Deny Me

by NegansOtherWife

Summary

It was rapturous but he himself was sin personified. What could he make of the holiness that cut her palms and stained her lips? Nothing. They themselves were an omen for the end of days.

Notes

NOTE: This story deals with a lot of sexual content I'd never written about before, while it's not necessarily dark it does follow a young girl's journey of sexual exploration led by a man whose main goal is to push her to extreme boundaries.

It's raw and gritty. Serious adult content. This fic also mainly deals with religious conflict among heavy sacrilege, so fair warning!

With that being said, I'm so glad to start this journey of another full-length story!

See the end of the work for more notes
Prologue

“Mommy?” She spoke the words tentatively into the musty air of her basement. Her only light was the dying sun, which caught and reflected in her tears.

“Hold out your hands.” The words are stoic, leaving room for no argument. Whimpering, the small girl does as she is told, knowing that the consequences of disobeying are always far worse than the initial punishment.

She tries fruitlessly anyway.

“But he grabbed my hand. I swear, Mommy! Please, not again.”

“I have been nothing but patient with you, Delilah. Yet as soon as my back is turned, you defy me. Why is that? Why are you just like your namesake?”

Upon her mother’s approach, her eyes widened, dropping briefly to the object glinting in the last rays of twilight.

The metal ruler, the one saved for special occasions, cuts through the air as it gains momentum. Delilah flinched, bracing for the impact. It wasn’t her fault; she was never quite used to the sting that it dealt to the sensitive palms of her hands.

The sharp pain of metal splitting soft, virgin skin. Blood slowly oxidizing as it oozed to the surface.

She watched in fascination as she seemed to hold her own life-force in her hands, and at such a young age, she prayed for her maker to take away her femininity. It was a sin.

She was a sin.

Stifling her screams, she appeared to look heavenward for a moment before peering warily at her mother. Hardened green eyes collided with their much younger and vulnerable counterpart. They studied the now bloodied and broken tool that lay at their feet, breaths heavy in exertion.

“Will you repent for your sins, Delilah?”

“Yes, Mother.” She pleaded, her round face void of emotion. She had become a master at locking her pain away. The residual hurt that she cannot seem to collect and put away seeps into her skin where it hardens, lying dormant.

They both kneel, the cold concrete beneath their feet as they tightly clasp hands. Never once looking from her mother’s eyes, she delivered, “Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned. I have been born in the shadow of carnal sin, but have mercy on my soul, Father—for I must be thrust into the light and shown the righteous path. No longer will I live in denial. Amen.”

“Amen.”
Genesis 1:1-3

Chapter Summary

In the beginning, God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form and void... -Genesis 1:1-3

“Delilah? Delilah!” The young women called her name, this time louder and closer to her ear, breaking her from her stupor.

“Sorry,” Delilah gave her newest confidant a small polite smile, hoping to sway her concerns. “What were you saying, Samara?” She asked sweetly.

Samara glanced her way, taking in the rigid posture that Delilah seemed to maintain so effortlessly. So proper. The small girl seemed out of place in the cab of her rusty old truck. Even the way she talked, an almost sweet chirp, gave every indication that she wasn’t a fighter. Though, Samara reminded herself, it wasn’t her place to judge. Especially since she had decided to take the shy girl under her care after been assigned to share a room with her, upon her recent arrival to the factory. To have made it this far in the Savior vetting process had to mean something.

Samara also, guilty assumed, she’d be sorted soon enough and away from the dangers of the outside world.

“Oh, well. I was just wondering if you were ready for your first run. It must be so exciting! I remember my first run.” She rattled on, taking Delilah’s bait as the car made a sharp turn onto a newly cleared route.

Other than a few well-placed words and a noncommittal nod when Samara paused for reassurance, Delilah spent the rest of the car ride absentmindedly running her fingers over the raised skin of her palms. It was nearing twilight and though she remained composed on the outer surface of her skin, she was a bundle of nerves.

This was her first scavenge and there was a lot weighing on it. Becoming a Savior meant a number of things. To make it through the rigorous vetting process meant the world was at your fingertips, special privileges for not only you but your family as well. It was a step up in the social hierarchy and even though she’d done the work and been interviewed by the leader of her prior community—the Lincoln Outpost—she still felt as if she needed to prove herself to the Sanctuary’s notorious leader.

Today could be her chance, she was sure of it. With a dainty sigh, one that caused her roommate to deliver her another curious glance, she shifted in her seat, nibbling on her full lip.

“Your hair is very long,” Samara commented, eyeing the dark braid slung across her shoulder that usually hung past the woman’s slender hips. It was hypnotizing and she’d caught herself on more than several occasions eyeing the way it tickled the swell of the girl’s ample ass before Delilah had been annoyed enough to flick it over her left shoulder. Always her left, never the right.

“Hmm, well, I can’t bring myself to part with it.” Delilah eyed the other girl’s hair. Her short auburn tresses fit the angular shape of her face and offset her freckles perfectly. “Maybe someday,
I think, but I usually just pin it in a bun if it gets to be too much.”

Before the two girls could continue any further, the static bite of the walkie on the dashboard came to life. “Highway 56, take the exit coming up on the right. And if any of you fuckers miss the turn this time,” A deep chuckle resounded from the radio making Delilah jump, a blush tentatively staining her sunken cheeks at the owner’s vulgarity, “I’ll happily feed your dick to Killer.”

With a click, Negan’s voice fades from the radio, his presence remaining lodged in the air of the cab.

“Is he always like that?” Delilah asked, wringing her palms together and biting down on her lower lip as she desperately tried to calm her racing heartbeat. The unexpected gruff voice of the Savior’s intrepid leader has left her uneasy. She’d yet to lay eyes on him but she’d heard stories, certain things since she’d arrived at the Sanctuary. Even the Lincoln Outpost had something to say about Negan.

With a distracted hum, Samara’s poster stiffened and she leaned forward, cerulean eyes sharply scanning the cleared highway in the muted gray light of the morning as she answered, “You get used to it.”

Delilah shuddered thinking of the power that seemed to radiate from each syllable of his words.

“That’s what I’m afraid of,” She murmured quietly to herself, turning to gaze out the window unseeing. Her fingers interlocked, dug tightly against the soft skin of either palm, subconsciously fingering the raised scars.

Before her, the world was a void.
Chapter Summary

Let me hear the sounds of joy and gladness and though you have crushed me and broken me, I will be happy once again... -Psalms 51:8

They’d left late at night, specifically, the prior evening; and since Delilah had never learned to drive, Samara shouldered the entire trip. She felt intensely guilty but halted in sharing her feelings, unsure if it was even her place to apologize.

She did that a lot, doubted her words before she even spoke them.

As a child, Delilah had grown up with the vehement notion that lying was of the utmost deplorable act. A sin. Therefore, she’d made it a point to be brutally honest with her own self. Circumstantially, she spent a lot of time thinking and dissecting her own thoughts and mannerisms. Maybe too much time, she’d begun to admit to herself as of late.

“What a trip,” Samara breathed, stretching as she surveyed the sunken roof of the mini-mall before her. Her black tank rose with the movement, revealing a sliver of silken skin the color of fresh cream. Delilah followed the movement, drinking in the pale flesh before her eyes trained themselves on the earth beneath her feet. “Hope this shit is everything Simon has been catching a hard-on for.” She continued with a roll of her eyes, beginning to unpack the contents from the bed of her truck.

Delilah mouthed the words silently, hard-on, before deciding to let it go, asking instead, “Is it safe?”

The complex in question was decayed, from what she could tell with her naked eye, looking, for the most part, boarded up and untouched. It had been three stories once but time had taken care of that. It wasn’t much and the location of the building had been far from any other shopping centers in the area, far from civilization. Honestly, she’d been expecting more and from what Delilah had heard, many of the Saviors were also skeptical of Simon’s self-proclaimed ‘buried treasure’.

She’d gotten the chance to meet Simon as he was heavily involved with Samara, he didn’t seem the type to excite so easily. Still, Delilah reminded herself in an attempt to lessen her own cynicism, this run would validate her position as a Savior—‘buried treasure’ or not. She felt so out of place in her threadbare leggings and t-shirt, so unlike her usual attire. She’d even covered her legs with an additional skirt to maintain her modesty.

In her own peculiar thought process, she’d come to the conclusion that the instant she did something to warrant the approval of the Savior’s leader, she would instantly become more comfortable in her position. In her own skin.

“It better be. Get the rest of the bags.” Samara urged, her voice breaking Delilah from her stupor as she wandered off with an off-handed comment over her shoulder. “I’m gon’a get a smoke.”

Delilah went dutifully, pulling boxes of garbage bags and zip ties from the trunk and stuffing it into the designated duffles before pulling at the ropes that held the empty storage containers in place.
Evidently, a large haul was expected.

Her spirits lifted.

With her intent on pleasing her superiors, Delilah hardly noticed the large dog stalking her before it was practically upon her. It snorted, the noise bringing attention to the animal that had already pressed its wet nose against the exposed skin of her inner-ankle.

She jumped slightly at the wet feeling. “Oh, hello?” The Rottweiler cocked its head as if trying to understand what the small-statured woman was saying. “Where did you come from?” Delilah asked cautiously while glancing around for its owner, all around her other Savior’s were unpacking and blatantly disregarding the dog’s presence.

He—Delilah assumed—wasn’t a stray. The Rottweiler was well groomed, its short black coat looked silken and held a soft sheen. He also had a collar which she carefully bent forward and read after letting the dog sniff at her hand.

“Killer,” She cooed, rubbing behind its ear as he butted his head against her chest when she knelt to his level, “you don’t seem like one at all, boy.” His tail wagged for a second before he cocked his head and listened, darting out from beneath Delilah’s hand and between two cars.

Samara took that moment to round the back end of the truck. “Okay,” She puffed out a breath of air. “You’ll be shadowing me on runs until we decide what branch you’ll be placed in,” Delilah nodded, she knew this, “I’m just going to take you on a brief summary of the day, okay?”

Delilah nodded and listened intently as she continued. “We’re broken into letter groups. Today, we’re in Group A with Simon,” Samara hesitated, “and Negan. Just keep your distance from him and you’ll be fine. I don’t want to scare you but Negan has a way of…handling things, remember that.” She waited for Delilah to nod before she continued, feeling as if she should have spent more time discussing with her what a run would entail as she watched the small girl shiver in the cold morning air. So delicate. She made a mental note to find her a jacket.

“Anything that’s worthwhile you place in the garbage bags to be sorted and ticketed at the factory, but anything valuable, you keep it.” Samara’s eyes glittered as she spoke. “Negan says, you earn what you take. Do you understand, Delilah?”

Eyes widened by the sheer intensity of Samara’s dialogue, Delilah agreed hastily for fear that she’d come off incompetent. “Y-yes, I do.”

She wasn’t sure that she did.

The weight of the gun in Delilah’s hand was almost unsettling, she felt uncomfortable with the amount of power she held.

Her group, the ‘A’ group, was in charge of inspecting the basement level. There was a handful of them, eight men and five women. She’d followed Samara closely at nearly the back of the group as Simon led them around the rear permitter to where they stood now before an undisclosed entrance. She’d been told to stay vigilant, so like the good little girl she’d always been, she did just that; meticulously scanning the forest line.

The morning dew clung to her skin as she waited patiently for their next set of orders.
A brusque voice rang out, cutting the stillness of the morning air. “Why the fuck are we just standing around with our dicks out, Simon? Julio, bring me the goddamn bolt cutters! I’ll do this shit myself…”

Delilah didn’t bother to listen to Simon’s hastened apology as the crowd before her, parted like the Red Sea to allow Julio through. In their haste, they’d also cleared her line of vision.

The first thing she noticed about him was his height, he practically towered over the others. Even from where she stood she could sense the tension that coiled around his presence. Fitted in all black, he was practically camouflaged against the darkened backdrop of the early morning sky. Black clothes, black shoes, and a mop of messy inky-black hair.

Just his side profile made Delilah take a step back. She’d seen Michelangelo’s David in an art class once and couldn’t stop herself from comparing the statue to him. He was sinewy, she could tell, his powerfully built arms encased in a tight-fitting henley that clung to his large biceps.

“Guess I’ll do everything my fucking self, huh?” Negan said as he rolled his shirt up his forearms, revealing heavily inked skin.

He’d said, goddamn. Delilah’s body ached at the blasphemy, never in her life had she heard someone swear so much.

She watched as Negan snapped his gloved fingers and the instrument materialized into his palm before he expertly cut through the chains on the door, Killer standing dutifully by his side. Delilah noted in wonder, Killer almost reached his waist and looked much sinister by his owner’s side. They made for a wicked pair. How had she been so careless? Better to trust the namesake, she decided when Killer growled at Simon as if sensing its owner’s agitation.

“Two by two,” Simon barked, now standing beside the opened door. Negan stood by his side, an eyebrow raised in heavy skepticism and annoyance. “Tito and Shane, you’re up! Take it really fucking easy, there shouldn’t be any surprises but eyes open..?”

“Always!” The others belted out before lining up quickly, leaving Delilah the last in line.

Samara gave her shoulder a comforting squeeze, materializing by her side as they quietly waited. The group went through the wide door in pairs until it was her turn. She felt the heat of Samara’s shoulder against her own and the weight of Negan’s sharp eyes as she inched towards the threshold. Killer pressed his nose against her thigh in passing, giving a slight snort as if to say ‘good luck’.

Delilah was immediately distorted as she found herself gazing down a darkened staircase, but she quickly reminded herself as she crept further down the flight of steps, she was armed and not seeking retributions for her sins. There would be no punishments waiting for her at the end of the stairwell.

The gun in her hand helped, made her feel tethered to here, wherever here was.

“Holy-fucking-shit, Negan, you got’a see this shit!” Simon crooned from somewhere nearby, his boisterous laugh echoed throughout the stairwell.

From beside her, Samara snorted, “Dork.”

A small buzzing sound filled the air followed by a weak flicker of the overhead lights above her head. Only for a moment, she’d seen the death grip she held on her weapon before the stairwell darkened once more.
With a few more steps, they’d reached the last step and she stood there, unwilling to move forward. From behind, she could hear Negan’s footsteps and Killer’s panting become louder as they approached.

“Got your flashlight? Good, see you the other side.” Samara commented before she moved deeper into the premise and away from the young girl. She needed to learn how to do this on her own. “Remember what I said.”

Delilah’s flashlight caught the discreet sign that hung above her head in the stairwell as she struggled to manage both the heavy flashlight and her gun, it read: The Pleasure Palace.

“Got the lights!” She heard someone call before her eyes became assaulted by fluorescences, they buzzed brightly before dimming to a dullish yellow hue.

Delilah nearly lost the grip on her gun as she gazed across the spacious store, realizing then that she was on a wraparound balcony that stood above a large main floor cluttered with wracks and shelves. All around her was chaos, the other Savior’s whooped and cheered as they stuffed items into bags and begun to break down the shelves and flooring.

She had her own garbage bags, but how was she to decipher what was actually worthy of taking?

She had the sudden urge to pray. Delilah also felt the need to drop to her knees—she barely refrained. “Be merciful to me, O God, because of your constant love. I have sinned against you and done what—"

“We hit the goddamn jackpot! Didn’t we, little girl?” She jumped, startled at Negan’s nearness. Her prayer caught in her throat as he brushed past her in the stairwell, ducking slightly so as not to hit his head on the swinging sign. “A goddamn sex shop! The bastard really did it…” He mumbled to himself, clearly amused.

Delilah wasn’t sure how to respond, all around her were strange instruments, bulbous and lewdly shaped.

She didn’t respond to his question, only found herself grasping the balcony as she bore down onto the railing as wave after wave of nefarious, wrongful feelings emerged from a dark place within her. A place she hadn’t thought about in years. It swept her off her feet before she’d even realized she’d lost her footing, a persistent shadow of a feeling that began to form in the pit of her belly.

Temping her breathing, Delilah brushed away the tears that had begun to drip from her irises, the cold metal of her gun cooled her warm cheeks with the movement. “I recognize my faults. I am always conscious of my sins…”

The words held no comfort, they usually didn’t anymore, but she desperately tried.

Negan’s words rang out, towering and boisterous from the balcony. She’d taken the closest flight of stairs, two by two and deeper into the monster’s underbelly; but paused only for a second when he’d begun to speak.

“Fucking A+, Simon! These sick fucks doubted you for a minute, but I knew... Simon. Always. Delivers,” He cheered and the others joined in, the sound a dull roar in Delilah’s ear, “and just in time since some of you could really use the help between the sheets. Huh, assholes? Let’s get this shit packed. I think the Underground is about to get a hell of a lot more interesting!”

Delilah’s pace hastened as she spotted a small door with only a curtain as a door. She needed to get away if only to compose herself.
“Oh,” She turned at the sound of depraved humor in his voice, before her, Negan’s dark eyes flashed dangerously, “and don’t forget to take something for yourselves.”

He seemed to be looking right at her as she quickly backed through the small archway, getting caught in the curtain and tumbling over a small crate in her haste. Delilah landed with a small ‘oomph’ righting herself hastily as she scrambled for her flashlight. From behind her, the curtains let in only a small amount of muted light. She was in an un-inspected area, alone, she had to be vigilant.

The musty smell of soggy pages filled the air, heavy with a taste of nostalgia.

Books.

Delilah was in the book section, she realized as she worked to catch her breath and shone the beam of light around the abhorrently dark room, checking for any sign of biters. She numbly read aloud from the metal sign that hung from the ceiling over her head. “Erotica.”

She tasted the words as they came. From where she’d tripped in her panic, she now faced several covers of books which had men and women in different states of undress. Her eyes widened to the size of saucers as she fingered a cover with a woman adorned in black rope, the length of it suggestively running between the woman’s naked breasts.

An unexpected feeling stirred between her legs. She clenched them together in a knee-jerk reaction, her heart racing at the foreign feeling.

“Forgive me, Father, I have been evil from the day I was born; from the time I was conceived, I have been sinful.” She breathed, nearly silent.

Against her better judgment, she moved to the next cover, shuffling on her knees as she observed two naked men clasped in a heady embrace. She found herself tracing the line of one of the men’s defined pectoral muscles, letting it trace downward to where only a sliver of his pelvis was suggestively shown.

She’d never seen a man naked before.

From now and before, she’d had not even the slightest desire to turn the pages of the books before her. That was before she’d spotted it. Something about it had caught her eye, maybe it was its subtly. On the lowest shelf, its cover nondescript and in a way, muted. It read: Please?

The very thought of opening the book caused her to tremble as if she was about to open Pandora’s book. She was afraid of it, yet found her shaky fingers softly touching the black cover and leaving a line in the thick sheen of dust that coated its cover. The twinge between her legs beckoned to her, becoming a dull heat as she briefly toyed with the idea of just turning to the first page.

She could only imagine what would occur on the first page of a narrative such as these.

The curtain opened, letting in a small sliver of tawny light. “Find something?”

He stood in the doorway, his presence dwarfing the entrance as his wide shoulders brushed the doorframe. Killer peeked from beneath his legs, head cocked as his espresso eyes studied the room intently.

“Nothing, s-sir,” Delilah answered before hastily correcting herself. “Actually, a lot of books.”

“So it seems. There’s some fun to be found here.” He grinned, a full toothy expression that
reminded her of a wolf about to pounce on its prey. As he stepped closer, she caught the scent of smoke and cedarwood that clung heavily to his person. “Let’s see what you have...?”

“Delilah,” She murmured, not realizing that a small pout had found its way onto her lips as she took a deep breathe and handed him the book. The smooth leather of his glove brushed against her palm in their exchange, her breath hitched, and she tried to ignore his dominating presence still on her knees as Killer came closer and sniffed her. He must have realized it was the same scent from before because he nudged her hand with his wet nose, urging her to pet him.

“Good boy,” She gave in and stroked his soft coat, and he calmed with a whine.

“Killer never lets anyone pet him but me,” Negan acknowledged, utterly distracted by the slip of a girl that kneeled before him. She was horribly underdressed for a run. A pair of leggings and a beaten skirt that fell almost ankle length. Yet it did nothing to hide the natural curve of her hips or the supple curves of her ass. He’d noticed her when she’d made to pass him at the entrance of the stairwell and then shortly after when he followed her down the stairs, the entire time he’d been transfixed by the thick braid that trailed the expanse of her back.

When he’d seen her slip into a back room, he knew he had to follow.

Her mouth opened in a perfect ‘o’ as she mouthed several wordless phrases, finally settling on, “I’m sorry.”

“Don’t apologize,” He didn’t elaborate, rather he thumbed through the book, stopping on an occasion to release a small chuckle before shutting it with a small thump. She was still on her knees, she didn’t speak. He just had this air about him that made her feel as if she had to bow down to it. Whatever it was.

“The first rule about being a Savior, little girl,” He purred, watching as her eyelashes fluttered and she gazed up from beneath them to meet his smoldering gaze, “you earn what you take.”

The atmosphere around them seemed to draw tighter as if the air itself was holding its breath. He held his hand out and offered her the book. “Take it,” He urged.

Killer nudged her palm again as if urging her to do as his owner insisted. She timidly held her hand out, the sound of approaching footsteps urging her to act quickly. And as Samara breezed through the curtains, Delilah was already on her feet and tucking the book into a garbage bag with a slew of other things she didn’t bother to look at.

She wouldn’t take it, despite the devil’s temptation.
Revelation 16:18

Chapter Summary

And there were flashes of lightning and sounds and peals of thunder, such as there had not been since man came to be upon the earth… -Revelation 16:18

Chapter Notes

Liking the story so far? x

“So what were you doing with Negan?” From the corner of her eye, Samara studied Delilah with a hint of concern.

Delilah turned her gaze from the window of the moving truck, wincing slightly as the movement caused the ache in her neck to flair. Her limbs throbbed and she had bruises. Savior work was hard, very hard. She’d spent the entirety of the day lifting boxes and clearing out The Pleasure Palace, but mainly she’d occupied herself with clearing out the ‘erotica’ backroom. It was back-breaking work but she’d wanted to keep her distance from the lewd comments that the other Savior’s had been making while they’d packed up the main floors.

Delilah had seen things that had twisted her stomach into knots, knots that had yet to lessen as she reconsidered the covers of the more raunchier novels that had crossed her path today. “Uh, I ran into Killer earlier when you went to go s-smoke? I guess he caught my scent and Negan followed…”

The lie tickled Delilah’s tongue. She never lied.

“Hun, I apologize, I should have mentioned him earlier. He usually sticks to Negan’s side but doesn’t bother anyone as long as Negan isn’t bothered. Just keep your distance, kay? He’s very aggressive.” She added as an afterthought.

“No to me,” Delilah mumbled in turn, chewing thoughtfully on her lower lip as she thought of the way the Rottweiler had taken to her so easily. The same couldn’t be said about his owner, he’d seemed displeased with her when she hadn’t taken the book and Delilah didn’t like to be on the receiving end of someone else’s displeasure.

She found herself second-guessing what her mother would have called a ‘righteous’ decision. Should she have taken it? She still could, she herself had packed and sorted the boxes so she knew where the novel would be…

She dug the blunt side of her nail into her opposite palm in an attempt to banish the stray thought.

Delilah had done an excellent job today, many of the other Savior’s had even applauded her for not shying away from the arduous tasks. Yet, for the abundance of praise, she’d received today, it diminished when she considered the look of disappointment that had marred Negan’s handsome
She had the unsettling urge to satisfy him.

The earth seemed to mirror her inner turmoil. A flash of lightning lit up the cab of the car, illuminating the puckered scarring along her open palms. Maybe God was dissatisfied with her? Her mother used to say that God was all-knowing, that from his perch above the heavens he could look down into your thoughts. But there were so many people in the world, and even before the dead had risen Delilah had always been skeptical of the idea. Could he have read her mind today at The Pleasure Palace? The thought made her chest ache and the knot in the pit of her stomach burn hotter.

Her thighs clenched. She’d been burning since the morning.

The crackling of lightning dissected her spiraling thoughts and bathed her in a blueish hue, its slower counterpart barreled across the horizon mere seconds later, leaving a cacophony of noise in its wake. Their motorcade was driving straight into an impending storm. While the heavens had yet to open in a torrential downpour, the swelled clouds that hung heavy above their heads promised any moment now.

“We’ll need to pull over if the storm is as bad as I think it’s going to be,” Samara muttered, gazing intently at the road. “The haul might get ruined by the rain.”

“Where would we go?” Delilah asked, bitting at her nails. A nervous habit.

She had a lot of them.

Samara started to answer Delilah’s question but the sound of static chimed within the cabin of the truck, cutting her off. “The Savior speaks,” She stated instead.

Negan’s voice seemed ladled with tension as he spoke. Delilah wondered, irrationally, if she was the cause. “Something must have crawled up Mother Nature’s ass…” He sighed, considering his next words. “We’re gon’a drive east of the storm. Two miles on your left, fuckers. Take the exit for the McMillan farm and we’ll hold out there, and if anyone—Jesus fucking Christ, Simon, watch the goddamn road!—if anyone totals a car this time, it’ll be their fucking head on a pike.”

“He’s in a good mood,” Samara noted, fiddling with the CB so that the dull static quieted.

Delilah’s face morphed into one of disbelief. “That’s a good mood?”

“Yeah,” She answered distractedly, “like I said, you get used to it. Anytime we find ink supplies on a run Negan becomes manageable.”

“Ink?”

Samara looked at her strangely. “Tattoos. They do them in the Underground.”

“The Underground?” Delilah asked.

Eyes trained on the road, Samara made a small excited noise. “You know how on the main floor we have the market for produce, booths full of pickles and shit? Well, the Underground is located in the cellar and this market caters to more explicit tastes…”

“Explicit?” Delilah echoed, her voice wavering. This conversation seemed to be crossing into dangerous territory.
“Tattoos, piercings, sex.” She rattled off, a wicked grin creasing her delicate features. “Just shit Saviors can waste their points on. There’s even a bar and a dance floor… Oh, we’ll have to go dancing, Dee!” At Delilah’s bewildered gaze, she clarified. “It’s a live band but their decent.”

“The Lincoln Outpost doesn’t have anything like that…” Delilah shook her head, trying to shake the word sex from her thoughts. It took to her conscious like ivy, slowly twining around its host as it penetrated her thoughts with its roots.

Sex.

Delilah was a virgin. Her mother had made it very clear that it was an act down between a married man and woman. A wife’s duty.

Truthfully, the whole ordeal had never really appealed to her.

So why was she acting like this?

Samara snorted, her posture stiffening as she spotted the exit that Negan had instructed them to take. “The Lincoln Outpost doesn’t have Negan. It was all his idea, really. The bastard is too smart for his own good…”

They kept silent for the short while it took them to drive up the long gravel pathway to a three-storied styled farmhouse.

“It’s huge.” Delilah marveled at its sheer volume, to its right stood several barns scattered across a large, grassy fenced in area.

“Yup, it’s one of our checkpoints.” Samara pointed to the main building where several men and women had trickled out and were readily throwing tarps over some of the trucks. “We’ll stay here onto the storm has passed.”

Delilah took a deep breath as she stepped from the car, the earth pliable beneath her feet as she tasted the dampness of the air on her tongue. Gazing upwards at the swollen clouds that seemed to hang lower than usual, she briefly pictured God looking down from his perch with an air of disdain.

They made quick work of the tarp before Samara shooed Delilah towards the main house, assuring her she’d take care of the rest.

“If you’re sure…” Delilah followed the others into the house in which things seemed to be running at a breakneck speed. A bowl of beans and rice were thrust into her hand and she was assigned a cot before she’d even spoke.

And while everyone had been relatively forthcoming, they seemed to have a pack mentality, Delilah just wanted to be alone. She found her chance to escape when her roommates had begun to drift off to sleep and some had retired to the living room with bottles of whiskey. She stepped out onto the porch and breathed in the surrounding forest. She could feel the raining coming any minute now, an ominous feeling that ebbed and flowed with the wind.

“Restless?”

“A little?” Delilah cocked her head, studying the man’s features in the dull lighting. It was well past midnight, but the sky emitted a grayish hue. She found it unnatural. An omen.

“Riley,” The man introduced, he stepped forward; his blonde hair seemed to softly glow like a
“Delilah.”

“Well, Delilah,” He pulled a cigarette and a match from his front pocket, “if you’re up for it, we need one more person to do a permitter check before the storm hits.”

Riley pointed to a portion of the fence in the distance, just far enough that Delilah had to squint in concentration, and then to a lone barn house that sat further out then the rest.

“I’ll do it.” She readily agreed, if anything the walk would clear her head.

With a careful warning from the others that were also assigned to patrol, Delilah soon found herself trudging through the calf-length grass. The end of her skirt had darkened from the dew that clung to the blades, but she felt as if she could breathe the more steps she took from the crowded house.

She felt calmer, rational and as she wandered alongside her assigned portion of the land; she reasoned with herself that the reactions she’d had in the last several hours were nothing more than a byproduct of poor sleeping habits. And though there wasn’t—

Delilah’s breath caught as she strained her hearing. Absolutely nothing but the sound of wind filled her ears. Maybe the Devil was playing tricks on her? That has to be it, she bit her lip in thought. God was testing her and if she could only—

There is was again, only fainter.

Her legs attempted to carry her closer, mistaking one direction before going in the other. It was getting louder and she soon realized as she clutched her gun and flashlight tighter, it was coming from the barn several yards away.

This call was louder, frenzied. “Oh, god...”

The throaty grunt caused her feet to quicken, she recognized that voice. Samara. The howling of the wind drowned out her voice from a distance but as she hastened in her approach, she could now easily distinguish Samara’s voice from a male counterpart.

“Harder, Simon!” Delilah paused. So she was with Simon. She lowered her weapon and some of the tension left her body. Of course, Samara was with Simon and she didn’t sound as if she were in trouble, either. Quite the opposite. “I know you can fuck me harder, ugh. Shit!”

So why was it that Delilah found her feet carrying her forward, without her own accord, and around the side of the barn to its front doors? Closer and closer, she crept with her heart in her throat. The barn’s wood felt textured beneath her fingertips, the chipped paint yielding to her gentle caress as she listened intently. The sound of wet rhythmic slapping seemed to worm its way into her brain, her pulse rising to match the tempo.

Delilah leaned forward to peer through the stable’s doors that had been left partially open. Or had she opened it? She didn’t know.

What did she know?

Her groin ached.

That much she knew and as she stood transfixed, enraptured, before the oblivious impassioned couple, something in Delilah shifted. The ache in her groin becoming a voracious throbbing that
left her knees weak and her breathing labored.

She was thankful for the encroaching storm that drowned out her harsh breathing.

“Quiet!” Simon suddenly hissed and Delilah startled for a moment, thinking that he had heard her; or worse, spotted her. They were positioned a little off to the left and turned with their back almost to her, but Delilah could see enough. Simon sat on an overturned crate, shirtless and jeans pushed hastily down to mid-thigh. She couldn’t see much else of him, but what lacked in Simon’s descriptor Samara quickly made up for. “You wouldn’t want the other’s hearing what we’re up to, hmm?”

“No,” Samara mewled.

Above the heavens, a shard of lightning crackled and hummed. But the tension that pulsed and throbbed in the air…

Delilah was sure that was all her.

In the sparse lighting, she regarded Samara’s naked form. Her viridescent eyes widened, pupils darkening and dilating further. Delilah had never considered her own body, much less another woman’s…

The delicate curve of Samara’s heavy, round breasts bounced with each thrust from where she sat on Simon’s lap, facing outward with her legs lewdly spread. Delilah followed the arch of Samara’s back, biting her lip as she pondered her erect nipples. They were pretty and very pink.

Simon cupped a hip, his other hand encasing Samara’s slender neck as he widened his stance, driving his length deeper into his lover’s depths. Delilah clasped a hand over her mouth, taking a step back at his words. “Are you sure, Sammie? You wouldn’t want everyone to see me fucking your slutty little cunt? You’re practically drooling all over my lap…” He chuckled darkly.

Samara didn’t speak. Delilah thought, how could she? She looked possessed, hips jerking and eyelids fluttering. Yet, Simon continued to taunt her. “Is the idea that anyone could walk past while I’m plowing your tight cunt making you wet? Tell me.” Something must have happened that Delilah couldn’t see because Simon released a choked sound. “Holy shit, Sammie! I think it is.”

Abruptly, he pressed the heel of his palm against her mound and Samara released a scream so carnal and needy that it shattered Delilah’s trance.

She ran from the barn, dropping her flashlight in her haste and bolting across the grassy field. She had no idea where she was going and as she vaulted over the fence, her feet stumbled on the muddy terrain and she prayed.

She prayed to God and her dead mother for forgiveness because they had been right all along. She was a sinner and a liar.

*She wanted what Samara had.* Delilah couldn’t stop the intrusive thought, it slipped in with her prayers when she was least suspecting and panting; having slowed her frenzied pace.

*She wanted it.* To feel the heated and greedy caress of a man’s calloused hands on the coveted parts of her body. *She wanted a release.* Her entire body was strung tight, she felt taut. As if something within her was going to snap from the tension.

*She wanted to have sex.*
With a sudden lurch, Delilah found herself purging her stomach’s contents.

*Do not cry.* She repeated the mantra until her vision swam behind her eyes, attempting to hold the brunt of her tears at bay. What had she done? She had stood there and watched while Simon and Samara had *copulated*. And then to admit to herself that she wanted it…

Guilt and arousal warred in the pit of her gut.

Her mother was right. She’d never survive on her own, not without her mother’s guidance. She needed to go back to The Lincoln Outpost, ask for her old booth at the market back and forget about Negan’s Saviors.

“Holy fuck, little girl! That was a nervous breakdown if I’ve ever seen one.” He’d waited until she had picked herself off the ground and wiped her mouth with her sleeve before he spoke. “You look like you just caught your dad fucking the babysitter.”

Delilah knew it was foolish, but that didn’t stop her from glancing around the clearing that she’d stumbled upon. Finally, she pointed herself. He spoke to her like an old friend. “Me?”

“Anyone else puking their fucking guts out? C’mere, sit down…before you fall down.” He cocked his finger and she obeyed, stepping forward without an ounce of hesitation.

It was that easy, Negan marveled.

“Um, what are you doing out here?” Delilah finally asked after she’d collected herself to the best of her ability. Really, she meant, how much had he seen?

It was apparent as to how she had missed him amidst her ‘breakdown’. Negan stood still against the black backdrop of the incoming storm, the only color on his person, the light of the cigarette dangling from his mouth. He seemed in his element, comfortable with his solidarity.

Wordlessly, he took a drag from the cigarette, inhaling the smoke into his lungs before releasing it through his nose with an air of causality.

She meant to ask again but a dark blur shot out from beneath two shrubs, stopping just short of where she sat. Killer dropped a beaten tennis ball at her feet, tail wagging and tongue lolling in exertion. He seemed happy to see her.

“Go on,” Negan urged, clearly amused. “He likes you more.”

Delilah always wanted a dog. She picked up the damp ball without much prompting and lobbed it back into the direction that Killer had come from. He disappeared with an excited bark.

“So did you? Catch your dad fucking the babysitter.” He elaborated.

Shifting uncomfortably beneath his impish gaze, she busied herself with straightening her skirt. He seemed undeterred by her stalling and they just seemed to breathe for a moment, basking in the stillness of the storm. She knew this part well. The calm before the storm.

“I never knew my dad.” She finally said.

“Father’s ain’t shit.” He shrugged, shuffling forward and taking a seat next to her on the fallen tree. “So what’s got you spouting your fucking guts all over the place like a goddamn teen on prom night?”
“You curse a lot.” Delilah blurted out, her hands clenching fistfuls of her skirt. Another nervous habit. She couldn’t help it, he made her so neurotic.

If she thought he was stunning from afar, he was a toe-curling, heatthrobbing handsome up close. Negan stole her breath. Michelangelo’s David but marred in tattoos. He’d removed his gloves and the black ink stood out against his alabaster skin, like the scripture on Bible pages.

‘LUCY’, it read across his left knuckles.

He even had ink on his face. She didn’t even care that she was staring, only welcomed the distraction from her debased thoughts. A small ‘x’ marked his left temple and peaking from the collar of his shirt, she could see ink that curled around the back of his neck.

“And you, little girl,” He exhaled another cloud of smoke, letting the cigarette fall from his hand before he stomped on it, “like to avoid answering my questions.”

“I’m sorry.” She implored, the familiar stinging of tears burned her eyes. “I was upset because I felt guilty. Do you ever feel like a sinner?” She asked in hushed tones.

Negan laughed, wiping the tears from her eyes that fell. She shivered at his warm touch. “All the fucking time, sweetheart.” He gazed at tenderly, he couldn’t fucking help it. “Don’t you see where we are?”

Delilah gazed at him quizzically, enjoying the smell of nicotine and air of strength he omitted. “Hell,” He clarified.

“You don’t mean that,” Delilah bit her bottom lip, breaking the skin until she could taste blood. Had she been sent to hell and not even realized it? Was this the rapture?

“Of course, I fucking don’t. Heaven and hell, that shit ain’t real.” Negan’s mirth died, seeing the unshed tears in Delilah’s eyes as she clutched her middle; doubling over. “Look at me, Dee. Hey! I said look at me,” His voice gained an edge and he grasped her chin, tugging it slightly. “When I tell you to do something I expect you to do it.” He gripped her tightly. “Do you understand?”

“Yes,” Delilah’s breath hitched at his proximity. “I understand.”

“Good,” His grip slackened. “Now why the fuck do you think you’re a sinner? I mean—shit—how old are you? What could you have done with the short amount of time you’ve had on earth that would make you think that hell is going to swallow you up any minute now?”

“I’m not young.” She protested.

“You look fucking young, just not pre-pubescent.” Negan allowed, eyes tracing the swell of her breast.

“I think…I’m at least twenty. I lost count.”

“Such a young little thing,” He lightly teased, gently tugging at her long braid.

He didn’t know his own strength or maybe Delilah had just been caught off guard. Even so, her head fell back with his action and she gasped, startled by the slight sting in her scalp and the feeling
threateningly lapped at her groin. Her breasts instinctively tightened and throbbed, becoming heavy as she was reminded of what she’d down and seen today.

For the first time in her entire life, she wanted to touch herself.

Fortunately, Negan hadn’t noticed her reaction. He’d stood the minute Killer had broken through the clearing. “Whatcha got, buddy?”

A pathetic mewl sounded from the creature Killer had dropped at Negan’s feet, and he sat back proudly on his haunches waiting for his praise.

“It’s a kitten.” Delilah cried, picking up the small baby and cuddling it close to her chest. More than a puppy, she’d always wanted a sweet kitten to pamper. She’d clearly forgotten, for the time being, who she was with and where, as she thrust its scrawny body into Negan’s face.

The kitten gave Negan a dubious look as if saying, ‘Where the fuck am I? I’m not impressed.’

Delilah nuzzled the kitten-baby, stroking it’s tiny head until it began to purr. Killer danced around her excitedly, so she knelt allowing the Rottweiler to sniff the stray.

“Gentle, be gentle.” Delilah tugged at Killer’s collar until he settled next to her, laying his head on her knee.

The kitten meowed and she mimicked it as if trying to communicate that it didn’t have to be scared. She recognized it’s breed, a Norwegian Forest Cat, even though its long fur was knotted and tangled.

He needed a bath.

“Did you just fucking meow? That’s the most precious thing I’ve ever heard,” Negan tugged lightly on her braid again, having settled onto the log. She turned her head, gazing into his heady dark eyes and something in her pulsed. He cupped her jaw, the pad of his thumb brushing over her lower lip.

Delilah pouted, unintentionally suckling on the appendage for a moment. “Please don’t laugh at me.”

“I’m not laughing at you, Kitten. You’re fucking precious, so goddamn pure.” He breathed, feeling the almost unfamiliar curling of heat in the pit of his groin begin to fester.

He wanted her innocence.

Delilah blushed, secretly pleased with the nickname, She’d heard that if Negan liked you, he gave you a nickname. Emboldened, she asked, “C-can I keep the kitten?”

“Not even a fucking please? That’s not how you should ask me for something…” He licked his lips, considering his next request.

“How do people usually ask?”

“They got on their knees, like good little girls.” Delilah swallowed heavily, licking her lips.

She set the kitten down beside Killer, raising herself to her knees so that she was eye level with Negan. Her small hand fell upon his knee, searing heat into his skin as she steadied herself.

“Pretty please?” Her eyelashes fluttered and she bit her lip in concentration. “I promise he won’t
make a mess and I’ll make sure that h-he…”

“He?” Negan bit his lip if only to stop himself from biting hers. She was so close…

She shrugged, eyes wide and oblivious. She probably didn’t even realize she’d begun to fiddle with the string of Negan’s ripped jeans. A nervous habit. Fucking adorable. “It looks like a boy cat.”

Negan nodded, considering. Though, he’d made up his mind the minute Killer had nearly dropped the thing on his lap. If it meant the factory becoming something akin to Noah’s ark, he’d give her as many animals as her little heart desires. If only to see her smile like that again.

Finally, he asked, “What’s his name?”

Delilah squealed, turning slightly to observe the kitten’s gray multicolored coat. She considered it’s abnormally bright blue eyes as he batted at Killer who was viciously sniffing and prodding him with his nose. “Hanzal,” She cooed. “It means ‘beautiful eyes’ in Arabic.”

“Arabic, huh?”

“My mother,” Delilah clarified, becoming slightly demure, as was the usual occurrence when she spoke of her mother. “She taught theology at a local university, all sorts of religions, but mostly Christianity. Um, I went to her lectures a lot. So I know bits and pieces of the Quran… the Torah…”

She shrugged and said, “I have most of the Bible memorized by heart…”

He was intrigued, he wanted to ask more but the first drops of rain had begun to fall from the sky. Negan grasped her wrist, tugging her along and calling for Killer. Delilah happily trudged alongside him, pressing Hanzal close to her heart. If this really was hell…why did she feel so content?

“Let’s get inside, Kitten. A storm’s brewing.”
Chapter Summary

It’s like walking on thin ice.

Every footstep saturated with hesitancy, so much so, your bones and limbs would stiffen over time and your feet would lose their credibility. But of course, you’d worry about the ice breaking. That’d be your only thought until it consumed you and eventually, it became you. Where could you go if every step risked you careening down into the depths of an inky abyss? Nowhere, except further into your iniquitous thoughts; choosing not to move at all.

Ultimately, it’s the weight of your heavy heart that precipitates the inevitable. The distant sound of ice breaking and shifting encroaches, and as the spiraling patterns dance around your feet and the ice succumbs to your demons; you suck in a lungful in hopes that you won’t drown too quickly. That you might have a chance to live if the cold doesn’t get to you first.

That’s how Delilah felt.

Every second of her life.

For as long as she could remember, there was never a moment in her life when she was allowed to just be.

She was wrong to assume that the feeling would wane once her mother died. That, for once, she’d be able to sleep through the night without waking up in a pool of her own sweat.

“Hanzal?” She softly prodded the small kitten who lay draped across her pillow, his light breathing had been a constant in her ear while she’d tossed in bed. “Are you awake, kitten-baby?”

His only response was a soft grunt, his full belly moving as he slumbered. No luck. With his belly full, Hanzal usually slept like the dead. As far as being a new pet owner went, Delilah had found the transition to be relatively easy. Mere hours after the Savior’s had returned from the McMillan farm, a large bag of pet food and several other supplies had been left at her doorstep with a small note attached. It read:

for my kittens. —N
Samara had only given her curious glances and forlorn sighs when Delilah had showed her the note. She’d accepted Delilah’s watered down version of how she’d found Hanzal easily enough, but had taken to spending nights in Simon’s room with the complaint of allergies.

It was silly, she knew, but the nighttime was when she felt the most isolated. Trapped in the middle of a partially frozen lake. Delilah suffered from insomnia and its byproduct—overthinking. For as long as she could recall, she’d always had trouble sleeping. Ever since she was a little girl, she’d lie awake and let her thoughts slowly pick at her. There’d been no warm milk or back rubs for her. Her mother’s simple remedy: Read the Bible.

That helped, to a certain extent. If scriptures filled her head and she busied herself with remembering, her thoughts couldn’t get to her.

Except now, she didn’t have a Bible. In fact, Delilah had little possessions to her name.

But she knew just where to find one…

The covers pooled around her waist as she carefully sat forward, trying not to squish Hanzal in the process. She’d made her decision. Delilah would go to the library and read the good book until she tired.

Tomorrow would be her first day in the ‘Legislative’ branch of the Savior’s hierarchy and by the end of the week, she’d have to deliberate and hope that the other lieutenants would sign off on her new permanent position. She needed to get a good night’s rest by any means necessary.

At least, that’s what she told herself.

Blindly, she reached for her shoes and slipped her feet into each boot. While she wasn’t necessarily doing anything wrong—only taking a trip to the Sanctuary’s library—her body buzzed with unsolicited excitement.

The thought that she’d be in the same room with the books she’d packed days before, didn’t escape her train of thought. If anything, it teased her mercilessly before she banished the idea.

She’d done her best these past few days to put The Pleasure Palace far from her mind and with the plethora of tasks she’d been assigned, it’d been almost too easy. Between caring for Hanzal and working night shifts, her mind had gone deliriously numb. Too numb to overthink.

But tonight was different.

She could no longer suppress the heat, ignore the dampness that pooled between her legs when she’d let her mind wander in the shower. Only, of course, when Delilah thought God wasn’t looking. The guilt ate at her, no matter how many times she’d prayed…

The Bible was what she needed. Tonight, she’d repent.

She crept through the dimly lit halls, her long braid swept over her left shoulder and clad in an oversized men’s t-shirt with a pair of thick leggings to stave off the night chill. She didn’t have to walk far, only several stories below the floor she lived. It only occurred to her afterward when she’d made it to her destination, that the library might be locked due to the time of day. She peered through the small window.

Delilah saw nothing but darkness.

With a soft creak, the door swung open at her prodding. She breathed a sigh of relief. It was colder
in the library, so cold that her nipples tightened to taught peaks and strained beneath the thin fabric of her sport’s bra.

Delilah hugged herself, fumbling with her flashlight. The beam of light cut through the somberness of the room as she walked between the shelves, searching for her intended read. The library was only ever sparsely used, which slightly depressed her; if there was ever a time to immerse yourself in literature, it was now.

She found what she was looking for easily enough. In crude lettering, someone had etched the word ‘FICTION’ into the side of a towering wooden bookcase. In every conceivable space, there were Bibles jammed onto the shelves, mixed with the occasional Torah and Tripitaka. Her fingers trembled as she ran her thumb along the spine of a particularly weathered Bible, the usual sense of foreboding and guilt bubbling in the pit of her gut.

There was always that moment of hesitation on her part before she opened the holy book. She dreaded being a sinner. It just seemed that every time she studied the scriptures there was something else that she was doing wrong. Something she had to beg forgiveness for.

With a tired sigh, one that betrayed just how deep her weariness penetrated her bones; she grabbed the book and turned to the small sitting area, which was really nothing more than two plush chairs wedged between bookshelves. That’s when she saw it.

It was clear that someone had a twisted sense of humor, and as Delilah moved her flashlight to study the adjacent bookshelf, she caught the word: ‘EROTICA’.

Her fingers twitched instinctively. This was clearly a test. One that she wouldn’t fail. With her heart in her throat, she sat down in one of the recliners and defiantly opened the Bible to a random page. It’s spine cracked and worn, fell upon a page that had seemed to have been re-visited often. The reader having left annotations in the margins.

**PSALM 107**

**God Negan the Savior of Those in Distress**

Delilah frowned at the desecration and idly wondered if Negan had been the one to do it. Conflicted, she read on.

‘Give thanks to the LORD for he is good, his mercy endures forever! Let that be the prayer of the LORD’s redeemed, those redeemed from the hand of the foe. Those gathered from foreign lands, from east and west…’

Her eyes strayed, she couldn’t help it. As she continued to read, her thoughts wandered to the shelf that contained unabashed nudity and sensual gazes on its cover.

“A sinner,” She chanted weakly, her eyes flickering between the two bookshelves. “You are and will always be a sinner, Delilah. You disappoint not only your mother but God as well. Honor thy, mother…”

What would her mother think?

She swallowed heavily, her mother wasn’t here with her. Neither was God, not that she could see. Idly, she debated, was God really as merciful as the Bible claimed?

If he was, he’d surely forgive her…
Delilah stood, her breathing loud in the empty room as she placed the Bible gingerly where’s she’d been sitting moments before.

She took one step forward, then another.

She was surprised how easily sinning could be.

Her fingers roamed the spines of the books on the ‘erotica’ shelf. Some old, some new. She knew exactly which ones were from The Pleasure Palace and she sought out what her body had been yearning for after so many days.

What she should have taken to begin with.

It was glossy beneath her fingertips, the cover chilled from the room. “Forgive me, Father, I have been evil from the day I was born; from the time I was conceived, I have been sinful.” She slowly removed the book from the shelf, half-expecting the earth to suddenly part and envelop her. Or maybe, for the ice to crack and pull her further into darkness and sin.

The pit of her stomach began to throb, she was sinning. And it felt good, very good. “So you are right in judging me, you are justified in condemning me. Amen.” She finished, stumbling back to the recliner, and in her haste, pushing the Bible further into the seam of the chair.

Delilah opened the book, brushing her hands against the title: ‘Please?’

The first page simply read:

Daddy loves his little Dove. That’s why he pushes her boundaries so much.

Peculiar, she thought. She applied pressure to the word before speaking it out loud. Daddy. How did that word belong in this context? Still, it wasn’t so bad. She began to read, turning to the next page:

Chapter 1—The Poker Game

Dove had found herself in a precarious situation. She’d been a very naughty girl and broken one of Daddy’s rules.

“Maybe she forgot to do her chores?” Delilah deliberated aloud, adjusting her flashlight so she could hold the book with both hands.

It wasn’t her fault, honest.

Then again, she was accident prone and naughty by nature. Situations such as this one just tended to find her. She’d been doing just what Daddy had told her to do: Be seen but not heard. But then she had to go and trip, falling hands and knees in front of not only her Daddy but his three guests. The small skirt which had been gifted to her the same night was stained from the glasses full of whiskey that she’d been carrying. The material stuck to the surface of her exposed stomach, exposing her bare ass and the jeweled butt plug nestled between her cheeks.

Daddy’s friends stared. Dove didn’t mind, only squirmed from the uncomfortable feeling of the stickiness that clung to her skin from the alcohol.

“Dove?” Daddy sighed, carefully setting his deck of cards atop the table. “Two things. I told
“I’m sorry, Daddy.” She whimpered, suckling on her lower lip for comfort. “H-he stuck his foot out…” She began to protest, pointing to his friend, Wes, who wore an innocent grin.

Ignoring her words, he pointed out, “You even managed to ruin the extra-special outfit I got you for tonight.”

Dove sniffled, pouting at the unfairness. If only she’d been more careful…

“That’s not fair. It wasn’t her fault!” Delilah cried into the empty room, stopping short when she remembered where she was. Eagerly, she flipped to the next page. The feeling of foreboding waned in comparison to the soft heat that caressed her belly like an old friend.

He sighed again, a heavy exhalation that made her tremble. Worse than anything, she hated disappointing her Daddy. And on poker night of all nights—the one extracurricular activity he allowed himself once a month. The one night which was meant to be purely his.

“Daddy, what can I do?” Dove had yet to move, still kneeling in the puddle of alcohol with her ass blatantly exposed. “I’ll do anything. Please?”

The room filled with snickering and she began to feel as if she’d been left out of some sort of secret. Daddy pretended to consider her words for a moment, his eyes sweeping across her exposed pussy and the damp fabric of her top. Dove’s nipples perked from the obvious attention, her breath heavier as she allowed the weight of her promise to sink in. It sat heavy in her tummy, and she squirmed again. Though this time, it was from the wetness that had begun to collect and drip from her throbbing cunt.

“Anything?” He curled his fingers, beckoning her forward.

The mess lay forgotten as she crawled forth on her hands and knees, the collective gaze of her audience sat heavy on her back as she groveled. Her cheeks burned with humiliation as she knelt by her Daddy’s side, waiting for his instructions.

“Stand for me, Dove.” She did so eagerly. “Remove the entire outfit.”

“In front of all those people?” Her breath caught as she considered the scenario with herself in Dove’s position. Delilah’s breasts would be heavy and taught, that much she knew. But would her fingers tremble as she disrobed in front of an audience?

She pictured Negan at the forefront of the hoard, and a sudden rush of dampness spread between her legs as she tried to imagine him naked. His dark eyes would be hungry for her, only her. She saw him so clearly in her head, hands outstretched and looming over where she sat. The other faceless men held only at bay by his single command: ‘I’m first.’

She quivered.

Delilah returned to the book, her eyes eagerly sweeping the pages as the imaginary figures in her head crowded closer.

The others eagerly watched as she disrobed without a second thought. The white tube top and micro-skirt had barely covered her assets, to begin with. Unrestrained, her heavy breasts
bounced and jiggled as she bent to undo the zipper of her skirt. When she was done, she looked to him for instructions. Delighted by the way her Daddy’s eyes glowed with pride.

She only ever wanted to please him.

He stood, helping her onto the table. The green felt tickled her bare ass, her full breasts pillowing as she reclined fully onto her back. Spread out before her Daddy’s friends, she felt her body react in kind to their heated stares. Her upper thighs had become slick with her pussy juices and a slight flush had broken across her skin.

“Alright, gentleman.” Daddy clapped his hands, gray eyes twinkling with an air of mischief as he took his seat which was positioned between Dove’s spread legs. He had a nice view of her plump pussy lips, and even better, the predatory gleam that reflected in the gaze of each of his guests as they intently studied Dove’s heaving chest. Tonight’s true intention would so begin. “Where were we?”

“New hand?” Wes suggested, though his eyes remained glued to Dove’s breasts.

Daddy nodded in agreement, reaching for a stack of cards near the curve of her hip and started to shuffle the deck. They passed the cards between them, discarding cards and grumbling when appropriate.

Dove had no choice but to listen to it all, from her position she could only gaze at the ceiling and imagine what more she could do to make up for her previous mistake.

“I’m feelin’ lucky today, fellas,” Daddy leaned forward to place the poker chips onto her stomach, his shirt sleeve brushing her hardened clit in the process.

Dove barely held her whimper at bay. Her Daddy was teasing her.

The others followed at his beckoning until finally, Dove had a small pile of chips resting on her tummy. She tried not to squirm too much, biting her lips when hands lingered and fondled. Seen, not heard. But that was hard to follow when four sets of hands teased her mercilessly. Of all his friends, Wes seemed hellbent on getting her in further trouble. He bowed forward, clouding her vision of the ceiling as he enveloped her left nipple. She squirmed under his ministrations, feeling a different, familiar pair of hands spread her legs further.

“Wet already, little slut?”

“Yes, Daddy.” She recognized her mistake the moment she’d opened her mouth, but she was so eager to please—she’d forgotten, again.

She choked on the intrusion. The material of her top had been used as a makeshift gag and as Wes switched to her other breast, another mouth trailed the expanse of her collarbone. She gave herself over to the feeling, moaning freely against the gag as she arched her back. Daddy hadn’t said anything about moving.

Dove fumbled for a minute, finding first, one head and then a second before she entwined her little fingers in their hair, pressing them greedily against her skin as she spread her legs wider.
“Is she always like this?” Dove heard one of them ask, a hint of wonder in her voice as she felt her Daddy’s fingers slip easily into her slick sex.

“Mhmm, my slut’s little cunny is always dripping. Isn’t that right, Dove?” They shared a laugh as she struggled to speak, the gag stifling her scream as a hand reached between her legs to toy with the plug in her—

“Oh, God!” Delilah closed the book with a heavy snap, snatching her hand from where it had been unconsciously pressing against her aching mound. This book. This filth. Had only managed to leave her more confused. “What have I done?”

_Aching._

She stood on uncertain legs before returning each book to their respective shelves, and without a backward glance, she trudged back towards her bed.

That was enough sinning for tonight.
"Abandon all hope, ye who enter here." -Dante’s Inferno [Inscribed above the gates of Hell]

Slut. Cunt.

Those words were derogatory.

Still, they followed Delilah into the light of day and taunted her as she worked. It took all of her wills not to take the red pen she’d been gifted for her administrative task that morning and jam it into the side of her temple—over and over, again. Anything to make the thoughts stop. But that was suicide—the ultimate sin—so she settled on pressing the blunt edges of her nail into adjacent palms, satisfied for the moment with her punishment.

A butt plug? It was better to not even give those words any more thought.

Better to concentrate on things she could understand.

Delilah had been placed at the transaction counter amidst the bustling market located on the main factory level. She didn’t mind. It gave her time to see the beauty in the chaos. All around her, buyers and merchants wagered prices before coming forth to complete their agreed upon exchange. For all the hustling, she was surprised how little she’d actually worked today. It seemed people only argued for the sake of it, a routine set forth if only to have human interaction for the day. Hanzal lounged between her legs, tail swishing and pupils contracting periodically as a random movement caught his interest.

So far he’d been good today, which was a blessing because Delilah had felt that leaving him in her small room all day would be cruelty. She would know. Confinement had been her childhood friend. The simple solution had been found beneath the copious amounts of supplies that Negan had left at her door: a harness in a muted gray color. She’d tied the leash to her stool in fear that he’d wander and get lost. Or worse, someone would take him and put him in a stew.

She could count on both hands the number of offers she’d gotten for Hanzal in exchange for whatever the person had on hand. And it wasn’t even lunchtime, yet.

“That’s a beautiful feline you have.” Delilah blinked, startled that the old woman had snuck up on her, noisily laying her purchases next to the thick binder that contained the current point balances for the factory’s inhabitants.
“Thank you. You’re on the second floor,” Delilah softly presumed, tugging absentmindedly on her long braid as she ran a single finger along the columns. “Candice, right?”

Candice grinned, showing an entire row of missing teeth in which Delilah did her best not to gawk at. Staring was rude. “That’s correct, dear.”

Delilah found her quickly enough, deducting the points for the fresh fruit Candice had taken before moving to erase the total number in the final column. She hesitated upon seeing the digit: 72.

“You’re all set.” Delilah smiled hoping that the expression at least looked the part.

The items came from the factory garden, she rationalized. She wasn’t hurting anyone’s business. She was sinning for a good reason.

Or at least, that’s what she told herself as she erased the fruit transaction and added a ‘0’ to the last column.

By the time her scheduled lunch break had come, her neck was stiff and her lower back ached. Delilah was thankful for the opportunity to spread her legs and allow some feeling back into her bottom. She stood carefully and stretched before reaching to untie Hanzal.

“Do you need the bathroom, Hanz?” The feline in question watched with rapt attention as his owner moved to untie the bothersome thing that had tethered him in place for most of the day.

Delilah, on her part, could not say she was surprised. She’d almost expected it, but sitting still for the past several hours had made her reflexes sluggish. She could only watch as Hanzal darted from beneath the stool, now untethered, his leash trailing behind his tiny body as he hastened across the factory floor.

“Hanzal, stop right now!” With a disgruntled cry, she followed after the surprisingly fast creature, past the double doors of The Sanctuary’s main entrance and into the light of day. Above her head, the sun seemed to twinkle and shine, boring harshly into her eyes. Delilah paused, blinded momentarily by the clarity before she regained her bearings and spotted the end of Hanzal’s leash rounding the front-end of a large RV.

Ignoring the looks she was getting from some of the men in the courtyard, she quickened her footsteps. “Hanzal,” She chastised, now out of breath. A slight flush upon her cheeks and a deep furrow in her brow, she was truly flustered and only had eyes for the feline who was now locked in a playful sparring match with Killer. “You are such a naughty little—!”

“Kitten, what a fucking coincidence! I was just talkin’ to the boys about you.” Exasperated pools of green clashed with mischievous, glimmering tides of burnt umber. He’d caught her, an arm around the waist if only to stop her from tumbling headfirst into the bumper of one of the vehicles parked in a semi-circle in which he’d been leaning on.

“About me?” She’d finally caught her breath enough to respond.

“Mhmm,” He allowed her to straighten before turning to the small group that had been gathered. He pointed to each one. “That fucker with the impressive pornstache is Simon.”

“We’ve met.” Simon acknowledged her with a nod.


“Nice to meet you. Um, you can call me Dee.” Delilah said with a small wave, highly conscious of
the weight and heat that Negan’s body emitted as the arm around her waist pulled her closer. “I’m sorry about Hanzal.” She nudged her head and everyone followed the movement, watching the two animals playfully bat at one another. “I guess he missed Killer…”

His hand deceptively tightened, just so. “And you?”

“Me?” She blinked owlishly, finding herself, once again, looking into his expressive eyes. In them, she could see her image reflected—lips parted and panting shortly for breath.

“Tell me you’ve thought of me, Kitten. Dreamed of me, maybe?” He teased.

“I don’t really sleep that much.” She quietly admitted, the eyes of the other’s watching with blatant interest as Negan’s hand traveled the expanse of the girl’s long braid, stopping just short of the curve of her ass. Delilah steadied herself, placing her palms against his chest and biting her lip as the heat of his bare hand seeped into the curve of her lower back.

Was this how Dove felt? Intoxicated and damp with heat? Powerful. To not only capture attention but to enrapture an audience as well…

It was an addictive feeling.

The imagery bubbled dangerously fast to the surface of Delilah’s consciousness, but before she could second guess her body’s reaction to her precarious situation, Negan pulled away. He rattled off a series of foods and condiments, not once, breaking eye contact with Delilah.

“…had lunch yet?”

“I’m sorry?” She shook her head much to Negan’s amusement and he repeated himself, this time toying with a stray hair that had escaped the confines of her braid. Her hair was very pretty, and oh, could she stay for lunch? “No, I should get going. I don’t want to impose.” Delilah murmured demurely, glancing at the others.

“I missed you, Kitten.” The feeling of his hands encircling her waist impeded all thought. He’d placed her atop the hood of one of the parked cars, stepping between her spread legs so that they were eye level when he said, “Have lunch with me.”

His scent invaded her senses, something citrusy and spicy. It made her mouth water. How was it that every aspect of him was devastatingly sinful? But Delilah was a sinner now, and wouldn’t it be something to sin with the epitome of sinners?

“O-ok, yes. Tori did say I have an hour for lunch.” She answered with a hint of wonderment in her voice. How had she gotten here and so quickly, at that? If she didn’t know any better, she’d have thought that Hanzal was in cahoots with Negan. Or was this fate? A divine intervention, perhaps?

“Legislative?” He asked knowingly, settling beside her and reclining against the car hood. Delilah watched enraptured, as his nimble fingers worked. First, plucking a small tin from the front pocket of his shirt along with a thin sheet of paper. He sprinkled the loose tobacco onto the sheet and rolled it between his fingertips. When he seemed satisfied with his work, he held it out to her, indicating for her to lean forward. “Lick it, Kitten. Right here.”

She remembered what he’d said the last time she’d hesitated in doing what he’d asked of her. Without any preamble, her wet tongue brushed against the thin film, realizing in the aftermath as she pulled away, that a torn page of the Bible was beneath her tongue. Hints of smoke burst across her taste buds, traces of mint and belief mingling in a peculiar aftertaste. Negan observed it all, dimples puckering and he lit one end of the cigarette.
“Good girl.” Something inside her contracted, despite the heavy feeling of guilt that had settled in her tummy. If anything, she could sleep lighter tonight knowing that there was a place in hell reserved personally for her.

It was done. Delilah had gone against her mother, against God, and had read things that made her ache so deliciously that she knew she could never go back to being the oblivious girl she’d been several days prior.

**Would there be mercy for her if she didn’t even want it?** A smaller voice whispered inside her head.

She felt calmer as if she’d been holding in a deep breath and finally exhaled. Killer wandered over, sniffing her boot in greeting and settling at her feet. Hanzal trotted happily behind him, batting at Negan’s shoelace before plopping aside the mutt with a yawn.

“I’m sorry about Hanzal.” She felt the urge to apologize for something. Oh, and laugh. She wanted to run and scream at the top of her lungs. No more guilt or hiding from those feelings she’d suppressed for so long. Not if she could help it. “I promise it won’t happen again. He’s been...relatively good today.”

He waved away her concerns, eyes closed and head tilted towards the sun. “Tell me, Kitten. What’s got you so troubled?”

“How do you—?”

“I see shit,” He further elaborated, turning to her with a brow cocked, “your nose scrunches and you nibble on your lower lip.”

“Oh, um,” No one had ever asked Delilah about her thoughts. Rather, she was always told what to think. “W-what branch I want to work in, I guess?” That wasn’t entirely truthful but it was something she’d been considering.

“Legislative?”

“It’s nice,” She allowed, “but very slow.”

“Judicial?”

“Well, that’s my only other option, isn’t it?”

He gave her an expression, as if to say: ‘You tell me’.

Under the hierarchy, the last branch, the ‘executive’ branch, was reserved for higher up positions like lieutenants and Negan’s inner circle. Of course, Delilah could establish her previous business, get a booth at the marketplace and sell her product, but that had always been more of her mother’s endeavor.

“I used to sell lip balm,” Delilah admitted. Her eyes which had been taking in the mid-afternoon scenery fell upon Arat and Justin who’d moved closer to one another. He whispered quietly in her, cupping her hip as Arat’s eyes fluttered shut.

“They’re fucking.” Negan answered her unspoken question. Delilah hadn’t realized she was staring, hadn’t realized that Negan was watching her watch them.

Taken aback by his blunt statement and his closeness, she wondered aloud, “Are they married?”
“Kitten, you don’t have to be married to fuck.” He seemed amused by her question and Delilah tucked away that knowledge for another time.

“Are you married?” She asked suddenly fearful.

Negan’s eyes hardened as he observed the insecurities that cloaked her like a second skin and with all the sincerity in the world, he said, “There’s no one but you, Kitten. Trust me.”

So she did. At least, until he gave her a reason not to.

“I like you.” He took a deep breath, exhaling a lungful of smoke before snuffing the cigarette with his boot and stepping closer, mindful of the animals at their feet. “I mean—I really, really fuckin’ like you, Kitten. Do you like me?”

She considered his words for a moment, heat settling onto her skin like a small brush fire. Delilah didn’t want to admit her feelings, but he’d asked her a direct question. “Yes, you’re very nice for letting me keep Hanzal, and v-very handsome, too.” He turned her cheek in the direction of Arat and Justin and they both watched as the couple embraced, their mouths fusing as Justin’s hands plunged into the pockets of Arat’s jeans, cupping and stroking her ass.

“Are they at least dating?” The words came barely above a whisper.

They were so shameless, engulfed in one another and seemingly without a care.

“Dating,” He teased, “so juvenile.”

“I’ve never dated anyone,” Delilah admitted looking down into her lap where her lands laid clasped. “Mother says, you’re meant to give yourself to your husband, no one else.”

He tugged at her chin and she resisted, afraid of what she’d see. “You’re so goddamn pure. A virgin,” Negan announced quietly, so close now heat brushed against her lips. It almost felt like a prayer the way he said it. “Is that what you want, Kitten? For me to take you on dates and show you off at The Underground? Show every last one of these assholes that you’re mine?”

He swallowed her answer, pressing his lips against her very soft ones. It was brief, no more than a handful of seconds so as not to scare her, but the feeling and the wetness lingered long afterward on her lips.

“It wouldn’t be as much of a sin,” She reasoned aloud, attempting to place her racing thoughts in organized boxes, “to do those things if we intended to marry. A husband-to-be is technically a husband.”

Though, Delilah had embraced being a sinner she couldn’t shake some of the ideas—her mother’s ideas—that had shaped the person she’d come to see in the mirror.

His lips stopped, resting against the column of her throat with a slight smirk she couldn’t see. She was just too fucking cute, face flushed and full lips that just begged to be kissed. “Kitten, did you just ask me to marry you?”

“Uh…” Did she? She scrambled to remember herself but something inside her had shifted and she wasn’t sure, that of all the morals she held, which ones she wanted to keep. “I’m embarrassed. I’m not sure what I want.” She finally admitted, wringing her dress between clenched fists. Delilah couldn’t stop the way her eyes traveled to the amorous couple.

Negan noticed her staring. “Do you want that, Delilah?”
“That’s all I’ve ever wanted,” She admitted meekly, pressing her fingertips to her swollen lips. They still tingled, her whole body did.

“Then that’s what you’ll get.” He tugged her from her perch and instinctively her legs wrapped around his trim waist. He’d give her anything if only she bothered to ask.

If only her mother could see her now!

Locked in an embrace with a man she barely knew. She was sinning and if it had to be with anyone, she wanted it to be Negan. He made her feel safe and his eyes were kind, but only when he looked at her. She relished that. Delilah knew she was sheltered, that she was different. But she could worry about everything else as it came. For once, she’d take sure footsteps on thin ice and hope to make it to the water’s edge. Maybe, if she fell, he’d be there to pull her to the surface.

“You’re my boyfriend? What does that mean?” She wanted clarification.

Sinning was new to her.

“Hhmm, you give me kisses and I give you a shit ton in return.” He grinned wolfishly, pressing his lips to hers for emphasis. “You’ll be my good girl and visit me on your lunch break. Roll my cigarettes…” He listed off several other things, but she could scarcely concentrate as her body registered his nearness.

“That’s all? I can do that!” She tugged at his collar gleefully, squealing when he spun her in his arms and she clutched him tighter in fear of falling.

“We’ll start now. Give me a kiss, Kitten.” Her stomach burned as she leaned forward, lightly brushing her lips against his own. She had a boyfriend—a older, inked, and sinful boyfriend! Her mother had never permitted her to have one, had always said that she’d find a suitable husband for her when she felt it was appropriate. But her mother was dead now and she’d been left the choice. She wanted Negan.

Too soon! Her mother’s voice seemed to harp at her in her mind, but Delilah knew that all relationships started within a sporadic moment. And hadn’t Adam and Eve scarcely known one another before they’d became husband and wife?

Delilah kind of felt that way, as if Negan and her were the only ones on the entire planet. She only had eyes for him, and no one had ever stoked her interest like he could.

Something within her rose up from somewhere deep and repressed in her soul. Selfishness. Delilah had always been a very patient girl, a very good girl. She knew no other way. But now as the feeling became more prominent, she wanted everything, wanted his hands around her waist at all times and for his lips to never leave her skin. Wanted to know why it had taken him so long to seek her out in the first place if he was so notorious for taking what he wanted on sight. She wanted that and then some, she admitted to herself. Her thoughts turning to her book—yes, her book—in thought.

How long would she have to wait for those things?

The question entering her mind was the mental equivalent of a cold arrow piercing her skull. What if Negan didn’t like those things? They couldn’t be entirely normal…

Her urges? Could they?

Suddenly this relationship felt like a burden.
“Goddamnit, finally!” Negan barked, his demeanor changing abruptly as he placed Delilah gently on the hood of the truck and turned to Fat Joey who hobbled towards them with a large basket in hand. “What took you so fuckin’ long, asshole? Were you growing the goddamn ingredients?”

“Sorry, sir.” He rushed about passing out sandwiches to the others before he cautiously approached Negan. Killer growled in warning and he stopped mid-way.

Poor boy, she thought. He needed mercy.

“It’s alright, Killer.” Delilah softly soothed, reaching to pet the animal who now stood before the cowering man.

“Lemme get something into your thick skull, Fat J. I’m in a really really good mood. Hell, some would say my big balls have been tickled pink.” Negan watched too, as Delilah seemed to calm the irate dog. “See this sweet little thing, Joe? She’s my woman now. Right, Kitten?”

Delilah had bit her lip before tentatively nodding her confirmation. Negan’s words had caught the attention of the others and the atmosphere seemed to shift. People stopped working, sentences paused mid-word. What? What was she missing?

“But you don’t do relationships.” Joey rambled, gaping dumbly. “I thought you said they were a liability…”

“Ta-fucking-da!” Negan made a spectacle of waving his arms in her general direction before turning to her with an affectionate look. “Are you hungry, Kitten? It’s lunchtime so you must be fucking starving.”

“A little,” She admitted, wanting to be honest. He rewarded her with a fleeting kiss, in which, she refused to break, and so, it slowly became a tentatively heated embrace. Delilah had never been kissed except fleetingly in primary school. She’d never used tongue but he made her so comfortable that she hardly second-guessed the action. Tentatively, her hot tongue met his own. Really, she’d meant to distract Negan so he’d stop toying with Joey, but this was nice too.

“C-can we eat?” She broke the kiss with a demure grin, a hard contrast from the way her body sung within. A cataclysmic shift of tectonic plates. That was the only way she could describe it as lunch carried on and onlookers became unstuck.

Oh, my. She could practically picture herself on her frozen lake, feel the slow heat building from beneath the thin surface and knew she had welcomed the gates of hell to open—to incinerate her.

“N-negan,” She swallowed around the bite that he’d offered her, practically purring against the ministrations of a wondering hand that languidly massaged the exposed column of her neck, periodically squeezing and stroking. “Couples have to tell each other everything, right?”

“Of course, Kitten.” Something behind his irises shifted, the same way she imagined the plates beneath her lake did, and she became privy to the heat that laid dormant in his gaze; barely contained. All for her to take and possess. How could she have it all? With him? Her mind worked in overdrive, attempting to rectify her unbalanced disposition. “Mhmm, ‘bare-your-soul’ truth and all kinds of other fucked up shit.” Negan licked his lips, considering.

However this ended, she would surely welcome the flames that would envelop her.
At The Age of Seven

Chapter Summary

“Above all, love each other deeply, because love covers over a multitude of sins.” -1 Peter 4:8

Chapter Notes

this chapter is short, i know. but it’s meant to be impactful and give you insight into delilah’s life.

p.s. you should totally read my first ever Rick fic: Uninhibited. it’s pretty bangin. x

At the ripe age of seven, Delilah had mastered the art of her mother’s mood swings. She could tell, before her feet even moved from her bed to her bedroom floor, whether she’d spend her day in the basement or reading her scriptures.

Today she was pleasantly surprised that neither had happened, Delilah had been free to do her puzzles and color with her sidewalk chalk until she was called inside for dinner.

Dinner, like always, was uneventful. They marinated in quiet after Delilah led the prayers, consuming substance in stilted movements. Delilah didn’t mind, only eyed the small bouquet of yellow daffodils upon the dining room table in contemplation. They seemed to mock her, the green ribbon tied around the small vase had a note attached. She wanted to read it.

Her mother smiled, her green irises bright with something other than conviction for once. “Delilah,” She lightly chided, “it’s rude to stare. If you want to know, just ask me. You shouldn’t be frightened of the truth.”

Delilah carefully placed her fork onto her plate, straightening her napkin and taking time to select each word as they came to her carefully. It just seemed that everything she did was a chance for her mother to preach and reprimand her. “Mother, why shouldn’t I be afraid of the truth?”

“My dear,” Her mother’s words were a tender caress as if she pitied the young girl. Delilah thought, she mostly did. “The truth is just that—truth. The polar opposite of a sin. Does it make sense to shed tears over something you can’t change—something that the Lord has ordained concrete?” She paused, and Delilah took that as her cue, shaking her head. “Ignorance is a sin, Daughter, remember that.”

“Yes, Mother.” A pause. “Who are the flowers from, Mother?”

Just a small curl of her lip, but it was there. Her mother was smiling. “Your father,” She explained primly, “he thinks that he can win me back with sweet words.”

Quickly, so as not to give away her astonishment, Delilah closed her eyes. In her reasoning, she’d
come to the assumption that if eyes were the window to the soul, she could close the shutters to withhold the extent of her pain.

Her father had sent her mother flowers. Did that mean they talked often? What did that mean for her? Delilah was seven, and she had never met her father, and the last time she’d asked of him...

The sharp claws of fear gripped her ribcage.

The last time she’d asked, Delilah had wished she were dead.

It made sense for her to be confused—a metaphorical deer caught in the headlights. Should she ask more questions or was her tab full for the night? It was a peculiar feeling, to second guess yourself at such a young age.

“He won’t.” She continued, leaning forward to pluck a dying petal from one of the flowers. Her mother eyed the wilted leaf before promptly crushing it with her fist. “You won’t make the same mistake I did, Delilah, I’ll make sure of it. The first man you lay with will be your husband.” Her words became sharper, and Delilah thought, here was the maternal figure she knew all too well. “Repeat that, so I know you understand.”

Delilah dutifully reiterated her mother’s words, even if she wasn’t entirely sure what they meant. She knew somewhat of relationships, the girls at school whispered about dating and drew their initials with their crushes engulfed in a heart. Delilah envied their innocence.

Her mother lapsed into a bout of silence, admiring the flowers with a reproachful gaze. “If you’re lucky, Delilah, he’ll also be your first love.”

When her mother left the room, Delilah read the card attached to the bouquet. In hastily written penmanship, it read:

the animals miss you. i miss you. —Zeek
Proverbs 16:28

Chapter Summary

A dishonest man spreads strife and a whisperer separates close friends. -Proverbs 16:28

Chapter Notes

this chapter is short, i know (life is super rough right now). but next chapter is Negan’s pov and includes fluff & some smut. x

p.s. you should totally read the spooky smut i’ve been posting to hold you over in the meantime: ‘Things That Go Hump In The Night’ Series: Bewitched - Goosebumps - Fright Night pt.1 - Fright Night pt.2

When was the appropriate time for Negan to see her breasts?

Would God care that she wanted him, her boyfriend, to touch her before they’d even thought of marriage?

Could her mother see her now, where ever she may be?

The thoughts plagued Delilah as seconds drifted into minutes, which then, collided with hours. She worked the rest of her shift mindful of the whispering and lingering stares, but mostly she kept to herself and was pleasantly surprised when Arat came and invited her to dinner as Negan was occupied with a lieutenants meeting. It was unnerving, to be the center of attention of so many people but other than the wide berth that some gave her it was the same as usual. As it turned out, the only person she had to worry about was Samara.

She closed the door with a soft click, letting Hanzal down so that he could curl up in his usual spot at the foot of her bed.

“Where have you been, Delilah?” She sat, perched upon her bed with a stoic expression. "I waited for you at dinner.”

“I didn’t know you were going to be waiting up for me.” Most nights, Delilah ate alone and Samara ate with Simon. “I’m sorry, we had dinner outside and—”

“We—? You mean Negan?” She sneered. “Really, Dee? I had to hear that my roommate is ‘dating’ the leader of our community from Simon. How do you think that makes me feel?” She ranted, throwing her hands up in the air with a fierce look of disappointment that distorted her usually pretty features. “How could you be so fucking stupid—after everything I told you,” Samara emphasized.

Truth be told, Samara was jealous. She felt protective of the girl and if anyone were to corrupt and
take her innocence—Samara wanted it to be her.

Delilah pouted, “He’s been very kind to me and—”

“I thought you said you hadn’t spoken to him.” The redhead accused viciously. “So you’ve been lying, too?”

Delilah suckled her lip in thought, realizing that she had lied. Multiple times. She caught her reflection in the mirror that hung above their rickety dresser. Who was she becoming? The familiar stinging of tears prickled behind her eyelids as she took a step back only for Samara to advance.

“This is how it starts, he’ll corrupt you, Delilah! You think you can handle ‘dating’ Negan? He doesn’t date—he fucks. So tell me…” She took a step forward, digging a finger into the soft skin just below Delilah’s breast as she let her anger tint her words.

“Stop, Samara.” Delilah weakly protested. “We’re dating now, exclusively.”

“And when his dick gets hard? Are you prepared to spread your pretty little legs and let him fuck your cunt, huh? Maybe get down on your knees? I can assure you, sweetheart, it’s not the same thing as praying.” Samara ribbed.

Delilah’s face burned with embarrassment.

“That’s what I thought.” She snorted.

“I’ll do o-other things before he marries me.” Delilah words gradually lowered as she spoke until they were nothing more than a mere whisper.

“Wake. Up. Delilah! He’s not going to marry you. Negan doesn’t do marriage, much less a relationship. What’s your ploy, you wanna shack up with him and not earn your keep? I thought you were stronger than—” Delilah’s sharp inhale made her pause and Samara thought, maybe she had gone too far when the haze cleared and she saw how heartbroken her roommate looked.

“W-why are you being so mean? You’re supposed to be my friend…” Delilah took a step back, doubt swirling in her head. Maybe she was right. Had she sacrificed a place in heaven for a convoluted relationship that would only end badly? “Just…leave me alone!” She wrenched the door open, stepping across the threshold as her vision blurred. She wanted to be away from this—her doubts and Samara’s anger.

“Because it’s the truth, Dee! You can’t run from the truth. I never took you for being so ignorant.” Hazy green eyes met hardened blues, and they both stood divided, wondering how it had gotten so bad in a matter of moments.

“Stop!” Delilah’s head spun and for a moment she saw her mother where Samara stood. Mouth twisted upwards in annoyance, shoulders tense and that stupid smug look of superiority. As if Delilah didn’t know any better, as if she didn’t know anything about herself.

“Delilah, please. Don’t leave, my dear, I’m—” Samara pleaded, realizing the extent of the damage she’d just done to their friendship. She reached a hand out to console her but it was too late—she’d broken Delilah. If she’d listened closely, she could almost hear the poor girl’s sanity—what was left of it—crumble to indecipherable pieces. Hear the bow drawn too tight, snap beneath the tension. Hear the metaphorical ice beneath her feet cracking under the weight of the resentment Delilah had been carrying since she was a child.

“Don’t fucking call me that!” Delilah shoved her—hard and Samara went stumbling backward,
falling onto her ass. Distant and glassy eyes she peered down at the mirage of her mother with a look of utter turmoil creased across her delicate features. “You’re dead, I killed you! You can’t ruin my life anymore.”

Without a backward glance, Deliah ran.
Proverbs 29:11

Chapter Summary

Fools give full vent to their rage, but the wise bring calm in the end. -Proverbs 29:11

Chapter Notes

yay, we’re back. what do you think of Kitten’s little tantrum?

Negan wasn’t a good man. Hell, the catnip in his pocket could attest to that. He’d lured his Kitten right from the safe confines of the factory under the gauze of a mere coincidence and straight into his arms. Quite literally, too. His plan couldn’t have worked better—he’d wager his left nut on that.

He was a planner. A meticulous one at that.

He couldn’t help but celebrate when his efforts returned tenfold. Today’s lunch ‘date’ had been the cherry on top of his proverbial cake.

The way her doe eyes had looked at him for permission each time she’d wanted a bite of something that was his. Her soft, full lips wrapped around his straw with a mischievous glint in her eyes when he’d caught her. His dick twitched against his thigh as his thoughts became wayward, considering the curves beneath the bulky clothing that concealed them. Delilah was all woman hidden behind the facade of childish tendencies. He couldn’t wait to cherish her. Corrupt her, too.

His girlfriend.

There was a thought.

He snorted aloud, drawing the attention of the others around the long table. If only his exes could see him now—*content and committed*. One, in particular, Negan thought gleefully. But all humor aside, he’s felt drawn to Delilah since the very moment he’d spotted her profile backlit against the inky morning sky. Innocent and pure. Too pure for this world.

_Vulnerable_. He thought, his smile waning.

Negan couldn’t imagine _not_ protecting her, the thought of any other person putting their hands on her was almost enough to push him to the brink of insanity. She was soft and warm, her curves fitting against the hard planes of his chest like she was his missing puzzle piece. Unwillingly, a slow smirk unraveled across his lips as his thoughts strayed again. He didn’t care how cheesy his fucking thoughts were; Negan was falling in love—*fast and hard*.

The people around the table shifted nervously as he continued to smile to himself. His happiness could only mean one of two things.

Lucky for them it was the latter.
A sharp rasp followed by the abrupt opening of the door had the whole room on edge, guns drawn and seats scraping across the floor in a scrambled, jumbled cluster-fuck of a mess. Inwardly, Negan cursed the fuckers who were assigned to door duty. His old man had instilled in him the age-old saying: If you want something done the right way—on the first try—do it your fucking self.

Outwardly, he was the picture of ease.

“Sammie?” Simon dropped his weapon, furrowing his brow at the woman who dared to interrupt Negan’s meeting. “What the hell are you doing here? The roof had better be on goddamn fire.”

Simon’s eyes shifted to Negan’s relaxed frame in worry. He seemed amused by the whole thing. Simon knew better. Minutely, Negan’s grip loosened on his own piece. Samara was lucky that Killer hadn’t been sitting in on the meeting, he’d remind her of that later.

She looked disoriented and red-eyed, her blue eyes shifting from her boyfriend’s face than to Negan’s. “I’m sorry,” Samara started, “it’s Delilah and—”

Negan was on his feet before she’d even finished. “Where?”

“The library—wait—Negan! You need to know…” He pushed past her with long strides, quickly leaving her protests behind. He was given a large berth by his people, some even going as far as to point in the direction that they all seemed to know he intended to go. Fuck, that was saying something. He couldn’t seem to give a shit how he looked as he ran the last several yards. He could hear Delilah…wailing. His mind instantly jumped to several scenarios as he burst through the doors. Some watched from a distance, others quickly evacuated the library.

“Oh, fuck. Kitten?” He breathed, pausing as he rounded the bookshelf. “Delilah.”

Delilah paused momentarily from her crouched position, her pupils shifty and unfocused, swept across his tall frame before turning back to the bookshelf. She took a Bible between shaky hands tearing the worn book in half, mumbling beneath her breath the entire time. “I have been born in the shadow of carnal sin, but have mercy on my soul, Father…”

Negan stepped closer, all the while, he wondered if he’d pushed her too damn quickly. His poor Kitten looked so small and confused. Her tear stained cheeks made his heart ache in a way that he wasn’t used to. She’d obviously been through some shit. He’d guessed a cult at the beginning, biased to the way she dressed and her meek nature but now he wasn’t so sure.

He tried again, calling out her name as he stepped forward.

“Well. Me. The. Fuck. Alone!” She spat, pausing briefly before continuing, picking up another Bible from the bookshelf and opening it to a page. Her eyes ran across the words briefly, reciting them out loud as she shredded it. “And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come back…”

For his part, Negan did his best not to stumble. Where the fuck had his innocent, little Kitten gone? The library seemed to become deathly quiet at the use of her expletive. No one had ever dared to speak back to Negan at the risk of losing their head. Fuck, if the feeling wasn’t instinctual. But he couldn’t necessarily kill his girlfriend.

He was far, far too attached.

His words chilled her to the core. “What the fuck did you just say to me, little girl?”

Delilah suckled her lip, seeming to remember exactly who she was talking to. She dropped the book in her hands to nervously fiddle with her skirt. Hell no, she wasn’t going to be his meek
Kitten; not when she’d thoroughly shown her ass. He quickly closed the space between them, fistig the hair at the crown of her neck and cupping her jaw with the other.

God, help him. Her eyes fluttered shut, a rare look of ecstasy sloping across her delicate features before training hooded eyelids on his towering form. His little Kitten liked it rough. “I w-was confused, D-da—! I’m sorry.” She clutched his leg, crying harder and struggling in his grip as her words rose in volume. “I didn’t mean it. I didn’t, honest!”

Fucking hell…

Negan groaned internally, knowing he couldn’t punish her if she wasn’t even in the right headspace. He’d overlook her faux pas—just this fucking once. “What has you so worked up, baby?” He relinquished his grip, sinking down beside her as she whimpered pathetically.

“I’m tired!” Delilah cried out, fistig his shit as she burrowed into his chest. “I’m s-so tired!”

A nap was in order, dutifully noted.

She’d done a number on half a dozen Bible’s, scriptures half tore and shredded to meaninglessness; they littered the floor like some sort of omen and Delilah was amongst it all. “C’mon, Kitten.” Negan pulled her into his lap, wiping the tears from her face as she burrowed into his chest, shivering delicately. “Dry your tears, baby. Good girl,” He cooed. “Slow breaths.”

For lack of better words, he’s just talked his girlfriend through a tantrum.

“Kitten?” She hummed against his throat in question, the occasional hiccup slipping from her mouth as he smoothed his hand along her back. He’d never seen her so uninhibited, the usually guarded look behind her eyes had vanished and left vibrant, expressive irises in their wake. He hoped they stayed. “What the hell has gotten into you—?”

“Delilah!” Samara’s boots created a thunderous uproar upon the metal flooring, upending her peace and tranquility. Delilah felt a headache begin to form as she nuzzled deeper into Negan’s chest in an attempt to escape her roommate. “Oh, thank god! You’re okay.”

Simon followed close behind her, stopping momentarily to survey the damage with a look of intrigue that mildly annoyed Negan. His Kitten wasn’t someone to be gawked at like some sort of spectacle. Fuck, now he was cranky.

“Go away! I don’t wan’a talk to you,” Delilah began to grizzle, becoming restless in his arms. She tugged at his sleeve, her little, wet nose running along the expanse of his throat as she whispered for him to take her far from her. Negan’s brow furrowed at that. They were roommates after all. But the greedy bastard that he was couldn’t seem to care and wasn’t going to pass up an opportunity to spend more time with his girl. Seemingly, in an overnight setting. “Please, please!” She whimpered.

Persistent little thing.

“Alright, Kitten.” He lifted her carefully from his lap, though she didn’t allow much space between them for him to rise. She waited impatiently before wrapping an arm around his waist, only to stop short at Samara’s insistence.

“Delilah,” Samara’s hand wrapped firmly around Delilah’s small wrist, pulling it firmly in her direction. Out of respect for Simon, Negan didn’t break her wrist. “Come back with me and we can talk. I’m sorry, Dee.”
She tugged firmly again and in the process, a small book fell out the pocket of Delilah’s cardigan. Samara picked it up without thinking and Negan could only watch with a vague sense of amusement as his Kitten let out a small roar, diving for the book.

“Fuck, she fucking bit me!” Samara yelped, holding the book out of reach as Delilah’s teeth sunk firmly into the soft skin of her wrist.

Simon rushed forward to aid his girlfriend, the tension in the room now increasing ten-fold as he worked to pull Samara from Delilah’s surprisingly firm grip. “Negan,” Simon called to where Negan had been standing, seemingly content to watch; though mildly annoyed. At who? Simon couldn’t say. “Some goddamn help?”

“ Fucking hell,” Negan grumbled under his breath. He needed a smoke and a glass of whiskey after this shit show. “We’re leaving, Delilah—now!” He barked out. With barely any effort, he lifted a struggling Delilah over his shoulder and snatched the book from Samara’s grip without a backward glance. Sure people stared, some probably pondered the fate of the young girl who shrieked and beat against Negan’s back aimlessly. Negan couldn’t blame them, she’d made him a spectacle today. It was a problem and he knew just what his cranky, little girl needed.

A spanking.
**Proverbs 5:20**

Chapter Summary

For why should you, my son, be enraptured by an immoral woman, And be embraced in the arms of a seductress? -Proverbs 5:20

Chapter Notes

Negan seems to be a little less poetic than Delilah, don’t you think?
edit: idk why i'm having so much trouble uploading this chapter, its glitchy and it sucks.

Calm. Patient. Understanding.

If he were half the decent man his mom had made him out to be, he would have been all those things now and then some. He’d have set Delilah down on her own two feet, made her articulate her words and act like the mature women she ‘should’ be.

But he didn’t. If she wanted to act like a little girl, he’d handle her as such. It was all he knew. Lord knows, his own father had tanned his ass more times then he’d care to remember. At least, he had the decency to wait until he was in the confines of his own quarters.

“Stop! Stop! Let me down,” The rhythmic thumping on his back seemed to chip away at what patience he'd been able to scrape together.

The sharp bite on his shoulder blade made him pause.

Delilah was a slight, little thing. Easier to manhandle, he told himself as he shifted her slightly from where she’d been strewn over his right shoulder before tugging at the stretchy waistband of her leggings. Later, he’d be pissed that the first time he got to feel up her ass was mid-tantrum.

He caught her legs as she flailed, the cool air in the hallway that he’d been stalking down, caressing his palm as it traveled in a perfect arch. The soft skin of her ass yielded to his palm as he let his irritation pour into the hit. Delilah yelped, struggling minutely as heat blossomed across her ass. He spanked her again, this time getting the other cheek with enough pressure to simply quiet her.

“Now walk,” He set her down on her feet, pointedly leaving her ass uncovered as she stared speechless into his hardened gaze.

Her big, green eyes seemed to try to penetrate his hard exterior for a second. “C-can I have a hug, p-please?”

Negan narrowed his eyes. Whether she was trying to intentionally manipulate him or not, he wasn’t going to stand for it.
“I said, walk, Kitten. Third door on the left,” He crossed his arms, motioning with his head for her to move. She seemed hesitant, turning to face the direction he’d pointed to before reaching to pull up her bottoms.

He raised a brow. “Did I say to pull up your pants?”

“No,” She pouted slightly, sucking her bottom lip into her mouth as she thought for a moment. After a beat, the hands poised at the waistband of her leggings became lax. Delilah’s breath became erratic as she spoke. “B-but, I’m naked. What if someone sees me..?”

“Then you better move your damn feet, huh?”

That got her moving. She trudged down the hallway, slightly delayed as her legging sank down around her ankles, arms tightly crossed beneath her chest with a full-blown pout. Negan lingered for a moment, watching as each plump cheek of her ass rose and fell as she walked. They were more than a handful, he just knew. Beautiful, too. Delilah’s ass was the shape of a perfect upside-down heart, the curves leading up to what he knew was a small waist. The better for him to grip as he fucked her within an inch of her life. He had to stop himself from glancing at her pussy lips, lips that he knew would be slightly damp with curiosity and humiliation.

“This one?” Delilah’s braid had come undone, a dark curtain that she used to cover her face as she sniffled, putting her hand on the door to his flat.

Negan hummed his answer, stepping closer and fitting himself against her back so that she was pressed between two hard spaces. Delilah drew in a ragged gasp, he guessed from the hardened bulge that prodded at her lower back. He leaned close to her ear, faintly whispering, “You’ve been a really naughty girl today, haven’t you?”

“Y-yes.”

He nodded, considering his next words. She was a virgin. Fuck, he wasn’t blind to that. She wore the damn thing like a burden, but he needed to do this. She needed this. Needed him. “Lay on the bed, face down, until I say otherwise. Okay, baby?”

Her tiny response came quickly. “Are y-you mad at me?”

He paused, biting at his lip to hide his wry grin. “Should I be?”

Despite everything, Negan thought she was worth the trouble. She didn’t know any better, but he’d be the one to teach her.

“I made a big mess.” She nodded as if coming to a big breakthrough. “I have to repent for my sins.” Quickly, Delilah opened the door and swept the large studio with her eyes, finding a large bed partially obscured by a thin privacy screen. In his pet bed by the fireplace, Killer perked up and trotted after her with curiosity.

Now, Negan had lived a long life. A long and sordid one, at that. Much didn’t really shake him and this was—for lack of better words—unsurprising. Religion. That’s what it always seemed to come down to. His grandmother had been a ball-busting Catholic and because of that, he’d spent most of his early childhood with his ass on a pew and his fingers in his ears. Negan wasn’t an atheist, he just chose to believe in the shit that was tangible.

What he could see was that someone had hammered Bible verses into the poor girl until there wasn’t much room for anything else left inside of her. It was apparent in the somewhat vacant look she got in her eyes at times when she thought no-one was looking. Tarnished, but not broken.
Negan needed time to think, to form a plan that wouldn’t leave both of them emotionally shattered when it was all said and done.

He shut the door behind him, whistling for Killer as he moved into his kitchen to pour a glass of whiskey. Killer came obediently with a slight whine, up until then, he’d had his snout buried in Delilah’s neck where she laid strewn across his silk sheets.

His sentiments exactly.

With a stiff drink in hand, he moved towards his living room. Subsequently, the large recliner that had long since been molded into the shape of his torso. Only, it wasn’t the familiar comfort he got when he planted his ass in his seat. Something in his back pocket was digging into his ass. A book. The damn book he’d taken from the catfight he’d broken up minutes before.

“Please?” Negan’s brow furrowed as he took another sip of his whiskey, eyes roaming the simple cover.

From where he sat, he had the perfect view of Delilah’s plump ass pushed slightly upward as she squirmed in the defying quiet of his flat.

Good.

With another lingering glance in her direction, Negan opened the book to where it’d been dog-eared and began to read.

Chapter 11 — Possession

Jealously was a bitch.

Unfortunately, for Dove, it seemed that was all she could feel today. Daddy was a popular professor, she’d known that and happily been the victor…

Negan’s eyebrow shot up faster than a goddamn rocket. Daddy. Just like that, another puzzle piece had fallen into place. He was beginning to get the bigger picture.

His little girl wanted a Daddy.

…stealing her Daddy from underneath the nose of all those hungry bitches. She wasn’t usually like this. Anything less than unrelenting adoration was an insult to their relationship. She worshiped her Daddy and he, in turn, worshiped her; very graphically, and sometimes before an audience.

But then Tiffany had come along.

Dove liked to call her the ‘red-headed succubus bitch’, and rightly so. Shiny red lips and a low, sultry voice to match. Dove hated to watch her take up all of her Daddy’s attention in class. Now, to hear that she’d begun to monopolize his time out of lecture was far too much to bear. That time was meant for her. Time for her Daddy to adore and cherish her. Not entertain little cunts with boundary issues.

She felt like she could drop to the floor, kicking and screaming.

Dove barely resisted.
“Curiouser and curiouser,” Negan mumbled to himself, his gaze falling to where Delilah lay fast asleep. Her tantrum having tired her out.

Instead, she had a better plan. She would stoop to Tiffany’s level, if only, for a moment, and show her what she couldn’t have. Despite the games she played with her Daddy she was a grown woman who wouldn’t let someone encroach upon her property. With a small sigh, she adjusted her gray, pleated skirt and knocked at her Daddy’s office door before barging in.

“Professor Grey,” Dove greeted, pretending to look startled when she noticed Tiffany sitting at one of the chairs positioned at the front of his desk. Her legs, Tiffany’s, were too far spread. Too many buttons undone with a hint of her bra showing. “I’m sorry, I thought we agreed upon 3:15? I must be early, or..?” She said, tightly.

Daddy’s eyes narrowed in suspicion, taking in her small skirt and platform sneakers. They’d never agreed upon any time or an appointment for that matter, but he loved to play their games. “It seems I might’ve over scheduled meetings for today, Tiffany. If you’re having any other problems you can email my assistant.”

He hadn’t taken his eyes off Dove, not even when Tiffany had released a loud huff and begun to march towards the door.

“Bitch,” Tiffany hissed, passing by Dove in the door frame. Swiftly, Dove stuck her foot out, causing Tiffany to stumble on her heels.

“Cunt,” She returned sweetly, shutting the door with a small giggle. Oh, well. To the victor goes the spoils. Turning to face her Daddy, she realized that he now seemed less than amused by her display of possessiveness. Dove blinked innocently. “What? She started it.”

Daddy patted his lap, asking, “And you had to finish it?” He looked at his watch. “Thirty minutes into her pre-scheduled time.” He tsked.

For a moment, she forgot her place.

“The bitch deserved it,” Dove bit back in retort, gasping when Daddy grabbed a fistful of her hair and pulled it back sharply when she was within arms reach, tugging her into his lap.

“Do you need a spanking, little girl?” Despite the threat, Dove moaned, pressing against her Daddy’s rapidly hardening cock. His other hand moved up her skirt as he bit into the soft skin of her neck. Slowly, he brushed her bare pussy lips. “Such a little slut,” He cooed, stroking her wetness as she writhed in time to the pulsing heat that was beginning to quicken between her legs. “Were you walking around like this all day or did you go to the bathroom and slip your panties off? Maybe finger yourself before you came here?” He asked knowingly.

Two fingers slid into Dove’s tight sleeve and she began to ride his fingers, her hips rocking in small circles so that the digits bluntly hit her front wall. “Oh, Daddy!” She moaned as she took two more of his fingers into her slutty cunny, her inner walls coating him in a fresh round of her cream. “The second.” She answered honestly.

“Don’t mistake the fact that I own you, little girl,” Daddy cooed, watching her fall apart in his lap. He pumped his fingers before curling them upwards with an intensity that had Dove
squirming off his lap to gain some relief. “I think I’ll give Wes a call, hmm? I think two cocks in your slutty mouth tonight will put you back in your place.” His thumb pressed against the puckered ring of her anus, wet from her juices. “Maybe two here as well, pet. Would you like that—?”

The knock at the door pulled Negan from the novel. Fuck, he’d been more than absorbed in the book and he could see how his innocent, little Kitten had been too. He stood, adjusting himself in his jeans before heading towards the door. Killer followed at his heels.

Simon stood on the other side of the door looking disgruntled when he finally opened it.

“Found him wandering the halls,” He held Hanzal like a bomb that was bound to detonate. “Thought Delilah might want the little bastard alive.” Simon cursed, the cat in question, jumping from his hands and sniffing Killer in passing before strutting across the threshold and into his apartment like he owned the place.

“Yeah, thanks.” Negan waved him off, ready to shut the door and return to the book that had him enraptured.

“There’s something else,” Simon began, “I’m sorry about earlier. She believes, well, Sammie thinks…”

“Fucking spit it out, Simon.” Negan rolled his eyes. “I value your opinion way too fuck’n much to kill you now.”

“It’s Sammie.” He bit his lip in thought, curious eyes regarding him slightly and just beyond his shoulder, Delilah’s silhouette. “She seems to think that you’ve moved too fast and pressured the girl into a relationship.” He finally admitted.

Negan cocked a brow. “Is that so?”

“It seems that way,” Simon shrugged. “Maybe to the others, too. Maybe. Anyway, I told her to mind her goddamn business. I’ll make sure she knows her place.” He said, suddenly sounding more confident. Cocky.

Negan was sure he intended retribution in the form of a brutal fucking.

“Mhmm, that’s all fine and dandy but I’ve got a question for you, Simon.” He rolled his shoulders and stood from where he’d been leaning on his door frame. Killer had lost interest and behind his back, he could hear him and Hanzal playing with one another. “What do you think?”

“Bout moving to fast?” He paused. “Ain’t any more goddamn clocks around. Old habits die hard, I guess.”

“Nah, ‘bout a daddy kink?”

Sure, Negan had participated in his fair share of debauchery but this one had seemed to slip past his radar. He didn’t miss Simon’s curious expression or the way his eyes lingered over his shoulder. Negan didn’t move, figured instead that by drawing out this conversation more it’d give him more insight into the inner workings of his Kitten’s interests. Every kink had a reason.

“’What’s in a name?’” Simon chuckled, eyes suddenly distant, reliving some memory. “More common than you think though, hmm. I had a girlfriend once—absent dad—really loved to call me daddy. Choked her, too. Said she needed it, but I didn’t really need a reason.”
“Alright, you horny fucker.” Negan laughed, more so at the plan he’d just finished constructing than at Simon’s blissed out expression. “I’ve got shit to attend to.”

“Good luck.”

Luck. That shit was beyond worthless now.
Romans 7:15-25

Chapter Summary

For I do not understand my own actions. For I do not do what I want, but I do the very thing I hate. So now it is no longer I who do it, but sin that dwells within me. For I know that nothing good dwells in me, that is, in my flesh. For I have the desire to do what is right, but not the ability to carry it out... -Romans 7:15-25

Chapter Notes

wow, sorry for the absence. life has been crazy.

She was floating.

A silkened cloud. That was the only way Delilah could phrase it. The surface beneath her weary body cradled her softly as she stretched and yawned. She didn’t want to open her eyes just yet, didn’t want to wake from an unusually good sleep. Clenching her eyes shut and digging her toes into the soft fabric, her nose wrinkled when she realized someone was holding her legs. No, she realized after a moment, her pants were low around her ankles; tangling them together. Without thinking, she moved to pull them back up. Half-asleep, she rationalized she’d somehow kicked them off. So lost in her sleepy reasoning, Delilah failed to hear the sound of approaching footsteps.

With a small yelp, Delilah scrambled towards the foot of the bed, her ass stinging from the brief, hard tap.

“What did I say about pulling up your damn pants?” Negan stood at the foot of the bed, dark and domineering, the look on his face one of disappointment. It made Delilah’s insides twist violently. She didn’t want him to regret being with her, not even in the slightest and not when she’d finally made up her mind.

And then it all came to her in an eerie flashback. Her fight with Samara and her blackout in the library. Oh. Yelling at Negan. She couldn’t have controlled herself if she tried and she wanted to tell Negan that, honest. It just didn’t seem like now was the time for him to hear it. He seemed suddenly thoughtful, studying her position on the bed with his hand still poised from when he’d struck her behind.

“I’m sorry, Negan.”

He’d rolled up his sleeves, and despite the fact that she felt as if she were in trouble, Delilah allowed her eyes to roam the expanse of exposed skin. It was a spiraling geometric texture that ran along his forearm before disappearing beneath his shirt. She was perplexed by it, never had she
seen so much of the Devil’s ink. That’s what her mother had called it, and she wondered now, what was her sudden interest with something so *wicked*.

“You don’t mean that,” Negan watched her closely and for longer than it took her to blink three times, “but you will. C’mere.”

Delilah was mystified by his words. She’d said she was sorry and she usually never lied. So why would he assume—

“Now.”

She scrambled off the bed hastily to where he’d taken a seat at the foot of his bed, mindful of her bottoms. When she was only within a small distance, he lunged, and with a quick precision had her over his knee before she could even begin to protest.

“Shh, Kitten. You need this.” Negan reassured her.

“I need this?” She echoed. “Is this what, um, *others* do in a relationship?”

“A select few,” Negan grinned, enjoying the view of her covered ass as she squirmed. The underwear she wore was horrendous, a full-briefed number that was made to be plain, but his little girl was much more than that. He rubbed the bare, peaking flesh, enjoying the way she visibly shuddered. So responsive. “You okay, baby?”

“I’m wet.” Delilah blatantly confessed as if she herself was just realizing that she was slick between her legs, her panties uncomfortably soiled since he’d forced her to pull her pants down in public. Her face burned with humiliation, “between my legs.”

Above her, Negan’s breathing increased. She wondered if he was upset with her admission but had little time to consider it before his hand was upon the waistband of her underwear. She held her breath, considering the warm weight of his palm. No one had ever touched her like this.

“You’ve made a mess; we’ll fix that later.” Negan agreed, tucking her hair back so it wouldn’t get in his way. “Kick off your shoes, Kitten.”

She did so without an ounce of hesitation, wanting to please him for being so difficult earlier.

“I’m going to take off your pants and then your panties,” He began to do so while speaking. “I’m not happy with the way you acted, but you know that, right? You’re usually such a good little girl,” Delilah nodded in agreement before tucking her face into his thigh with a whimper. She knew what was coming; only she’d never felt so *excited* for it.

Her breathing became louder, mingling with Negan’s own excited breath. Slowly, he dragged the waistband of her bottoms downward, baring more of her skin to his greedy eyes. Honey. Her skin was honeyed, an underlying golden hue that contrasted with his own skin.

Delilah had never felt so bare. She pressed her legs together before spreading them slightly, reveling in the feeling of liberation.

“Today in the library,” Negan tsked, his tone hardening. “You weren’t my sweet girl; you were a brat.”

Negan raised his hand, cupping it slightly before bringing it down onto Delilah’s ass in a smooth arch. She cried out, biting her lip as her eyes began to sting.
“Do you know why you’re being spanked, Kitten?” He seemed to emphasize the word.

“I cursed.”

“You cursed at me,” Negan corrected before bringing his hand down onto the opposite cheek.

“Ow, I cursed at you.” The pain was different then all the other times she’d had to repent before her mother. This entire experience was different. Never had she been asked what she’d done wrong, only had been told her mistakes her entire life. “I was disrespectful.”

“A goddamn brat.” He agreed.

Delilah fought the urge to squirm off his lap as he spanked her in quick succession, the skin of her ass heating with each blow. Tears poured from her eyes in a combination of frustration and disappointment. She had been a brat, and she was ashamed of how she'd acted. She'd have to apologize to Samara...even though she didn't want to.

“You haven’t been truthful, Kitten. You’ve been keeping secrets from me, and here I thought we’d started this relationship off on good standing.” Delilah’s heart sank at his words, and she cried harder into his leg thinking of how she'd acted only hours into her first relationship. Maybe her mother was right. Maybe she wasn’t right for this?

“Look at me, Delilah.” She did as she was told, delighting in the feeling of his hand rubbing the sting from her warm bottom. “I’m not upset with you because you made a mistake. I’m upset because you bottled it up and you hurt someone in the process.” Negan told her.

“S’rry.” Delilah bit her lip in thought, her stomach clenching as she considered the whereabouts of her book. He’d taken it, and now he probably knew. Was that what he was talking about? She didn’t want to face him, but he began to set her upright in his lap, the material of his jeans slightly scratchy and uncomfortable against her smarting ass. “I didn’t mean to bite Samara but…but…” She paused, frustrated.

“You didn’t want her to take this,” Negan shifted, removing the book that had been at the center of her contention only hours before from his back pocket, “did you?”

Her breath caught. “No, I didn’t.”

The unspoken ‘why’ hung in the air and the truth clung to her throat, choking her.

“I don’t wan’a say…don’t make me say…” Delilah shied away, pressing the heels of her palms into her eyes as she whined softly in frustration.

“You know I’d never judge you, Kitten.” Slipping an arm around her waist, he pressed soothing circles just above the curve of her ass. “Was this the same book from before? The book I gave you at The Pleasure Palace?”

“Yes.”

“Did you like what you read?”

She hesitated before saying, “Very much.”

Negan nodded encouragingly, prompting her to continue.

“I liked the things he said to Dove.” She confessed, uncovering her vibrant eyes to perceive him.
Delilah expected to see something akin to disgust and anger. While she had little experience with sex, she felt that what she’d stumbled upon in that book was a sin. An oddity. He held none of those emotions in his eyes, only viewed her with an expression that made the knot in her belly grow tighter. “The things he did to her…they made me…achy.” Delilah forced out.

“Who, Kitten?” His fingers tightened subtly around her waist, their breaths mingling together as Negan knelt forward to run his lips softly against her. He tasted her innocence, brushing tongues and parting lips to consume more of her. Softly, he commanded, “Say it.”

“Daddy,” Delilah spoke the word in a quiet caress, licking the plump flesh of her bottom lip before biting into it. Her lips still tingled where he’d kissed her. “Dove’s Daddy.”

“Good girl.” A small moan escaped her lips, shocking and fascinating her at the same time. She loved what those two simple words did to her, how they made her slick between her legs. How they made her feel free and weightless. Wild. Delilah felt conflicted in the best way. Could she have what she wanted? It seemed too easy, too quick. Surely the repercussions would be greater than the sum of this?

“You owe me an apology, don’t you? I want you to say it again, Kitten.” He raked his fingers through the crown of her head, fistig strands and turning her face to meet his impassioned gaze when she attempted to look away. Negan’s eyes blazed brightly, and she knew with every fiber of her being what he wanted her to say. “Like you need to say it.”

“I’m sorry!” She felt as if her lungs were about to explode and that her head was empty in the most mind-numbingly, delicious way. It was only this moment and nothing else that mattered. “I’m sorry, Daddy.” She stumbled over the word, making it clumsy and choked in its deliverance; but he heard it for what it was, the hesitant passion and the yearning, so much yearning.

“Good girl, Kitten.” He crushed her to his chest. “Such a good fuck’n girl.”

“I’m sorry, Daddy.” She cried harder, feeling as if a weight had been lifted from her shoulder and is if for the first time in her life she’d found a piece of who she’d been meant to be all on her own. Grounded. She was in her Daddy’s arms, and it was new and scary. Delilah wasn’t sure she’d be able to handle the weight of this dynamic, but goddamnit, she wanted to try so badly.

“I know, Kitten.” He smoothed away her tears. “I believe you.”
At The Age of Nine

Chapter Summary

In their own eyes, they flatter themselves too much to detect or hate their sin... -Psalm 36:2

Chapter Notes

sorry that i've been a little MIA, i'm just enjoying life and being home for break. i've got another chapter posting shortly. x

At the precarious age of nine, Delilah had learned to tend to her own wounds. Time after time, she’d fall to her knees and repent to the Lord before her mother; and time after time, she’d be left in the basement with a bottle of rubbing alcohol and some gauze pads.

It was more than someone her age was ever meant to endure.

“He's still working on me, To make me what I need to be...” She hummed softly to herself, shivering from the cold air on her bare shoulder as yet another pad came away saturated with her blood. “It took him just a week to make the moon and stars, The sun and the earth and Jupiter and Mars...”

“How loving and patient, He must be...” With the setting sun casting shadows off her hunched figure, she pondered the oddity that was her mother. She lacked the necessary parts of a human needed to be a loving, maternal figure. Delilah knew that. The fact was apparent to her at even this age. She had a notion that the other kids didn’t have to hide their scars, didn’t have to hide the forbidding feeling that leaked from her cuts just as copious as the blood. “Cause He's still workin' on me...”

The blood. Delilah had learned not to mind it, but it was everywhere now, soaking into her shirt and her hair.

“In the mirror of His word...” Delilah paused, catching her reflection in the dirty window. She hated what she saw. Hated it. “Reflections that I see...”

“Makes me wonder why He never gave up on me...” Picking herself off the floor, she wandered closer to her reflection and twisted her torso so that she could see the extent of the gash. It ran along the length of her right side, spanning from the top of her shoulder and down to her waist.

“I hate God.” She tested the words cautiously, observing the blank look in her eyes as she did. There was a coldness inside her that rivaled even the harshest of winters, that rivaled the heat blooming across her back from the lashes she’d taken. She drew in a deep breath, holding it in her lungs until it began to burn and her vision blurred. Carefully, she blew it out and whispered, “I hate my mother.”
With stiff fingers, she gathered the strands of hair that had escaped her ponytail and sectioned them off to begin a braid; placing it over her left shoulder to avoid the sensitive skin when she was done. “Reflections that I see, reflections that I see…”
Chapter Summary

For where jealousy and selfish ambition exist, there will be disorder and every vile practice. -James 3:16

“You didn’t leave any scars,” Delilah acknowledged softly into the crook of Negan’s neck. “My mother usually did,” She elaborated further when she felt him stiffen. “When I had to repent for my sins she’d leave a scar so I’d remember, um, see?” She held out her hands.

“Jesus fuck,” Negan breathed, observing the criss-cross patterns along her palms. “Never, Kitten. I’d never hurt you like this. There’s a difference between what I did and what your mother did to you, do you understand me?” He asked as he stroked the thin lines.

“Yes, I understand.” Delilah nodded, a crease forming between her eyes as she contemplated the words as they came to her. She’d known the minute that he’d started but it was harder to articulate it into speech. How do you explain something that just felt normal? Like it’d been buried inside you this entire time? “It feels different, less vindictive and more exciting when you do it. You’re good for me, and patient, too.” She added, slyly.

“You’re such a smart, little girl. My girl.” He grinned, pressing a kiss to her forehead and wiping more of her tears away. “Arms up, Kitten. Time for a bath.”

“O-oh, um,” Delilah raised her arms, the unmistakable ball of heat becoming more prominent in her lower belly as she realized that he’d be seeing her breasts soon. Very soon. “Okay?” The tremor in her voice was unmistakable.

“I promised we’d get you clean, didn’t I?” The knuckles of Negan’s fingers brushed along her sides, gathering the baggy material of her shirt in his large hands before he tugged it over her head. Delilah gasped from the un-expectancy of his fingers catching the lining of her sports bra. Her bare breasts bounced free and she released a soft moan as her nipples tightened in the cool air. “These are beautiful, Kitten.” Negan tossed the shirt aside as he took in the soft, roundness of her breasts. He took them into his hands, cupping them gently and watching Delilah’s facial expression as he did. On Delilah’s part, she was oblivious to everything but the feeling of his hands on her body. They were warm and calloused, the texture pleasant against her delicate skin.

“Thank you, Daddy.” He drew a loud gasp from her throat when he rolled her nipples, her back instinctively arching when he applied pressure. So responsive and eager. Delilah’s face burned hot, the fire inside her threatening to consume her as Negan dragged her into a searing kiss.

Delilah was being selfish and it was this intoxicating, all-consuming feeling. She wanted Negan, her Daddy, and wanted his hands on her body for the rest of her life. It was all she knew and all she cared to know. For once, she had the ability to pursue a life that was all her own. No one to tell her how to act, only endless pleasure as far as the naked eye could see. She grew emboldened in this new revelation, threading her fingers into her Daddy’s hair and tentatively brushing her tongue against his. He was all man beneath her fingertips, his muscles bunching and flexing as he continued to fondle her breasts while her hands wandered lowered. She wanted to consume him,
take all that he had to offer until there was nothing left.

Delilah placed her hand on his belt buckle.

“I think it’s time for your bath,” Negan drew back, observing her dilated pupils with a small grin playing across his features, “naughty, little thing.” He chuckled breathlessly before standing with her in his hands. He crossed the room with several large gaits and swiftly entered the bathroom, setting Delilah on her feet to start her bath.

That was it? Was she really about to have a bath when she was ready to have coitus? To have sex?

She pouted. How was that fair? Why did he get to decide?

Delilah opened her mouth to say something but caught her expression in the mirror over the bathroom sink. That couldn’t possibly be her? She didn’t recognize the bright-eyed woman who’d caught her eye. Her long, dark hair was mussed and tumbled in a mixture of kinky ringlets around her shoulders unrestrained. Her chest was flushed, too, cheeks bright and her nipples upturned and still taught.

Was this what a man’s touch could do? Corrupt her as surely as it excited her? She felt Negan’s approach, heard the sound of running water in the background but still she couldn’t look away. She was enraptured.

“I feel like I’m on the verge of some great discovery,” She spoke to his reflection and even then her eyes kept flickering to her bare torso. She’d never studied herself naked, never given thought to her sexuality. With each breath she took, each small shift of her legs, she could feel her arousal. Her sex. Negan watched on in amusement, knowing that he’d begun the process of creating his perfect, little monster. “Like I finally get to be myself.” She cocked her head. "Who am I?"

“I won’t suppress who you’re meant to be, Kitten,” He pressed firmly against her back, his towering frame an almost omniscient foreshadowing as he took both of her breasts into his hands, rolling the hard tips between his fingers and plucking soft gasps from her lips. Together they watched the women in the mirror, the way her eyes hooded and the soft, dreamy smile on her face formed when he plucked at a nipple especially hard. “I’m gon’a treat you so nice, baby. You’ll see. I’ll teach you everything you need to know.” His promise made her moan louder, a trickle of liquid sliding from between her legs as he paused to firmly pinch both nipples until she squirmed.

“Thank you, Daddy.” She gasped, a soft fluttering in her groin beginning to crest as the pain in her breasts increased. “Thank you, thank you.”

“You’re welcome, sweet girl.” He released her breasts, stroking the bruised flesh and placing a kiss to the crown of her head. “Now, it’s bath time.”

“Can you braid my hair, please?” Delilah asked, sweetly. As much as she loved her hair, it really could be bothersome.

“Baby, I can try.” Negan chuckled. “No promises.”

As luck would have it Negan had grown up with three older sisters and knew of the basics. He snatched a comb from off the counter and attempted to comb out the tangles that he’d left earlier. With great concentration, he divided her long hair into three parts and slowly began to braid it until he reached the swell of her ass. He tied the end with an offered hair tie before patting her softly on the bottom. “Good?”

“Yes,” Delilah bit her lip in thought, before asking, “Can you bathe with me?”
He seemed to be teasing her when he said, “Would you like that, Kitten?”

She nodded, thinking of his impending nudity, and she breathed, “Very much.”

He shrugged out of his t-shirt in no time, maintaining eye contact in the mirror until Delilah blinked in astonishment, her eyes dropping to his inked torso. Negan stepped back, moving across the bathroom to fiddle with the taps.

“Oh, wow, Samara wasn’t kidding…” She approached him and reached out a hand to stroke his back. “She said you really, really liked ink.”

*Liked* was an understatement, but she was at a loss to describe the masterpiece that was scrawled on his skin. He’d kept the geometric theme she'd seen on his forearm and across his back was the beginning outline of a large tree emerging from a cluster of shapes. It was subtle and breathtaking, and she thought, he probably loved what he saw in the mirror each morning. Delilah envied that.

“Kyoko’s newest masterpiece,” Negan supplied. His pants sagged under the weight of the items in his pocket as he paused in his undressing to answer her. “We ran outta ink during the last session.”

“Oh?” She took his outstretched hand, stepping into the hot water when he urged her to do so. In passing, she noticed an oddity through his left nipple.

He caught her gaze. “He does piercings, too.”

“This is in The Underground?” Delilah asked, slightly intrigued. She glanced down at her own nipples and briefly pondered the idea of a piercing. She’d never given much thought to modifying her body. She’d been told from a young age that the body you came in was the body you were meant to leave in—as is. Delilah had the strongest feeling that she’d been missing out on *something* and that made her angrier then she’d ever been. “They must have a lot of amazing things down there.”

He caught the wistfulness in her tone. “I’ll take you, Kitten. We’ll go when I say and not a day before, alright?”

“Yes,” She bit her lip, smiling coyly as she leaned over the tub to tug at his jeans, “Daddy.”

“Such a sweet, little girl for her Daddy,” He watched as she glowed under his praise before reaching into his back pocket and handing her a book. Her book.

“My book?” She took it hesitantly, flipping through the pages until it naturally fell open to a spot where it’d been ear-marked. The chapter read: *Punishment*. “Another spanking?” She asked warily.

“You’ll only ever be spanked when you need it,” He reminded her, again reaching into his back pocket. He came away with a small tin and she watched as he retrieved one of his hand-rolled cigarettes and lit it. He drew in a slow breath and watched as she shifted in the tub, blatantly pressing her legs together and squirming in anticipation. “It’s time for your reward,” He exhaled, and Delilah closed her eyes briefly to inhale him and the smell of nicotine as he approached.

With her eyes still closed, she felt the steam on her skin and the pages of the book in her hands. Felt the underlying fear from being naked in front of a man she barely knew and all the pent-up hate and resentment from her past. It mixed within her, creating a heady cocktail of emotions. She was drunk in the best of ways.

She opened her eyes.
“Please, Daddy?”
Psalms 88:12

Chapter Summary

Will Your wonders be known in the darkness, or Your righteousness in the land of oblivion? -Psalms 88:12

Chapter Notes

Would you guys be interested in a companion novel? I’d write 'Please?' to the full extent instead of just cutting them off mid-scene. x

The only time Delilah had seen a man naked was, oddly enough, at the museum. She’d spent hours convincing her mother to go on that field trip and when she’d finally caved Delilah had been over the moon and slightly cautious. She’d been in the eleventh grade at that point and had never been allowed to participate in anything deemed ‘unnecessary’. Looking back, Delilah thought that her mother felt guilty at times for the way she treated her.

At one point during the museum visit, Delilah had wandered away from her class in search of the bathroom. The walls of exhibits had been endless and soon after her divergence, Delilah’s attention had deviated from her original intent.

That’s when she’d saw him. A marble statue of a hunched figure, his hands thrown up to the heavens in a silent cry. She’d remembered being drawn to it because of the expression on its face which was twisted with agony. Delilah understood that feeling well. But there was something about him amidst a room full of other marble statues that enraptured her. Despite his expression and his blatant faults, he was beautiful in all his naked, sinful glory.

Now, she likened Negan to that statue and she could only imagine her expression as her eyes followed the contours of his abs, the roundness of his buttocks, and thighs.

His protruding penis.

“You're beautiful,” She finally breathed when she’d caught her breath. Her eyes traveled along the loops, and seemingly pen strokes of ink that had been painstakingly etched onto a large majority of his body. Delilah had always been enraptured by the details, still, her eyes strayed to his penis, “and very big.”

Negan smiled, a big, shit-eating grin that made his eyes twinkle and his dimples form. Unsure of what he found so funny, she smiled back nervously and made room for him in the tub when he stepped forward. “Hold this, Kitten.” He ordered her, passing her his hand-rolled cigarette.

She took it cautiously, studying the lit end with slight fascination while juggling her book in her other hand. “Those whom I love I rebuke and discipline. So be earnest and repent.” Delilah mumbled to herself, her tone bitter as she read the burning Bible page.
“Is that what it says?” The water shifted and splashed against the side of the tub as he settled in behind her, the length of his legs enveloping her on both sides. She liked the feeling, it made her feel warm in a way that the bathwater couldn’t.

“It’s not important,” She shrugged, bringing the cigarette to her mouth and pursing her lips. She tried to copy the way she’d seen her Daddy do it several times before.

“Relax your lips,” Delilah drew in a soft sigh from the feeling of his bare chest pressed against her back, Negan’s arms enveloping her middle and burrowing his face into the nape of her neck. He directed her without face, taking deep breaths and inhaling her own unique scent. “Draw in a deep breath,” He tapped her middle, just below the swell of her breasts, “from your lungs then hold it and breath it out slowly.”

“It burns kind of,” She coughed, tasting the bitterness on her tongue from the nicotine. No, she thought again, it wasn’t the nicotine. It was the religion that tasted bitter. It stained her lips and the beginning of her fingertips, too.

“All good things do,” He hummed, pushing her braid aside to reach more skin when he froze, noticing the thin scar that ran along the right side of her back. So thin and invisible that he’d failed to notice it when he’d braided her hair only moments before.

Delilah spoke before he could, “You can barely notice it now, but it was large and took weeks to heal when she did it. It’s still sensitive, though.” She bit her lip. Hard.

“Was it deep?” He dropped a kiss where the scar began, imagining a scared little girl growing up with fragility in her bones and religion as her cast.

Delilah nodded, taking another drag from the cigarette, this time longer and smoother before she blew out the air with only a small cough.

“Probably nerve damage,” He grunted, squeezing her middle and plucking the cigarette from her hand, reclining against the back of the tub with a heavy sigh. “What happened to her, your mother?”

“She died,” Delilah bit out. “Why do you care?”

“Tone,” He reminded her gently, his tone hardening when she huffed. “Little girl, isn’t your ass still sore?”

“Sorry, Daddy.” She pouted. Was it just her or had she apologized more times today than in her entire childhood? And yes, her ass was still sore. “I just don’t want to talk about her again. She can’t hurt me anymore, not now.”

“Hmm, so what do you want to do?” His voice held a teasing lull, softly pulling at her braid to turn her head and meet his gaze.

“Read, please.” She licked her dry lips, meeting his gaze shyly. “I just want to be with you and never have to talk about my mother again. She can’t hurt me anymore, not now.”

“No one’s gon’a ever hurt you again, Kitten. If anyone so much as looks at you wrong I’d cut their dick off and feed it to Killer,” Negan offered after a particularly long drag. She wasn’t sure if it was the steam or the smoke, but Delilah had never felt so hazy. So detached and present in the moment.

“Go on, read.” He urged. “I’m gonna touch.”
“Oh, okay.” Delilah’s breath hitched. “Yes, okay.”

“Yes, what?” He drew her back by her braid, exposing her neck so that he could taste the slickness of the perspiration on her skin.

“Yes, Daddy.” She corrected, eagerly flipping to the bookmarked spot she’d seen previously and completely missing the look of amusement Negan gave her in turn.

Chapter 15 — Punishment

“You’re a nasty, little slut,” Daddy tsked. “Repeat after me.”

“I’m a nasty, little slut,” Dove reiterated.

“Why is he calling her a slut?” Delilah asked, brow furrowed. “I thought he loved her, but that’s a derogatory term.”

“Well, Kitten, some people like that shit. It turns them on to be degraded and called names.” Negan answered. Delilah could tell that he tiptoed over his words carefully in hopes of not offending her; she didn’t like that. She wanted to be offended. “Does the thought of me calling you my little slut make you wet?”

“Um, I’m not sure.” She finally answered after a bout of hesitation. “I’m confused.”

Negan nodded. “It’s okay to be.”

“You’re a filthy, nasty, little slut that lies to her Daddy.” He barked. “Say it.”

“I’m a f-filthy, nasty, little slut-t that lies to her Daddy,” She sobbed, pulling against the restraints in hopes of gaining relief from the vibrations that seemed to wrack her entire frame.

They’d been at this for what felt like days, but Dove knew it’d only been hours with the wand.

“A wand?” She queried.

“Keep reading, Kitten.” Delilah’s breath hitched at the order, thinking about vibrations, down there. "Or I won't touch."

“Oh, sorry.”

“You thought that was strong? Listen close, slut.” The buzzing in the room increased, bringing her perspective to a lurching halt. She felt as if she were ready to choke on the sound alone, that is if the pleasure didn’t kill her first. Her skin was slick with a mixture of sweat, snot, and tears which he used to taunt her, rubbing the slick across her peaked nipples. It was degrading and intoxicating. She deserved it; she had lied straight to her Daddy’s face and humiliated him as well.

She’d long lost the ability to moan, low grunts left her mouth instead.

“Are you ready to explain the picture,” Daddy asked, his hands traveled the expanse of her taught, sweat-soaked stomach, teasing the underside of her breasts with light pinches that made her back sharply arch.
"Oh, Daddy, that feels really good." The wet hands of her Daddy traveled along the underside of her naked breast, roaming over her peaked breasts as Delilah’s words trailed. He'd snubbed his cigarette on the side of the tub in favor of touching her. His fingers roamed lower, submerging underwater and pressing into her mound.

"Yeah?" Negan chuckled.

“Yes.” She hissed, she held her breath in anticipation of feeling his teasing strokes.

“I love when you call me Daddy, Kitten.” He lowly murmured into her ear, the tips of his fingers running along the seam of her slick sex. “It gets my cock so hard. Feel it.” He demanded, pulling her firmly onto his lap.

His hard cock push against the crease of her ass, one hand grasping her breasts and the other firmly tapping her clit. Delilah jumped from the bolt of pleasure that coursed through her system.

"Keep reading.” He ordered

“How can I? Oh, God,” His fingers teased her entrance, she was slick and tight; her arousal a stark contrast from the wetness of the water. She swallowed hard, a short pause as his hand that had been teasing her breast rose to her throat in warning. The thought of him choking her brought an unexpected wave of arousal. She was drowning; drowning in him.

“Yes, Daddy.” Dove swallowed heavily, “I-I went to a party and d-didn’t tell you; I got drunk with my friends and Carly kissed me. I swear I didn't want it, though.”

“And you thought that was acceptable,” His eyebrow rose, “to hide that from me? How do you think that makes me fell? You not only lied about where you were Saturday night, but I find out through Facebook? Lying, little whore. I bet you liked kissing her?”

"No, Daddy." She pleaded. "I didn’t.”

“If you cum you won’t be able to sit for a week.” He threatened, completely ignoring her. While he spoke he’d relented on the vibrator to her clit, pressing the wand to her opening instead and teasing the slit of her sex lightly until she jumped and moaned, trying to escape.

“Yes, Daddy. Yes, Daddy. Oh, fuck me please?” Dove pleaded, she knew what was coming, a punishment fuck. And oh, if she didn’t crave it like she craved air.

“You crave my cock, suck it?” He positioned himself near her head, carelessly leaning on her hair to stuff his weeping cock into her mouth. Still, he held the wand to her pussy until her clit became numb and tears began to leak from her eyes. He fucked her mouth without care, choking her and stuffing his cock down her throat.

“Ugh, shit.” In an act of begging, Dove moved her tongue to run along the underside of his cock. “My little cock sucker;” Softly he stroked her cheek, feeling the head of his cock protruding through her cheek—

Delilah hooked her ankle with Negan’s own, toes flexing as her hips continued to dance to a silent rhythm that she hadn’t known she could do.

“Oh, fuck,” Throwing the book aside she wound her arms around his neck, slightly surprised at the expletive that had fallen from her lips. “Keep going, Daddy. Please,” She begged.
He’d penetrated her sex with only one finger for she was tight, her virgin walls gripping his digit in a warm vice. His finger moved at a slow pace, pressing deeper and preparing her for a second finger. When his second finger slipped into her slick passage, she jumped softly at the slight pain from her walls stretching. Still, she wanted it and bucked her hips in encouragement.

“Good girl, so responsive.” He pressed the words into her temple, “Another one?”

“Yes,” She mewed.

After a while, she’d easily come to accept three fingers, relaxing when the pain had subsided and whimpering when he made a pass over her sensitive breasts with his other hand. He played her expertly, finding the fleshy spot inside her that had her moaning louder with carelessness.

Delilah couldn’t be self-conscious. How could she be anything but completely unabridged when he touched her like this?

Once, twice, three passes over her distended clit and she was cumming, her voice going hoarse from the scream that left her throat. Her abs contracted and her sex clenched tightly around his fingers which curled inside her in a come ‘hither’ motion. The possibility of what would happen next didn’t occur to her. Delilah wanted the feeling in her tummy to boil over and nothing short of that. Instantly, she got her wish. She was cresting, spilling over into something that was bigger than her entirely and it was all between her legs. The feeling of liquid heat became too powerful, a hard bite of pain blossoming across her left nipple and that was it. She was floating, the edges of her vision colored black.

Then, oblivion.
The following morning, Delilah awoke to soft sheets and the sound of muted footsteps. The sun had yet to rise but in the limited light of the morning sun, she read the note that had been left behind for her. It read:

**On a run. Be a good kitten while I’m gone. x**

Her cheeks dimpled, tracing the ‘x’ for a short while before stashing it under her pillow. She felt lighter in a way she couldn’t immediately place, really, she couldn’t think with the footsteps echoing in the hallway. She dragged herself from the bed, noting the empty pets beds before slipping on Negan’s soft shirt in passing.

Delilah poked her head out into the hallway, surprised to see Samara’s pacing figure. Reaching the end of the hallways, Samara turned on her heel, abruptly stopping and meeting Delilah’s owlish gaze. They spoke at once, tripping over one another to get their words out:

“I’m sorry.”

“I had an orgasm.”

Samara paused, “Wait, what?”

Delilah cocked her head to the side, repeating louder, “I had an orgasm last night and in the tub. It was my first and Negan gave it to me. You said I couldn’t do it and I did—I spread my legs.” Her arms crossed.

Samara’s eyes drew downward, lips pursed, “T-that wasn’t fair of me to say. I was upset and acting like a bitch. Delilah, please. You’re my best friend, don’t be mad anymore.” She pleaded.

“I am?” Delilah’s arms uncrossed. “Your best friend?”

Samara nodded.

“Well, do best friends talk about sex…and stuff? I’ve never had a best friend and I have questions.” Delilah held the door open, beckoning Samara into Negan’s room. “Can I show you something?”
Delilah could never hold a grudge, it wasn’t in her. Or at least, she hadn’t unlocked that part of herself yet. On her part, she realized she’d overacted and was willing to ignore the whole thing if it meant someone could answer her questions. Samara shut the door, her eyes roaming Negan’s spacious flat before training her eyes on Delilah who was bent over and searching for something.

She popped up like a spring. “Found it! Sammie, this is why I bit you. Which I’m sorry for, too.” Delilah finished sheepishly, handing her the little black book and taking a seat on Negan’s bed. Samara crawled in beside her, kicking off her boots and taking the book.

“Go on, open it.” Delilah couldn’t help the small wiggle of excitement that she gave, in which, Samara noticed the length of the shirt she wore rode up on her thighs.

“Is this the same girl that wears an ankle-length skirt and a pair of leggings to maintain her modesty?” Samara shook her head, briefly tracing the length of her exposed legs. “I’ll have what you’re having, maybe two.”

Throwing her head back, Delilah giggled, eyes shimmering as she tugged at her friend’s arm. “Negan’s got magic fingers, I think they changed me overnight. Now read, I want you to see why I totally freaked out. Maybe you can help me…” She bit her lip in thought, watching Samara flip through the pages until a particular chapter caught her interest.

Chapter 16 — The Beginning of Dove & Daisy

It’d been a week since her punishment edging and Dove had been on her best behavior since then. Her Daddy had assured her all was forgiven, and once a punishment was over it was time to move on.

Tonight was a special night, Daddy was having guests over and she got to play the part of a perfect hostess. She’d made a recipe that she’d seen on the Food Network and crafted special decorations that she’d found on Pinterest.

Everything was perfect.

“Are you kidding me, Dee? You bit me because you have a daddy kink?” Samara flicked her nose. “Is that all? I’ll scar, you know.”

“A kink?” Delilah’s hands fiddled with the edge of Negan’s shirt, pulling it over her knees in a nervous manner. “Is that what I have? Is it dangerous?”

“A kink,” Samara tried to explain, sensing the girl’s discomfort, “is something sexual that we like, despite the fact that other people might find it weird. Ok, um, Simon does this thing and don’t freak—promise?”

“I promise.”

“It’s called a punishment fuck,” Samara admitted. “It’s pretty brutal, but that’s how we deal with our ‘predicament’. He’s a lieutenant and I’m a Savior, you know? I can handle a lot of shit and he knows it so we’ve figured out that if I ever overstep it’s in the bedroom that we handle it.” A distance smile formed on her lips. “He choking me, hard, and I really like it.” She shrugged. “Eh, you have to be there.”

“Actually, I have seen it,” Delilah admitted sheepishly. “Remember when we stopped at the McMillan farm? I thought you were hurt, but you were having sex instead. I stayed and watched for a second, but only for a second.” She rushed.
“Oh, you voyeuristic bitch,” Samara giggled before she questioned, “Did you like what you saw?”

“Can you just read? Please?” Delilah hugged herself closer, considering the pinkness of Samara’s nipples. She shook her head to clear the image from her head, but the effort was made in vain. “Pretty please?” She batted her eyes.

“Fuck, you’re dangerous.” Samara’s hands caressed the edges of the book, noting the various dog-eared pages. “Fine, where was I?” She sighed.

“They’re here,” Dove sprang up from the sofa, the sound of her Daddy’s laugh filtering in her ear, but she was too excited to care. All day she’d been patient while her Daddy had teased her and now the moment had finally arrived.

She opened the door only to stop short with a disappointed whine, “Wes is my surprise?”

A sharp pinch to her ass made her jump slightly.

“Watch it, Dove.” Her Daddy warned low in her ear.

“Sorry, Daddy.” She tried desperately to keep the pout off her face, but when he said that he’d had a surprise, well, Dove had assumed he meant it. Her Daddy wasn’t a liar.

“Nice to see you, too,” Wes smirked, stepping aside to reveal a pixie-like woman with wide brown eyes framed by thick lashes. “Dove, meet my little girl. Daisy, this is Dove.” He introduced.

Daisy stepped forward, her slim brown arms winding around Dove’s waist. She had the cutest curls that brushed Dove’s nose as the faint smell of honey and apples lingered on her skin. “It’s nice to meet you, Dove. I hope you’re not disappointed, I’ve been really excited to meet you.”

Her voice was just as sweet as Dove had imagined it to be.

Dove bit her lip, inhaling deeper. She felt as good as she smelled, her soft breasts pillowed against her own. Dove hugged her back, acknowledging, “You smell good.”

“Oh, shit!” Abruptly, her new friend pulled back. “I baked a pie and I totally left it in the car.”


“Sorry, Daddy.” Daisy tugged on Dove’s arm, pulling her towards the driveway. “Will you come with me and get it?”


“Sorry, Daddy.” Daisy tugged on Dove’s arm, pulling her towards the driveway. “Will you come with me and get it?”

Dove readily agreed, leaving her Daddy and his friend to talk amongst themselves. Her excitement became renewed as they traded stories. Daisy was talkative and borderline hyper and she’d quickly jumped into the story of how she’d met Wes a couple of months ago on a website.

“Yeah, I was a complete and utter slut. I told myself I wouldn’t go home with him until we’d at least been on a couple of dates, but there I am at his apartment with my legs spreads and his dick in my ass...”
“Sounds yummy,” Dove commented, she’d craned her head to get a better view of the ass in question.

“It was,” Daisy practically sang, placing the pie on the car roof and shutting the back door. She stepped closer until she and Dove were chest to chest. They were practically the same height in heels, same smile, and same mischievous glint in their eyes. They were day and night, yet practically the same. “I’m excited to have a friend who likes to be choked as much as me.”

Dove’s tinkling laughter filled the air between them, and she leaned closer, lightly brushing her lips against Daisy's. “Best friends,” Dove whispered.

“Dove!”

“Daisy!”

They hurried up the driveway with fingers intertwined, the pie completely forgotten.

“Wow,” Delilah breathed, collapsing back onto the mound of pillows at the head of Negan's head. She pursed her lips. “They kissed, but isn’t that cheating?”

Samara shrugged, shutting the book and handing it back to her. She seemed lost in thought and it took her a moment to answer. “In some cases, it could be cheating, but they're obviously different. I’m sure if you read further you’d see that they have some sort of sexual arrangement.”

“A sexual arrangement?” Delilah echoed.

“It’s an agreement made in a relationship, you know?” A pause. Of course, she didn't know. “Okay, um, take my relationship for example. Sometimes Simon and I like to invite another man or woman into our bed,” Delilah intently observed the way Samara flushed, her breathing heavier and completely lost in thought. “Imagine not just Negan’s hands, but another pair solely devoted to touching your breasts or sucking your clit. Not everyone can do it, but Simon and I just like to fuck. We’re different.”

The thought didn’t upset Delilah quite as much as she thought it would. In fact, the image of another man’s hands on her caused her legs to clench together, the familiar wetness pooling between her legs. The dread quickly followed, making for an interesting combination. What if Negan didn’t like that?

“It’s certainly a thought,” She finally mumbled.

“Walk before you run, Dee. You’ve got to pop your cherry before you even think about taking something up the ass.” Patting her knee, Samara settled next to her in bed. She tugged at Delilah’s long braid, her light eyes observing her friend's delicate features. Samara could see the conflict that lay just below the surface of her eyes, she felt guilty for doing that. “How about we do something tonight? Simon’s on the same run as Negan and they won’t be back until tomorrow morning, at least. Let’s go to The Underground tonight. Get really pretty for our men.”

“How do you mean?”

“You want to have sex, right?” At her hesitant nod, Samara continued. “You need to wax, and I’m sure you’ve never gotten a wax before.”

“He didn’t seem to mind the hair last night.” And Delilah hadn’t been self-conscious about it, she
figured that it grew there so it was meant to stay there. Her legs crossed delicately. Maybe Negan had minded and just hadn’t said anything?

“Trust me, hun. You’ll feel way more without the hair in the way. Mind-shattering orgasms!”

“All I want to do is stay in bed and read.” Delilah hugged her book to her chest, she felt sick in a way she couldn’t explain. She wanted her Daddy and to ponder the origin of her ‘kink’. It probably had something to do with her childhood, it was always her childhood. “Negan said, I have to wait for him to take me anyway.”

“We’ll sneak through the back entrance and no one will see you.” Samara encouraged. “In and out. He’ll be so surprised, he won’t even stop to ask where you got it done. Trust me. We’ll even get you some new clothes! Oh, Dee! Don’t say no, I’ve missed you!”

Delilah couldn’t help but catch some of her excitement, she grinned softly, nodding in agreement. “Ok,” she conceded. “Best friends do everything together, right?”

“Right.”
Galatians 5:1

Chapter Summary

It is for freedom that Christ has set us free. Stand firm, then, and do not let yourselves be burdened by a yoke of slavery. —Galatians 5:1

Chapter Notes

I AM SO SORRY! IT'S BEEN SO LONG, HASN'T IT?! um, i'm getting better and i promise to never leave you guys hanging again.

new posting schedule WEDNESDAY & SATURDAY is you haven't heard. x

Delilah didn’t always want to be a good girl. She had decided that life hadn’t benefited her from following the guidelines of another person’s wishes, even more, she’d started to doubt the idea of hell. She liked to pout and scream, even stomp her feet if the situation called for it.

It was liberating and fun.

Her childhood hadn’t been fun—horrific and degrading were more accurate descriptors.

She knew that Negan would never seriously hurt her, and the act of her punishments was something she could tolerate. What was a step over the line or even a minor mishap if she apologized afterward and batted her eyes? In actuality, her Daddy was a saint and she was the sinner. She could sin until her little heart’s content and Negan would always be there with a firm hand and gentle reminders.

It’d started with a bag full of clothes. Samara had comprised with her and they’d gone to the Underground during the afternoon when most of the booths were closed. There was no loud music like Samara had described, no gyrating bodies or flowing drinks. Delilah had preferred the less crowded, quieter version of the Underground and had found several items that Samara had assured her Negan would love.

Then it’d been the wax. Delilah had practically gone a deep shade of burgundy when the woman had told her to spread her cheeks, but she’d done it for the sake of Negan and maybe just a hint of peer pressure. Samara had been a good friend, standing beside her the whole time and holding her hand as she muffled her screams. Delilah hadn’t cried though. Her mother had told her once to save her tears for something that really mattered.

Delilah had thought that she’d be able to get off with maybe a spanking or two, maybe her Daddy would sit her in the corner until she acknowledged what she’d done wrong. She could handle that.

Now, she wasn’t so sure.

“Are you sure about this, Dee?” Samara hedged. Her voice held a hint of hysteria. “Like really
fucking sure?”

“Yes.”

She wasn’t.

They’d been mere feet from the exit when she’d noticed the polaroids dangling from a magenta curtain. One in particular had caught her eye. A topless woman, her back arched as she flaunted her breasts adorned with two dangly stud pieces. Delilah had recalled Negan’s left nipple which had a silver barbell through the bud. She hadn’t thought, only acted.

And there was no coming back from that.

“I’m not so sure about this,” Samara tried again. “A fucking nipple piercing, Delilah? I can’t think of how but this one will get back to me. God, I can practically feel Simon’s hands around my neck.” She whined, her words trailing when a tall, Asian man with hot pink hair came strolling through the curtain that sectioned off the room they were in.

“Did someone say punishment fuck? Mhmm, my favorite! Kyoko,” He offered his hand, which Delilah noted was fully coated in ink—even his palm. “Nice to meet you, babe.”

“Hi,” Delilah's eyes eagerly studied his face in fascination; he had multiple piercings through his eyebrow, lip and three that she could see in his nose. “Is this going to hurt?” Kyoko smiled reassuringly, sensing her nervousness. “First time?” He asked.

Delilah nodded.

“You’ll feel a strong pinch at first, but if you breathe through it you’ll be fine. I’m quick with a needle and if you take care of the piercing it’ll heal quickly.” While he talked, he readied the supplies. “I have to warn you that this shit can be addictive. Now, Ophelia, said you only wanted the left done?” He smirked. “You’ll be back.”

“If she lives long enough,” Samara snorted.

“Maybe,” Delilah relented, cupping both of her breasts. “But for now I just want to have the option of a free breast, you know?” She turned to Samara expectantly.

“Don’t look at me, Dee.” She shook her head. “Waxing was one thing—this—is an ass whooping of epic proportions.”

Delilah couldn’t help but pout, on some level she knew her friend was right. “I regret telling you about my sore ass.”

“Well, you seem to be open to all kinds of new experiences today.” Samara pointedly noted. “Oversharing is the least of your problems.”

“Think I’ve got everything ready,” Kyoko wheeled a tray over, ordering Delilah to sit taller on the padded bench. “Drop the top, kid—let’s see those tatas.”

“Finally,” Samara rolled her eyes, leaning closer for a better view, “a silver lining.”

Delilah quickly pulled her tank top down to her waist, the same excitement from before beginning to crest as adrenaline pumped hot in her veins. Her nipples rapidly hardened, partially from the cool air, somewhat from the two sets of eyes that studied them. Delilah loved the attention,
practically craved it now that she’d begun to explore sexual fantasies in her head. It was something she’d yet to discuss with Negan but the thought had been weighing on her.

“Remember what I said, kid?” Delilah felt a slight pressure at the tip of her breast from the clamp. She tried not to focus on it, instead choosing to conjure up what Negan’s reaction would be when he discovered her little surprise—that helped. “Breathe through it. One, two, three.” The needle pierced the skin of her nipple quickly, exiting the other side. Her back tensed with the reflex to pull away, yet she refrained and found that the pain subsided fairly quickly. “That’s it, babe. Breathe that shit out.” Kyoko coached, quickly replacing the needle with the piercing. “It’s done, look at it.”

Delilah stared down at her pebbled nipple which was a little bloodied and marred with ink from where Kyoko had marked the placement of the barbell. The sight of it was erotic and she found herself squirming slightly in her seat as a familiar curl of heat in her belly began to form.

“I’m going to put this piece of paper towel in your shirt to catch any bleeding, don’t bother with the bra for a few days,” Kyoko helped Delilah pull the straps of her tank top carefully up her arms and over her breasts. “I’d recommend a saline spray to use twice a day, homemade of course. It’s only sixty points a bottle.” He hinted, hoping to squeeze a couple more points out of a random customer.

Delilah agreed, still cresting from her high. “Sure, I’ll take some.”

“Perfect, who’s account am I charging?”

“Oh, um,” Delilah stalled. “I can just write the name out, and…”

“Delilah, you’re fucked either way.” Samara crossed her arms, a thoughtful expression on her face. “Negan personally does the books for the Underground. I give you two days tops if you don’t cave and just tell him.”

“You’re kidding me, right? Dee as in Delilah?” Kyoko’s expression wilted. “As in the girl Negan’s been going on about being all pure and untouched?” He blinked owlishly.

“Fuck me,” Samara gleefully cackled, “what I wouldn’t give to be a fly on the wall for this conversation.”

Their expressions morphed into ones of astonishment when Delilah did the unexpected—she threw her head back and laughed. Peals and peals of laughter that melted into little snorts. “Oh, Sammie. You’ll be too busy getting the life choked out of you,” Delilah smirked, “and if I’m lucky I’ll be doing the same.”
Corinthians 6:18

Chapter Summary

Flee from sexual immorality. All other sins a person commits are outside the body, but whoever sins sexually, sins against their own body. -Corinthians 6:18

Chapter Notes

i owe you this chapter from yesterday. i spontaneously decided to get a tattoo last night so that set me back. x

Delilah studied her topless figure in the bathroom mirror. She’d spent the last hour admiring the barbell in her nipple. Kyoko had been right; the idea of another piercing was already nibbling at the edge of her mind. How soon could she get another and where? Maybe the other breast. She cupped her right breast, her virgin breast Samara had called it, and examined it carefully.

Once Kyoko had gotten over his initial anger and Delilah had promised to vouch for his cluelessness, he’d suggested a belly button ring once Negan had cooled down. He’d sent her on her way shortly after that and Samara had made a quick exit too, dropping her at Negan’s apartment and fleeing the premise.

Literally.

She’d volunteered for an overnight trip and would be gone until tomorrow morning, citing the fact that she needed to be far away when shit hit the fan.

Delilah thought they were overacting, but she couldn’t lie to herself. Not anymore. She liked the idea of being in trouble, the thought of being bent over her Daddy’s knee with her ass and pierced breast on display.

With a soft hum, Delilah finished braiding her hair only to pause as the sound of faint scratching reached her ears, the noise shortly followed by the front door opening.


Delilah did a quick double take in the mirror. “In here.” She called.

“Go get her, boy.”

The sound of paws repeatedly hitting the floor seemed to ring in her ear and suddenly Killer’s there, shoving his head in the partially cracked bathroom door. He yipped softly, head butting her leg in greeting.

“Hi, sweetie.” Delilah cooed. “How is he? I’m hoping to get off kind of easy.”

Killer cocked his head, tongue lolling out of his mouth as if trying to interpret her words.
“Kitten, get your sweet ass out here. I came home early cause I missed you—don’t tell me you didn’t miss your Daddy.” He teased.

He’s in a good mood, she thought. Time to ruin it.

Delilah didn’t dare move, instead, she listened intently as Negan moved around the apartment, pouring a glass of what she presumed was whiskey before settling into his favorite chair.

Delilah counted down in her head. Three, two—

“Kitten? You go shopping at the market or som’ shit…”

Footsteps drew closer to where she’d been hiding in the bathroom, and she quickly began to second guess herself. Oh god. She wasn’t ready—her ass wasn’t ready.

The door flew open.

"Tell me you didn’t do what I think you did."

Delilah turned.

“I didn’t do entirely what you think I did, um…” She frowned. “Sorry, Daddy?”

He crossed the small space quickly, eyes trained directly on her face only for them to drop in query of her topless form. Like anything that wants to be hidden, it draws attention. Negan’s eyes darkened, “Is that a question or an apology?”

“Both?”

“You, little girl, are very lucky you’re a virgin.” His hands curled around her upper arm, examining the faint trace of mischief that rimmed her irises. “Cause I’ve been itching to fuck your shit up.”

“You don’t like it?” She tried.

His free hand shot out, pinching her unpierced nipple and applying pleasure. He watched a shudder roll through her small frame, her green eyes pitching heavenward as her plump lips fell apart, whispering a soft prayer. “You’re a naughty little slut, aren’t you, Kitten? Did your cunt get wet when the needle pierced your skin?” His hand trailed the expanse of her neck, feeling the taut skin and briefly applying pressure. Delilah gasped, opening and accepting the thumb he pressed against her tongue.

“You’re enjoy being a brat, I get that, baby.” She suckled his thumb, eyes ablaze and intently hanging onto every word. She moaned in agreement. “There hasn’t been time to play, explore shit. But with me, there are rules.” He threw her over his shoulder in a quick maneuver. “You’ll learn them.”

He promptly dropped her on the bed, the animals sniffing at her excitedly, oblivious to the building tension in the room. Delilah absentmindedly gave them a few pets, watching as her Daddy rummaged through the closet, plucking items with a casualness that made her weary.

“Take off your clothes, Kitten.”

Delilah stood, her heart racing as she shimmied out of her bottoms. He stalked forward, dropping several items on the bed. His lips attached to hers with a level of intensity that stole her breath, his tongue massaging hers, pulling soft mewls and excited noses from her throat. Negan’s hand fell to
her unpierced breast, rolling the peaked nipple between his thumb and index finger.

“I really fucking like it, Kitten. I like this too.” He cupped her bald sex, spearing her with his ring finger and pumping his hand to a rhythm that had her moaning and clawing at his wrist. “You’re still getting punished.”

“Oh, Daddy.”

She moved to bend over the side of the bed, fully expecting a spanking. A pang of excitement shot to her core, wetting her between her legs and dripping down her thighs. He stopped her, halting her movements.

“But—”

“Lay down on the bed, on your back.” He ordered.

Delilah went quickly, panting in excitement as he fiddled with the items that he’d laid out on the bed. She offered him her hands when he motioned for them, strapping what seemed like a cuff to each wrist.


He looped the cuffs around the headboard, securing the other wrist and moving between her thighs to strap much larger cuffs around each of her thighs. Delilah watched captivated as he worked, fastening the thigh cuffs to the metal rings on her wrist cuffs with a leather strap. She was blatantly exposed, her legs spread and bent, incapable of closing them even if she wanted to.

She didn’t want to.

The sharp slap to her cunt made her jump, and with her arms and legs bound there was no way for her to shy away from the force it. She observed the brunt of the blow, calling out in surprise.

“Who took you to get waxed?” He took his index and middle finger, forming a ‘v’ and spreading her folds to reveal her little bundle of nerves. Negan admired her wetness for a moment before letting his hand fall heavily, a wet slap ringing out through the apartment. Delilah squirmed, breathing through the pain.

“Samara,” She panted, a thin sheen of sweat forming atop her skin. He jumped when he slapped her sex again. A low throaty groan fell from her lips, her belly tightening with that familiar feeling she’d only just begun to know.

Her Daddy clicked his tongue in disapproval, studying her through slitted eyelids. Her perky tits, the ripeness of her cunt. It beckoned to him and it took all his willpower to not slam his dick into what he knew would be the tightest pussy he’d ever had the pleasure of fucking.

“You couldn’t wait?”

Delilah couldn’t lie to him, no matter how much she wanted to not place blame.

“I didn’t want to go at first. Oh, Daddy!” He slapped her again this time, inserting three fingers into her slick passage. She paused to process the fullness. “But then I did, and I saw the pretty pictures… She told me not to get the piercing, and I did it anyway, not her fault.” Delilah pleaded.

His fingers retreated and she took that moment of reprieve to get her bearings.
“Kyoko did it?”

“Yes, Daddy.” She panted.

A loud buzzing sound filled the air and her struggling stilled. Negan crouched between her spread legs, holding up the object of her curiosity.

“A wand?” Even she could hear the skepticism in her voice. How was that meant to be a punishment?

Negan chuckled arrogantly. She’d learn soon enough.

The smooth edge of the sex toy pressed bluntly against the button of her sex, and in response Delilah released a guttural moan. He’d turned it to the highest setting, cruelly rubbing hard circles into the damp flesh. He watched her climb higher and higher towards her orgasm. When her hips had begun to twitch and her moaning had become a high pitched keening—he stopped.

“If you cum, I won’t touch you for a week. Understand?” He gruffly asked.

Her legs instinctively tried to close. Oh, god. Now she realized what the restraints were for. It was too much. She’d been about to cum with only a few passes of the wand, the vibrations strange yet enticing. Still, the thought of not having her Daddy touch her for a week hardened her resolve.

“I understand.” She bit out.

“Good girl.” Negan’s fingers trailed down the expense of her tummy, enjoying the way she clenched and pulsed beneath his hand. He directed the wand between her legs again. “Who’s my little Kitten Slut?”

Delilah felt a rush of liquid between her legs. “Mhmm, I am.”

“Say it.”

“I’m your little Kitten Slut.” She bit her lip, reciting a Bible verse in her head to keep from orgasming, anything to distract her. “Daddy?”

“Hmm?”

“I can’t hold it.” She barely managed the words.

“You can and you will.” He threatened.

The minutes seemed to tick by slowly and Delilah found that this was a punishment. Her nipples were so sensitive that they hurt and her pussy was a sopping mess between her legs. She’d dripped onto the bed, the wetness pooling beneath her ass. Negan paused intermittently, building up the tension in her belly before pausing and letting it gradually come to a simmer.

By the third hour, Delilah was drenched in a heavy layer of sweat. She seemed to float between planes of consciousness, watching outside of her body as her Daddy finally climbed out from between her legs. She couldn’t see his because of the privacy screen, but she heard him rustling around in the kitchen before finally coming back with a plate of sandwiches.

His air of nonchalance was almost irritating. Delilah barely held herself together but did as she was told when he instructed her to take a bite. She chewed thoughtfully before taking a sip of water from an offered cup. It went on like that until the plate was empty. He set it aside, his hands
immediately reaching for what she now considered her greatest enemy—that goddamn wand.

“I’m sorry.” Her words dripped heavily with sincerity as she blurted them out, she couldn’t possibly take more. “I should have waited for you, I was being bad and I broke my promise. I won’t do it again.”

“You’ve learned your lesson?” His brow rose, watching for any signs of deceit.

“Please, Daddy! Fuck me?” She begged. “I’ve learned my lesson!”

She’d gone delirious with lust, the need to be fucked was all she could think about. Her pussy craved a thickness that only his cock could provide.

Negan hissed, savoring the words before he leaned forward to undo her restraints. “No.”

Delilah went to bed that night completely and utterly tortured.
1 John 3:11-12

Chapter Summary

For this is the message you heard from the beginning: We should love one another. Do not be like Cain, who belonged to the evil one and murdered his brother. And why did he murder him? Because his own actions were evil and his brother’s were righteous.
— 1 John 3:11-12

Chapter Notes

if you haven't heard, my new AO3 account 'delilahknows' has full chapters of 'Please?' posted.

link in my profile. x

“Get up.”

Delilah blinked down at the clothes Negan had tossed into her lap. It was early in the morning, the sky still an inky black.

“What?” She asked, not exactly comprehending what he meant.

With his back turned, he answered her, “Be ready in ten, and if you’re not out in the courtyard by the time we roll out…”

He didn’t have to finish his threat.

Grudgingly, Delilah slipped into a pair of leggings, a fitted grey tank top, and a green cargo jacket. The clothes were some of the ones she’d purchased with Samara yesterday. In the process of dressing, she marveled at the difference fitted clothing could make. She had curves, and her breasts were more pronounced, the clear indentation of her piercing pressing against the fabric of her shirt.

Delilah noticed that Negan hadn’t included a bra. She didn’t question it as her nipple was still tender. In actuality, her entire body felt sensitive, and she was hyper-aware of her arousal as she moved.

“Is it an overnight run?” She asked.

“No.”

He was gone before Delilah could ask another question, taking the animals with him. She hated it, but she knew on some level of consciousness that she deserved the cold shoulder. Still, she had questions. How was she supposed to act in front of the others? Ignore him? Call him Negan? Surely he wouldn’t favor her?
With her head full and her heart heavy, Delilah dashed into the bathroom to fix her hair that had been mussed during the night. On a whim, she parted her hair and plaited two French braids. When she was done, she stood back and admired herself. She was a woman, more experienced and out from beneath the thumb of her mother.

Had she aged, too? Maybe.

The usual nerves that came along with a run enveloped her as she took the stairs by twos. Overwhelming doubt in her abilities and heart-freezing helplessness. She constantly had to remind herself that she’d made it through the vetting process at the Lincoln Outpost. It had been challenging and exhausting but she’d proved herself. Delilah didn’t give herself enough credit where it was due—she belonged here.

“Hey, babe!” Stepping out into the busy courtyard, Delilah headed in the direction of her waving friend. “Over here.”

“You’re still alive I see?” Delilah noted.

Samara twirled, taking a small bow. “I have successfully avoided Simon and will continue to do so until he has cooled off. Who spit in your coffee?” She asked upon noticing her friend’s; frankly, ‘bratish’ expression.

“Negan’s giving me the cold shoulder. He even took Hanzal from me.” Delilah pouted, her plump lips pushed together. She rolled her eyes, thinking that yet again, she’d earned another punishment. “It’s not fair.”

“Brat,” Samara taunted.

“Bitch,” Delilah scoffed in turn, surprising herself.

“Oh,” Samara cooed. “The kitty has claws. I’m liking this version of you, babe.”

“I’m j-just; I don’t know.” Delilah stomped her foot. “I’m so upset, I want to scream.”

“Just don’t bite me this time, ’kay?” Samara turned, rummaging in the back seat of her car for something. “This should cheer you up! Yesterday, on our scouting trip we found another mall. We’re actually heading there now. Anyway, it was too big for us to scout the entire thing and we were outnumbered from what we could tell. However, I did manage to snag this in passing.”

Samara proudly held up a hunting bow and arrow. It was sleek and matte black, the mechanism intricate and daunting to a beginner. Delilah wasn’t. “You told me once that you used to do archery at Bible camp, right? I thought of you. Every Savior needs a signature weapon.”

Delilah gaped, taking the heavy bow. The arrows were sharp and thick, but light all in the same instance. Squealing with delight, she threw her hands around her friend’s neck, placing a hasty kiss that randomly landed on the corner of Samara’s mouth.

Samara held her close, maybe longer than needed, enjoying the softness of her curves before letting go.

“Drive with me?” She asked.

“Always,” Delilah shouted.

The sound of car engines starting had begun to drown out the rest of her words.
With a sigh, Delilah climbed into Samara’s jeep, preparing herself for a long drive. Her heart sunk at the thought of not talking to Negan before leaving the Sanctuary.

Though, maybe it was for the best. It would give her Daddy some time to realize that what she’d done wasn’t half as bad as he’d thought.

Rolling down the car windows, Delilah inhaled the fresh air. She really did enjoy being able to travel and see new places. She hadn’t been given her final Savior evaluation, but it was clear that Negan had decided for her. She’d officially been accepted into the ‘Judicial’ branch of the Savior’s ranks.

“Hey, it’s not that bad.” Samara had prattled on when she’d voiced her thoughts. “Negan wants you close, and think of it this way—we can be partners in crime. The adventures of Bitch and Brat.”

“I didn’t mean that,” Delilah grumbled halfheartedly. She’d taken to dangling half her torso out the window, hoping to absorb some sun.

“I like it,” Samara retorted. “It’s ironic, you know? Our nicknames are the worst qualities of ourselves. I’m an uber bitch til I get my coffee, and you’re a brat when you don’t get your way. Simple!”

“I just feel that since I took my punishment, he should have forgiven me by now.” Delilah defended. "I deserve an orgasm.” She whispered more quietly.

Before Samara could retort, the static of the walkie chimed, Negan’s voice shortly following. “We’re five minutes out. I want three cars in every direction, and we’ll take it from there. This shit goes quietly as possible. No prisoners.” His voice cut off shortly after his brutish orders.

“Well, he’s in a mood.” Samara blinked.

Delilah couldn’t help but feel responsible.

The looming building is almost a taunting reminder of what used to be. Delilah was never treated to trips to the mall and had envied the kids at school who went there often. They had the prettiest shoes, the nicest hair accessories. Meanwhile, Delilah had been ruthlessly teased and taunted for her clothes. Her hand tightened on her bow at just the thought—her mother had taken everything from her. If she had the chance, she’d kill her all over again.

Silently, she said a prayer asking God to forgive her for the harsh thought.

“Simon radioed, they’re short a hand. Samara, go.” Dean, a lieutenant, and a hulking mass of muscles and flesh motioned for her to leave.

“Be safe.” Samara touched Delilah’s shoulder in passing, not daring to argue with her superior.

“Our job is to clear out the West Wing. We’ll need someone unsuspecting to go first.” Dean stated. They’d crowded around the map he’d strewn across the hood of a truck. “There’s ten from what we can tell, all male, inhabiting somewhere around here.” He pointed.

“Something pretty should do it.” Carlos, a seasoned Savior, pointed to Delilah. “Kid’s new, let her prove her place. She’ll lure them out, and we’ll be quick about it.”

Delilah nodded hesitantly, she wasn’t sure how Negan would feel about her technically being used
as bait, but he wasn’t here was he? And, they were right; she needed to prove she was more than a
pretty face. She was small but quick, and that had gotten her through boot camp.

“What do I have to do?”

She listened intently as Dean relayed his plan, she’d be shadowed by two other Savior’s ready to
jump in if she needed help. Negan wanted this done quietly. One by one if they had to.

“Do this, and you’ll be one of us.” He passed Delilah a hunting knife. Eight inches and adorned
with a jagged blade, she tucked it into her waistband as instructed. “Pick two men.”

Delilah assessed the group, deciding on two men that weighed on the smaller side. She wanted
quick and quiet feet.

Dean nodded in approval, watching the small girl slip into the side entrance of the mall when the
static of the transceiver stuttered, Negan’s voice coming through. “Kitten, where the hell you at?”

The group of men glanced around at one another.

“Who the hell is Kitten?” Dean wondered.

They all shrugged.

“Father,” Delilah whispered, twisting the head of a slumbering man. His bones snapped, his weight
heavy in her hands as they quickly moved forward into the damp building. “I have committed yet
another atrocity. Forgive me.”

Stopping short, she glanced around the corner. She signaled ‘one man’ to both Rob and Ty, her
shadows. It pleased Delilah that blatant approval showed in their eyes. She was finally earning her
place, they’d only have good things to relate to Dean after she was done.

To a Savior, reputation was everything.

“You got this?” Rob mouthed.

Delilah nodded, taking a running start. They watched in amazement as her lithe form flew through
the air, landing on the man’s back and quickly slitting his throat. She went down with the corpse,
her hands slipping in the pool of blood.

“I’m fine.” She coughed, taking Ty’s hand as Rob dragged the body into an alcove.

She could stand to be more graceful.

“So there’s eight left, right?” Rob led the way, Delilah flanking and Ty closely behind her. “Where
would I hunker down in an abandoned mall?”

“The food court?” Ty answered. “You wouldn’t have to move anything, only guard the resources.”

They followed the path indicated by the faded signs hung overhead, the environment an unnerving
quiet that left her alone with her thoughts. Delilah was surprised at how easy it was to kill
someone; besides the incident with her mother, today was her first time killing *recreationally*. She
should be shaken, shouldn’t she? Scared?

She tasted blood in her mouth, felt the drenched fabric of her soiled shirt. Her own blood rushed in
her veins, and her heart sang as if for confirmation. She liked killing. It was a way to release the
repressed emotions that ate at her during the night when there was nothing to distract her from her
demons.

Why should she have to suffer?

She needed this, craved it. A coping mechanism. This was hers to take.

Delilah’s finger found her bow, drawing back an arrow in preparation.

The three Saviors quickly hunched behind what had once been a decorative divider, observing a
group of men gathered around a makeshift fire pit. They looked well fed, which was a good
indication that Delilah hadn’t just killed the other men in vain.

“Should we charge ‘em?” Ty asked.

“No,” Delilah shook her head. “There’s too many, and we’d never find them if they ran.”

“I don’t see any weapons,” Rob whispered. “How’s your aim, kid?”

“Good.” Delilah stood.

She closed one eye.

“But now you must get rid of all these things: anger, passion, and hateful feelings.” She directed
her aim toward one man, breathing through the movements like her counselor had coached her and
drew back the bow. “No insults or obscene talk must ever come from your lips.” She recited under
her breath.

The nameless man’s scream pierced the air, his body falling backward with the force of the arrow
that pierced his skull. They quickly became guttural, his protests dying as the life slipped from his
body.

“Any of you motherfuckers move and it’s your ass she kills next.” Rob barked, standing from
where they’d been concealed. He drew his weapon, Ty following his lead.

The men around the fire froze, raising their hands.

“Kid,” Rob motioned to his belt, “get the walkie and inform the others we’ve got this on lock.”

They moved towards the group, forcing them to kneel in a line.

Execution style.

It was brutal work. Savior work.

“Dean,” Delilah spoke into the receiver. The excitement, the exhilaration, it bled into every one of
her words, “we’re in the cafeteria. West is cleared out.”

She patiently waited for his response, her eyes roaming the unexplored territory. Oh, wait! With a
small scoff, she realized, she’d forgotten to raise the volume. Delilah tried again, only to be cut
short.

“…better get your ass back out here, Delilah. I swear to God…”

Delilah’s brow furrowed at Negan’s ramblings. She pressed the button, carefully wording what she
wanted to say in her head. “Negan, I—”
A shot rang out through the air; her words warbled as a crushing blow to her side threw her to the floor.

“Delilah!”

She wasn’t sure who was calling her name.

“Fucker!” She hissed. The bow having been knocked from her hand, she drew her knife on the man that had tackled her. A quick assessment of her surroundings told her that Ty had been shot but was still standing. One of the men must have had a concealed weapon. She couldn’t see Rob. “I need back up!” She spat into the walkie before dropping it.

Sparring hadn’t been one of the things she’d excelled at during her time at boot camp, but she was a considerable opponent. People tended to misjudge her stature. She’d been taught to use that to her advantage.

He was greasy and thin, his teeth an ugly shade of yellow when he smirked, hissing, “Bring it, girlie.”

His fist connected with her jaw, snapping her head back. He was quick, but Delilah was quicker, the adrenaline from before kicking in. The blade of her knife slashed his forearm and he cried out, clutching it to his chest. She took that opportunity to bring the knife up in a quick jab, piercing the underside of his chin and up into his brain.

“Please, d—!”

Delilah didn’t allow the other cowering man to finish; the blade pierced the side of his skull like butter before she quickly jerked her hand back. She’d killed more than half of them. Her fingers flexed experimentally; she was still hyper-aware of her surroundings, still itching to kill.

“Fuck yeah!” Rob scooped her onto his shoulder. He appeared fine besides a couple of scrapes. “The kid has earned her fucking keep!” He cheered.

“Hell yeah!” Ty agreed, wrapping his wound with a piece of his shirt like being shot wasn’t that big of a deal. “Let’s get these pulled aside, Rob.” He paused. “Kid, radio in.”

“Yeah. I got it.”

Rob set her down and Delilah immediately searched for the discarded transceiver. She eventually found it, the pieces strewn across the floor. She must have tossed it harder than she’d thought in the scuffle.

Just when she was beginning to feel dismayed, the sound of thundering footsteps filled the air. Delilah reached for her bow and one of her arrows that were scattered across the floor, bracing herself for a possible attack.

There wasn’t.

Negan was the first thing she saw, his towering frame barreling around the corner. Killer followed at his heels, snarling and snapping at the others who followed and happened to get to close. The Rottweiler bounded up to her, head butting and sniffing his other owner as if to assess the young girl’s wellbeing.

“What the fuck?” Negan breathed. “You okay, Kitten?”
He cupped her jaw, his eyes glancing to the carnage.

“I’m fine,” Delilah leaned into his touch. “He got in a good one but I killed him.”

“You should have been with me,” He turned her body, looking for some other unknown ailment. “These cocksuckers really sent you in here while they sat around outside with their dicks out—fuckers!”

Delilah’s eyes widened at his expletive, she’d never seen him this angry.

“You should have seen her,” Rob announced, completely misreading the entire situation. He’d returned with Ty who seemed to sense the tension in the air. “She took down five men easily half her size, and oomf—”

He quieted with a carefully placed elbow to the ribs.

“Um, boss?” Ty started. “We found something. A big something.”

With a heavy sigh, Negan reluctantly let go of Delilah, giving her a look that signaled for her to stay where she was.

How was that fair? Why couldn’t she come along?

She began to protest, but a cold look silenced her. Negan ordered Killer to stay by her side and when she noticed Dean passing, Delilah offered him his knife back.

“Keep it,” Dean spoke gruffly.

“What happened to your eye?” Delilah asked.

His left eye was rapidly swelling shut, the skin puckered and bloody.

“Didn’t know you were fucking the boss.” Dean avoided eye contact, his eyes falling to the ground. “Wouldn’t have sent you in.”

“That’s stupid. You said it yourself, I have to earn my place here.” Delilah stomped her foot. She couldn’t help it. “That’s what I’m going to do!”

"Sure, kid."

His nonchalance irked her. Surely this treatment wasn't so definitive?

Maybe it was.

But that meant she was right back where she'd started, under the thumb of someone else; and everything, all of what she'd done meant nothing.

Delilah’s vision blurred with tears as she pivoted, seeking out Negan. Her chest had tightened, her harsh breathing flooding her own ears, and she found herself marching up to him until she was chest to chest.

“You don’t control me, at least in this aspect of my life.” Negan’s eyes narrowed, his grip enveloping her much smaller wrist. She wrenched it free, highly aware of the men that watched her every movement. “No, Negan! You have to treat me like I’m capable when we’re out here. I didn’t put up with fifteen weeks of bootcamp for you to keep me in your pocket. I might be yours now, but I was surviving before you and I’ll keep doing it after you. I’m a Savior. Come talk to me when
you realize that.”

She stomped out before he could even get in a word, Killer following on her heels.
Chapter Summary

Let marriage be held in honor among all, and let the marriage bed be undefiled, for God will judge the sexually immoral and adulterous. —Hebrews 13:4

Chapter Notes

tada! the moment we've all been waiting for. x

Delilah needed a cigarette, because that's what people did when they were stressed, right? Smoke? Yes, she liked to be dominated.

Yes, she liked to call her boyfriend Daddy.

But did that mean that her kink had to bleed into every aspect of her life?

Did it?

She’d sought out Samara after she’d promptly stormed out of the mall, and after some time had found her leaning against Simon’s truck. When her friend saw her she did a double take.

“I yelled at him in front of everyone,” Delilah admitted. “I think he’s going to be very, very mad at me.” She eyed Simon who was obviously eavesdropping, before asking sweetly, “Simon, do you have a cigarette?”

Delilah ignored the blatant surprise on both of their faces and asked again. After a considerable amount of time, Simon passed her a pack of cigarettes and his lighter. She clumsily lit one with shaky fingers, taking a deep drag. It burned but she welcomed it.

She had to get used to the idea of burning.

“He was pissed that Dean sent you in.” Simon offered with a shrug. “Really threw him off ‘cause he couldn’t find you. Kept mumbling that you were dead somewhere.” He eyed her tank top which was soaked in blood. “Seems he had nothing to worry about.”

“I had great teachers at the Lincoln Outpost.” Delilah protested. “I can take care of myself.” Her voice lowered. “Or is it always like this with a kink? Um, do I have to be treated this way?”

“Hell no.” Samara cried. “You’re a kick-ass woman and he needs to treat you like everyone else, despite your lifestyle habits. I bet you were embarrassed, Dee.” Samara hugged her sympathetically, rubbing soothing circles along Delilah’s lower back.

Simon cocked a brow.
“Let’s get you cleaned up, okay? I have a shirt you can borrow.”

Delilah was too embarrassed to return to the others after she’d changed and cleaned up a little. Instead, she sat on the truck bed of Samara’s old Chevy, Killer by her feet. Gradually, the sun rose to its highest point and beads of sweat formed at the back of her neck — she kind of missed her skirts.

“When’d you start smoking?” Samara asked, rounding the side of the vehicle. She eyed Killer cautiously. “You’re like one of those girls who moves away to college and pierces her nose before getting a shit ton of tattoos.”

“Negan does it,” Delilah admitted, blowing the smoke upwards. She kind of hated the smell but the act was pleasurable. “Guess it’s another thing I learned from him.”

“He seemed remiss when I saw him,” Samara worded carefully, “but we’re heading back now. You ready?”

Delilah stubbed out her third cigarette for the day, herding Killer into the cab of the truck and watching as the abandoned mall became a small dot on the horizon. The ride felt longer on the way back, especially with the weight of Killer on her lap practically smothering her. He stuck his head out the window, tongue lolling.

At least, someone was happy.

Eventually, the line of cars came to a slow stop.

“Lunch break!” Simon’s words are followed by applause as he repeatedly belted out the announcement, banging on car windows as he passed down the long line of cars. “One hour, fuckers!”

Samara froze beside Delilah. “Oh, shit! He’s coming for me.”

“Bye, bitch.” Delilah waved glumly, giving Killer more pets as she watched slightly bemused. Surely she had to be overreacting?

But sure enough, Simon is there by her side in seconds to wrench the truck door open—his expression more annoyed than anything.

“Brat!”

Samara was gone before Delilah could even blink.

“It’s just us now,” Delilah told Killer, cuddling him closer to absorb his body heat despite the fact that the mid-afternoon sun was unforgiving. “Don’t be mean to me ever, alright?” She buried her head in his soft pelt, letting her tears absolve.

Killer jerked excitedly in her arms, startling her from her inner-musings. His owner was there, standing beside the open window.

Wordlessly, Negan passed her his cigarette. Delilah took it, taking an inhale. She swore that the bitterness of the tobacco held a hint of sweetness from the sinful sacrilege that cradled the nicotine. Delilah passed it back to him before he took a drag and passed it back to her. It went on until the cigarette was little more than a stub, the sound of Hanzal’s insistent mewing breaking the tension.
Negan smirked, reaching into the pocket of his leather jacket and pulling out the kitten, handing him to Delilah.

“My kitten baby,” She kissed his head, stroking his little nose. “How are you?”

Hanzal screeched in protest as Killer’s tongue worked itself across every inch of the kitten’s fur that he could reach. Delilah tried her best to break the two apart but Killer was quite demanding.

Opening the car door, Negan asked, “Can we get out of here? I want to show you something.”

“Alright,” Delilah agreed.

Despite everything, she craved to be in his proximity.

He held her hand, steering her into the brush and deeper into the woods. They walked for a little, the animals chasing each other and bounding in between their legs. They didn’t speak, only absorbed the simple comfort that holding hands brings with it.

“You look different, Kitten.”

Delilah’s breath hitched as they broke through the line of trees. They stood high above a wide, bowl-shaped clearing, the entirety of it filled with colorful wildflowers that glistened in the afternoon sun. It was beautiful, and what Delilah could only describe as a piece of heaven that had fallen to Earth. Hanzal and Killer raced past them, disappearing between the tall blades of grass.

“Did I do that? Take your innocence?” He wondered aloud.

“Negan,” Delilah started. “You just have to realize that I’m capable of being a Savior. I wouldn’t be here if I couldn’t take care of myself.”

“I was scared I’d lose you in there, Delilah. You’re so tiny,” He admitted, stepping closer so that there wasn’t an inch of space left between them. “I’ll always want to protect you, it’s my goddamn job—and there is no goddamn after. You’re mine.” He practically growled.

“I know. I’m sorry, too.” Her head tipped back, knowing that was as close to an apology as he could get. “Kiss me?”

Negan groaned appreciatively, her hot, little tongue running across the seam of his lips. He accepted her embrace, pulling her flush against his heaving chest. Delilah’s hands eagerly reached for him, drawing their lower halves closer by his belt loops.

“Fuck,” Negan cursed. He knew that he had to have her, express his ownership so that there wasn’t a hint of doubt in her mind about them. “C’mon.”

They carefully made their way down the steep incline, settling amongst the flowers. Delilah grinned softly as Negan undid her braids so that her hair moved freely in the wind, crafting a daisy chain as he did so. She placed it her head with a sweet giggle, glad to be on good terms with her Daddy once again.

Placing a kiss on her bare shoulder, Negan’s lips moved along the base of her neck. Delilah’s nipples puckered at the attention, the slickness between her legs quickly increasing as he teased her.

“Let me have you, baby?” His hands stilled as he waited for her answer.
Delilah’s breath hitched, the heat from before becoming an unstable fire in the pit of her belly. Oh, yes! Anything to calm the flames to a simmer.

Her top was the first thing to go. The thought of anyone seeing her like this crossed her mind briefly, and it excited her.

"Please?" The word came as a choked whimper, her skin taut and sensitive as she writhed beneath him. She couldn’t wait, didn’t want the teasing beforehand. She was slick and ready since the night before, and from the feeling of his erection pressing against her leg, so was he.

Negan’s mouth traveled lower, taking the time to tongue both the tips of her breasts into hard, aching peaks before he moved down the length of her body; undoing her boots and pulling down her bottoms. Delilah kicked them off eagerly, accepting the weight of him atop her.

Her windswept hair, soft eyes, and fitted with her own halo—she was an angel personified.

Negan quickly undid his pants, slipping them down just enough for his heavy cock to bound free. Impatiently, Delilah worked his shirt over his head, enjoying the feeling of his naked, warm skin against hers. He reached between them, guiding his cock to her wet entrance.

"Please? I need you inside me. I’m burning." Delilah admitted. “I want this.”

"It might hurt.” He warned.

She took a deep breath, a slight smile on her face. “Even better.”

Negan’s hips rocked against her undulating hips, barely holding at bay the feeling of slamming his hips forward and brutally fucking her. He knew that time would come, but for now, he wanted to give his sweet girl the first time she deserved. He needed to treasure her and express his need to keep her by his side for the rest of his life. The feeling got stuck in his chest, practically choking him.

“Negan, make love to me?” Delilah asked.

He loved her.

For Negan, the realization was akin to the time he’d realized the sky was blue just before his third birthday. It had always been there, just waiting for him to discover it.

Tired of waiting, Delilah’s legs intertwined around his waist so that the tip of his member slipped into her tight channel. They both hissed at the feeling and Negan knew he had to take control. He pressed forward, slowly becoming encased in her wet heat. He reveled in her neediness, bowing forward to claim her mouth and suck her hot tongue into his mouth. He swallowed her moans of approval, her begging pleas as he gradually bottomed out.

The feeling Delilah experienced was akin to bittersweet pleasure. That was the only way she could describe it. The slight pang between her legs was worth it if he never let her go, never stopped that delicious feeling he incited with each thrust of his hips.

Negan gave her a moment to breathe through the pain, flicking her pierced nipple with his tongue so that she was thoroughly distracted by him breaking her barrier.

“Oh—oh!” Delilah’s eyes clenched shut. She was full of him, so much so that the need for him to move bubbled up in her throat. She released a guttural moan. This feeling, this fullness. She could cum from it alone. Experimentally, she clench her inner walls. “I think I need more. I’m okay,
“Thank fuck!” Negan breathed, he rolled his hips, grinding their pelvises together. Delilah’s lips formed a perfect ‘o’, her eyes becoming hooded. “You like that, Kitten?”

Her walls fluttered.

“Very much, Daddy.” As if to prove it, a fresh wave of her arousal dripped from her sex, flooding his cock with her wetness.

“You like filthy words in your ear while I fuck your pretty cunt?” He hissed, drawing out to the tip before filling her to the hilt. “Take my cock like a good girl.”

“I’m your good girl.” She moaned as he pounded her into the ground, his coarse pubic hair brushing and teasing her hardened clit. The heat in her tummy became unbearable and against her will, she clutched hard around her Daddy’s cock. “I think I’m—oh, Daddy!”

She repeatedly cried out his name, fingers digging into the soft earth, her eyes rolling heavenward as she spasmed around his thick cock. Negan fucked her harder, riding her through the orgasm.

“Oh, wow! I think I get it now.” She stared down at where they were connected, surprised that she could stretch that way. “Sex feels really, really good.”

“We’re not done yet, Kitten.” Negan pulled her bottom half onto his lap as he sat back on his haunches, her legs falling into the crook of his elbows naturally as he began to move again. “You’ll help Daddy cum, right?”

She nodded fiercely. “I’m your good girl.”

He chuckled at her eagerness. “Squeeze me, Kitten.”

She did as he commanded, massaging him with her inner walls. It wasn’t long until she felt the familiar tightening in her stomach all over again. How could she not? Her Daddy’s cock repeatedly filled her sex, the ridges of his member dragging along her sensitive walls.

“Your pussy is squeezing the shit out of me,” Negan grunted. His thrust sped up, spreading her legs wider so he could watch his cock disappear into her sweet heat. “Can you cum for your Daddy one last time? Pinch your breast, Angel.”

“I think so.” With shaky fingers, she twisted her nipples, enjoying the slight pain from her pierced nipple. “Like this?”

Negan’s rhythm became choppy watching his girl please herself. She was still so innocent and always so quick to do what he asked. He reached between her legs, pinching her clit as the feeling in his balls shot up into his cock, and he spilled into her. Delilah followed seconds later, a hoarse screaming tearing itself from her throat.

“You were such a good girl.”

Negan peppered her face with kisses, brushing his lips across her brow bone, both her dimples and chin.

“I was?” Delilah felt oddly vulnerable in the aftermath, and Negan seemed to sense it. “You liked it?”
He pulled her up into his lap, cradling her to his chest as he softly rocked her in his arms. Delilah wasn’t sure what she liked more about sex—the before or after.

“Don’t let me go?”

“They’d have to pry you from my cold, dead hands, Kitten.” He smoothed his hand down her naked back. “You’re never leaving my side again.”
Six days before the Passover, Jesus, therefore, came to Bethany, where Lazarus was, whom Jesus had raised from the dead. —John 12:1

Just beyond the horizon, two hooded figures stood camouflaged amounts the trees, watching the couple copulate shamelessly in the open. The first of the hooded pair was a tall man, a towering contrast to his female counterpart. He wore a serene smile that didn’t quite reach his dull blue eyes. The second, a woman, held features that once would have been considered beautiful but had now become perpetually distorted into an expression of scorn.

“Fornicators,” She hissed. “Flee from sexual immorality. Every other sin a person commits is outside the body, but the sexually immoral person sins against his own body.”

She quickly crossed herself, holding her hands up in silent prayer and dropping the handful of flowers she’d been holding.

“Sister,” His low voice, somewhere between a hum and a soft chant, immediately silenced her. “Let us not forget that we as well have been cast out of the kingdom of Heaven.”

“For if you forgive other people when they sin against you, your heavenly Father will also forgive you—but if you do not forgive others in their sin, your Father will not forgive your sins.” He quietly recited.

Her head bowed.

“Forgive me, Lazarus.”

“All is well, child.” He beckoned her, his eyes lingering on the female as her head fell back, her exposed breasts arched upward as she teased them between fingertips. Her cry didn't quite reach where they stood, but he could only imagine the pleasure of such carnal sin. “Come, let us walk. The second rapture is upon us.”
Proverbs 5:1-4

Chapter Summary

My son, pay attention to my wisdom, turn your ear to my words of insight, that may maintain discretion and your lips may persevere knowledge. For the lips of the adulterous woman drip honey, and her speech is smoother than oil, but in the end, she is bitter as gall, sharp as a double-edged sword… —Proverbs 5:1-4

[one week later…]

“Other leg, Kitten.”

Delilah stuck out her other leg, letting Negan run the towel along her upper thigh. The smell of vanilla and bergamot clung to her skin as he slowly dressed her. He’d given her a bath this morning, pressing soft kisses to her wet skin and between her legs until she’d squirmed and begged for his cock — which she was now quite fond of — before he’d finally pulled her from the water. Negan was a tease, but she loved it.

“You’ll be my good girl today, won’t you?” Negan asked. “Arms up.”

“Yes, Daddy,” Delilah answered. “Aren’t I always?”

She drew her arms up, letting him slip the dress over her head. It was a pretty floral pattern that he’d found for her on a run a couple of days ago.

“We’ve got a shit ton of meetings today but if you’re good, I’ve got something for you tonight.” Negan’s brow furrowed in concentration as he tied Delilah’s hair into a high ponytail.

“Oh, what is it?” Delilah had gotten used to shadowing Negan and had actually come to enjoy sitting in on the meetings he held with his lieutenants. She tugged at his belt, careful to keep her head still. “Daddy?”

“Kitten, it’s a surprise.” He placed a searing kiss on her pouting lips before stepping back to admire his work. “You’re fucking stunning, Angel.”

“I don’t really wear my hair like this, it gets wavy in the heat,” Delilah admitted, admiring the outfit he’d dressed her in today. “My mother always straightened my hair or kept it in braids because it was more manageable.”

“That’s bullshit. I like the little ringlets.” He tugged one for emphasis. “Now get your shoes on, we’re late.”

What Delilah loved most about her new dress was that it had pockets. She stuffed a book into one and Hanzal into the other before taking Negan’s hand. A handful of minutes later, Delilah found herself in Negan’s office, her feet dangling off the side of his leather couch as she hung onto every word of her book.

She was almost done with ‘Please?’ and the feeling was bittersweet. The book had awakened her sexuality and exposed her to a number of things she was now curious about.
Dove pressed her face between Daisy’s spread legs, her tongue finding her wet slit and collecting the juices with her tongue. She felt her Daddy’s presence behind her, his calloused fingers probing at her sex.

“That’s it, sweetheart.” He gathered her hair back so that there was no obstruction as she eagerly licked her friend’s pussy. “Show her the same treatment you show my cock.”

Delilah pressed her legs together as her eyes roved the pages, she’d promptly soaked through her panties at the beginning of the chapter but now she could feel the wetness spreading to her upper thighs.

“Kitten?”

Negan’s voice broke through her trance and she glanced up, realizing that she’d had an audience.

“Yes, Negan?” She cleared her throat and stood when he beckoned her over, carrying Hanzal in her arms.

She took a seat in his lap, surprised that she could feel his erection pressing against her ass. Had he been watching her?

Negan tapped the map that was strewn across his desk, resting his chin on her shoulder. “These fuckheads can’t seem to figure this shit out, and I bet them that my girl could. What do you see?” He asked her.

She looked around at the others who looked highly skeptical. Dean was the one to give her a nod of encouragement. “Go on, kid.” He grunted. “Maybe you’ll see something we don’t. Our trade is off and the numbers are shit, somewhere along the trade network we fucked up.”

“Oh,” She wasn’t sure what they expected of her but she still wanted to try. It was sort of like a puzzle, she realized as she did the mental math. “It seems like the Satellite Outpost hasn’t made a trade in months. I could be wrong but…”

She circled the location of the three biggest communities that Negan oversaw—the Sanctuary, Lincoln Outpost, and the Kingdom—before peppering the map with locations of the smaller communities. As she worked, Hanzal batted at the pen in her hands. Ironically, his paw landed on the Satellite Outpost.

“Fucking hell, I see what she means.” Dean nodded, tracing an invisible line between the two locations. They were the farthest out. “It’s been a while but we should check with Ezekiel and then move farther out to the post — radios are out of range from at least ten miles out.”

The room lapsed into silence, waiting for Negan’s commentary. He seemed to be mulling over the newly unearthed information, yet, under the table, Negan’s hand had moved further up Delilah’s skirt to tease the folds of her sex.

Finally, he spoke.

“I want a part of this shit. We’ll head out for a long haul in two days — forty men and heavy artillery. I’m not happy, and someone has to pay the piper.” He softly whistled a low tune that made the others in the room pause. “Simon, get everything ready.”

Delilah watched as Negan dealt out orders, the other lieutenants hanging onto his every word. He commanded the room and demanded respect. Biting her lip, her legs spread, accommodating his
wandering fingers.

“Now get the fuck out,” Negan drawled. “I’m gonna fuck my girl.”

“Jesus,” Dean muttered, vacating the room with the others.

When they were alone, Delilah’s face a pretty shade of pink that Negan couldn’t help but admire, he asked her, “What were you reading, Angel?”

“My book, Daddy.”

“You seemed engrossed.” He taunted, spreading her wetness across her pussy lips. “How was I supposed to be paying attention to what my men were saying when you kept pressing those pretty thighs together and squirming on that couch?”

“Dove was with two people,” Delilah admitted, her words slightly garbled as he pressed another finger to her entrance, thoroughly fucking her with three fingers. “She had her face between her friend’s legs while her Daddy touched her.”

“Is that something you’d like?” He curled his fingers upward, pressing against the spot that made her squirm off his lap. Negan was extremely possessive of his girl but the thought of sharing her with another intrigued him and made his cock completely harden underneath her ass. “Tell me, Kitten.”

“I’m not sure,” She moaned.

He relented on the subject, for now, instead hoping to get on with fucking his girl. Over the last several days he’d discovered a new obsession — the slickness of Delilah’s pussy wrapped around his dick.

“You’ve been good today, and very helpful too. I think someone deserves to cum.”

The wetness of his tongue traced along her neck, tasting the sweetness of her skin.

“Yes, please. Oh, please?”

She quickly stood while he languidly undid his belt, bending her over his desk. They’d only fucked a handful of times after he’d taken her virginity, but it was always better than the last. She craved his cock and this time was no different.

“Shit.” He placed her right knee on the desk, spreading her further so that he could see the pinkness of her inner lips. She was soaked between her legs, her clitoris plump and throbbing beneath his touch. “Your pussy get this wet reading that book?”

Tapping the head of his cock against her clit, he waited for her answer.

“God, yes!” Her tummy tightened as he freed her breasts, the other hand holding her steady at the waist as he sunk to the hilt in one thrust. “Harder, Daddy. I’ve been good, so good.” She sighed.

“You have, haven’t you?” His hands trailed her collarbone, covering her small neck and slowly cutting off her airway. “Trust me, Kitten.”

She did. Immensely.

Negan snapped his hips forward, Delilah’s body harshly bucking forward from the force. She scrambled for purchase on the desk, gathering herself before pushing back against his cock.
“That’s my good girl, such a good girl.” Negan cooed, obviously pleased with her resilience.

Delilah wasn’t sure how it was possible but everything seemed to heighten once he took hold of her neck. She felt light — as if her head could simply float away from her own body, yet, the pleasure kept her tethered in place as everything in her tightened and her body began to convulse.

The moment he released her throat Delilah’s orgasm gushed from between her legs. Nothing more than a few whimpers left her throat as she collapsed forward onto the desk, practically lifeless as Negan emptied into her clenching sex. He smacked her ass, letting her core’s convulsions milk him dry.

“Was that my surprise?” Delilah panted, settling into his lap. She loved cuddles after sex. “I liked it, a lot. Thank you.”

She kissed him sweetly.

“Not even close, Kitten.” Lighting a cigarette, he held it to her lips so that she could take a drag. “We’re going to the Underground.”
Go to Heaven for the climate, Hell for the company

Chapter Summary

Go to Heaven for the climate, Hell for the company. — Mark Twain

Chapter Notes

curse the spelling errors i’m so dead rn. xxxxx

Go to Heaven for the climate, Hell for the company.

The Underground

ALL SINS ARE WELCOME.

“Mark Twain.” Negan acknowledged the quote above the main entrance with a nod. “You ready, Kitten?”

His words were tinged with excitement and something else she couldn't precisely detect.

“Is this meant to be hell?” Delilah wondered aloud.

She clutched his arm tightly — one part for stability, the other because Negan had gifted her an outfit for the occasion that included heels. Delilah had never worn heels before in her life, even to church. Still, she felt sexy and desired in her outfit, a white backless slip dress with a deep plunge.

“I’m ready,” She finally decided.

He opened the door, a rush of warm air slightly mussing her hair and brushing goosebumps across her skin in the process.

“Fucking fantastic, isn’t it?” He breathed into her ear.

She heard him speak but remained unresponsive; her wide green eyes were too busy absorbing the sights and sounds of the Underground.

If this was hell, Delilah wanted to die a sinner.

They stood along an avenue of booths and for what Delilah could see they went on to the edge of the large basement. There were people everywhere mingling, laughing, and drinking but they parted like the sea, giving them a wide berth as they stood amongst it all. When Negan moved, she followed dutifully, noting the booths that sold everything from sex toys to spun cotton candy. The twinkling lights strung above the rafters set a low ambiance that complimented the live band she couldn’t see.

Negan paused at a booth that housed lingerie, letting Delilah briefly browse. The merchant, a
woman with vibrant pink hair straightened, pointing to a curtain concealing a doorway. “We have more racks in the back and changing rooms to the left,” she eagerly pointed out.

She obviously sensed a sale.

“Samara mentioned that the Underground didn’t always exist.” Delilah paused briefly on a pair of baby pink panties in the rack, fingering the space where the crotch should be.

Negan smirked, watching her eyes widen before she put the garment back.

“This place is my baby,” He admitted. “I saw how others with more eccentric tastes were struggling to conform to the conditions of the market upstairs, and this place was sitting unused. It was just a matter of allocating the resources.”

“You’re very proud,” She grinned, stopping to ogle a black almost non-existent g-string held together by a string of pearls. “I like when you’re proud. It’s very sexy.”

“Now you’re just stroking my ego…” His hand came to rest along the dip in her spine, the backless dress she wore giving him access to the silkened skin. “Why don’t you try these on?”

Delilah paused her rifling and studied the pink panties that she’d lingered on moments before. They were pretty, yet intimidating. The scraps of fabric were held together by silk bows, and the back a delicate floral pattern; a stark contrast from the black cotton pair she currently wore.

“I wouldn’t know how to put them on…” Delilah trailed.

“I’ll help you.” Negan assured her, pulling her towards the dressing rooms.

She eagerly followed him, hooking a finger in his belt loop and sparing a glance over her shoulder to the others who browsed the racks. The thought that maybe they knew what she was about to do sent a tingle down her spine — she loved being naughty, especially for her Daddy.

“Bend over and be quick.” He palmed her ass, closing the curtain. She was such a tiny thing compared to him, and he loved that in heels it brought her assets almost crotch level to his. He could barely keep his hands to himself.

Delilah’s brow furrowed. “I thought you said—”

She jumped at the next swat to her ass, biting her bottom lip to keep from moaning aloud. Quickly, she braced both hands against the makeshift wall, waiting to see what her Daddy would do next. The dress she wore was so precariously short, and when she bent at the waist, the swells of her ass peaked from beneath.

Negan lightly hummed as he knelt, the sounds of the Underground mingling so nicely with his Kitten’s soft moans. He rubbed the sting out of her cheek, shifting the fabric aside to place soft kisses on each creamy, round globe.

“I gotta tell you the truth, baby. Having you here in my territory makes my dick harder than a motherfucking rock.” His cock swelled in his pants as if to prove it, and he palmed it before hooking a finger in the crotch of her panties and pulling it down her legs. “Step out of it and spread your legs wider.”

The cold air lashed at her bare folds as Delilah broadened her stance, the slope of her back deepening as she gave her Daddy access to her sex. His head dived between her legs, harshly sucking her clit into his warm mouth and collecting her cream on the tip of his tongue, greedily
swallowing it down.

It’s a carnal display of his possession. He needs them all to know that Delilah is here with him and the muffled moans coming from behind the curtain are his doing. When she’s thoroughly soaked between her legs, and Delilah’s inner thigh muscles burned with the effort to keep herself upright, he pulled away.

“I wanted a taste,” He said by way of explanation. “Step in.”

Delilah carefully put her foot through where he designated each leg whole to be. She couldn’t see it, but he could, fixing the strings in place until he was satisfied with his work.

“Perfect.”

Delilah looked down, surprised that she had an unobscured view of the puffy lips of her sex which were slick and nestled her erect clit. A hot knot formed just above where her eyes were trained. Something about being so blatantly exposed beneath her dress made her feel — naughty.

“There isn’t anything I’d rather do right now than to fuck you senseless while everyone outside listens.” He tugged at her labia until she squirmed.

“What’s stopping you?” She panted, a hint of a whine in her voice.

“We’ve got an appointment.” He tugged her dress back into place, giving her a look of warning. “C’mon, baby. We’re gonna be late.”

They left in such a hurry that Delilah didn’t even get a chance to discard her old patines. She blushed thinking about how the next person would find them abandoned on the floor. Although, she did have the good sense to shout in passing to the woman attending to put the pink pair on Negan's tab.

It didn’t take them long to arrive where Negan intended to be, and she soon recognized the magenta curtain and hung polaroids. They were a familiar sight that made Delilah’s tummy pinch with dread.

“Am I in trouble?”

“You got something else done I didn’t know about?” He pushed the curtain aside, allowing her through as Delilah commented the negative. “Then, for now, your ass is in the clear.”

He pinched it for emphasis, and she squealed, batting away his hands.

Ophelia, the receptionist, stood upon their arrival, brushing her long braids off her shoulder and smiling.

She’s stunning, Delilah thought, watching as her dimples puckered. Delilah had barely acknowledged her presence the first time she'd come here, but she made up for that now, noting that her mahogany skin seemed near flawless beneath the soft lighting and her slim figure is poured into a black corset and fitted skirt.

“Delilah, right? That dress looks great on you.” Ophelia's dark eyes seemed to twinkle with an unspoken secret. “Here to get the other nipple done, or something else? You’d look really, really cute with a nose piercing.”

She tapped hers, turning her head so that the little stud blinked beneath the lights.
“Oh, I’m not exactly sure why we’re here.” Delilah nudged Negan who’d watched the entire interaction with an amused smirk on his features. “Are you finishing a piece?”

Kyoko took that moment to sweep into the small space. He paused, lips dramatically pursed before pulling Delilah into a hug.

“How’s it healing?”

“Good,” She admitted sheepishly. “Sorry, again.”

“Save the puppy dog eyes for someone they work on, hun. You ain’t fooling this gay. Fool me once, shame on you. A second time and I’m the dumb bitch.” He turned to Negan. “Just finished the stencil and it’s my best — bar none.”

They left Delilah there with Ophelia.

“He’s your boyfriend, right? Is it serious?” Ophelia purred after a beat, slinking forward until their noses were centimeters apart. Delilah nodded, her mouth suddenly dry. “I won’t tell if you won’t.”

“Kitten!”

Delilah smiled tentatively, taking a step back before following Negan’s voice into the backroom where Kyoko was busy setting up his equipment. She sat in his lap when he beckoned, a coil of excitement tightening in her chest for reasons that made her confused.

“You like this?”

Negan’s hand found purchase on her inner-thigh, caressing the soft skin. She studied the winding vine of leaves that Negan held up. So tiny and delicate. It was pretty, and she told Negan so. He’d shed his leather jacket, so Delilah had an unobscured view of the ink on his forearms. She mostly loved the piece because it reminded her of the tattoo he had on his back.

“Great,” Kyoko commented. “Hold out your hand, dollface. I’ve got something for all ten fingers.”

“Oh!” She turned to Negan for confirmation, and he nodded. “Thank you; thank you!” A pause. “Will it hurt?”

“I’ve got you, Kitten,” He assured her, bringing her firmly onto his lap. “Less pain than a nipple piercing.”

She nodded for Kyoko to continue, letting him clean and examine her fingers while her heart raced in her throat.

A tattoo.

Never in her wildest dreams did she ever consider getting a tattoo. But that was then, and this was now. Her skin would be marked and wouldn’t leave the earth the way God had intended it to, according to her mother.

Good.

Delilah sucked in a breath, the pain of the needle is harsh, unforgiving, but it’s nothing compared to the lashes she used to take as a child. Negan’s right; it hurts less than the nipple piercing.

Her right hand on her pinky gets three horizontal lines above the knuckle. The next finger, Kyoko began at the base, filling in the edges so that the leaves wrapped around her finger and her palm.
Each time she jerked or tensed Negan was there to soothe her, pressing a kiss to the back of her neck.

“One hand down,” Kyoko breathed, rolling his neck from his hunched position. “I’m gonna take a piss, be back.”

Delilah raised her hand, carefully inspecting his work. The dark ink was a stark contrast to her skin, so vivid that it seemed almost three dimensional. In some places, he’d kept the design simple, but on her pointed finger, a tiny vine of leaves trickled to her knuckle.

“Good?” The heat of Negan’s words brushed against her neck in a way that made her nipples pebble against the thin fabric of her dress.

“I love it. I’m just like you now,” Delilah said, beaming. "I have tattoos!"

Her head turned, catching his lips and Negan deepened it, pushing against her ass so that she felt his rapidly hardening cock.

He nipped at her lower lip, confessing, “Can’t wait to see those hands wrapped around my dick, Kitten.”

Her stomach dived at the prospect. She hadn’t had the opportunity to do those things with him yet, but she desperately wanted to now. His hands immediately went to where she was soaked between her legs, pressing a finger to her clit as she squirmed and gasped.

“I want to,” She panted, “right now.”

She could see it so vividly in her head. All she had to do was undo his belt and drop to her —

“Ok, ready for the other hand?” Kyoko came gliding into the room, unknowingly cutting through the tension. “They’re almost ready at The Pussy Parlor, so we’re making good on time.” He told Negan.

Delilah had to admit that the left hand didn’t hurt as much as the right, maybe because she knew what to expect this time around. Either way, he finished quickly, keeping her ring finger for last and as he worked on it, Negan began to talk, low in her ear.

“The first time we had a conversation you asked if I’d ever felt like a sinner. Do you remember that?” Delilah nodded, fixated on Kyoko’s hands as he began to scrawl cursive across the base of her left ring finger. “I couldn’t stop thinking how someone as sweet and pure as you could think you were anything less than heaven sent. The moment I saw those tears in your eyes I was a goner. I'd have given you anything if you'd asked, Kitten. Even my heart. I gave it to you anyway, right then and there.”

Kyoko finished and there on her left ring finger, clear as day, read: i love you

Delilah's eyes widened, and maybe for a fraction of a second, her heart stopped as she held her hand up, inspecting it in the lighting.

“Marry me, Delilah?” Negan smirked. “Already got the ring tattooed on your finger so you can’t say—”

They came together with a flurry of tongues and teeth. Delilah had spun so fast that the movement left her dizzy and lightheaded, but it was a good kind of dizzy and lightheaded because she was getting married or was married — however you wanted to think of it.
“Yes, Negan — yes!” She chanted between breaths, pausing a moment to lean back and meet his beaming smile with one of her own. “I love you, too.”

Now and every day after that when Delilah looked at her hands, she’d see this masterpiece first and not the scars that her mother had left. It would be a constant reminder of love and his commitment to her. She loved him all the more for that.

“You guys are so fucking cute; I might cry.” Kyoko’s words did sound a bit watery, and when Delilah peered over her shoulder, he grinned, “Ready to do his, Dee?”

“Me? Are you serious?” She bounced on the balls of her feet, looking at Negan for confirmation. “What am I doing?”

She knew he had the name ‘LUCY’ on his left knuckle.

“Your name.” Negan tapped his chest, right above his heart. “Right here.”

Amongst a myriad of other tattoos scattered across his chest and with Kyoko’s assistance, Delilah signed her name above his heart.

“And with the power invested in my inking abilities, I now pronounce you man and wife.” Kyoko declared.

They kissed to make it official.
Chapter Summary

Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud. It does not dishonor others, it is not self-seeking, it is not easily angered, it keeps no record of wrongs. Love does not delight in evil but rejoices with the truth. It always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres. —1 Corinthians 13:4-8

Chapter Notes

ok, damn. its been a minute, i apologize. x

When Delilah was younger, she imagined that her husband would be the equivalent of a knight in shining armor. A prince charming. Perfectly coiffed hair, flawless skin, and friendly eyes. He’d treat her nicely and would never raise his voice, and always hold her hand when she felt sad because as a child she’d felt an overabundance of sadness.

Her actual husband, the man she called daddy more than his real name, had a headful of messy black hair, more tattoos than she could count, and a wicked gleam in his eyes — especially when he was deep inside her, taunting her with filthy words.

Her past desires didn’t necessarily mesh with the ones she held now. In truth, she was a different girl and could hardly recognize who she saw in the mirror these days, but she couldn’t have been happier watching as Negan announced to the crowded bar: “She said — YES!”

The room erupted into cheers; the couple immediately swarmed by well-wishers all in attendance for her — their — wedding reception. The sneaky bastard had been planning this for days, and the white dress he’d gifted her immediately made sense. It was their wedding, reception, and bachelor/bachelorette party all in one and housed at The Pussy Parlor.

“For the bride,” Samara declared, placing a veil on her head in greeting. “FYI, you’re allowed to tell me I was wrong. Only you could make Negan want to commit.”

She kissed Delilah’s cheek, guiding her to the bar with a promise to have her back with the groom soon.

“There’s even a specialty drink for your wedding night. It’s called Berry Happy Together.” Samara waved for two. "Blackberry, whiskey, and lemonade.”

Delilah took a tentative sip. She’d never drunk alcohol before, but the taste was surprisingly easy on her tongue. It was sweet and made her throat burn.

“What do you think of the place?” Samara shouted over the music.

The Pussy Parlor is a large bar built onto a platform, consisting mostly of refurbished pieces and
mahogany wood. It’s setting is the basement, exposed piping, and metal casings, but it seemed to own that fact, its walls decorated with artistic metal pieces, licenses plates, and a wooden sign with the name of the bar adorned on it.

“Why do they call it The Pussy Parlor?” Delilah asked.

Samara turned and pointed to one of the dimly lit nooks along the back wall where two bodies languidly moved against one another. “Sex for points — everybody wins. Now, let’s do shots and toast to having your cake and eating it too.” She offered Delilah a much smaller glass of clear liquid. “A toast — to marrying the guy who loves to choke you in bed!”

“Here, here!” Delilah swallowed the glass of burning liquid, carefully controlling her urge to gag at the taste. When she was sure that she had her urge to vomit under control, she punched the air and shouted, “I’m fucking married!”

The people around her cheered, and in the distance, the band switched over to a new song. Delilah was on her feet, suddenly energized, her dress swishing around her hips as she went. A drink in one hand, Samara’s hand in the other.

“Okay, teach me how to dance. I want to do what they’re doing!” She pointed to two topless waitresses dancing on the bar, her head cocked. “If I could learn to do that with my hips I would be unstoppable in the bedroom.”

A low sultry beat began to play, more bass than tempo and Samara grasped her waist, ordering, “Dip your hip and listen to the music very closely. Good. Now, a little faster.”

Delilah giggled, taking another sip of her drink. “I’ve heard that before. Look at me, I’m fucking doing it, and I’m married!”

“If I knew being married would make you this excited, I would have dropped down on one knee and proposed the day I met you.” The muted lighting hid her sullen expression, and there on the crowded dance floor, Samara realized that there was more truth to her words than she cared to admit.

“That’s what I love about you, Sammie. You’ve always watched out for me. I love you.” Delilah tossed the rest of her drink back, completely oblivious. “I love everyone!”

Delilah was drunk or what Arat had promptly deemed her as — plastered.

Whatever it was that she felt, it felt amazing.

Delilah was just happy to be alive, be married, and among so many people that cared for her. She basked in the feeling, taking in the sights of the Underground and sipping on something fruity that had made its way into her hand. She’d been told that the alcohol was making her loose-lipped, but she couldn’t bring herself to care. It felt amazing to have her inhibitions absolved, at least for the night.

“…and there we were in a field of flowers, and I’m naked, basically begging for it. You know? I think I came so hard my toes crossed. Anyway, my question. Am I always going to orgasm during sex? And while I’m thinking about it — is it cum or come?” Delilah rambled.
“I think it’s come,” Arat tossed into the conversation. She plucked the cherry from her drink, nibbling on it thoughtfully.

“As long as you’re using a condom when he *cums* it doesn’t matter,” Samara rebuked. Her eyes briefly flickered to Simon who sat across from them in the large alcove, deep in some discussion with Negan.

“A condom?” Delilah paused, wracking her brain for any knowledge of what that could be. “What’s that? Is that a sex thing?”

“You’re fucking kidding me, right?” Samara and Arat exchanged a look. “It’s that thing that keeps you from getting pregnant. You put it on a man’s penis. Where does Negan finish during sex?”

“Always inside me,” Delilah pouted, hating that she sensed some sort of lecture coming on. Today was her wedding, and she didn’t want to feel like she’d done anything wrong.

Today she’d been a good girl and deserved her treat.

Marriage.

“Hey, it’s a wedding and a baby shower! Mazel tov!” Arat cackled, her drink sloshing dangerously. “I didn’t bring a gift.”

“He hasn’t brought up the subject of condoms — not even once?”

“We’re married,” Delilah shrugged, giggling at Samara’s enraged expression. Her laughter seemed to trigger Arat’s, and they leaned on each other heavily to keep from toppling off the couch. “Sammie, calm down. I trust him — I love him!” She waved her ring finger in her friend’s face, stressing, “He’s my Daddy.”

“Kinky. Love it,” Arat nodded, her expression suddenly teary-eyed. “This is by far the best wedding speech I’ve ever heard.”

“Thank you, Arat.” Delilah’s gaze fell to Negan who now sat absently of company. He crooked a finger. “Excuse me, girls! My husband’s calling me.” Delilah stood, only stumbling a little as she made her way over to him.

Arat mumbled something about finding Justin, but Delilah could hardly hear her over the music.

“Hello, wife.” Negan’s hands found the swell of her ass as she straddled him. “What were you ladies talking about? There was a lot of gesturing.”

He mimed stroking a cock.

“Nothing important, husband.”

Their noses brushed, nuzzling against one another until Delilah couldn’t stand the teasing. She slanted her mouth against his, savoring one of the many kisses they’d share on this night, their wedding night.

Negan’s hand found the deep plunge of her dress, pushing the material aside to tease her breasts. It was dark in the alcove, a few lit candles that casted shadows across the seated area; but the thrill of possibly being watched, that others would know what they were doing, thrilled Delilah.

Negan broke their kiss, but Delilah wasn’t deterred. Instead, she was painfully aware of how the
lips of her sex were swelling, how they teased one another with no hindrance of a barrier as she shifted and moved on his lap.

“You gon’a stay and watch?” Negan asked, directing the question to Samara who’d remained seated, watching them with a stoic expression.

Delilah glanced in her direction, tugging the veil off her head in the process.

“I thought you left, Sammie.” Delilah's hands fumbled for Negan’s belt, unzipping and tugging so that she could fit a hand into his pants and cup his erection. “You’re not gon’a go dance or something?” She asked, a bit distracted.

The allure of coupling in the open like so many others was nearly as intoxicating as the shots she’d consumed minutes before.

Delilah gripped Negan’s cock harder, lips parted and panting, relishing the way his hips flexed beneath her palm. They stayed like that for no more than a handful of seconds, listening to Samara’s footsteps fade into the music.

“I’m your wife now,” Delilah said, her face flushed and chest heaving. “That means I get to have you however I want.”

“Is that so?” He’d meant for the words to come out teasing, but it’s a question that goes deeper than he’d ever thought possible.

He has a wife.

If Negan believed in a god, he’d pray to it and thank the universe for sending Delilah into his life. He doesn’t, so he settled for holding her tighter.

“Mhmm,” Delilah hummed. “Even right here, like this.”

Later when she was sober, she’d reflect on her behavior, but overall be thankful that this had happened the way it had. The alcohol had been the push she needed to confess what she wanted, things she thought were so bad even Negan wouldn’t like.

Delilah stood and dropped to her knees.

“I’ve been wondering what you taste like,” She admitted, reaching for him. “Since the moment I saw you naked, I wanted to know what your cock would taste like in my slutty, little mouth.”

It’s the alcohol; it’s most definitely the extensive amounts of tequila shots she’d taken with Arat that make her speak this way. Delilah loved when Negan teased her with his words, but she’d always wondered what it’d be like to call herself a slut — lean towards the degradation.

She liked it, but she liked the way her Daddy responded even more.

Negan lunged forward, the movement almost dizzying to Delilah in her intoxicated state. He cupped her jaw tightly, squeezing, applying just enough pressure to make her audibly gasp.

It gets lost in the music.

“Say that again?” He ordered, tapping the side of her face. ”And ask nicely, Kitten.”

He watched as her pupils yawned, darkening as she let what he’d just done sink in. He’d slapped her across the face and she liked. Immensely.
“I want your cock in my slutty, little mouth. Please, Daddy?” Delilah breathed.

She pressed her legs tightly together, fearing that she might ruin her dress as the slickness of her pussy traveled to her upper thighs. There’s a sudden flurry of movements, and someone stumbled by, lingering at the opening of the alcove for a moment before moving on. Delilah moaned, low in her throat, her stomach clenching painfully. She hadn't seen their face, but she could only imagine...

“You like that, don’t you?” Negan goaded, realization dawning on him. “You’re a little exhibitionist slut who wants people to watch you suck my cock.”

He usually isn’t so brash; it’s mostly the bottle of vodka he’d been steadily nursing. It’s his wedding night, and he figured he could let go a little.

He’s not drunk, just loose, unlike his wife who’s hammered and has told just about anyone who will listen how he'd taken her virginity on last week's run. If this were any other time, Negan would slowly introduce her to all this, make her identify her feelings and communicate with him. But this is his wedding night, and Delilah's so eager to suck his dick.

“Answer me.” He brought their faces together until noses brushed, and she could practically taste the liquor on his breath.

“It’s true, Daddy.” Delilah nodded as much as she could in his hold, one hand gripping his wrist. “I want people to watch; it makes me wet just thinking about it. Let me suck your cock, please? I promise it’ll be so good; I'll be your good girl and make you cum.”

Jesus.

The way she’s talking makes him want to jam his cock down her throat and make her choke on it ruthlessly. He'd been pacing her, not wanting to scare her. But maybe it’s him that should be scared because behind those innocent layers he’d discovered that she’s brilliantly intelligent and just a bit insane. She’s quick to bat her eyes and pout her lips when she doesn’t get what she wants immediately, he’s seen it. Even quicker with an arrow from what he’d heard from his men.

Goddamnit, he’d created a monster. He’d corrupted her — his wife.

“You got a promise me that you’ll suck my cock good, Kitten. Try and take it down your little throat, okay?” He squeezed it for emphasis.

Delilah nodded vehemently, eyes full and eager as he reached into his jeans, his hand still tightly clapping her jaw, and pulled his cock out.

He’s eager to see what she’ll do and if she’ll do it again when she’s sober. With a sigh, Negan reclined against his seat, releasing her jaw.

“Go on, Kitten. Taste me.” He coaxed.

Delilah’s tongue flickered out, lapping at the head, tasting him.

“You taste good,” She moaned, squeezing along his shaft, milking him so that she can get more of his pre-cum. Instinctively, she just seemed to know. “I’ve always wanted to do this.”

“Kitten?” He cooed. “Why don’t you tell me what else you want to do so that I know for later.”

She released him with a sucking pop, her lips red and shiny with her efforts. Considering his words,
she stroked herself between her legs, shivering at the feeling of being so close to orgasm with so
many people nearby.

“I think about you and another man taking turns on me. Kissing a woman while you touch me,
your tongue between my legs…” A pause. "But you did that today, and I really liked that. I want it
for longer next time, okay?"

“Okay.”

Delilah’s tongue traced the outline of a vein on the underside of his shaft before she took the head
into her mouth and steadily nursed it, jacking him off with her hand. She’s there again in that
headspace, slurring and begging him on her knees, “Choke me with your cock, Daddy. I want to
feel it, please? That’s something that I’d like.”

Knots. Negan’s stomach is in knots, and as he fisted the hair at the crown of Delilah's head, his
hips flexed forward, pressing the broad head of his dick against the delicate muscles of her throat.
She choked predictably, her gag reflex activating from the invasion, but he held her there anyway
as her throat fluttered and squeezed him, enjoying the feeling.

“Such a good, little cock sucking whore. You’re choking on my cock so well,” He praised,
releasing her and wiping the tears that had begun to trail across her cheeks.

“I love it when you call me your good girl. I think I came the first time you said it.” Delilah
admitted, slurping along his cock, fingers back between her legs as she blatantly fucked herself on
them.

“Want you to spank me more, I miss it.” She confessed.

Negan fed her his cock this time, hips flexing so that she had to take him deeper. He coaxed her to
breathe through her nose, and she did so dutifully, holding him in her throat until he gave in to
rocking his hips, fucking up into her mouth.

He pulled back, trailing a thin line of spit from Delilah's full bottom lip to the shiny head of his
cock. His hand moved on its own accord, drawing back to slap across the face lightly. He did it
again, harder, watching for her reaction.

Delilah blinked, eyes alight and hooded, mischievous.

“Again.”

Negan grinned, slow and easy, some could argue a drunken smile as the air between them pulsed,
heavy with the potential of everything.

“Alright, shit—!” The microphone squealed in protest, Simon’s voice projecting from the speakers
as the music ended abruptly, the bodies on the floor protesting. “It’s about time we get the
newlyweds on the dance floor for their first dance, right?”

The crowd clapped in agreement as they began to look around for the couple in question.

Delilah’s eyes widened, reaching for a napkin to dab at her mouth as Negan hastily tucked himself
into his pants.

“Come on, you horny fuckers! Get out here.”

“We’re right here,” Negan drawled, looking as if he hadn’t just been doing what he’d been doing
only minutes before. “Lay off the scotch, brother.”

"Yeah, yeah." Simon raised his glass, giving a mock salute. “To the lovely couple, let nothing stop you from being with what truly matters.”

The band began to play a slow melody that they swayed to hand in hand, the crowd thinning as others left and some paired off to dance.

“I love you.”

Delilah didn’t think she’d ever get tired of hearing him saying that. It was the equivalent of a thousand kisses, more than a million soft touches.

“You are the thing that I wished for when I was younger, the someone who would rescue me from all of the bad things in my life. As a child, my house just wasn’t like that, there were no ‘I love you’s,’ but now it’s all I want to hear for the rest of my life with you. I fear that I might be addicted already. You’re no prince charming, but you’re my salvation, Negan. You’ve saved me in ways I didn’t know I needed saving. Thank you.” She kissed his chest right where she knew her name was.

Delilah felt the smirk against the crown of her head, felt the thudding of his heart against her own and the way her words truly affected him. “You’re very poetic when you’re drunk, Kitten.” He finally said.

“In short, Negan.” Delilah blinked, studying him from beneath her lashes. “I am very drunk, yes. It'll be a miracle if I remember all this in the morning.”

On stage, Simon perked up. “Ladies and gentlemen, the bride and groom will now cut the motherfucking cake. Move,” He wildly gestured, and the people on the dance floor parted to allow the cake to be wheeled through.

“Someone needs to take that microphone away from him,” Delilah muttered, some of the alcohol finally leaving her system. “Now, before I stick an arrow in his ass. He’s fucking up my wedding.”

Negan pinched her ass, correcting, “Our wedding.”

“What did I say?” She batted his hand away, taking the offered cake knife from one of the kitchen staffers.

Hand in hand, they sliced the tiered cake, smiling for the polaroid camera that Arat produced from seemingly nowhere. In between the flashes, they exchanged bites, smashing cake into the face of each other.

At that moment, everything was perfect, and no one hurt.
Chapter Summary

In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken: for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return. -Genesis 3:19

Chapter Notes

i'd really like to be done with this story by the end of june, i just keep stalling.

a gentle reminder: i post every Wednesday & Saturday. x

“Why’d you stop?” Delilah murmured. “Negan?”

They lingered in the dark hallway, the remnants of the Underground clinging to their skin. Bits of confetti tangled in Delilah’s hair that had curled from sweat, her hands sticky from their wedding cake and spilled glasses of alcohol. In her hand, she clutched the polaroids of their wedding; her other arm slung around Negan’s neck as he cradled her in his arms, bridal style.

“This is quick, I know. Our marriage,” Negan elaborated, pulling Delilah impossibly closer. “But I swear to you, Angel. I’m holding onto you for the rest of my life. I just want to savor this moment because once I cross this threshold, that’s it. It’s the beginning of the end. You’ll be mine until we turn to dust.”

“Now who’s being poetic?” Delilah teased, pressing a kiss to his temple, right where he’d tattooed a small ‘x.’ “Take as long as you need, Negan. I love you.”

“Say that again,” he ordered.

“I love you,” she hummed.

Together they crossed the threshold, maneuvering through the doorway until Negan could kick the door shut and set her down amongst the frantic animals. Delilah took a moment to inform Killer and Hanzal of their new marital status, which alluded to the amount of alcohol still in her system, giving them pets until they calmed down and returned to their beds. She stood afterward, kicking off her heels and arranging the polaroids on her nightstand, considering the woman smiling for the camera.

She never dreamed she could be this happy, and it all felt precarious — like her life was leading up to a massive comedown.

She felt his presence before his hand settled around her waist, warm and heavy. The weight served to pull Delilah from her thoughts that had begun to border on self-destructive. Habitually, she could pick at the pieces of anything until it lost its meaning.

When Negan beckoned, she moved with him, pausing between his legs when he sat at the head of
their bed with several items he'd retrieved while she'd been distracted. Sex items. “Take off your
dress,” he requested.

He’d undressed partially, forgoing his shirt and boots. The defined lines of his pectorals and his
broad shoulders covered in ink demanded Delilah's attention, a wet heat gathering between her legs
as she met his watchful gaze.

She lifted her dress with shaky fingers, her nipples puckering from the want that he always
managed to incite in her. Delilah could still taste him on her tongue, mixed with the sweet taste of
icing and whiskey — she wanted more of him, and she swore to herself that she’d make that
happen. They had the rest of their lives, after all.

Negan pressed his fingers against her breasts hungrily, palming the weight, and thumbing her
nipples into sensitive, little peaks. She swayed on her feet at his attention, bracing her hands on his
shoulders as his hands glided downward, gripping her waist. “Do you need a spanking, Delilah?”

Her eyes wandered to the toys that lay beside him, unassuming.

“What kind of spanking?” she asked.

He wordlessly took her over his lap, the pebbled points of her breasts brushing against the sheets as
he positioned her to his liking, eyes roving across her newly exposed skin. The wetness from her
interrupted orgasm slid between her thighs, coating his fingers.

He brought them to his mouth, tasting her.

He’d always thought that she had a unique taste, sweet as honey but thick as molasses. It lingered
in the air as she fidgetted and shifted in his lap, searing his lungs as he took another deep inhale.

Negan instinctively brought his hand back, bringing it down onto her ass as Delilah let out a small
yelp. “Don’t move, Kitten.”

“Sorry, Daddy.”

She suckled her lip, closing her eyes as she focused intently on each soft exhale he released, the
stiffening bulge against the softness of her belly and his fingertips as they caught in the waistband
of her panties, dragging them down her legs.

“You have a beautiful ass, Kitten.” Negan’s hands worked along the curve of her bottom,
massaging the flesh and grabbing handfuls until she had to bite back her whimpering pleas.

Delilah barely resisted the urge to push back against his hands, and the small brushes she allowed
her nipples against the silk sheets did nothing but tease her with a heat that bubbled dangerously in
her belly.

“A good handful,” he maintained. “I love watching your ass jiggle, especially when you’re over
my lap like this.”

His hand came down in quick succession as if to prove a point, steadily turning her ass a shade of
pink that matched her flushed face.

“I don’t pray, you know that, but I’d spend hours on my knees just worshiping you, baby. Would
you like that, Kitten? For me to worship your ass some more — answer me.”

“Anything, Daddy. Please,” she begged softly, almost a whine. “Whatever you do, I know I’ll like
Negan resisted the urge to laugh outright at her statement. Delilah, his wife, could be unpredictably adorable. He loved that about her.

His hand reached for the small bottle of lube at his side, drizzling the cold liquid along the crack of her ass. She tensed predictably but calmed once he pressed a digit to the puffy lips of her sex, teasing her folds and dipping a finger into her entrance.

“Kitten, you need to relax. Let Daddy show you how good it can be.” He waited for her to nod before trailing upward and pressing against her other entrance, teasing it with slow strokes that made the heat in her belly and her toes curl. He repeated the action until she no longer held her composure, bucking in his lap and mewling as he pumped several fingers into her drooling pussy and the tip of his thumb sunk deeper into her ass.

“How does that feel, Kitten?”

“Different,” she moaned out, “but so good.”

He withdrew his fingers carefully, reaching for the small butt plug that he’d retrieved from the closet, dangling it in front of her face.

“The Pleasure Palace?” Delilah asked.

Negan hummed his confirmation, retrieving the discarded bottle of lube so that he could thoroughly coat the plug. “We’ll start with a small plug, don’t tense and I promise it’ll be good. Alright, Kitten?”

Delilah nodded, intentionally going lax and breathing through her nose like he instructed as the tip of the plug teased her ass. It burned slightly, and she had the instinctive urge to expel it, but her Daddy’s soft praise in her ear kept her grounded as the plug bottomed out.

“Good girl,” Negan praised, admiring the jeweled head that rested between the swells of her ass. “Let’s see how this feels.”

He landed a well-placed slap on the underside of her cheek, softer than his last but not quite forgiving. The flesh of her ass rippled, and the plug inside her jostled with the movement, tearing a scream from Delilah’s throat as the heat and the pressure swirled around her belly, searching for an out.

“Louder, Kitten.”

Her legs trembled as the pleasure surpassed the discomfort. The pain, if any, only brought her further to the edge. He was cruel, so cruel, and she had half a mind to tell him if she could only form the words on her tongue.

"I know you can be louder.” Negan pressed two fingers into her pussy, pumping, and curling, massaging the plug in her ass through the thin wall of the membrane that separated them.

Delilah’s babbling increased as she humped his hand, begging for her release and more fingers as everything in her stomach coiled and throbbed.

“Be a good girl, and cum for me, Kitten.” His hand came down hard onto the head of the plug, forcing it further into her ass and hitting something so deep and sensitive that her vision went dark, her ass clenching around the plug and cunt throbbing around her Daddy’s fingers. She had the
sudden vision of being sandwiched between a faceless man and Negan, speared on their cocks as she writhed and moaned, and to her surprise that sent her spiraling into her next release.

Breathlessly, she collapsed, going limp across his lap.

Negan scooped her up quickly, mindful of her stinging ass as he settled her into his lap, giving her soft kisses across the bridge of her nose as she recovered. Delilah could feel his erection nudging against her, a persistent feeling as she came back to her body. It always felt like she was floating in the aftermath of her orgasms, and it was a feeling she chased constantly.

Tonight was no different.

Her fingers pulled greedily at his hair, leaning forward to suck on his bottom lip until Negan grunted and returned the kiss. Delilah had the strongest urge to reach between her legs and stroke her clit until she came again despite the two orgasms he'd just given her.

“Greedy slut,” Negan chastised, pushing her off his lap with one last nip to her bottom lip, sending her in the direction of their bathroom. “Go plug the bath. I’ve got another surprise for you.”

Delilah went without a word, not wanting to push her husband, who seemed to be in a playful mood. She wouldn’t pout but be patient and wait for her next orgasm. The teasing was worth it in the end.

It was an odd sensation, walking with a sex toy inside her. Still, Delilah managed to make it to the bathroom. While the tub filled, she sat on the bath ledge and poured some bubbles into the running water along with sprigs of dried lavender.

Delilah found herself reaching out, thoughtfully brushing one of the flowers that swirled in the bath water.

Her mother used to say that flowers were God’s way of offering a simple solution to the world.

For what, she wasn’t sure. Delilah had stopped trying to decipher her mother’s ramblings way before she’d turned ten.

“Lavender,” Negan commented knowingly, padding into the bathroom.

"Yeah." Delilah deeply inhaled. “It’s soothing, surprisingly. I hate the smell of daffodils, and when I was a child, I hated flowers altogether, but lavender has always been different. What is that?”

She'd turned, studying the object in his hand.

“Marijuana, you smoke it.” Negan held up the rolled joint between his fingertips, moving around the room to open the small window just above the tub.

“It’s like a cigarette?”

“Something like that,” he alluded. “It’s meant to be relaxing, but the effects are different for everyone. I’ve been saving it for a special occasion, figured our wedding was as good as any.”

Negan dug into the pocket of his jeans, pulling a lighter and lighting one end of the joint. His dimples puckered as he drew the smoke into his mouth, taking a deep breath and drawing the smoke into his lungs. He expelled the smoke through his nose, savoring the slight burn before passing it to Delilah.

She brought it to her mouth expertly, like she would a cigarette, letting the warm air into her mouth
and throat. When she needed to breathe, Delilah blew the smoke upward, throwing her head back so that her hair shifted and cascaded down her back, a mass of unruly strands curled from the perspiration. “It’s different but good,” she said.

“Yeah?”

“Yes, Daddy.” It was her turn to smirk, and she did so, shifting so that she felt the plug still deep in her ass. “I’m beginning to like different.”

She took another drag before offering him the joint with a sweet smile. He knelt between her spread legs at the offering, bringing the joint to his lips for a deep inhale. He did something then that fascinated Delilah, drawing her closer by the grip on her chin. She understood more than he let on from the gesture, leaning forward to inhale the smoke he blew into her mouth. She could have imagined it, but the smoke felt thicker, somehow coming from him.

“The tub, Delilah.” His lips brushed against her collarbone as he nuzzled the soft skin of her neck.

“Oh, shit. I almost forgot.” She reached out for the faucet, her other hand fisting his hair to keep him in place. “My husband is very distracting.”

“Can you blame me, little girl? You’re fucking addictive.” He trailed lower, passing her the joint so that he could spread her legs and bury his tongue between her legs.

“We’re both obsessed with each other.” Delilah moaned, stroking his hair fondly as his tongue danced across her clit. “I’d call that a perfect marriage.”

“Forever,” he vowed.

As their lips brushed and tongues met, Delilah had the faintest feeling that she was falling upward. Gradually. More like atom by atom. She was light, becoming lighter by the second and soon she’d slip from Negan’s arms — probably catch on the ceiling like a discarded balloon. She grinned, a full-toothed grin, at the thought until she was outright laughing.

Negan fell back onto his heels, eyeing her jiggling breasts with each laugh that wracked her small frame. “Time for a bath; I think. You want me to braid your hair?”

Delilah shook her head, straddling his lap once he’d climbed into the water. She wasted no time, fisting his erect cock in her small hands as he watched from behind slitted eyelids. The effects of the drug tended to slow time for Negan, so he had to concentrate hard or let it slip between his fingers. Usually, he chose the latter. Today was no different, and he was content to watch Delilah and let her take control.

She rose onto her knees, the bath water lapping dangerously at the edge of the tub as she guided him to her entrance, her other hand pressing against her clit as if she was too eager to wait.

He blew smoke into her face teasingly, watching as her pupils contracted. “You want Daddy’s cock, Kitten?”

Her gaze flitted upward, cat-like, and sharp. “I crave it, Daddy. Can I have it?”

“You’re my good girl, Delilah. You can have whatever you want.” He guided her down onto his shaft slowly, letting her get used to the stretch of the plug and his cock filling both her holes at once. “How does that feel, Kitten?”

“Good, Daddy. Oh, God. Like you’re fucking me twice as hard.” Delilah pinched her nipples,
rolling them between her fingers while rocking her hips, fucking herself harder onto his cock. “Pinch my clit,” she pleaded.

“My greedy, little kitten.” His free hand rubbed her sex, and she immediately clenched beneath his fingertips. “You can’t get enough of my cock, can you? Just a little slut begging for her Daddy’s cock,” he slurred.

“I’m daddy’s little slut,” Delilah mewled her agreement. The moan bubbling up her throat became minced by her laugh, the heat and his gaze slick on her skin. It’s the marijuana, too. It gets locked in her chest, making her light. She is light. “I’m you’re wife, too…”

Delilah stopped her frantic bouncing in favor for rolling her hips, mashing her clit against his pelvis as she taunted him. “You want to fuck a baby into me——”

The hand that had been wandering between her bouncing breasts stilled, curling upwards.

“What did you say?” Negan asked.

“I said, fuck a baby into me.” Delilah rolled her hips again, despite the grip that he has on the fistful of her hair at the nape of her neck. “That’s why you’re not using condoms, right? You want a baby? I’m your wife, and I’ll give you one.”

It’s quiet, and time seems to stick to the walls like perspiration, dripping slowly.

“You want my baby?” He seems to be testing the words, not a question, more of a statement.

"I want your baby."

He moved so suddenly she’d hardly had time to process that she’s empty, precariously balancing on the edge of the tub before he’s buried to the root, hands brutally digging into the soft skin of her upper thighs as he fucks forward, the head of his cock kissing her cervix.

Oh, god. Oh, god — yes, yes, fuck me! Fuck my cunt, fuck me raw.

Delilah faintly heard the words, but she couldn’t believe she was saying them, wasn't even sure if her mouth was moving. She could only focus on the perspective of her world shaping and twisting as he rammed his cock impossibly far between her legs, grunting with the effort. “Gon’a put a baby in your belly, Delilah. Fill you with my seed, girl.”

His head bowed forward, pressing their foreheads tightly together. Delilah could see the excitement swirling in his irises, the lust, and the hope. Her heart swelled when she realized that she’d stumbled across something he’d always wanted. So intangible in his eyes, it had become something of a fantasy, and he’d been too afraid to ask.

“Do it, Negan. Cum inside me,” she pleaded, clenching her walls around his cock and encouraging him with soft words that only seemed to push him closer towards his release.

I wan’a have your baby. I’ll take it like a good girl, give me your seed.

It was only fair that she did this for him when he’d embraced everything she’d ever thrown at him.

He came with a throaty groan, the loudest he'd ever been during sex as his hot release painted her walls in thick, creamy ropes. Delilah could only gasp, clutching his shoulders to keep from falling backward from her perch as his cock continued to throb inside her, his head dropping to her shoulder.
"You have made me the happiest man alive." He smiled faintly, pressing a kiss to her beating heart.

"Anything you want," Delilah whispered back. "I'll give it to you."
Today was Delilah’s birthday, and she’d been blessed with the most beautiful gift — her mother’s absence.

The little girl had awoken to an empty house, and she’d been more than okay with the idea of spending her birthday alone. She’d eaten her breakfast, washing the dishes and fixing anything her mother could reprimand her for before going outside.

That morning it had been cool, a soft breeze blowing across the field that the trees danced to and her unrestrained hair tangled with, the wind threading the strands. Delilah barely registered it, had become numb to most everything and gazed forward, unseeing. Her hands plucked the wildflowers from the earth, dusting the dirt from her dress that fell from the roots as she began to work the daisies into a chain. The process was therapeutic, something to do with her hands while her mind compulsively recited Bible verses.

It wasn’t something that she could control and she’s not exactly sure when it started but some days when it's really bad she doesn’t want to get out of bed. There isn’t an exception for today because of her birthday, if anything, Delilah found it fitting to be suffering on the day her mother had brought her into this world.

Her palms itched, her skin crawled, and her breath came short, but she forced herself to breathe, forming a longer chain as she began to reconcile that she was more than the words on a page. She had to be. There was more to life than the basement, scarred palms, and walking on eggshells.

Suicide is the ultimate sin, but she thinks about it a lot these days, could picture the wet droplets of blood falling from her neck instead of her hands. Maybe she’ll do it today, make today her death day.

The thought of dying at an even age was oddly satisfying to her.

Tires along the dirt road trailing up to their house, distracted her from herself and the urges she felt. Of course, she knew that her mother would have to come back from wherever she’d gone eventually, but Delilah didn’t expect the green Jeep trailing behind her vehicle. They pulled into the driveway, and Delilah wasn’t sure whether to stay or run inside. Her mother made a choice, however, as she remained in her car while the driver door to the other vehicle opened.

A tall, black man with dreads exited the car with a bright bouquet. He faltered, but his footsteps grew more confident as he neared where she knelt in the grass still debating whether to run or stay.

Delilah spoke first.

“Are you my daddy?”
His mouth twisted oddly, and he gazed over his shoulder at her mother before looking her in the eye. “Why don’t you call me, Zeek.”

“Zeek,” she said, testing the word. “You sent my mother flowers once, and I read the card.”

“Yeah, the daffodils. They were her favorite,” he said, rubbing the back of his neck awkwardly. “These are for you, by the way, they’re lavender. My mom’s favorite. You look like her, you know. You have her ears and hair.”

“Mother makes me straighten it twice a week,” Delilah mumbled, taking the flowers, “she says it’s too ethnic.”

He muttered something underneath his breath, apparently deciding to ignore her words as he spoke again, changing topics as he came to sit beside her in the grass. “I work at the zoo, maintaining the tiger exhibit. I’d like it if you were to come to visit me sometime, your mother and I used to go to the zoo a lot when we were kids…”

To Delilah, her father appeared to have kind eyes, his clothes were worn but clean and all together — he was presentable. No tattoos or piercings. He didn’t look like he participated in drugs, and that left her speechless. Where had he been all this time? Why hadn’t he come for her?

“And after you have suffered a little while, the God of all grace, who has called you to his eternal glory in Christ, will himself restore, confirm, strengthen, and establish you,” Delilah quietly recited beneath her breath. In her frustration, she fisted the grass by her side, hearing the blades yield beneath her grip.

“Peter 5:10,” he answered knowingly. “I met your mother at Bible camp.”

Delilah nodded hastily because maybe someone knew her pain, could read between the lines and save her from drowning in the dizziness of her thoughts. "He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.”

Her father gazed at her with pity in his eyes, beginning to put together more than he cared for on his first visit.

Delilah stood abruptly, her vision darkening at the edges. She wanted his love, not his mercy.

“You could take me with you.” She watched her mother from a distance, her face pinched, and arms crossed as she found the words tumbling out of her mouth. “This visit couldn’t have been her idea. You wanted to see me.”

He shook his head, twisting a daisy beneath his fingers until it was nothing more than fragments in the wind. “It doesn’t work like that, sweetheart.”

“But it could,” she protested, stomping her foot. “Listen to your father, who gave you life, and do not despise your mother when she is old — Proverbs 23:22! Women are meant to be subservient to men, you could take me and she wouldn’t… she couldn’t…”

Her voice choked on the words and she told herself to face the truth. There was no need to be afraid of it. Her mother had said that once, but what about drowning in it — suffocating in it? What if the truth was slowly killing her and she wanted to claw at her skin until the outside matched what she felt on the inside?

Her father didn’t want her, at least, not like she wanted him.
With a gut-wrenching cry, she brought the bouquet of lavenders over his head, beating her father with it until the flowers began to shed and he had to block her blows, covering his face as she laughed and cried.

It felt good to hurt, and she wanted him to understand that.

“I can’t change this — I can’t make you love me!” she chanted despite the exertion it took to hurt him, rake her hands across his face in hopes of scaring him.

When there was nothing but stems from the bouquet left in her hand, she threw it at him, marching back into the house without a backward glance.

Despite everything, Delilah thought that this had been her best birthday yet.
Judges 16:1-5

Chapter Summary

One day Samson went to Gaza, where he saw a prostitute. He went in to spend the night with her. Sometime later, he fell in love with a woman in the Valley of Sorek whose name was Delilah. The rulers of the Philistines went to her and said, “See if you can lure him into showing you the secret of his great strength and how we can overpower him so we may tie him up and subdue him. Each one of us will give you eleven hundred shekels of silver.” — Judges 16:1-5

Chapter Notes

it's been a month, oh god! i’d totally recommend reading the story over again ’cause tbh, i had to. xxx

The aftermath of a trauma never truly goes away. Long after the scars had closed and the blood had been bled, the poison having sunk below Delilah's skin continuously ran a course through her bloodstream. Now and then it would resurface, and there was nothing she could do but embrace it like a fist to the face. Everything was going so well, too well, and at the back of her mind, Delilah had found it all unsettling.

Her palms itched when she’d awoken that morning and despite the tattoos that adorned her fingers, a personal reminder from Negan that she was beautiful, she couldn’t help but feel her scars were especially ugly today. Not even God himself could change her mind. If she could cut her hands off at the wrist and leave them in a box beneath her bed, she would.

The disgust and shame brought with it unwelcomed memories of the basement: the cold air from an opened window, the warmth of her blood and the itchiness when it dried and caked her skin.

Her mother had taunted her, picked at her looks until she hated herself.

Delilah could recall a specific instance when her mother had stood for minutes, maybe hours, in the corner just watching her before she’d spoken. ‘You’re just like you’re namesake, Delilah, I can tell. You’re an omen for the end of mankind — a sin personified.’

Delilah knew the story of her namesake by heart.

Samson had fallen in love with a woman who lived in the Valley of Sorek. Delilah. Temptation and promises of wealth had led the woman to sell the secrets of his strength to the Philistines. Eventually, Samson was captured and imprisoned.

‘The moral, Delilah,’ her mother had said, ‘All sin, especially sexual sin, comes with its own dire and sometimes deadly consequences. Sin binds us; then it blinds us; then it slowly and inexorably grinds away at us. You are my consequence. You are THE sin.’
The sharp bite to her upper thigh brought her back to her present — like a shot of Epinephrine to the heart. It all came back so harshly. The sweat on her skin and the musty smell of sex in the air. The thrum of the engine from the RV that steadily rocked the bed.

“What the hell has you so distracted that you can’t appreciate the fine head your husband is so diligently giving?” Negan regarded her, his expression thoughtful and framed by her thighs.

Contempt rolled over Delilah in waves, thick and suffocating. She found it disconcerting for she blinked and she was back in the basement and then in the RV. Still, she cupped his chin, and he leaned into instinctively.

“Sorry, love. I was just thinking of baby names.” That was partially true; she never wanted her children to be named after anything biblical.

Predictably, Negan’s eyes warmed, and his expression softened. It only made her love him harder. He was so beautiful when he was hopeful. She wanted to cling to his naivety in hopes that it would save her from drowning in a lake of her despair. She desperately wanted what he wanted. Albeit, she had to be reminded of what she’d promised to give him the morning after, but Delilah had assured him that she meant it.

“It’s only been a couple of weeks, but we’ll grab some pregnancy tests from the Kingdom.” Negan placed a kiss to her mound, pressing two fingers further into her tight, clutching sleeve. “I want to know as soon as possible.”

Delilah’s mouth formed an ‘o’ as she rocked her hips against his searching fingers. She’d lost count of how many times they’d fucked since their wedding night. There was no doubt in her mind that if she weren’t pregnant already, she would be soon.

His tongue joined the mix, burrowing his head between her thighs in a manner that surely made it incapable for him to breathe. She would have been worried about cutting off his oxygen if it weren’t for the fact that she was trying to quiet her moans so that Dean wouldn’t have to hear too much of what they were doing. He’d drawn the short straw, tasked with driving the RV.

“That’s it, Kitten.” He coaxed Delilah onto her stomach, pushing several pillows under her hips so that her ass brushed his cock every time she shifted. Briefly, he admired the swells of her ass and the delicate curve of her spine. Beautiful. “You're such a good girl for your daddy, ready to take my dick like a good, little slut.”

"I am," she mewed. "Only yours."

He entered her slowly so that she felt her walls stretch and envelop him inch by aching inch, the swells of her ass pressing tightly against his groin. Delilah felt his breath against her shoulder stutter as he paused, fully sheathed. “Shit, baby. Let me take you slowly. Just like this,” he pleaded.

Delilah agreed with a whimper, rolling her hips so that he sunk further and nudged that spot that made her walls flutter dangerously and her toes curl.

They came together in slow grinds, and this time she didn’t bother to be quiet, not like this. Not when Negan was filling her so completely that she felt it in her chest as he fucked her into the mattress, a bruising grip on her neck.

“So fucking tight, baby. You should feel this.” He cupped her intimately, wedging his hand between her slick body and the mattress.
“I want to — oh, Daddy! — I want to feel you fucking me,” she begged.

Negan paused, allowing her to shift so that both their fingertips brushed along his shaft and the swollen lips of her sex. His fingers fingered her distended bundle of nerves, pinching and rolling it between his fingers. Delilah’s thighs burned from the effort to stave off her orgasm, her skin slick against his own as they rutted against each other and the mattress.

The harsh rasp against the door broke apart their coupling, Dean’s voice cutting through the thick haze that had settled in the small bedroom. “Negan, we got something.”

Dean wasn’t the type to call on Negan for anything less than life-threatening — he just wasn’t — hearing the underlying urgency in his words made Negan move quick, shoving his legs through his jeans and reaching for his gun.

“Stay right where you are, Kitten,” he ordered. “I’m gonna handle this shit and then it’s right back to our fuckfest.”

Delilah didn’t protest, his tone left no room to argue. Instead, she stretched languidly amongst the sheets, allowing her mind to be blissfully vacant, between planes of consciousness. Neither here, not there.

For the moment, it was enough.

A shot rang through the air minutes later, violent and intrusive. Scrambling from the bed, Delilah quickly shrugged on Negan’s discarded shirt, clambering through the bedroom door and into the driver’s seat. They were the second vehicle in the car line, so she had a mostly unobscured view of a nameless man, waving a gun.

Cursing lowly, she immediately went for her bow and a single arrow before making her way into the bathroom. There was a small hatch in the ceiling that led to the roof, and the high perch would give her an advantage. From the muffled yelling, she could tell they were arguing. A shot had been fired, but retaliation hadn't occurred. That meant one thing.

A hostage.

“Just give me a car,” the stranger demanded. The gun trembled in his hand, but he kept it trained on Negan's temple. “You don’t understand. You don’t understand! They’re coming — fire and brimstone. You don’t understand! They’ll bomb you first, flush you out…” He was talking more to himself, broken mumbles beneath his breath. “I can’t let them take me — I fucking can’t, man! Look what they did to me!”

Delilah had mistakenly assumed he was wearing some sort of cloth for a shirt but now she understood, his upper half was streaked with dried blood.

“You won’t make it out of here, fucker. My men won’t allow it.” Negan spoke low, and she had to strain her hearing to listen. He was pissed, understandably. “Put the fucking gun down, now.”

“No, no!” He banged his outstretched hand against his temple. “Repent, for the kingdom of heaven has come near—”

Delilah slowly raised herself into a higher crouch, fingering the textured grip of the bow as the man became more erratic. “Forgive me, Father. I cannot feel guilty for the sin I have committed,” she whispered, seconds later sending the arrow through the man’s skull.

His neck snapped back with a sickening, wet crunch as he crumbled at Negan’s feet. Delilah
watched the others from her post scramble at the unexpected intervention. Some dropped to the floor in a crouch, and others drew their weapons in the direction that the arrow had come from before they realized it was her.

“Jesus fucking Christ, Kitten,” Negan breathed, shielding his eyes from the sun to gaze up at his wife. “Get down here so I can kiss the shit out of you for saving my sorry ass.”

“You should be kissing my ass,” Delilah quipped, “but let me put on some pants first.”

Minutes later a group of them stood over the dead body, studying it with grotesque interest. His lower half had been covered with a burlap sack that barely concealed his modesty, crusted with the blood from the gashes on his chest. There wasn’t an inch of his pale skin that wasn’t smeared in blood. His head which was adorned with a thorned crown woven with wildflowers bled from where it had been sewed into his scalp.

“Jesus,” Santos, one of the spectators, mumbled, crossing himself. “What are we looking at?”

Rather than studying the body, Dean was studying Delilah’s grimace as she traced the carvings. “What are you thinking, kid?”

Delilah felt the others turn to her. “It’s nothing. Just something that he said.”

“That Heaven is near shit?”

“Repent, for the kingdom of Heaven has come near…” she quoted, before requesting, “Help me turn him over, please.”

They did as she asked, though most of them were confused about why they were doing it. They knew she was the boss’s wife, so most just went along with what she asked. It helped that she was able to hold her own and wasn’t a nagging bitch.

“Holy shit,” Delilah heard someone curse; the air around them seemed to grow hotter as everyone crowded in to get a better look.

Someone had branded the man with numbers, and whoever had done it had kept him for a while because each were in a different stage of healing. Hundreds of markings overlapped each other, but the biggest one was—


“I think it stands for Matthew 4:17,” she recalled softly, “It’s used multiple times in the Bible. First, as a warning to us from Jesus, telling us that we must ask God for the forgiveness of our sins. Then when John the Baptist said that the end was drawing near. The rapture.”

“Rapture?” Rob asked, scratching his chin. “Like the second coming?”

“Yeah,” Delilah said, briefly clarifying, “Only they're two different things. The rapture is a seven year period of judgment that takes place after the end of the world when believers are taken to heaven, and some are resurrected from the dead. The second coming is Jesus’s return at the end of that period to wage war and gain victory at Armageddon.”

She paused, her lips moving silently. “It’s unusual. Each of these verses refers to either one.”

“What kind of person would do this?” he breathed.
“Sick fucks,” Dean answered, shaking his head. “Alright, the shows over. We can reach The Kingdom by tomorrow morning if we haul ass. This shit is giving me the creeps.”

The crowd dispersed, the collective agreement to leave the body discarded on the road, passing silently with a few looks. No one wanted to touch him, or more specifically, be touched by him.

Negan’s hand pressed firmly against her shoulder when he noticed his wife hadn’t moved. She’d stayed in place, hunched over the body, her fingers brushing along the brands despite the filth that gathered on her fingertips. “Kitten, you okay?”

“As much as I can be,” she finally said. “It just doesn’t surprise me anymore, how others can just manipulate religion to suit their needs.”

He silently admired how far she’d come from the girl that wore her faith like a second skin. She’d hardened, adapted where needed and he couldn’t have been more proud of her. “We all need something to believe in, don’t we?”

“In something concrete,” she stressed. “Not some fucking entity that no one has ever seen. Not based on words written centuries ago. For fuck’s sake, Negan. Look around; the dead have risen. It doesn’t get more fucking real than that, yet we continue to blind ourselves with faith. It’s going to get us killed.”

Negan rolled his shoulders leisurely, agreeing, looking as if he hadn’t just been on the verge of being killed minutes ago. “Someone should change that,” he said, speaking carefully.

She ventured one more look over her shoulder at the corpse. Her palms itched and burned, but it was nothing compared to the cold that tore at her soul. “Yes, someone should.”
Matthew 7:15

Chapter Summary

Beware of false prophets, who come to you in sheep's clothing but inwardly are ravenous wolves. — Matthew 7:15

Chapter Notes

gonna keep the trend and upload this story by two's. xxx

By the time their caravan of cars rolled through the front gates of the Kingdom, the sun was beginning to paint the sky a light grey, and the birds had started to stir awake, chirping a sweet song as they flitted around the pillared buildings.

The community was a stark contrast from the Sanctuary’s metal flooring and drafty hallways. Delilah's new surroundings painted a pretty picture, much like the Lincoln Outpost, yet the thought didn’t comfort her as she expected. It made her anxious, and it tempted Delilah to smoke even though she decided to quit for the sake of her future unborn child.

She was going to be a mother.

It was something that lingered at the back of her mind constantly since she’d agreed to give Negan a baby. There wasn’t a future that she’d ever imagined where she wouldn’t have a child, but now that it was becoming an inevitable occurrence, she’d begun to question her reasons for agreeing so readily. Yes, there was the persistent need to give Negan what he wanted, but there was also this overwhelming, compulsive urge to prove that she could be a better maternal figure than her mother.

In her arms, Hanzal mewed in protest of being picked up. The cat had wanted to follow after Killer, who was close on Negan’s heel, but he was still her tiny baby, and this area was new to them both. She wasn’t sure how these people felt about keeping animals around recreationally. “You don’t want someone to put you in a stew, do you?” she asked him sternly.

“I’d hold onto him if I were you,” Samara said, coming to stand beside her. “Shiva might think he’s food.”

“Shiva?”

Samara’s eyes widened, reflecting her astonishment. “He has a motherfucking tiger, Dee. It follows Ezekiel around like an overgrown house cat.”

“Well, that’s strange,” she acknowledged, scratching Hanzal’s chin. He purred, settling against her chest.

“Kind of badass if you ask me,” Samara said, pulling out a cigarette and quickly lighting it. “What?” she questioned when Delilah’s nose scrunched in distaste.
Delilah shook her head, trying to find a way to deliver the news in a manner that wouldn’t earn her a lecture. “Samara, you’re my best friend...and I’d like you to be the first one to know that I’m trying not to smoke...because Negan and I have decided to try for a baby,” she rushed out.

“Was this your idea or Negan’s?”

“It’s something that Negan wants, and I’m ready to give him.” Delilah paused, trying to understand the animosity in her voice. “What the hell, Samara? I thought you liked Negan.”

“I do,” she stressed, taking a deep drag, blowing her smoke in the opposite direction of her friend. “Just not for you, Delilah. Everything is just moving so fast, and I’m worried for you — I met you first, and I’m protective of you. I can’t help it. No matter how much you’ve changed, how tough you act — you’re my brat.”

Delilah smiled hesitantly, although Samara could tell she was still confused by her blatant dislike for her husband. “And you’re my bitch.” They both smirked at the irony despite their warring emotions. “That will never change, Sammie. Not for a second have I forgotten what you’ve done for me. I was so scared, pushing myself to become a Savior, living on my own after my mother died. Throughout it all, you were always there for me, like I'll always be there for you.”

Samara’s lip quivered. “I love you, Dee. I want what’s best for you in the end.”

Delilah dropped Hanzal in favor of embracing her friend. “Don’t cry, please? You’re going to make me cry, too, and you know we have a reputation to uphold.”

“Fine,” Samara huffed mockingly, throwing her arms around her neck and rubbing comforting circles into her lower back that Delilah thought nothing of. “I guess we’ll just be known as those two frigid bitches.”

It’s that very same moment that Simon rounded the corner of the RV. They don’t notice him at first, leaving them open to his speculation, wholly unguarded and raw. He lingered on Samara’s soft caresses and subtle wandering hands. She used to touch him like that, used to gaze at him with undying devotion.

He sighed lowly before clearing his throat, drawing their attention. “Hey, Dee. Negan wants you to meet Ezekiel.”

“Thanks, Simon.”

Delilah broke their embrace, heading in the direction that he’d instructed. Hanzal eagerly followed, tripping over his hind legs in the process of darting between cars. She was so preoccupied with making sure that Hanzal didn’t get into any trouble that she didn’t notice the towering figure frame that rivaled Negan’s.

Her stomach twisted, feeling for a moment that her bones were brittle and the slightest wind could shatter her to pieces.

“Dad?”

He was older, weary, his once jet black dreads now entirely white, but it was him. She remembered his eyes mostly, almond shaped and a light honeyed brown — she’d gotten them from him.

Ezekiel — Zeek.
It seemed so obvious now like most things are in hindsight.

“Shit,” Negan cursed, understanding dawning on his face. “You’re my daddy-in-law?”

The others had quieted at Negan’s loud proclamation. Delilah supposed that they were all waiting for some big emotional reunion.

They weren’t going to get one.

Negan was the one to shatter the stillness in the air, ordering his men to refill the RV and park the cars around the back. He wanted to punch Ezekiel in his smarmy face, get to the bottom of the Satellite Outpost’s communication blackout so he could go home and fuck his wife. More importantly, he wanted to get the attention off of Delilah. He could settle for two out of three, maybe. It depended on the rest of the day.

Samara took a step forward but stopped once Simon’s hand came down onto her shoulder. “Not now.”

She reluctantly agreed.

Delilah watched her father fiddle with his cane, looking at anything but her. “Your mother?” he inquired.

“Died a couple of months ago. We were living at the Lincoln Outpost,” she informed him quietly, all the while she could feel Negan’s eyes burning into her temple.

Delilah took delight in the way his face became pinched with disappointment. Yes, her mother had been that close this entire time.

Negan approached, wrapping his arm loosely around her waist. Ezekiel regarded it briefly, studying Negan’s easy grin. Despite his features arranged into a cheerful expression, his eyes were a void.

“You married Negan?”

“Newley weds,” Negan informed him wryly. “So you’re the absentee father? Damn, that’s disappointing. I’m inclined to dislike you now ‘cause — fuck — do I need to spell it out?”

Of course, Negan had made the connection ages ago. Daddy issues.

Damn, he thought. The universe was a sick fuck with an odd sense of humor.

“It’s alright, love,” Delilah said, having rearranged her delicate features into a sweet smile. “It’s past us now. Who knows where I’d be if it weren’t for your absence, Zeek.”

“Guess we owe you that much,” Negan agreed dismissively, steering Delilah towards the theatre hall where they’d decided to hold the lieutenant’s meeting. “C’mon, Kitten.”

Hysteria bubbled in her chest, and she desperately tried to beat it down. She had the strangest urge to laugh uncontrollably until her throat burned, and her lungs contracted with the effort to expel — everything.

“Are you okay, Kitten?” Negan spoke once they were absent of company, stopping to cup her chin. “Give me the God honest truth.”

God honest. She wanted to keel over in laughter at the irony.
“Fine,” she answered, biting her lip. “I swear, I’m okay. Can’t miss what you never had — right? Besides, I already have a daddy.”

“Damn straight.” Negan pulled her into a kiss, his hands gripping the swells of her ass, uncaring of the passerby’s that blatantly stared at their unabashed display of affection.

“What the fuck,” Dean said in passing. “Y’all ever come up for air.”

“Only when we’re fucking,” Delilah quipped, following shortly after him once Negan had let her go.

Dean’s brow rose, surprised by her boldness. “Well, kid. Someone’s growing up to be a mouthy, corrupt little Savior.”

“Can you blame me?” She gave him a look, grabbing Hanzal who’d been trotting after Killer. "Have you seen who I married?"

Negan’s hand came down on her ass as they made their way down the aisle of the theatre. “Careful, Kitten. You say that like it’s a bad thing.”

A retort was on the tip of her tongue, but she was interrupted by Hanzal who’s entire body had gone stiff. He made a low noise in the back of his throat, practically spitting saliva as he hissed, eyes trained on Shiva. Even though she’d been warned about the presence of the tiger, Delilah was still surprised how big he was in person. The tiger looked unbothered by the other animal’s presence, lounging on the stage to which he was chained.

“Alright,” Negan said, taking the cat and grabbing Killer’s collar. “Out with you two. Go sniff each other’s asses or something.”

“Still don’t understand how that fucker hasn’t tried to take a bite out of Ezekiel’s ass,” Dean grumbled, eyeing Shiva. “He really your father?”

Delilah nodded.

“You’re taking it better than expected. Punched my dad when he showed up around my 20th birthday asking for money.”

“I’ve only met him once,” she explained, the words sour on her tongue, “How can I be mad when I don’t know the whole story? They were young from what my mother told me, and I was an accident.”

A bastard child born from a carnal sin.

He looked at her with blatant respect, and it made her stomach twist. “You’re a better man than all of us, kid. You’re gonna make a fine lieutenant someday.” He laughed as her steps faltered, and she grabbed his arm to steady herself. “You had to know, kid. He’s been grooming you from the beginning. Why else would you be at these meeting?”

They’d reached the end of the aisle where a group of people were gathered near the stage, most of them Delilah recognized but the new faces were lieutenants based at the Kingdom. Dean went around the table, introducing her to everyone.

She noted that he didn’t title her as Negan’s wife, just introduced her as Dee.

“…and this is the infamous Rick Grimes,” Dean finished.
Her eyes briefly met his as she’d done with everyone, a polite smile and a nod of her head in greeting. It’d been returned more or less the same with a nod of acknowledgment, but Rick Grimes was different. He stepped forward, eyes a striking shade of cobalt, to shake her hand.

“Nice to meet you, Delilah.”

She couldn’t help but flush underneath his intense gaze; he seemed completely fascinated by her and allowed his gaze to explore the expanse of her body freely. He was bold, and she liked that.

Rick found her tattoos compelling, the soft curls that framed her face wildly beautiful, and the clear indentation of her nipple piercing beneath her tank top mystifying. Innocence and wickedness contained in one unique and shapely package. Judging by her shy glances, she felt the same.

“Grimes,” Negan boasted, swaggering down the aisle. “You met my hotass wife?”

Rick had been in the process of giving her hand one last lingering squeeze but hastily dropped in when the weight of Negan’s word hit him like a brick. Delilah watched as he straightened entirely, his hands pushing into the front pocket of his jeans. “Wife?” he echoed.

“Yes, sir! Got hitched a couple of days ago.” Negan appeared to be unbothered with Rick’s blatant interest in his wife, instead squeezing her ass in greeting. “Sorry y'all missed the party of the year.”

“We brought the good liquor out,” Simon verified. “I got shitfaced and made an ass out of myself.”

Dean cleared his throat intentionally, drawing the attention of the crowd and looking to Negan for approval to begin the meeting. Negan nodded, weaving an arm around Delilah’s waist to bring her back to his chest.

“The Satellite Outpost hasn’t made a drop in months and its become an issue for trade, supplies aren’t being delivered where they’re needed, and some outposts are running short on rations. We’re spaced out, and that’s something we all agreed upon for the safety of our people — but we’re also a network, fuckers. One small mistake makes a big ass wave,” Dean stated. “Before we haul ass over there and they give us their side of the story, we want yours.”

Ezekiel was the first to speak. “We only make trades with them every other month, significantly less than the other outposts we’re in charge of trading with... It’s farther, and the distance doesn’t exactly equate to the small haul.”

“Sh-it.” Negan whistled. “That is not what I like to hear. I don’t care if we only make a trade every goddamn decade and have to drive to Mexico, I want us on top of that shit. You try radioing, Rick?”

“Our satellites are down after the storm we had about three months back,” he admitted, meeting Negan’s hard expression head on. “We’ve been trying to get them up ever since.”

“Absolute bullshit,” Negan barked, jostling Delilah. “Why the fuck are you the goddamn leader of this place when you’re incapable of following some simple directions?” he addressed Ezekiel.

“Okay, shit. We take a couple of their men and head out further like we initially planned,” Simon said, hoping to appease Negan. “A day and a half to refuel and then we sort this shit out once and for all.”

“What do you think, Kitten?” Negan spoke low, yet loud enough for the others to hear. “Should I give these assholes a generous second chance or kick someone's head in? Maybe start with your so-called daddy?”
She pretended to deliberate over it, couldn’t help but enjoy the way her father shifted uneasily. “I think you should give them a chance to prove they're not worthless, but they should make it up for our troubles. We wasted gas coming here, resources. They should accommodate us for our sacrifices.”


The Saviors that had traveled with them mumbled their agreement, and once it became clear that Negan was serious about the whole ordeal, Ezkiel looked to Rick.

“Beth’s good with this kind of stuff,” Rick finally said, scrubbing his face. “Maggie, can you get her?”

Maggie, who looked vaguely annoyed, left quickly after that.

“I think Ricky-dicky has caught a hard-on for you, dear wife.” Negan’s nose nuzzled behind her ear. He spoke low, blatantly ignoring the others as they began to argue over the details of the trip. “What do you think? You into cowboys?”

“Maybe,” she whispered.

Her mind was far away despite the exciting proposition of being with another man. She tried to listen, but her heart just wasn’t it. Not now at least. “I’m going to go outside for a minute,” she said, pressing her lips to his before he could protest. “I’m just going to check on the fur-babies.”

“Maybe tonight we’ll make a baby,” he winked, letting her go reluctantly.

When she left, making fast strides up the walkway, she could feel three pairs of eyes burning into her back, each for three different reasons.

Once she was on the footsteps of the building, her head hanging between her legs and the animals sniffing inquisitively around her hunched frame, Delilah allowed herself to recall that day.

*Are you my, daddy?*

*Why don’t you call me Zeek.*

She clasped her hands, nails digging into her palms — an old, nervous habit. She fingered the raised scars on her palm, wondering. So her father didn’t want her? Had a whole other life that didn’t involve her? She supposed there were worst things in life than that. A tantrum just wasn’t in her, try as she might. She'd matured emotionally and had outgrown it all, could pick apart her emotions with a needle and talk herself down if she wanted to.

“He’s like an overgrown baby,” a soft voice observed, breaking her out of her thought processes. “I’ve never seen him so friendly.”

The voice matched the person, Delilah decided. Hair the color of corn silk and eyes the same shade as the afternoon sun. Like Rick’s, but decidedly softer. Not necessarily because of the femininity, but more so to do with naivety.

“I’m his favorite,” Delilah found herself softly teasing, giving the dog’s belly a couple of pets. “Killer’s a big softy if he likes you.”
“I’m Beth.”

“Delilah.”

“Oh,” she cooed suddenly, “is that a kitten?”


The other girl nodded eagerly, and Delilah quickly snatched the cat up, stepping closer towards Beth. She smelled sweet, like wildflowers and vanilla.

“He’s so sweet.”

“Killer found him in the woods,” she recalled. “He came back with him hanging in his mouth like a tennis ball.”

“And they just let you keep him?” Beth inquired.

“I had to beg, but it was worth it.”

Beth shifted onto her other leg, flicking her ponytail off her shoulder and revealing a pale column of skin. Her nose scrunched in confusion as she asked, “You have any idea why they want me at a lieutenants meeting?”

“I think we’re having a little get together while we’re here. Negan’s doing.”

Predictably, she rolled her eyes. “That sounds exactly like Negan — demanding and erratic, impulsive requests. I guess his looks make up for it, though. I had a crush on him for the longest time, but he’s such an ass,” she confided.

“You described my husband perfectly.” Delilah smiled, letting on that she was joking. “He’s nicer when he has a couple of drinks in him — more handsy, though.”

Beth’s expression became sheepish, their fingers brushing as they both stroked the kitten. “Oh, damn. Sorry, it’s just that he’s older and you’re so young. When Maggie said Negan had married someone, I just thought…” The blonde rolled her eyes, pursing her lips. “I’ve been seeing Ezekiel. You would think I wouldn’t be so quick to judge.”

“Oh?”

So she didn’t know yet. Beth was completely oblivious to who her father was.

Beth hardly looked older than her, just a few years. Maybe Ezekiel made her call him daddy?

Delilah’s gut burned with unwavering jealously, but the smile on her face remained intact, and the light in her soft, green eyes never wavered.

“Yeah, kinda new but he’s good to me.”

“I like older men,” Delilah heard herself say, “they always know what they want.”

A blush gradually blossomed across Beth’s face, and Delilah watched with interest as it spread to her chest. It only deepened as Beth watched the other girl lick her lips slowly, inquisitively. “Guess I should get in there. I’ll see you later, Delilah.”

Alone with her thoughts, Delilah smiled. The first genuine one since she’d stepped foot in the
Kingdom, and soon after that, the urge to laugh bubbled up in her throat until she was no longer able to hold it at bay. It fell from her lips, dark and viscous with unspoken promises.

“Hanzal,” she said, dropping a kiss on his head, his soft purrs thrumming against her lips. “I think it’s time for a reckoning.”
Deuteronomy 32:35

Chapter Summary

It is mine to avenge; I will repay. In due time their foot will slip; their day of disaster is near and their doom rushes upon them. — Deuteronomy 32:35

Chapter Notes

woop! three chapters today and i’d like to keep that trend going. i’m estimating less than ten chapters left. xxx

Even though Beth was given short notice for an occasion that was meant to cater to such a large amount of people, she’d done a surprisingly good job. Long wooden tables lined the community’s main square abundant with plates of vegetable and fruit dishes. They’d roasted several of their pigs on a spigot and mopped up the grease with warm yeast rolls, finishing off the night with pecan and cherry pie.

It was arguably the best meal they’d had since the world had gone to shit and Delilah hadn’t taken a single bite. For if she did, she knew that she would expel the contents of her stomach.

Every single nerve ending in her body seemed to be inflamed and oversensitive, the product — the disturbing feeling that she was crawling in her skin.

“You haven’t eaten anything,” Negan said. “Take a bite, Kitten.”

Delilah swallowed the mouthful obediently, unable to refuse from her position on her husband’s lap. The food settled in her stomach like a stone. “Thank you, love.”

“It’s my job, baby.” He pressed a kiss to her collarbone, the strapless dress she wore, giving him access to the soft skin. “It’s in the vows.”

“I don’t think we ever said vows.”

Her hand played in the hair at the nape of his neck as she absentmindedly stared into the fire. Everyone was in high spirits, drinking, laughing, and dancing around the flames. Her father, in particular, seemed to delight in the event even though he’d been reluctant at first. Declaring himself the king, he’d taken a position at the head of one of the tables, Beth at his side.

Delilah had mentally scoffed at that.

As the night went on and Negan drank more, his hand wandered up her thigh while another hand groped her ass, what little decency he had crumbling away. “Just keeping you warm,” he explained.

Strategically, Delilah coaxed Negan into a slow kiss that soon became heated, tongues dragging across one another, noses brushing under the watchful gaze of others. Delilah was past caring. With a soft moan, she made a path downward, mouthing at the skin of his neck. Her
movements slowing once she overheard Beth’s announcement that she was going to the pantry to collect several bottles of wine.

“Daddy, I want her,” Delilah whispered in his ear, her teeth scraping against the column of his neck. Negan followed her pointed gaze, and she felt him swallow hard, felt his erection underneath her ass further stiffen.

“Yeah?” he asked, his hand subtly wandered along the inseam of her thigh.

Delilah nodded, her heart beating fiercely in her chest.

“You, dear wife, are turning into a fucking deviant.” His lips pressed against her thrumming pulse, and she shivered delicately as his tongue traced a pattern there. “God help the people who stand in your path, Delilah.”

*There isn’t a God,* she wanted to say, but she didn’t.

“Give me fifteen minutes and then follow,” she softly requested, slipping from his lap.

Delilah didn’t bother to hide her exit; in fact, she made it obvious, passing Ezekiel’s table as she trailed after Beth.

There was something to be desired about a calculative approach. It must have been the anticipation that drew Delilah to the method, she liked the thought of her enemies being caught off guard years, maybe months afterward; and it didn’t matter if they ever knew that she was behind their turmoil, all that mattered was that she hurt them the way they had hurt her.

“Delilah!” Beth clutched her chest, startled as the pantry door collided against the back wall. Her pink lips formed a soft ‘o,’ and her tongue darted out, pink against pink, to wet her plump bottom lip. “You scared me.”

“I’m sorry, I just thought that you might need help,” Delilah said in greeting, she giggled, and she wondered if Beth could see through it — how hollow it sounded.

“Surprised you heard,” Beth remarked wryly, dropping the sweet exterior she’d been wearing like a plate of armor. “You’ve barely come up for air.”

“So you were watching us,” Delilah teased. “Jealous?”

The other girl blushed, realizing that she’d confessed her voyeurism. “It’s just that Ezekiel’s not one for public affection or anything…”

“Don’t apologize.”

“I heard that Ezekiel’s your father,” Beth said, hesitating, “he never mentioned he had a daughter.”

“That sounds about right. But I’m not interested in discussing my father.” Delilah stepped forward, brushing her fingers across the rows of wine bottles and selecting one. “Why don’t we have a drink?”

“Is that a good idea?”

“Whatever do you mean?” Delilah blinked innocently, twisting off the cap of the wine bottle and taking a sip. “It’s good; you want some?”

“Yeah, I want,” Beth breathed, taking the bottle and watching as Delilah hoisted herself onto the
table used to take inventory. “I feel guilty,” she admitted after a drink.

“About?” Delilah crossed and recrossed her legs, completely aware of her dress riding up her thigh and Beth’s gaze that fell upon the movement. “Go on,” she coaxed, “it’s just us; no-one else has to know.”

“I talked about your father, you know — sexually.” She fiddled with her hands. “Or at least, it was implied.”

Delilah smirked. “That it? That’s the only thing you feel guilty about?” She feigned as if she were to take the bottle from the other girl but wrapped her hand around Beth’s wrist instead, pulling her between her spread legs. “Maybe you feel guilty about eye-fucking me when you’re sleeping with my father?”

“I—”

“S’okay, I won’t tell if you won’t,” Delilah murmured.

“He’s not as adventurous as I thought, doesn’t like to share…” Beth’s hands followed a trail, starting at Delilah’s knee and working her way past the hemline of her dress, baring the crotch of her panties. “I’m not used to that, but I figured its time to settle down, right? Maggie says he can provide for me, so that’s something.”

They passed the bottle between each other as they conversed. “Sounds like settling.”

“There’s this girl. Tara,” Beth confessed, “think I blew my chance with her.”

“It’s never too late.” Delilah soothingly ran a hand along her shoulder, pushing aside the thin strap of her dress.

It was Beth who made the first move, pouring some of the wine into her mouth and pressing her lips against Delilah’s, coaxing them open and spilling the wine into her mouth. Delilah swallowed it, the dry wine sweeter on her tongue than it had been once they’d started drinking.

Their wine-stained lips parted, and they panted almost in unison, regarding each other while the smell of sweat, arousal, and perfume hung heavy in the air.

“It’s been so long.” Beth admitted. She quickly pulled up the other girl’s dress until it sat around her waist, dragging Delilah’s panties down her leg, stopping to admire the damp crotch briefly. “Spread your legs, honey. I need a taste.”

Delilah wasn’t sure who held the upper hand, the lines blurring between cat and mouse, although she didn’t mind as long as she got what she wanted in the end.

“You ever been with a woman?” Beth’s voice was a soft, southern lull dripping with warm honey and all Delilah could do was yield to her demanding touches and sweet kisses. She shook her head, and Beth bit her ear, tonguing the lobe, nose skimming the column of her neck. “That’s okay,” she hushed her pleading moans. “I’ll be your first, and I’ll teach you everything you need to know about eating pussy. You’d like that, wouldn’t you? My tongue between your legs? I bet you taste as sweet as you look.”

Delilah decidedly liked being with a woman; it was a stark contrast from the muscled, hard planes of Negan’s chest. Beth was all soft edges and pillowy breasts, her hard nipples nudging Delilah’s palm as she cupped the swells in awe.
Pulling soft moans from Delilah’s lips, Beth steadily worked her fingers along the folds of her sex. Delilah’s head fell back, knocking against the wall with a small *thunk* that immediately brought Beth’s attention back to the sensitive skin along her neck. She brushed her lips along her pulse point, much like Negan had done minutes before, tracing a trail to her cleavage. Before she could process the cold air brushing across her breasts, Beth’s pink lips were wrapped around her pierced nipple, flicking the tip with quick strokes of her tongue.

“Look, honey. You’re dripping down my hand,” Beth cooed, her fingers curling upward to stroke the sensitive walls of Delilah’s sex, collecting some of the wetness, her mouth still pressed against her nipple. She nipped it playfully. “Just as sweet as I thought. Here, have a taste.”

She pushed her fingers into Delilah’s mouth, hooking her finger into her cheek and stroking her tongue.

“I taste good, like spun sugar,” Delilah moaned around her fingers, cheeks hollowing as she nursed the pads of Beth’s fingers, the heat in her belly curling dangerously tight.

“Such a pretty pussy, too.” Beth knelt between her spread legs, her breath brushing the swollen folds of Delilah’s pussy as she admired her fully erect clit slick with arousal. “This is where you need to focus your attention, okay? Pay attention to her queues and never be afraid to ask if it — feels good?” She rubbed her thumb against the bundle of nerves in firm circles, watching Delilah throw her head back to release a keening wail.

“Please!”

A teasing smile made its way onto Beth’s face and she pressed it into the other’s girl’s thigh, biting and sucking the skin until she’d left a mark. “Please what?”

“Fuck my pussy,” Delilah panted, “with your fingers.” She felt fingers press against her opening in response to her demand, applying pressure, but not penetrating.

“‘Cause you asked so nice, honey.”

The resounding slap of wet skin repeatedly meeting filled the room, which was in fact, the back of Beth’s fingers meeting her mound as she mercilessly fucked Delilah with her fingers. Delilah rolled her hips, fucking herself back onto the digits, her hand reaching to tease and pinch her breasts as the coiled pressure in her belly snapped and she came undone, chanting Beth’s name like a sinful prayer.

“Very good, honey.” Beth kissed her oversensitive clit, withdrawing her fingers.

“Well, if it isn’t little Bethany Greene,” Negan whistled, making his appearance known. “You sure do know your way around my wife’s pussy.”

Had it been fifteen minutes? Delilah absentmindedly wiped the sweat from her brow, tasting herself on her own tongue. “She’s really good, Daddy.”

“I see that,” he hummed, eyeing her spread position. “Better than me?”

Delilah blinked innocently in response, softly teasing, “Maybe, maybe not.”

“That’s fair, Kitten. Just don’t stop on my account,” he said, reassuring Beth who’d been closely regarding their interaction.

“It’s my turn,” Delilah interrupted. They each had an unobstructed few of her nearly naked frame
bent over as she shimmied out of her dress, turning to Beth expectantly. “Up, please. I wanna practice what you taught me.”

Negan took quick strides, pressing his chest tightly against her back and delighting in the shiver that crawled up her spine when his hands came to brush along the underside of her breasts. “Beth was a little eager, Kitten. You have to tease, get them so that they're begging for your touch.” He walked her between Beth’s legs.

Under his instruction, Delilah pulled the top of Beth’s dress down and they both watched the slight flush of her skin, and her pink nipples stiffened from their attention. “Like this,” he instructed, nuzzling her damp hairline in passing as he whispered in her ear.

Delilah copied his movement, pinching the hardened nub, and softly palming her other breast. Beth groaned lowly, thighs twitching. “Look, Daddy. I’m doing it.”

“Good girl,” he praised, directing her mouth to Beth’s breast. “Go on, but ignore her nipple for now.”

Delilah listened obediently, placing lingering kisses across her chest as Beth’s fingers entangled in her hair, holding her in place. “You always listen to what your daddy says?” Beth teased.

“If I don’t want a spanking, yes.” Delilah nipped her skin for her sass. She drew a broad circle with her tongue, finally taking the nipple into her mouth and sucking hard until the other girl cried out her name. “You make such beautiful sounds,” she mumbled, switching to her other breast as Negan quickly covered the girl’s mouth with his own, their tongues entangling.

Delilah paused, admiring the taboo image of her husband kissing another woman. It shouldn’t have excited her like it did, she was aware that others couldn’t tolerate a relationship like the one they had, but she knew what she wanted, and so did Negan. If they loved each other and consented, why was it anyone’s business but their own?

“Wann’a taste her,” she said, tugging Beth’s damp panties down her legs.

“Start with one finger and work your way up from there.” The sound of Negan’s belt clinking noisily filled the room as Beth worked at the button of his jeans, taking out his erect cock and idly stroking the appendage as she gazed at Delilah through hooded eye-lids. “Make sure she’s dripping,” he ordered.

They writhed together, hips thrusting and mouths moving with intent, drawing explicits and gasps from one another. Maybe she was clumsy but Delilah’s eagerness made up for the fact that she paid close attention to Beth’s clit, nudging it with her nose and inhaling her musky scent. Her slickness fell heavy onto her tongue and she eagerly sought out more.

Beth’s words were a garbled mess as her legs stiffened and she flushed a deeper shade of pink as Delilah pinched her clit. “Oh, fuck, fuck — Delilah! Doing so good,” she panted.

Negan grinned down at his wife so eagerly tongue-fucking another woman’s pussy. “That’s my slutty girl.” He stepped behind her, grabbing her ass, so that was it was leveled with his cock, and the spongy head nudged her folds.

Delilah paused briefly, glancing over her shoulder. “Do it, Daddy. I want it. Fuck me, fuck me…” she chanted, eyes glazed with lust.

Before she’d even finished her words Negan had canted his hips forward, bringing her onto the tips of her toes with the force of his hips meeting her ass. It was the equivalent of shockwaves moving
through her system, with each surge of his hips he unabashedly sought his pleasure and in turn Delilah’s breathy moans turned to cries that she tried to muffle between Beth’s legs.

“He’s fucking you so good, isn’t he, honey?” Beth said, maintaining eye contact even as Delilah’s eyes threatened to pitch heavenward from the change in the angle of Negan’s thrust. Delilah’s tongue dug into the ridge of her wet, clutching walls, moaning her affirmative into her core. “Is this how you’re going to cum — bent over a table and your head buried in my pussy like a little slut? Huh? Look at me.”

Delilah’s eyes watered, the prickling pain spreading across her scalp as Beth pulled at the strands of hair she’d captured while at the same time Negan’s hand came down onto her ass. Delilah dissolved into pieces, her head falling against Beth’s thigh as a cry erupted from deep within her gut, the walls of her cunt rippling and clenching around Negan’s pulsing dick.

Gaining a semblance of composure, Delilah wrapped her mouth around Beth’s pulsing clit, her fingers pumping and curling so that they clipped that spot that made Beth’s sweet release flood her mouth.

Delilah floated back to her body with the vague realization that she’d been watching herself from the outside looking in. Negan’s rough hand stroking between her shoulder blades was an action that grounded her.

Beth coaxed her up by her chin until they were eye level, tracing her tongue along the outline of Delilah’s lips so that she could taste herself. “Thank you,” she breathed.

Delilah giggled, watching the outline of someone’s shadow pass by the pantry window out of the corner of her eye. “No, thank you.”
And no wonder, for even Satan disguises himself as an angel of light. — 2 Corinthians 11:14

Whoever said: ‘You can’t fix yourself by breaking someone else,’ was so fucking wrong, Delilah wanted to find their grave and spit on it.

After realizing that she’d done damage to her father’s relationship she was satisfied to an extent, but there was one last thing Delilah needed to do before she laid this chapter of her life to rest. She couldn’t kill Ezekiel, so it only made sense to go after the people — and animal — that he cared about.

She’d had little trouble so far, giving Negan an excuse that she needed the bathroom before she returned to the bonfire. Running into Samara had been an unplanned occurrence that Delilah couldn’t be bothered to understand. The other girl had been unable to meet her eyes, had only remarked, ‘I heard you in the pantry,’ and then walked away.

Maybe she’d address it; maybe she wouldn’t. It was probably the latter, in all honesty. Delilah was becoming a little numb to her emotions, and it was a welcoming experience from feeling too much.

The theater hall was dimly lit, temporarily bathed in the thin sliver of moonlight she let in once she’d slipped through the cracked door. The tiger lounging on stage rolled her shoulders, blinking sleepily at the disturbance but looked unbothered having assessed a lack of threat.

“You’re magnificent,” Delilah complimented Shiva as she revealed the knife she usually kept holstered to her thigh. She threw it in no particular direction. “I understand why my father is so enraptured by you. Your strength is captivating.”

She steadily closed the distance between them, considering the particles that hung suspended in the air, illuminated by the stage lights. “I feel that I can admit to you things that I couldn’t tell anyone, not even my husband.”

“There’s this darkens inside me, I can feel it, crawling underneath my skin.” The fluorescents glimmered off the gun that she’d taken from Negan, no questions asked. Maybe he knew what she was about to do; maybe he didn’t. “It used to scare me when I was younger, but an old friend taught me not to run from it. In fact, I’m inclined to embrace it. None of this is personal.”

She let the hurt and betrayal, the burning anger and trauma surface; let the ice break beneath her feet and fully submerge her in a burning hold. “I've been hurting for years. Years. Do you know what it's like to hate yourself before you've even turned ten — to want to die? To want to burn the entire world to the ground, let them all hurt like I've been hurting!” She touched Shiva’s nose, and the animal leaned into her touch, softly purring. "No, probably not."

“It isn’t enough to hurt them.” Delilah pressed the gun to the soft underbelly of the tiger. “It's a start, though.”
The shot rang out, cutting through the air violently with an air of finality the same time she released a gut-wrenching scream that reverberated in her throat. The second shot came shortly after and she could already hear shouting in the distance. With a sharp inhale, Delilah retracted Shiva’s claws, raking them across her shoulder.

*This,* she remembered, the sticky warmth of blood spilling in rivets across her skin.

Her life force.

The pain crept forward slowly, almost like an afterthought and Delilah realized then that she didn't have to purposely make herself cry, her right shoulder was shredded in ribbons, her skin yielding like butter under a hot knife. The edge of her vision darkened and she staggered, falling to the ground.

Rick was the first person to come rushing through the door, weapon drawn and calculative eyes scanning the room before honing in on Delilah's writhing body; his steps faltered when he noticed the material of her dress saturated with blood.

“*He attacked me,*” Delilah cried. “*Help me. It hurts so badly.*”

“*Get out of the way — and get the fuck out of here! All of you!*” Negan bellowed as he came barging through the door, his words were thick with rage, and it quickly cleared the spectators. “*What the hell happened?*”

“I misplaced my knife earlier,” Delilah sniffed pitifully, “and I thought it might have been here since this was the last place I remembered having it.”

Dean, who’d stayed behind, briefly searched the room, finding it beneath a seat in the front row. “*Yeah, here it is. Must have swiped her when she was walking by.*”

“*Somebody get a goddamn medic.*” Negan barked. “*Motherfucking — fuck!*”

“*Should get her to the infirmary,*” Dean calmly remarked, used to Negan’s outburst. “*You might need stitches, kid.*”

“*You,*” Negan thundered, turning his attention to Ezekiel who’s been in the process of stumbling down the aisle. “*I should wring your fucking neck and make you eat your shit, you little fuck. I knew that goddamn tiger was fucking trouble.*” He hoisted Delilah carefully into his arms, shushing her when she whimpered in pain. “*C’mon, Kitten. We’ll get you fixed. I swear, baby.*”

“*And guess what, fucker? You’re demoted,*” Negan said without a backward glance, making long strides up the walkway. Delilah nuzzled his neck, smothering a grin. “*Rick — you’re in charge of this shithole from now on, and that’s goddamn final!*”

As if feeling the weight of her eyes upon his body bowed over the carcass of the animal, Ezekiel blinked, clearing his vision of tears. Doubts had begun to curl in his stomach as Rick gently relayed Delilah’s story and his suspicions soon became confirmed once he met her green eyes which were dancing with mirth even though they were rimmed red from crying.

Looking him squarely in the eye, Delilah winked.
At The Age of Twenty-Four

Chapter Summary

Do not take revenge, my dear friends, but leave room for God's wrath, for it is written: "It is mine to avenge; I will repay," says the Lord. — Romans 12:19

“Hurry, Delilah! We’re going to miss the truck.”

“Sorry, mother.” Delilah looked down at her feet, tasting blood as she worried her lip. “I forgot the basket.”

“Of course, you did.” Her mother gave her a quick once over. “Fix your top; you look like a harlot.”

“Sorry, mother.” Delilah fixed the high collar of her shirt. “I’m ready, mother.”

There was a grassy field only several minutes from the Lincoln Outpost. It had been an orchard that was overrun when they’d found it. They’d cleared it of walkers and had guard detail watching over the workers who picked and tended to the fruit. For repayment, they were allowed to take small rations for trade.

“We’re running low on our berry lip balms. Listen very carefully,” her mother ordered, “boysenberries, elderberries, and blackberries.”

“Yes, mother.”

When she was satisfied that Delilah understood what they needed, they parted, her mother wandering towards the edge of the plane that sharply dropped into a ravine while Delilah hurried across the field in search of the needed produce. Lillian, her mother, was particularly fond of the daffodils that grew by the steep ledge and spent some time staring down into the rushing water below. It was the few moments of reprieve that Delilah was allowed each day.

Her mother never let her wander farther than arms length.

Delilah’s pursuit led her towards the obstacle course used for Savior training and she stood by the waist length fence that sectioned off the two areas, watching as the trainees were put through their paces. So intent on studying the trainees, Delilah didn’t notice the tall, blonde woman walking in her direction.

“Lucille,” she introduced, her hand outstretched.

“Oh, um,” Delilah stuttered, glancing hastily over her shoulder, hoping that her mother wasn’t watching. She didn’t want to get in trouble but she didn’t want to be rude. “Delilah.”


Delilah blushed, no one had ever complimented her on her looks before. “I think I like that,” she said.
Lucille nudged her chin in the direction of the men and woman training. “I saw you watching my men. Ever think about becoming a Savior?”

“Oh, no — no, thank you. I don’t think I’d be good at it, ma’am.”

“Lucille, honey.”

They lapsed into silence and Delilah desperately wanted to leave but felt that she needed to be dismissed from Lucille’s presence first. It rolled off of her in waves, self-confidence borderline arrogance and a swagger to match. There’d never been any doubt about her running the Lincoln Outpost and Delilah was beginning to understand why.

She wanted what Lucille had, desperately, she was growing weary of living the life she’d been so cruelly handed.

“I’ve been watching you, and you know what I think, Dee? I think you’ve got some badassery underneath that shy exterior. I was like you once, pushed around by everyone. Hell, even my little brother was an ass to me — that little shit.”

Intrigued, Delilah asked, “What did you do?”

“What did I do? I realized that if I wanted to be seen I had to make sure people saw me...no matter the cost.” She surprised Delilah, pressing a slow kiss to her brow. “Come find me when you lose the dead weight. I think you could make a name for yourself as a Savior. I’ll even vouch for you — if you handle your shit first.”

Turning in the direction that she indicated, Delilah realized that her mother had been watching them, possibly this entire time. Even with the distance that separated them, she could tell her expression was stoic. A weight formed in the pit of Delilah's stomach, so heavy she thought she might sink and disappear into the earth.

Lucille winked. “It’s a slippery slope — finding yourself, I mean.”

Reluctantly, Delilah walked towards her mother.

“When we get back, I want you to stand in the corner of your room — I want you to think of what you’ve done. Twenty-five lashes for each indiscretion. Repent! Turn away from all your offenses; then sin will not be your downfall. What will the others think of you speaking to her — a Savior! Do you hear me, Delilah? You will stay away from them and do as you’re told,” she hissed. “I don’t care of she’s the leader, this entire community is a bleeding sin.”

Delilah clutched her burning cheek where her mother had slapped her, felt the tears stinging and threatening to fall. “Yes, mother,” she gritted.

Hardened green eyes collided with their much younger and vulnerable counterpart.

“Unball your fists, Delilah. Now.”

Delilah looked down, studying the whites of her knuckles straining against her skin. She hadn’t realized it before, but her whole body was thrumming with darkness. Something had surfaced and it was beating at her chest, clawing to be unleashed.

She forced herself to relax, though every muscle coiled with tension. “I’m sorry, mother.”

“Make it fifty lashes. Now come. I left my basket unattended.” Her mother’s words left no room
for argument, the bruising hold on her elbow a testimony. She dragged her daughter across the field, uprooting the soft earth in the process. “You will repent, do you hear me? I turn my back for a second and you’re kissing another woman — another woman, Delilah.”

A moment of relief, just several seconds, as her mother bent at the waist to gather her basket of berries. They were only mere feet from the edge of the cliff, and a thought came to her head unprovoked.

Delilah found herself studying her surroundings. The Saviors were still running drills — pushups — and the other workers had their heads buried in the brush.

It was over before it began, she took a running start — one step, two steps — and Delilah felt the hard surface of her mother’s back briefly beneath her scarred palms as she shoved the older woman forward.

She watched with sick fascination as her mother’s body hit an outstretched branch, her leg breaking at an odd angle as she fell into the ravine.

“Watch your step. It’s a slippery slope, mother.” Delilah giggled softly, watching her mother’s body get carried away by the current before she took a deep breath, unleashing a blood curdling scream. “Someone help! My mother — she fell!”

Not so coincidentally, Lucille was the first one to reach her.

“Good job,” she mouthed, acting as if she was consoling Delilah. “Now play the part accordingly.”

Delilah relished the fact that they never found her body.
Ephesians 4:19

Chapter Summary

Having lost all sensitivity, they have given themselves over to sensuality so as to indulge in every kind of impurity, with a continual lust for more. —Ephesians 4:19

Chapter Notes

i apologize for the very late update, life has been rough. x

The scenery, a swirling pattern of the morning sky and varying shades of evergreen, was a view that Delilah absentmindedly admired through the window of the RV. With every insignificant crack, each pothole in the decaying road, a sharp lash of pain sprawled like lightning across her shoulder. A reminder of what she’d done.

Wedged between Negan and the window, the distant murmuring of Rick and Dean suggesting logistics in her ear, she allowed her pinky finger to graze the word ‘LUCY’ tattooed across Negan's knuckle.

She’s woken up that morning feeling particularly thoughtful, as if her head was amongst the clouds yet still tethered to her body, bobbing helplessly along. The thought of tugging against the string passed her mind, if only briefly before she decided that introspection might benefit her just this once.

What did it say about her character if she enjoyed killing — immensely — and she didn’t care? That a part of her wanted to resurrect her mother somehow and kill her over and over again until she begged for mercy?

It was a peculiar feeling, to crave retribution at such a young age. It would surely destroy her in the end, and Delilah revealed in it, a chance to reconstruct her person. There would be no room for weakness or faith of an unknown entity — only absolutes.

The more she thought of it, the more convinced she became that she couldn’t be the only one that felt this thing inside her. It was a thick sludge pumping amongst her veins, a shadowed figure always hiding in her peripheral vision.

Things had been relatively calm since she’d become a Savior, but she’d heard stories of how they’d tortured and extorted communities in the past. She knew they were capable of it, and it bothered her, did they not crave a release like she did? Or were they better at hiding it?

Why did they want to hide it?

Negan’s lips brushed her ear. Dean pointedly looked away from the public display of affection, but she felt Rick’s eyes linger. “What do you think, Kitten?”
She blinked, eyes distant. “About?”

“An approach,” Dean answered. “We need to be prepared for several outcomes, and we can’t decide which strategy will deliver fewer losses.”

“Could be a trap,” Rick said, musing. He drew a line on the map. “Could go through the back, wait til’ night?”

For once, Delilah didn’t have an answer.

“We should stop a couple miles out and do a perimeter check,” she suggested, knowing that her answer was a standard operating procedure. “We won’t know what we’re facing until we get there. Night would only hinder us, better to know what we’re getting into as soon as we arrive.”

A faint pressure brushed along Delilah’s calf done by what she could only assume was Rick’s leg. He sat across from her in the spacious booth that the RV allowed and she briefly wondered if he was in fact that bold or it was the rocking of the vehicle that had pushed them close.

Another touch, more deliberate, farther up her leg until their knees brushed.

A very bold man indeed.

“Well, fuck me.” Negan scrubbed his face tiredly. Under the table, his hand went to Delilah’s thigh, seeking comfort. “How much longer?” he asked.

“Twenty miles out,” Rick answered, his demeanor composed as he began to discuss weapon distribution.

That just wouldn’t do.

Delilah carefully toed off her boot, drawing a line along the in-seam of his leg on an exhale. Rick stumbled, but only slightly, slurring the t in bullet, something easily dismissible as his southern accent; but it was enough.

Bringing the all-powerful Rick Grimes to his knees, well, that was a deliciously mind-numbing thought; much more preferable than wondering about her murderous tendencies and the whereabouts of her mother’s soul.

The sole of her foot pressed against his erection, and to Delilah’s surprise, he was already half-hard beneath her touch. She summoned a mental picture, pressing her toes where she thought the sensitive head of his cock could be, seeking the help of his zipper to tease the hardness harshly. Her foot moved rhythmically, and by proxy, Negan’s hand as well. That familiar heat trickled down her spine, slow as molasses, Negan’s fingers unmoving as he applied pressure to her mound just right so that he clipped her clit when her leg swayed.

“Rick?”

“Shit, Dean.” Rick coughed, the muscles in his legs tensing as the heel of Delilah’s foot massaged his balls in slow circles. His cock twitched in encouragement, straining against the zipper of his jeans. The idea that Negan would have his balls for this — quite literally — only seemed to make him want it more. “Repeat that?”

Taking pity on the man, Delilah relented as they began to discuss environment control. Negan seemed to listen just as intently, though his hand never moved from between her thighs, drawing unknown patterns that threatened to unravel her composure.
“You okay, kid?” Dean asked. “What’s on your mind?”


Dean sighed heavily, utterly unaware of the ongoings beneath the table. “Then I think it’s time we call it quits. We’ve been on the road for awhile — gon’a call it.”

On cue, Killer whimpered restlessly, wanting out of the cramped RV.

“Probably for the best,” Negan agreed as Dean hoisted himself out of the booth, his bones cracking as he stretched. “Let’s take an hour.”

Dean whistled, and Killer happily trotted after the man while Hanzal took up a perch in a sunny spot, sprawling out in the patch of light to sunbathe.

As the extensive car line slowed and bodies emerged from cramped cars, unfurling like flowers in the sun, three bodies stayed in place, each carefully regarding the other as the RV door shut with an air of finality.

Delilah threw a coy smile in Rick’s direction before Negan stole her attention.

“Alright, Kitten.” Negan kissed her bandages sweetly, tugging at the hemline of her shirt. “Let’s change those bandages. You mind, Rick?”

The other man softly agreed, attempting to discreetly adjust himself in his pants before searching for the first-aid kit.

“We’ll be okay,” Delilah assured him lowly once they were alone. The changes were minuscule, but to her, they were like beacons: the slight graying of his beard and the dark smudges beneath his eyes. He shouldered their burden like Atlas, and she wanted it on her shoulders, sure that she could shoulder the burden for him. “We always are.”

“As much as I’d like to believe that those fuckers are incompetent and they’re just sitting on their asses waiting for a fucking reaming,” he said, his head dropping to her good shoulder, nuzzling the spot as he knelt between her legs, “it can’t be a coincidence.”

_It never was_, she silently agreed.

“We’ll do whatever we have to do, damn the consequences,” she murmured.

He hummed his agreement, thumbs brushing along the straps of her bra. She’d underestimated the fragility of her skin compared to a 600-pound tiger, and while her wounds weren’t necessarily deep enough to need stitches, they were long and angry looking against the backdrop of her honeyed skin.

The pressure around her midsection lessened as he removed the undergarment. Rick looked away pointedly, handing over the medical supplies.

“What’s the matter, Rick? You can’t look at my wife’s tits, but you can let her fondle your _johnson_?” Negan smirked, eyes trained on his work. “Thought you were slick, prick?”

Delilah added slyly, “I think the word you’re looking for is bold, Daddy.”

Unbothered, Negan continued to check for signs of infection. Her wounds would surely scar, but
that idea pleased her for reasons she didn’t care to explore, not at the moment, not when Rick was looking at her so intensely. “You gon’a kill me?” he finally addressed Negan.

“What d’ya think, Kitten?” he asked.

“I think too much. You know that.” Her head cocked to the side, studying the sizable bulge in his pants as Rick unabashedly eyed her breasts. “I prefer just to react…” she said, her words a teasing lull.

There had been a time when she would have shied away from it, instead of eagerly embracing the connotations of her words. Hell, the meek girl that she’d been, she would have never even spoken the words or been in this situation.

A wicked, little smile adorned her face.

She had their undivided attention, their gazes heavy and warm on her skin. It felt the equivalent of the steady pressure that Negan’s hands applied against her throat when they fucked, making it so that her breath came in short little pants, attempting to keep her body warm and alive.

Naked and panting, she’d never felt so alive, and for a moment everything seemed so terrifyingly present that it became abstract, far too much for her to comprehend.

Rick spoke first, finally making eye contact so that Delilah could see the pupils of his eyes blown wide, his hunger subdued at the risk of bringing about Negan’s scorn. “Take that as a no?”

Delilah wondered if his mannerisms were similar in the bedroom. If he commanded sexual prowesses as he did other’s attention just by walking into a room.

Negan stood, admiring his work and brushing her stiff nipples in the process so that she mewled softly, pressing against the touch. She came when he silently beckoned, anticipation sticking to her throat when he sandwiched her between the two men. “Go on, Kitten — react.”

It was all the invitation she needed, her small hand going for Rick’s belt, and then he was hers, hot and smooth to the touch.

Of all the seven deadly sins, she wore her greediness like a crown and her lust as a glimmering set of pearls.

“I see you,” Rick murmured thickly, the rough fabric of his shirt teasing her breasts as he rolled his hips into her touch.

“…and what exactly is it that you see, Mr. Grimes?” She desperately wanted to know, wondered if he was at ease with his darkness like she was learning to be. She gripped him harder, Negan’s heavy breathing in her ear which she unintentionally matched with her own.

“You strike me as a woman of faith.” Negan made a noise of protest, cupping her hip as he mouthed at her neck. Rick gave his attention to her other breast, taking note of the other man’s reaction. “No?”

“Hell no,” Negan confirmed.

Rick pressed harder against her hand. “What is it that you believe in?”

Delilah smiled, her other hand cupping his neck to bring their lips mere centimeters apart. “I only worship in the bedroom.”
She had been right; in all aspects, Rick was a leader. He led their kiss with confidence that intoxicated her, his tongue sweeping across her full bottom lip so that he could taste her. He expected innocence and got something dark and heady in turn, wickedness. “What do you want?” he practically breathed into her mouth, his moan reverting on her tongue.

“I want your cock,” she requested, “in my mouth.”

“Is that right?” Negan fisted her hair, turning her head so that he could place a sweet kiss on her lips.

“Yes, Daddy. Please?”

“You don’t have to beg, Kitten,” he softly hushed her. “Everything you take, you deserve.”

Mere seconds after Rick’s back hit the mattress, Delilah had more than half of his cock in her mouth, humming her enjoyment — loving that, in all aspects, she always got her way.

A silkened strand of her hair brushed along Rick’s inner-thigh, and he caught it, weaving his fingers in her hair so harshly that Delilah felt it in her chest. “Take me deeper. I know you can,” he gruffly ordered.

Obeying, saliva dripped from her mouth, the tip sliding down her throat as Negan’s belt clinked loudly in the room, his jeans gathering the growing pile of clothing on the floor.

Wish a sucking pop, Delilah released Rick’s cock, ordering, “Tell me I’m a good girl.”

Warmth rippled across her ass, and she winced as Negan rubbed away the sting. “Manners,” he admonished.

Delilah pouted. “Please?”

“Be a good girl and suck my cock,” Rick commanded, and she did, the head of his cock tapping against her outstretched tongue before he flexed his hips, pressing against the back of her throat. “Good girl.”

It was her undoing, and if she cared enough, Delilah could trace the need to seek the approval of others to her torrid childhood. Hearing Rick utter the words, his southern accent weighed down by his arousal as he fed her his cock, had her whining for more.

Negan answered her silent plea, settling beside Rick on the bed, their forearms brushing as he urged her lower half closer to his reaching fingers. “C’mon, Kitten,” he beckoned, crooning affectionately, “My greedy, little slut.”

She was acting like a greedy slut, humping against thick fingers that filled her greedy cunt as she slurped along another man’s cock. It was the escape she needed, a distraction from her ever dark, encroaching thoughts, and so she allowed herself to move languidly, seeking her pleasure unabashed.

“You’re dripping all over my hand, baby.” Negan held his hand out as proof, bringing it to Rick’s mouth. The other man lapped at her arousal, bringing the digits deeper into his mouth, capturing Negan’s wrist in one hand, the other still holding Delilah’s face in place.

“Think she’s wet enough?”

Negan reached between her legs again, cupping her dewy folds, admiring the slickness that coated
her thighs before answering Rick, “Could be wetter. Maybe you should fuck her tits?”

Rick palmed the soft mounds, contemplating the suggestion.

They were talking about her as if she wasn’t in the room, and it was slowly killing her. The ache in her belly demanded to be dealt with. Adding insult to injury, they’d begun to retreat, no matter how many times she pushed against her Daddy’s fingers or dipped her head down to lap at Rick’s cock, they hardly paid her any attention.

Her fingers found her nipples, and eyes pitched heavenward, she teased the neglected tips, a low throaty groan piercing the air. They could strategize all they want, but that didn’t mean she had to suffer for it.

She didn’t get far — really, she hadn’t expected to.

It was Rick’s hands that caught and bound her wrists, Negan’s firm grip spreading her thighs apart.

“That feel good, sweetheart? Sounds like it,” Rick drawled, dipping to swallow her cries and bringing a heavy hand across her waist, holding her in place. Naturally, their gazes fell to Negan’s face smothered between her thighs, alternating between tasting her and gathering the juices from her pussy, spreading the slickness against her back entrance. “Bet he spends hours between your thighs, huh? I can’t blame the man for that, can I? You’re sinful.” He pinched her pierced nipple, rolling the bud beneath the pad of his thumb.

Her reply was broken, crackling with heat. “I love it — more, please. Please!”

“You want your Daddy’s friend to fuck you?” he goaded her, the pebbled skin of her nipple glowing hot beneath his touch. "My fat cock in your sweet pussy?"

“I do,” Delilah cried, sparks crackling in her gut as she came against Negan’s tongue. “Fuck me, please. I need you both inside me, please.”

“Alright,” he said, looking to Negan for approval. The other man smirked lazily, slapping her ass. “Hold on. You’ll get yours.”

With Negan’s guiding hands at her waist, she lowered herself onto Rick’s cock, his soothing words in her ear: “Such a good girl, Kitten. You’re doing so good…”

Rick filled her in a decidedly different way than her husband, he was slightly smaller but thicker, and she felt her walls spread further to accommodate the thickness of the root of his cock. With jerky movements, she rode him, legs and arms trembling with an effort to embrace the licking heat inside her belly.

The chant caught on her tongue, thank you thank you, and she hoped that they understood how much they were helping her — shattering her to pieces so that she could reclaim the shards.

A steady pressure forced her against’s Rick’s chest, their noses brushed, and she saw him. His damp curls stuck to his forehead, his blue eyes so pretty and bright against the back-lay of pillows. He fucked her like he knew her, understood her and respected her for all that she'd allowed him to see. Of course, it paled in comparison to Negan’s touch, each small caress and short command pushed her farther than she’d ever gone.

“Still, Kitten.”
She stilled, allowing Negan to position the head of his cock against the entrance that he’d stretched and slicked. She knew from previous experiences that she needed to relax, and she was rewarded with her efforts as two sets of hands pressed comfort into her skin.

It burned, the feeling of being stretched simultaneously, but it eventually merged with the fire in her belly.

“More?”

“Y-Yes,” she quietly begged.

Bathed in a thin layer of sweat and salt, they came together, Negan’s hips resting flush against her ass. It was a snug fit for her tiny body, their cocks brushed through the thin membrane of her walls, and they barely refrained the urge to fuck into the warm heat they were encased in.

“Daddy, please.” She’d drawn blood, yet she was unsure of whose it was, red smearing against her palms. Her walls pulsed. “I need this…I need…”

“You like that?” Negan panted the words into her shoulder, skin meeting in a resounding slap that filled the enclosed space. Her pleas died in her throat. “Like being fucked in both holes like a dirty, little whore?”

Delilah’s back arched impossibly further, grinding and fucking herself onto the two throbbing cocks inside of her. She screwed her eyes shut, and bright colors danced behind her lids, she was sure that she was screaming, loudly, voicing her approval. Tears fell, rolling down her pinched expression.

Her pussy rippled around Rick’s cock, and he responded to her clutching walls with jerky thrusts, but her ass clenched around Negan’s cock as she came, her voice going hoarse and body jerking uncontrollably.

Delilah vaguely heard Rick’s strained warning, and she whimpered when they lifted her off his cock, thick reams of his cum splashing across her trembling belly seconds after. “I’m not done,” she cried. “Please — please!”

It felt as if she could die with this feeling; they couldn’t possibly understand her desperation.

“Quiet!” Negan held her throat in a tight grip, pressing against her windpipe, all but silencing her cries until they died down to whimpers. His hips kept a brutal pace, her ass repeatedly bouncing off his toned stomach, seeking his release.

Rick took pity on her writhing form, parting her folds and immediately fingering her engorged clit. Her eyes implored more, a choked plea, before Negan’s fingers tightened even further until she was threatening to come unraveled from her body. Delilah fucked her way through another orgasm, Rick’s encouraging words swimming in her ears and orbs of light dancing across her vision when her airway suddenly became unrestricted. Pinching her breast, Negan buried himself to the hilt, releasing into her ass.

Completely fucked out, they collapsed in a heap of limbs. There were no boundaries. Hands wandered where they cared to go as their bodies turned to each other for comfort.

From where her head rested on Rick’s bicep, Delilah nuzzled the skin, admiring the cords of muscle beneath. “We’ve still got at least twenty minutes…” she hinted, the dull throbbing in her sex had yet to dissipate.
“More than enough time,” Negan agreed.

Ironically, Delilah would think days later, *there never really was.*
Exodus 20:18

Chapter Summary

All the people perceived the thunder and the lightning flashes and the sound of the trumpet and the mountain smoking; and when the people saw it, they trembled and stood at a distance. — Exodus 20:18

There was a verse from the Bible that Delilah could recall vaguely from the book of Exodus. A tale of fire and smoke. *Now Mount Sinai was all in smoke because the LORD descended upon it in fire, and its smoke ascended like the smoke of a furnace, and the whole mountain quaked violently.*

Her skin burned from the flames, she couldn’t see them, but she could feel it barely lick the skin of her right arm.

“Is this the second coming?” she heard herself rasp, her throat burned and her eyes watered with the effort to speak and see. If she was meeting her maker, she had to know. “Was I wrong?”

Delilah didn’t understand at first, or maybe a part of her did and didn’t want to know how the world was suddenly tinted in a yellow haze.

In pieces. It was coming to Delilah in fractured, scattered pieces.

“What the hell is that smell?” Dean asked. *He held a bandana to his mouth, but his eyes still watered from the odor.*

Whatever it was offended their senses and made their throats tighten even though it had dissipated, they’d guessed, weeks ago.

“What should we do?” Simon questioned. *Like everyone else, he’d tried in vain to stop himself from breathing any of the noxious fumes.*

“Could be a motherfucking trap,” Negan contemplated out loud.

“But only one way to find out,” Dean finished, studying the satellite outpost in the distance.

“Better to split into groups,” Rick nodded his approval with a sigh. “Seems like we don’t have a choice anyway.”

“Negan?” she croaked, the noxious cloud floating inches above her sprawled body disrupted on her sharp exhale. “Negan?”

Delilah blinked again, attempting to wipe the film of tears that blurred her vision. If she could do that, then maybe she could believe that everything would be okay. She just needed to move, fight for her right to live.

It took more effort than she imagined. Her left hand felt bulky and unused.

Her stomach lurched violently, and she turned just in time, voiding the contents of her stomach onto the road. Two of her fingers on her left hand were missing, the pinky completely obliterated.
and her ring finger capped at the first knuckle. The flowing blood had slowed to a sluggish pulse, and she tugged the bandana from around her face, attempting to slow the bleeding by binding her hand.

Her voice became tinted with hysteria. “Negan?”

Before her, the world was an abstract void, and she seemed to jump within planes of consciousness when she moved too quickly, bringing herself onto her hands and knees. If she could stay below the thick cloud, she’d be fine.

“Here, keep him with you.” Negan whistled, catching Killer’s attention. “He’ll keep you company while I’m gone.”

“Just be careful and come back to me,” she said.

“Always, Kitten.” He kissed her, sweet and short.

She wished now that she had pulled him close, savoring the moment.

“Negan?” she whimpered.

Dean at her side, she’d rode in the passenger seat of the RV without a seatbelt. The shard of glass buried in her shoulder was an indication that she’d been thrown through the windshield. With a strangled cry, she pulled it from her shoulder.

“Dean?” she whispered.

Delilah’s instincts told her to run, in all directions, she could hear the crunching and rustling of leaves, hear distant murmuring, but her body seemed incapable of it. She crawled faster, taking reprieve behind an overturned truck. The metal seared into her palm where she caught herself, stumbling over a disembodied arm.

She was alone as far as she could tell, vulnerable and disoriented. “Negan?” she tried again. “Anyone?”

The murmuring had increased to a low chant, coming from what she could only assume was the direction of the woods. She had no choice but to retreat into the same shaded area with the heightened likelihood of an explosion. With a small groan, she pulled herself onto her knees, reaching for a higher grip that would help her onto her feet. Her fingers had barely just curled around an exposed pipe when she fell, landing on her left hand.

“Agh — shit! Ah-h!” She clutched her left hand, crying softly, while her eyes sought what had made her lose her grip.

There before her eyes was the mangled body of Hanzal, impaled on a shard of glass. She could smell his burnt flesh, his dismembered head only inches from where her hand had landed.

“Oh, no. No.” She took him into her trembling hand, uncaring of the figures that were nearing. “Hanzal, my baby…”

He had such beautiful eyes and the memory of the first time she’d seen them, vibrant blue irises,
came to her tinted in red.

“Delilah?”

There wasn’t any choice but to leave him there among the carnage, he deserved better, but for all she tried she was incapable of giving him what he needed, the burial he deserved.

The road they’d traveled was flanked by a steep drop that led into the woods, and she had no choice but to slide down the loose earth, thoroughly coating herself in filth.

“Dean,” she breathed, taking his outstretched hand. He looked better than her, all things considered, a large gash across his left eye. “I thought I was alone. I couldn’t find anyone else.”

“Fucking fuckers had the upper hand on us,” he said, helping her to her feet. “C’mon, kid. We need to get the hell out of here.”

“What happened?”

“Could’ve been an IED with a pressure-sensitive bar. I’ve seen ’em before in Iraq.”

Dean carefully scanned their surroundings, the muted lighting from the gray sky, and the lingering fog made it so that they could only see a few feet ahead.

“What do you have?” They quickly assessed their weapons, finding that between them they had several handguns and Delilah still had her knives; one in her thigh holster, the other hidden in her boot. “Let’s just keep moving, we’re bound to find someone,” he said, fingering the safety on his gun, “or something.”

Delilah followed, flanking him as they moved through the dim woods. Not far from where they stood, the sound of the dead could be heard.

They came in small clusters, hooded figures dressed in white cloaks that shuffled through the forest.

“Gotta figure what the hell we’re up against.” Dean softly whistled, drawing the attention of one that trailed behind the rest. The walker turned, his hood falling. He stumbled towards them, a low groan caught in his throat; eyes hollow and grey.

“Timmy?” Dean squinted. “I trained him once, he was assigned to the outpost.”

They’d carved the number 4:17 into his forehead, and she recited the verse aloud. “Repent, for the kingdom of Heaven has come near.”

“I’ll do it.” Dean took down the walker in quick succession, uncharacteristically uncoordinated. They landed in a tangled pile of limbs and Delilah rushed to his aid. “Jesus Christ, kid — he was only nineteen.”

They rolled the man onto his back, pushing the garment aside to investigate the body. They, whoever had done this, had stripped him of his modesty. He wore nothing except a soiled burlap cloth. “What are we dealing with, Delilah? Some kind of religious freaks?”

She bit her lip, wiping away a stray tear. “You hear that?”

Dean strained his hearing. “I think so. Could be one of our own.”

The universe took that moment to unmute their surroundings, muffled crying coming from all
directions. They eyed each other nervously, silently coming to the same conclusion. “I’ll go left,” Delilah offered.

“Be careful, and try to meet up somewhere in the middle.” He grasped her shoulder, looking her in the eye earnestly, but all she could see was the blood and the light in his eyes slowly dimming. “Whatever happens — fight like hell.”

She couldn’t resist calling out his name in a hushed whisper once she was alone. “Negan?”

His group had flanked the left of the compound and her group the right, the chances that he would be in this area of the woods was depressingly slim. She couldn’t help but wallow in her sorrow, and it was that reason alone that she didn’t see the rapid approach of the hooded figure.

They threw her to the ground, the force taking her back several feet before she caught herself. With a sharp hiss, she scrambled to her feet, meeting the hooded figure halfway and tackling them both to the ground.

“Hello, child.” He settled onto her midsection even though she’d fought like hell. She struggled to buck him off, her left hand protesting as she clawed at his face. “What is your name?”

“Fuck. You.”

“Such filth from such a pretty mouth.” He pressed his finger against her bloodied lip, smearing the blood across her mouth and fondling her tongue. “I’ve been watching you, little one. You’ll make a fine addition, a divine sacrifice for my cause.”

He was sinewy but possessed an undeniable strength, fisting her long strands of hairs as he dragged her through the woods. Delilah kicked and screamed, uprooting the earth, but he never relented much to her displeasure. “Quiet, child. You will be punished with everlasting restriction and shut out from the presence of the Lord and from the glory of his might.”

“Do not seek revenge or bear a grudge against anyone among your people, but love your neighbor as yourself — you fucking hypocrite,” she rasped.

“You know of the good book? Child, you intrigue me and incite this urge within me…” He paused, his hauntingly vacant blue eyes bearing into her own. “But this has nothing to do with revenge. This is the Lord’s work.”

“I u-understand,” she cried out, quickly changing tactics. “I understand…”

“Lazarus,” he supplied, eyes intent.

Her eyes strayed, flickering to the carvings on his skin. They were everywhere, she realized, covering his hands, neck, and torso.

“I understand that we are sinners, Lazarus and that we must be punished. They will throw them into the blazing furnace, where there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth,” she recited thickly, emotion catching in her throat. “I understand.”

“Will you join us, child?” he asked.

She nodded as best as she could within his grasp, and he brought their faces together, noses brushing as he looked for signs of deceit.

“I will,” she said with false conviction.
Her hands fingered the textured grip of her knife, waiting.

Lazarus grinned, all teeth. “This is a delightful surprise. I’ve never had someone so willing…”

The blade sliced his wrist, and she had the satisfaction of watching him bleed, copious amounts of blood pouring from his exposed artery.

“Oh insolent whore,” he hissed, striking her across the face but never once relenting his grip. Delilah tasted blood, maybe his own. “The righteous will never be shaken—”

He produced a blade from somewhere on his person. The knife pressed against her windpipe and she whimpered, understanding that this could be the end. A prayer perched at the tip of her tongue before she swallowed it heavily, clenching her eyes shut when a blurred figure collided with his body, knocking them both to the ground.

Flames erupted in her hand, but she still managed to push herself onto her forearms, managed to catch the savage dog that had buried his teeth into the man’s arm. As much as Lazarus tried to shake him off, the dog wouldn’t relent, tearing into his flesh and spitting it onto the ground before lunging forward.

She wasn’t worth the trouble, Lazarus must have realized as he scrambled to feet, his cape billowing as he retreated.

“Killer! Come here — come here,” she ordered, grasping for his collar when he intended to go after the man. “Thank you.”

She clung to him, burying her face in his matted bloody fur. Killer whimpered, licking at her face and anywhere he could reach. More than half of his coat had been scalded by the fire, but he was alive and clearly excited to see her.

“We have to go, okay? Watch my back.”

She struggled to walk, Killer nipping at her heels in earnest but she managed.

The crying in the distance had grown louder, and the more they closed the gap, the harder it felt for her to move forward. They were clearly in anguish, and it was so palpable that she could taste it, thought that it could belong to her just as easily if she were brave enough to step into the clearing.

She did, promptly falling to her knees.

“Samara?”

Simon looked in her direction, his eyes bloodshot from crying, a thin trail of snot dripping from his chin and onto the body in his arms.

“Delilah?” A whisper so faint it caught the wind, drifting towards her.

Delilah crawled forward, stopping unsure.

It was clear that she’d taken the brunt of the blast. A portion of her skull was obliterated entirely, her brain swelling and oozing onto the forest floor, and her right arm hung from the socket of her shoulder by thin strips of tendons.

“It’s you,” she marveled aloud, reaching for Delilah’s hand, the fingers on the macerated arm twitched, but Delilah cupped her face.
Simon released another anguish wail, and she realized he was mumbling, praying beneath her breath.

“Shut up,” Delilah hissed, and Simon did, his posture submissive.

“…good you're here…”

“We're here,” she amended.

Samara gasped, her chest heaving. “…you… needed you…”

Numbly, Simon said, “She’s been asking for you this entire time.”

“Well, I’m here now.” Delilah attempted to smile, but she was sure it was more of a grimace.

“…why crying?” Samara asked.

Delilah did her best to clean Samara’s face, pushing aside the charred hair that stuck to her forehead. “Just happy to see you, that’s all.”

“I know,” Samara slurred. “...you...kiss me?”

Simon breathed heavily, stroking across the dimple of her cheek and Delilah leaned forward, brushing their lips together. She tasted bitter, like spun sugar and death.

It was precisely what you imagined kissing a corpse to be like.

Samara smiled, a single tear falling. “Thank you.”

“I have you,” Delilah promised, then she said, “It’s always been you, I was just too afraid to tell you,” because she knew that’s what her friend needed to hear.

“...all I wanted...but we can’t ...any...any...” Samara’s eyes caught Simon’s, and she said serenely, finally making peace with her death, “...she needs...friend…”

“I need you,” Delilah said brokenly.

“...have Simon now...” Samara said when she gathered the strength to do so. “…have each other... can love...love…”

Her head fell abruptly, her jaw going lax and the whites of her eyes, contrasting vividly against the dull backdrop of the forest as they rolled into her skull.

Delilah pressed one last kiss to her lips. “I loved you, I really did, Sammie.”

*Just not the way you did,* she finished silently.

Delilah swallowed thickly, her thoughts racing. “We have to leave her here, Simon. I’m sorry, but we have too.”

Samara, her best friend, had loved her, maybe this entire time and Delilah had been too selfish to see it. She ached for Simon, he looked *wrecked*, his hands still trembling as he attempted to wipe the blood from her chin. “That’s better. Isn’t it, baby?” he whispered.

It was breaking her heart, and she felt the weight of their problems, covering them like a heavy blanket. She wanted to give up in that clearing, and die alongside her best friend.
Killer barked, alerting them to a nearing presence and it was seconds later that the dead broke through the bushes. They were in varying shades of undress and decay, hands outstretched, but all wore the same style cloak.

Delilah missed her intended target, and the corpse briefly staggered back before moving forward undeterred. It would only be seconds before they lost their opening. “Simon, please!”

“Just go without me,” he croaked.

“Now, Simon!” she said, pulling him onto his feet.

He managed to regain a semblance of composure and even though Delilah told him not to look back, she did. She swore that she’d never forget, in vivid detail, how they tore into her still warm flesh, carving a hole where her stomach was and feasting on her intestines.

She left a piece of heart there; she was sure that they both did.

They came to a stop along a river, and Simon collapsed while she stumbled forward, intent on cleaning the gore from his face. She paused, hands outstretched, regarding her reflection in the water and smiled, realizing that even her teeth were stained with blood. So much blood.

“I keep thinking of her favorite song, it’s in my head,” Simon whispered. “If you smile through your fear and sorrow…s-smile and maybe t-tomorrow…”

She guided him to the water, tearing a piece of her shirt and slowly cleaning his face. He was pliable beneath her fingers, resting his head on her thigh as he softly cried. When he couldn’t finish, she finished for him, singing softly in his ear, “…you’ll see the sun come shining through for you…light up your face with gladness…”

“It hurts.”

“I know, Simon. I know.”

“You’re hurt?” He caught her hand. “Does it hurt?”

“Nothing compares to this. Nothing,” Delilah said, pressing a kiss to his temple.

“I’m trying to understand,” he croaked. “S-she was here this morning…alive.”

“We were weak — unprepared.”

“Weak,” he echoed.

Delilah nodded, eyes wide yet unseeing.

A tear fell, and she wiped it for him.

A tear fell, and she wiped it for him.

“I’ll take care of you,” she promised him.

Killer rose from his haunches, eyes trained across the river and Delilah fingered the trigger of her gun.

“It’s me, kid.” Dean trudged across the river, hauling a semi-conscious body on his broad shoulders. Several others from their team followed him out of the brush, each in various shades of disarray. “Samara?” he breathed, eyeing Simon’s fetal position.
She curled an arm around his middle, protective.

“Have you seen him?” she asked, already knowing the answer.

They looked downcast, the clouded sky painting them shades of grey. They could have easily passed for the dead as they stumbled from the water, collapsing onto the bank of the river.

“They got Arat and John.” Ty casted his eyes heavenward, wondering aloud, “What the fuck do we do now?”

It was Delilah who found her voice first, and they turned to her, varying degrees of anger and mourning marring their faces. “We take everything from them, and I mean everything. Maybe not today, maybe it’ll be months from now, but I want to bathe in their blood and dance on their ashes.”

They murmured sounds of agreements.

“Can you sing, please?” Simon asked softly. His fingers played with the blood drying on his palm that she’d yet to clean. Samara’s blood.

“…that’s the time you must keep on trying…smile, what’s the use of crying?”
Blessed are those who hunger and thirst for righteousness blood, for they will be filled. — Matthew 5:6

"I'm ready," Delilah said. "Do it."

Simon held her in a bone-wrenching grip, her right arm and waist pulled painfully against his chest. Her breath came in sharp inhales, and auras had begun to blot her vision.

He held her so tight, and she thought maybe he was scared he'd lose her too, considering her to be the last piece of Samara left on this Earth. She knew his fear, there were no photos, only memories, and they tended to fade the more you chased them.

Dean reached into the flames of the makeshift pit, gingerly grasping the handle of his hunting knife. Its seven-inch blade was bathed in a golden hue, and the heat that it emitted brushed her face, sweat beading across her upper lip. "Ty, cover her mouth," he ordered.

Sweat and musk invaded her senses, Ty having so crudely shoved his bandana into her mouth. He murmured an apology, cupping his palm across her face.

The ache began low in her gut, and her stomach clenched uncomfortably. The smell of her burning flesh was overwhelmingly nauseating. She kicked, her first instinct to run away. They held her in place, painfully ignoring her protests.

"Pass out, kid. We understand," Dean tempted to soothe her.

Simon hummed softly in her ear, but her muffled screams drowned out the noise. Her struggles renewing and the veins in her neck straining when Dean cartelized her pinky finger. Ty lost his grip, his palm wet with her tears.

"It's done," he breathed, wiping the sweat from his brow.

"You hear that, Dee? S' done," Simon said. Her frame wilted, and he caught her. "It's done."

Hours later, the bushes rustled, and Ty appeared alongside the two others that he'd taken on his surveillance trip. "They're moving north, hard to tell the fuckers apart from the dead but maybe fifty, maybe sixty of them," he informed them.

"We're outnumbered," Delilah said, "but all we need is two or three."

"You sure about this, kid?" Dean asked. "Could just head back to the Kingdom. Hell, we should, they need to know what we're up against."
"We can't," Rob said. "The noise brought on a whole herd. Our best bet is if we intersect, take a couple and head back to the Sanctuary."

"That could take a month on foot, we have no wheels," Simon interjected.

"We'll get some," Delilah said firmly, leaving no room for argument. There was none. "Right now I need intel. I want to know how they did this and why. How far out, Ty?"

"Bout two miles out, they're retreating but don't seem to be in a rush."

All eyes were on her, listening intently.

"From now on, we do things my way, and I want no mercy. No weakness," Delilah said.

She continued on to explain their intended plans, pleased that she could see their darkness surfacing. It pulsed in soft waves, and that was more than enough for her.

In time she'd bring them to embrace what she now understood was the right path, get them to shed their faith and their morals that had been instilled in them from the beginning, and join her in this harsh reality.

They'd set up a makeshift camp not far from the carnage. Death hung heavy in the air, and she could tell it bothered some, but she wanted to give survivors time to find them before they moved on.

In the end, three men saw the smoke.

Delilah had always thought Rob was a hulking figure, towering at just under seven feet; but his brother, Ethan, was an oak tree personified. He had surface burns across a vast majority of his face that would surely scar but remained seemingly unbothered by the diagnosis once he'd been looked over.

"Ethan," he introduced.

"Ethan," she repeated. "I want you by my side at all times."

"Not very smart, ma'am," He fingered his singed beard.

"I think you're underestimating yourself," she said, ending their conversation.

He dutifully followed her as she handed out orders, her hand throbbing, and her absent pinky itching uncontrollably. Delilah was agitated that in her current state she couldn't go with the small team Ty had taken into the woods, but she knew she'd only slow them down. And for now, she needed to address other pressing issues.

"What do we have, Dean?"

"Map of the area," he answered, motioning to the partially burnt map. "It's clearly fucked, but we have the general idea of what we're up against. There's a highway that runs parallel to the I-475, good chance that we'll find a working car."

"What do you think, Ethan?" Delilah asked.

He seemed surprised that he'd been included in the discussion, clearly used to playing the part of the muscle and not the brain. "It's our best bet," he said slowly, gaining confidence as he spoke, "if we can't find a working car we're bound to find parts."
"My thoughts exactly," she agreed. "When Ty gets back we'll move out, the sooner we get home, the sooner we can end this."

It was an hour later that Ty and the others came stumbling through the underbrush with four masked struggling bodies.

"Patience," she warned them as they gathered in a semi-circle, their unrest growing. Delilah crossed her arms, studying their hostages. "I said three."

Ty bowed his head. "Sorry, boss."

She stepped forward, the title not lost on her, pulling her knife from its sheath and promptly slashing the throat of the hooded figure on the far left. "Ethan?"

"Yes?"

"Throw the body into the pit."

He stepped forward, hefting the body over his shoulder as she cleaned her knife on her pant leg, softly humming to pierce the weighted silence. Even the forest creatures seemed to be holding their breaths.

She leisurely made her way down the line of Saviors, coming to stand in front of a leather-clad man.

"Jett, right?" she said.

He stood straighter, puffing his chest. "Yeah. I mean — yes, ma'am."

"Pick one," she said absentmindedly.

"Uh, the one on the left," he said.

"Hold him for me and take the hood off his head," she instructed, turning to the others. "Religion has only ever been used as an excuse for man's sordid actions. We're not perfect, are we?" They voiced their agreement. "That's the difference between them and us — if you're going to lean into the flames, embrace them. No falsehoods!"

"No falsehoods!" They repeated.

Delilah grinned, her arms outstretched. "No weakness!"

"No weakness!"

Finally — finally — she would seek the retribution she'd been dreaming of since she was a child. If there were ever a group deserving of inflicting her anger and frustration upon, well, they'd all but stumbled into the palm of her hand.

The nameless man blinked, eyes adjusting to the light, and she brought the knife to his jugular.

"Oh, look. He's pissing himself. Pathetic, isn't it?" They laughed, and it was a dark sound that she took a moment to cherish. "Too easy. I think I'd like a challenge."

They bagged him, and Jett moved onto a significantly smaller figure who wasn't as cowardly as the first. Her green eyes shimmered with conviction, and when they pulled the gag from her mouth, she spat line after line of verses. "...cares on the Lord and he will sustain you; he will never let the
**righteous be shaken…**the Children of Lazarus will rise, and the forsaken will be delivered to the doors of Hell…**let justice roll on like a river, righteousness like a never-failing stream!**

Delilah knelt, feeling a sliver of sympathy that quickly dissipated. The scarred skin beneath her fingertips felt so similar to her own scars. "They took everything from you, didn't they?" she sighed. "Gag her but leave the hood off."

"We're getting nowhere," Dean said, "and we're losing the light."

"She knows what she'd doing," Simon said stoically. "Let her work."

"Have faith in me, Dean. This one is a chickenshit. This one is a fucking headache — maybe this one will be just right." She pointed to the last figure, the crowd jeering her on.

Jett ripped the hood away, taking a fistful of blonde hair with it.

"Oh, my." Delilah's eyes widened, and she reached out to touch the woman's face. She wanted to make sure that this was her reality and she hadn't actually died in the woods. She stood. Slowly. "Boys, may I introduce you to my mother?"

The small crowd began to exchange dialogue, the majority was worried that she'd succumb to familial ties, but the protests quickly died in their throats.

Dean crossed his arms, his impartial expression giving nothing away. "Can you handle this, kid?"

She'd gone off wordlessly into the woods and appeared moments later with a thin branch, a switch.

"Ethan, hold her hands out and remove the gag."

Delilah had always admired her mother's beauty: a petite nose, hair the color of corn silk and deceptively, innocent round eyes. The past year had clearly taken its toll. Her hair had thinned and now lacked luster, her features had sunken, and her skin held a grayish tint.

"I knew from the beginning that I had given birth to this — this thing." She spat at Delilah's feet. "A devil in the form of a whore! I told you that you would die in your sins! Wash yourselves; make yourselves clean; remove the evil of your deeds from before my eyes; cease to do evil!"

"You want me to shut her up, boss?" Ethan asked, cracking his knuckles.

"No, let me tell you a story instead." Delilah grinned. "Every day, my mother would find an excuse to punish me. Whether it was that I forgot a word in a verse or breathed too loudly, she'd drag me into the basement kicking and screaming. She beat me — over and over, again. On my fifteenth birthday, I swallowed a handful of pills. She made me clean up my own sick and sent me to bed — after she whipped me."

Delilah batted her hand in the air as if brushing away the details.

"Simon and Ethan," she drawled, pointing to the trembling man. "Beat the information out of him and make the girl watch. I'll handle my mother."

Ethan dragged the man up by the collar of his shirt. "What's your name, boy?"

"John," he whimpered. "Have mercy? I've only done what the Lord has commanded."

They threw him to the ground, and he attempted to fend off the encroaching men, crawling as best as he could with his hands tied before the butt of Simon's rifle connected with his forehead,
sending him sprawling onto his back.

Simon uttered a single word: "Why?"

"It is what Lazarus has commanded. Please! W-we're his children, and we've only done the Lord's work." He looked past them, pleading to Delilah.

"Lazarus," Delilah slowly said, beginning to understand. "After the man, Jesus supposedly raised from the dead?"

The switch cut through the air, a sharp whistle.

"Answer me, mother." Her mother had always been disgustingly stubborn. Delilah brought the switch down onto her other palm. "I said answer me, mother."

"Yes — yes!" John said, answering for her. "The end of the seven-year period is upon us, and Lazarus said we must be prepared for the second coming."

"What's her name?" She pointed to the girl who was currently glaring daggers in her direction.

"Mary," he said.

The switch broke with the last strike, breaking the skin and Delilah couldn't resist leaning forward to play in the blood that wept from her mother's palm. She lifted her finger to her mouth, tasting her faith.

"Mother, I have to admit, I've regretted making your demise so simple. It was very… unimaginative… of me. It's been some time since we've last seen each other, but I'll show you how I've grown into my skin — I promise you that much. I'm going to make you bleed tears, and then I'm going to skin you alive. I'm going to destroy everyone you love and savor every moment of it. But first, let me ask you this…"

Delilah held her hands skyward, spinning in an arc as John's gargled screams filled her ears, and Mary's muffled protests turned to sobs. The sound of destruction rained down from the sky, and she was unraveling so nicely, fraying at the seams. The last of her walls were crumbling, and the darkness that Delilah had kept at bay surfaced and painted her world in vibrant hues that rivaled a thousand burning suns. She understood now, every tear shed, and every drop of blood lost had been for this moment — and it was rapturous.

"Where is your god now?"
Deuteronomy 19:19-21

Chapter Summary

Show no pity: life for life, eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot. — Deuteronomy 19:19-21

It took them longer than they’d initially thought to find a mode of transportation. The highway had been picked clean, leaving them with limited options, and Ty had estimated several weeks before they could get enough cars running to haul all twenty of them. And so it went.

Delilah could measure the passing time by the little things.

The ‘I love you’ tattooed across her ring finger had spread and blurred together, making it harder for her to read.

She felt the irony.

Every night, around the fire, she spoke her truth and explained her newfound reality. Vulnerable from grief and hysteria, her words quickly resonated with them. They’d begun to ask questions for clarification, used her rhetoric in casual conversation.

And that was good, that was fine.

When her jeans had started to become tight despite the meager rations that were divided amongst them each morning, she’d turned her back and removed the piercing from her breast, tossing it into the woods.

She had a hard time coming to terms with that, watching her body grow as she progressed through the early stages of her pregnancy, so she’d channeled it into making her mother’s life miserable.

In her free time, she’d visit her mother, speaking of what she’d done since they’d last been together. Delilah was curious of how she’d survived the fall without lasting injuries and if the Children of Lazarus had found her or if she’d stumbled upon them. Even though her mother, Lillian, was gagged, her speech came in other forms.

The creasing of her forehead: I’m trying to determine where I went wrong with you. The corner of her mouth downturned: I hate you, I really do.

It was all very, very poetic.

“If there is a god, he has a very fucked up sense of humor, mom. Who would have thought that we’d see each other again? You were so close this entire time,” she’d marveled aloud. “Dad is alive. He asked about you.” That caught her mother’s attention. “You’ll meet him again, but I wouldn’t count on you being alive. I’m still trying to decide what we’ll do with you, but I’m leaning towards something more theatrical.

“Maybe we should parade your body through the streets before you die, make you carry a cross? Wouldn’t that be nice? You’ve always admired your god, wouldn’t it be fitting to die like him?”
For the first time, her mother had looked fearful.

“Delilah? Delilah!” Simon called her name, this time louder and closer to her ear, breaking her from her memories.

“Sorry,” Delilah gave him a small smile, hoping to sway his concerns. “What were you saying?”

“We’re close,” he said. “And I know it’s a lot to ask with everything that’s going on, but I’d like to have a memorial for Samara.”

It was the most he’d spoken in months.

“Of course, Simon. She is loved.”

“Thank you.”

“Simon?”

“Yes?”

“Do you think Negan’s dead?” she asked.

He slowly exhaled, reaching out to steady the violently swaying air freshener that hung from the rearview mirror. It immediately began to move once he’d let it go. “Could be.”

She allowed her hand outstretched through the window to drift in the air currents as they drove along the abandoned road, the other hand buried in Killer’s fur. He missed Hanzal and Negan, she could tell. The feeling was mutual. “Thank you for being honest,” she finally said.

The cabin of the car abruptly lapsed into silence. Weeks had passed, and they’d been stripped away of human actions that had been more or less considered guidelines, reassurance for their peers that they were okay, alive. They weren’t, and they didn’t have to pretend to be. There was no need for small talk and false pleasantries.

It was the thrum of the car engine that lured her to sleep, but it was the subtle shift in the air, the smell of ash and smoke that drew her violently back to reality hours later.

Ethan slid the glass aside of the rear window, asking from the truck bed, “You smell that?”

They were only several miles from the Sanctuary. “I do,” she said, dread filling the pit of her stomach. “Take the route that passes by the overlook.”

Simon motioned through the window, signaling to the other cars.

The silence in the cab was weighted, and they collectively held their breaths as the car made the last corner up the steep drive.

Simon tapped the car wheel, nervously, “Could be anything, right?” Silence. “Right?” His voice had become tinged with hysteria, and she heard him swallow, hard.

Her stomach cramped, and she tried in vain to take a deep breath, tried her best to calm herself for the sake of the baby. It could be all she had left in this world.

“Motherfucker,” she heard someone breathe lowly. “Mother-fucking- fuck!”

Another deep exhale.
Delilah closed her eyes, she clenched them tight even as she felt the shift of the vehicle, heard the sound of heart-wrenching wails and shuddering gasps.

An inhale.

The cramping had intensified, and she doubled over, clutching her stomach.

Her car door slowly opened, and she sensed Simon, felt his hand on her shoulder before he pulled her into his embrace. He was cold to the touch like he’d been dead a while. Emotionally, she figured he was.

“I don’t want to open my eyes,” she admitted.

“I wish I could unsee it,” he carefully said, “but it’s something you need to see. I’m sorry, Delilah.”

He held her, having promised that they would do it together and she blindly let him lead her along.

“Open your eyes,” he said, and she did.

The Sanctuary stood shrouded in smoke overrun by the walking dead. Only the shell remained, a large portion of the factory having burnt to the ground.

“See that?” Dean traced along the fence until he reached a gaping hole. He cleared his throat. “It looks like they blew a hole through the fence. Metal tends to burn hotter, quicker, and more completely than wood. Wouldn’t have taken long to ignite.”

“How’d they get here before us?”

“I have no fucking clue, but they had months on us,” he answered her.

“There are walkers with carvings on ’em, but most of them are…they’re our people,” Ty reported, passing her the binoculars. “Fire can’t be more than a couple days old.”

“What are we going to do?”

She entertained the idle thought of walking off the small cliff and ending her life before gradually severing ties with her grief. There was an overwhelming possibility that Negan was dead, would be dead, or come to live a life without her, unable to find her — and it was all their fault.


All in a matter of months, she’d come full circle.

The group had begun to gather, seeking each other for comfort. “We’ve got nothing left — every-fucking-thing is gone.”

“They took everything,” another Savior numbly said. “It took years for us to build the Sanctuary to what it was.”

It’s Jett that crumples first, wilts like a flower, chest heaving. “My fucking wife, man! My kids!”

There’s a domino effect, and they’re all crying, not a show of weakness but solidarity.

“Delilah?”

She hadn’t realized, but she’d been walking towards the vehicles. They’d tied their bodies to the
roof of a Jeep, and she undid the knot effortlessly, tugging the first body that she touches. Then there are warm bodies beside her, throwing their captives onto the ground, keeping them in place and forcing them to kneel.

“Tell me where your community is located,” she commanded, ripping the gag from her mouth. The young girl immediately bowed her head and began to pray in soft tones, her mouth moving wordlessly. Delilah drew her hand back, the force of the blow wrenching Mary’s head to the side. She spat blood onto the ground.

“You’re hopeless.” A sharp tug of the other girl’s hair, and she drew them so close that Mary’s eyes crossed. “Keep speaking, and I’ll really give you something to pray for,” she whispered.

Dean shifted nervously. “What do you want us to do, kid?”

Delilah shifted her attention. “Untie his hands,” she ordered, pointing to the man, John, “and get me the map.”

Killer growled, snapping at the bound man as if he sensed her discontent with him. The man attempted to shift away from the dog’s advances, but Ethan held him firmly in place. Delilah tore the gag from his mouth, letting him speak freely for the first time in weeks. “Get the fuck away from me, you little bitch.” He spat at her feet, his eyes overflowing with hatred.

“There you are,” she laughed softly. “I was wondering when you’d show your true colors.” She jerked his chin upward, watching as the last of his facade crumbled away. “I bet you did something you regretted, so inhumane, so disgustingly bereft of life that even as a cold-blooded killer it petrified you. Gang rape? Incest?” Her fingernails dug into his chin, rivets of blood staining the tips of her fingers. “Why is it that as soon as man does anything wrong, they run to a god for salvation?”

“Fuck you.” He jerked his chin from her grasp, staring defiantly at the floor.

Delilah clucked her tongue, holding out her hand for a knife that was placed immediately into her hand. He choked predictably, but she forced the knife handle into his mouth until he bit down.

“Focus right here. Right here! Mark it on the goddamn map,” she said, indicating to Mary who began to shake her head viscously, “and everything you say better match everything she says, or I’ll have Ethan break every bone in your goddamn body.”

His words came muffled, but they understood. “Fuck. You. You fucking cunt.”

“Ethan?”

The hulking figure stepped forward, and John eyes him wearily.

“Alright!” he begged, driven to desperation in his state. They’d starved them, denied them water and the decency of bathroom breaks. “I’ll fucking tell you everything — shit!” And he did, he told them everything in rushed tongues and shallow gasps, pleading periodically for his life.

Delilah placed the knife in his mouth again, holding the map up. He quickly stabbed the area, puncturing a hole in the paper before spitting it onto the ground. “You can verify it! Ask her! I ain’t lying!” he cried.

She motioned, and Ethan stepped forward, wrenching his head back and slicing his jugular.

“I’m not telling you anything,” Mary cried. “God have mercy on my soul, deliver me from evil,
and carry me to the gates of Heaven…”

Delilah had to admire her commitment, no matter how foolish it was.

“That’s all right. I believe him.” She found it hard to bend with her protruding belly, but she managed to retrieve a thick branch, bringing the wood right down onto the crown of her head, delighting in the subtle give of her skull shattering and caving in. Delilah had seen brain matter before, the moments after she'd killed a walker and most recently the last moments of Samara life, but it never ceased to amaze her.

With a heaving gasp, she brought it above her head, poised to swing one more time for good measure when it was ripped from her hands.

Dean dropped it at her feet. “This ain’t right, kid. Think! You’re letting your emotions consume you!”

She bared her teeth, wrenching her hand free. “I. Feel. Nothing.”

“The bitch deserved to fucking suffer!” a Savior yelled. “Look what they fucking did to us, Dean! No weakness!”

“No falsehood!” they shouted.

“This is our world now,” she said deliberately slow, the blade of her knife piercing the fabric of his shirt and digging into his skin when she stepped closer. “If you can’t understand the necessity of abandoning everything that we’ve ever been taught, you won’t survive and you sure as fuck don’t belong here. This is our world, but I won’t force you to live in it. So, are you leaving?”

Dean looked around at the other men that had taken a subtle step forward, and he wondered how this slip of a girl had become a figurehead, had managed to have the most seasoned fighters wrapped around her finger. He supposed that was the appeal of her, she looked sweet on the surface. Her eyes, wide-eyed and green, drawing them in with unsaid promises. She’d managed to make each of them feel important, had managed to recruit towering figures as her henchman who’d die for her cause.

She was unhinged, that much was apparent, but she held it bay, controlling the _darkness_ as she’d deemed it.

“No,” he finally said. “I’m not leaving.”

“Good,” she said, “because I need you.”

He believed it, honest to an absent god, he did.

“And as for you,” she said, turning for her struggling mother. “Show no pity: life for life, eye for eye…right, mother?”

“What are you going to do?” Dean questioned.

He considered himself a man with a strong stomach, and what they’ve done is nothing compared to what he’d seen in Iraq. However, this feels different, there’s a driving force behind what they’re doing, and he’s slowly succumbing to it, they all are.

“They took life, and so did we,” Delilah explained, “and I’m feeling lyrical. We will never unseen the destruction they’ve caused, and I think it’s only fair that we take her sight. Symbolic, huh?”
As he watched her carve out both of her mother’s eyes from her skull, Dean rethought the lessons and the morals that had been instilled in him since birth.

Be kind to your neighbors.

Don’t murder or steal.

They’d been constructed in a world that had died a long time ago, and where killing hadn’t been an essential asset in surviving. It made sense to craft an ideal lifestyle that would fit their world.

So, he stomached it.
Ecclesiastes 3

Chapter Summary

There is time for everything, and a season for every activity under the heavens…a
time to be born and a time to die…a time to kill and a time to heal, a time to tear down
and a time to build… —Ecclesiastes 3

And that’s the cruel — or maybe beautiful thing about our world, that we can hold onto a moment
no more than we can let it linger. -delilah

Thursday

“You think we’ll survive this? I’m starting to doubt everything.”

Delilah regarded the man in the rearview mirror. “If you listen to what I say, you’ll never have to
doubt living again. Things are changing, you’ll see.”

“I believe you,” the Savior said, closing the rear window without another word.

“They think highly of you,” Simon commented offhandedly.

There’d been a subtle shift in the air since they’d watched her gorge her mother’s eyes out. If they
hadn’t respected her then, she’d all but solidified her position as their leader now.

“I just hope that I’m not leading them to another massacre,” she murmured. “I don’t think any of us
can take more of this. We haven’t mourned properly.”

“Crying and screaming — it all seems like a fucking waste of time.”

She gave him a sidelong glance. “Lazarus, their leader, admitted that they’ve been watching us for
a long time, and I don’t doubt that the rest of our people are in danger. Once we get to Lincoln, we
can warn the smaller communities. We’ll work to end this once and for all. Then we can heal.”

Before the dead rose, the Lincoln Outpost had once been a functioning military base, a self-
sufficient community complete with on-site shopping and housing. Negan and some of the earlier
members had stumbled across the military base, painstakingly clearing the area and further
fortifying the existing walls. It’d taken years, but the two separate metal, electrical fences that ran
the entire perimeter of the base had proved a significant deterrent to opposing forces time and time
again.

“Almost there,” he muttered. “No smoke. No ash. I think we’re in the clear.”

In the distance, they could see the outline of the community still standing and seemingly
untouched. Delilah breathed a sigh of relief.

They slowed at the first gate, cautious of the men and woman on guard. Dean staggered out of the
car, hands raised. “We’re fucking Saviors!” he shouted. “And we’re alive!”

There’s a wonderfully tense moment as the reality of their situation hits them like a kick to the
head. They’re alive.

“Jesus-fucking-Christ! Dean?” a woman shouted, and that triggered a shit storm. They lowered their weapons, clambering to open the gate, immediately waving them through. “We thought you were dead!”

He laughed tiredly. “They can’t kill us off that easily.”

Delilah tried her hardest not to be hopeful. She’d spent the month after the Sanctuary coming to terms that she would be a single parent, possibly having to give birth on the road while they established a new community, facing a potential threat.

“We’re alive,” Simon said. “He’s right. We’re not dead yet, but we do have to live now. Easier said than done.”

“Whatever happens,” Delilah said, “we’ll have each other.”

The second gate was already in the process of opening, having been radioed by the Saviors at the first gate. A crowd gathered, immediately swarming their vehicles. Delilah guessed that a majority were looking for their family and friends. She recognized some faces from the Sanctuary, and it was a balm to her heart — some of her people were alive.

Killer barked, practically dislocating her shoulder in the process as he struggled to escape her hold. She guessed he’d become overstimulated by the crowd. They were shouting and crying, having reunited with the people they thought were lost.

He refused to listen, and tiredly she let him go, watching as he vaulted out the window and disappeared into the crowd.

Simon hadn’t moved, his hands remained on the steering wheel, eyes trained forward, impartially studying the emotional exchanges. “I’m going to get Killer, and then I’ll come back,” she assured him.

Delilah dodged elbows and arms as she pushed through the wall of bodies, veering off to the left where she could hear Killer’s erratic barking and where the crowd had lessened. Her line of sight cleared and she saw—

“Negan!” It was little more than a breathy exhale, and then she was running to him hands outstretched as fast as she could in her condition.

It was the sweetest embrace, and after being separated for months they were reluctant to separate. Negan hugged her tighter, cupping her midsection and she held him in kind, burrowing her face into the nape of his neck. “I thought you’d died,” she whispered. “I thought you’d left this earth without me.”

Her memories had faded with time, and the last image of him she’d been able to hold onto was there wedding day — bright-eyed, dimpled, and laughing. It was her favorite, and at night, she’d sew together the words that she wanted to give their child like a hand-me-down quilt. The memory of their father.

“My love,” she breathed, realizing for the first time that something didn’t quite feel right, “what have they done to you?”

Nothing remained of his left ear, only textured, scarred skin. His right ear was adorned with a hearing aid. He was attempting to read her lips, she realized, eyes pinched in concentration.
He stepped back, motioning with his hands, a sheepish smile on his face that didn’t quite reach his eyes.

“I don’t understand,” she said slowly.

“He’s saying you’ll get used to it, he did,” a rough voice said, and she looked up, putting a face to the voice. “Daryl,” he introduced. “I’ve been teaching him sign language. My asshole brother fucked up his hearing driving drunk once, glad it finally came in handy.”

“I do have partial hearing in this ear,” Negan interrupted, “but I’ve been learning ASL. It’s like a secret fucking language only a handful of people know.” He held up his finger, motioning, and she looked at Daryl for a translation.

“He’s saying, I love you,” he huffed, trying his hardest to remain impassive. Delilah got the sense that he generally wasn’t comfortable with emotion.

I love you, she signed shakily.

“I know, Kitten.” Negan brushed her left hand, lingering on her missing fingers. “Speak into this ear, okay? I couldn’t hear you — your words were literally falling on deaf ears,” he joked, his words choked with emotion.

“How are you still alive?” she inquired.

“We watched the explosion happen from a distance. The herd was thin from your side, wasn’t it?” She nodded. “That’s because they came from our side — a fuck-ton of the dead came out of the woodwork, and we had to get the fuck out of there. I would have died, looking for you but Rick knocked my ass out, and I woke up at the Kingdom.”

“So how did this happen?” she asked, regarding his ear.

“After we warned the Kingdom, we headed for the Sanctuary.” He trembled beneath her hands, and she held him tighter. “It was already up in flames by the time we got there, they’d tied bombs to several of the walkers, others were doused in gasoline. It went up so quickly.” He swallowed hard. “I was close when one of the blasts went off, and,” he said, hesitating, “a metal pole clipped me on the side of the head, burned my fucking ear off. The explosion took care of the right one.

“I almost lost you twice,” Delilah marveled aloud.

“Radios here are far-reaching, and we’ve been able to reach most of the smaller communities,” Daryl offered uncomfortably. “Seems like they were gunning for the Sanctuary, though. Lost more than half the population.”

“The Satellite Outpost was just a distraction and a test,” she said, sharing her theory. “They wanted to see how fast we’d react and what we’d do. Lazarus, their leader, he mentioned that he’s been watching us for months.”

Daryl scoffed. “Always about religion, ain’t it?”

“Yeah.” She held Negan tighter. “It is, isn’t it?”

Friday

“You’re meant to have put on more pounds during this stage in the pregnancy, and that’s the only thing that worries me,” said the Lincoln Outpost’s doctor, Kyra, moving the wand along her belly.
She fumbled with the ultrasound machine before the sound of loud swooshing and a rapid tempo filled the room. “There they are,” she said, pointing.

“They?” Negan breathed, he clasp Delilah’s hand tightly.

“Congratulations,” Kyra said. “Two healthy girls — and identical by the looks of the placenta. I’ll print out some pictures, and Delilah? I’d like to see you back next week. It’s important that we monitor your pregnancy closely.”

Negan nuzzled Delilah’s shoulder, his words just barely audible. “Kitten, you’ve given me something to live for again.”

**Saturday**

“You look like a different person since I’ve last seen you. A leader, a wife, and a mother,” Lucille commented, finally piercing the stillness of the room. “I guess that makes you my sister-in-law? And an aunt?”

“Of two girls,” Delilah said, accepting her well wishes. “I’m just curious as to why Negan never mentioned you. He told me he had sisters once, but he never said that any had survived.”

“I was the oldest, and since our parents worked most nights, they were my responsibility, and he didn’t take kindly to being ordered around. He was headstrong and stubborn, even at such a young age and adulthood wasn’t any different. He all but broke off ties with me after a trade agreement went wrong and I haven’t directly communicated with him in years.”

“Estranged family members. I can imagine.”

“Life has a way of bringing them back into our lives. You should know, your mother,” she said, hesitating. “People are talking about the things you’ve done.”

“I’d do them again,” Delilah said.

Lucille smiled tightly. “I heard of your...philosophy,” she said.

“You’ll hear more.”

“You’ll make a good lieutenant.”

Delilah’s head fell to the side, eyes soulful. “Are you going to step down or do I have to take this place from you?”

**Sunday**

“No falsehood! No weakness! No falsehood! No weakness! No falsehood! No weakness!”

Delilah raised her hand, and silence immediately fell across the vast field. Her people watched her intently, the torch she held in her hand, casting shadows across their faces, and illuminating their stoic expressions.

If only she could capture this moment and give it to her younger self as she’d laid bleeding and crying on the basement floor. Tell her that not only would she make her mother suffer as she had made her, but be the woman who would be partially responsible for the downfall of religion.

They’d say her name long after her body had turned to ash.
With that thought, she began to speak. “We’ve deluded ourselves long enough into thinking that something living in the sky will save us, rather than ourselves and our own abilities. No more, we’ve risked our lives for far too long. We’ve come to know the world and all its harsh angles, and there isn’t room for ideology. No longer will we wait for a god — we are gods!”

The crowd gave an overwhelming roar, and the earth beneath her feet thundered with the approach of the men tasked with carrying her bound mother.

Her mother had always said she’d burn in hell, and for that reason, Delilah decided to burn her at the stake.

“Someday we won’t remember why we relied on a false god for comfort and strength. Our children and our children’s children will only know of what we’ve done to survive. They’ll look to us for answers, and we’ll have them.” She held the torch higher, tossing it onto the mound of brush and debris they’d collected.

One by one, they approach her mother’s body, tossing mementos of their faiths into the fire: rosaries and crosses, figurines of various deities.

“No falsehoods,” she whispered, fingering the rosary around Dean’s neck. He bowed his head, allowing her to remove it.

“No weakness,” he answered.

He watched her throw it into the flames.

Monday

The material of the towel is unforgivingly coarse against her skin, and she knows she’ll have to explain her bloodshot eye to Negan later.

Her throat constricts, and the towel is shoved down her throat, stifling another sob. It’s been like this for a while, but usually, she can stop herself from crying, keep her emotions at bay. Her teeth pierce the cloth and dig into her bottom lip.

There’s a knock at the door. Negan’s voice comes muffled. “Kitten? Breakfast is ready.”

Her reflection in the mirror is guarded, challenging, before the woman in the mirror purposefully softens, smiling. It’s genuine. Her hand presses against the roundness of her belly, against the lives, growing inside of her.

“Coming!” she called.

Tuesday

They had a pretty house with no basement.

Shortly after they’d arrived, Negan had eagerly begun house hunting. He’d been reluctant to take that step forward alone, holding out hope that she was alive. He’d picked one of the bigger houses, two-story and a wrap-around porch. He’d claimed that he wanted to fill every room with their babies.

And if that’s what he wanted, then she’d give it to him. Something had changed, and he’d fallen into the role of homemaker, keeping busy with his garden, learning ASL, and crafting new recipes. She understood why he no longer wanted a position of leadership, and sometimes she couldn’t help
but marvel how things had changed.

She wielded power so effortlessly. Truly, she was born for this.

Dean tapped his finger impatiently on the table, asking for the benefit of the whole table that waited impatiently on the stuttering man, “Your name?”

He coughed nervously, and Delilah gave him a polite smile, urging him to speak. “Eugene, sir. I work in the reconstruction and science department, making sure our community doesn’t slip back into the dark ages. Now, uh, I am almost certainly positive from their affliction with biblical ideologies, that the gas used in the attacks at the outpost and Sanctuary were sulfur dioxide. In the Bible, fire and brimstone are cited multiple times regarding divine judgment—”

“Alright, we get it,” Dean interrupted. “They mix in sulfur with the explosives to keep us disoriented as a homage to the Bible. But how the hell did it not affect them?”

Eugene blinked. “Easy. While you were being hit with the initial strength of the chemicals and writhing in pain, they were taking their sweet time — give or take a handful of minutes. The lingering mist isn’t much of a deterrent to them.”

Delilah nodded her understanding, asking, “Eugene, do you believe in God?”

“I’m a man of science,” he answered, shifting nervously under her unrelenting gaze. “I find that religion and science don’t make a very appetizing cocktail — too bitter.”

“A man of science. You’re exactly what I need.”

“And just what necessity am I filling, ma’am?”

“Don’t be so formal,” she said, settling back into her chair.

He nodded, nervously wiping the sweat beading on his upper lip. “Alright, Delilah.”

“So, Eugene, if I wanted a kind of sulfur dioxide that would enhance those side effects — would you be able to do that for me?”

“I’m sure I could produce something suitable. I would just have to take a closer look at the electron configuration to determine a chemical that would pair with the element. It would take some finagling, but with the resources we have it wouldn’t take more than a couple of weeks.”

“Don’t be so humble,” she said, knowing the extent of his intelligence. “Pride goes before destruction.”

“Yes, it does,” Eugene said, looking relieved. “And a haughty spirit before stumbling.”

Wednesday

“Keep your hands here,” she softly ordered. “If you move, you won’t come tonight. Tell me you understand.”

Negan shivered, unsure but simultaneously thrilled with the shift in their dynamic. He gripped the headboard, the whites of his knuckles showing as Delilah, fully nude, straddled his waist.

“From now on, you’ll only come when I say, and you won’t touch yourself without my permission.” Her fingers brushed his tight, peaked nipples. They were incredibly sensitive as they’d come to learn, and he loved to have them played with. His nipple piercing had been more
for aesthetic reasons, but now it was a staple in their sex life.

He hissed at the feeling of her teeth softly tugging the piercing. “I won’t touch myself.”

“Good boy,” she said, rewarding him with a soft kiss before shifting until the shaft of his cock brushed along her folds. “You’re going to watch me touch myself, and if you keep your hands to yourself, you’ll get a reward.”

Negan nodded hastily, willing her to continue.

Delilah braced one hand against his stomach for support, her other hand reaching for her clit, knuckles bumping against the root of his cock as she fingered herself. Her fingers collected her arousal, painting his abs. “Can you feel how wet I am?”

“You’re killing me, Kitten.”

“Hands,” she warned, stopping.

Without realizing it, his hands had gone lax, and he attempted to gain a firmer grasp on the headboard, his palms slick. When Delilah was satisfied, she continued, and he watched her pleasure herself unashamed, marveling at her undulating figure in the moonlight. The swell of her breasts, the fullness of her belly and the delicate column of her neck.

He figured that this was payback for all the times he’d teased her, and he wasn’t idiotic enough to go against her word.

“I can tell you want to throw me down and just fuck me,” she teased. His thighs had begun to clench rhythmically, and the tension beneath his skin hummed. She nestled the head of his weeping cock against her slit.

He shuddered, and the headboard shook in his grip as she slowly took him into the hilt. “…f-fuck yes. Oh, fuck, Kitten…”

Her stomach fluttered, hearing him so needy and breathless and within seconds she was eagerly rolling her hips so that she could fuck him deeper, harder. He couldn’t resist touching her, and she could never deny him for long, pushing into his hands when he cupped her breasts and lovingly thumbed her nipples.

It was the sweetest sin, watching him unravel under her hands, writhing and groaning.

“Harder, please. Harder,” he moaned, brokenly, hips bucking upward into her in jerky movements as he lost his composure. “…close…gon’a come…”

“Not yet,” she cooed, fine, red lines following the pattern of her nails that trailed down the expanse of his chest. He hissed sharply when they grazed his pebbled nipples. “Now who’s the needy, little slut. Huh?”

“I…ung…I am,” he moaned, and if he felt wary of his admission, it was overshadowed by his eagerness to please her. “I’m your needy slut. Fuck your slut!”

Her hand closed around the corded muscles of his neck, and he stilled, eyes blinking and coming into focus. She applied pressure, all the while, rolling her hips forward encouragingly. He swallowed tightly, and inside her, she could feel his cock twitch in interest. She smiled, her tongue tasting the salt of his skin as she fucked him like that, a hand to his throat.
“You may come,” she said, releasing her hold around his neck.

His orgasm, it was a punch to the gut, a shuddering breath of air that he drew into his lungs as the heat in his groin spilled over. “Shit,” he groaned. “Fucking shit.”

Delilah slowly dismounted, wetness spilling down her thighs, settling against the headboard so that she could watch him recover. She’d give him a moment, let him come to terms with who he was now.

After a few minutes, he rolled onto his stomach, carefully placing a hand across her belly and nuzzling her chest. “Love you,” he yawned softly.

“Love you too, but we’re not done.”

She crooked her finger, and he smirked, crawling between her legs.
What are you doing today? Delilah signed, watching Negan bustle around the kitchen. He grinned at her effort, placing a cup of tea beside her plate and settling into the seat across from her.

I’m going to tend to my sunflowers. Negan grinned shyly, signing, I’m also thinking of painting the girls’ room. Any preferences?

“Whatever you choose will be fine,” Delilah said, taking another bite of the pumpkin bread he’d made. It was mouthwatering, and she silently suspected he’d been trying to fatten her up with the desserts he’d been baking.

“And you?” he asked.

“On the last surveillance trip, Ty reported that they’re stagnant. They don’t seem to think we'll retaliate. That's good, that tells us that they're not aware of some of our larger communities. One more week, and we’ll be ready.”

He nodded slowly, thinking of the countless hours she’d spent awake, planning, and deliberating. “I’ve spoken to Lucille,” he said, sometime after they’d lapsed into silence.

They did that a lot, just sat and thought in each other’s presence.

“And?” She took a muffin from the breakfast spread and quickly devoured it.

“Nothing about her sudden resignation.” He waved his hand. “We’re putting our problems aside, and she’s excited to meet her nieces. I’m glad to have my sister back.”

I’m happy for you. This will be over soon, and then we can move on, rebuild what we’ve lost, Delilah signed.

He touched the side of his forehead with the tips of his fingers. I know.

We have guests, she signed, hearing the front door open. It’s probably Ethan and Ty.

Negan immediately brightened, anticipating their arrival. They should try my pumpkin bread. Ty and Ethan entered the kitchen. Hey, assholes. Try my pumpkin bread.

“Pumpkin bread, right?” Ethan asked, looking to Delilah for clarification. They’d all been learning a bit of ASL. “I’m good, man. Thanks.”

Your loss, Negan signed and said aloud for their benefit, wandering off like he usually did now when they discussed business. I’ll be in my garden.

“I’m still not used to seeing him like this,” Ty admitted, mumbling around a mouthful of muffin.
“We all have different ways of dealing with trauma,” she said. “So, what do you have for me?”

They exchanged glances, and Delilah waited patiently, her men knew that she expected a detailed report of relayed information, anything else would be a waste of her time.

“It’s Simon.”

She’d done her best to keep Samara’s word, and she felt like she had, even going as far as to move him into the bedroom on the first floor. The idea that she could do more had been a reoccurring thought, but she couldn’t babysit him for the rest of his life.

“What about Simon?”

They’d arrived on the outskirts of the community, a deserted area that was perfect for their illegal activity. It was no bigger than a shack adorned with humble features. A groundskeeper’s shed.

Cocaine. So that’s what Simon had been doing when her back was turned, right under her goddamn nose.

“Tell me about them,” she requested.

“Jed’s their ring leader,” Ty informed her. “A nasty, brutal motherfucker with an even worse temper, but efficient on long-distance scouting missions.”

“He’s had several allegations made against him. Fifteen in the past six months and twenty-nine allegations since his arrival two years ago,” Ethan inputted, wiping his knife on his pant leg.

“The farther from here, the better,” Dean deduced.

“I could kill him,” Ethan offered, sheathing the knife.

“If it comes to that, kill as many as you want,” she allowed. “Jed’s mine. Hang back in the doorway, and Ethan come with me.”

The room was humid and dank despite the recent drop in temperature. There were a handful of men that lounged around the small space on stained coaches and mattresses, all in various states of intoxication. There were empty beakers and bottles of chemicals in the corner, vomit on the walls.

She scanned the room, finding Simon’s slumped body sprawled out on a couch. His head was bent at an odd angle, but she could see the powdery substance caught in his facial hair.

“And just who the fuck do you think you are?” Jed, she assumed, stumbled forward, having hauled himself out of a beaten recliner. “I don’t sell to pregos,” he said, eyeing her blearily.

He had some morals, and there wasn’t much else she could say of him. He stunk worse than the room: stale cigarettes, whiskey, and overwhelming body odor.

“I came for him.” She pointed to Simon, her words loud in the suddenly quiet room. Their eyes were watching her — as she preferred it.

“I think he’s comfortable here,” he said, rolling his shoulders. He stumbled back from the simple movement, catching himself on the back of a chair. “Ain’t that right, boys?” They laughed on cue.

Delilah attempted to sidestep him, and a hand came down on her shoulder.
“Don’t touch her,” Ethan said, speaking for the first time, stepping forward threateningly.

“Alright.” Jed held his hands up mockingly. “I won’t touch her. What the hell is she — the Virgin Mary?”

“Can I tell you something, Jed?” Delilah asked.

He leaned in when she indicated, the smell of vanilla and something distinctively feminine, drowning his senses. “Little bitch has some nerve,” he laughed obnoxiously, but unlike the last time, the others didn’t join in. They’d begun to understand the extent of their predicament.

“Closer, please,” she said, deceptively sweetly.

He stooped further, having to bend at the waist.

Delilah’s hands smoothed across his shoulders, and her mouth appeared poised to speak before it widened abruptly. Her face burrowed in the crook of his neck too quick for their eyes to follow. It was over before it even happened and she stood over Jed’s twitching body, spitting out the piece of flesh that she’d bitten from his neck. The blood splatter caught some of the men that had been sitting close by.

They flinched, understanding.

Her feet carried her across the room towards Simon. His glossy eyes slowly found hers, looking at her but through her. “Samara?”

“Oh, Simon,” she sighed, cupping his face. He leaned into the touch, a tear falling. “Why?”

“It hurts.”

“I know it does. I know it does,” she soothed him.

Without another word, she drew her fist back, punching him square in the nose.

Delilah stood, asking the room, “Any questions?”

“No, ma’am,” a man said, wiping some of Jed’s blood from his cheek. “It’ll all be gone in the morning.”

“Good.” She paused. “You can keep the marijuana.”

“Thank you,” they said collectively, and they meant it.

She stepped out into the chill of the night air, head turned upward. Simon’s unconscious body was strewn over Ethan’s shoulder. “It’s going to snow soon. I don’t think it’s snowed in years. You know, when I was a child I’d get so excited, and I’d sit by the window so that I could look at the snowflakes,” she said.

Dean eyed the body and the blood that stained her lips. “You okay, kid?”

Her hand rubbed soothing circles along the side of the belly where one of the babies kicked. They must have sensed her excitement. “Today’s my birthday.”

“Not how you intended to spend it, huh?” he asked.

“I beg to differ. It’s the best I’ve ever had.”
“Yeah?” He appraised her, simultaneously replaying the scene in his head of Jed’s towering figure crumpling to the floor. David and Goliath. “You must have had some fucked up birthdays.”

She loved that despite the position of her leadership, Dean still saw her in the same light. Even if he didn’t agree with her tactics, he treated her with respect all the same. It was refreshing.

“Extremely fucked.” Delilah smiled, but the expression was devoid of any mirth. “Ethan, lock Simon in a cell until the drugs are out of his system. Tell him, Samara, would be extremely disappointed.”

If she believed in a god, she would have made a silent prayer, thinking that Samara could hear her, and ask for her forgiveness. Instead, she gave Simon a lingering kiss on his cheek before returning home.

“Happy birthday! Make a wish,” Negan urged her. He’d been strangely absent when she’d returned home but he’s there now as she steps out of the shower and into their room, holding a cupcake topped with two candles that illuminated the space.

Twenty-five. She felt decades older. This life had aged her.

“I wish for a long life with you and our many children.” She blew out the candle, leaving the room bathed only in moonlight. “Where’s my birthday kiss?” she asked.

He tasted sweet, vanilla, and cinnamon. Delilah couldn’t tell the difference between him and the bites of fluffy cake that he fed her.

She thanked him softly when there was nothing left, brushing her lips across her name, inked on his chest as she pulled his shirt over his head. It would be there forever, would fade with the years.

There was a fleeting thought that maybe she should have meant it when she’d made the wish, but birthday wishes didn’t work like that, so she bent him over the bed instead.

It was a position he was still becoming accustomed to, vulnerable and excited, and he was still embarrassed that his voice could sound so breathless. “What do you want me to do?”

“Touch yourself.”

She heard his strangled moan as he brought his hand to his cock, and she could imagine him hard and throbbing in his hand, fucking into his fist with slicked fingers once she’d commanded him to spit into his palm.

“Slowly.”

His pace slowed considerably.

As it was, she preferred wielding control rather than handing it over.

She could still remember the first time it’d happened, that subtle shift in power, so seamless they hadn’t realized it themselves until afterward. He’d been so gentle, and she could remember wanting it rougher, a hand here, legs there — so she’d taken it.

And he’d been alright with that, so she’d taken some more.

The third caress was her favorite, she’d fall into her familiar rhythm, and his skin would be such a pretty shade of pink, warm from her hand. Her hand came down, and she rubbed the spot
soothingly, delivering two more in quick succession. “You don’t have to count this time, just feel,” she said.

And it was heavenly, watching his body seeking out his pleasure. He pushed back against her hand before thrusting into his, and she delighted in his little pants, the trembling of his arm as he attempted to hold himself upright.

“Are you going to come for me?”

“I’m close,” he managed to say.

“Do you want me to fuck you? Or do you want to come just like this?”

He pushed harder against her hand with a shuddered breath, gasping, “…like this…”

She immediately retrieved the small bottle in the bedside drawer, pouring a generous amount of lube onto the crack of his ass and her fingers. “Just relax, remember?” she said, waiting for him to breathe.

A single finger pressed against the tight ring of muscle and she waited patiently for him to relax, the tip of her finger slipping in when she did so.

She placed soft kisses along his spine. “Another one?”

He nodded, and she slowly worked him over, slipping another finger into his ass when he’d slackened beneath her fingers. She tore a cry from him which quickly turned to loud shouts when she curled her fingers upward, finding his prostate and massaging it in small, tight circles. The neighbors would talk, but she couldn’t bring herself to care — she wanted him louder.

“Let me,” she said, reaching around and gripping his cock.

She fucked him harder with her fingers, twisting her wrist to thumb the head of his cock until he was strung taut, coming undone by her touch alone and begging for release. “Delilah,” he whined. “Fuck!” His hands fisted the bed sheets, pulling the comforter from the bed.

Nipping along his shoulder, she encouraged him to come, and before the words had even left her mouth, he was spilling onto her fingers.

“I love you,” she breathed.

This was their reality, it would always hurt, but they’d come to learn that some days, more than others, the pain was worth it.
Amen

Chapter Summary

I was born sick, but I love it. Command me to be well. Amen, Amen, Amen!

Chapter Notes

i just want to say thank you from the bottom of my heart, for reading, for commenting, for your patience, and for welcoming this story into your life. thank you. x

It was chilly that morning, and when the sun rose, it was behind a blanket of thick gray clouds. It colored them, a filter that overlaid the earth, and they witnessed it all, standing upon a cliff that overlooked the woods amid the organized chaos of their group as they readied their assault on the Children of Lazarus.

“Do you think we would have found each other in another life?” Delilah innocently posed the question to her husband, her eyes trailing the clouds. She’d never seen them move so fast, and for the first, but not the las timet, she began to question the concept of time. Maybe she could conquer that too.

“I’d like to think that we would have found each other, eventually,” Negan said.

“You would have seen how helpless I was and saved me from myself,” she teased slowly, allowing him to read her lips.

He cupped her chin, kissing her lips. “You don’t need me to save you, Kitten.”

Delilah looked to him fondly, his features partially obscured by the black hood of his cloak. “I’ll always need you.”

“Since we’re being all sentimental, it’s only appropriate that we reminisce, right? That day in the yard with Hanzal,” he said, smiling cheekily, “I had catnip in my pocket. All I had to do was shake it, and he led you straight to me.”

“Of course you did,” she laughed, remembering Hanzal fondly and his sudden attachment to the man. Her gaze scanned the outline of the forest, remembering all that they’d lost, and she fell silent.

“So we’re going to do this? Kill close to two hundred people?” Dean asked, coming to stand beside her.

“They’re not fond of guns. It should be fairly easy,” Simon remarked, trailing closely behind.

“We take the young children, the ones too young to remember — if any,” she added offhandedly. “Other than that, I see no reason for mercy. If a few escape we’ll find them in the next couple of weeks.”
Dean shook his head, lighting a cigarette, neither disagreeing or agreeing. He’d put a lot of thought into what he wanted to say on this day, something about morality and death becoming them, and meant to do it then but Eugene stumbled forward, looking uncoordinated and out of place in the mass of moving bodies.

“Everything’s in position, ma’am. Just waiting on your word,” he said, giving a nervous salute and leading her towards the other side of the overlook. “As you know, I’ve calculated this location as a prime spot for our intentions. Rick, Daryl, Ty, and Ethan will fire off the Rpg7 Rocket Launchers with the canisters containing my sulfur concoction. I’ve positioned each one to distribute the gas thoroughly.” He indicated to the men currently shouldering the heavy machinery.

“The canisters will emit the gas mid-air?” she asked.

“A couple of seconds after being launched,” Eugene confirmed.

She’d experienced many pivotal shifts in her lifetime, and it was thrilling to be behind the driving force of one this time.

“Go on,” she beckoned, “let us bring them their rapture.”

She put on the gas mask that had been hanging around her neck, and the rest of them followed suit, pulling the black hoods of their capes over their heads in near unison as the canisters sailed through the air.

Then, Delilah walked towards the billowing smoke.

They emerged from the tree line, a mass of black-hooded figures. To the opposing group, they were evil personified, something that would crawl from the depths of Hell.

The first wave of their attack had come in a flurry of bullets. They’d easily mulled down twenty of their people before moving deeper into their makeshift community. The sulfur lingered in the air, making their tents and their homes ignite faster.

Delilah removed her gas mask, surveying the twitching bodies on the forest floor. “Do you see him?” she questioned, stepping over a decapitated head.

“Hard to see anything with this shit on,” Simon huffed, throwing his mask to the floor beforeocking his shotgun and shooting a retreating figure in the distance.

“I suppose so,” she trailed, looking towards Negan for direction. He’d stayed by her side for the majority of the assault, but she could tell he was becoming restless. “Go on,” she told him, “I’ll stay with Simon while you take Ethan and Dean deeper into the community.”

They were her muscle, but she’d gladly surrender them to him. “It’s just something I need to do,” he told her, kissing her goodbye.

“Was it everything you thought it’d be?” Simon quietly regarded the organized chaos. The effects of the gas were beginning to wear off, and screaming had begun to puncture what was once meant to be a quiet day.

“I feel better.” She shot a man attempting to crawl away, nudging him onto her back so that she could see his face. Making a soft noise of annoyance, she asked, “You?”

“It helps to know that I took away the thing that hurt her, but death seems too good for them.”
“We could take a few, leave them in the cellar and every year sacrifice one on this day in
memoriam?”

Simon hummed noncommittally, stalking forward into the bushes, eyes intent on something.

Finally, all was right. Delilah had done right by her people, given them the retribution they’d
deserved and for that, she could rest tonight. It wouldn’t bring back the people they’d lost, it
wouldn’t bring Samara back from the dead, but it was a start.

Her head turned in the direction of a soft cry, and she was temporarily distracted from the display
of Simon strangling a man who’d been attempted to hide. With one last look in his direction, she
followed the noise, and it took her several yards away into the underbrush.

Delilah softly hummed to herself as she strolled forward, deliberately walking past the hiding place
of the person who was breathing far too loudly before circling back around. “Peekaboo,” she
teased.

The woman screamed.

“Where are you going?” Delilah softly clucked her tongue, watching the woman stumble backward
with the bundle in her arms. She watched her intently, trying to understand the human form in all
its oddity.

“Are you done?” she asked, completely ignoring the hysterics of the nameless woman as she
pleaded for mercy. “Oh, there’s no need for that. There is no such thing as mercy in my world.”

Delilah gently pried the baby from her arms.

“Hello, little one,” she softly hummed to the infant who’d quieted. “My husband is going to love
you.”

The women weakly reached for the baby. “Please, I beg of you—”

“Do you know how many children were inside the Sanctuary when your people burnt it to the
ground?” The baby in her arms gave her a gummy smile, and Delilah cooed, tucking the bundle
against her chest. “Fifty-six,” she said without taking her eyes off the baby’s face. “Don’t worry.
She’ll live a godless life.”

A bullet between the eyes and then silence.

“Much better. Isn’t that right, sweetheart?” she asked the infant.

Dead leaves crunched beneath boots, alerting Delilah to another presence. “Boss?”

“Look what I found,” she said in greeting.

Simon rubbed at his beard thoughtfully, tired eyes regarding the chubby face. “Yeah?”

“It’s a girl,” she grinned and they laughed together, a sound so hollow that it stayed with them
rather than being carried away by the wind.

“We’re almost done,” Simon said. “Should get back to the others.”

They’d barely stepped into the clearing, yet Delilah could feel the heat from the flames beginning
to lap at her skin unforgivingly. Fire and brimstone.
“Hello, Lazarus. I see you’ve met my husband.” He was more blood than man, all Negan’s doing, his nose broken and bleeding, teeth missing and a left hand sawed at the wrist.

“My love,” she softly greeted Negan, showing him the baby in her arms. “I have something for you. Think we can handle three?” she softly teased, glowing with pride when she saw how his eyes softened.

Negan carefully took the baby, bloody hands soiling the blanket. “At this rate, we’ll have a full house,” he laughed, stroking his finger across the soft skin of the baby’s cheek.

“That sounds perfect.” She turned to the broken man at her feet, circling and pondering aloud, “How does it feel knowing that your beliefs will die with you? I, for one, find the absence of religion liberating. I feel grounded.”

“You’ll burn in hell for this.” He flinched when Delilah wrapped her hands around his throat. “The cowardly, the unbelieving, the vile, the murders, and the sexually immoral — they will be consigned to the fiery lake of burning sulfur.”

“Why is it that you cling to this entity?” Her head tilted to the side like a curious puppy, and she pressed down onto the column of his neck, watching his eyes bulge. “I’m going to choke you and watch the life slowly bleed from your body… and then … I’m going to revive you, over and over.”

Lucille stepped forward, dragging a dead body and throwing it into the fire. “I’d like a turn,” she requested.

Later, when it was all said and done, Delilah wouldn’t remember the minutes and how they’d passed, his mangled body underneath her fingers as she performed CPR until his heart couldn’t take it anymore. Maybe it was too horrific even for her. Trauma tended to do that for you.

In the end, she stood over his writhing body, desperately trying to escape even though Lucille had broken both of his kneecaps. Burning flesh assaulted her nose, and a thin layer of grime had settled onto her skin, she wiped her brow, stepping forward and onto his back, so that he collapsed headfirst into the dirt.

She wrenched his head backward, smearing, Amen, across his forehead.

They threw him into the flames, barely alive, and rejoiced in his screams.

For all of the empty prayers that had fallen on deaf ears and the faith they’d given to an absent entity, they were thankful. Out of the ashes and the discord, they’d become enlightened. Their eyes had opened.

This was a godless world, and they knew that now.

They embraced it.

Along the path back to the caravan of cars, she watched her people scream and cry tears of joy. They were coasting on their adrenaline, others more subdued than others as they carried children in their arms. Several feet in front of her, Simon held a little girl barely older than one who clutched at his cape, her head resting on his shoulder.

“My love,” she said, when she noted Negan’s silence, “what are you thinking?”

“What if we’re wrong and God is real?” Negan deliberated out loud, purely out of curiosity and nothing else. He regretted nothing from this night. “What if He understood your reasonings, and
forgave your sins, offering you entrance into Heaven?”

Delilah smiled, brushing the back of her hand against the stubble of his cheek that had begun to gray prematurely. He was tired, and truth be told, so was she.

“I’d only have two words.”

“Is that right?” He smiled softly as she pulled the blanket aside, brushing a kiss against the baby’s forehead. “What if he offered you the key to the kingdom of Heaven? Only two words for your maker?” he asked.

Casting her eyes heavenward, she said, "Deny me."

End Notes

As always, leave me a comment! I love hearing from you guys! Kudos and support help me post way faster! Seriously, I'm overjoyed by every small word of encouragement! x

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