

## Freaky Deaky

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/11158695) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/11158695>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Mature</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings</a>
Category:	<a href="#">F/M</a>
Fandoms:	<a href="#">The Walking Dead (TV)</a> , <a href="#">The Walking Dead (Comics)</a>
Relationships:	<a href="#">Negan (Walking Dead)/You</a> , <a href="#">Negan (Walking Dead)/Original Female Character(s)</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Negan (Walking Dead)</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Negan - Freeform</a> , <a href="#">Negan Smut Week</a> , <a href="#">Negan (Walking Dead) Swears</a> , <a href="#">Possessive Negan (Walking Dead)</a> , <a href="#">Dom Negan (Walking Dead)</a> , <a href="#">Sweet Negan (Walking Dead)</a> , <a href="#">Sexy Negan (Walking Dead)</a> , <a href="#">Negan Smut</a> , <a href="#">Negan Lemonade</a> , <a href="#">Negan's Thirst Squad</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2017-06-10 Words: 1,684 Chapters: 1/1

# **Freaky Deaky**

by [AshZombie13](#)

## Summary

Negan is on the receiving end of some semi rough freaky deaky.

I could tell that Negan already had his eyes on me for weeks now, but there was never a right time for him to make a move. Every time he visited Alexandria, he was dealing with Rick, who always tried to get Negan to leave as quickly as possible. Rick also knew Negan wanted me, and he did his best to protect me. He never left me alone with Negan. I appreciated his concern, but I also wished he would just back off.

Negan had arrived at Alexandria today, much earlier than we anticipated. Rick was still out gathering supplies for Negan, and he wasn't expected to return until the end of the day.

"You're early. We aren't ready," I scolded Negan.

"I don't give a shit! You should *always* be ready!" Negan growled.

I crossed my arms in protest. *This was ridiculous*. Two days early was too much, and I knew there would be no relaxing until Negan left Alexandria.

"I'm not fucking leaving, if that's what you're thinking." Negan spoke as if he could read my thoughts.

I rolled my eyes and began walking back into my house. I really didn't want to put up with Negan's bullshit today.

"Are you fucking waking away from me?! That's a big no-no! Now I'm just gonna fucking assume you want me to follow you, because you're giving me a tour of the damn house!" he huffed as he followed behind me quickly.

I almost wanted to slam the door in his face, but another part of me wanted him to come inside. Rick wasn't here to separate us anymore. Negan closed the door behind him, and it was just the two of us inside the house. Negan cocked his head as if he was signaling for me to begin the tour.

“Don’t be a *bad girl* ... show me around.” He mischievously grinned.

I couldn't help but let out a sigh, and I rolled my eyes, “Living room is here. Kitchen’s over there.” I pointed.

“And the bedroom?” Negan smirked.

“That remains a mystery.” I winked.

Negan groaned and followed me as I walked into the kitchen. I knew he wasn’t going to leave until Rick got back, and that could be awhile. I instantly came up with a plan to distract him. Negan’s eyes were on me while he took a seat at the dining table. He laid Lucille on the chair next to him, and removed his leather jacket, placing it on the seat as well. He sat down in the next chair, and kicked his feet up. He began to start relaxing as he watched me move around the kitchen.

“What the fuck are you doing?” Negan shouted.

“Making you lemonade!” I shouted back.

“Wait, you’re serious? Well shit, doll,” Negan got up and stood behind me in the kitchen.

If Negan was going to be waiting for Rick, then I’d have to entertain him. Rick wasn’t expected back for hours, and Negan would get bored. I knew exactly what he wanted, and hell, I wanted it too.

He placed his hands on my hips as I mixed the powder with water. I didn’t bother to push him away. I could hear him chuckle when I leaned back against his hips. His hot breath hit just above my ear.

“Pour me a glass,” he whispered in a demanding tone.

I poured it for him, and slowly turned around. Negan's hands were still on my hips. I held up the glass, and Negan smirked as he took it from me. He leaned back against the counter as he drank his lemonade. I leaned against the counter across from him and returned the smirk. He chuckled darkly. I tried not to stare down at his crotch, assuming he had a growing erection.

"You know, doll, I'd love a tour of the upstairs bedrooms." His grin grew wide, "I also think it would be enjoyable to screw your brains out, if you are agreeable to it."

*There it was.* The perfect distraction for Negan and myself. I had to admit, I had wanted Negan as soon as I saw him. He was insanely desirable, and I just knew he would be amazing in bed. Rick would never allow something like this to happen, or respect me for wanting it. Since he was gone, this was the perfect time for both of us to get what we wanted.

"The upstairs bedrooms? Hmmm. It does sound enjoyable to give you a... *tour* ." I smirked, and bit my bottom lip.

"Really?!" Negan shook his head, completely shocked.

I smirked at him as he sipped on his lemonade. His scruffy beard had been recently shaved, and his smooth skin showcased his dimples when he smiled. My eyes trailed down to his tight white shirt. I usually only saw Negan with his jacket zipped up, and he was now showcasing his arms. His hands were ungloved, and I caught myself staring at his long slender fingers. He smirked back at me when he realized I was checking him out. He chuckled before taking the last sip of his drink, and then set the empty glass down on the counter. I started to back up against the wall, and he slowly made his way over to me. Negan put his hands up on either side of me, blocking me in. His lips grazed mine as he hovered a moment before he came closer and deepened the kiss. I could taste the sweet lemonade on his lips. He pulled me up against him, and now I could feel his erection through his jeans. I pulled away slightly, making him groan.

"Would you like that tour now?"

Negan nodded his head slowly, his eyes full of want for me. He backed off, allowing me to move away from the wall.

I started to lead him up the stairs. Once I reached the top, I turned to see that he was following me like he was hunting his dinner.

I turned away from him and debated on actually taking him on a tour of the whole upstairs, or taking him straight to my room. *I choose the latter.*

“This is my room over here.” I began to walk, when I suddenly felt Negan yank my hips back.

He had shocked me, and I yelped as I fell back against him. I could hear him breathing heavily as he inhaled my scent.

“Which one is Rick’s?” Negan said breathlessly.

I was really confused, but I pointed out the room to him, and he was suddenly pulling me into the room. I heard him shut the door, and almost instantly heard the sound of his zipper.

“Strip them off,” Negan commanded.

“But this is Rick’s room! Mine is down the hall!” I protested.

A devilish grin crept up onto Negan’s lips, “I wanna fuck you on Rick’s bed.”

My eyes widened, and I couldn’t help but think about what would happen if Rick found out. Negan stripped off the rest of his clothes, and I had only managed to get my pants off so far.

“You’re not going fast enough,” he hissed, and he grabbed my button up blouse and tore it off. I could hear the sound of the buttons hitting the floor.

He laid me down on the bed, and those long slender fingers slipped inside my panties. He started to massage the lips of my pussy, and I shivered at his touch. He then slipped two fingers inside me, and he used his thumb to massage my clit. I whimpered as he fucked me with his fingers. His other hand moved up my body to my bra, pulling down the material. Once my tits were exposed, he grasped them one at a time, paying extra attention to my hard nipples. The pressure in my lower abdomen was building, and I didn't know how much more I could take. Negan must've noticed how close I was. He pulled his fingers out of me, leaving me at the edge of my release. I watched as he sipped his fingers inside his mouth, and sucked my juices off them.

Negan positioned himself at my entrance. I quickly pushed him off, and flipped him so I was on top. I realigned my entrance with his cock, and sunk down onto him. I began to bounce up and down as I rode him.

"I'm gonna fuck you until you scream for me to fucking stop, but I fucking won't."

He thought he could intimidate me, but I wasn't as submissive as he thought. I raised my hand, and slapped him across the face. There was a flash of anger in his face, followed by a look of lust.

"That was fucking hot!" he groaned.

"Watch your filthy mouth," I hissed, slapping him again.

Negan laughed, "I will say whatever the fuck I fucking want!"

I giggled when I realized he said that so I would slap him again. And I couldn't disappoint. I slapped him for a third time, and he moaned loudly. The look in his lustful eyes grew as his need for me intensified. His grip on my hips tightened as he pulled me down onto his cock harder. I continued to ride him as my hands reached his neck, slightly choking him.

"Fuck!" he began moaning loudly, over and over again.

His thrusts became sloppy and needy; I could tell he was close, and so was I. My walls tightened around his cock as I came, my legs shaking as my orgasm hit me in intense waves. My body felt weak, and I had to prop myself up against his chest. He guided my hips down onto his cock at a rapid pace, and I soon felt his release spill into me.

Exhausted, I laid my head against his chest. We were both breathing heavily, our bodies covered in sweat.

“That was nice,” I giggled, running my fingers over his smooth face.

“Just nice?!” Negan chuckled before suddenly slapping my ass.

*“Shit, doll. If I knew you were so freaky, I would’ve fucked you sooner!”*



Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!