom for me. I will be there in a bit. No touching." He arched his brows, expecting his order to be followed.

Daryl sniffed his nose, hunching his shoulders. "What about Jesus." His question sounded gruff and not very polite, but Negan answered it anyway.

"Paul will spend the night with Rick and Shane." He squinted in annoyance when boy number two stopped frenching one of his Dads and confirmed the statement with an 'Oh yes baby' and a proud peace sign. "You will see him again for breakfast."

Daryl didn't like that but then got up anyway because Negan lowered his chin a bit and lifted his brows half an inch higher.

It was cool and dark in the bedroom. He didn't switch the lights on and put his hands obediently behind his back as he knelt down in front of the bed. He could hear the others in the living room. Booming laughter, Jesus calling Rick 'Sir' in his sweetest voice, Shane talking about his colleague's pitbull, Negan mentioning Miss Jadis. It was nice to hear them all. It made him pleasantly tired and he almost lost balance as he dozed off for a second. He inhaled startled, blinking his eyes open when the display of his phone lit up, beeping with a message. He took it, flicking some hair out of his eyes.

Good: -serving -- I served Negan in the bathroom like a good boy
   -meeting -- I was on my very best behavior while Negan had a meeting! He is fucking proud!
   - piss -- I did a great job following orders at the park!
   - beer -- I chugged that beer down like a champ!
   - Rick -- I thanked Rick for bringing my favorite cup! Negan likes that a lot :) 
   - paper towels -- I provided service to my owner even though I was upset
Bad: -touching -- I broke the rules several times today, but I try my best to improve!
   -I'm rude -- I gave one rude answer. I was punished. I am forgiven.
   - playing with Jesus -- I remembered the rules in time. Playing with Paul isn't bad, but I will ask next time.
Like: -Negan -- ❤ 
   -swimming -- I enjoy my morning swims!
   - books -- I enjoy reading!
   - piss -- I enjoy to give control over to Negan!
   - schnitzel -- I enjoy fast food, but I wanna remember that it is fucking bad for my health
   - beerhouse -- I enjoy being in a casual environment!
   - friends -- I missed my people, it feels good to see them again!
   - dinner -- I enjoy fucking finger food!
- cup -- It is comforting to have familiar things in an unfamiliar place!
- playing with Jesus -- I enjoyed a new experience with Paul! Negan is proud!

**Hate:**
- angry -- I don't like when Negan has to correct my behavior
- timeout -- I don't like punishments and I am not supposed to!
- phone -- I don't like the amount of time Negan spends working

**Change:**
- the flood -- I am worried about the flooding damage, but I know that shit happens and people will take care of it. It's no problem.
- the phone -- I wish Negan would work less. It worries me. He will try.
- the marks -- It is frustrating that I can't reach my goals lately. It is because I am going through a hard time. It will get better. Negan makes sure of it.

**bonus:** In fact, I deserve a big fat blue mark today! I wanna make it and then wait in Negan's bed to make it smell like the fucking sweetheart I am :)

Daryl's stomach clenched with the last sentence before it exploded in a billion happy butterflies, bringing a bright smile to his lips. He stared at the wonderful words, caressed the display with his thumb and then got up to tick off the mark in the Friday square, making a squeaking noise with his blue marker because he used too much pressure on the paper. He needed the flash of his phone camera to snap a picture of it and even though it was very blurry, he looked at it for almost five minutes, lying in Negan's bed because he had permission to do so.

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It was a while after midnight when Negan stepped out of the bathroom in his underwear, scratching his bare chest. He was fucking tired. But he wasn't in the mood to sleep just yet. Especially not when he folded the covers back and found a young man lying there in the most relaxed manner. On his back, his arms to the side on the pillow, his legs bent and spread widely. Wearing a white shirt that hung a little too big on his form, and soft pajama bottoms in a prehistoric theme. He wasn't asleep though. He looked at him with big eyes.

Negan enjoyed the sight for a moment, then took the phone out of Daryl's fingers to place it on the nightstand and crawled onto the mattress, instantly burying his face into the chaos of longish hair, inhaling deeply. "Good boy, making the bed smell so nicely." He let his hands roam over the warm body, one sliding underneath a loose shirt, the other taking hold of the man's head as he brushed his mouth over soft lips, teasing them open. They came alive beneath him and he groaned, dipping his tongue into wet silk, besotted with the taste of toothpaste and his boy's saliva. He curled his fingers around the back of a collared neck, tilting his head for a better angle as he deepened the kiss.

Daryl arched his back and sobbed when his bottom lip was pulled and licked with sharp teeth and broad tongue. He spread his thighs wider and stroked up and down Negan's sides, then brought a hand to the small of his back, exerting pressure in hopes for more friction.

"What do you want, boy." Negan teased the corner of a damp mouth with his tongue, licking as if it was made of pure sugar. Tell me."

Daryl exhaled a huff of breath, feeling naughty when he touched Negan's butt to press it down.

"Hm? You want to go to sleep now like a good boy? it's an important day tomorrow." Negan chuckled at the almost startled sounding 'No' he received and reached down between their bodies to grab the impressive package in innocent dinosaur pants. "No? You wanna shoot your load for me? Show me how much you like me?" He adored the desperate expression in blue eyes, the knitted eyebrows and bright red cheeks, the pleading nod and matching voice.
"Yes." Daryl tried to move beneath the heavy weight of a tall body as much as possible, trying to rock himself into the big hand fondling him.

"Yes, you do." Negan cooed, nipping the warm skin beneath his sub's jawbone. "You've been so fucking good all day, isn't that right puppy." He slipped his fingers into precum-damp pajama bottoms, solidly pumping the throbbing cock he found. "Playing so nicely with your toy, taking a piss outside at the park." He copied the dazed nod he got, stroking harder. "Mhm. Humping my other boy so well. Makes me fucking happy, right?"

A sound breath pressed out of Daryl's throat as he stared up at the beautiful face, hypnotized by all the deep, naughty words. He nodded again, wanting to say something but then forgot what it was when the tension that had built up all day somewhere inside his body suddenly uncoiled like a snapband, spewing hot shivers all through him.

"Good boy, Daryl... " Negan increased his efforts, pumping fervently. He dug his teeth into a flushed lower lip and tugged, earning a whimper full of lust and surrender. "You wanna make such a sweet puppy puddle for me, right... then you clean it off my hand with that wicked tongue of yours." He stopped for two seconds, smearing a gush of fluid around a swollen cockhead with his thumb and then took the whole length into a firm grip again, stroking fast and hard, loving the shudders and trembling rippling through Daryl's body as he lost control. He was pulled down into an urgent kiss by two clumsy hands and let it happen.

Daryl arched and tensed, froze for a moment, a whimpered groan imploding into a ravenous mouth before every coherent thought shot out of his head and the universe shrunk down to one person only. Tall, strong and commanding. In control of him and everything else.

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At 1:04 AM on a Saturday morning, Daryl felt like a mushy, boneless blob of happiness, squished against a bare chest, warm skin and coarse hair, a pebbled nipple right in front of his nose that was glistening with his spit. He pulled his knee a bit higher up, making it rest over Negan's groin.

He wanted to ask 'May I suck you off, Sir' in his most polite voice, like Jesus always did. But the only words coming out sounded hoarse and kind of rude, making him regret his decision to speak immediately. "Can I?" He pointed with half a finger to the still semi-hard bulge in Negan's underwear.

Negan inhaled deeply, already dozing off. "May you suck me off now?" He patted Daryl's butt. "No. We need to sleep. I'll fuck your gorgeous ass later in the shower." He placed a kiss somewhere on tousled hair. "Right? Plug you up and make you carry my cum around all day when we meet all the fucking fanboys at the conference."

A butterfly woke up in the left corner of Daryl's chest, fluttering like a maniac to all the naughty promises. It made Daryl's eyes shine and his lips curve. He turned his head and pressed the smile against the gap between a firm chest and muscular upper arm, closing his eyes. "Okay." He more than liked Negan so much.

Negan's eyes were closed but he didn't have to see his sub's face to know how smitten he looked right now. "Okay." It brought the hint of a smirk on his own lips and another kiss on longish hair. "Now sleep."
Extra: Paul's report for the reader! puppy who asked so kindly :)

**Good:** - Took care of the conference stuff like a pro
  - unpacked for two of my Dads

**Bad:** went overboard with the puppy?

**Like:** where do I start it was an awesome day!
  - early morning swim!
  - All Dads back together
  - Food and weissbier!
  - fun afternoon!
  - tacos!
  - Daddies everywhere!! :D
  - THE PUPPY DRYFUCKING MY BLESSED ARSE! and you not killing us for it ^^

**Hate:** - the day wasn't long enough :)
  - sucks with the store in Amsterdam
  - a trillion messages on your phone!

**Change:** Can we get a real Michel for you? Would be cool if you'd have more time for the fun things <3

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**Good:** - Took care of the conference stuff like a pro -- You have! Thank you, boy!
  - unpacked for two of my Dads -- Good job!
  - I was well behaved all day!
  - I provided flawless service!
  - I had an eye on my brother!

**Bad:** went overboard with the puppy? -- No. All good.

**Like:** where do I start it was an awesome day!
  - early morning swim!
  - All Dads back together
  - Food and weissbier!
  - fun afternoon!
  - tacos!
-Daddies everywhere!! :D
- THE PUPPY DRYFUCKING MY BLESSED ARSE! and you not killing us for it ^^ --
Bugger. Glad you had a great day :)

Hate: -the day wasn't long enough :)
-sucks with the store in Amsterdam -- No worries, all good.
-a trillion messages on your phone! -- eleven of them are yours and we've spent the whole fucking day together!

Change: Can we get a real Michel for you? Would be cool if you'd have more time for the fun things <3 -- we'll see

You wanna text me 'good night' later and come see me first thing in the morning! Be good♡

Chapter End Notes

Next: BDSM Conference
"BOY!"

Daryl flinched startled, jerking his hand back as if the expensive smartphone he attempted to touch would threaten to bite him.

"What the fuck are you doing with my shit again!"

Guilt and hot anger pulsed through his veins, making his heart pound in his ears. He avoided his gaze, glaring at a random spot on the floor. "jus' wanted to check the time!" His answer came out far louder and more defiant than he had intended and he pulled his shoulders up, shrinking an inch in height when a tall, angry man crossed the room in four big steps and grabbed the phone off the counter, pressing a button at the side to switch the display on.

"Oh look!" Negan arched his brows in mock surprise, bending a bit backwards as he looked at the big numbers on the screen and then turned the phone around for his sub to see. "Quarter to nine!" He granted a second to let the information sink in before he took the phone down and instead leaned very close, bellowing into Daryl's face. "TIME TO KEEP YOUR FUCKING FINGERS OFF MY GOD DAMN FUCKING PHONE!" He held the piercing stare a moment until all defiance in blue eyes was replaced by honest remorse, then moved back a little, waving two fingers towards the windows. "Wait over there."

Daryl dropped his head and shoulders, not even considering to contradict the order. He wanted to be alone and look out of the window. There was a familiar lump growing in his throat and it made him angry. It started to choke him. It made his chin tremble for a very brief moment but he took a deep breath to make it stop. The thick carpet was warm and soft beneath his knees and the City of London looked strangely comforting. The cool glass pane against his forehead was too. He touched his fingertips to the window where his breath fogged it and then needed to inhale very deeply because his chin started to tremble again and his vision got blurry. It was a horrible morning. Just the first hour had been good. Alone with Negan, very early. In the bathroom with a stunning sunrise behind the floor-to-ceiling windows. They had fucked in the shower. And Negan had planted a wonderful deep 'My boy' into his ear, kissing his neck from behind while working a slick, black plug into a generously filled hole. It was made of silicone and the name NEGAN was imprinted at its flat base. It was the most perfect reminder he could have asked for and his muscles pulsed and throbbed around it the whole time while Negan trimmed his beard at the sink, slicked his hair back and shared a bit of his awesome alpha male cologne with his submissive, just because he was in the mood.
But then everything went downhill. A pretty leather outfit lay for almost an hour untouched on a gigantic bed, while Negan sat in underwear and bathrobe at his desk because the phone there just wouldn't stop ringing. At half-past seven, he already had two headache pills in his system along with three cups of coffee. He massaged his temple, arguing with a person from far away about import regulations.

At 8:07 AM, Negan was finally dressed, slicking his hair back again in front of the big mirror in the bedroom. Daryl had liked that. He had been allowed to spit shine knee-high riding boots and pull a heavy black leather belt through the loops of tight leather pants. And then his heart stopped as if somebody had shot him when he glanced up at a muttered 'shit' and saw the reflection of his tall beautiful man in the mirror holding a hand to his bloody nose to not stain his outfit or the carpet. Daryl was gently shoved out of the way and watched Negan hurrying to the bathroom, leaving him alone with empty lungs and legs made of pudding.

It took him 41 seconds before he had the courage to follow and then stood paralyzed in the doorframe, seeing thick red drops falling into a luxurious sink where they mixed up with a swirl of running water.

Negan was speaking to him, casually squeezing his nose with his thumb and fingers. Acting as if blood coming from the inside of his head wasn't the worst nightmare. Daryl had nodded to something, feeling cold and ill as he went to find a bottle of stone age glacier water. It was on the cupboard in the dining area and he had difficulties to find the way back. But he didn't even have to go the entire way because Negan wasn't in the bathroom anymore. Instead he sat on the edge of the big desk in his office, the phone tucked between his ear and shoulder while he held a balled-up tissue to his nose.

Daryl had spent the next twenty minutes quietly kneeling near the big ficus by the office windows, staring outside, down at the tiny cars moving on a snake of endless streets. Listening to a conversation about books and publishers. Hating everything about it. And most of all the blood-soaked paper tissue in the trash basket underneath the desk.

He still hated it at almost 9 o'clock even though he was in another room now. He could see it as he closed his eyes and the image made the lump in his throat burn and sting until it caused the wetness in his eyes to flow over and a tear trickled down his cheek. He wiped it off in a hasty movement when a tall man in stunning leather outfit approached him from the side. He sniffed his nose and avoided his gaze, searching for words of apology in his scattered brain. He didn't find any and was thankful for the clear snap of fingers that signaled for him to get up. He didn't ask for permission to wrap his arms around a broad torso, but he did it tightly, hiding his face against a smooth black leather shirt. It was short-sleeved with a red stripe on the shoulders and it smelled like everything he more than liked in the world. The feel and scent let the lump in his throat grow another size and his chin trembled again, especially when he reached up, blindly with one hand, to touch the side of Negan's face. Stroke warm skin and a short, wonderfully rough beard. Hoping the headache pills made a decent job.

Nobody stopped him. Nobody said anything. But this beautiful face nestled into his touch and then a bearded chin lowered down on the top of his head, resting there for almost three minutes while strong arms held him so close and tight that it was almost impossible to breathe. Daryl liked it. It let the uncomfortable lump in his throat finally explode into silly thick tears and a couple of muffled sobs in the privacy and protection of a firm leather covered chest. He didn't care and didn't think about it. The strong, steady heartbeat he could hear and feel was the only thing that mattered.

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The whole time during breakfast in the hotel's first-class restaurant, Negan's phone was switched off and Jesus was allowed to keep it safe in the pocket of his skinny jeans where it barely fit in.

At the Shangri-la's very own hairdresser on level 29, Rick took the phone to check back with a person at the conference center and to confirm another workshop for the afternoon, while Negan was treated like royalty by a team of three hairdressers, who cut the sides and back of his hair really short but just slightly trimmed the longish strands on top of his head and as a finish, combed them back with a bit of gel.

Daryl couldn't help but stare at the new haircut for the entire ride through town, while the butterflies in his belly suggested to take a photo or maybe ten of the tall, imposing man who was surely the most beautiful person in the entire world.

"You want a fucking photo, boy?" Negan's tone held slight annoyance as he read through a mail from his store manager in Berlin. It was hard to concentrate with somebody staring at him constantly.

Daryl sniffed his nose with a half shrug of his left shoulder. "Okay."

The quiet answer sounded so serious and beautifully innocent that Negan lost the line of text he was just reading. He squinted and looked up, unable to contain the tiny smirk that tugged the corner of his mouth. He put an arm around his sub's shoulder, "Am I so pretty?" leaned their heads together and took his phone up, snapping a picture in the backseat of a car in the midst of London's busy morning traffic.

"Hm." Daryl blinked shyly through his long bangs, trying his very best to make his lips curve into a smile because Negan liked when he did that for photos.

"I know." Negan took his phone and arm back down, tapped on his display a few times and then continued to read his mail, ignoring the beeping of his sub's phone.

Daryl pulled it out of his pocket and needed three seconds to open the message he had received. It was a wonderful photo, showing a confident Negan with awesome new haircut and himself with a smile that looked really nice and genuine. They looked like a real couple. Like Mister international leather and his collared sub on the way to the UK BDSM Conference. And the photo came with a message. 'For my pretty boy - We look fucking hot together'.

Daryl didn't mind that there was a traffic jam on Oxford street. He stared at his new favorite photo and then nudged Paul's arm to his right, holding the phone in front of his face.

"Uuh." Paul slid his headphones down around his neck and took the phone for a closer look. "Daddy looking fine as fuck."

"I fucking sit here." Negan swiped his thumb over the display, pleased by the numbers his store manager sent him.

Jesus leaned forward to look past Daryl and see one of his Dads at the other side of the backseat. "You look fine as fuck, Sir." He delivered a friendly smile with his statement and leaned back again, sending the picture to his own phone with the plan to print and frame it once they were back in Atlanta.

Negan sighed with a shake of his head, spreading his legs a little for more comfort in the cramped space of the car.

"I love it." Jesus handed the phone back to Daryl, followed by a sticky, red-green gummy worm.
Daryl scrunched his nose underneath his bangs. The sour sugar was already sucked off but he opened his mouth anyway for the offered candy. It was good. Very much. Just as Negan's new haircut.

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The America Square Conference Center in the heart of London’s square mile was an outstanding venue for exclusive events of the larger scale. Unique and modern but with a historic touch.

Daryl glanced up at the building's high front, wrinkling his nose. It looked a bit like Negan's factory in Atlanta just not as pretty. Especially with the big crowd of fans in front of the entry who started to hysterically scream as soon as the current Mister International Leather got out of the car, confidently fighting his way through the legions of kink enthusiastic people, his black Rayban's firmly in place.

"MA'AM I REALLY NEED YOU TO STEP BACK!"

A big, sturdy man in dark-blue trench coat and black sunglasses barked at a group of excited females while shielding Negan and his entourage with wide-spread arms and a broad back from the riff-raff trying to get a whiff of the most gorgeous man in God's creation.

"THREE FEET IS THE MINIMUM DISTANCE!"

He pushed some people out of the way to create space in front of the entrance and then held the doors open, guiding his boss through with the help of Shane and Abraham who made sure the submissives weren't groped by anyone.

Daryl pulled his shoulders up and glowered at all strangers yelling in their direction. Negan's fingers were wrapped firmly around his wrist, Abe walked next to him with a protective arm behind his back. The venue was spacious but he couldn't see much of it because it was so crowded and he was dragged along at such a fast pace. There were some vendors left and right selling leather gear and certain tools and toys. Leather factory posters and cardboard Negans caught his attention. A couple wearing latex dog's ears and rubber tails attached to their bums made out openly in front of the elevators. A man with a bullwhip walked by. A woman with bright red lipstick and a long shiny latex dress. And countless voices shouted Negan's name, called him Sir or Daddy, asked for autographs and selfies. But the good thing was that Negan didn't react much and didn't stop, just wrapped is fingers tighter around Daryl's wrist and crossed the room in his most confident stride, his head up and shoulders wide, making the crowd part for him even without the strict warnings and barked orders from Mister Porter.

A small group of people wearing red staff shirts and black lanyards led the way through a heavy door and up a surprisingly quiet staircase, through a long corridor with purple carpet into a room with white leather sofas and a flat-screen at the wall. At the side on a long table stood a variety of beverages and snacks together with a random bottle of lube and a box of tissues.

One of the staff-people approached Negan with a clipboard and gave him a heads-up about the current timetable, before she left and closed the door.

Daryl looked around, realizing he was suddenly alone with Negan. "Where's Jesus." His question sounded a bit gruff but he got an answer anyway.

"Paul is next door with the others." Negan took his sunglasses off and opened a bottle of water from the table. "He joins us for the class in thirty minutes." He drank with a smirk, arching his brows at his sub, then took the bottle down with a loud sigh. "Right?"
"Hm." Daryl gave a single nod, rubbing his left shoulder against his ear. He wasn't sure what they actually did here and what class they would attend. "Are you the teacher?"

"Am I the teacher?" Negan closed the distance and held the water bottle to Daryl's lips, the other hand safely at the back of his head as he let him drink. "Yes. I will teach about dominance." Five big gulps, then he granted a deep breath. "You wanna assist me on stage like a good helper?"

The insecurity in blue eyes betrayed the coolness Daryl tried to feign. "Okay?" He shrugged, wiping his mouth with the back of his wrist.

"Hm." Negan tilted his head to the side, blindly screwing the cap back on the bottle, then threw it on a white leather couch. "What does my assistant have to do, tell me."

Daryl looked up, his eyes flickering nervously, trying to come up with the right answer. After a moment of reconsideration he pointed at his plugged up butt but didn't want to say the word 'fisting' out loud.

A soft smile went from the corners of Negan's mouth up to his eyes. "It's not a fisting demo. It is a lecture about dominance. I will speak fully clothed and you will focus on me like a good boy. Fully clothed, sitting on a chair. No sex, no showing your cute butt to the audience. You just listen to what I say and do as told." He tucked a strand of hair behind a pale ear. "Right?"

Daryl sniffed his nose, nodding. "Right."

"Right. What do you do if you want to stop and leave the stage. Tell me."

For a second he wasn't sure but then remembered and held his left hand up, making it a fist with his little finger spread out.

"Smart boy." Negan stepped closer and widened his stance a little, putting a hand between his sub's legs to grab his bulge. "You also wanna remember who you belong to." He received a nod and copied it, studying the beautiful stunned expression on a slightly blushed face. "Mhm. What's around your pretty neck."

Daryl spread his legs a little to give better access, loving the sparks and tingles swirling through his lower belly. "Collar." Even two of them.

"Yeah." Negan was fully aware that his massage wasn't exactly gentle and it brought an excited spark to his eyes when he felt his sub's dick swell anyway. "Whose collar. Mine?"

Daryl nodded, his lips parting as he stared up at Negan's close face. "Yes."

"Mhm." Negan moved another inch closer, the tip of his nose intentionally brushing a feverish cheek. "What's up your ass. Tell me, boy."

The question spoken in deep dark voice made Daryl's inner muscles contract around the object in question. "Plug." He rolled his hips forward into the firm hand rubbing him through his pants.

"Whose plug is up your gorgeous ass, say it."

A thumb and two fingers found the way onto a leather-clad chest, searching for support and more contact. "Yours."

"It is my plug, right..." Negan increased his massage, his lips finding a pale ear somewhere beneath longish strands of hair. "Why is it up there."
Daryl panted, his eyes fluttering shut and his knees feeling strangely weak. "Your cum."

"Oh yeah?" Negan brought his other hand around Daryl's waist over the swell of his butt, down onto a hidden asscrack, instantly finding the embedded plug. He pushed it deeper in. "Did I pump a fucking gallon of my load up my boy's hole this morning?" He gave it another push and then a third, pleased by the overwhelmed moan he heard and the ten fingers clawing into his leather outfit. "I fucked you in the shower, isn't that right, puppy. Marked you as mine."

Daryl whimpered when his ass was taken in a rough grip and big hands rocked him rhythmically against a leather-clad thigh, encouraging him to hump. He did, wrapping his arms around Negan's neck when a knee pushed between his legs, offering more friction.

"Yeah, sweet puppyboy. Humping my leg so nicely. You wanna show me how much you fucking like me."

A sudden weird shudder shot down Daryl's spine, he tensed and dug his face into the crook of Negan's neck, his thighs starting to tremble before the rest of his body followed, throwing him into a climax he had no chance to stop or control in any way. It took him completely by surprise and he gasped almost startled, not sure why it all happened so fast or whether he actually had permission.

But Negan didn't seem to mind. He pulled his sub even closer, breathtakingly tight, cooing obscene little words against a prettily flushed earlobe. "Such a good puppy, making me so proud."

He gave the warm skin above a broad leather collar a slow, wet lick. "Are you so excited to hump me? Feels so good, right. What did you make for me, tell me..."

Daryl exhaled a huff of damp breath, little flickering dots swirling in front of his eyes as his muscles went slack and prickling aftershocks shot through his system. "Puddle." He nudged his tongue against Negan's neck, then kissed it before his head was taken into a secure hold by two big hands, cradled for a perfect angle to receive a deep sensual kiss. He knew it was a reward and it made his heart tumble in excitement because he had been so good and naughty.

"Daddy?" There was a brief knock at the door and Jesus opened just a second later. "I am sorry to interrupt, Sir, but a guy is asking for you, he said your class starts in five minutes."

"Mhm." Negan wasn't in any hurry and continued the kiss for a few more seconds, combing his fingers through tousled hair before he slowly pulled back, placing three more soft pecks on wet lips. "Come here, bugger." He kissed Daryl's nose, then his forehead. "You wanna find a washroom and clean my boy for me."

He gave his sub a smile, patting his plugged up butt. "Then you come to meet me on stage."

"Uh, did you cum in your pants?" Paul approached Daryl from the side, kissing his cheek before he pressed his lips to Negan's shoulder. "May I cum as well?"

"No." Negan returned the kiss but on Paul's forehead and then went to get a fresh bottle of water and his sunglasses. "Be good and do as told."

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To attend 'Masterclass - Mastering the art of Dominance', one of the most anticipated workshops of the entire weekend one had to sign up months in advance. There were only 356 seats available and they had sold out faster than cinnamon gelato on a hot summer day because the man himself didn't speak very often outside of the U.S.

Leland Adams from Moniaive, a small enclave of peace and quiet in the southern uplands of
Scotland, had booked it with sweaty fingers and drumming heart, home at his parent's computer, not even reading what it really was about. He had just clicked on all the classes, demos and parties where the name NEGAN was included somewhere in the description. But now that he was out in the real world and had claimed his seat in row 9, surrounded by 355 Dominants, Masters, Sirs, Tops, Handlers, and leather Daddies from all around the planet, he felt a little intimidated and out of place. Like the Easter Bunny in a cage full of lions. And 6'3 bondage top Javier from a small town in Mexico had given him an irritated side glance once the tall, charismatic presenter of the workshop entered the stage and a weird sound of excitement came out of his overwhelmed Scottish virgin throat. Something between a squeal and moan, that was accompanied by an impressive layer of red color that spread all over his formerly pale face. But he couldn't help it, Negan looked absolutely majestic. He had a new sexy haircut and wore fetish gear for the occasion. A tight black, full leather outfit with red details that hugged his luxurious body in all the right places like a second skin. His trademark glove on his right hand to remind everyone what his gloriously sinful passion was, his pants tucked into almost knee high, spit-shined riding boots to emphasize his impressive height. It all was a rare sight, at least outside of the dungeons and playrooms of this world.

Leland had been so flashed and floored for the first 16 minutes of the class that he could hardly follow the presentation. Then the door in the very back of the spacious conference room had opened and every head turned with a wave of murmur going through the crowd, when two men entered and quietly walked up to the narrow stage. One was rather petite, with long hair, full beard, and headphones around his neck, clad in black sneakers, grey skinny jeans and a black leather jacket with a 'My safeword is Keep Going'-shirt underneath. The other wore a baggy Leather Factory hoodie to a well-worn pair of denims and brown Timberland hiking boots, obviously not in the mood to dress up.

Negan introduced them under approving applause as his submissives and Leland died a little of embarrassment when it turned out that he was the only one who felt the need to get up and take a photo of Jesus' beautiful hair and the moment when Negan guided him and Puppy to their chairs in the back of the stage, with an authoritative snap of his fingers.

He cleared his throat, and brushed some invisible crumbs off his seat before he sat back down, hiding behind his obligatory notepad as the presentation was continued.

"So, are you a Dom." Negan took his microphone up, addressing the audience again. "It is a simple fucking question and you already know the answer in your heart. You know it. It is as fucking easy as that. If it feels forced, if you're uncomfortable, if you pretend to be that cocky arrogant asshole that goes to a leather bar in hopes to find someone for a rough fuck but in reality you know full well you are a fragile flower, crying yourself to sleep every night because your stepfather never liked you, then you're not a fucking Dom." He paused, arching his brows. "At best you are a roleplayer or just a fucking prick who gets off on ordering others around." He shrugged, gesturing with one hand. "Which is fine, don't get me wrong. You don't have to live it to have a consensual, fun time with someone by simply roleplaying the dominant part for a night or the five minutes you need to fucking ejaculate." Negan looked around the room, briefly creating eye contact with some people and could instantly tell that at least a third of his listeners belonged to the category he had just mentioned. "BUT." He raised his voice in a firmer tone and slowly started striding from left to right, a hand behind his back. "If you are in fact a Dom..." He looked at a guy front row who nervously wrote notes down in a notebook with lavender cover. "... it shows in all areas and aspects of your life. It is not something that is simply expressed in the bedroom."

Daryl watched the whole scene. Negan talking to his listeners, Jesus being really interested, Eugene standing by the door with his trenchcoat and dark shades, people in the audience nodding and making notes, some smiling or chuckling to things that were said.
Most of them were men between their mid-thirties and late sixties, Doms that wanted to learn from Negan's expertise, not fanboys who hoped for a fuck or more. All but one. Daryl had seen him immediately. Row nine, very young, black hair, a phone up and aimed at the presenter on stage. It was the fanboy that had followed them the other day. The one who had spied through the window at the restaurant. Daryl glared at him, then gritted his teeth when the guy got up from his seat and took a picture of Negan with a real photo camera. Probably because Negan looked so nice with all his leather and the new haircut. He really didn't know why Eugene didn't do anything. Throw the camera out of the window or that silly stalking fanboy.

"It is your presence, the way you carry yourself," Negan saw out of the corner of his eye how Daryl angrily pulled his fingers and muttered a soundless curse, gaze fixed on the one young bottom in the crowd who had obviously not booked the class to deepen his knowledge. "The way you handle conflicts and problems. Your fucking ability to lead and guide." He walked casually up to his sub and gripped his chin to tilt it up, giving him a stern look. Before he tightened his hold and pulled him off the seat, forcing him with a firm hand into a kneeling position on the floor. "A real Dom, a powerful, confident alpha male, is one who thinks about other people first. He knows who he is and he knows exactly what he wants." He looked back at his audience, keeping a hand broad and heavy on Daryl's head, pushing him against his thigh. "He is patient and he is in fucking control." His voice took on a very serious tone. "Of the situation, and most of all of himself." He paused a moment with a lift of his brows. "Because if he wasn't, he could never be in control of someone else."

Daryl's heart hammered in his chest, his thoughts running criss-cross, almost making his head explode. He held his breath, his body tense, his cheeks glowing like fire, sure that every person in the room looked at him and saw how he was punished. It made him furious and so ashamed that he wanted to shout and beat that fucker of fanboy up to a bloody pulp. He also wanted to hide. And he did, in the safest place he knew, with his face against the warm, very smooth leather of his owner's leg. He listened to a deep comforting voice talking, a voice that held no anger at all. And after half a minute the tips of long fingers raked gently through his hair, sending little tingles from his scalp down his neck and spine to his inner muscles that contracted once around a deeply embedded plug. It made him close his eyes and reminded him to focus. It reminded him what his job was and who he belonged to. It made him proud to be where he was, kneeling by Negan's feet wearing one of the most coveted collars of the worldwide leather community. While silly fanboys sat in row nine and had maybe a photo from far away, but not one taken in the backseat of a car with wonderful words underneath.

"A Dom doesn't need to be perfect and he never will be, it's an endless learning process." Negan fished a raisin out of his pocket and shoved it between his sub's lips before he tickled a pale ear rewardingly and went back to the front of the stage, expecting Daryl to stay in his kneeling posture. "You don't have to look like the Hulk or dress like one of the fucking village people to be a Dom. There's no need to carry a god damn whip around or to have a dungeon in your basement." He paused, putting a hand in the middle of his chest. "All it takes to be a Dom you either have in here already or you fucking don't. And if that's the case, be a man and admit it. No need to put any submissive in misery just because you are a selfish douchebag."

A man in the back of the room got up from his seat but waited politely with his question until Negan gave him a nod. "You emphasized how important self-control is in a Dom - sub relationship. To be honest, that is the one thing I struggle most with. I am by nature a rather hot-headed guy and I find it hard to control my temper when my sub acts out. What advice would you give me to improve?"

Negan listened with his eyes down and nodded, then took his head up as well as his microphone. "My honest advice? You are not fit to own a sub. You should go and work your shit out, get therapy or whatever, but not pretend that you can lead another person when you can't handle yourself." He paused a moment, looking directly at the man who had asked the question, then let his gaze wander
through the entire crowd. "Gentlemen, this is where I really need you to pin your fucking ears back! When a submissive does something wrong, when they upset you, even in the midst of a fucking genuine argument, you need to step back and take a breath, because yes, you ARE supposed to be the one in control. If you are out of control, where does that leave them? I am not saying you shouldn't ever yell. We all make mistakes when we're hot with emotion. But that is the moment where you have to take yourself out. Step the fuck back. Put your sub on the safe sidelines while you go and fucking compose yourself! I don't care what you do. Take a deep breath, splash some water in your face, kick the fucking wall. THINK! Why did they act out? Don't approach them again before you are in control of the fucking situation and more importantly yourself!" He shook his head, scratching his brow with one finger. "If you can't do that, you are not a Dom and should not be responsible for another person."

A guy wearing a suit and tie raised his arm and after a nod from the presenter, pointed his pen at the young man kneeling on stage. "Did we just see a punishment situation with your slave?"

"Paul." Negan didn't turn around as he addressed one of his subs. "You wanna explain to this Gentleman what he just saw."

"Uhm." Paul looked to the left and right of his chair, then climbed off when he found his microphone on the floor. "Well," he sat back down, clearing his throat. "You corrected your sub's behavior by reminding him of his place and helping him to focus." He tucked a strand of hair behind his ear, clearing his throat again. "And he is not a slave."

"Good answer." Negan looked back over his shoulder. "Thank you for paying attention."

Jesus smiled, "No problem, Sir." making the entire audience chuckle.

Negan smirked, waving two fingers. "Sit with him."

"Yesss." Paul was off his seat and on the ground kneeling next to Daryl in under two seconds, having the crowd laugh.

Negan shook his head, rubbing his temple with a sigh. "Anyone else having a question?"

A tall, beefy man with no hair but impressive blond beard and the picture of a cute cartoon squirrel on his black shirt got up, raising his arm for a from-the-distance fistbump. "Negs."

Negan pursed his lips, smirking. "How's it goin'. Cute shirt."

"Thanks!" Rúnar patted his stomach with both hands. "Guaranteed to drive any puppy nuts!"

The audience exploded in laughter, making Daryl glance up and then quickly avoid his eyes as he tried to make himself as small and invisible as possible.

"Of course." Negan patted the back of his thigh twice, then snapped his fingers, pointing one down. "You have a question? Or did you come all the way from fucking Keflavík to see my marvelous face."

"Actually I did." Rúnar put on a wide grin, crossing his muscular arms. "But since I'm here... teach me something useful, big Boss."

Daryl had noticed the hand signal and his stomach flipped when he rose to his feet and walked up to Negan, fully aware that he had the attention from 356 people. He wasn't asked to get back on his knees though, instead a secure arm was wrapped around his waist and he was pulled close against a broad chest.
"See that hunky fucker over there?" Negan squeezed his boy's side, nodding towards the tall Nordic man in the audience. "That's Rúnar. He owns a puppy boy much like you."

Daryl listened attentively, sniffing his nose. "Hm." The man looked like a wrestler somehow, just without the oily hair.

"You wanna give him some good advice on how he should treat his boy? What does a sub need to be happy."

Blue eyes flickered nervously from left to right, then stared at the ground when a person in red staff-shirt quickly handed a second microphone over. He didn't want to hold it, he didn't want to answer. But he wanted to assist Negan and he was no pansy, so he lifted the mic half an inch and mumbled a small guess, "Food." followed by a huff of nervous breath that sounded awfully loud through the microphone.

Instantly the audience broke out in amused chuckles, not really mocking, but it brought glowing heat to Daryl's face and ears anyway, along with shame and fury thrumming in his chest. He scrunched his nose, clenching the silly microphone... and then looked up almost startled when harsh fingers snapped next to his head.

Negan looked him firmly in the eyes, his voice calm and steady. "Smart boy. It's fucking important to feed a sub well, right? Want them to be fit and healthy."

"Preach it Puppy!" Jesus confirmed from his place at the back of the stage, pressing the mic to his lips as he spoke. "Food is definitely on the top of the bottom list!"

Daryl ducked his head a little but couldn't help to smile, relieved that he had given a right answer even if the audience still laughed, especially after Paul's remark.

"What else. Tell me."

This time Daryl kept his eyes on Negan's face and held his microphone up in front of his chest. "Quiet time." It sounded more like an insecure question than a confident answer.

But Negan seemed to approve anyway. "That's exactly right." He addressed the audience in a serious tone, "Aftercare is a must. For the sub as much as for you, Gentlemen." then looked at his sub again, but didn't say anything.

Daryl did. With a sniff of his nose and flick of his head. "Rules."

Negan nudged one of his canine teeth with his tongue, sucking it soundly, his lips curving into a proud smile. "Oh yes? You like the rules, boy?"

"Hm." Daryl nodded. He liked them very much.

"What do you wanna say."

He hesitated for two seconds, remembering all the people in the room before he took the microphone higher up, almost to his chin. "I like the rules." He looked at Negan while he said it and the spark of surprise he saw in dark eyes excited him almost as much as the praise that followed.

"Look at you! Fucking good job!" Negan tapped their mics together, serious appreciation written all over his features. He turned around a little to stand face to face, nodding his chin at Daryl. "What else, boy."
Just for the split of a second Daryl's eyes darted to the side where 356 people sat before he focused back on Negan and made his timid voice work again, feeling his stomach tingle as he heard himself over the speakers. "Collar." He sniffed his nose, wrapping an arm across his chest to knead his shoulder with three fingers. "Swimming." He smacked his lips. "'n serving."

"Serving makes the sub happy?"

"Yes." He nodded. Especially in the morning and in the bathroom or at night.

Negan smirked. "Who do you wanna serve?"

Daryl splayed a finger out, pointing it along with the microphone at Negan's chest.

"Why."

He shrugged with one shoulder, speaking quietly with the mic almost touching his lips. "cause I like you." He could think of a million reasons more but didn't say them out loud, just stared at Negan's face. How he sucked his lips in and gave him a really slow blink, looking as if he wasn't only proud but also perfectly happy.

Negan moved closer, widening his stance as he curled an arm around his sub's waist to pull him in and make their crotches touch, placing a hand on a plugged butt. "Tongue out." It was a calm order with firm undertone and he watched as it was followed without any hesitation, enjoyed the submissive sigh for a moment and then angled his head and touched the silky wet flesh with his own tongue, slowly licking it as if they were the only people in the room. He did it twice, "Thank you for assisting me, boy." and then a third time, before he finished off with a kiss placed on parted lips. "You did awesome." He pulled back and gestured for Daryl to go back to Jesus, then addressed the tall man in the audience again, speaking in the most casual manner. "Shyness, insecurity, noncompliance and possibly withdrawal are natural responses to what may seem like an overwhelming situation or new task." He pinched his nose, making a few steps closer to the edge of the stage. "Understand that stubborn behavior, refusal or even fucking anger are not aimed at you. It's not disobedience. The sub goes through a mixture of emotions here. Fear, tension, apprehension, anxiety. It is your job to create a safe space where they feel protected and encouraged enough to push their own limits. They want to please, they want to be good. You have to give them the courage to perform. Boost their confidence, help them grow, reward the shit outta them. Facial expression, body language, vocal tone, attention. Express your happiness. They wanna see you light up with fucking joy from something they've done, they need to know you are pleased, it is what they are after, their whole motivation. Hearing their Dominant praise their skills, abilities, personality, and fucking effort is a massive reward and emotional boost." He paused a moment, looking through the rows of people. "At the same time nothing is more demoralizing for a submissive as to see all their hard work, thoughtfulness and submission brushed off like it was fucking nothing. Even handing them a god damn $200,- reward will mean shit and completely crush them if done with a blank expression of disinterest." He arched his brows at a guy who looked an awful lot like his married, straight accountant. "You wanna keep a close eye on how your sub reacts after presenting something for your approval. If their expression becomes lighter, they hold their pretty head a bit higher, and stand more confidently, they're showing the reaction you're looking for. If you're seeing an expression of fucking disappointment, then you're obviously not providing them with the affirmation they need. Which is a no go." He sent a warning look through the room, raising his voice a bit. "Always make sure the attempt to try something new ends as a positive experience with a sense of accomplishment, even if they didn't reach the goal. To achieve that you always wanna be in control of the situation a hundred percent. You guide your sub through, from start to fucking finish. It's your responsibility." Negan nodded at Rúnar, briefly raising a hand in his direction. "Tell Henrik I said hello."
The muscular man nodded back, his arms still crossed in front of his chest, a respectful smile playing around his lips. "I will."

Daryl saw it but didn't even pay attention. He knelt next to Jesus with his back extra straight, fidgeting on his ankles because his plug felt so nice. He flicked his head and smiled, playing with the silver D-ring of his collar as he watched Negan speak to the audience. About pushing limits, different forms of punishment and the necessity of structure and consistency. About all the things important in a D/s relationship. All the things he knew by now and understood. Because he was almost a little bit of an expert after more than a year. A real member of the leather community and one of the biggest companies in the business. Negan's helper. Just like Jesus.

He gave Paul a sideglance and smiled even wider when their eyes met and his shoulder was nudged lovingly.

Chapter End Notes

next: 'My three Dads' Jesus-vlog-special :)

Thank you to all the reader!puppies who participated and sent awesome questions! Jesus loves you!!!
The American Square Conference Center often hosted big events and knew how stressful such a convention weekend could get. That's why they offered their VIP guests several private rooms to relax and wind down in-between presentations, parties and workshops. All of the quiet rooms were equipped with comfy sofas big enough to have a nap on, TV's, and a variety of refreshments. Room 118 on the upper floor was no different and served in the late Saturday morning not only as a safe haven for Mister International Leather and his team but also as a backdrop for an aspiring YouTuber and his newest video.

"Just a moment..." Paul adjusted the camera a little, not entirely satisfied with the angle. "Okay. I hope it works like that. Lighting is shit in here." He made two steps back and slumped down on the floor in front of one of the couches. "Hello again from London, Ladies, and Gents!" He smiled brightly, putting his hands high up in the air. "Baby Jesus is back with the most glorious video of the year!" He spread his arms widely to present the three men sitting behind him on the couch. "THE DADDY TAG!" He didn't have to feign the amount of serious excitement he felt. "That's right beautiful people! We are at the UK BDSM Conference and I thought I'd use the opportunity to introduce you to the three Lords of my blessed existence. I mean it is about time and I figured since so many of your questions in the comments are directed at my Dads, why not penning them up here for your enjoyment!"

"Hey, guys." Rick sat in the middle with Shane to his left and Negan to his right, offering a polite greeting with a thumbs up. "Leave a like."

Paul squinted one eye, looking back over his shoulder. "No, you were supposed to say that at the end, Sir?" He earned a puzzled look and decided to just roll with it, accepting that none of the three people on the couch were familiar with the YouTuber etiquette and probably didn't even know how the internet worked. So he spoke to the camera again. "You know what? Why not! Leave a like right now because let's face it." He paused, ducking his head a bit to the left as he pointed with both hands at the three men behind him. "Even if they wouldn't say anything, this sight alone is worth 10,000 likes and an Oscar." He arched his brows with a nod, granting his audience a moment longer to enjoy the view before he continued. "So, now that we have appreciated all the hotness in this room, let's start... You know Negan already," he waved a hand vaguely to the right, "My boyfriend Rick," tipped his head backwards against Rick's knee, then pointed at the man next to him. "And Shane. He's Rick's partner and the third dominant man in my life." Paul smiled contented and held his phone up. "We will go through all the questions you've sent or left in the comments. Or at least most of them, because some are definitely not suitable for Youtube." He scrolled through the questions and pursed his lips, moving them from left to right. "Okay so... almost everyone wants to know how we've all met." He looked up, blindly pointing backwards at Negan who was busy checking his e-mails. "I met Negan first. It was Halloween, almost six years ago. I ended up at one of his famous parties and I was lucky enough that he kept me." He smiled, leaning his head back against Rick's
knee. "Rick worked for Negan and that is how we met. He asked me out one night like a complete Gentleman and we fell in love over a butter-glazed lobster." He batted his eyelashes, tickling his boyfriend's knee. "It was very romantic and eventually led to Daddy number three."

"At the zoo." Shane put an arm on the backrest, playing with the tips of Rick's hair.

"Right." Paul agreed. "He bought me a bag of peanuts so I could feed the chipmunks. He also read the sign for me, you know about all the background information, where chipmunks originally come from and how they mate and all that. It was the full Daddy program and I was hooked immediately."

Rick squinted. "I bought you ice cream that day and a peacock."

"A feather!" Paul held both hands up to show the size. "A huge one, it's so pretty. I still have it."

Negan didn't look up from his phone. "It's a fucking dust catcher."

"True." Paul smirked. "But a pretty one." He scrolled through the questions. "MisterApplepie wants to know what kind of sports my Dads are into." He tucked some hair behind his ear, looking back over his shoulder. "Sir?"

Negan finished typing a sentence, then looked up into the camera. "I was a PE teacher when I was younger. Now I am a swimming instructor at Apex and I play ping-pong."

"He's the best." Paul agreed, chuckling. "But training with him is kinda like an Army boot camp." He tapped Rick's shoe. "You, Sir?"

"I enjoy watching English soccer. And I play Squash."

"Occasionally." Shane squeezed the back of his partner's neck twice, then looked at the camera. "I play basketball and I'm into boxing."

Jesus nodded. "And you watch football."

Shane raised a fist. "Falcons!"

"Right." Paul chuckled. "Justine has a question for Rick. She would like to know where you would go for your ideal vacation and who would you take along. Me, Shane or Negan?"

Rick huffed a laugh and dropped his gaze as he nudge Shane's ribs, "Rafting in Tennessee. I'd take him and Paul." then pursed his lips, thinking a moment before he nudge the man to his right. "But he needs vacation the most. Somewhere without an internet connection."

Shane smirked. "Pennsylvania. The Amish."

"Oh my God, yes!" Paul turned around, seeing one of his Dads already all sweaty in a cornfield, wearing a dirty wife-beater. "You could cut hay and churn butter, Sir!"

Negan flipped through some pictures Jadis had sent him from the new caregiver line, his voice lacking any form of enthusiasm. "Sounds like a fucking dream vacation."

Paul turned back to the camera, shrugging as he scrolled through more questions. "It would be for me and all the little pious Amish boys who would get to watch you." He found a question to his liking and pulled his knees up to his chest as he read it. "Oh look, Miss Cheryl asks, what quality do you love most about me. Something that makes you smile and warms your heart." He smiled at the camera, "I like you Cheryl." then tilted his head back to rest it on the edge of the couch between his
boyfriend's legs. "So? Don't let my new best friend Cheryl wait, Sir. Why do you adore me so much."

"Well, Cheryl." Rick raked his fingers through Paul's hair but gave his attention to the camera. "He's caring, forgiving, and always knows how to cheer me up."

"Hm..." Paul squinted one eye, "...nice but too vague." then gestured to Shane. "How come I'm your sweetheart, Sir."

"What do I love most about you." Shane rubbed the back of his neck with a sigh, thinking a moment as he stared at the ceiling. "I guess that you managed to preserve your boyish qualities over the years. The amount of excitement you bring up when we take you to the arcade or the fair gets me every time." He pinched his nose, spreading his legs a bit more. "There was that one time at the Atlanta fair a few years ago. We were riding the bumper cars together and I remember having my arm around you while you were driving and you were laughing so fucking hard. I've never seen a guy having so much fun. You called me Daddy for the first time that day." He shrugged. "Things like that, you know."

The edges of Paul's lips curved up into a huge smile that made his eyes shine. He leaned over to tip his forehead against Shane's knee and felt a small butterfly poke through his stomach when his hair was caressed. "Loved that day." He kissed the fabric of camouflage pants and turned to the man at the other end of the couch. "What about you, Sir?"

Negan didn't take his eyes off the screen, finishing a message to the Netherlands. "What warms my fucking heart?" He sent it, scrolled through three others and put his phone on the seat next to his leg, glancing up. "The look you give me after a fucking long day when I'm so stressed and tired that I just wanna pass out. And you bring me a beer and take my shoes off and dim the god damn lights because you know I have a headache." He tucked a strand of hair behind his sub's ear, giving him the hint of a smile. "And the other look you give me when I fuck you into the wall until you forget your fucking name." He cocked his brows. "And the way your fucking eyes light up when you watch my Puppy play with Tiger."

Paul smiled even though his throat felt kind of tight. "Really?" He took Negan's hand and kissed it. "I didn't know I warm your heart, Sir."

Negan arched his brows a bit higher, having no illusions. "Course you fucking knew. The fucking minute you met me you damn well fucking knew." He patted the man's cheek. "Next question. Or are they all out of a fucking romance novel for divorced lesbians." He took his phone again because it beeped, muttering under his breath. "Makes my fucking dick soft."

Jesus chuckled. "Sorry, Cheryl. He's the love Grinch." After a short overview, he found a totally unromantic question. "Oh, here." He tapped Rick's knee. "LordGrover wants to know whether you and Negan have ever fucked."

"What?" A deep shade of crimson crawled over Rick's face. "What kind of question is that?"

"Yes." Negan didn't even look up from his stock report. GM shares had dropped 17 points. Rick squinted in deep annoyance. "Thank you."

"Don't be ridiculous." Negan blindly patted his employee's thigh. "Thank you."

Shane snorted, laughing.

Jesus tried to contain it. "Ahm..." He cleared his throat, flipping through the comments on his phone.
"Here. DanDan87 would like to know what my Dads watch on TV. No problem, I can answer that."
He sat up straight, counting off on his fingers. "Rick watches The Love Boat, The Gilmore Girls and
Dallas. Shane likes Stranger Things and Mr. Robot. And he-" He pointed at Negan. "-only really
watches the News or the stuff Puppy and I watch when he happens to be in the same room."


"We got him into all the good stuff!" Paul promised the camera and took his phone up for a new
question. "Who wears the pants in our relationship." He answered truthfully, chuckling. "All three of
them. I wear a skirt. A leather skirt." He glanced back at his phone display to select another question.
"Memo to self, buy leather kilt for gay pride." There were two rude comments he skipped, another
one regarding Negan's mysterious January time-out and one about Daryl's almost always messy
hairstyle. "Daddy." He looked back over his shoulder at Shane. "Sampop2861 wants to know if there
is any chance that you will give a demo in the future?"

"I was thinking about it. Impact play or CBT." Shane pinched his nose and got a thumbs up from
Mister International Leather into the camera.

"Sweet." Jesus liked it. "You need a cool scene name though. Daredevil or the Punisher."

Rick wasn't a fan. "What's wrong with Shane?" He gave his partner an irritated side glance, not sure
if he liked the idea of a demo.

Shane just smiled, tickling the back of his man's neck.

"Shannon wants to know, how did you guys end up sharing me." Paul looked up to address his
invisible audience. "I guess by sharing you mean why am I subbing for all of them." He shrugged,
rubbing the top of his left foot. "They offered it and I need all of them. I know it's an unpopular
opinion but there is really no reason to end a great relationship with one person just because you
meet another one. We are all grown ups and jealousy isn't necessary."

The door opened and Daryl entered with a cup of matcha tea in a paper cup. He looked a bit
intimidated as he walked past the sofa and stopped next to Negan. "'s your drink, Sir." He gave the
camera a nervous glance.

"You can join!" Jesus smiled, tugging Daryl's trouser leg. "We do the Daddy Tag!"

Daryl had no idea what that meant and shook his head.

Negan took the cup and spread his legs, pointing to the free space between. "You wanna sit and
drink some tea with me."

It wasn't a question and Daryl didn't plan to contradict because he was thirsty and wanted to sit with
Negan. So he sniffed his nose and crouched down on the floor, leaning with his back against the
sofa.

"Allan Shumpert asks, What drink do I order when we all go out." Paul looked back over his
shoulder.

Shane rubbed the back of his neck, guessing. "Coke with ice?" Rick nodded, not really paying
attention because xxx-rated pictures of a future demo occupied his head.

"What drink does he order when we go out?" Negan gave his phone to Daryl so he could hold it.
"None. I order it."
"Yes, he does." Jesus smiled to that, obviously happy with the arrangement. "LasVegasFab would like to ask Negan how he knows someone is submissive." He glanced back over his shoulder. "Would you like to explain, Sir?"

"Not much to explain. You can easily tell by their body language, the way they talk and carry themselves. Usually if a dominant person offers authority and dominance in a positive way, a sub feels drawn to it and will show their submissive side, even if it's just a brief encounter at a bar or the fucking supermarket." He combed through the longish hair at the back of his sub's head, pulling the strands through his fingers. "To tell whether someone is into D/s or SM is a different story, especially if they're newbies. You need to get to know them, watch and test."

Paul listened and nodded. "Yes. Everybody starts at some point and might not even be aware of their needs until they meet the right person."

Daryl leaned into the hypnotizing touch, watching Jesus from the side. "Did you know?"

"No, not really. I knew I had a kinky side but I didn't even know what a sub was until I met Negan."

"Hm." He sniffed his nose. "Me too."

Paul smiled, kissing Daryl's cheek before he rested his head on the man's shoulder to read the next question. "Plantbaby wants to know, if I could have any company sponsor one of my future videos which would I want." He knew the answer immediately, throwing a hand in the air. "Taco Bell!"

Rick frowned, seeming confused. "Why would they sponsor one of your videos? You work in the fetish business."

"Because I'm cute and always hungry?"

Daryl pulled his fingers, trying to imagine Jesus in front of the camera, eating a ton of tacos. It could work.

"I mean, technically all my videos are kind of sponsored by this Gentleman," Jesus sat up straight again and gestured at Negan behind him on the sofa. "Because most of the products I test and review are from the Leather Factory and he makes it all possible. But I guess if I could pick another one it would be Dr. Martens because I really love their shoes." He smiled and then flipped through the comments on his phone again. "Or the Vatican..." He glanced up, pointing a finger at his own face. "I mean... for obvious reasons." Two of the three people on the couch chuckled and he found his next question, "Pennypocket78 asks why did I pick the three guys on the couch as my Doms, what attracted me to them." He wiggled his nose, "Uhm... all three of them have certain qualities, morals, values, that a person either has or they don't. It is nothing you could change or make a person have. For me, it is important to be with a man who is ambitious and strong-minded. They are my role models and lead by example. And of course-" He arched his brows, lowering his chin with a wave of his hand to the men sitting behind him. "Hello? They are all gorgeous and have huge di-" A large hand slapping the back of his head made him stop mid-sentence. "Ou!" He looked back over his shoulder, glaring. "Dictionaries! For me to learn words that are appropriate for the internet."

"Mhm." Negan waved two fingers. "Next fucking question."

"Ookay!" Paul pulled his knees closer to his chest, rubbing his left shin. "JensA29 wants to know which are my Dads favorite tools and toys in the bedroom or for a scene?" He turned to Negan. "Daddy?"

Negan held his fist up. "My own body. My weight, my height, my voice, my dick, my fucking
A low purr escaped Paul's throat, unable to look away for a moment. "Uuh yes... and body fluids." He cleared his throat, tipping his head back against his boyfriend's knee. "Your favorite toy, Sir?"

"Plugs?" Rick looked a bit desponded, not sure what to answer while he still thought about Negan's reply.

Shane squeezed his partner's shoulder. "I am sure the caller meant toys you like to use on others."

"Oh, no, it's not a caller, Sir." Jesus glanced at Shane over his shoulder, having no problem to explain the technology of 2018 to one of his Dads. "They are writing questions on my Social Media, I am just reading them on my phone."

"Whatever." Rick gestured, squinting in fake annoyance to hide his flustered state. "Rope and duct-tape." He really wished he had a strong coffee.

Jesus pursed his lips, shrugging. "I mean, you can fix almost anything with duct-tape."

"Especially a boy's fucking attitude." Negan handed his paper cup to Rick, expecting him to drink. And then a second sip and third, before he accepted the cup back along with a mumbled, 'Thanks'.

"True." Paul chuckled, scrolling through more content. "Okay, there seems to be confusion whether Rick is my biological father or not." He looked up from his phone, shaking his head. "No. Nobody in this room is of the same blood or origin. He's my Daddy. As in my hot boyfriend with an 18 years age difference." He pointed at Negan, "Same with him." and touched Shane's knee. "And we are 12 years apart but he still lets me call him Daddy because that's just how we roll." He smiled widely and read the next question. "TonyStark1919 asks what our plans are for the next months." He squinted one eye, thinking. "True question Tony. First of all, Negan will be at a ton of events this year. Leatherfest, Leather Leadership conference, Leather Alliance, Bound in Boston, Kinkfest, Smokeout, DomCon LA, Folsom, Florida Power Exchange, Spanxgiving?" He squinted one eye, thinking. "Oh, and Naughty Noelle in December. Did I forget anything?"

Daryl sniffed his nose and nervously pulled his thumb because Paul had forgotten the most important event of all, but he was too shy to say it.

Negan wasn't, hiding a smirk as he tickled his sub's ear from behind. "What did he forget, Puppy. Tell me."

"Swimmin' competition." Daryl looked back over his shoulder, stating the obvious.

"Mhm. What kind of competition is it, tell them."

Daryl glanced at the camera, then at Jesus and back at the invisible audience. "Men's 100-meter freestyle."

"At the McAuley Aquatic Center at Georgia Tech!" Paul gave a thumbs up. "In June. Stop by and watch our Puppy win because he's the best and will rock that shit."

Daryl dropped his gaze but couldn't contain the little smile that tugged the edges of his lips. Negan would come and watch him.

"We will also do a Daddy-boys-road trip in the late summer because he-" Paul pointed backwards at the man sitting in the middle of the couch. "-will finally get his new RV and already planned a trip through Georgia." He arched his brows at the camera. "In other words: Cots, camping toilets and
canned food. The things I do for love." He formed the letter L with his fingers and held it to his forehead, then swiped a finger over the display to find two or three more questions. "Puppywhisperer asks, What is one thing I do that drives my Dads crazy... but they have to kind-of admit to like because it makes me a cute endearing little weasel?"

"You made that up." Rick was sure, reaching for his boyfriend's phone.

"No? Only the last part." Jesus hid the phone protectively under his shirt. "Answer the question, Sir."

Shane beat him to it. "The fact that you leave the house without keys or money or locking the door. You just expect others to provide for you." He shook his head, laughing.

"Well, duh!" Jesus grimaced at the camera, not seeing the problem. "That's obviously my job."

"And it's your job to drop your stuff everywhere?" Rick leaned forward to be closer to the camera and have a serious word with his boyfriend's audience, now that he had the chance. "He leaves his goddamn skateboard in the driveway every night I come home. It's a death trap."

"It's not?" Paul laughed. "It's a loving way to keep you fit and vigilant now that you hit a certain age."

Shane laughed and Rick looked at Negan, hoping for backup.

"Don't fucking look at me. He behaves in my house."

"I do." Paul winced, taking the phone back out from underneath his shirt. "The factory is not the right place for shenanigans." He read another comment and answered it instantly. "No, sweetheart, I'm sorry, Negan cannot adopt you. Believe me, he is fully occupied and working to capacity already... uhm... oh here. CanadianPixie wants to know what is an extra special reward you give me." He looked at Negan. "Sir?"

"Lap time."

Rick agreed, nodding, just as Shane who patted his thigh. "Lap time."

"What can I say." Paul smirked. "I love sitting on their laps. Maybe I should behave more often." He chuckled. "VictorOhansi asks what was the first thing you noticed about me."

Shane grinned, absently combing five fingers through Rick's curls. "Your short legs."

"Excuse me?" Paul turned around, scandalized.

Rick tried to do damage control. "Your flawless beauty. I couldn't stop staring at you at our first date."

"Thank you!" Paul appreciated to hear at least some undeniable truth and turned to Daddy number one in hope for more.

Negan sipped his tea, then read the label on the cup because it tasted like cheap shit. "That you're mine."

The blunt statement took Paul by surprise and turned something in his chest into sticky goo. "Aww, thank you, Sir?" He leaned over to plant a kiss on a long, leather-clad leg.

Daryl wrinkled his nose in disapproval and was pulled back instantly to rest his head on the seat between Negan's spread thighs.
"Legs."

He stared up at Negan's stern face and spread his bent legs wider.

"Clench."

He held his breath, following the order with an excited tingle swirling through his belly.

"Open." Negan hooked his thumb behind his sub's lower teeth to pull his jaw down and kept firm eye contact as he gathered some saliva and spat it down, directly between submissively parted lips.

"Good boy." He just mouthed the words soundlessly but they didn't fail the desired effect. Blue eyes staring up at him with full devotion, a pretty pink shade spreading over pale cheeks, a small breath huffed out as an answer to his praise.

It was uncomfortable to bend his head back so far but Daryl didn't mind at all, especially when long fingers caressed the front of his overstretched neck and the collars around it. He wanted to sit like that forever.

"Lovebirds." Jesus chuckled, nudging Negan's shin and turned his attention back to the camera. "So, we have time for one last question and it's a great one. Xbothways asks, if each Daddy wanted to spend my birthday with me alone - all day - what kind of wonderful day would each promise me in an effort to persuade me to spend the day with them instead of the other two?" The smile spreading across his face was full of deep satisfaction. "Thank you Xbothways, if you ever happen to be in Atlanta, hit me up, I'll buy you a beer." He rose gracefully to his feet just to sit down between Shane and Rick, wriggling his butt in the non-existent space between their legs. He sighed, making himself comfortable as he looked from left to right. "So, you heard the nicest person on the internet. What would you do to persuade me?"

Shane laughed, scratching his eyebrow. "I feel a bit under pressure here." He groaned, tilting his head back. "Don't know man. Take you to one of the big Heavy Metal festivals in Europe? Camping in the mud with lots of headbanging and a messy shag in the tent while the Offspring are playing?"

Jesus blinked, dumbfounded. "Just so you know, I consider that a fixed date for next year." He turned to the camera. "You are my witnesses, guys. Wacken Open Air 2019 with Mister Walsh and my humble self." He ignored Shane's laughter and turned to Rick, snuggling up close to his side. "Your turn, Daddy. Will it be romantic?"

Rick rested the side of his face on his boyfriend's hair. "Yes. We go to Manchester and book a tour at Old Trafford. We make out in the locker room and I buy you a plate of Rooney Ravioli in the Red Cafe." He kissed Paul's forehead, smirking when the man curred like a white pigeon at a wedding ceremony.

"Aw, that's perfect, Sir?" Jesus glanced up at Rick's face, feeling very much in love. "Let's do that, please." He kissed the tiny stain of Matcha tea on a grey denim shirt and got up to join the man on the other side of the sofa. He sat down on the armrest. "Hello Daddy, where will you take me for my birthday." He smiled brightly, not intimidated by the scrutinizing stare he was given.

Negan leaned back, one arm on the backrest, sliding the tip of his tongue slowly along his teeth, and after a minute beckoned his sub closer to share his plans in private.

Paul leaned in, his eyes widening as he listened to the low voice rumbling into his ear. "Really?" He pulled back, looking at Negan in complete disbelief. He earned a shrug with challenging smirk and almost slipped off the armrest, feeling short from fainting. "Oh my God, for real now?"
Daryl had heard the secret offer and chuckled until a dainty hand covered his mouth to silence him.

"No, ssht!" Jesus almost crawled on Negan's thigh, looking him right in the eye from a closest distance. "Sir, please don't joke with me?" His voice took on a pleading tone that matched the desperation on his face. "You really mean it?" He put a hand on Negan's cheek, his brows furrowing.

Negan didn't answer but he gave a sincere nod with a faint smile that held no mockery at all and was rewarded with an overwhelmed kiss and three 'Thank you's muttered against his lips.

"Mhm." Negan returned a brief kiss and lifted boy number two's hand off Daryl's mouth. "You wanna throw that away and end the fucking video, it's almost time for the autograph session." He handed his empty teacup over. "Chop, chop."

Pure happiness radiated from Paul's glowing face as he got up and kissed Negan's forehead before he leaped over to the next garbage can, threw the cup in and went back to the couch where he plopped down cross-legged on the floor. "Dear subscribers, now is the time to turn green with envy because me, myself, and I will have the best birthday ever next year!" He showed a smug peace sign to the camera and wrapped an arm around Daryl's shoulders, pulling him close to his side. "Hope you liked my little Daddy Tag, I will leave some links down below of upcoming events and some websites related to the three of them." He waved. "Hope to see you soon, guys!"

"Bye!" Shane waved as well. Rick didn't, but he showed a thumbs up again because it was the only instruction he remembered, while Negan finished his 30 minutes Youtube appearance with the usual "Be good!" in slightly warning tone, before he got up, ruffling Daryl's hair. "Move it, Gentlemen. Don't wanna be late."

Jesus smirked with a wink at the camera and switched it off. "Coming, Sir!" He loved his three Dads.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you again for the questions lovely reader puppies <3
Claimed

Chapter Summary

warnings: blow job, hand job, spit kink, foot licking, puppy play? I don't know my brain is fried people, FRIED!!! *crawlsbackintofridge*

Chapter Notes

good night story for the reader!puppy who fights goblins on a daily basis :)

Assisting during the early afternoon autograph session meant collecting all the gifts from fans, being in charge of piles of different photos people could choose from, and providing Negan with fresh drinks and hand sanitizer. Jesus liked it and did his job with a friendly smile and warm handshake for every nervous fanboy in front of the table.

Daryl not so much.

He glowered at the long lines of people, wrinkled his nose disapprovingly over each paper gift bag that was placed on the table, and almost jumped off his chair ready to fight and kill when a fan expressed in a very hysterical manner how badly he needed a sexual encounter with Negan. It wasn't funny but he tried his best to contain his anger because he already had one strike and didn't want to stand in the corner for a timeout in public.

"Boy." Negan kept his voice casual and didn't look up while signing his name on a Swedish fan's leather jacket. "You wanna stop with the fucking stink eye or you park your ass on the floor."

Daryl scowled, holding a purple gift bag out with a black dildo inside and the handwritten note 'I used it for you, Sir'. "lucker gave you this!" There was also a nude polaroid photo for evidence.

"Thanks for saying hello. Be good." Negan ended the 70 seconds meeting with Olaf before he turned to his sub, taking the bag out of his hand. He put it on the ground. "Clench."

For a moment Daryl was irritated by the order and then furrowed his brows when he realized what he was supposed to do. He sniffed his nose, raising one shoulder. "Why." He knew exactly why and accordingly subdued was his question.

Negan didn't repeat his request, just arched his brows in a warning.

A bit of red color blushed Daryl's cheeks as he clenched his muscles around the deeply embedded plug in his butt, trying to hold eye contact.

"Mhm. Are you taking good care of my fucking belongings?"

Daryl nodded, feeling guilty.
"What do you wanna say!" Negan gave a stern look, matching his tone of voice.

"I'm sorry."

He chuckled, "You better be, boy." and turned back to sign the next picture for a fan from Utah who had used the time to snap a photo of Jesus wearing a slouchy beanie to hide his messy hair. "Hi, what's your name?"

Daryl watched from underneath his long bangs how Negan spoke to the fanboy, and clenched his butt again, just because he could.

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The food options at the America Square Conference & Events Centre were very diversified and except for the occasional cake or ice cream surprisingly healthy.

That's why Mister Walsh gave his partner a skeptical look when he came back to the table. "What's that?"

"What do you mean?"

He gestured to the small brown cake that Rick had put on Daryl's plate.

"Just a chocolate fudge brownie."

"Why? You know he's not supposed to have that crap."

Rick didn't see the problem. "Paul got one, too."

Paul paused mid-bite, looking from one of his dads to the other with full cheeks.

"Yeah. Maybe he shouldn't get one. It won't kill him." Shane took the brownie off Daryl's plate and wrapped it into a napkin to have it out of sight. "We talked about it. Thought we were on the same page here."

"Would you stop? It's just one. It won't kill him." Rick shook his head, taking a bite of his mini Angus beef burger, pretending to ignore the sharp look his partner shot him. It worked for 43 seconds before he couldn't take it anymore. "What!" But Shane didn't say anything, just gave him the most serious stare. It made Rick's nostrils flare. He chewed the inside of his bottom lip, knowing full well that both of the subs at the table stared at him as well, curious of what was about to happen. It made him sigh and he wiped his mouth unnecessarily with his paper napkin, then turned to Shane, granting eye contact for a brief moment before he dropped his gaze. "You're right. Sorry." The submissive undertone he heard in his own voice made something in the depth of his belly tingle. It was a little bit humiliating but at the same time strangely exciting. "Paul," He looked up, holding a hand out. "Shane and I agreed on a healthier diet."

"Really?" Jesus handed the meek rest of his brownie over, including some crumbs that were scattered on the table. "No cake anymore?"

"One treat a day," Shane explained the new rules unceremoniously, patting Rick's thigh underneath the table. "You've had a waffle for breakfast."

Daryl sniffed his nose, looking from Shane to Jesus. "Hm." It was true. A big waffle with whipped cream, chocolate syrup, and peanut brittle.

Paul squinted at the two men on the other side of the table, wagging his fingers at one of them. "So
what's going on? You're in cahoots with him now?" He saw his hopes dashed for some secret candy out of Rick's pocket when all he usually got from Shane was a protein bar and soaked chia seeds.

"I am not." Rick squinted back, not sure what his boyfriend talked about. "We made a decision together."

"It's collective leadership." Shane sipped his juice, smirking. "With a very specific order of precedence." They had indeed made a decision together, but it was more about ways to take their D/s dynamic outside of the bedroom into other areas of their life and not just about healthier food choices.

The corners of Paul's mouth dropped in despondency just as his shoulders. "But I love caramel popcorn." In heaps. With butter and a little sprinkle of sea salt. Devoured together with Rick on the couch while the Gilmore Girls were on.

"You love your fucking arteries and a low blood cholesterol level." Negan sat down between his subs with a glass of green juice and a fresh fig on a small plate, blindly waving two fingers at the Grimes-Walsh couple. "And you wanna support their co-parenting efforts. It's hard enough to foster such a little shit."

"It's not co-parenting." Rick glowered disapprovingly at Negan's comment but loved the pleasantly scented cloud of leather and heavy cologne he brought to the table.

Shane chuckled and leaned back, affectionately squeezing the back of his partner's neck. "It kind of is."

"I am thirty-three." Paul pouted but opened his mouth for a bite of Negan's fig.

"You're a little twerp responsible for my fucking first grey hair." Negan cocked his brows, not accepting any backtalking.

"Uuh." Jesus purred like a Bengal tiger in the warm midday sun, batting his eyelashes at one of his dads. "I made you such a hot Daddy?"

"No. He looks like that for years." Rick was sure because he would never forget the very first moment he had laid eyes on the most irritatingly handsome guy he had ever seen.

"True. I was always fucking hot." Negan turned with his fig to Daryl, offering him a bite as well. "Isn't that right, sweetheart."

"Hm." Daryl ducked his head, not wanting to eat the strange fruit. But then opened his mouth anyway because Negan wanted him to. It tasted awesome. So good that he chewed just three times and didn't even swallow before he opened his mouth for more.

"Yeah?" Negan nudged his right canine tooth with the tip of his tongue. "What did you think when you first saw me."

Daryl paused, raising his left shoulder. "Tall." He heard Shane chuckle but was sure that his answer was right because Negan was really very tall.

The hint of a smirk crooked Negan's lips. "What else."

Daryl smiled as well. "Angry."

"Hh." Negan sucked his tooth. "Have you been scared?"
Daryl shook his head 'No' and it was the truth. He had been a bit intimidated maybe but not scared.

"No, you wanted me to keep you, isn't that true..."

Rick wiped his mouth again and threw his napkin on the plate. "They all want you to keep them." It was kind of sickening actually.

Negan had no problem with the truth. "Of course." He sent a cocky wink across the table that was too flirty to be angry about.

"Pff." Rick shook his head and then busied himself with studying his fingernails while his cheeks blushed a little.

Shane laughed, stretching out a leg underneath the table. "What about the play party tomorrow." He nodded in Negan's direction. "Are you in or what?"

Negan pursed his lips, nodding as well. "Sure."

"Oh my God, really?" Jesus clawed ten fingers in a leather-clad arm. "The three of us?" He felt his dick trying to twitch inside his very tight skinny jeans.

Daryl's eyes darted from one man to the other. He didn't like what he heard. "I can come." His offer sounded a bit more gruff than intended but the thought of not being included made him really uncomfortable.

He wasn't heard though. Negan just squeezed his thigh while speaking to Paul. "People will watch, you know that right."

"They should." Paul smiled, pictures of him splayed out on a metal cross with pretty red marks all over his bare back popping into his head. "We are hot."

Daryl shifted nervously on his butt, trying again to voice his offer. "I come, too." He tugged Negan's leather sleeve.

But Shane was the one who answered, crossing his arms on the table. "Rick wanted to attend a movie premiere at Leicester Square. You could go with him."

"No." Daryl furrowed his brows. He hated movies and silly Leicester Squares. "'m goin' with Negan."

The defiant tone made Negan turn around to face his sub. "It's tomorrow evening. We discuss it later." He held eye contact, wanting the message to sink in. "Right?"

Daryl didn't like it. He didn't want to discuss it at all, he just wanted to attend the play party. "'m comin' to the party." The second the subdued objection left his mouth he knew it was a bad idea and nervously ducted his head an inch, wrinkling his nose underneath his tousled bangs. Negan didn't look happy.

"What did I say. When do we fucking discuss it."

It would have been easy to say the word 'later' but the truculent frown formed all on its own on Daryl's features. He dropped his gaze and grimaced, pulling his thumb. "'m goin'."

The muttered words were hardly audible but they were obviously loud enough for Jesus to hear
because his blue eyes widened and he turned to the left with a glass of juice, sipping it noisily through his straw.

Rick wanted to do the same, seeing Negan's face grow more than serious. But his diet coke was empty already, so he just cleared his throat and got up to get more paper napkins.

"Corner. Next to the fucking restroom." Negan didn't blink or point in the direction he wanted his sub to go, "Ten minutes." but his tone was icy, leaving no room for arguments. "Now!"

Daryl stared down, watching his fingers pulling his thumb while unpleasant pressure and heat cumulated inside his chest. He didn't want to go but he knew he had no other choice at this point. After 12 seconds of silent defiance, he got up, pushing the chair angrily against the table and stormed off with a mumbled "m goin", to have a timeout in the corner next to the restroom. It was already occupied by a 6-foot dragon tree in a pretty blue pot, but that was a good thing because he could just squeeze between the plant and the wall, hidden from curious eyes or silly fanboys.

He sniffed his nose, picking some paint and plaster off the wall. He would definitely go to the play party.

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The UK BDSM Conference hosted 'Meet 'n Greets' with the most renowned personalities every year, but it was the first time that they had been able to book Negan himself for the occasion, which was not only a gold mine but also a challenge for the security staff, because the words 'Meet' and 'Greet' seemed to be metonymic with 'Kiss' and 'Groppe' in the internationally accepted language spoken by fans around the globe.

"NO INAPPROPRIATE PHYSICAL CONTACT!" Eugene Porter didn't see a reason to take his sunglasses off in a room without a window and nothing but artificial lighting. It was part of his uniform and a key success factor for his authoritative appearance. "HANDS ABOVE THE WAIST AT ALL TIMES! NO KISSING!" Just as the commanding bellowing he had acquired for occasions like this. "ATTEMPTING TO KISS THE VIP WILL RESULT IN THE LOSS OF YOUR TICKET WITHOUT A REFUND!" There was no denying. He was like a Kevin Costner-Gerard Butler hybrid with a hint of the Terminator. Classy with just the right amount of coolness.

And Daryl Dixon was his biggest fan. Especially now that a hysterically crying man with a XXXL-t-shirt from the Negan's Cock Fanclub was peeled off Negan's snot-wet arm and shoulder. He really hated 'Meet 'n Greets' and therefore shot Paul Rovia a very disapproving look, seeing how busy he was consoling another distraught young man behind the cordon.

"That's okay, really." Jesus rubbed young Leland's arm, using his most soothing voice to comfort him. "I swear it happens all the time. He's used to it."

Leland sniffled and wiped his nose and teary eyes with the hem of his sleeve, not sure how this was supposed to make him feel any better. Did the organizers of this event really think it would be helpful in any way to assign stunningly beautiful Jesus to comfort the inferior fanboys who puked or fainted in front of the Leather Lord himself? It wasn't. He couldn't even look at his consoler and his gorgeous blue eyes.

"See? It's already cleaned up and his shoes are impregnated. It's really no problem." Paul leaned a little closer, spreading the pleasant scent of his new shampoo and beard wax, sponsored by the Shangri-La Hotel At The Shard, London. "Would you like a glass of water?" He didn't wait for an answer, shouting across the room to solve the problem. "PUPPY DO WE HAVE MORE WATER MAYBE?"
Daryl glared daggers in Paul's direction but threw a fresh 0.2-liter water bottle anyways because Negan had asked him to be on his best behavior for the rest of the day and he really didn't want to have a third strike.

Paul caught it effortlessly, "THANKS!" waved the bottle with a happy smile in Daryl's direction and then opened it for his very pale fosterling. "Here, buddy. I would offer you a snack as well, but as it turned out we are all under candy restriction from now on and let's be honest," He leaned in close, shielding the side of his mouth with his hand. "...nobody wants an apple, right."

"Hm." Leland sipped his drink out of a bottle touched by Puppy and Jesus, while trying his best to make himself invisible on the comfy chair he had been given, before he flinched and almost spilled his holy water because the very intimidating bodyguard on the other side of the room barked at a fan who tried to bend the rules a little while still standing in line.

"NO PERSONAL PHOTO OR VIDEO RECORDINGS IN THIS ROOM!"

Negan groaned, massaging his forehead with thumb and forefinger. He felt a serious headache approaching and his patience wearing thin. Not only did his sub act out for hours by now, but the 130 lucky people who had managed to get a ticket for this 'Meet 'n Greet' obviously had no manners whatsoever.

He closed his eyes for a second and then tried for his least intimidating facial expression as he greeted the next fan with a confident handshake. "Hi, what's your name."

Big eyes peeked up at him as if he was a god or magical creature of some sorts. "Matheus, Sir."

"Mhm." Negan took pity on the guy, noticing that the sweaty fingers in his hand trembled like a leaf. "And where are you from, Matheus. Brazil? Did you come all the way just to see me?"

"Yes, Sir." 23-year-old Matheus Sousa from Porto Alegre felt his chin starting to tremble and his eyesight getting blurry because meeting his wonderful beloved Negan in person was a million times better in reality than he had ever dared to dream. He was so tall and handsome, oozing power and authority in buckets. And somehow he was able to make everyone else in the room magically disappear just with his soothing deep voice and the way he looked at him. He wanted to stay with this man forever.

"Very nice. Did you have a good flight?" Negan got a meek nod and tried to hide his annoyance when big tears started to run down young Matheus' cheeks. "Yeah? You need a hug, boy?" Again he received a nod, more desperate this time, and suppressed a sigh as he got embraced by slender, trembling arms that felt surprisingly strong around his waist. He rubbed the boy's back and placed a small kiss on curly black hair. "Thank you so much for coming to see me, Matheus. It was cool meeting you."

"Hm." Matheus nodded and sobbed once into his sleeve when Negan pulled back. "I made this." He held a little gift bag up with shaking fingers, not daring to look his idol in the eyes.

"You made this for me?" Negan took the bag and pulled out a bracelet. Black and white beads with the imprinted message 'ILYSM'. "That's fucking awesome. Should I wear it?"

Matheus not only nodded affirmative but also tried his best to slip the self-made jewelry over long fingers onto the most beautiful wrist nature had ever created. It fit perfectly and the sight alone made him cry again.

"Thank you, boy." Negan took the guy's face in both hands to create eye contact. "You'll be good
for me, right?"

Matheus wasn't able to nod because his head was held in a firm grip but he choked a teary answer out, "Yes, Sir." and then didn't even fully register when a big bloke with ginger hair and beard led him away and out of the room.

Daryl Dixon noticed it, though, and followed every step with an icy death stare. He had no words for the hate he felt in his heart. Not only for Matheus, the whole Federative Republic of Brazil, and gorgeous black curls, but also for ugly bracelets coming out of even uglier gift bags.

"Paul." Negan snapped his fingers for boy number two. "Go, wait outside with Daryl. Get something to drink."

"Sure thing, Sir." Jesus handed Leland another paper tissue to wipe his snotty nose and walked him over to the Leather Factory's CEO. "That's the sick boy. His name is Lester." He patted Leland's shoulder in positive encouragement as he parked him in front of Negan and then left the room with a very upset Daryl to get one of the sugar-free lemonades he had seen earlier at the booth of the funnel gag manufacturers.

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Negan found his subs in the early evening outside of the venue, kind of hidden near the delivery entrance. Daryl sat on the ground with his back to the wall, his knees pulled up to his chest, while Paul sat next to him cross-legged, head resting on Daryl's shoulder. They held hands, listening to a song out of Paul's newest 80's playlist. Careless Whisper. It made Negan's dick shrink two sizes.

"Look at you using the time to fucking ovulate while I work my ass off." He nudged the empty Fanta tangerine can next to Paul's leg with the tip of his boot. "Turn that shit off, I don't want you to grow a fucking vagina."

"But Wham is cult, Sir." Jesus smiled up at Negan, holding on to his trouser leg. "And you would totally worship my vagina if I had one." His smile grew bigger. "I would name it Betty."

"Aha." Negan got his phone out to check a new message. "I'd name it 'another hole for my fucking dick'." It was Simon telling him that everything went great but they had to order more Whiskey and a new countertop for the bar at the club. Negan squinted irritated at the message but decided to answer later. He sighed, squatting down, "Here. You wanna hold it for me while we talk." and handed the phone to Daryl who looked at him longingly as if they would have been apart for the past seven months.

"What do we talk about?" Jesus hoped it was a conversation where he was included because he was too lazy to get up now and he knew Daddy had a brand new box of tic-tacs somewhere in his pocket.

"Tomorrow." Negan tugged the front of Daryl's shirt. "Tell me what people do at a play party."

Daryl's eyes darted to Jesus for a second and then nervously at Negan's face. He sniffed his nose. "Fuckin'." Saying the word out loud felt weird but he pretended to be confident about it.

Negan gave a nod. "A play party is an opportunity for like-minded people to experience kink related stuff. Some probably have sex. Others just watch." He gestured at Jesus. "Paul and Shane will do some impact play because they both like it."

Daryl listened attentively. "What will you do."
"What will I do?" Negan got a small plastic box out of his back pocket, shaking two tic-tacs out. "I will join them because I am interested to see Shane's style." He fed one to Paul and shoved the other between Daryl's lips, then tucked the box back into his pocket. "I also like public play."

Daryl flicked his head. "I come with you."

Paul nudged Daryl's shoulder. "We can take turns. Shane is great with the flogger."

"No." Negan chuckled, honestly amused by the naive offer. "I don't share and I won't play with him in public." He held a finger up when boy number one opened his mouth, keeping him from backtalking. "Ksst. Quiet." He gave him a warning look. "I'm talking. You fucking listen."

Daryl scowled but didn't say anything.

"You may come with us. But you won't participate." Negan arched his brows, "Right? You may be next to me and watch." He paused, keeping his voice absolutely serious. "Think about it. In the morning you tell me if you wanna do that. If not, we find something else for you to do."

"Hm." Daryl was relieved that he was allowed to attend the party and glad that he wouldn't have to play there because he didn't want to do it in front of strangers. He sniffed his nose, wanting to say thank you and that he really more than liked Negan but in the end, he didn't say anything and just nodded before he touched a leather-clad knee.

"Good." Negan pinched his sub's chin and sighed as he rose to his feet. "Now tell Paul good night. He'll spend the evening at the fucking theatre with his parents and you come with me to the hotel. I got work to do."

Jesus laughed, "Stop calling them my parents! People will think we're perverts!"

"Well, you are." Negan took the phone back from Daryl and dialed Simon's number. "Chop, chop." He waved a hand at both of his boys. "Abe called a taxi."

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The flickering glow of the TV and the distant city lights falling through the floor-to-ceiling windows were the only sources of light in the Shangri-la's spacious Westminster suite at almost two in the morning, when Daryl woke up, alone in a huge bed. He felt disappointed immediately. Disappointed and inferior, knowing work and stupid late night shows had been more appealing after a long day than sharing a bed with Daryl Dixon.

He wiped some tousled hair out of his face and got up anyway because the yearning for a tall man with big hands and the prettiest haircut he had ever seen was too urgent.

Negan wasn't in the office and neither was a silly smartphone or the black 1800 Dollar laptop with the little red 'boys are cute' sticker that Jesus had put there last year a week after Thanksgiving. Both were in the living room, though. The phone on the coffee table, the laptop resting on long legs while ten fingers flew over the keypad and tired eyes squinted at the screen.

Daryl stopped in the doorframe, sniffing his nose. There was Scotch on the table in a luxurious glass, almost empty. An apple surely meant to eat hours ago but forgotten over a ton of work. A baseball cap that Shane had forgotten to take to his own room. A hotel key card and a random pack of tissues. Negan sat on the couch, wearing nothing but a pair of black briefs on his body and the expression of utmost concentration on his face. He looked beautiful. Very much so. Especially when he scratched the corner of his mouth with one finger before he played absently with his bottom lip, reading over the text he had just finished.
Daryl watched, blinking through his long bangs... and then fell to his knees and went on all fours to crawl over the thick carpeting to the big sofa. He did it slowly and nudged a bare knee with his forehead when he arrived. Then did it a second time when he didn't get a reaction, and finally did the same to the seat of the couch right next to Negan's thigh, glancing up in a silent plea.

He earned a second of attention and a tiny, soft smile before dark eyes focused on the screen again. But a big hand patted the seat for him, inviting him to use the furniture and sit down next to his owner. He didn't sit, though. He just climbed up, staying in his four-legged posture. First, he just watched Negan from the side for a while, then he nudged him again, a bit more persistent this time. A bare shoulder. A muscular upper arm. The dark hair sprinkled over a veiny wrist. Nothing much happened, so he bent down and licked one of the long fingers dancing over the laptop's keypad. It brought out a deep chuckle that resounded briefly through a broad chest. And it made Daryl smirk against a spit wet knuckle. He didn't say anything. Instead, he licked it again and then nudged the bright laptop screen with the side of his face. Then with his forehead, twice. Before he glanced up at Negan's face, finding it gentle and somewhat amused.

He held challenging eye contact as he nudged the screen again and then felt some butterflies performing excited summersaults in his stomach when his unspoken wish was granted and the laptop was moved to the side to rest on the sofa.

Negan leaned back into the couch with a sigh, putting his arms left and right on the backrest. He spread his legs a little, watching as his sub lowered down over his lap. "What are you doing, naughty boy. Thought you are asleep."

Daryl didn't answer but sniffed the soft fabric of black underwear and the warm skin underneath, then traced the length of Negan's hidden penis with his lips and tongue, leaving damp spots on tight briefs. He loved how it came to life under his touch, twitching beneath his mouth.

"Ksst." Negan nudged his middle against his sub's face. "Who gave you permission to do that." He didn't sound angry or threatening but serious enough to make Daryl stop and look up. "Ask."

Daryl didn't want to ask. He didn't want to speak. But he didn't want to be rude either. He sat up on his knees, unsure of what to do for a moment, before he moved closer to Negan's face, his tongue darting out to lick pretty lips. He didn't close his eyes while he did it and after a second repeated his action accompanied by a small huff of breath. Hoping his unspoken message was clear enough.

A hint of a smile flashed over Negan's face. "Are you my good puppy?"

Daryl nodded once and licked his owner's mouth again, his guts tingling in pure excitement.

Negan studied his sub's face. It held a mixture of mischief and innocence and he loved the combination. He nodded his chin to the left. "Go, bring me your toy."

Daryl tugged his earlobe. He hadn't expected that order. But Negan looked at him, obviously waiting for his order to be fulfilled, so he climbed off the couch and felt his skin prickle when he crawled on all fours through the half-dark room to where a small fuzzy squirrel lay on the carpet, close to the windows. Heat spread through his chest as he lowered down and took the toy between his teeth. He nudged his tongue against its fur and noticed how his pulse drummed through his body when he went back under watchful eyes. It made his butt throb and his penis twitch. Especially when a big hand was held out for him. He glanced up through long bangs and placed the squeaker toy into Negan's palm, holding his breath in anticipation of a reward.

It came in form of deep, praising words. "Nice job, boy! Are you so good for me?"
Daryl didn't answer but he kept eye contact and nudged a bare knee with his nose, then licked it.

"Yes, you are, right." Negan combed his fingers through ruffled hair and grasped some of the long strands to gently drag his sub closer. "You want to serve me."

A firm 'Yes' lingered at the tip of Daryl's tongue but he didn't say it out loud. Instead, he brushed his lips over the soft inside of a muscular thigh, enjoying the familiar scent of warm skin. He inched his mouth down to the man's knee, then to his calf, kissing and licking as he lowered himself down submissively when he reached a bare foot. He kissed the top twice and then took each toe into his mouth, one at a time, to give them a long, sensuous suck-job. He could feel Negan relax back into the couch and spread his legs a little wider. He could hear him grunt, just quietly but in obvious pleasure. It made his belly warm and his heart jump in joy and he worked his way back up the other leg, brushing wiry hair and hard muscled flesh with his nose and lips. He closed his eyes as he neared black briefs and rubbed his face over thin fabric and the erect cock underneath. He could feel it jump and grow harder. He could feel long fingers caressing the back of his head and the nape of his collared neck, knowing exactly what Negan wanted him to do. But he took his time, caressed the warm crotch with his nose, mouth and cheeks, sniffed it and traced the outline of a heavy cock with his lips and tongue, before he glanced up in full devotion and gradually lowered the tight briefs, just enough to free the cock trapped inside, making it pop out and slap against his cheek. A tiny smirk crooked his lips at the sight and he moved back a bit to give his trove a look. A red, swollen head glistening with pre-cum, pretty veins, and heavy balls.

He locked eyes with Negan and brushed his lips over the soft skin of his dick, kissed it and then pushed his tongue out, running it over the large head. The rich, salty taste made him huff a breath and his stomach clenched in excitement. A big hand cupped the side of his face, encouraging him to do more. He shifted on his ankles, holding on to Negan's thighs and bravely held eye contact as he bathed the twitching cock in his saliva. More pre-cum leaked when he probed the small slit with the tip of his tongue and he lapped it off and sucked a little, taking the whole length into his hand to hold it in place. 27 butterflies flew all in the same direction, bumping hard into his lower belly to take a happy whirl when he heard a breathy gasp and long fingers tightened in his hair because he did so well and was supposed to keep going.

Negan looked down, seeing bright innocent eyes and pale pink lips glistening with pre-cum, stretched around his cock. It would have made him smile but his face contorted in raw pleasure when hot breath made his dick jerk in the confines of a wet mouth, expertly treated by a silky tongue. He groaned, tilting his head back on the backrest of the couch. It wasn't often that Daryl took the initiative like this and when he did he rarely allowed himself to be playful in any way.

He brushed his fingers through his boy's long strands, closing his eyes as he felt himself bump against the back of a very inviting throat. But he didn't force penetration. He didn't want to interfere with Daryl's pace or plans.

And Daryl liked to be the one in charge for a little while. It was exciting to make Negan feel this good, getting him to relax and moan in pleasure, having him spread his legs wider and thrust his hips in search for more. Feeling large hands gripping his head and hair, trying to stay gentle and passive but failing in the heat of the moment. It was hot and he felt complacent to a certain degree because he was the one on his knees between the beautiful long legs of Mister International Leather, being allowed to serve him, to suck and taste and later sleep next to him in a ridiculously huge bed in one of the best suites the weird glass shard hotel had to offer, while all the silly crying fanboys were not invited and not wanted. He wished all of them could see him now. And he opened his mouth extra wide to take Negan's cock in as deep as possible, making him groan and utter a filthy word that sounded better than any 'I love you' ever could.
He pulled back with a slurping noise to sit on his heels and pump the wet, swollen dick with his hand, watching Negan in the half-dark, slumped into the luxurious cushions of the couch, his broad chest heaving, his lips slightly parted. And as soon as dark eyes opened and watched him, clouded with lust and arousal, he felt even more spurred on. He knelt up a bit higher and gathered some saliva in his mouth, his gaze firmly glued on Negan's face as he let a thick string of drool trickle down onto the cock he worked. He kept their eyes locked and bent down to spread the gooey moisture around with his tongue, then sucked full balls into his mouth, moaning in deep contentment because he felt so good and naughty at the same time. He tightened his fingers around Negan's length, twisted and pumped them, producing slick sounds as his hand moved over the wet skin. They complimented the low, ragged panting noises Negan made and the excited beat of Daryl's heart when the free space on the couch next to a bare leg was patted twice, an invitation to come closer.

He accepted it and brushed his mouth over a hairy, muscle-rippled stomach as he climbed up, partly over Negan's lap and thigh, until he knelt somewhere next to his owner, never stopping to jerk him off. He kissed the side of Negan's neck, loving the familiar taste and scent so much that his stomach ached in a really strange way. Then he wandered deeper to rub his nose through the dark hair covering a broad chest, before he sucked a nipple into his mouth, hard and deep, just as he had been taught.

Negan arched his back and inhaled deeply, putting a secure hand to the back of Daryl's head to push him closer and hold him in place. He groaned and glanced down at his devoted boy, before he threw his head back onto the backrest of the sofa, feeling his balls drawing up and his stomach tighten. The wicked tongue wrapped around his left nipple sucked so hard it almost hurt, matching the rhythm of very determined fingers pumping his dick. He could feel Daryl's erection rubbing somewhere against his thigh, trying to find some friction and relief himself and he reached down to caress his sub's butt, massaging the warm crack he found, because he just had to hear that little whimpering sound. It came accompanied by a desperate mewl and blue eyes peering up at him through hopelessly tousled hair. He touched their foreheads together. "Yeah, that's my good boy, serving me so well."

The serious arousal in Negan's breathless voice almost made Daryl weep. He shifted around, climbing half on a muscular thigh, while he gave the man's throbbing dick a couple of last firm strokes. He whimpered and stared up into a flushed, slightly sweaty face, watching it lose control when a heavy climax erupted through this powerful tall body he loved so much. The sight made his own cock leak and his inner muscles clench. It made his throat tight and his heart swell. His fingers slowed down a little but didn't stop, as a gush of thick fluid drenched them and spasms of pleasure shot through Negan's system.

Daryl licked a pebbled nipple, a sharp collarbone, and the sweaty skin of Negan's neck, feeling a rapid pulse against his mouth. He rubbed his nose through perfectly trimmed stubble and kissed a warm cheek twice, wanting to say cheesy things and a word starting with L, but then he didn't because long fingers curled around the back of his collared neck and Negan turned his head for a slow, lazy kiss with a lot of tongue and whispered words that were so much better than anything he would have come up with.

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At 3:11 AM in the Westminster suite of London's Shangri-la hotel, Daryl lay on the huge couch, on top of a naked man, watching him sleep. His man. Without any laptops and smartphones, no fanboys around or any important business people. It was just the two of them. Sweaty and sticky after pleasantly exhausting sex.

Daryl sniffed his nose as he studied the peaceful face of his owner, all the pretty shadows and long lashes on beautiful cheeks. Perfect lips and a stray strand of dark hair falling into his forehead. He
wanted to kiss both but then didn't because he didn't want to wake him up. Instead, he snuggled closer to a slightly cool chest and kissed the large hand he found there resting. Then he lifted his head and frowned before he wrinkled his nose. There was still a very ugly fan-made bracelet around Negan's wrist, with black and white beads, saying 'ILYSM'. Daryl hated it with all his heart.

At 3:42 AM the only sound that could be heard in the Shangri-la's Westminster suite was the even breathing of two men, sound asleep in the living room.

... while a self-made bracelet from Brazil lay on the ground, angrily thrown across the room. Now it was partly hidden beneath the chaise longue near the window where maybe the cleaning lady would find it eventually, but not before the owner and CEO of the worldwide successfully operating Leather Factory was back on a plane to Atlanta.
You

Chapter Summary

warnings: B D S M !!! Public play, impact play, subspace, rough sex, dirty talk, bondage (kinda), puppy play (a bit), drool (lots of it cause: spit kink)

Chapter Notes

Greetings from the City of Glory (aka Atlanta) where it smells like homeless puppies, beautiful free people, and tall angry men <3

This long-ass chapter is for my D, my plantbaby, my free-weekend-on-the-couch lady, and Franco who claims to be the biggest Puppy fan out there :) See the end of the chapter for more notes

"EVERYBODY CAUGHT TAKING PHOTOS OR VIDEOS DURING THE PERFORMANCE WILL HAVE TO LEAVE THE ROOM!"

Mister Porter repeated the rules for the third time by now and he wasn't playing around. He had kicked out two attendees before the 'Learn The Ropes' Bondage Demo had even started because the man on stage had imposed a strict No-Photo policy to protect his sub's privacy.

"No. Recording. Of. Any. Kind!" Eugene raised his voice again when a guy from Scotland with black hair and cheap cell phone tried to steal a picture of Negan, who had taken his shirt off and wore now a leather harness over nothing but a bare, deliciously hairy chest.

Abraham patroled through the rows of seats, snapping his fingers against young Leland Adam's forehead. "You heard the man, cupcake. Put that phone down."

Negan kept his cool, trying to provide a calm and relaxed environment for his nervous bottom. "This is one of my favorite ties." He went to the leather padded table in the middle of the stage and signaled for his sub to take a seat. "It puts a boy right where you need them and they will be able to hold the position for a long time. Isn't that right, sweetheart."

"Hm." Daryl wrapped an arm across his chest, giving Negan an uneasy glance. He had insisted on doing the demo instead of Jesus, but now that he actually sat on stage, being stared at by 215 very curious people while he wore nothing but a hidden plug, his collar and a pair of black underwear, he
wasn't so sure anymore.

But Negan didn't seem to care that they were in the middle of a class. He tapped his boy's thigh harshly with two fingers, expecting a proper answer to his question. "What do you wanna say!"

Daryl's heart made a weird little jump. "'s right, Sir."

"Aha." Negan shoved a raisin between tense lips. "That's better. Eyes on me." He picked up two pieces of rope from the floor, turning to his audience. "Alright. As I mentioned before, the only knot you need to know here is the single column tie." He positioned himself behind the table to allow his listeners an unobstructed view. "You also need your bottom on their back." He snapped his fingers for Daryl and put a secure hand on his shoulder, helping him to lie down on the padded table. It was a short one, just long enough to hold Daryl's upper body, forcing him to pull his legs up to his chest. "Good job." Negan rubbed his sub's shin and shared another raisin before he spoke to the crowd again. "Make safety your first priority, Gentlemen. Safety scissors, keys, phone. Always within reach. Know your sub's health status and possible issues. Know his fucking limits and respect them. It is their job to please you, but it's yours to keep them healthy, well and over the moon fucking happy while they do so!" He sent a warning glance through the room."You also wanna be sober! Tying someone to the bedposts after you've had a glass of wine or a sip of whiskey is fine. Believing you can rig a complicated suspension when drunk or fucking intoxicated is not. Take responsibility." He wiped some long bangs out of his sub's forehead, leaving a comforting hand on tousled hair. "I am not a fan of verbalized stopwords. A sub may be too shy, overwhelmed, fucking gagged, or simply at a loss of words during a scene. That is why I have my boys safeword through hand signals. You could also give them your keys to hold so they can drop them when they need to stop. A dog trainer's clicker is another option. But none of it replaces your eyes, your ears, and your fucking mind. Have your wits together, guys. At all times you monitor their body language, the color of their skin, the noises they make, their facial expression, their fucking breathing. And under no circumstances, you leave your restrained sub unattended!" He paused, looking at his listeners while uncoiling the first bundle of rope. "If they're gagged or in a stress position, don't even let them out of sight." He shook his head, "There's nothing hot and sexy about a bottom passing out, fainting, or throwing up just because you were too busy to check your fucking phone or take a god damn piss."

A young man with sassy 'If lost return to Daddy'- shirt and a slouchy beany on his long hair chuckled somewhere in row three and was immediately silenced by the lecturer on stage glaring in his direction. He cleared his throat and dropped his shoulders, mumbling a small 'sorry'.

Negan held the warning stare another moment, then spoke to his audience again. "So, now that you have your boy on his back and made sure he's comfortable you have him raise his legs." He snapped his fingers, signaling for Daryl to lift his feet up in the air and the order was followed immediately, even though blue eyes stared up at him in a slight panic. He stayed calm, rubbing his sub's stomach rewardingly. "Good job. You wanna focus on me, right."

"Yes." The answer was almost inaudible and Daryl could feel his heart pounding like a steam engine in his chest. He glanced nervously at his right leg where the first rope got wrapped neatly around his thigh three times, while a deep, soothing voice explained every step patiently for the audience. He huffed a shaky breath, wishing he could hold hands with Negan. But that wasn't possible, so he clawed his fingers into the leather padding of the table, noticing how sweaty his palms were.

"You pull the short end through and finish off with a simple square knot." Negan pulled the rope tight and showed the small loop he had created to the audience. "Then you do the exact same thing at the other side." He pushed the right leg down and briefly tickled the hollow of his sub's left knee as a reward because the leg was raised extra high.
It didn't tickle much, but Daryl glanced at the crowd anyway, hoping they had witnessed the little display of affection and saw how good he was. There were 215 attendees. Some took notes, most watched attentively. A man with an olive green shirt and camouflage pants gave him an encouraging smile and only one person had his phone out. To play Pokemon because Daddy doing a simple sling tie for the 100000th time wasn't a very groundbreaking sight.

Daryl sniffed his nose and turned his attention back to Negan and the rope that was now wrapped around his second thigh. It looked pretty and his penis twitched once in his underwear because he knew exactly what would come next.

And Negan confirmed it for the audience. "Now that you have both legs in a single column tie, this is where we make the sling." He gestured for his sub to lift his head off the table. "You wanna take the first rope, go behind the neck and underneath the arm." He put the long end of the left rope behind Daryl's neck and through the right armpit. "This is fucking important, Gentlemen. You don't wanna hurt their neck."

Daryl held his breath and stared up at Negan's face, loving the steady voice his owner used to explain the right technique and the firm hands handling him. It made his belly tickle.

"Find the loop you've made before, put the end of the rope through and pull the leg all the way up against their chest by cinching it tight and square knot it right beneath their arm."

The force behind the tight knot and the sudden new position pushed the air out of Daryl's lungs for a second and his cock twitched once more with the instant feeling of vulnerability.

"Then you take the second rope and do the same. Behind the neck from the other side so the ropes cross in the middle, underneath the arm and find the loop on his right thigh." Negan threaded the end through the loop and pulled harshly to fixate the right leg to his sub's chest. "Cinch. With fucking gusto and then square knot again beneath the arm. And there you have it, guys. Your sub ready for service." He pinched Daryl's cheek, "Right, boy? Good job!" and addressed the audience again, raising his voice a bit. "But before you get your fucking dick out, you wanna do what?" He cocked his left brow at the young man in row three who paid no attention whatsoever because he was busy fighting a Heracross. "BOY?"

Paul glanced up at the familiar voice, blinking. "Yes, Sir?"

Negan gestured helpfully at the restrained sub on the table. "You have your play partner tied up and ready. What do you wanna do next!"

"Uhm..." Paul cleared his throat and sat up straight, a bit flustered. "You fuck him, Sir?"

Negan wasn't affected at all by the collective chuckle that went through the room. He gave boy number two a long, blank stare, then nudged his right canine tooth with the tip of his tongue. "Here." He crooked two fingers to beckon him closer.

A bit of red color blushed Paul's cheeks as he got up and went to climb up on stage. He cleared his throat again, standing right in front of one of his Dads. "Hi." The audience chuckled again.

"Phone." Negan held his hand out and put the phone with very colorful case into his back pocket, then pointed to a specific spot next to the bondage table in a 6-foot distance. "Hands behind your back. Fucking eyes on me."
A sigh thick with annoyance wanted to come out of Paul's throat but he knew better than to let it happen and opted for a submissive nod instead before he went to take his place.

The crowd seemed to be amused by the whole event, Negan not so much. He bent over his restrained sub, creating eye contact. "What do I have to do before I start playing with you. Tell me."

Daryl stared up, smacking his lips nervously. "Check if I'm too tight."

The shy answer brought a smirk to Negan's face and evoked the desire to kiss a pale forehead. But he didn't. "It's time to check whether the knots aren't too tight, right? Make sure I didn't cut off your blood flow."

"Mh." Daryl shook his head once. "You didn'."

The innocent honesty in blue eyes turned the smirk on Negan's lips into a gentle smile. "No? Are you comfortable?" He reached blindly around his sub's buttocks to stroke three fingernails along a hidden asscrack. "Did I do a great job tying my puppy up?" He received a nod instantly and ruffled longish hair, "Yes, I did." before he addressed his listeners again. "So as you can see, this is a great position to use your sub in many ways." He went to stand between Daryl's pulled up legs, moving his middle once against an openly displayed butt. "You can do things in the back. Especially fisting is very stressfree like this. Or:" He went around the table to pull Daryl a few inches over the edge of the table, so his head wasn't supported anymore and hung down. "You can use him in the front." He nudged his leather-clad bulge against Daryl's face, causing him to open his mouth without even thinking about it. "Of course it is also a perfect tie to use a sub with two tops or just to put him on the fucking kitchen counter like this, a nice toy up his ass and enjoy the view while he rocks himself to a hands-free orgasm." He patted his sub's cheek and moved him back into a comfortable position. "Isn't that true, sweetheart."

"Hm." Daryl nodded but his eyes darted nervously to the audience where Eugene and Abraham had to confiscate two smartphones and a digital camera after certain guests just had to try to take a picture of the hot men on stage.

"Ksst." Negan snapped his fingers for boy number two, "Untie him please and coil up my rope the way I like it." then bent down to speak right above Daryl's face. "Fucking proud of you, Mister Dixon. You may pick a special reward later."

A warm wave of giddy happiness flooded Daryl's body as he listened to the low words that were meant for his ears only. A small smile crooked the corners of his mouth and his heart skipped a beat when Negan smiled back and kissed him in front of everyone. Just a brief peck on the lips, but it was upside down and full of pride, smelling like manly cologne and the hotel toothpaste they had shared earlier in the bathroom of their suite. He watched Negan walk off to the edge of the stage and grab a microphone, listened to him answering questions from the audience and saw him patiently hug a fan who had obviously just booked the class to see the current Mister International Leather in person.

He didn't even really register it. Nor the person Eugene kicked out after a second warning. Or Jesus cursing in a very unchristian way when he didn't manage to unfasten one of the knots. All he could think of was what a good helper he was and how he would go swimming with Negan for hours and hours as a special-good boy-reward.

----
Negan was without a doubt a fan of a good cup of tea. But sitting through a High Protocol BDSM tea ceremony in Victorian style on a Sunday afternoon really tested his patience in more ways than one.

The clothing was simply idiotic with all the top hats, frock-coats and neckties. The bitter Earl Grey served in floral Chinaware was the only healthy comestible offered between all the wheat and sugar heavy finger sandwiches, scones and pastries fancily draped on tiered cake stands. And the constant stream of Bach, Handel, and Vivaldi playing in the background made him want to kill himself with one of the beautifully made silver plated butter knives with Scottish thistle designed handle.

"Your Lordship." A submissive wearing a velvety tailcoat to serve a cup of tea took a polite bow in front of overweight Master Ravenclaw from Wichita Falls, Texas, handing him a delicate porcelain cup in English rose design. The Dom accepted it liberally after tucking his silver pocket watch away.

Negan groaned and slumped deeper into his gilded Baroque armchair, massaging the bridge of his nose. He felt a serious headache approaching.

"Where's Jesus." Daryl glared at Miss Jadis' slaveboy Cat who just wouldn't stop sniffing him.

"At the gym with Abe." Negan didn't even open his eyes but held a hand out for his sub to come closer and kneel between his legs where he was safe from Cat's approaches.

Daryl slid over the beige floral carpeting and didn't care about correct posture when he arrived between long legs and instantly buried his face into the rough fabric of grey denims because the owner and CEO of Leather Factory Inc. refused to dress like Willy Wonka, patron of the UK BDSM conference or not. "Can we go."

The mumbled request was hardly audible but Negan understood it anyway and blindly raked five fingers through neatly combed hair, tousling it hopelessly. "May you go back to the hotel and suck my dick for an hour?" He lifted his head off the elaborately decorated backrest and glanced down at the miserable looking boy in his lap. "Not yet. But you may go and find us something to eat that isn't filled with fat and fucking sugar."

Daryl lifted his head as well, giving Negan a despondent look, but after ten seconds scrambled to his feet anyway to search for healthy food.

"Not following the protocol." Jadis nodded with pointy chin after the young sub before she placed her cup back onto the saucer. She looked like a Grand Duchess out of the 19th century in her dark ankle-length skirt that had drapes in the front and bustles in the back.

Negan closed his eyes as he tipped his head back again, trying to ignore the throbbing pain in his temples when the Brandenburg Concerto No 3 started to play somewhere in the background. "I'll spank him later."

"Hm." Jadis seemed content with this way of proceeding, sipped her tea again and then glanced at Mister Grimes who was sitting to her right, nibbling on a biscuit. She looked him up and down before giving him an approving nod. "I will lay with him after."

Shane almost choked on his miniature duck paté and huffed a laugh totally caught off guard when his boyfriend glanced up dumbfounded, obviously not quite sure if he had understood the bold statement correctly.
Jadis looked at Shane. "He yours?"

"Sure." Mister Walsh had difficulties to keep it together, shrugging with a wide grin. "But go ahead."

"Excuse me?" Rick squinted at his partner, his voice sounding weirdly high pitched.

"It was a fucking joke." Negan groaned again, rubbing his forehead. He sat up with a deep sigh, looking at his new business partner. "He's not available. Keep your pussy in that fucking ugly skirt."

"Hm." Jadis pursed her lips with a slight smile, shrugging. "Offer stands."

----

"'m goin' with you!" Daryl raised his voice but scowled down at his feet, not daring to look up. He had one strike already for backtalking and didn't want another one.

Negan wasn't amused. "I said I am having an appointment now." His voice dropped into a low, warning tone. "You wait here and take a fucking nap until I am done."

Daryl grimaced, pulling his thumb in front of his belly. When they were going back to the hotel in the late afternoon he had hoped they would do something fun together, like taking a shower or playing with the squeaker squirrel. But then Negan had just changed clothes, had taken a headache pill and now wanted to leave again to meet someone from the 'Skin Two' fetish magazine for photos and an interview. He hated it. "'m goin' with you." But his protest came only as a meek mumble by now, intimidated by the serious death stare he was given.

Negan didn't plan to repeat himself and just silently pointed in the direction of the bedroom, expecting his sub to obey.

And Daryl did. With a 12 second delay, stomping and throwing the door shut behind him. He pulled the comforter off the huge bed and dropped down on the mattress, scowling at the perfectly white ceiling. For three minutes, while his furious heart almost jumped out of his chest. Then for another two, knowing full well that his owner had entered the room and stared at him... before the luxurious down pillow was harshly pulled out from underneath his head and flung to the floor.

"Out of my fucking bed."

The icy words spread glowing fire all through Daryl's chest and for some reason made his chin tremble and his nose itchy as if he would have to start crying like a pansy. He didn't move though until another order was barked in his direction.

"OUT!"

He flinched and climbed out, standing in front of Negan with clenched fists and heaving chest, not knowing what to do.

"You wanna apologize now or after your nap when I'm back."

He stared at the silver zipper of an open leather jacket and the white shirt underneath, wanting to dig his nose into the soft fabric more than anything. But he didn't do it and didn't answer the question either.
Negan shrugged, "Okay." and turned to leave. He was already out of the bedroom door and halfway through the office when a croaky voice yelled after him.

"I WANT NOW!" Daryl knew how rude and ugly his plea sounded and he wrapped an arm around his chest, trying to keep his stupid chin from trembling.

It took half a minute before Negan came back. He pushed the door open, slowly, and waited in the doorframe. "Alright. I'm listening."

Daryl sniffed his nose, glanced up for a second and immediately down again. "I'm sorry."

"What are you sorry for."

He fumbled with the fabric of his too long sleeve, trying to come up with the right answer. "Bein' rude."

"What do you wanna do if I ask you to take a fucking nap."

Daryl sniffed his nose again, shrugging with one shoulder. "Sleep."

"Where will you fucking sleep for me while I'm out working."

He pointed blindly to the spot on the ground where an expensive duck feather and down cushion waited for him. "Your pillow."

Negan examined his sub for a moment in silence before he came closer. "Smart answer." He kissed the tousled bangs falling into a pale forehead. "Go do it then. I am back in two hours. Then we'll have dinner with the others and prepare for the party."

Daryl nodded and took a deep breath that came out a bit shaky because his chin trembled even more than before. He received another kiss on the forehead and his stupid chin was pinched before Negan left the room. He could hear the front door of the suite fall shut a moment later and curled up on the large comforter he had thrown on the floor. He hugged the pillow he had been given and didn't stare at the perfectly white ceiling this time because it looked blurry through his watery eyes.

After seven minutes and 17 seconds of listening to nothing but ear deafening silence, his phone beeped with a message.

Negan

You need a lullaby, boy?

13/03/2018, 04:58 PM

Daryl read the question twice and wiped his nose with the back of his hand before he sent a hesitant answer.

ok

It only took a moment before another message arrived.

Negan
Before Daryl had a chance to click on the link, a third message made his phone beep. It contained no words but a tiny picture of a dog, a small crown, and a red heart. And as soon as Daryl opened the link and the first notes of the song could be heard, a very excited tingle swirled through his belly. It was the song from his birthday party. The one he and Negan had kind of danced to at the club. With a kiss on the dance floor and all the glittering lights. It was the best song in the world, even though Merle would laugh if he knew about it and call him a little lovestruck girl. He didn't care. And the butterflies in his belly did neither when he held the phone closer to his ear and closed his eyes in his blanket nest on the floor where he took a nap for his king.

----

It was 8:30 PM when Jesus was allowed to sneak into the Westminster suite's bedroom to end Daryl's naptime. He found him in front of the bed on the floor, phone clutched to his face, his longish hair splayed out in a wild chaos, his lips slightly parted.

Paul crouched down and gracefully crawled along Daryl's sleeping form, hovering over him. He nudged their noses together, then sniffed a warm cheek. "Wake up sleepy head... it's almost party time." He kissed the corner of pale lips and then licked them. "Daddy said we may take a shower together." He licked again. "Wake up, wake up."

Daryl inhaled deeply and stretched his legs before he spread them, allowing the intruder to lie between.

"Mhh. You smell really good." Paul buried his nose in the crook of a collared neck and lowered down to rub their crotches together. "Maybe we get permission to play a bit after dinner... you know as a warm-up." He took the huffed sigh he got as a good sign and increased his efforts, rolling his hips as he let his hands and lips roam a little.

Daryl opened his mouth for a kiss, liking how Jesus smelled like hotel pool water and bubble gum with cola flavor. Kissing him was always nice. Not as possessive and ravishing as it was with Negan but it never failed to make him hard and really happy. He snaked an arm around Paul's waist and laced five fingers into long hair to pull him closer and deepen the kiss with a moan.

Paul was pleasantly surprised by Daryl's eagerness and started to hump in earnest, sharing more tongue. He reached down between them to wiggle a way into tight pants, "I love your dick." stroking the length he found with deftly fingers, having Daryl groan and writhe beneath him. He panted against wet lips. "Can I suck you?"

"You can spend the night in the fucking corner if you don't tuck your dick back into your pants, boy." Negan entered the room and casually passed his subs on his way to the walk-in closet. "I said wake him up and take a shower. Dinner is ready. Chop, chop." He found the fresh shirt he was looking for and went back to the living room to give it to Rick after an unfortunate guacamole accident.

Jesus dropped his head on Daryl's shoulder, groaning. "Cold shower. Very, very cold."
Dinner was served for 5 in the dining area of the Shangri-la's Westminster suite, but only 3 men sat at the table. Jesus knelt obediently next to Shane's chair, his eyes lowered, his arms behind his back, trying to get in the right headspace for the rest of the night.

While Daryl sat on the ground between Rick and Negan nervously eyeing the dark blue metal bowl he had been given. It was the one Negan had bought at the pet store and now it was filled with steamed carrot chunks and bite-sized pieces of crispy duck meat. It was embarrassing and kind of exciting at the same time.

"No, he bought one in Dubai and gave it to her for her birthday." Negan took a glass of water and held it out for his sub on the floor, expecting him to drink. "But she sold it on eBay, fucking bitch."

"Th." Rick shook his head, sipping his alcohol-free beer. "Of course she did."

Daryl looked from one man to the other before he craned his neck and drank from the glass that was held to his lips. Three big gulps, then it was taken away and instead commanding fingers were snapped next to his head.

"Eat."

He looked at Negan, wanting to say that he had no cutlery but all attention was back on Rick and the conversation and he was too shy to interrupt so he huffed a breath and fished a piece of meat out of his dog bowl, cautiously putting it into his mouth. It tasted awesome but chewing it made his cheeks blush and he had to hide his face against Negan's upper thigh, wishing he was invisible.

"But it's his own damn fault." Negan ate his salmon, stroking his sub's still slightly damp hair rewardingly with his free hand. "He knows how fucking indifferent she is."

"She wasn't always like that." Rick took a bite of the gluten-free bread his boss had ordered and was surprised how good it was. "Is that ciabatta?"

"Yes." Negan put his hand back on the table and ignored when Daryl peeked up at him through tousled bangs. "Try it with hummus."

Daryl nudged his owner's thigh with his nose, wanting the hand back on his head. But nothing happened, so he waited a moment, making sure that nobody watched him, and quickly put another piece of duck into his mouth. A big one and hid his face again against grey pants. He didn't have to wait long before three fingers combed lovingly through the long strands at the back of his head, tickled the nape of his neck... and vanished again. Daryl wrinkled his nose and sat up straight, sending a longing glance up to the man on the chair.

"It's good." Rick wiped his mouth with a napkin, trying to sound delighted even though he wasn't a fan of hummus. "Can he have some?" He held a small piece of bread up.

"Sure." Negan poured himself more water and handed the bottle across the table to Shane.

Daryl watched him and then ducked his head to the side when a piece of bread with hummus was held to his lips, without a comment or any explanation. Rick didn't even really look at him, just held it out as if he was feeding a dog treat. It made Daryl's stomach tighten before a thrilled flutter shot down into his lower belly when he decided to open his mouth. The food was shoved between his lips and a fingertip made brief contact with his tongue. The bread was tasty and he felt his dick
twitch as soon as Negan's fingers reached out to reward him with affection.

"Good boy. You wanna say thank you for the treat."

Daryl stopped chewing, looking unsure from Negan to Rick. He really didn't feel like speaking. But he didn't want to be rude either and after a moment of hesitation nudged his nose against Rick's thigh, just for half a second. He earned a small smile and moved quickly back closer to Negan, his heart drumming in his chest.

"Nice job, Daryl. Behaving so well for me, right."

His head was pulled against a long leg and his hair and ear and cheek were caressed effusively, making the corners of his mouth tip up into a proud little smile. He was really good.

Negan grabbed his sub's chin to tilt his head back and create eye contact. "You wanna finish your dinner now? We leave for the party in an hour."

Daryl sniffed his nose and tried to nod as much as his restricted position would allow. He wanted to do whatever Negan asked of him.

"Good." Negan patted his cheek, "Vegetables first." and released him, proceeding to eat his own dinner.

The next 25 minutes Rick spoke about his ex-wife and her failed crow's feet laser treatment, his son's upcoming school trip to Stone Mountain Park, and Shane's plans to buy a vacation home in Savannah. Daryl didn't really listen, but he ate 23 chunks of steamed carrots, got rewarded with a green bean from Negan's plate and then devoured all of his duck meat in under 4 minutes. He wasn't sure if Negan had seen it and therefore presented the empty dog bowl. Negan didn't comment on it. Just put the bowl on the table and wiped his sub's hands clean with a white cloth napkin, before he snapped his fingers for a correct kneeling position with straight back and spread thighs.

Daryl was almost disappointed for a moment because Negan didn't say any praising words, just talked to Shane about the arrangements for the play party and a person named Alfie. But then a small piece of chocolate cake was shoved between his lips. It was moist and soft and came directly from Negan's fingers. They offered four more cake-chunks and after that Daryl was allowed to lick them clean. He took his time and even sucked a wonderful chocolate flavored thumb into his mouth, all the way, swirling his tongue around it before he released it with a wet sucking noise and happy glance up at his owner.

"Are you done?" Negan pinched his sub's cheek, enjoying the sparkle in blue eyes. "You wanna serve me in the bathroom now and dress for the party?" He didn't receive a spoken answer but the tip of a warm nose nudged his wrist avidly.

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The big annual play party at the UK BDSM conference was always a well-attended event.

2018 it was sold out, just because the chance was good to see the current Mister International Leather in action or maybe even get the opportunity to be his play partner for the night.

And at half past eleven in the late evening, the 420 attendees actually got lucky, when a tall man in polished riding boots and tight leather pants entered the venue. His dark hair neatly slicked back, his
upper body bare except for a black shoulder harness, his trademark leather glove worn on the right hand.

He strode through the crowd in long, confident steps as if he owned the place, head held high, shoulders square, dragging an aura of power and control along, as well as his collared sub Daryl, who looked stunning in nothing but tight, black briefs and a pair of white knee-length socks and black combat boots. He carried his owner's favorite black riding crop in one hand and thanks to a good amount of Kiehl's cream wax his hair was a controlled chaos tonight with all the tips and longish strands standing out in the right places. He seemed tense and worried and stumbled once in the middle of the room but strong fingers wrapped instantly like a vice around his hand to keep him from falling.

Some dozens of curious onlookers witnessed as he was led to the back of the spacious room where it was even darker than in the rest of the venue and received firm eye contact and some private words from the most desired Dominant in the worldwide leather community.

"No. Eyes on me." Negan cupped the back of his sub's neck, forcing him to look up. "It's just like the playroom at home. You wanna stop or go back to the hotel you tell me or show your signal."

"Hm." Daryl didn't want to leave. He just didn't like all the strangers gawking at Negan and he didn't know why there wasn't more light in this club. The music was loud and dark and everywhere were people making out. Not just kissing and touching, but dry fucking or spanking each other. There was even a guy sucking another one off right next to the restroom door. He couldn't help but stare. It was almost like the Eagle's backroom.

"Hey!" Negan snapped his fingers harshly. "Who do you wanna fucking focus on!"

Daryl flicked a perfectly sculpted strand of hair out of his face. "You."

"All fucking night, no exceptions!" Negan held the stern look for a moment longer, then let his arms sink to his sides and widened his stance a little, making a step closer. "Lick."

"Hm?" Daryl sniffed his nose and blinked up insecurely but the order wasn't repeated, so he stuck his tongue out and gave Negan's collarbone a cautious lick, then moved back again hoping it had been right.

Negan watched patiently. "Is that the best you can do?" The question didn't sound mocking or reproachful but Daryl felt guilty anyway because it hadn't been the best he could do.

He shook his head and held nervous eye contact as he licked again. Thirteen times, around Negan's left nipple. Tiny droplets of saliva got caught in dark chest hair and he huffed hot air against damp skin before he sucked the nipple into his mouth. He sucked it a moment, released it and licked some more, then moved to Negan's upper arm and licked it with broad tongue while sending a pleading look up.

The hint of a smile ghosted through Negan's eyes. "Look at you being so nice to me." He lifted his arm to give free access to his armpit, loving the eager mouth instantly going to work. "Yeah, sweet boy." He cupped the back of his sub's head to hold him firmly in place. "Does that taste so good?"

"Yes." Daryl nodded, his tongue and lips sucking and licking the hollow under Negan's arm. He loved it. It made his belly tingle and his penis twitch in his underwear, especially when Negan groaned and pulled him breathtakingly tight. But it didn't last very long before his chin was grabbed
and his head tilted back.

"Are you making me hard, naughty puppy?"

Arousal clouded blue eyes. Daryl reached out to feel the tight leather covering Negan's crotch. There was definitely hardness underneath. "Hm." He wanted to nod but the firm fingers holding his chin prevented it.

"Yes, you do." Negan leaned in to give the inviting gap between pale pink lips a long, sensual lick. "Think I will fuck you tonight?"

Daryl closed his eyes and wanted to nod again but instead huffed a pleading little "Yes." because he really wanted to be fucked. Preferably right now.

"Mhm." Negan gave another lick, then bit his sub's lower lip teasingly. "I think so, too. But what will I do before... tell me."

Ten fingers searched for support and found the waistband of tight leather pants and a flat, muscular stomach. "Play with Jesus."

"Yeah? You want me to play with him?"

"Ja." Daryl stuck his own tongue out, wanting to lick some more and have a real kiss.

"Good boy." Negan whispered against wet lips and pulled Daryl with both arms into a tight embrace to share a deep kiss. A long one, sexy and messy enough to catch the eye of several spectators.

Daryl didn't even notice it once Negan ended the kiss. He tugged the tight fabric of his underwear and squeezed his throbbing penis, asking the first thing that came to his mind. "Where's Jesus." He really wanted to go fucking with Negan.

"With Shane in the other room." Negan moved Daryl's hand off his dick. "You wanna go see them?"

"Hm." Daryl shifted on his feet and knitted his eyebrows in distress, squeezing his bulge again. "Okay."

"I don't like when you touch yourself without permission. You wanna be good and stop for me?"

Daryl glanced down at his traitorous hand fondling his crotch and stopped immediately. "Yes."

"Thank you." Negan kissed his sub's forehead. "You know what's in my back pocket?"

Daryl knew. "Raisins."

"You think?" The corners of Negan's eyes crinkled slightly with the smile that wanted to come out. "Take a look."

Instead of reaching around Negan's waist, Daryl went to Negan's backside, found the right pocket completely empty and inspected the object he found in the left for 7 seconds before he went back to Negan's front to show his findings. "'s a gag." He held it up.
"It is a gag. I brought it for you." Negan took it. "You wanna wear it for me?"

Daryl nodded, already opening his mouth. He loved gags because they made it impossible to speak.

Negan chuckled and turned his sub around to fasten the small buckle at the back of his head. It was just a simple rubber bit gag but it would serve the purpose. "Alright, let's go then pretty puppy."

He grabbed Daryl's hand to lead the way, completely ignoring the 23 horny men standing around them in more or less appropriate distance.

----

The second room of the venue was a playroom with all the equipment a fetish enthusiast could ask for. Cages in various sizes, leather slings, whipping benches, bondage frames, spanking horses and several metal chains and hooks hanging from the ceiling. A powerful, very atmospheric electronic music mix was playing in the background and the whole room was illuminated in a dim purplish-blue glow.

A lot of people were already involved in different scenes and Daryl shifted on his ankles and huffed a nervous breath around the spit-wet silicone part of his gag. He knelt on a rather thin leather cushion having the utmost difficulties to concentrate and focus or keep a straight posture.

To his right was a naked man crouching in a cage, to his left a guy was strapped to a scary doctor's chair, and he knew behind him was someone in a sling getting fisted by a stocky man in a full leather outfit. It smelled like rubber and lubricant, slight sweat and heavy sex and his stomach was clenched into a firm, anxious knot from all of it.

Right in front of him was Shane, wearing combat boots and black leather pants to his bare chest. He had shackled Paul to a high metal suspension frame, spread-eagled and naked except for a black jockstrap, and now looked through some impact play toys that were laid out on a table, while Negan stood close to Paul to share some affection and private words.

Daryl huffed another breath and nudged his tongue against the mouthpiece of his gag. He was a bit thirsty and maybe had to pee and when a stranger approached him with a slight smirk he quickly squeezed his thighs together and touched his collar because it had Negan's name on it.

"Hey." Shane stepped closer to put a claiming hand on Daryl's head. "He's owned."

Daryl held his breath and glanced up, watching the person apologetically take his hands up and walk off.

"Are you good?" Shane gave him a friendly smile.

Daryl nodded, got his cheek pinched and felt a bit better when Shane went back to the tool table, winking at him as if they were home at the factory in Negan's garage to repair one of the cars.

"Look at you, little slut... fucking hard already." Negan looked his chained-up sub directly in the eye as he fondled him through the fabric of his jockstrap. "You love being presented here in public for my pleasure, isn't that right boy..."

"Yes, Sir." Jesus knitted his eyebrows, getting a little weak in the knees. "I love it."
Negan chuckled, taking his hand off. "Show me your signal."

Jesus complied instantly, crossing two fingers of his right hand and then held on to both of the chains that connected his arms to the metal frame when his chin was grabbed harshly and tipped up.

"Good job." Negan shoved his tongue into his sub's mouth for a brief, possessive kiss before he stepped back to make room for his other scene partner.

Shane came up from behind. "Are you ready, boy?"

"Yes, Sir." Paul could feel a muscular body crowding him without touching. But there was a gentle drift of something along his side. Like strands of suede, sending goosebumps all over his bare skin.

"Great."

There was a nip of teeth at the crook of his neck and the caress of the soft strands on his skin paused, making him want to turn around to see what was going on, but he knew better.

Then the gentle strokes were back, the strands dangling all over his back, moving slowly back and forth, making his insides crackle with anticipation.

He bit his lip and raised his head, trying to brace himself for the first impact. Negan stood in a bit of a distance, looking like the epitome of manliness. His feet apart, his back straight and shoulders wide, holding a riding crop in both hands in front of his thighs. He didn't do anything, just watched in silence and enjoyed the sight. It was almost distracting. Making the first blow almost a surprise. It had Paul wince and brought the ghost of a smirk to Negan's face.

The second strike was still gentle, just a tease and Paul smirked back, holding on to the chains attached to his wrists to stand taller. He wanted more but the next swing didn't even touch him, the cold air whipping past just made him shiver, as did the one that followed. His chest heaved and he held his breath before a real swing struck his shoulder blades. He gasped at the difference and the sharp tingles traveling through his body. He lifted his head and could see a change in Negan's eyes, from brisk interest to devilish delight.

The blows came closer together and he arched his back and let his head fall to his chest, trying to give more of himself, concentrating on the leather traveling over his skin, hard, with increasing impact and force. Over his back, his ass, down his thighs and back up. He pushed up on his toes and began to shiver, the strikes sometimes just skimming over his skin, the next time thudding. His body started to hum, his breathing became deeper, and he closed his eyes, feeling himself drift into the trance-like state he loved so much.

Daryl watched nervously, his eyes darting from Negan who stood on one side of the suspension frame like rock, to Shane on the other side, swinging a heavy flogger through the air. He saw Jesus squirm and writhe in his shackles, groan and gasp, uncertain whether he experienced pleasure or real discomfort and pain. He shifted on his ankles and his eyelids fluttered startled when a particularly hard strike made Paul's knees buckle and a loud wail escaped his throat. He took his arm up instantly and looked at Negan, showing a fist with splayed out pinkie finger.

Shane saw it as well and paused for a moment but after a subtle sign from Negan continued the scene, just reduced the force of his strikes a bit.

"Well done." Negan went up to his sub, touched the raised hand rewardingly and squatted down in
front of him, creating firm eye contact. "Do you need your gag out?"

Daryl exhaled a shaky breath around the silicone parting his lips and shook his head.

"You wanna go back to the hotel with me, watch a bit TV?"

He shook his head again and glanced over Negan's shoulder when Paul whimpered once more in
pain.

"Should Paul go back to the hotel?"

Blue eyes looked unsure from Negan to the young man chained spreadeagled to the suspension
frame. Now Daryl wasn't so sure anymore. Paul moaned suddenly as if he liked the swings of the
flogger, but his backside was marked with several red welts already and his legs were shaking.

Negan rose to his feet, snapping his fingers. "Up."

Daryl attempted to shake his head 'no', afraid that he was supposed to leave, but then long fingers
wrapped around his upper arm to pull him up and he was guided to stand right in front of Paul.

"Sst." Negan gave a sign for Shane to stop for a moment, curled an arm around Daryl's waist from
behind and lifted Paul's chin with two fingers. "How are you feeling, boy."

Jesus opened heavy eyelids, his cheeks glowing in a feverish shade of red. "So good, Sir."

"Yeah? You like what Shane is doing?"

He nodded, his lips slightly parted before he leaned in to kiss Daryl's shoulder and the left side of his
neck as if he was starving.

Negan kissed the right side from behind. "Feel his dick, is he hard?"

Daryl wanted to look back over his shoulder for confirmation but then didn't and just put a hand
between Paul's legs. He was very hard and the jockstrap was a little bit damp at one spot. He nodded
and huffed a breath because it felt really good and Paul immediately started to hump his hand.

"Yes, he is fucking hard, right?" Negan buried his nose into the long strands covering Daryl's ear.
"Being flogged feels awesome. He loves it."

Daryl nodded again, his belly tingling because he knew it was true. Flogging felt really good, with
all the sizzling pain and prickling heat. He wanted to say that he would like to play a bit as well, with
a flogger or the riding crop, but then there was a deep chuckle and hot breath tickling his ear and he
was pulled back three steps and pushed down into a kneeling posture. Negan squatted down in front
of him and blindly gave a sign for Shane to continue his work.

"You wanna sit here for me and watch Paul having fun?"

Daryl nodded, trying to communicate via eye contact when the 'I can play too' he wanted to say
came out as not more than a very wet huff of breath and spit around the gag in his mouth. He spread
his legs extra wide and touched Negan's bare chest.

"Mhm." Negan looked his sub straight in the eye while grabbing the front of his underwear to pull it
down and expose his genitals. "I know you wanna play, too." He gave the hard dick he found a couple of strokes. "But now it's Paul's turn, right. You wanna kneel here like a good boy and look pretty." He loved the desperate expression in blue eyes and the thin string of saliva running down Daryl's chin. "Show all the people here what a nice puppy you are for me."

Daryl tried to push his crotch into the wonderful touch and straightened his back because he really wanted to do that for Negan.

"Good boy." Negan took his hand off but let the raging erection he had created out in the open. "Arms behind your back, chest out. You wanna show everyone that sweet puppy dick."

The thought of strangers seeing him being so good for Negan made Daryl's penis twitch and his inner muscles throb in excitement. And when Negan got up, ruffled his hair and joined Shane at the other side of the suspension frame the excitement turned into deep arousal because watching both men taking turns to deliver blows to Paul's backside was a thrilling sight.

Paul closed his eyes and gave himself over to the mists of pleasure swirling through his heated body. He noticed the difference in the swats hitting him, sting and thud, hard and burning. A series of short, sharp whacks rained down on his upper back and he tried to pull away, squirmed to the right and squared his shoulders but it didn't help so he breathed through them, only making small pained whimpers. Then it changed and he knew Negan had taken over the flogger, swinging it in a fast, rhythmical criss-cross movement over his entire backside. The sound of leather hitting skin was intoxicating. He wrapped his fingers around the chains holding him upright, knowing exactly what to expect. First the steady whacks, left right left right, almost lulling him into a soothing trance, before one blow fell out of alignment and hit way harder than the rest, so hard it felt as if the air was beaten out of his body. A wheeling burn lingered on his skin, growing hot after the initial impact and faded away very slowly. Then there came another and another. Powerful and vigorous, making him suck oxygen into his lungs between impacts. He loved it. The overwhelming force shuddering through him again and again. Knowing this strong, imposing man was right behind him delivering blow after blow to his body, relentless, like an almighty god who was punisher and savior at the same time. Unprecedented trust and freedom propelling him into a completely different world. He wanted it to go on forever but his body wasn't compliant somehow and his knees buckled twice, then his feet started to shake no matter how much he tried to anchor them firmly to the ground. He heard himself produce wailing noises of pain and agony, felt a tear slip down his cheek. Before suddenly all of it stopped and a tall body enfolded his sore, heated flesh. A safe arm wrapped around his waist in a tight grip as another encircled his neck. It steadied him and gave him direction, made him pin his draws and exhales of air to Negan's. His head felt like cotton and he sunk further into the comforting hold, the deep voice vibrating from a broad chest into his burning back seemed unreal and yet so familiar.

"You wanna stop?"

Paul turned his head to the left in search of warm skin. "No, Sir." He wanted much more.

"Yeah? Are you my tough boy?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Mhm." Negan brushed his stubbly chin over Paul's shoulder. "Who's here with me." The question had the desired effect, forcing his sub's brain to work even though the answer took a moment.

"Daryl." Jesus had difficulties to open his eyes and focus on his surroundings but he found the
person he was looking for kneeling obediently right in front of him. Gagged, with a heaving chest and rock hard cock exposed for everyone to see. "He's so hot."

Negan agreed. "He is fucking hot." He grabbed Paul's bulge and squeezed it as he pressed his own into very inviting buttcheeks. "Who else is here with me."

A smirk flashed over Paul's sweaty face. "Shane."

"That's right. I give Shane the flogger back so he can have some more fun with you while I play with my puppyboy." He bit the side of a damp neck right beneath a glowing earlobe. "Right? I want you to watch me."

The hot breath caressing his ear made Paul shiver and something hot coil up in the depth of his belly. "Yes, Sir."

"What do you wanna say."

Paul hissed when he was bit again, harder this time. "Thank you, Sir."

Negan pulled back, rubbing his sub's flat belly, "You're welcome." and handed the flogger to Shane. He passed the tool table on his way to Daryl, selecting a tube of lubricant. It wasn't the brand he preferred but at least the lid was still sealed. He put it into his back pocket and squatted down in front of his boy. "Are you making all kinds of puddles for me?"

Daryl took a sound breath and tried to swallow around his gag but it didn't really work, instead, another thick string of saliva ran down his chin and trickled to the floor. It was wet already in a mixture of drool and pre-cum. He nodded, spreading his thighs a bit wider because he really wanted Negan to touch his penis.

"Mhm." Negan showed the hint of a smile. "Good boy. You wanna present that pretty cock, right." He loved seeing his boy a drooling mess, with gooey face and chest, deprived of all control over his body fluids. "Are you fucking dripping for me?" He got an attentive nod and a sincere look out of big blue eyes and copied it, reaching out to stroke the twitching erection a few times. "Yes, you are. You love watching Paul being played with isn't that true naughty puppy."

Daryl nodded again and glanced past Negan to where Jesus trembled in his chains, taking blow after blow from Shane's hands.

"Mhm. You wanna be fucked, boy?"

The blunt question took Daryl by surprise. He nudged the silicone part of his gag with his tongue and flicked a strand of hair out of his face, wanting to say 'okay' but couldn't. Instead, he gave a single nod and pushed his crotch out for more friction.

"Oh yeah? Who should fuck you." Negan pursed his lips, stroking a bit faster. "Hm? Tell me." He watched dark blond eyebrows knitting in desperation and another blob of drool dropping from pale pink lips. After two seconds his chest was touched and his sub slid an inch closer on the wet floor. He smirked. "You want my dick up your gorgeous little puppy hole?"

Daryl shifted on his ankles because something deep inside his butt pulsed noticeably. He really wanted that.
"Yeah?" Negan took his hand off and waved two fingers. "Go wait for me in the corner then. Hands to the wall, legs spread." He got a panicked look and a shake of the head. "Sure you go. I'll watch you." He got up and brushed a strand of hair behind a pale ear. "Chop, chop. You wanna present your ass for me."

It looked a bit awkward when Daryl scrambled to his feet, his underwear pulled down in the front, the middle of his chest glistening with spit. He held on to Negan's long leg and searched eye contact for a last confirmation before he walked off, a bit disoriented with a hand between his legs. Several people stared but nobody approached him and he found a very dark corner with black painted walls that felt cool underneath his palms and he leaned his forehead against it as well when he was sure that he was watched and not only from his owner.

After two minutes of waiting he remembered that he was also supposed to spread his legs, so he moved his feet further apart and saw his exposed penis twitch when he looked down. A thin string of saliva dripped down his parted lips and he didn't even try to stop it. It felt naughty and made his belly tingle with excitement.

"Good boy."

He flinched and gasped startled as something cold and wet suddenly slipped inside the back of his underwear and found its way between his cheeks instantly.

"Waiting so nicely for me." Negan loved public play. He had no problem with people watching him and sometimes even craved that special attention like nothing else. It was a nice thrill. But with Daryl, he wasn't so sure. The thought of fucking this gorgeous guy for everyone to see almost brought him to a hands-free climax. A room full of horny idiots laying eyes on his boy, however, made him want to kill and slaughter. Unfortunately, he was terribly horny himself and didn't plan to carry his rock-hard cock all the way through town back to a more private hotel suite. There had to be other solutions, like putting Daryl into the shadiest corner this location had to offer and blocking the view as much as possible with his own body. The perfect distraction for all the slobbering onlookers to jack off to while he screwed the hell out of the most delicious piece of ass he had ever buried his dick in. "Mhm... you wanna push out so I can finger you." The low order had barely passed his lips when it was already followed and a tight sheet of hot flesh engulfed two of his fingers, pulling him in. It made him chuckle and groan in delight. He wrapped an arm around his sub to pull him close, back to chest, and dug his face into longish strands of hair. "Look at you being so fucking eager, horny puppy." He pumped his fingers back and forth, then crooked them expertly as he glanced over Daryl's shoulder, triggering another stream of pre-cum dripping down on the ground. "Look at the fucking sweet mess you're making. All for me, right."

Daryl panted around his gag and pushed back on Negan's hand, again and again, wishing it would be all the way up his bum with lots of thick lube and black slippery latex.

"Are you fucking yourself on my fingers?" Negan added a third and spread them, then massaged his sub's insides in firm, circular motions, making him squirm and mewl. "Yeah, good boy..." He took his hand off, withdrawing it slowly. "Pull your underwear down for me. Give me a nice view."

Daryl glanced back over his shoulder twice, with glowing cheeks and clouded eyes, before the order was haphazardly executed and hesitant fingers pulled the thin fabric down to expose pale buttcheeks.

"Nice. You wanna spread your cheeks."
He bent down a bit more and exhaled soundly, feeling his stomach flip when he put his hands on his ass and spread his cheeks as wide as possible. For a moment nothing happened. It was a bit cold and his heart thumped rapidly in his chest. He knew Negan was examining his butt and maybe other people did too. The thought made him hold his breath and then a startled grunt pressed out of his throat when his entrance was invaded by a ravishing mouth and hungry tongue, catching him totally off guard. There was nothing gentle about it. His hole was probed and taken, licked and sucked. It was deep and wet, making his knees buckle and his thighs tremble. He squeezed his eyes shut and when he opened them again he could see his cock twitch and rage, pre-cum bubbling from his slit. He whimpered and groaned, feeling absolutely overwhelmed by the rough intrusion. Stubbly beard and sharp teeth scratched his most intimate places just to be soothed a moment later by a warm, soft tongue lapping everywhere, inside and out. Then everything stopped for two seconds. He heard a deep chuckle and hot breath hit his wet flesh. It made his muscle contract before the devilish mouth was back, nipping and sucking, eating him out. It set his lower body on fire with pulsing and throbbing, making the soles of his feet tingle. He had difficulties to keep his hands on his butt and hold the position, imagining how many people would maybe watch Negan do such a wicked thing to him in public. He knew they would be jealous and the thought let excited heat spread from his chest down into his belly. He closed his eyes again, grunting with an especially deep stab of tongue and just when he was sure that he would cum, the mouth was gone again and replaced by a swollen cockhead rubbing over his wet opening.

"Push out."

It was a husky command emphasized by a hard swat with flat hand on the back of his thigh. The sharp sting sent hot sparks over his skin, making him dizzy in the best way possible. He wanted to say 'Yes, Sir' like Paul had done it so beautifully all night but the gag in his mouth made it impossible, so he just did what he was supposed to and pushed out, craving to be filled.

It happened slowly. The pleasant stretching had him groan once more and then whimper in protest when Negan pulled back out just to tease him a moment longer, nudging the head against a contracting hole, four times before he pushed in all the way.

"Ah, fuck..." Negan tipped his head back and grabbed his sub's hips to pull him all the way down onto his cock. "Are you so tight for me?"

Daryl loved the lascivious tone of voice he was spoken to. It sounded as overwhelmed as he felt. He couldn't answer the question and forgot what he wanted to say anyway because a strong hand gripped his shoulder for support while the other stayed firmly on his hip and he almost hit his head against the black concrete wall when Negan started to fuck him with vigorous thrusts, almost painful. Flesh slapping against flesh, fingers digging into his skin, obscene words slurred in his ear. He loved it so much it made his dick swell another size.

"Should I shoot my fucking load up your ass?" Negan thrust his hips in a brutal pace, grabbing a fistful of longish hair to pull his sub upright. "Hh? Tell me." He wrapped an arm tightly around Daryl's upper chest and curled five fingers around the front of a collared neck, pushing his head back against his shoulder. "You want my cum dripping out of that gorgeous hole all the way back to the hotel?" The hoarse, breathless grunts he got as answer made his blood boil. He didn't care that he wouldn't last long. He didn't want to. He wanted to mark his property publicly and then drag him into a god damn car where he would be the only one to see and hear and smell him. All of him. And especially the little devil that lived inside all this beauty and innocence.

He forced Daryl's chin up to lick the side of a gagged mouth, swatted a sturdy chest when there was
brief resistance and then circled his hips in combination with deep, hard thrusts for more friction and a different angle, hitting the message home. He could feel every muscle in Daryl's body tense, heard the change in his ragged breathing, desperate wails, and hoarse grunts, before he exploded, trembling and shaking all over. It drove the rampant lechery in Negan's system to the breaking point. "Yeah, cum on my fuckin' dick. Show everyone how much you like me." He buried his nose in sweaty hair and drool-wet skin, tipping gladly over the edge into a mind staggering climax, watched by a dozen horny party guests. But the only one that mattered collapsed safely in his arms.

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At almost two in the morning, 37 stories above the ground in the Shangri-la's luxurious Westminster suite, Paul Rovia was without a doubt one of the most satisfied, relaxed people in Greater London. His sore, endorphin-flooded body wrapped into a ridiculously comfortable bathrobe after a warm shower. His belly filled with a special midnight snack and a cup of hot English tea. Sitting in the safest place he knew. On Negan's lap, chest to chest, his head resting on a broad shoulder, swimming in the care this man lavished on him to piece his used body and soul back together. It was the most peaceful feeling in the world, making his heart ache and swell with all the glowing love he had for one of his Dads.

"When is our flight, Sir?" He was way to content to open his heavy eyes.

"Two PM." Negan lazily rubbed his bearded chin over boy number two's freshly washed hair.

"Hm." Paul thought about that information for a moment. "But then we'll miss the rich-bitch lunch on board."

Negan took a deep breath, stroking a terrycloth-clad back. He was tired. "I'll pack you a waffle."

Paul squinted one eye, his interest piqued. "A real waffle?"

"One."

One real waffle packed in his backpack by Negan himself was the best lunch Jesus could imagine and he placed a happy little kiss on a warm neck... before he felt the sofa move next to him and a cloud of fabric softener and powdery body lotion invaded his senses. It made him smile.

Daryl tried to pull his legs up on the couch but his feet got caught in the much too big hotel bathrobe.

Negan reached over to untangle it with one quick movement. "Did you make your mark on the list?"

"Hm." Daryl sniffed his nose. He had made it extra thick because it was a special one.

"Did you pick a reward?"

He nodded, then brushed a strand of hair out of his face. "Swimmin'."

Negan turned his head on the backrest of the sofa, arching a brow at his sub. "Again?" He received a nod and a finger pointing at his shoulder.

"With you." For at least two hours in the awesome hotel pool first thing in the morning even before breakfast.
"Hm." Negan turned his head back to rest his chin on Paul's hair and closed his eyes. "Think you can beat me this time?"

Daryl lifted one shoulder to rub his ear against the thick fabric of his bathrobe. He probably wouldn't beat Negan's time but it was still fun to compete with him. ":can try."

The humble tone of Daryl's voice crooked Negan's lips. "Should I bring my whistle?" The hoarse chuckle that followed turned the tiny smirk into a full grown smile.

"Hja." Seeing all the rich snobby hotel guests flinch at the sound of the shrill whistle would certainly be fun.

Jesus grinned as well and reached up to play with the very short hair behind Negan's left ear. "You should get a pool at the factory, Sir. You know, while you have all the craftsmen in the house."

"I should get a fucking kennel so I can go for a god damn swim and not find my house a complete mess when I'm returning."

Paul pursed his lips. He was not averse to the idea. "Will it have toys and treats?"

"A pillow and water if you're good." Negan patted his sub's head.

Daryl sniffed his nose, listening attentively. He was pretty sure Negan was joking but a bit of worry remained. He didn't want to be locked up while Negan went swimming or anywhere else. "I come with you."

"You come with me if I tell you to." Negan corrected, placing a heavy hand on Daryl's knee. "Now go prepare the bed for us. I'm tired." He squeezed a bare thigh once and then watched without a comment as his sub got up and left the room, muttering a defiant 'I come with you' on the way out.

A soft smile washed over Paul's relaxed face. "He's just scared, Sir."

Negan leaned into the back of the couch with a soundless sigh, "I know." entwining his fingers with Paul's rather delicate hand. "It'll get better. Don't worry about it."

Jesus knew it was true and he didn't worry. Not here, not now and not as long as he was with Negan, the solid rock in his life. But still his throat grew a little bit tighter and his heart clenched unpleasantly for just a second. "Daddy?"

Negan stroked his thumb soothingly over the back of Paul's hand. "Hm." And he waited long for a spoken answer that didn't come. Instead, the young man in his lap wrapped both arms tightly around his neck, buried his nose somewhere beneath his jawbone and kissed the spot beneath his earlobe in utmost veneration. He knew it meant 'I love you', 'I am scared, too' and 'Thank you for everything'. And he answered it all with a firm but gentle kiss on his boy's temple. It was a non-verbal 'Me too'. Very honest and true a 100%.

Chapter End Notes
Next up: Larger than Life - ما یه یک آسمان یگاهه می کنیم - (We look at the same sky)
AFTERCARE - Sanctuary (for J.P.R. my precious little bugger who will forever be safe in a certain factory in Atlanta)
"DADDY! WE'RE OUT OF RAISINS!" Jesus trotted back upstairs after giving the last package of extra healthy Halloween candy to little Carlos and his sister at not even 5 in the afternoon. There were unusually many trick-or-treaters ringing the Leather Factory's doorbell this year. Maybe because Olivia had gone a little overboard with her Halloween decorations. Five carved pumpkins, three cute little goblins, a bat and spider garland, a little purple monster with just one eye, and a ghost with a big smile on its white bedsheets face. All cramped in the small space around a black rubber doormat in front of a red door to send a friendly signal out to the neighborhood on Peachtree street that the tall angry man inhabiting the slightly scary factory wasn't terrifying at all but actually a big softy who just happened to have a bit of an intimidating demeanor by nature.

"THEN TURN THE BELL OFF! THIS IS NOT A FUCKING BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION!" Negan wasn't in the best mood after a whole day of party preparations for the annual October Threshold. If he hated a party theme more than Christmas and Valentine's day, it was fucking Halloween. A bunch of adults dressing up as prince charming or a god damn unicorn, stuffing their drunk faces with tons of teeth rotting, sugar-loaded treats while dancing like idiots to the fucking monster mash. He had the urgent need to shoot himself. Unfortunately, though, there was no time for such luxuries. After all, he had a business to run and several mouths to feed.

And one of them was extra pretty today, even coated in molten caramel and three sprinkles.

"Are you enjoying your apple?"

"Hm." Daryl glanced up through his massively tousled hair, not stopping to gnaw his apple core. It was the best fruit he had ever eaten. Olivia had put it on a stick and dipped it in hot caramel sauce and bone-shaped chocolate sprinkles. "'s good."

Negan's throbbing headache eased off a bit, seeing his boy so content. Wrapped in a big bathrobe after a long shower, kneeling next to the coffee table on the floor, one eye on the TV to catch the last bit of Hocus Pocus. "Mhm. Come here for a moment."

Daryl forgot about the TV instantly, putting his sugar coated apple remains on the polished coffee table. "Why." His question sounded a bit wary but he slid closer to the couch to kneel between long legs.

"Why?" Negan snapped his fingers, successfully correcting his sub's slouchy posture. "You tell me."

Daryl flicked his head to get a strand of hair out of his eyes. "'cause you said it."

"Look at you being so clever." Negan leaned into the backrest of the sofa, spreading his legs a bit
more. "You wanna present your collar."

It was the first time that Daryl was asked to do such a thing and he touched the leather wrapped around his neck before he tipped his head to the left, trying to show it off.

"Very nice. Whose is it?"

He sniffed his nose, shifting on his ankles. "Yours."

"It fucking is. Why did you get to wear it."

"remember my place."

The slightly defiant tone made the corner of Negan's mouth twitch into a smirk. "True. And you did pretty well, especially the past days. So I thought we try it without and you get to show off your pretty permanent one tonight at the party."

Daryl wasn't sure how to feel about it. He liked his training collar almost as much as the solid one hidden beneath. But he agreed anyway, nodding once and then bowed his head when Negan beckoned him closer with two fingers. His hair was brushed aside and he could feel the broad collar tightening around his neck for a second before it was completely unbuckled and taken off, exposing the locked-up steelband underneath.

"Good boy."

Deep words were spoken against the nape of his neck and a mixture of warm lips and rough facial hair brushed his skin.

"I love seeing it. Looks fucking hot on you."

Warm bubbles fizzed up through Daryl's chest like a champagne bottle popped open by accident. He buried his nose into the fabric of Negan's soft sweatpants and wished they would hug and kiss, but Negan leaned back again, relaxing into the couch.

"Straight back. Eyes on me."

It was a gentle order with firm undertone and Daryl felt kind of bashful when he followed it.

"Will you be on your best behavior tonight?" Negan received a half nod- half shrug with one shoulder. "Why."

Daryl sniffed his nose, fumbling with the solid collar around his neck. It was warm and felt good. "represent your name."

"Mhm. No backtalking. You focus on me. You are right next to me the whole night, and no fucking stink eye when I greet my guests, is that understood."

Daryl nodded, although he felt a bit petulant after hearing a whole litany of rules that he knew by heart, inside out and fucking backwards.

But Negan didn't seem to approve of the truculent little flicker in blue eyes and the unspoken reply. He nudged Daryl's thigh with his foot. "You also speak when you're fucking spoken to!"

Daryl grimaced and moved half an inch to the right, his voice dripping with guilt. "'s understood."

"Great." Negan spread his legs wider and with one quick motion pulled the front of his sweatpants
down, exposing his flaccid cock. "You wanna show me how well you can focus?"

The unexpected task made a new gush of prickling champagne bubbles swirl through Daryl's stomach, his eyes darting from his owner's bare genitals up to his face. "Hm." He moved a bit closer, flicking some hair out of his forehead. "Okay."

Negan reached a hand out to cup a warm cheek, rubbing slightly caramel covered lips with the pad of his thumb. "What do you wanna say."

It was a whispered question in encouraging tone, making Daryl's insides flip in pure devotion. He touched Negan's knee, his gaze glued on dark eyes. "Yes, Sir." He received a fond smile before long fingers slid to the back of his neck and pulled him down into a bare lap.

"I really wish you would invest in an elevator, Sir. I don't get younger." Paul let the front door fall shut after a 2-minute climb through the factory's staircase, slipped out of his shoes on the way to the living room, dropped the empty cauldron-shaped plastic bowl onto the coffee table and flopped down on the couch, his legs pulled up for ultimate comfort. He combed five fingers affectionately through Daryl's hair, "Uh, serving time..." then embraced Negan's left arm like a spider monkey. "May I help?" He licked the man's lips to spread some of the candy corn flavor that persistently lingered in his mouth since the early morning when Olivia had started to fill up the candy bar for the big party. "May I eat his bum while he sucks you?"

"No." Negan put a broad hand on Daryl's head to keep him from glancing up. "Puppy wants to concentrate on my dick." He tipped his head back onto the backrest, closing his eyes. "You may be quiet and watch." He pulled Jesus tight up against his side, patting his butt. "And then you brush that fucking sugar off your teeth."

Paul chuckled against Negan's neck, then gave it a long, slow lick. "Anything for you, Sir."

Chapter End Notes

... give me a moment <3
You will need to read chapter 8 'Stuff and Fangs' of AFTERCARE - submission before you read this one. It takes place after the Halloween party in 2011 where Negan and Paul met for the first time, and takes you through the years that followed after.

Warnings for the mention of drug use, cold turkey, BDSM and sex

For my sweet bugger Jesus who will forever be the sunshine of the fanfiction world <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

'You are safe with me'

Paul Rovia had a master. He controlled every inch of him, his body, soul, and mind. He needed to visit him a few times a day, otherwise, he feared he'd go insane. It hurt to be away for too long, he would start to feel weak, his body would ache and he would struggle to act rationally.

But when he finally got to see him, everything seemed whole, the world was whimsical and beautiful. He was all he needed, all he could ever want. He was perfect.

He showed no mercy, though. It only took a few careless encounters and then you'd fall for him. He became your everything, you would do anything to get to him. Lie, steal, cheat. He changed you into somebody that would sicken most people, but you can't help but love him for it. Love the energy and happiness he brings.

On November the 1st 2011 in the late morning, Paul woke up yearning for his master more than anything. The need for him screamed in his head and burned his veins. It didn't matter that he didn't recognize his surroundings. That he wasn't familiar with the bed he was in or the room the bed was placed. He didn't worry about it, it had happened too often to count. And in the end it wasn't important, not before his need was satisfied and he got the fix his whole being longed for so badly.

He rolled out of bed, his head pounding with piercing anguish, his eyes throbbing in their sockets. He looked around once, noticing that his feet were naked and his leather duster wasn't there. It was a small room. Just a simple bed, a small desk and a chair, blank walls, no window. A glass of water on the nightstand. He pulled the drawer out but found it empty. He opened the desk, pulled a notepad out, a box of pencils and a random book about history. He flipped through the pages and found it so
frustrating that he flung it against the wall. The pencils followed and the small desk compartment was kicked shut with a curse. His skin crawled. His flesh burned underneath and his heart couldn't decide how fast it wanted to beat. He called it a vulgar name and located the door. It was locked but it took him seven tries to realize it. He wondered for a moment whether he was in prison and this was his cell. The thought alone made him so furious that he kicked the door as hard as he could. The pain in his foot and hand was soothing somehow, so he did it again and again, called whoever was at the other side the most colorful things, blaming them for the uproar in his head and the excruciating pain pulsing through his body. He was trapped. He would die in this room. Panic and wrath battled for predominance, made him sweat and dizzy. Made him crawl into the corner and dig his nails deep into his flesh. Cursing and begging. Pulling his own hair and wailing in despair. He would die he knew it. This time they would get him. The fear got overwhelming, just as the pain and he gave up.

When he opened his eyes again he lay buried in a swamp. Morass. Damp, soggy and foul. Dark as the night. His skin pulled off his flesh, his bowels squirming through his body like snakes. He couldn't move, he couldn't scream even though he heard somebody shouting and crying. His throat felt like it was him. And his body felt light suddenly as if it was lifted from the bed of mud and spew. A deep voice called him Joseph and asked him for new sheets and pillows. He didn't know why. But the voice was like a cooling cloth soothing his burning flesh. He closed his eyes, giving up again. He recognized his prison cell when he woke up an eternity later. The door wasn't locked this time. It stood wide open. But the world was upside down as soon as he sat up and the exit suddenly seemed very far away. The floor as cold as ice beneath his bare feet. He was irritated by the strong scent of laundry detergent and fabric softener. By his own hair hanging tousled into his face. By the much too big shirt he wore and the grey sweatpants with legs as long as the river Nile. He shook his feet, trying to solve the problem and cursed when it didn't help. Then cursed again when he looked up and found himself facing a giant. Tall and imposing. He blinked at the grim face, got dizzy and lost sight of the creature. It made him chuckle and vomit, almost simultaneously. And a hand, firm and really big, came down on his head. It wasn't a threat, though. It didn't come to hurt him. It was gentle and brushed his hair back, held it out of his face. He didn't know why and he didn't know how, but it felt like a touch from heaven. Unreal and wholesome. It massaged the nape of his neck. It stroked his ear. And it was accompanied by the voice of God. Wise and deep. Calm and soothing. Speaking words he didn't deserve but wanted to cling to so badly.

"Fucking tough little bugger. You can do it."

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On November the 4th, Paul Rovia missed his master more than ever but it was the kind of longing that happened in full consciousness. The one that still hurt and made you feel sick from morning to night, but also made you aware what a piece of human scum you are, how you didn't belong to society and everybody looked down on you. Rightfully so. Because nobody needed some useless piece of shit.

He didn't have a mirror in his little room and he didn't need one to know that he probably looked like stale, eaten leftovers crapped out again.

He also knew where he was. That his room wasn't a cell, the door wide open, and that the grim giant's name was Negan. He remembered him and his reputation. The party and the kiss. ... okay, maybe there was a slight possibility that the kiss hadn't been real. But he was pretty sure that his host, the owner of the worldwide known Leather Factory, was a friend of Dorothy. And if he played his cards right, maybe his bubble butt would be enough to provide him with the next fix.

So he scraped the bottom of the barrel to find what might be left of his flirt abilities, tried to straighten
his messy hair and unfitting clothes, and made his way out of his spartan guest room to find the bossman's office.

Strangely enough, he felt more embarrassed than usual when he knocked at door number 7, opened after a short 'Yes, come in' and found a tall man at a very big desk, working concentrated over a pile of documents. He wore a long sleeved button down shirt to his gorgeous face and looked like the smartest person on the planet with the sexy pair of glasses on his nose and the luxurious fountain pen his long fingers moved elegantly over the paper.

"Are you feeling better?"

He said it as if Paul Jesus Rovia wasn't the pot dealer on Elm street, puking for the past three days into a bucket, but as if he was an actual person. And when there wasn't an answer, he even glanced up from his Nasa-Microsoft-Harvard-documents. Not disgusted at all. Looking at him as if he was genuinely interested in the information.

"Well?"

"Uhm," Jesus shrugged and tried to play it cool, sniffing his itchy nose. "Sure. Actually a lot." He tried for a cute smile as he went closer, rapidly blinking his eyes because something in his sockets itched even more. "I came here to thank you... for your help and hospitality." He cleared his throat, wondering why his feigned confidence had to let him down now of all times. "I thought since you let me stay here and I'm much better..." The man he tried to flirt with moved a few inches back with his leather desk chair, making room for him as he tried to sit down on a knee covered in expensive fabric. "...it's maybe time to reciprocate services." He smirked, toying with one of the little white buttons at the man's shirt, noticing how good he smelled. Clean and powerful, like the manliest man he had ever encountered. "If you know what I mean, my good Sir."

Negan leaned back in his chair, studying the man on his lap with an amused expression. "You want me to fuck you?"

The part of Paul longing for master took a deep breath of relief, making the fake part seem even more relaxed and confident. "You can." He gave a sweet boyish shrug, snaking an arm around his host's neck. "I have a great ass... I'm making you a good price." He pretended not to feel sick to the bones hearing himself sinking to his personal low. And instead tried to hide his face by leaning in closer and brushing his nose along perfectly trimmed stubble that smelled like an aftershave commercial. "I give great head, too." His hand had barely reached a surprisingly soft manhood covered by grey Hugo boss upper-class pants when a deep chuckle emerged from somewhere inside a broad chest.

"Do I look like I have to pay for it?" Negan took the boy's dainty wrist with thumb and forefinger, removing it from his crotch. "You should give me ten grand for touching my fucking dick."

The answer and action took Paul by surprise, almost as much as the deep sense of embarrassment flooding his chest and cheeks. The word 'Asshole' bit the tip of his tongue, daring to be released along with some other angry slurs able to reestablish his honor. But for some reason, not one word would leave his lips and he just squinted with a huffed 'Th' and got up as if he had been burned on this perfect guy's lap. "Okay." He went towards the door, his master raving inside him like a wild animal, until the voice of God came back to silence everything else. Calm and soothing. Holding no judgment or scorn at all.

"If you really want to show your gratitude and do something nice for me, go help Joseph in the warehouse. We got a new delivery." There was a short pause and a whole new dimension of life after that. "If you're doing a good job you may join me later for lunch."
On November the 7th, late at night when the ghastly thunderstorm outside mixed up with master's rage inside of Paul's little guest room, tormenting his mind and body with terror and pain, he thought at first that it might be a dream or part of master's tricks when the door opened and a tall figure stepped in. Silently. Without a comment or demands. No questions asked. It just took a chair and put it next to his bed to sit close and keep guard. With a hand on his head, stroking sweaty hair out of his face and tears from his eyes. And when the thunder got too loud and frightening, it started to tell about ping-pong matches and little stray German Shepherds. Business decisions and a new brand of protein powder imported straight from Ireland.

Paul didn't understand any of it but that didn't matter. It was the best lullaby he ever had, taking him to a peaceful place where he was safe for the rest of the night.

On November the 10th, master took Paul Rovia by the hand and led him outside, far away from the factory and its owner, far away from beds with clean sheets, real food and comforting fingers stroking pain and fever dreams away like magic.

Master brought him back to the outside, to freedom and self-determination. No rules and nobody watching. It felt good and right. Lonely and cold, too. Sleeping on the asphalt behind the mall. Eating what restaurants for real people put out in the trash cans. Sneaking through town below the cops radar to find Ellert and a new fix. The latter was sort of difficult for some reason. Obviously, the police had found out about Ellert's usual dealing spot and the information the grapevine offered about any new opportunity to meet him was kind of shady.

"Come on, buddy." Jesus grew antsy, his fingers shaking as he lit the cigarette stub he had found at the bus stop. "Tony said you know." He blew the smoke out to the side, shifting his weight from one foot to the other. It was cold tonight. "I really need some."

"Sorry, man." Tony shoved his hands deeper into his pockets. "Can't help you out."

"Whatever." Jesus inhaled a thick drag of smoke soundly through his teeth and abandoned the useless guy, walked off in frustration just to find a familiar face around the corner. Gorgeous and perfect, even in the dark, even in the ugliest part of Atlanta. "Uh, great..." He let a cloud of smoke escape through his nostrils and decided to swallow his embarrassment and confront the intruder, scare him off for good. "Are you stalking me now? Changed your mind about my ass? Need your cock sucked?"

Negan didn't smile and didn't comment. Didn't ask questions or make demands. He just took the meek rest of the cigarette butt sticking between chapped lips, dropped it and ground it under the sole of his boot... then held his hand out, close to Paul's. It didn't offer money or drugs. But it was big and safe. Warm and incredibly strong. It shoved master aside without much effort.

It took Paul Rovia's shaking fingers and led him securely through the nightly city, far away from cold asphalt and pizza crusts in trash cans. It brought him back to the surreal bubble full of quiet and safety, a sanctuary amidst the debris of his life.

On November the 21st, at 7:58 AM, Negan didn't look up from his newspaper when the door opened and a young man in baggy sweatpants and much too big t-shirt entered his apartment. His long hair was unkempt, the sock on his left foot short from falling off, and the look on his face just
miserable. A mixture of shyness, unease and the unshakeable defiance trying to mask it all. None of it mattered. He was there. In time.

"You said before eight." Jesus tucked a strand of greasy hair behind his ear, feeling as uncomfortable as if he would join the Queen for tea time at the Buckingham Palace in his dirty underwear.

But the man setting the rules in this new world didn't seem to mind his slovenly appearance and didn't make a big deal out of the fact that the rules were followed for the first time. He just gestured to the free chair at his left and the readily set plate and cup of tea. He didn't watch when the seat was reluctantly taken, one foot up to have a knee to hide behind. He didn't look when the bagel was touched after 14 seconds and after a first shy bite got devoured in under a minute with full cheeks and mistrustful side glances. He didn't comment on the way a cup of 11 dollar Sicilian Lemon & Ginger Infusion tea from Williams Sonoma was emptied in one go like a pint of cheap beer at a strip club. But he finished his own breakfast, folded his newspaper as he got up and ruffled the already hopelessly disheveled hair of his grumpy guest, "Good job." rewarding him for his great accomplishment with honest pride in his voice and a polished apple for dessert.

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On November 29th, master was quiet. In the morning for breakfast, later that day when Paul Rovia took a shower in a stylish bathroom fit for a king, and even after that when he joined his generous host for a trip to the grocery store. Whole Foods on Buckhead Market where the more beautiful and privileged people went shopping for the finest organic foods available, not canned ravioli and beer in plastic bottles.

And for a change, it was nice to be incognito. To blend in with the upper middle class and pretend to be one of them. A functional member of society, putting truffle gouda and rotisserie chicken into the cart.

Until Jenn Myers walked past him in the fresh produce aisle and shot him a disapproving glance down from her exceptionally high horse while she picked some kale and spinach for her daily after workout smoothie. It was a look full of standoffishness as if she was able to sense that he didn't belong here, that his body was marked with injection sites and master's collar was still wrapped around his throat like a vice. It was a look that made him uneasy and pissed him off. And he stared right back at her when he grabbed a beautiful organic 4 dollar cucumber and raised his voice to call for the gentleman in his company. "Hey, sugar daddy! I think I found the right stuffing for that turkey ass you wanted!" The scandalized expression on upper-class Jenn's face was really satisfying...

...almost as much as the tall man approaching him in the calmest manner, ignoring everyone in the building who wasn't Paul. He took the vegetable out of his fingers and placed it back on the shelf, obviously not embarrassed at all by the provocative comment.

"You wanna behave and find the greek yoghurt you like." Negan waved two fingers towards the dairy aisle. "Chop, chop. Be a good boy."

And oddly enough, all the clamoring voices in Paul's head and the arrogant looks burning his itchy skin vanished in an instant as if the superior presence of this man made him immune to anything bad and irrelevant. As if he had brought the safe bubble that was the imposing factory building to the outside and expanded it all over town.

Paul glanced up at dark, patient eyes and for some reason it made him smile. Not much, but enough to bring a scruff-covered dimple out in Negan's cheek. He gave a nod, "Alright." and walked off, ignoring master's protest.
Watching cartoons on the first Saturday morning of December wasn't exactly what Negan saw as a sensible way to pass time. But he stayed on the couch anyway. For almost three hours, in his pajama pants, enjoying the sight. Because it maybe wasn't the first time Paul laughed in his presence, but it was the first time he did it wholeheartedly with all of his guards down. His hair clean and his face washed. The rest of his breakfast-fruit salad in a bowl in front of his chest. His eyes so bright and happy that it lit up his whole face.

"Watch, now it comes!" Jesus nudged Negan's chest with his elbow as he grinned in full expectation at the TV and then laughed out loud when Spongebob stuck his tongue into the canned snail-food and shriveled up to a dry grey brick of disgust.

And even though Negan had no idea what the funny part was, he smirked anyway, just because the young man's joyfulness was really infectious.

Jesus ate a banana slice and glanced at the man next to him as he chewed it, surprised when he realized that he was looked at the whole time. "Hm?" He held the spoon out to offer a piece of orange. "Want some?"

Negan pursed his lips, shaking his head.

"Mh." Jesus shrugged and ate it himself... and after almost five minutes found the courage to rest his head against a broad shoulder.

It was usually cold in Atlanta on December the 18th. Inside the imposing building on 1660 Peachtree even more than on the streets.

"What's the matter, big guy?" Simon helped himself to another glass of Brandy. "IBM shares in the cellar again?" He leaned back into one of the club's comfortable leather armchairs, raising his drink towards his boss. "Told you to sell in time."

"It's not that." Negan emptied his glass and got up, patting his friend's shoulder on the way out. "Have to check something. Don't wait for me."

"Sure thing!" Simon shrugged, grabbing the bottle from the table since the glass tended to get empty much too fast.

"Lock the club when you leave!" Negan let the door fall shut behind him, zipping his jacket up on the way to the car.

Two and a half hours later his frustrating roundtrip through the nightly city had an end and he threw the drivers door shut with a curse, seeing a young man in black leather duster and woolen beanie hat sticking his nose into one of the filthy trash cans behind an Italian restaurant. "What the fuck do you think you are doing!"

Jesus didn't even bother to turn around, happily fishing a half-eaten calzone out of the garbage. "What does it look like you big poof. It's cannelloni night at Alfr-" He didn't get to finish the sentence when a big hand grabbed him by the arm and spun him around. The man he was facing seemed furious but not threatening at all. At least not enough to stop the smug little grin from crooking his lips. "Told you I can provide for myself."

"You think that's fucking funny?" Negan gritted his teeth, his voice dropping into a dangerously low
tone. "Think you found yourself an idiot you can play fucking games with? Think again, boy." He pulled the young man closer to have him almost nose to nose before he pushed him back with force, making him stumble into the trash cans. "Get your skinny ass into the car!"

All cheerfulness left Paul's features as he scrambled back to his feet, rubbing his throbbing arm. "Fucking asshole! You said I am free to go whenever I want!"

Negan made a step back, pointing at his car.

Jesus crossed his arms but it didn't keep his heart from almost jumping out of his chest.

"FUCKING MOVE IT!"

...before it skipped a beat and his feet moved on autopilot, because for the first time in his life somebody was louder than master.

Negan watched in silence as his order was followed, threw the passenger car door shut and claimed his seat behind the wheel, starting the engine.

It was warm in the brand new Tahoe, quiet and cozy. Smelling like leather, Negan, and normality. A safe bubble on wheels. And Jesus didn't question the water bottle waiting for him in the glove compartment or the apple he greedily devoured because it was so much better than anything Alfredo's trashcans had to offer. He loved it all and was glad it was really there. Like a persistent dream haunting him. A good dream. One he had never dared to dream because nightmares were so much more likely to happen.

He leaned back into the seat, big and mighty like it was built for a spaceship, and he glanced to the left. At this man who just refused to leave his life. Refused to let him down. No matter how disgusting and belying he was. No matter how much he tried to prove that he was really unworthy.

Negan stayed. No demands. No questions asked.

"It's not true, though, you know." Paul sniffed his runny nose and looked in the other direction to watch the nightly lights rushing by behind the car window. "I have a great ass."

For the next 6 seconds, there wasn't an answer. And when it came it held no scorn or anger at all. It was the voice of God. Calm and steady. "Eat your apple."

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At the Eagle, master was always close, always within reach, lying in ambush. Sometimes that was a comforting thought. Most times it became a threat to Paul's sanity.

The music helped. Dancing was a relief. Alcohol the crutch making it a little bit easier.

But even after the fourth daiquiri and a whiskey straight, December the 31st was almost unbearable. A night he feared. All the happy people, love in the air, new beginnings, hope and a layer of gold sprinkled from the sky to make everything seem more bright and beautiful. It made him feel lonely, it made him long for master and all the comforts he offered. His warm embrace and the sweet lies he told so perfectly.

He swayed to the music for another song, staring up into the strobe lights as if they could rescue him, take him far away before the countdown started and everyone got a fresh start. A new chance to be thinner, wealthier, more successful, finally in love.
He closed his eyes when it started, when the music stopped and excitement filled the room like a wave of electricity. He squeezed them shut, standing still, willing the need for master away.

And when the clock struck 12 and he opened them again and looked around, of course nothing had changed, not for him. Everybody else was happy, though. Everybody kissed and hugged.

And something cold and heavy fell into his stomach when he thought of the man he wished would be here. Tall, proud and beautiful. As perfect as a person could possibly be. Miles out of reach for him. Not interested in anything he had to offer, not even in a quick fuck. Of course not. Why would he be.

"Hey."

He glanced at the blond guy standing much too close, knowing exactly who had sent him.

"You need something? Ellert waits in the lot."

Jesus closed his eyes as warmth spread all over him like a comforting blanket. He nodded. And he pushed through the people, almost running because his relief was so overwhelmingly big. Master was there, promising the only love and friendship that was true and real.

He shoved the door open, feeling angry at the fresh night air trying to scold him and clear his head. But he didn't waver, knowing the way to the parking lot like a blind man finds his way to a safe bed.

And there he was. Ellert with master and their posh silver car, paid for by all the lost souls of Atlanta and beyond. All three looked beautiful... but were nothing compared to the brand new Tahoe steering onto the otherwise empty parking space and coming to a halt like a safe, steady rock just a stone's throw away. Black and shiny. Big and wonderful.

Jesus didn't know why and had no idea how, but there he was, making it impossible to see master, drowning him out with the kind of magic only one man was able to perform.

He made a step back when the driver's door opened. "What about Threshold?"

Negan didn't unbuckle and didn't plan to get out, but beckoned the young man over until he was able to grab the front of his shirt with three fingers to pull him closer. "I hate Auld lang syne. Fucking sobstuff. Makes my dick soft."

Paul couldn't help but smile. Negan looked so pretty. His hair wasn't neatly smoothed back but sexily disheveled. His jacket was open and the shirt underneath an old one, blue with APEX swimming print. "But why are you here?"

He never got an answer, just a long look in silence before a slightly cool hand cupped his cheek, slipped beneath his hair and pulled him near for a kiss. A true and real one. No Vampire teeth or shady tricks involved. Just lips that knew what they wanted, warm breath and a determined tongue. Rough beard and the scent of wood and musk taking him to a place far better than anywhere master had ever brought him to.

Negan took his time and didn't really pull back, mumbling against sweet lips. "Happy new year, bugger."

On January the 1st in the very early morning, Paul Jesus Rovia left his addiction behind in the parking lot behind his favorite dance club in exchange for a new Master, far greater and more powerful than anyone he had ever known before.
On January the 8th, the CEO and Owner of Leather Factory Inc. sat in a very important meeting when his phone vibrated with a message. He knew who it was before he took a glance and couldn't help but smirk at his fastidious clean screen.

Paul Rovia

Hey gorgeous! After last night I was kinda wondering...
Would you mind if I call you Daddy?
xoJPR

08/01/2012  02:13 PM

He groaned and shook his head, sending a 'Yes, I fucking would' before he gave his attention back to the colorful chart presenting the very promising numbers of last year.

...and after three minutes got his phone out once more to type a 'And don't forget to clean under the sling, boy'. He added a blue heart behind his message, definitely planning to repeat some of the events of last night as soon as he was back home.

On January the 19th, Jesus woke up to a cupcake on the dining table. It had white icing, rainbow sprinkles, and a lit candle.

"What's that?" He tucked a strand of hair behind his ear and his right hand under his armpit. "I don't celebrate my birthday."

Negan came up from behind with a steaming cup of tea, patting Paul's butt twice as he went to sit down. "Not my problem. I do."

On January the 19th, in the early afternoon, Paul's usually very flat belly was stuffed with a birthday breakfast cupcake, a gigantic birthday lunch pizza, a bottle of lemonade from the club's storage room and half a bag of skittles as he rode around the Leather store's empty parking lot with his brand new BMX bike, grinning from one ear to the other because he managed to perform a pretty decent bunny hop after only the 17th try. "Hey Daddy, look!" He did another one when a tall man in leather jacket walked by to carry a box full of fisting lube towards his salesroom. "It's a bunny hop!"

"Mhm." Negan tucked the box under his arm to get the store's keys out of his jacket pocket. "If you break your fucking neck you can bunny hop your ass alone to the next emergency room. I am busy."

It was an empty threat because at 5:16 PM on January the 19th, Paul Rovia sat on the rim of a luxurious bathtub high up in the loft of an imposing factory building to have his scraped knee and elbow patched up after slithering half a mile over the gravel in front of the Leather Store. It hurt like a mother fucker but he didn't mind at all.

"Don't worry about it." Negan made sure the ghastly abrasion was properly cleaned and covered, grabbed the disinfectant and rest of the bandage and got up with a sigh, ruffling long hair. "It's nothing."

Jesus watched as Negan put some stuff back into the medicine cabinet and left the bathroom like a mighty God in grey pants and biker boots, a small blood stain on his white shirt. And he was aware that for the first time since October, his savior hadn't told the truth. He had flat out lied to his face. The most wonderful lie he had ever heard, clenching his abandoned heart to make it warm and all
Because somebody actually bothering to pick him up from the asphalt after a mild bike accident, taking him upstairs to clean his wounds and patch him up, wasn't 'nothing'.

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On August the 17th 2012, somewhere deep in subspace, securely chained to a metal frame... Paul Rovia didn't only sport an impressive amount of prettily welted pink streaks all over his backside, but also a happy glow on his face, matching the dazed expression of his blue eyes.

"What do you want, boy?" Negan stepped close behind his sub, caressing the side of his bare chest with his riding crop to create some goosebumps. It made Paul squirm in his chains and moan at the same time. "More." And it was true. It was all he wanted. More of this Man, more of this rush, more of this safety surrounding him like an otherworldly cloud ever since he had given over control to a much higher power. A power that was real and solid, made of flesh and blood.

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On November the 14th 2012, the mailman delivered three letters for the Leather Store, one from Negan's household insurance after janitor Joseph had accidentally smashed a window with the handle of his broom, two for Negan personally, and one for Mister Paul Rovia. It was a thin envelope with just one piece of paper inside, from Amazon.com, letting him know that the direct debit payment for his new pair of Cayler & Sons black skinny jeans had failed due to lack of funds.

"Shit." He sat down, resting his elbows on the dining table, his face propped between his hands as he studied the evil reminder notice. He had no idea what had actually gone wrong with his calculations but he knew he wouldn't be able to pay in time because the next paycheck was miles and miles away.

"What's that." Negan came up from behind, putting his hands on the table left and right from the letter as he bent over his sub to read.

"I don't know what happened." Paul tried to fold the paper up, kind of ashamed that somebody saw it.

Negan didn't let him and picked it up for a closer look. "Is it for your new pants?"

"Yes." Paul wiped some strands of hair out of his face, turning around for a plea of defense. "I really needed them and I thought I still have enough."

"Yeah, don't worry about it." Negan folded it up and tucked it away. "Use my account next time you need something." He placed a brief kiss on top of Paul's head and left.

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Atlanta's Beer, Bourbon and Barbecue Festival in March 2013 was a big, cheerful event with beer sipping, bourbon tasting, and grilled pork galore all combined with great music. Paul Rovia had the time of his life with the whole Leather Factory crew, strolling from table to table and tent to tent to taste the finest liquor and listen to the gentlemen in his life shop talking about oak barrels and distilling processes.

Finding a table next to the Shrine of Swine to sit down for a big plate of bourbon-glazed pork ribs
was even better, and since the seats were few and the food options plenty, Jesus traveled from one lap to the next, stealing bites of sausage and meat along with some great chuckles.

"Golden brown sugar, apple butter with dried thyme from the Provence and 21-year-old whiskey." Simon offered the young man on his lap a bit of marinade off his finger for a taste. "This my boy, is a glaze from the heavens! Angels use it to moisten their cherub cheeks!"

Paul sucked the sticky digit into his mouth, his face shining with happiness when the whole table erupted in deep, masculine laughter. He was cute and he knew it.

"You're such an idiot!" Rick's chuckle turned out higher pitched than usual after the 5th glass of bourbon and a bottle of German beer that he lifted to his lips for a sip just to notice that it was long empty.

"I'll get you another one." Paul slipped gracefully off Simon's lap and snagged the bottle with the sweetest smile in his repertoire, hoping it would have the desired effect. A Kid Rock song belted from the main stage and he danced his way through the crowds towards the next beer tent.

...just to be ruggedly pushed into its sturdy plastic sheet. "Not for faggots!"

He lost balance along with the empty bottle and needed a second to claim both back and get to his feet, facing two grim looking men in shirts too tight to cover their bellies. "Fuck off." His voice wasn't as firm as he wanted it to be when he tried to pass them.

"What was that?" Guy number one held a hand to his ear in a mocking manner while guy number two grabbed their victim by the arm. "You wanna jerk off?"

Paul was pushed back into the thick canvas of the tent and got instantly crowded.

"Ha? Little faggot wants to jerk off in front of us?" Guy number one slapped his victim's cheek once before guy number two grabbed a fist full of long hair and then furiously growled when the young man in his hold spit at his face in sovereign contempt.

"YOU FUCKING HOMO!" He took the empty bottle to smash it across Paul's head but got distracted by the tall man in leather jacket hissing a sinister warning right next to his face.

"Hands off." Negan changed his voice from dangerously low to ear-shattering when his order wasn't followed instantly. "FUCKING HANDS OFF MY BOY I SAID!"

Paul rubbed his left upper arm but wasn't really feeling any pain, totally spellbound by the scene in front of his eyes. Two idiots being effortlessly put in place by dominant body language and just a few smartly selected words. Intimidated and rebuked by the biggest, most powerful faggot in town. The icon of the gay world. The man who had promised to keep him safe and proved again and again that he was trustworthy. No matter where, no matter how, no matter when.

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In the evening of June the 19th 2014, Negan squinted when he closed shop and returned to his apartment, finding a young man standing by the windows in the half dark. "What the fuck are you doing here?" He dropped his keys and phone on the coffee table. "I thought Rick takes you out tonight."

Jesus lowered his gaze, grimacing against the streak-free pane. "I know." He shrugged and kept his head down when a big hand touched his shoulder, forcing him to turn around.
"So? What's the matter? Can't find your fucking bow tie?"

Paul shrugged again and didn't feel like smiling when his chin was tipped up.

"Tell."

He didn't really want to tell but found the courage to follow the order when he dug his face into the soft white fabric covering a broad chest, that felt so wonderful he wanted to cry. "Can't lose you, Sir."

It was a quietly mumbled confession but Negan heard it anyway and cupped the back of his sub's head with a firm hand, gently stroking freshly washed hair. "Who said you will?"

Paul shrugged for a third time, wrapping his arms tightly around his owner's waist. "What if I start really liking him. I don't wanna lose you." He felt a solid torso rise and fall with the calm intake of breath and closed his eyes, wanting to crawl inside this man who was everything to him and more.

"I told you, you are my boy. No matter where you are or what you do. And that won't ever change unless you want it to change."

It was a casual explanation, spoken by the same steady, reasonable voice he knew so well and loved so much. It eliminated his worries and took his doubts. Flooded him with relief and gratitude. Made clear he was safe and taken care of no matter what because love didn't have any conditions attached to it.

"Now go and have fun." Negan placed a brief kiss on his boy's head. "Don't forget to tell me good night later."

"I won't." Paul kissed a soft shirt before he got on his tiptoes to kiss warm lips as well. "Thank you, Sir."

Negan patted his sub's butt, "Be good." and watched him leave. Then changed into a pair of sweatpants, poured himself a strong drink and switched the TV on as he rested his tired body on the couch. ...staring at his phone and the photo of a young man who radiated pure sunshine into his life even from an artificially illuminated screen.

-----

The Atlanta martial arts center hosted it's second tournament of 2015 in October and in the jiu-jitsu competitions, even though Paul Rovia still lacked experience and wasn't fit 100% after a persistent cold, he managed to win all of his matches just through brute strength and sheer will.

"AMAZING!" Mister Grimes applauded and got off his seat, unable to contain his excitement when his boyfriend was awarded his first prize. He got his fairly old photo camera out to capture the moment for eternity. With three pictures of the award ceremony, one of Paul shaking his hand with a shaka for the camera while sticking his tongue out, one of Paul performing his favorite kick, and one of Negan rewarding his happy boy with a tight hug, big kiss, and words of honest pride. They all were printed out the next day to be featured in the family photo album.

-----

In the evening of June the 12th, 2016, Paul was glued to the TV, eyes wide with horror when every news channel repeated the same thing over and over. A mass shooting at a gay club in Orlando. With 49 people killed and 53 injured. He felt devastated, sick to the bones, angry beyond words.
"It could have been the Eagle." He turned and looked back over his shoulder when a tall man with sports bag entered the apartment after an evening of playing Squash with Simon. "It could have been us, Sir."

Negan had his fingers at the zipper of his jacket, pulled it half an inch down but then stopped and instead switched the TV off, "No, it couldn't." He cupped the back of his boy's head to gently urge him off the couch. "Go get your jacket. Tiger needs a walk."

The cool air felt good. The big hand clad in warm leather holding his fingers in a tight grip felt even better. The calm voice of reason talking to him for more than an hour put all his stray, angry thoughts back in order. And the public post of solidarity on the official Leather Factory site that was uploaded before sunrise reminded him that the evil was surrounded by good and not the other way around. It reminded him that he was in the safest place he could possibly be.

----

On September the 2nd, 2016 at lunchtime, Paul Rovia was sent to get gluten-free pizza for everyone working at the Leather store. When he came back, balancing a stack of wonderfully smelling paper boxes, he entered a by now familiar scene.

"Would you stop already?" Rick slammed the register drawer shut. "He might drink a bit much sometimes but he's not an addict!"

Negan didn't answer but the cold expression on his face spoke volumes as he gave his employee a long, hard stare.

Rick dropped his gaze, grabbed his keys, "Don't give me that look." and left to get some boxes from the warehouse.

Paul wished he could have sneaked back out undetected but the bells of the shop door jingled treasonously when it fell shut behind him. "Everything ok, Sir?"

The transformation on Negan's face from minatory serious to casually friendly was remarkable. "Yes. Nothing you need to worry about. Take them to the back and set the table. Daddy's fuckin' hungry."

"Alright." Paul's smile was small but genuine. He knew Negan wouldn't say it if it wasn't true.

----

On January the 14th, 2017, in the late morning, Jesus sat at the dining table of one of his Dads to consume some of Olivia's extraordinarily good pancakes while he tried to chew as soundless as possible because he wanted to hear the conversation in the bedroom. He didn't take it personally that Negan's new boy didn't really like him. He knew Daryl fought with jealousy and was very new to the whole lifestyle. He just hoped Negan would be able to make him comfortable enough to stay.

----

On January the 14th at half-past ten in the evening, Paul put his woolen beanie hat on and gave a little wave in Negan's direction before he attempted to rush out of the door. "See you tomorrow, Sir!"

"Stop right the fuck now." Negan muted the TV and beckoned his sub over with a wave of two fingers. "Here. Chop, chop."

Paul hunched his shoulders in slight disappointment and went back to the living room. "Yes, Sir?"
"Where are you going."

"Eagle?" He tried to look innocent but was busted anyway.

"Eagle?" Negan copied the sheepish answer in mocking tone. "I asked you to give him some fucking space."

Jesus let the backpack drop from his shoulder, pouting. "But why? I just wanna hang a while with him, that's all. I didn't plan to kiss him or anything."

"Mhm." Negan wasn't fooled for a second and snapped his fingers, pointing to the free space on the floor next to his foot. "You wanna hang with me for a while."

Jesus gracefully sank to his knees, grinning from one ear to the other. "You said hang." His cheerful expression was met by a blank stare so he cleared his throat and lowered his gaze, putting his hands behind his back. "As you wish, Sir."

"Better." Negan reached out to pull his sub's beanie off and threw it on the coffee table. "Let's talk about Daryl. Why do you like him so much."

Paul glanced up quizzically. "He's hot?"

"Apart from that."

"Hm." He shrugged. "I don't know, he's different and interesting. I like that he's quiet."

Negan pursed his lips, nodding once. "How do you feel about him being here with me?"

"It's great." Paul was serious when he gave his reply, all mischief vanished from his face. "I like him here with you."

"Hm." Negan shook his head. "How do you feel about it." A flicker of childlike unease got visible in blue eyes just for a second, but long enough for him to notice. "Are you jealous that I invited him to my bed?"

Paul couldn't deny that it had been odd after all these years to share the special spot with another guy. Not that there were never other men in Negan's life. There were plenty. But for the first time, there was somebody special who was allowed to stay longer and have a look deeper into Negan's life. Somebody who was allowed to spend the night and sit at the dining table for lunch. "Mh." He avoided his eyes briefly, giving a slight shrug. "It feels different. But in a good way?"

Negan tipped his boy's chin up, wanting eye contact. "It does feel different because I want it to." He arched his brows, making sure he was understood. "But he is an addition, right? Not a replacement."

Paul's cheek was cupped and he nestled into the touch, nodding. "I know. I am not worried."

"What will you do if the situation makes you uncomfortable. Tell me."

"I will let you know." He turned his head to kiss a warm palm. "But it won't happen, Sir. I love to see you together."

----

It was true. Paul Rovia enjoyed seeing his owner with Daryl. He enjoyed seeing the wonder and awe in Daryl's eyes whenever Negan entered the room. He loved the care and patience Negan showered his new boy in. He was excited about all the possibilities the future could hold with a new sub in the
Until the end of January 2017, when suddenly more changed than he had expected. The way Negan looked at Daryl, the tone of voice he occasionally used with him. It reminded him of a night between the years a long time ago, of himself and Negan in bed, doing more than just fucking for fun. Doing something that felt like making love even though nobody really used that term. It wasn't necessary. And it wasn't necessary now. He could see it in Negan's eyes. Daryl was more than a permanent sub. And while the thought didn't make him jealous, it sure made him kind of insecure... it made him question his place and importance. His safety in this world.

"What the bleeding fuck, boy!" A black, shiny Tahoe came to a halt with squealing tires, right in front of the old bus stop on Merritts Avenue that was out of order for at least seven years by now. "Get your fucking ass up!" Negan stormed out of the car like a furious lion, grabbing boy number two by the upper arm to drag him across the sidewalk and throw him none to gently onto the backseat. After a whole night of search all through town because Paul Jesus Rovia hadn't come home. "If you think that's fucking funny think the fuck again!" He slammed the door shut and cursed some ungodly things as he strode around the car to claim his seat behind the wheel and start the engine.

Jesus sat quietly in the back, meeting angry eyes in the rearview mirror.

"Don't fucking gawk at me, buckle the fuck up!"

He did without a word and let all the allegations and reprehensions rain down on him like a cooling shower after spending 12 hours in the dry desert. He soaked it all up like a sponge. It made his heart beat faster and calmed his head.

And when the big silhouette of the most imposing building in town came into sight, mighty and powerful with its thick grey walls and high smokestacks, he knew it was still his Sanctuary and the boundaries firmly in place. Nothing had changed and it never would.

-----

On October the 31st 2018, a few minutes after 9 PM, Paul put his eyeliner down and stepped back, taking a closer look at his reflection. He had to admit this Arabian Nights party theme suited him pretty well. The dark blue sheer crop top, the matching pants, wide flowing and dangerously low on his slender hips, all topped off with a pound of jewelry to decorate his ears, wrists and neck. There was even a delicate gold chain around his waist that jingled along with all the other bling bling with each step he took. He was seriously digging it.

He fixed his long hair a last time, thickened the line underneath his left eye a tad and then decided to leave Olivia's 3 dollar drugstore eyeliner behind in the factory's private restroom because his extra thin harem pants had no pockets.

He switched the lights off, pushed the door open and then almost suffered a cardiac arrest when a very tall man clad in black leather pushed him back-first into the wall.

"What the fuck are you doing in there, boy." Negan growled against his sub's face, curling five fingers around the front of his neck to keep him in place. "I told you this restroom is off limits."

"I'm sorry." Normally, Paul wasn't one to apologize without a bit of backfighting but this time he was so taken aback by the sudden incursion and Negan's stunning appearance that it didn't even occur to him to wiggle his way out of the situation. He stared up at the close face in front of his nose, seeing black kohl dangerously framing dark eyes. Two streaks of black paint accentuated high cheek
bones and small black studs were attached to Negan's earlobes. Probably fake but still pretty. A black sleeveless leather armor covered his upper body, outlining every arc and muscle of his firm chest. The costume didn't include pants, it looked more like some kind of skirt in the groin area, made of leather as well to display bold thighs and a pair of tight, almost knee-high boots.

"Yes, you are." Negan spoke against the corner of Paul's mouth, almost hissing his statement as he tightened the grip around the man's throat. "You also won't fucking flirt with anyone tonight, do I make myself clear..." He licked soft lips then slipped his tongue between for a brief taste. His sub looked nothing but gorgeous. Eyes accentuated by dark blue eyeliner, golden jewelry everywhere and a see-through outfit that could have been right out of Aladdin's wardrobe, making him look like a wicked, sexy belly dancer. "Your ass is mine tonight." To underline the message he brought a hand between his sub's thighs to fondle his crotch, producing a small desperate whimper.

"Alright?" Paul felt his knees getting weak and his head becoming dizzy, squished between the cold wall and Negan's superior frame. He didn't care that it was hard to breathe and that his hips tried to rut into the big hand grabbing him. There was nothing he wouldn't have promised or done for this man, surrounded by the scent of warm leather and the heavy alpha male cologne he knew so well. "Now?" The question came out breathless and he willingly opened his legs a bit wider.

A low chuckle rumbled from Negan's throat as he stared into clouded eyes, giving his sub a couple of firm strokes through his ridiculously thin pants. "Not now..." He bit a wet lower lip, maybe a bit too hard. "First we do that god damn party and you strut through my fucking club in that pretty outfit... " The moan he received was music to his ears. "Present your cute butt for my pleasure only." Jesus nodded, trying to press his body against the tall man crowding him into the wall. "Yes, Sir."

"Yeah?" Negan copied the nod, squeezing the significant erection he had caused. "Is that what you wanna do for me?"

"Yes." Paul nodded again, his eyebrows knitting.

"Good." Negan licked his sub's lips a last time and stepped back, showing his Imperial attire in all its glory. "You may start then." He tipped his head to the left and waved two fingers, taking immense pleasure in watching his flustered boy trying to gain enough consciousness to remember his feet and their purpose, stumbling off with a faint jingling towards the club area. Maybe this Halloween Threshold wouldn't be so bad after all.

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Paul Rovia had a Master. He controlled every inch of him, his body, soul and mind. He needed to visit him a few times a day, otherwise he feared he'd go insane. It hurt to be away for too long, he would start to feel weak, his body would ache and he would struggle to act rationally.

But when he finally got to see him, everything seemed whole and made sense, the world was whimsical and beautiful. His Master was all he needed, all he could ever want. He was perfect.

He showed no mercy, though. It only took a few careless encounters and then you'd fall for him. He became your everything and you would do anything to get to him. Walk through fire, climb the highest mountain, crawl through cement. He changed you into somebody that would probably confuse most people, but you can't help but love him for it. Love the energy and happiness he brings.

Paul Rovia had a Master and he would gladly spend the rest of his life on his knees, worshiping him, safe in his bubble and the wonderful world he had found so many years ago.
Chapter End Notes

next up: Christmas Vacation
Chapter Summary

Paul hosts a sleepover

plus a little Bonus at the end for the extra nice reader!puppy

and another tiny bonus-part for all the naughty easter!puppies out there :)

Chapter Notes

warning for Bonus number 2: BDSM, spit kink, dirty talk

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Alpha

"Where's Negan." Daryl scowled at the three craftsmen in Negan's office, totally holding them responsible for his owner's absence. He was searching for him since he had finished breakfast but no matter where he went and which door he opened, the only people he could find were strangers. Tile setters, painters, electricians. The whole factory was a huge construction site. He didn't like it.

"What the fuck are you doing here." A tall man in leather jacket carrying a clipboard in one hand and a cup of coffee in the other entered the office. He was tired already and it wasn't even 10 in the morning. "I told you to finish breakfast and then go packing."

Daryl pulled his shoulders up and made half a step backward, momentarily irritated by his owner's sudden appearance and the white V-neck shirt he wore underneath his open jacket, allowing a glimpse at dark chest hair. "Can stay with you."

Negan pulled his shoulders up as well, copying the gesture. "You may stay with me? No, you may the fuck not. You're going to spend some time with Paul as I asked you to, so I can do my job. Right?" He earned a disapproving look and smirked, blindly pushing the clipboard into a random craftsman's hands. "Grumpy puppy, come here." He waved his boy closer with two fingers and then curled four around the back of his neck, holding him in place as he brought the coffee cup to pale lips. "You wanna be good and drink."

Daryl stiffened and glanced up through his tousled bangs but did as he was told, taking a cautious sip, then another one and finally emptied the cup in three big gulps because the coffee was surprisingly tasty.

"Good?" Negan arched his brows, taking the cup away. "It's the medium dark roast from Ethiopia. It's organic."
"Hm." Daryl nodded, pretending to know what that meant. "Thank you."

"You're welcome. Now go pack your stuff, we start in an hour."

----

If there was one thing that Daryl hated more than an army of craftsmen remodeling the wonderful factory, Negan leaving town for a fisting demo in Nashville, and him not being included in such a fine activity, it was the shiny black Dodge Charger used to transport him to the suburbs of Atlanta, where he was supposed to stay the night in one of the neat little family homes.

Negan parked in front of the mailbox with the red 'Walsh/Grimes' sign, turning the engine off with a disapproving squint to the right. "Christ." A man in well-used cowboy boots and questionable straw hat pushed his old lawnmower across the already perfectly trimmed front lawn. Obviously so absorbed in his task that he didn't notice his visitor's arrival.

...other than the young man in slightly baggy thrift store Guns 'n Roses shirt who flew out of the front door and down the driveway in utter excitement. "Finally! What took you so long!"

Negan pushed the sun visor back up, shaking his head. "Chop, chop boy. Grab your bag."

"'m not stayin' here." Daryl glowered at the glove compartment, refusing to unbuckle his seat belt. "'m comin' with you."

Negan sighed, turning to face his sub. "Grab. Your fucking bag."

Daryl wrinkled his nose, stubbornly pulling his finger before he waved a hand at the pastel-colored house behind the car window. "'s bullshit! I can be home until you're back!" The silent death stare he earned lowered the temperature in the car to a frosty point zero and made him break eye contact after 4 seconds. After another 3 he unbuckled his belt, took the duffle bag that he had stored on the ground between his feet and yanked the door open, muttering something too low for anyone to really understand. And as soon as he had set a foot on the sidewalk, he was pulled into a tight embrace by a very happy Jesus who chose to ignore all the grumpy vibes.

"We will jam all night, play Overwatch and eat tons of popcorn and icecr-"

Negan pulled boy number two back by his shirt. "Or you follow the fucking rules no matter where you spend the night!"

Paul smiled, getting on his tip-toes to kiss one of his dads on the cheek. "Hello, Sir. You look great."

"I know." Negan pushed a black paper bag into his boy's arms. "Give that to your Pa."

"Uh, what's that." Jesus stuck his head into the bag, sniffing even though the content clearly wasn't edible.

"The stuff Shane wanted from the store." Negan waved two fingers for Paul to move since he didn't plan to stand in the driveway all day and shouldered the duffle bag, taking Daryl firmly by the hand to drag him along.

On the front lawn, Rick cocked his head and stopped his mower when he saw a tall man in leather
jacket striding towards the house. He took one bud of his earphones out of his ear, waving. "Hey! You came!"

Negan blindly lifted a hand in return, "Twice this morning. Puppy was hungry." and felt the soles of his beloved biker boots getting contaminated with toxic suburban charm when he had to wait on the corny 'Home sweet home' doormat until Jesus had found the right key and managed to open the door. "Be good and go upstairs. Paul will show you where you sleep tonight." He handed the bag to Daryl, pointing to the stairs. "I'll be there in ten minutes."

Daryl took it grudgingly, scowling at his feet. "I'm stayin' with you."

Negan didn't plan to repeat himself, just stepped an inch closer, squaring his shoulders.

Daryl gritted his teeth, feeling his chest grow hot under the piercing stare and after 16 seconds lost the fight and stomped upstairs because he knew exactly where Paul's room was.

"Wait!" Jesus jogged after him, put the bag from the Leather store in Rick's bedroom on the way and made it in time to squeeze past Daryl through the doorframe of his very own private space. "Welcome to the man cave!" He spread his arms widely as he let himself fall backward onto his comfy king size bed. "Where the music is loud and the tissue box always empty."

Daryl sniffed his nose, looking around. It was as messy as he remembered. A couple of new posters decorated the walls and the silver whistle Negan had been searching for the past three weeks lay next to a slightly dusty record player. He put his bag down and went to the window. Shane was in the garden, fiddling with a button of his deluxe barbecue grill while nodding to something Negan told him. Both men had adopted a firm stance, arms crossed in front of their chests, their facial expression serious but relaxed.

Daryl watched for a while, wondering what they talked about, and then flicked his head to the side to get a strand of hair out of his eyes when suddenly Shane laughed wholeheartedly and patted Negan's leather-clad shoulder. Negan shook his head but looked just as happy and then touched Shane's shoulder as well, squeezing it once before he turned around to leave and go back inside.

Jesus saw the tiny smile ghosting over Daryl's face. "What's so funny? Did Rick fall into the pool?" It wouldn't be the first time since one of his Dads had discovered the wonders of mobile internet.

"Mh." Daryl shook his head, smirking, and then turned around when somebody entered the room, knocking at the doorframe.

"I thought I asked you to clean up that pigsty before I bring him over here." Negan shoved a questionably looking magazine out of the way with the tip of his boot.

"I meant to, Sir. But then I was busy." Jesus sat up, crossing his legs. "I made the bed, though."

"Mhm." Negan picked up the stainless steel ACME Thunderer sports whistle he had been searching like crazy for weeks now. He held it up accusingly for boy number two to see.

Jesus shrugged, gesturing to the window. "I needed it to scare the neighbors."

Negan squinted with a total lack of understanding, tucked his property into the left pocket of his pants and snapped his fingers, ordering his sub to stand close. "Come here." He pulled Daryl closer by the front of his shirt. "Eyes on me."
Daryl wrinkled his nose as he looked up, meeting a stern gaze.

"Why do I want you to spend the night here. Tell me."

He shrugged, avoiding his eyes again for his mumbled reply. "'cause you work."

Negan snapped his fingers once more, a lot harsher this time to demand the eye contact he had asked for. "That's exactly right. I will give a class in Nashville. It is purely work. No fucking date." There was a hint of sadness shining through the defiance in blue eyes, telling him the last part was the real problem here. He kept eye contact as he reached for the back pocket of his pants to get his phone out. "That's Alden." He showed the picture of a young man, a profile image from Facebook. "He will assist me tonight. He lives in Tampa with his partner. They will marry in April."

Daryl didn't want to look at the man displayed on Negan's phone screen and when he did anyway he thought it was the prettiest silly slut he had ever seen.

Negan ignored the evil stink eye his phone was given and tucked it back into his pocket, grasping Daryl's chin between thumb and forefinger. "We won't kiss, we won't meet for a drink after. It is work and you know it."

"I can help." Daryl touched the front of a white shirt, nestling with it.

"You can and you will." Negan let him, enjoying the sight of anger and stubbornness slowly melting away to make room for the worry that had initially caused it. "You will spend the night here and have a good time so I won't have to worry about my boy being all alone in a house full of fucking horny construction workers." He paused, arching his brows. "Right? You will be a good boy and do what you're told. You wanna behave until I come back in the morning to pick you up. You will report. You will message me once every hour until you go to bed. If there's anything you feel uncomfortable with you'll let me know."

Daryl hated everything he was told and then again not, because he really wanted to be good for Negan. And since he was held in a tight grip and couldn't nod, he opted for a little, "Hm." to show his willingness to cooperate.

"Yeah?" Negan rewarded it instantly by changing the tone of his voice and releasing his sub's chin.

"You wanna do that for me?"

"Hm." Daryl nodded, sniffing his nose. "Okay." He glanced up at Negan's face and then lowered his gaze as he stepped closer to lean his forehead against his owner's collarbone, hoping for a hug. "'ll you answer."

Negan squinted his eyes, not sure if he had understood the quietly mumbled words correctly. "Will I answer all of the messages you send me?" He wrapped his arms loosely around his boy's back. "Of course I will. I'll read and reply as soon as I have time, right?"

"Okay." Once Daryl dared to return the embrace, slipping his arms underneath a slightly cool leather jacket, he felt 50% better.

"Okay." Negan rested his chin on his sub's hair. "I'll let you know when I arrived and you'll be good and listen to Rick and Shane."
Daryl sniffed his nose again, wrinkling it against a wonderfully soft shirt, smelling like Olivia's fabric softener. "I'm yours." The deep chuckle vibrating through a broad chest made the left corner of his mouth tip up into a tiny smirk.

"True." Negan kissed the warm ear he found beneath some longish strands of hair his rebellious sub had refused to wash this morning in the dismal prospect of a sleepover in the suburbs of Atlanta. "Never forget to remind them."

---

"So what do you wanna do?" Jesus flopped on the couch next to his guest, peeking over his shoulder. "Order pizza? Watch Game of Thrones?"

"Mh." Daryl didn't want to. He was busy checking Negan's Instagram for evil fan flirt messages. And he found a lot, right next to the newest picture the CEO and owner of Leather Factory Inc. had posted. Showing him in the car with his sunglasses and leather jacket on, giving a thumbs up for the camera right before he started for his trip. It had the caption 'Off to new depths in Nashville'.

"Uh, Daddy looking hot." Jesus purred and snatched the phone out of Daryl's hands to leave a comment. 'Uh, Daddy looking hot!' with a wickedly smirking emoji next to it.

"Don'!" Daryl took the phone back, boxing Paul into the ribs with his elbow.

"But I'm bored!" Jesus whined, slumping deeper into the couch cushions. "Can't we do something fun?"

"Mh." Daryl shook his head and pulled his shoulders up to type a message with both hands because the first hour was almost over.

Hello

Then he stared at his screen for almost two minutes but there wasn't any message coming back.

"He's certainly still driving." Paul leaned in to kiss his guest's shoulder, then scraped it with his teeth. "You wanna go downstairs? I never showed you the basement."

Daryl stared at his phone for another 32 seconds before he gave a faint shrug. "Okay." He really hated cars and sleepovers.

---

At half past 1 in the afternoon Rick pushed another carrot through his eardrum bursting food processor from 1992, then cocked his head and switched it off, squinting in irritation. "SHANE? WHAT'S THAT NOISE FROM THE BASEMENT?"

Mister Walsh in the living room popped a peanut into his mouth, cursing under his breath because the Falcons seemed to lose another game. "Paul shows him the drums."

Rick glanced at the clock hanging over the kitchen door. "BUT IT'S MRS BIRNBAUM'S NAPTIME!"

Shane sighed, throwing his head back onto the backrest of his favorite recliner when the Falcons got
another whupping. "Oh, let them have some fun, she's deaf anyway." He couldn't believe that he had just lost 150 bucks.

"She's not deaf." Rick muttered as he wiped his hands into a dishtowel, making his way to the basement door. "PAUL!" He yelled down the stairs, using his most authoritative voice. "IT'S STILL MRS BIRNBAUM'S NAPTIME! BE QUIET!" He waited for a moment to listen and was highly satisfied when the noise stopped as he had ordered. "THANK YOU!" He closed the door and went back to the kitchen to grind some walnuts for his carrot salad.

...for 2 minutes before a very powerful drum solo resounded from the basement. "What the... SHANE? WOULD YOU GO AND SAY SOMETHING!"

Shane grinned around his water bottle, drank half of its content because he was in no hurry and then got up with a groan, rubbing his tired face on the way to the basement. He jogged down the stairs and was greeted by a familiar picture. His sub behind the drumkit, headphones on his ears, high concentration on his face. A ball of raw energy and whirling drum sticks. Just the second young man in the room was a new addition to the scene and tried to gain Shane's attention by pointing a finger at Paul, just in case he hadn't seen all the awesomeness and obvious talent.

"Look."

"I do." Mister Walsh brushed a strand of slightly greasy hair out of his guest's forehead and then smiled as he approached his sub. "Channeling your inner Lars Ulrich?"

Jesus returned the bright grin, bouncing on his stool and nodding with the beat as he rained down a last sequence from the toms to the snare to the hi-hats until Shane caught the crash cymbals with three fingers to make him stop. He took both sticks in one hand and gave them to one of his dads. "Bonzo. He's the Lord and Master."

Shane pointed with the drumsticks towards the ceiling. "Your Lord and Master told you to keep the noise down."

Paul shrugged. "Daryl wanted to hear my Moby Dick drum solo cover."

Daryl pulled his shoulders up, giving his host a nervous glance but didn't deny it.

"And he did." Shane handed Paul the drumsticks back, "Upstairs now. Coverage is miserable down here, Negan waits for his 2 o'clock message." and put a hand to the back of Daryl's head, urging him up from his place on the old sofa and towards the stairs.

"Okay." Daryl was really glad that somebody had mentioned the name Negan and looked back over his shoulder to make sure Jesus followed them when Shane switched the lights off. He would write a really long message.

----

In the early evening, Shane woke up from a refreshing power nap and found his partner behind the ironing board in the living room, almost burning a hole into his favorite football jersey because Lorelei had just seriously canceled her wedding and left town. "You look hot being all domestic for me." He snuggled up from behind and kissed the side of his neck, then bit it, rubbing his middle against a perky butt. He sure could use a little afternoon fuck. "Should I call you my wifey."
"Only if you want that iron in your face." Rick tried his best to sound angry but pressed into the warm crotch offered to him anyway.

"Feisty." Shane hissed, biting the rim of his boyfriend's ear. "Where are the boys? Do we have enough time for a quick fuck in the bathroom?"

"Yeah." Rick closed his eyes, leaning back against a broad shoulder, enjoying the fingers finding a way between his legs for some fondling. "I sent them out to the store. We needed some caramel sirup."

"Hm." Shane bent a bit in the knees to bring his growing hardness in a better position to hump. "What for."

Rick's lips parted, one hand still loosely around the handle of the iron. "You know Paul loves it in his coffee."

Shane chuckled, tightening his grip in his partner's crotch. "I thought we agreed on less sugar in his diet. And caffeine."

The slight pain made Rick's heart speed up and his cheeks blush. "You agreed."

"Exactly." A smirk tipped Shane's lips up as he slid one hand underneath a t-shirt that sported a few wet spots of distilled water in the front. "So... for how long will they be gone?"

"Don't know." Rick tilted his head to the left for better access. "They left around 3."

Shane furrowed his brows, pausing his actions to glance at his watch. "It's almost 6!"

"Hmm." Rick let go of his iron to turn around, trying to steal a kiss. "Bathroom or bedroom?"

Shane stepped back, huffing a laugh. "Finish my shirt." He got his phone out and gestured for his confused boyfriend to continue ironing, dialing number 2 for Paul's number.

Rick squinted, "What-" and was immediately silenced by another finger-wave and the fact that Shane turned his back to him when the other end of the line answered.

"Paul?"

The voice coming through the phone sounded as chipper as always. 'Hi, what's up, Sir?'

'Oh yeah that was funny, because the brand I like was sold out at Whole Foods and the bus to Trader Joe's didn't come but a nice guy offered to take us to the new Kroger's at Riverview Village and-'

"You are in Cumberland?" Shane rubbed the back of his head, trying to stay calm when his partner muttered 'No, they're at Whole Foods' behind the ironing board.

'Not anymore. We got the sirup but took the wrong bus back and ended up in Kingswood but Daryl said he knows the way so we hike through town.'

"You walk home from Kingswood?" He heard a chuckle.
'Nooo! I'm riding piggyback!' There was another chuckle followed by a gruff 'Stop bouncin'.

Shane patted his pants pockets down in search for his keys, leaving the living room. "Where exactly."

'Uhm... Hadden Hall road. We're surrounded by rich bitch homes and swan-shaped boxwood!'

Shane heard a 'Hja' and the happy laughter of his sub before a car honked somewhere in the background. He found his key on the dining table. "Stop and sit on the curb until I arrive. I'm on the way." He heard Paul's heavy DocMartens hit the pavement as he jumped off Daryl's back.

'Alright, Sir, don't worry!'

"20 minutes." Shane ended the call, hurried back to the living room, "You finish that and have dinner ready when I'm back." ignoring the muttered words of incomprehension on his way out.

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"Wesley! Come here... I think they're leaving!" 19 minutes later Mrs Jane Lineberger-Huffard tried to keep her voice down as she called for her husband from behind the kitchen window in her beautiful upscale urban residence, because the two long-haired vagabonds who had taken over the neat gravel driveway leading up to her garage got up and obviously attempted to leave her property.

"Told you." Mister Huffard didn't see a reason to leave his comfy armchair or to put his newspaper down. "They just wanted to rest their feet for a while."

His wife wasn't so sure and ducked behind her half-curtain as she caught sight of a dark Land Rover Discovery that slowed down in front of her house and finally stopped. "No... I think they get picked up."

"Oh?" Wesley glanced up and took the pipe from his lips. "They called their father. Good boys."

"I don't know..." Jane wrinkled her nose behind the perfectly streak-free windowpane when a muscular man in olive green shirt and camouflage cargo pants got out of the car and one of the young vagabonds approached him happily with a hug and kiss on the cheek. "He looks like a soldier."

Wesley nodded with a salute in mind because he had a deep respect for military families. "A marine."

"Maybe." Mrs Lineberger-Huffard watched the honorable marine putting both of his sons on the backseat of his car, making sure they had buckled up correctly before he shut the door and walked around the car to the driver's side with a polite nod to old Mister Williams who just watered his rosebushes.

"Semper Fidelis." Mister Huffard took his newspaper back up with a satisfied smile and a lot of glorious memories of his days at the United States Marine Corps. Good times.

His wife straightened her beautiful curtains at the kitchen window with a last curious glance outside where the dark Land Rover drove off in a reasonable speed, stopping briefly for Miss Miller's half blind cat. Perhaps the long-haired vagabonds were not completely lost yet with such a nice Dad.
Suppertime in the Walsh-Grimes household meant a big loaf of sourdough bread and a gigantic platter with cheese and deli meats along with some pickles and a bowl of carrot salad. Daryl didn't like it. Everyone sat around the table and talked while building themselves weird sandwiches with just one slice of bread instead of two.

"No, she spied on us through the window." Paul sat cross-legged on his chair, grabbing three slices of baloney to put on top of the ham and muenster cheese already covering his slice of bread more than generously. "Maybe she was from secret service." He took a big bite of the pickle he was holding before he pointed with the rest to the bowl of salad because he wanted some. "You know like Mrs. King from that TV show."

Shane gave him a skeptic look together with a scoop of shredded carrots. "Or the poor lady was scared shitless because a couple of strangers camped in her driveway."

Paul dug into his salad immediately and forked a good amount between his lips, shrugging. "You shaid shid on the curb."

Shane lifted his brows in a warning, gesturing for his sub to put his feet down and swallow his food.

"I still don't get why you had to pick them up." Rick put some thinly sliced roast beef on his bread, shaking his head. "There are at least two buslines from Kingswood to midtown and they know how to get home from there." On the search for the mustard he noticed the quiet person to his left, scowling at an empty plate. "Why are you not eating?"

Daryl didn't plan to answer or to look up. He hadn't been allowed to bring his phone to the table but he had heard it beeping from the living room where he was forced to leave it. It surely had been Negan. Maybe he was in pain or had a problem.

"Hey." Rick leaned forward, trying to create eye contact somehow. "Are you ignoring me?" He didn't receive an answer or the slightest reaction and when he touched his guest's shoulder was gruffly dismissed with a small grunt. "Is this still about your phone? I told you our rules here are-"

"Rick." Shane stopped his partner mid-sentence, "Eat." and then casually addressed Daryl, knowing he had full attention. "Please get me my water, I forgot it on the coffee table. You can check your phone while you're there." He got 21 seconds of silence before a gruff 'don' need your permission' was muttered. "Hm." He kept his tone even, taking a bite of his bread. "But you get it anyway."

Daryl sniffed his nose and angrily moved the chair back, sure that everyone stared at him as he left the room. But he was glad that he had made the decision to go because the living room was quiet and he was the only one there. He could sit on the couch and hold his phone. And the message he found there made him feel better in an instant. It was the reply to his 6 o'clock report where he had told everything about the trip through town to find Paul's coffee sirup.

Negan

You wanna tell Shane 'Thank You' for picking you up. You also wanna enjoy your dinner like a good boy while I'm working. Eat something nice for me.
There was a red heart, a tiny puppy, and a very small bowl of ramen noodles underneath the message. It made Daryl smile and touch the phone display with his nose. He really wished he could be with Negan right now and have awesome noodles instead of weird sandwiches. But that wasn't possible and he wanted to be good for Negan so he put the phone back on the coffee table, hid it underneath a sports magazine and grabbed the bottle of water to go back to the dining room.

"Ah, thanks." Shane took the bottle and pulled Daryl's chair out with the other hand. "Now sit and eat."

Paul moved his left leg back on the seat and leaned over the table to point at Daryl's plate that was suddenly filled with food. "I made some for you. This is with roasted turkey and this one is with swiss cheese and red forest ham."

"Black forest." Rick corrected as he cut a slice of tomato with knife and fork. "Why would it be red."

"Ehrrm..." Paul squinted at his boyfriend. "Because they butcher the little piglets there for the ham? Obviously. Why would it be black."

Shane slapped Paul's thigh to make him sit correctly. "Because it's pretty much impenetrable and seemed dark and scary at the time. Feet down." He poured some of his water into Daryl's glass and put a pickle on his plate. "Eat. My Grandma used to make it for me like this."

"She's from Germany." Paul popped the rest of his bread into his mouth. "She thinks I'm eight and always sends me coloring books and gingerbread for Christmas."

"Hm." Since Daryl wasn't so sure about the top-less sandwich, he took the pickle and nibbled it cautiously before he grabbed his water glass and emptied it in four big gulps. There was a pitcher with ice tea on the table but he held his empty glass in Shane's direction anyway.

"Man, she's great. 98 and fit as a fiddle." Shane shook his head with a wide grin and refilled his guest's glass to the half, then ruffled his hair. "She still makes her own bread each Friday."

Daryl drank and sniffed his nose as he put the glass down, pulling his fingers for thirty seconds underneath the table before he glanced from left to right, made sure everyone was in a conversation, and quickly put the swiss cheese bread on the slice with the turkey to make it a proper sandwich. He took a small bite, chewed twice, and then devoured a third of it at once because it tasted so good.

"Hey, should I show you my new kick later?" Jesus stole a piece of cheese from Rick's plate and gave it a sniff before he ate it. "I call it the Nutcracker."

A chuckle made it's way past the water and bread mush in Daryl's mouth. "Hm." He nodded...

"Sweet."

...and then smiled a little when Paul nudged his foot underneath the table.

---

At 8 PM the news were on and Rick Grimes missed the report about a spate of domestic burglaries in his neighborhood because he sat with the back to the TV, straddling his partner's lap for a deep kiss
that was meant to start a longer evening entertainment... when suddenly something rumbled and shattered somewhere upstairs. Followed by a loud 'Oh shit', a worried 'is it bad?' and suspicious silence after that.

"Mh. Wait." Shane held Rick's face with both hands as he broke the kiss and furrowed his brows, listening.

"What?" Rick didn't open his eyes, trying to bring his lips in contact with Shane's mouth again. "He's probably playing basketball again."

"No." Shane pushed his partner aside to get up, "He knows that's taboo." and made his way upstairs in search for the cause of the problem. And it wasn't hard to find. "What happened?"

Paul looked up from the shard-covered floor and the remains of his broken bedside lamp. "Sorry." He tried for an apologetically smile. "I wanted to show Daryl a round kick."

"I see." Shane shoved a couple of bigger shards to the side with the side of his foot and looked around the cluttered room. There were some blood stains on the carpet. Small but still wet. "Did you cut yourself?"

"Nah." Jesus picked up a broken light bulb and after a moment of consideration placed it on the nightstand. "I accidentally hit his nose. He's in the bathroom."

"Okay." Shane touched his sub's shoulder. "Tell Rick I need the vacuum and a cool pack."

"No problem." Paul smiled and got up, bumping his forehead briefly against Shane's shoulder on the way out. "Thank you."

Shane followed out on the corridor and stopped in front of the bathroom door. "Daryl, are you okay?" He knocked just once, then listened for an answer but didn't get one. He heard water running, though. "Daryl?" After another twenty seconds he opened the door, slowly, and was greeted by a hostile scowl.

"'t wasn' him!" Daryl covered his bleeding nose with the back of his hand while gesturing angrily with his forearm. "Get out!"

"Yeah..." Shane ignored the comment and went closer, staying perfectly calm. "I don't appreciate being lied to." He turned the water off, took a firm hold of a blood-smeared wrist and pulled it off Daryl's face for a better view. There wasn't a fracture as far as he could tell and he had no difficulties to block off the angry push he was given. "Paul told me what happened. It was an accident." He dragged Daryl towards the toilet and made him sit down on the lid, holding him in place with a secure grip on the shoulder. "Hold still." He lifted his brows in a warning when he got a stubborn grunt, then singlehandedly pulled some sheets of toilet paper off the roll, cleaning the blood off Daryl's face. "It looks fine. You take a shower now and wash your hair. Rick gives you an ice pack when you're done." He threw the red-stained toilet paper into the trash, got a towel off the shelf and put it on the rim of the tub. "I'll be downstairs, calling your guy."

----

Ten minutes later, with a can of Red Bull in hand, Shane looked out of the terrace doors. "No, man, all good. Already stopped bleeding." They really needed a couple of new solar lights along the lawn edge. "Yeah, I'll tell him." He looked back over his shoulder when upstairs the vacuum cleaner was
switched on. He raised his voice a bit. "No worries, buddy! Have fun. See you in the morning." He
ended the call, flicked the phone back on the coffee table and sat on the couch, putting his feet up.
Long day. He let his head drop on the backrest and closed his eyes... before deep frown lines
wrinkled his forehead when the noise of the vacuum cleaner stopped and was replaced by loud
voices arguing.

He sighed again, took a deep breath and got up. Being in Nashville with Negan for a nice, relaxing
fisting demo sounded very appealing right now.

"What is going on here." He found his partner in the upstairs corridor, gesturing furiously with a
Dyson Cyclon V10 in hand at the young man standing with dripping hair and drenched shirt in the
open bathroom door, staring daggers at his bare feet.

"He won't undress! He took a shower like that!" Rick pointed accusingly at the water dripping from
Daryl's soaked shirt and underwear. "And he didn't use soap!"

Jesus stepped up to Daryl's side to interfere. "He just wants a key, Sir."

Rick put a hand on his hip, squinting. "And I just explained that we do not lock the doors in this
house!"

Daryl scowled beneath his dripping hair, keeping his eyes down. "I'm done washin'."

"You are not done with anything." Rick tipped his head to the left, trying for an authoritative tone as
he pointed towards the bathroom. "You go back in there now, take your clothes off and wash your
hair or I will call N-"

"IT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS!" Daryl waved a forearm at his host, looking up for the first
time. "I CAN DO WHAT I WANT!"

The squint on Rick's face grew even deeper as he made a step forward, lowering his voice
dangerously. "This is my house. You are the guest. And you will-"

"Hey." Shane touched his partner by the back of the neck, giving a light squeeze. "Wait downstairs,
I'll take care of it."

"No, you won't?" Rick shot his boyfriend a look of total incomprehension. "Negan expects me to
keep him in line!"

"Th." Shane flicked his tongue against his lower lip with a smile. He tipped his chin down as he
arched his brows, repeating his request in a perfectly calm tone, pointing towards the stairs. "Wait
downstairs, please."

Paul looked back and forth between two of his dads, clinging to Daryl's wet arm until Rick finally
mumbled a furious 'whatever' and left. Then hurried after him with a shrug and sweet smile when
Shane gestured for him to follow.

Shane rubbed his forehead, sighing before he addressed the man dripping on the carpet. "We got rid
of the keys for Paul's safety."

Daryl glowered at the soggy ground. "I'm done washin'."
Shane ignored the comment and walked his guest back into the bathroom, getting a bottle of shampoo off the shelf. "Take your underwear off. I'll wait in front of the door until you're done."

Daryl wrinkled his nose underneath his dripping hair. "No."

Shane patted his shoulder, "I'll keep my hand on the doorknob." and left the room.

It took seven and a half minutes until he heard water running and another 19 until the door opened again and a grumpy, but very clean man came out, naked, a drenched shirt and pair of Hugo Boss underwear in hand, holding both up.

"It's okay, I'll hang it up." He took the wet clothes and brought Daryl back to Paul's room. "Dress. Take your time. I'll send him up in 15 minutes."

"Hm." Daryl didn't look up until the door closed and he was alone in the room. He glanced back over his shoulder, staring at the Basketball poster decorating the door. Sometimes the buzzcut guy was kind of ok.

----

At 11:15 PM, Daryl pulled up the duvet and rolled toward the darker side of the room. At the factory, Negan's bedroom was dark at night. Dark and cool and silent. It also had a very comforting smell and the bedding felt really good. But here in Rick's house everything was different. There was no key at the door. The blinds weren't shut and even though it was dark outside, there was still some light coming in, from the moon, streetlights, and the neighbor garden's solar lights. It projected weird shapes on the opposite wall. Rectangles and small dots. Some of them moved sometimes, some of them changed colors from a very light shade of grey to a thick black. From somewhere in the house came an odd noise. Like a rhythmical knocking. It sounded like it was coming from the walls and it mixed in with the tic-toe of Paul's KISS-alarm clock, featuring a Gene Simmons in full makeup. He stared at it's glowing numbers. 11:16. Maybe Negan was already done with the demo. Maybe Negan was in the hotel room and in bed as well, unable to fall asleep. Or he was at the hotel bar. With a Scotch. Two fingers because it was evening. Maybe the pretty Facebook slut was with him and they laughed and talked about Tiger. Or maybe not, because Negan had told him there wouldn't be a date after the demo.

Daryl sniffed his nose, pulling the blanket tighter around his body, even though it was a bit warm in the room. He really hated all of Negan's fisting partners. All but Paul.

He sniffed his nose again and rolled towards the window, looking at the other man's shadowy form in bed. Sound asleep, limbs sprawled out in all directions, long hair a chaotic mess on the mattress because the pillow had fallen to the floor 30 minutes ago. He reached a finger out and touched it to the hand he found half covered by hair and tangled-up bed sheets. Paul smelled really good. Like soap and cookie dough. And he wished he would wake up so they could talk for a while or maybe sneak out to find pokemon in the nightly garden.

But Paul didn't wake up and so he turned back to the other side after a while, sighing. Gene Simmons said it was 11:29 now and the order had been to send a message each hour until bedtime. But the ache for another message coming from Negan, maybe with a photo or one of the little red hearts was really strong. Even a scolding for messaging at night when it was time to sleep seemed really nice right now.

And after another three minutes, he sat up and reached for the phone on the nightstand, needing a
moment to find it... before his heart nearly stopped when he pressed the button at the side and nothing happened. The display stayed dark. He wiped some hair out of his face and pushed the button again and again, swiped his finger over the pitch black display and panicked because nothing happened. He looked at Jesus and wanted to wake him up desperately but then didn't dare because maybe he wouldn't have liked that.

For a moment he pondered on what to do, thinking of a 1000 reasons why Negan had probably already tried to reach him in the meantime. It made his stomach clench. And by 11:36 he got up and carried his dead phone through the dark room, down the hallway, down the stairs, and into the living room. A blueish flickering light illuminated the space, but even though he saw that the person on the sofa was awake, he needed a moment to gather enough courage to get closer.

Shane rubbed his face with one hand, inhaling deeply as he sat up, his voice sleepy. "All okay?"

Daryl held his phone out. "'s empty." And Negan was maybe in danger or pain and couldn't reach him.

Shane moved to the edge of the couch, spreading his legs for more comfort as he inspected the unresponsive device. "Did you bring your charger?"

"No." The answer came out a bit gruff but Shane didn't seem to mind. He got up with another deep sigh, went to get a phone charger out of a slightly squeaking drawer, plugged it in near the sofa and connected it with the phone. "Sit. Do you know the pin?"

"Hm." Daryl did know it but he didn't tell, because it was a secret. He sank down on the floor, sitting in front of the couch, eyes firmly on the display. It still took a few seconds before it came back to life and his screensaver was visible again, smiling at him in all its glory. Strong and confident. Black hair and awesome leather jacket. He really more than liked Negan. And he opened his What's App as soon as his phone allowed him to do so, not caring if he would get a strike. He just had to send a message.

11:42 hello

He stared at the little green text field he had created, holding his breath until, with a 'bing', another one in a different shade appeared like magic.

11:43 All ok?

11:43 yes

He was so happy and relieved, he couldn't stop smiling at his phone.

11:44 Did you fall out of bed, sleepless puppy?

He chuckled, pulling his knees very close to his chest and his phone even closer to his face.

11:44 no

11:45 ;)

11:45 You miss my fucking handsome face?

Daryl nodded, scratching the top of his bare foot. He really did.
11:46 yes

It took a while until the next green text field came but when it finally appeared it brought a very beautiful picture along. A photo of a man in bed, on a luxurious hotel pillow, perfect scruff and slightly disheveled hair, smirking into the camera with a wonderful twinkle in dark eyes.

11:49 There you go. What do you wanna say.

Daryl sniffed his nose, typing his reply.

11:49 thank youu

... and then shifted on his butt when it suddenly tickled somewhere in his stomach.

11:50 Good boy!
11:50 You're welcome. You also wanna go to sleep now.

It wasn't true and Daryl clutched his phone a little bit tighter.

11:51 no

He wanted to ask for a special good night, for a story or to be picked up from this house to go back to the factory. But then he didn't and just looked at the beautiful picture again, touching it with his fingertip.

11:52 sure you do. It is almost morning and you wanna be fit when I pick you up.

Daryl grimaced, fumbling with one of his toes. It was true, he wanted that.

11:53 ok

11:53 What do you wanna say

Daryl exhaled and took the phone with both hands, typing a better answer.

11:54 wanna be fffor you

He sent it and then quickly added another word,

11:54 Sir

but didn't receive a green text field in return. Instead, after a minute, his phone told him that he had received a voice message. It made his heart stumble for a second. He glanced back over his shoulder but Shane just watched TV. So he tapped the display with his finger and then smiled a very tiny, very happy smile at 11:56 at night when a deep, gentle voice talked to him as if he was a really nice person or somebody special.

'Good boy, Daryl. Sleep well. See you in a bit.'

His phone made another 'bing' to announce the arrival of three emojis. A red heart, a tiny puppy and
three blue Zzz's

It made his belly all warm and his throat a little bit tight. And he needed a moment to send an answer that wasn't even half as good but came from the bottom of his heart.

11:58 good night Negan.your daryl

He wanted to add a red heart as well but then forgot where it was on WhatsApp and just send it without, feeling a little bit cold and lonely when he closed the app and was back in Rick's living room. He flicked some hair out of his face and went in his photo folder, finding the newest image automatically saved. He tapped it with his finger and made it even bigger with a swipe, then turned around and held his phone up for Shane to see.

"Hm?" Shane took his guest's wrist and pulled it up a bit for a closer look. "Shit man... he's a handsome fella, hu..."

"Hm." Daryl nodded, smiling because it was very true... and then spent another ten minutes sitting in front of the couch to watch a late night talker making fun of the President. It wasn't the one Negan always watched, but that was okay. Shane's was funny, too.

----

"You know there are kids starving in Africa!" Rick grumbled, scraping Daryl's untouched eggs and a triangle of toast into the garbage. "He didn't even drink his coffee!"

"Maybe because it isn't fair trade." Jesus chirped in, licking the foam off his own coffee mug.

Rick turned to his boyfriend, squinting uncomprehendingly. "What?"

Jesus shrugged. "One of my dads told me he buys only fair trade coffee because it's better for the little African babies."

The squint on Rick's face grew even deeper. "Yes. If I become the CEO of a worldwide leather empire one day, I'll maybe buy organic coffee for 8 Dollar the cup, too."

Paul shrugged again, satisfied with the answer. "Cool."

Rick shook his head, gesturing to the young man glued to the kitchen window. "What is he even doing there. I washed the windows just three days ago. And I told him he can watch TV until Negan is here." Gilmore Girls was on after all. The season 3 marathon.

"Hmm." Paul got up, put his empty cup into the sink and snuggled up to his boyfriend. "Speaking of washing, Sir... how about we share a shower... save some water in the name of our beautiful tormented planet."

Rick pursed his lips, smirking to some extent. "Can't just vanish... he will be here soon."

"Shane can get the door." Paul brushed his lips along the side of his boyfriend's neck. "Come on... please?"

"Ten minutes maybe." Rick tilted his head to the side, his resistance melting.
"Make it twenty." Shane entered the kitchen, pinching his partner's butt. "I'll cut the hedge. Daryl can help."

----

At half past ten, Daryl stood in a pile of leaves, halfheartedly clipping some greenery off the hedge behind the house. He really didn't know why this was necessary. Nobody cared how many leaves this silly bush had. He also had no idea where Jesus was all of sudden.

"Sst." A tall man in black denims and leather jacket over a simple white shirt entered the neatly mowed lawn, taking his Rayban's off. "Daryl." He wasn't sure why his sub gave the cherry laurel hedge such a serious death stare while cutting it into a questionable shape, but he couldn't have adored that grumpy face more. Especially when it turned in his direction, needed a second to lose all the grim notches and little creases and finally transformed into a display of pure relief and happiness.

It brought a smirk to his own lips and he arched his brows, crooking two fingers to beckon his boy closer. "What do you wanna say."

Daryl stopped in polite distance, glancing up for a second before he avoided his eyes. "Hello."

Negan pursed his lips, making a slow step forward. He grabbed the front of his sub's shirt, "Look at me." and waited patiently until his order was followed. "How's your nose?"

Daryl sniffed it, then wiped it with the back of his wrist. "Good." He sniffed it again, looking away. "Washed my hair." To emphasize his statement, he took a strand between his fingers, lifting it imperceptibly.

"You sure did. Thank you so much." Negan fumbled with the fabric of his sub's shirt, curling it twice around his finger. "Did you have a good time?"

"Hm." Daryl meant to nod but then just lowered his gaze and finally gathered enough courage to wrap his arms around his owner's slender waist for a hug. "Hello." It wasn't what he initially wanted to say but it was better than nothing. He leaned his forehead against a firm chest, feeling his body relax... and then closed his eyes when a bearded chin was rested on his hair and the embrace was returned.

"Good morning, boy." Negan brushed his lips through soft hair, stroking Daryl's butt, then patted it. "Thanks for being good and letting me do my job."

"Hm." Daryl buried his nose into a luxurious white shirt. He really had been good for the most part.

"Demo was shitty, though. Fuckin' missed my boy all night."

The dark, silky words rumbling from deep down a broad chest sounded better than any 'I love you' or wedding proposal ever could. Daryl pulled his arms a bit tighter, muttering a brave, albeit barely audible reply. "Missed you."

Negan heard it anyway. "You missed me, too?" He copied the nod he received, chuckling. "Yeah? Should I take you home?"

Daryl nodded again, loving how warm and intimate it felt underneath the open leather jacket.
"Mhm." Negan skimmed his fingertips over his sub's hidden crack. "I should take you to the playroom and fuck your sweet ass."

Daryl glanced up, excitement bubbling through his lower belly. "Okay."

The gruff tone and serious face tipped the corner of Negan's mouth up. "Alright." He slapped his boy's butt playfully. "Go and say thank you then to Rick and Shane. Tell Paul goodbye and bring your bag to the car."

----

Daryl had never been a fan of the new car. But right now, at 10:52 in the morning, parked in front of the Grimes/Walsh residence in the suburbs of Atlanta, he was really happy to see the polished Dodge Charger. The passenger seat was very comfortable, Negan's phone and chapstick lay on the dashboard, and everything smelled like leather, home, and reliability.

He stashed his bag on the ground between his feet and put his seat belt on, glancing out of the window. There was old Misses Birnbaum getting the mail. A younger woman with huge sunglasses raking her flowerbeds. And right in front of Rick's house, owning the entire driveway with all his vigor and perfection, was Negan, full of power and command. Face serious, standing tall and proud, as he talked to Shane who oozed a similar amount authority when he allowed Rick into his private space but with a simple change in his posture made clear that he wouldn't be part of the conversation.

A faint smile played around Daryl's lips, watching the natural hierarchy of his group. It was comforting. Seeing a hyper Jesus with three cups of sugared coffee in his system, effortlessly silenced by a subtle snap of Negan's fingers and a stern look that was so brief that most people would have missed it. But not Paul, who certainly would have sensed it even with his eyes closed. And it worked as always, reminded him of the boundaries and his place. Made him stand back respectfully in the protective shade of a broad back, his had resting contented against the thick leather of Negan's jacket.

Daryl flicked a strand of hair out of his eyes behind the car window, his stomach tumbling in a really nice way when Shane erupted in rich, booming laughter and Negan shook his head with a smile and rub of his forehead, sighing to whatever the outcome of the story had been... before he reached back, blindly snaking his arm around the man standing behind him. Shane shook his head as well, looking really happy as he made a step backward, affectionately squeezing the back of Rick's neck.

Daryl wanted to take a picture of it all to capture the moment for eternity. This atmosphere of safety and comfort and the happiness it brought along for everybody involved. But then he didn't, because it wasn't just a moment that would pass and vanish. It was his life now.

----

BONUS:

Jesus switched his music off, the camera on, and flopped down on the bed, greeting his audience. "Salve, dear Romans! Welcome to a new edition of cooking with Elsbeth!" He chuckled and rubbed his shin when the other man on the bed kicked him in protest. "Okay, okay... no cooking. Tonight
my friends I have something better. Becaaause..." He turned the camera around to show Daryl sitting opposite from him with slightly tousled hair and uneasy expression, clutching a duffel bag. "I am hosting a sleepover. A very manly one. With the one and only Puppy." He turned the camera once more just to give his viewers a wicked eyebrow wiggle. "Yes, you've heard correctly. He will sleep in my bed without supervision and you know what that means."

"Nothin'." Daryl was sure, because Negan had said so. "Just sleepin'."

"Yeah." Paul shrugged, "Probably if I don't wanna lose my TV privileges. Or my dick." and chuckled again, tucking a strand of hair behind his ear. "But at least we get to have lots of fun before we hit the pillow. Liiike-" He panned the camera back at his guest. "A 'What's in my bag', guys edition!"

"Hm." Daryl agreed, flicking his head a little to get some hair out of his face.

"Let's start with the bag itself." Paul leaned over to point at the label in the middle of the bag. "It's a Hugo Boss. The Men's blue weekender in nylon and jersey. You get it for 260 bucks at Hugo Boss, ooor-" he turned the camera around to give it a mischievous grin. ".-for free out of Daddy's closet. Right Puppy?"

"Hm." Daryl gave a small nod, instantly uncomfortable when the camera was back on him.

"Okay, then. Let's open up that baby and see what's inside!"

"Okay." He pulled the zipper, sniffed his nose and got the first item out, holding it up. "This." It was a pair of pajama pants with dinosaur print. He placed them on one of Paul's pillows and pulled a white, long sleeved t-shirt out, showing it for half a second in the camera. "'n shirt."

Jesus nodded. "His PJ's. Side note..." He addressed his audience personally, "The top belongs to Negan and was worn for a week before Daryl got to pack it. It smells awesome." zooming in extra close for another eyebrow wiggle. "Now is the time to be jealous boys and girls."

A tiny smile crooked Daryl's tightly closed lips. He hoped everyone was very jealous.

"So, what else is in there?"

"Toothbrush." He stuck a hand into the bag because he knew it was in there somewhere. "'n toothpaste."

"Crest Pro-Health." Paul grabbed the package and held it up. "Not sponsored but you should buy it because it's great."

"Hm." Daryl got a deodorant stick out, a chapstick and the shampoo Negan had made him pack because he had refused to wash his hair in the morning. He put it all in a row on the mattress and pointed on it so Jesus could film. "This." He also found a bottle of shower gel that was almost empty but it was still enough to take one shower with it. It smelled like Negan and he held it up because he wanted the audience to know.

"Uh, Kiehl's body wash!" Jesus grabbed it and flipped the lid open to take a whiff. "Smells like naked Daddy."

"Hm." Daryl nodded and got another item out that fit the topic perfectly. "'n this." It was a tiny
cologne sample that Negan had given to him once in the car after they had been shopping at Sephora. The girl at the cash out had packed some samples and extra stuff in the paper bag for her exceptionally handsome customer along with a bright smile and her phone number.

"What is it?" Paul tossed the shower gel somewhere to the right and took the cologne to read. "Ooh! That's Creed BDP! Dear people of the world-" He arched his brows at the camera. "If you ever wondered what a true Alpha Male smells like? This is the shit right here. Combined with a hint of leather and a guy's natural male odor it is IRRESISTIBLE! Believe me, you stand no chance."

"Hm." Daryl agreed and showed the size of a 250ml bottle with both of his hands. "He has more."

"Yes, he does." Paul handed the small sample back. "We bought a new bottle for him for father's day, just in case."

"Hm." The cologne sample was put next to the chapstick on the bed and a book was heaved out of the duffle bag.

"That's the book he reads currently. He got it in London."

Daryl opened the book to show an awesome color photo of a swimming competition.

"I guess that's actually from the Olympics."

"Hm." He nodded in agreement and studied the picture himself for seven seconds because it was so cool.

"He LOVES water. He is the best swimmer I know." Jesus meant it but Daryl didn't agree.

"Mh. Negan is." As much as he tried, he never beat Negan's time.

"Yeah..." Jesus waved his hand. "That doesn't count. He is an otherworldly creature. Like Thor or that greek god from the mountain."

Another smile tugged Daryl's lips, because Jesus said such nice things. He closed the book and put it to his sleepwear on the pillow before he got a few other items out of his bag. A tiny paper flag from Ikea, a signed picture from the current Mister International Leather, 50 Pounds from Great Britain, a small cruise ship and a black latex glove. He hid the last item underneath his knee because he didn't want silly fanboys to see it.

Paul noticed but didn't comment on it. Instead he focused on the cruise ship. "Aaah, the cruise. Let me tell you, pretty people... if you wanna know what real fun is, book a gay cruise through the Caribbean. 6000 men on a boat, music and drinks. It doesn't get much better."

"Hm." Daryl sniffed his nose and pointed to the back of the ship. "Here's the propeller."

Paul laughed, "We clearly perceived this vacation differently." and panned on the open bag. "What's that? A bag of pretzels?"

"Hm." Daryl fished a ziplock bag out. Olivia had packed gluten free pretzels, an apple and carrot sticks. He also found a bottle of water.

"Precious Olivia. She thinks we won't feed you here." Paul sighed and opened the bag to eat a
handful of pretzels. "What else is in there?"

Daryl got a pair of underwear out, unfolded it and held it up for the camera before he folded it back into a weird shape and put it on his book. A white towel was next, followed by a pair of socks. Also a magazine about motorcycles, a pack of paper tissues, and a red hanky.

"Nah, that's the boring stuff." Paul flicked the magazine out of the way, pulled the duffle bag closer and went through it himself, determined to find exciting content. "Flashlight, pack of sugar from the airport-" He tossed it somewhere to the left and smiled happily when he discovered a pen in the shape of a baseball bat. "Uuh, looky! The new Leather Factory merch!" He showed it to his audience, pressing the button at the top to make the tip of the pen go in and out a few times. "We also have a bendable black rubber one. Great for fidgety people."

"Hm." Daryl nodded in agreement. They also had a new dildo, a set of plugs, and rope in a small leather bag for travel. He considered to talk about it for Paul's camera-youtube-thing, but then he didn't because his phone beeped.

"Oh, is that him?"

"Hm." He flicked some hair out of his eyes, pushed the speech bubble symbol on his display and couldn't hide a proud little smirk when he held the phone up for Jesus to see. There was a photo of Negan's right hand, clad in black latex, middle and forefinger held up and slightly crooked. It had the caption 'Missing your pretty puppy throat' and no ugly slut was in sight.

"Mmhh." Jesus purred, cocking his brows appreciatively. "Daddy wants to play."

Daryl didn't answer but turned a bit sideways for more privacy and smiled the whole time as he typed his answer.

'I can come'

He sniffed his nose as his phone confirmed that the message got sent and then felt his stomach take a little happy tumble when he received a reply after just 11 seconds.

Negan

Yeah? You wanna come to Nashville and offer your mouth for my pleasure?

19/04/2018, 09:09 PM

He huffed a breath and shifted on his knees, feeling a bit hot.

'yes please'

He could hitch a ride or maybe borrow Shane’s car.

Negan

That's so nice of you. But I have to work, right? You wanna be good and send me a pic of that gorgeous mouth, though.
Daryl wrinkled his nose as he read the new message, glanced at Jesus who spoke to the audience about the upcoming DomCon, and then turned his back to the camera before he parted his lips half an inch, stuck his tongue out and took a quick, blurry picture. It was a bit dark and not very detailed but he sent it anyway and then pretended for the next 81 seconds to search for something important in his duffle bag, until his phone beeped with a reply.

Negan

Look at that! Fucking good boy! Can't wait to be back and spread my taste on that tongue!

Another message arrived just 10 seconds later.

Negan

Now you wanna have a good time with Paul until it's time for bed. Don't forget to report.

Daryl felt disappointed instantly. He didn't want to stop messaging or Negan to give his attention to silly sluts. And it made him angry that it happened anyway.

Very angry. For almost two minutes before his phone beeped once more.

Negan

I'll call you later, boy.

The message had a red heart and a little picture of a puppy. Both made his belly warm and his heart ache. He really more than liked the tall angry man so much it hurt from his chest all the way down to his toes.

And Jesus seemed to understand that because he had a gentle smile all over his face when Daryl turned back around. He put the camera down, tilting his head to the right. "Wanna finish that later? Eugene uploaded a new video on the Leather factory channel and I hid some caramel popcorn in my guitar case." Plus a stash of gummy bears, 3 chocolate bars, lots of Pringles in different flavors, and a can of root beer, just in case the apocalypse would start anytime soon.

"Okay." Daryl had no idea how it would be possible to finish the bag-video later but he really wanted to see what Eugene had uploaded, because all of Mister Porter's video montages were full of Negan-worship with a guarantee of zero fanboy appearances.

He put two random pieces back into his bag, took his latex glove and slipped off the bed to join Jesus on the slightly dusty carpet.

"Uh, jackpot!" Paul tucked some hair behind his ear, crossing his legs in front of his laptop when he
discovered the newest video on the channel, already having 12999 likes. "It's the London convention!"

"Hm." Daryl sniffed his nose and moved closer, glad when Paul turned the volume up and switched to full screen because he would have been too shy to ask for it.

"Damn we look hot." Paul had no problem to tell the truth as he marveled over himself and the rest of the Leather Factory group, holding speeches, giving demos, signing autographs and partying with the leather community.

Daryl agreed with a suppressed smile. It was kind of true, and he nudged Paul's arm and pointed at the screen at least 11 times just because Negan looked really awesome no matter what he did.

After the third repetition to evaluate every detail, and an entire can of root beer, Jesus bolted out of the room to tinkle and Daryl craned his neck to look after him, listened for any noise, hesitated a moment longer... and finally hit the like button. Secretly. For the 13000th thumbs up, wishing he could give a million more.

BONUS number 2:

"Who said I'm not happy with your work." Negan tucked the phone between ear and shoulder as he unscrewed the lid of a black anal lube tub, not sure if he had seen the brand before in his playroom. "You fed him and made sure the sheets are clean. That makes me god damn fucking happy." 'Back Door' Anal Glide. He gave it a brief sniff, then tested the consistency by rubbing a small amount between his fingertips. It was thick. He liked it. "Of course. You did well." He put the lid back on and went to one of his cages, squatting down in front of it with a sigh. "Mhm. He is right here, smelling of your damn fabric softener like a big warm pile of fresh fucking laundry."

Daryl knitted his eyebrows in slight distress when Negan lowered down on eye level on the other side of the iron bars, watching with a faint little smile how his order was followed. It made him huff out a small breath.

"I would give him the phone but he's busy preparing his hole for me." Negan pursed his lips, seeing his boy working the toy deeper between his buttcheeks. "Isn't that right, sweetheart..."

Daryl nodded, lifting up a bit in his kneeling position, just to lower down again on the rubber dildo a second later. It felt really good and made his bare dick twitch in excitement because he was watched and talked about on the phone like a naughty secret.

"Mhm. You wanna give a real answer, though."

He straightened his back, making sure to hold eye contact. "'s right."
Negan gave a nod, mouthing a soundless 'better' and got up, reaching through the bars to cup the top of his sub's head and pull him against his crotch to offer some of his scent. "No need to get yourself all worked up. If I had a fucking complaint, you would know." He fondled the longish hair at the back of Daryl's head, then delivered a light slap, reminding him to keep going with his task. "What are you planning for today?"

It was difficult to keep balance in this new position, so Daryl spread his knees a bit wider as he pushed the rubber dildo as deep as possible between his cheeks. It was somehow strange to listen to his owner's conversation on the phone while performing in the playroom, but he liked the bubbly tingles swirling through his lower body, especially when Negan chuckled to something Rick said and at the same time pushed his growing erection against the iron bars.

"Why is it stupid. You've got a magic hedge that cuts itself? Don't be a doofus and lend your man a hand."

Daryl glanced up, waiting, in hopes that the pants would be opened for him and grew a bit frustrated when nothing happened. The outline of a hard shaft was clearly visible through grey denim and he huffed a breath, leaning in to nuzzle it and feel its warmth and heaviness. It made his stomach tumble in excitement. He parted his lips and stuck his tongue out, trying his best to suck and nibble through the thick fabric and when there wasn't a word of protest, abandoned the toy he had been given and instead used his hands to unbutton the impeding fly blocking his way.

"No it's not. Send him out with Paul." Negan glanced down, pulled his sub back by the hair to give him a disapproving look and turned around to leave. "Bet he likes that better than staying home watching you two bickering over your fucking ugly bushes." He went over to his tool-display, took a flogger off the hook to look at it and put it back after a moment of consideration. "Yeah, get the door." He heard a doorbell ringing vigorously, a stressed out Rick trying to greet his ex-wife as politely as possible, and a very annoyed Lori not accepting any apology for her ex-husband's incompetency to answer the door in under a minute. He sighed and rolled his eyes, listening to her dishing out baseless accusations while Rick did his best to calm her down and greet his son in a way that didn't sound as if he was castrated right on his Home Depot coir-doormat. "Jeez. Way to make my fucking dick soft." Negan scrunched up his nose in disgust, grabbed a bunch of keys and went back to the cage, pleased to find his sub working deeply committed on the task he was originally given. "I see you remembered the rules."

Daryl nodded, more than glad that Negan was back and talked to him.

"Mhm." Negan heard Lori commenting on her ex-husband's slightly shaggy hairstyle, sighed and snapped his fingers. "You wanna show me your work."

Daryl glanced up, sniffing his nose. For a moment he wasn't quite sure what he was supposed to do, first held the slippery dildo up and when that didn't find favor, clumsily turned around in the narrow cage to offer a better view at his butt.

"Yeah, I'm still here." Negan tucked the phone between ear and shoulder to wipe the silicon toy down with a cloth and put both aside. "No, seems you're busy. Send the boys out when she's gone and help your guy in the garden. Talk to you later." He ended the call with another deep sigh and slid the phone into the backpocket of his pants, wondering what a divorce was actually good for if you still had to put up with crap like that. He squatted down, swatting one of the round ass cheeks he was presented. "Up. Can't see shit like that."

Daryl lifted his butt a bit and pushed it against the cold iron bars, spreading his thighs more. It made
his legs tremble with tension.

"Much better." Negan reached through the bars, inspecting his sub's entrance with his thumb. "Look at that. That's a nice, ready hole, right?"

"Hm." Daryl gave a nod, trying to suppress a grunt when his free hanging genitals were tugged and fondled. He shifted on his knees, pressing his bare butt with more force against the iron bars, just to grunt in earnest when a sudden, sharp sting spread through his flesh. '"s right."

"You bet your sack it is! Repeat the rules for the playroom today."

He huffed, squeezing his eyes shut when his brain refused to cooperate, distracted by the warm fingers stroking him. '"s for you."

"What is. " Negan stopped, satisfied by the solid erection he had created and the thick drops of precum dribbling on the leather padding of the cage. "Tell me."

"Pleasure."

"Damn straight. Does my boy get to make a fucking puddle today?" He pulled the glistening, pink little hole apart with both of his thumbs, leaning in to give it a lick.

Daryl's head dropped with a grunt before he shook it. "No."

"Mhm." Negan did it again, delighted when the loosened muscle twitched for him. "Why not? Have you been bad on the way home?"

Daryl nodded, spreading his legs in desperation. "Yes."

"Yeah? What did you do?" Negan watched as both of his thumbs disappeared inside the tight cavity, pulled them back out and replaced them with his tongue.

Daryl lifted his butt a bit higher, pressing it against the bars with a little whimper. '"with your phone."

Negan pulled back, rubbing the wet opening with the pad of his finger. "Mhm. You fucking hid my phone again, right." He got a very eager nod and chuckled, rising back to his feet with a sigh. "Yeah, you did. And now you sit in my fucking cage, trying to remember the god damn fucking simple rules while I could be busy fucking your brains out. Is that fair?"

"No." Daryl shook his head because it really wasn't and he missed the wonderful slippery tongue on his butt. "can come out now."

It was a gruffly mumbled suggestion, sounding not very polite but Negan recognized it anyway. "Turn around." He waited patiently for his order to be followed and his sub had found into a correct kneeling position. He reached through the bars, firmly grasping Daryl's chin to create eye contact. "I told you a million fucking times you keep your hands off my shit! You are not the only person in my life! Others have the right to call me. I will talk to others whenever it god damn pleases me, is that understood!"

Daryl nodded, feeling crushed and ill immediately. "Yes."

"Talking to others doesn't mean I forget my boy!"
He nodded again, dropping his gaze only to look up again a second later when his chin was jerked roughly.

"It doesn't put anyone above you! It doesn't steal your collar, it doesn't take your place in my bed, it doesn't change your place by my feet!" Negan tilted his sub's head a bit higher. "RIGHT?"

Daryl tried to flick some hair out of his face but couldn't because he was held in such a firm grip. "Hm. Right." His cheeks took on a faint shade of pink and his eyes darted nervously from left to right when gentle fingers let go of his chin to brush the stray strand aside and tuck it behind his ear.

"Doesn't change who I missed all fucking night."

His throat got weirdly tight when he glanced up at the tall man on the other side of the cage and the tiny, loving smirk that softened his superior appearance.

"Right?" All strictness was gone from Negan's voice when he made half a step back and took his shirt off in one smooth move, throwing it somewhere to the left. "Fuckin' jealous puppy." He popped the top button of his pants open and casually took the keys out of his pocket, unlocking the heavy cage door. He opened it, pleased when his sub didn't move.

Daryl wiped the hair from his forehead tousling it hopelessly in the process. "can I go." It was a shy question, asked in gruff tone with a humble glance up.

"Sure." Negan waved his hand, emphasizing the open door. "Where do you wanna go?"

Daryl sniffed his nose, shifting once on his knees. He hesitated a moment then pointed at the restraint table. "Servin' you."

Negan squared his shoulders, stepping right in front of his boy. "Why do you wanna serve me?"

Daryl scratched the side of his thigh, unintentionally staring at lean hip bones and the flat stomach covered by dark hair. It vanished in the V created by a daringly open fly. He exhaled a little sigh and instead of saying anything, slid closer and touched the thick fabric of grey pants, looking up.

"Cause you're my fuckin' sweetheart?" Negan combed a hand through his sub's tousled hair and got a very sincere nod, followed by a kiss to his thigh. It brought the little smirk back to his lips. "Well go on then. Up on the table." He stepped out of the way and watched as Daryl scrambled to his feet after a brief consideration whether he should stay on all fourth or not, before he went straight to the piece of furniture he had chosen and climbed on top of it independently, lying down on his back, his legs pulled up to his chest because the table was too short to hold his entire height. "Nice job."

Daryl let his legs fall to the side when Negan started to tie them down with the leather straps attached to the table, loving the flutters of excitement swirling through his lower belly.

"You like being tied to my table?" Negan slipped the last strap through the buckle, pulling it tight and tapped his boy's exposed balls with his finger, making them draw up even more. "Sure looks like it." He smirked, cocking a brow and unscrewed the lid of the anal lube tub, holding it out. "Here. Be good and work some up that pretty hole. Want my boy extra wet today."

The amount Daryl scooped cautiously out of the container was rather modest and he looked up for confirmation before he actually reached down to touch his butt with it.
Negan wasn't convinced and pursed his lips, holding firm eye contact. "Extra wet I said. Make it good."

"Hm." This time Daryl shoveled half of the tub's content out, lost a thick blob on the way and looked up for approval again when he smeared it between his cheeks, holding his breath because it was cold.

"Mhm." A wicked glint flickered through Negan's eyes. He bent down, speaking right above pale pink lips. "Much better. Are you preparing your ass for my dick?"

Daryl pressed a little grunt out when the close face smelled like the manliest cologne ever and he accidentally touched a spot somewhere inside himself that felt really good.

"Yeah?" Negan nipped his sub's lower lip, sniffing a rosy cheek. "Are you playing with yourself, naughty puppy?" He reached down, blindly stroking the twitching erection he found. "Are you fingering your hole for me?"

Daryl nodded and pressed down on his own fingers, shoving them deeper in. "Yes."

"Yeah, you do." Negan copied the nod, eyes locked firmly as he grabbed a fistful of longish bangs and pulled Daryl's head back. "Keep going, work it in nice and deep. Wanna fuck you for a while." He arched his brows at the distressed frown he was given and kept his eyes open when he lapped his sub's mouth with pointy tongue. "Open."

Daryl felt precum oozing from his twitching penis on his bare belly and held his breath again as he parted his lips, sticking his tongue out obediently.

Negan spat on it immediately, not much but with force, and then ate it off his boy's lips and tongue, sharing an open-mouthed, obscene kiss, wet and primal. He reached down to push three fingers of Daryl's hand deeper and add one of himself, groaning in delight at the tight muscle stretching around them. The feeling made his own pants impossibly uncomfortable and he broke the kiss with a last lick to the corner of Daryl's mouth and half of his cheek, leaving a wet trail. "Hands off. Above your head." The lust in his voice was thick, making it hoarse and demanding. He unbuttoned the last buttons of his fly and stroked himself just twice as he positioned himself at the bottom of the table and lined his dick up at the fucking divine entrance waiting for him. He cursed at the sight and then again when he slowly pressed in and saw his sub watching him with knitted eyebrows and glowing face, hair ruffled, lips parted, as he held his breath and pushed down in high concentration, savoring every inch of the length he was given.

A hand on Daryl's hips, Negan started to move, panting quietly, eyes firmly locked. "Yeah... good boy."

There wasn't a need to talk much or give more instructions, they functioned like a well oiled machine at this point. Daryl met each thrust as much as he could in his restrained position, trying his best to keep his eyes open and on his owner's face, his body openly displayed, his mind full of worship for the man standing between his legs. Several times he was short from coming, but Negan knew and simply stopped the process through a firm squeeze, hard slap to the butt, or complete withdrawal.

Daryl groaned and arched his back when he was reentered, making the edges of his ribcage and his hipbones stick out more prominently. He squeezed his eyes shut and felt his tied down thighs tremble with the effort not to orgasm when his prostate was hit in a new angle. He reached down to grasp his
dick, squeezing it desperately and then whined when both got slapped hard.

"Above your fucking head, I said!" Negan grabbed his sub's bent knee for more leverage, thrusting relentlessly. "Eyes on me!" The little sounds of despair he was given were music to his ears, tilting the corner of his mouth into a devilish smirk. "Don't you fucking cum, boy. You wanna concentrate on me." He slowed down just a bit, circling his hips once. "What do you think..." He curled the tip of his tongue against his upper lip, a drop of sweat rolling down his nose. "Do I look satisfied?" He got a weak nod and little mewl, dazed eyes pleading for release of some kind. "Oh yeah?" He leaned down, one hand cupping Daryl's asscheek, the other propped for support on the leather padded table next to his head. "Is my boy giving me fucking pleasure?"

Daryl nodded again, panting a breathless 'Yes' as he stared up in that gorgeous face, sweaty, powerful, and perfect.

"Fuck yeah you do." Negan delivered an extra forceful thrust making the man under him whimper. "Makin' me shoot a fucking truckload up that pretty puppy hole." The nod he earned was almost frantic and this time he didn't protest when one of his sub's hands reached down to grab his butt and pull him even closer, desperate for the promise to be fulfilled. "Fuckin' horny boy." He wrapped four fingers harshly into damp hair and rolled his tongue between feverish lips for a deep, bruising kiss.

Daryl couldn't breathe and didn't even try to move, squished into the padding of the table by Negan's full body weight. His hair was pulled, fingernails dug into his flesh, an impossibly swollen, rock hard dick rammed into him with almost painful force, stroking his inner walls without mercy. He felt rough stubble scratching his face and neck, his collar grabbed and pulled and his own sweat mixing with his owner's body fluids. It was inebriating. He wanted to beg for more, have it go on forever, take a thousand pictures for Rick and Alden to see so they would get green with envy. And then he wanted nothing more than to please his man. Make him explode. And he felt exactly when it happened, the little change in Negan's breathing and rhythm, the hard cock inside him swelling even more and heavy balls drawing up against his sore, soggy butt. He squeezed his muscles, keening desperately as he pulled Negan as deep as possible, basking in the unique, heavenly feeling of seed pumping into him and his owner riding out his climax without any restrictions. It made his heart race and his entire body tremble... and after a few minutes of floating in the strange intermediate world of post coital bliss, three butterflies poked into his tumbling stomach when damp lips and a deep, raspy voice found the way to his ear.

"I'll take you upstairs now. Bath you. Feed you. Take you to my bed. And then I'll fucking fist you for the rest of the day."

Chapter End Notes

Happy Easter, lovely readers <3
On Tuesday the 21st of April 2018, Daryl flicked some hair out of his eyes, watching at half past seven in the morning as a spoonful of flaxseed and an entire bag of spinach went into the Vitamix.

"You want some mango?"

He shrugged one shoulder. "Okay."

The corner of Negan's mouth crooked slightly but he didn't turn around. "Which one is it, show me." He nodded his chin towards the big bamboo bowl sitting on the counter.

Daryl sniffed his nose, eyeing the fruit he knew was the mango, but hesitated to actually select it because the papaya looked kind of the same and he didn't want to say something stupid.

"Well?" Negan peeled a banana, broke it in half and chucked it into the blender.

"Hm?" Daryl pointed at one of the fruits with an uncertain glance up, hoping nobody would laugh.

"Nice." Negan gave a nod, grabbing the mango to peel and cut it. "What else do you want." He got a sniff of the nose as an answer, followed by a rather gruff 'chia' before a bright green apple was humbly put on his cutting board.

"'n this."

"Good choice. What do you wanna say, though."

"Apple 'n chia." Daryl sniffed his nose a third time, mumbling an additional 'please' that didn't sound very polite but was accepted anyway.

"Better." Negan wiped his hands into a dish towel and got a tissue out of his casual sweat pants. He held it to his sub's nose, firmly cupping the back of his head with the other hand. "Fuckin' blow." The blue eyes looking at him over the tissue held a grim expression even though the order was followed promptly. "Again."

Daryl did, grunting in protest when his nose was ungently squeezed and wiped clean.

Negan wasn't impressed. "Into the trash. Then get your seeds and give me a glass with lid. I'll take mine to the office." He proceeded to slice the selected fruit, trying to contain his pride when Daryl navigated confidently through all the kitchen cabinets and different foods he wouldn't have recognized as edible a year ago.
But now his sub found the jar with the chia effortlessly, decided to add a pinch of hemp seeds as well to their shared breakfast smoothie and took a big mason jar with lid off the upper shelf, making sure it was dustfree before he placed it next to the blender.

"Make it two. 'll take my pup to work."

Daryl's nose was free and clean but he sniffed it anyway just out of habit when he glanced at Negan in surprise. "Hm." He pulled one shoulder up with a faint smile, "Okay." and got another jar, loving this morning already.

Chapter End Notes

tomorrow: Daryl Dixon - losing inhibitions
The Heretic Atlanta was one of the bigger leather bars the city had to offer but Daryl really wasn't a
fan. The venue was alright, the staff mostly friendly, and the Bearracuda events always pretty fun.
But they also hosted a monthly DILF party and once he had learned what the acronym stood for and
why Negan got constantly invited, he avoided the club like the plague.

He made an exception though on Thursday the 23rd of April when he got invited for a night out by
the Grimes-Walsh-Rovia triumvirate.

Apparently, the Heretic opened its gates once a week for the general audience to enjoy the Country
Dance Night for passionate Western fans...

...such as Mister Richard Grimes, who not only wore his usual boots and a cream-colored button-
down shirt tucked into a pair of clean jeans, but also a fairly new Stetson on his head. It had been a
gift from Shane who wore a black counterpart for the occasion.

"Aww, look?" Paul pointed with his beer when the music changed to a slower song, seeing two of
his Dads walking hand in hand onto the dancefloor.

"Hm." Daryl sipped his drink as he watched Shane taking Rick's arms to drape them around his
sturdy neck. He had to admit it was kind of nice. Rick seemed shy almost when Shane started to
unashamedly sing along and sway them to the music, his eyes crinkling with a wide smile. They
looked happy.

"They look so happy." Paul crossed his ankles, leaning backward against Daryl's front, his head
resting on a broad shoulder. "They should marry or something, don't you think?"

"Hm." Daryl shrugged, absently rubbing his chin against Paul's hair. He didn't know anything about
marriages, but he thought the Good Karma Coffee House could certainly make a nice wedding cake.

Paul craned his neck, trying to see the man behind him without really breaking body contact.
"Wanna dance, too?"

Daryl instantly pulled back a little, shifting uncomfortably. "Nah."

A smirk tugged Paul's lips, he turned around, swaying his body seductively. "Not even a little?
Could give you a private lap dance... they have a great backroom here." He nuzzled the side of a
collared neck with a little hum.

"Nah." Daryl huffed a laugh, pulling his shoulder up as he wiggled out of the embrace. "Have to-"
The word 'tinkle' almost slipped off his tongue but then he just gestured towards the men's room and
gave Paul a brotherly shoulder bump before he left for the dance-free zone.

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He took his time, read all the phone numbers and salacious comments scribbled on the tiled walls,
picked up a roll of toilet paper, washed his hands extra thoroughly, checked his phone twice for a
message from Negan but found none, and when he eventually went back out was glad that the romantic slow dancing time seemed to be over.

A lot of people were on the dancefloor now, in rows, all performing the same steps and moves to a jaunty country song. It looked kind of complicated. And really fun. It reminded him of the line dance sessions on the cruise ship. Even more so when he spotted Paul Rovia among the dancers, happily tapping and stomping his rebellious Doc Martens to the beat, thumbs hooked in his belt loops, a confident smile on his pretty face. Shane and Rick were right next to him, dancing along as if they would engage in this kind of entertainment every night. Left foot front, a hop to the right, a nod with a casual hand on the hat, sinuously swinging hips, emphasized by heavy leather belts and gleaming buckles.

Daryl leaned against the wall next to the bar, not even noticing the tiny smile curling his own lips as he watched all the people dance in perfect unison. They did so for three more songs, always magically knowing the right steps and moves. And oddly enough Daryl knew some as well. His finger tapped to the beat on his beer bottle and in his mind he danced along, proud when he predicted the right move at the right time. He emptied the bottle, feeling a little bit jealous when another song started, one he had heard before and really liked, and Shane celebrated by putting his Cowboy hat on Paul's head, before displaying his generously filled-out denim with a skillful hip-roll.

Daryl sniffed his nose, fighting an inner debate whether he should just go and join the others on the dancefloor, but every time he told himself 'Now', his feet wouldn't move and he just glanced sheepishly from left to right, hoping nobody had seen him.

The fifth song was 'Country Roads' and Jesus locked eyes with Daryl over the distance, waving a hand to beckon him over, mouthing a pleading "Come on!".

It made him angry and he shook his head, feeling his cheeks flush in embarrassment. He really wished his beer wouldn't be empty. And just as he wanted to go back to the bathroom to spend some more time alone in the safe, dance-free zone, a confident man with rather tight shirt over a muscular chest sauntered in his direction.

Shane held his hand out, nodding towards the dancefloor. "Hm?"

Daryl's stomach grew as hot as his face and he stiffened instantly, but in the end, found himself following obediently along.

The whole room felt differently from the dancefloor. Warmer and brighter and even the ground beneath his feet seemed to differ from the rest of the venue. It made his palms sweat and his wrists tremble slightly. But Shane kept hold of his hand and led him through the first repetitive steps with a few calm instructions. Daryl glared at his feet, wanting to run and hide when he stumbled and stuttered in his steps. But then a very happy Jesus complimented his moves and whenever he needed to turn, Shane grabbed his hips and helped him along. And after a full rotation he kinda had a grasp of the movements. After another, he didn't need Shane's assistance anymore and after the third, he felt confident enough to glance up and meet Paul's eyes. They beamed in response and Daryl's heart skipped a beat. He was one of the dancers and nobody made fun of him. He was in the middle of it all as if it had always been that way. He was ugly, inferior Daryl Dixon but he danced at a club anyway. He even clapped his hands once when everybody else did and when Paul hooked his thumbs into his belt loops again, he did the same after a moment, shyly pulling his shoulders up because Rick left the dancefloor in search for a drink and put his sand-colored Stetson on Daryl's head, giving him a friendly smile.

The song was over much too soon and Daryl was really glad when Jesus and Shane stayed for another by his side, dancing along happily.
Negan entered the Heretic at half-past eleven, in jeans and grey shirt, his hair unusually tousled. It had been a long, much too hectic, rather unpleasant day and the group of men swarming him right away for hugs and signatures stretched his patience. A cute tourist boy from Tel Aviv bought him a beer that he accepted before he found Rick at the bar. He gave him a kiss. On the lips, because his employee looked kinda cute in his Western outfit. "Where's the boy."

Rick's kissed lips automatically formed a happy smile and didn't answer but he pointed his bottle towards the dancefloor.

Daryl chuckled when Paul accidentally careened into a dancing woman and when she glared at him, shook his head and pointed at Shane, innocently mouthing 'His fault!'. The whole group of dancers made a left turn, a step backward, and a little hop before everybody stomped their feet. Daryl got it all right and watched his own feet tapping with all the other shoes in unison. It made his stomach tumble... before it turned into molten lava as he lifted his head and found a tall man standing in a seven-foot distance, legs slightly spread into a firm stance, hands casually in his pants pockets, sparkly dark eyes firmly on what rightfully belonged to him.

Dancing immediately was of secondary importance, when being near this man, who stood amidst the crowd of people like a bastion of calm and charisma, became the only thing that truly mattered. Daryl kept his head down but smiled to himself when he approached his owner, not even saying hello before he rested his forehead against a broad chest. He closed his eyes and slipped his arms around a slender waist, squeezing tightly against a familiar body to hide from this beautiful piercing gaze and easy smile. He felt a comforting heartbeat thudding steadily and a scruffy chin lowering to rest on top of his head.

Negan's chest rumbled with a low, rich voice. "That's the most fuckin' sexy thing you ever did, Mister Dixon."

There was a kiss placed on Daryl's hair and he dug his nose into a soft shirt, feeling so happy he thought he might burst. Negan had seen him dancing with all the others.

"Guess we have to come here more often."

"Hm." Daryl shrugged, wanting to agree at first before he remembered a good reason to contradict. "Not for the Daddy party." The objection came out in gruff tone and evoked another deep rumble when Negan chuckled.

"Are you a jealous dancer-puppy?"

Daryl didn't answer, just wrapped his arms tighter around the man he belonged to. He really wanted to go home and his insides tingled in utter excitement when a bold hand seemed to have the same idea and grabbed right between his buttocks, squeezing firmly.

"Takin' you home now. Wanna fuck that gorgeous ass."

He sniffed his nose, "Okay." and held his head unusually high, kind of enjoying all the jealous glances he received on his way out of the club, walking hand in hand with his own personal DILF. Maybe they really could come back sometime.
Chapter End Notes

more tomorrow
"Yeah, right." Negan chuckled into the phone as he leaned into the backrest of his chair, flipping a pen between his fingers. "Then we don't have a deal. My terms or nothing at all. Mhm. Yeah, do that. Three more days, if I don't hear anything from you by then the offer is off the table." He sat back up straight again, making the leather of his chair squeak. "Yes, bye."

When Negan ended the call, Daryl glanced up for half a second but didn't lose his perfectly submissive posture on the carpet next to the desk. He was kneeling with straight back and slightly spread knees, his hands behind his back, wearing nothing but a pair of underwear and his collar. And for almost 67 minutes by now he did exactly what he was supposed to: Focusing on Negan. He loved it. Being quiet and well behaved. Listening to all the conversations, the sound of long fingers flying over the keyboard, pen on paper. The occasional hand reaching out to affectionately comb through his freshly washed hair, still all fluffy from the half-an-hour-blowdrying session Paul had given him after breakfast. It was perfect. Him on the floor doing his part, and Negan up on his chair, reigning the Leather Factory like a mighty king. They were really a great team.

"Boy." Negan snapped his fingers and moved back with his chair. "Come here for a sec. I need your opinion."

Daryl looked up again, touching the other man's leg for confirmation before he actually got up from the ground and very respectfully sat down on a muscular thigh, trying to be as light as possible until a strong arm snaked around his waist and pulled him close, taking the worry about the right position and body weight off his shoulders and mind.

"Look." Negan used his free hand to scroll through the site displayed on his laptop. "It's the new subscription box we launch next month in collaboration with Jadis."

"Hm." Daryl sniffed his nose as he looked at the screen, loving the thumb caressing his bare belly.

"You remember how it works?"

"Hm." He shrugged. He remembered Negan and Miss Jadis talking about it in the living room, and in London at the hotel. "'s a surprise." Delivered in a post package, for good boys and maybe women, too.

Negan pursed his lips, nodding. He tapped the image of a box on his screen. "We have a version for guys and one for girls. They won't know what's inside. It's a surprise each month."

"Yes." Daryl wondered whether he would get one, too. Or maybe Rick if Shane bought one for him.

"We have a fucking ton of subscriptions already, so we wanna make the first one extra good." Negan clicked on a new page that showed long lists of different items. "It's meant for subs, so I want you to tell me what you'd like to receive."

"Okay." Pictures of small IKEA paper flags, new books, and awesome Negan photographs with personal signatures popped into Daryl's head, making him happy instantly, but then he decided that he wouldn't want anyone else to receive such wonderful things.
"Good." Negan squeezed his sub's bare thigh twice and gestured towards the screen. "The 'Good Girl' box first. What should we pack for the women.

Daryl turned to look at Negan, holding his fingers up to imitate how girls put on nail polish, because he knew they loved colorful, painted nails. "'n flowers."

Negan tried to keep the smile that instantly tried to spread all over his face at a tame level and his tone of voice encouraging, even though his sub clearly hadn't understood the task. "Yeah? You know women who like flowers?"

"Hm." Daryl shrugged one shoulder, his mumbled answer sounding much too indifferently.
"Mama."

It made Negan's heart clench just for a second, but his consistent attitude didn't change or waver. "Yeah? Which flowers did she like?"

"White." Daryl had brought her a Cherokee rose from the woods once when she was sick because she had accidentally consumed Papa's schnapps instead of water.

Negan nodded, squeezing his sub's thigh again. "We should ask Joseph then to plant some in her honor, right? Bastard has a fuckin' green thumb."

"Okay." Daryl turned his head once more, looking from the side at his owner's relaxed face. He had never paid attention to Joey's thumbs but planting flowers for Mama was a really nice idea.

"Okay." A gentle little smile crooked the corner of Negan's mouth as he nodded his chin towards the screen. "But we can't put flowers in the box, they would rot. You wanna choose some items from the list."

Daryl watched the computer screen when Negan slowly scrolled through dozens of toys and tools he knew from the playroom. Handcuffs, lube, paddles, blindfolds, plugs, and gags. They weren't pretty, though. Most had strange colors or looked all fluffy like they were made of feathers. He chose a couple anyway. A dark red leather paddle and a thin training collar with a heart-shaped pendant.
"What is it." He pointed at a strange object he had never seen before. It almost looked like something Olivia would use in the kitchen.
"A suction device for nipple play." Negan marked the item and waved two fingers at another one.
"How about this?"

"Okay." Daryl shrugged one shoulder. It was a basic bed restraint kit to cuff ankles and wrists to the bedposts.

Negan nodded, brushing his knuckles up and down his sub's bare side as he selected a bottle of peach scented lube and a bag of sugar-free kitten nibbles, the female treat version for human pet play.
"One of these, then it's enough." He opened a selection of battery operated toys, most of them in pink or purple.

Daryl sniffed his nose, not sure what to select. "'s got a hole." He mumbled his gruff statement to the bright pink 'Lipslide'. It looked a bit like the ear-thermometer the doctor used to measure the temperature. "'s it for the cunt?" He turned to look at his owner.

"You wanna tell your brother it is called vagina." Negan pinched his boy's thigh and marked the item for the box. He pointed a finger at the screen. "This part is used to stimulate a woman's clit. It's supposed to imitate sucking lips."
"Hm." Daryl wrinkled his nose, feeling strangely shy all of sudden.

"Good job, that's a great selection, right?" Negan switched to a new site that showed several pictures of himself. "Now choose an autograph."

"Why." Daryl squinted at the screen. Sending surprise autographs to all kinds of people didn't seem like a good idea.

"Because it is the first box and we wanna make it special, so people give it good reviews and buy it again." Negan briefly lifted his knee. "Chop, chop. Pick a good one."

Daryl took almost two full minutes until he pointed reluctantly at one of the pictures. It showed Negan with a leather jacket, red scarf and baseball bat, giving the camera a kind of stern look. "This."

A grin ghosted over Negan's face but he didn't comment on the choice, just completed the female version of the subscription box before he moved on to the male version, but this time decided to change tactics. "Now for guys. Tell me what you would like to receive in your box." He moved back with his chair, giving Daryl his full attention. "A tub of fisting lube?" He wagged his brows. "Pair of nice gloves?"

A happy smile spread from Daryl's lips up to his eyes. "Hm." He nodded shyly, pulling his fingers in his lap.

Negan returned the smile. "Good choice. What else would you like." He watched his sub thinking, blue eyes going blank for a moment while the faint smile stayed firmly on pale pink lips, until he was granted eye contact again.

"Brush." Daryl lifted his left buttcheek to some extent. "'n plug."

Negan made a mental note to include a beginner's butt plug with Leather Factory imprint at the base. "What kind of brush?"

Daryl sniffed his nose, making a fast back and forth motion with his hand. "'cleanin' your boots."

Negan didn't have to fake the impressed expression on his face. "Yeah? Would you like to do that?"

"Hm." Daryl pulled his shoulders up and pressed his bare forearms together, nodding. "Very nice." Negan gave a nod as well. "I really like that. Good boy." Seeing his sub bashfully lower his gaze absolutely made his morning. "Should we pack more into the box or is it enough. How about some treats?"

"Hm." Daryl answered with pure seriousness. "With banana." Not raisins.

"Alright." Negan scribbled some notes onto a piece of paper before he grabbed the mouse and scrolled through a site on his computer. "Here. You wanna select something from this category as well."

Daryl moved a bit closer to see better. He didn't know all the items he was shown but he was interested in them all. Especially a black one, made of silicone. "Hm." He pointed at it.

"Anal beads." Negan was satisfied with the selection. "They're flexible. Quite big ones, right?"

"Hm." Daryl looked at the toy a moment longer. The beads were all in different sizes and the whole
thing had a black handle to pull it back out. He imagined how it would feel and look and squeezed his thighs together when his belly tingled.

"You got a paddle for the ladies." Negan clicked on a different site that displayed pain inflicting tools. "Choose something for the guys, too."

Daryl exhaled soundly, his eyes glued to the screen. It showed everything the impact-play section of the leather store had to offer and while he would have liked to have all of it, he didn't want any of the items in the box for strangers. Especially no riding crops or whips. He sniffed his nose and blindly put his hand over Negan's fingers on the mouse to scroll further down until he found something that would maybe work. He pointed at it and looked back over his shoulder for confirmation.

"Japanese nipple clamps?" Negan chuckled but marked the item. "They have industrial strength. Wanna punish the fanboys?"

"Mh." Daryl gave his owner an uneasy look, not sure what to say. He had never used nipple clamps. Negan caressed his sub's bare stomach reassuringly. "It's okay, they're fun. Paul loves them."

Daryl wanted to say that he would certainly love them too because he didn't like when Jesus did things better, but then his belly was patted for attention.

"Done? Or would you like to add something else."

"Hm." He pointed at his mouth. "Gag."

"Yeah?" Negan made a note for a nice ball gag. "Why's that important?"

Daryl sniffed his nose. "Drool."

"Mhm." Negan grinned while he clicked through some content. "You love drooling for me, isn't that right boy."

Daryl nodded, reaching between his legs to squeeze his twitching dick once before he saw something of more importance on the computer and pointed at it. A pair of leather mittens that were meant to transform human hands into black puppy paws. He had seen them at the leather store very often but had never dared to ask for them.

"My, my..." Negan pulled his arm around Daryl's waist a bit tighter, scribbling the item's order number down on his notepad with the other hand. "Look at you having such a long wishlist." He wiggled his occupied leg twice. "More or done?"

Daryl looked back over his shoulder, touching his face. "Mask could be good." A leather one. For the box.

Negan squinted one eye, tapping the edge of his lower lip with the back end of the pen. "You'd like to receive a mask? What for?" The unease in blue eyes that got instantly replaced by slight anger told him all he needed to know. "Can't do that," He shrugged, patting Daryl's stomach. "Wouldn't be able to shoot my fuckin' load if I can't see that gorgeous face. You know that." He emphasized his statement by placing a brief kiss somewhere on a pale ear that peeked out between slightly tousled hair. "Right?"

"Hm." Daryl leaned back into the tight embrace and warm body, holding on with both hands to the arm holding him firmly in place. "Right."
"Good boy." Negan switched to the site with the autographs, picked the same Daryl had chosen for the Girl's box and then shut the site completely, sitting back more comfortably. "Thank you for your help. Love your input."

A bit of red blushed Daryl's cheeks.

"Should we include a little puppynote to let people know that the first box was hand picked by Mister Dixon?"

"You can." Daryl liked the idea. If Marc ordered a box he would read the note and become very jealous.

"Yeah?" Negan examined his sub from the side, in love with all the little freckles. "What else do you wanna write?"

Daryl turned a bit in the firm hold, creating eye contact for three seconds. "'we're together."

The little statement sounded gruff and far from friendly or polite, but Negan adored it anyway and enjoyed the sight of a pretty face for a while longer before he leaned in a bit to answer. "We sure are. Thank you for saying it. Sounds fucking good to me." He nuzzled soft hair, kissed it and then pulled back to lean over to his drawer. He got a bottle of pills out, unscrewed it one-handedly, popped one into his mouth without water and swallowed it, throwing the bottle back into the drawer. "So. You wanna go upstairs now? Have some more work to do before it's time for lunch." He patted a bare thigh.

"Mh." Daryl didn't want to get up and rested his cheek on a broad chest, his head tucked beneath Negan's chin. He put a hand up, shyly stroking a scruffy cheek. "Can you sleep."

Negan huffed a laugh but leaned into the clumsy touch anyway. "Can I take a nap now? It's eleven AM. I have a dozen of invoices to go through." Despite his words, he closed his eyes, just for a moment until his headache pills would kick in.

Daryl listened to the deep words rumbling through a solid chest and gave a little shrug. "'can do it for you."

A smile crooked Negan's lips. "You wanna pay my bills?" He felt his sub nod and chuckled again, tiredly. Five hours of sleep hadn't been enough last night. "Fuckin' puppy."

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At half past eleven in the late morning, on Tuesday the 28th of April, the owner and CEO of Leather Factory Incorporated, on his place on a grey office sofa, took a shielding forearm off his tired eyes and turned his head to glance at the young man sitting at the desk. He looked a bit lost in the big leather chair and didn't seem very confident behind the laptop screen. But he typed unstintingly with one finger on the keypad, mouthing soundless words as he stared in deep concentration at all the different letters and numbers on the keys, determined to fight his way through the obstacles of modern online banking... so his overwrought partner could get a bit more sleep, an hour of rest, a break on the safe, grey couch that was usually reserved for the boys of the household.

Negan meant to smile even though his tired face wouldn't really cooperate, and closed his eyes, falling asleep to the sound of very slow typing and the comforting presence of this man who had his back no matter what. They kinda made a great team.
Chapter End Notes

Tomorrow: masochist

End Notes

Thank you to beautiful Rowan for letting me use this precious Negan/boys art as a 'placeholder' <3 *feeds you a bowl of rum raisin ice cream*

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!