

## You Drive Me Crazy

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# **You Drive Me Crazy**

by [Penny4urthot](#)

## Summary

Negan finds the reader hiding in the woods, He takes her back to the sanctuary. This is honestly just a bunch of smut, do we really need a summary?

## Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

It had been three weeks since Negan had found you, lost and wondering on the side of the road. Your hair matted up like it hadn't been brushed in weeks, your T-shirt ripped and torn from snagging on various branches, the flannel you wore over your T-shirt to prevent sunburn doing no good as the sleeves were ready to fall off.

You were terrified when you saw a car driving down the road that looked as if it had been vacant for months. You tried to run in the forest to hide but it was too late, you had already caught the eye of the man driving.

You ducked behind a tree and waited for the car to continue its way down the road. Fear ran through your body as you heard the car slow down and then stop. The door opened and you heard steps on the pavement that had your heart beating so fast you could hear it in your ears. You froze in fear, praying the man couldn't see you behind the tree.

"Hey, come out here." You heard the man's deep voice as his footsteps came closer. The crunch of the leaves causing a fearful shiver to tickle your spine as you sat there not moving, holding your breath.

"Hey, what are you doing?" He asked, his voice getting closer until he reached the very tree you were at.

"Damn, the fuck happened to you?" he questioned, his tone of voice didn't sound worried though, more amused. You knew he wasn't referencing your ripped up clothes or scattered appearance, those were both normal when you're on the run from walkers all day. He was referring to the bruise that encased your eye and the cut that ran from the top of your forehead down to your nose.

"N-nothing," you stuttered.

"Well if nothing did that then why the hell are you cowering behind a tree?" he questioned, this time you finally looked up at the stranger. He wore a black leather jacket and had a red scarf wrapped snugly around his neck along with jeans and black boots. His hair was a mix of salt and pepper as was his beard.

"You part of a group?" he inquired, curiosity running through his hazel eyes.

"No, it's just me now."

"Well come on, a hot ass woman like you needs somewhere to stay." He offered his hand out to you, which you took. What other option did you have? Stay stranded with no weapons and no food by yourself? You would be dead within days.

He had taken you back to where he and his people stayed. A place they called the sanctuary. He was the leader there and he had taken a special interest in you. He brought you directly up to his room letting you shower and gave you fresh clothes.

That was three weeks ago. Now you had your own room and Negan came to see you every night and tonight was no different. He had brought up you becoming one of his wives almost

immediately after you arrived but you didn't think he was serious. You had met his wives. They did not really love Negan. Even though they had a choice to marry him, they almost felt forced. They were really just used for sex and they were okay with it because it bought them protection.

You couldn't help but start to develop feelings for the oddly charming man who rescued you from your impending death.

"Hey, sexy." Negan's voice caused a smile to form on your lips. You quickly placed your bookmark in the book you were reading and set it down on the nightstand next to your bed.

"How was your day?" you asked him as you sat up in bed facing him.

"Fucking bullshit, same as every day." You laughed at his reply. His vulgar language was something you found strangely attractive like he was the bad boy you weren't allowed to date in high school.

He kicked his boots off and climbed on the bed, sitting next to you with his back leaning against the headboard.

"Anything I can do to help?" you questioned with a daring smirk.

"Hmmm, what did you have in mind?" he asked. The sexual tension between you two was getting to hard to bear. Surprisingly the two of you haven't had sex yet, not that he hadn't made an attempt. When he sensed you were uncomfortable, you were more than shocked when he didn't force himself on you, but rather told you it was okay. But that was the day he rescued you and you hardly knew him and you were still afraid of your new surroundings. Now weeks later, you found the desire for him hard to shut off.

"Well, maybe something like this," you stated as you slide your hand over his crotch, starting to rub slowly over his jeans.

"Well, I'll be damned. Looks like we had the same thing in mind." He looked at you with hunger in his eyes.

His cock was now hard beneath your hand. You slid closer to him and started to undo his belt and jeans. He lifted his hips enough so you could pull his pants and boxers down. The moan that escaped your lips as you saw how long and thick his cock was caused him to grin.

"You like what you see?" he asked, running his hand through your hair twisting it up in one hand to get a look at your face.

"Mmmhhhhmmm." You shuddered as you grasped him with both hands, your eyes locking with him, the pure animalistic look he held drove you completely wild. You kept eye contact as you moved your hands up and down his shaft before looking away and ducking your head down taking the tip in your mouth swirling your tongue around it.

"Dammmmm baby," he gasped as you proceeded to take all of what you could in your mouth, hollowing out your cheeks to take more. You could feel your lips becoming swollen from the

amount of pressure you held around his cock. Your right hand was wrapped around what you couldn't fit into your mouth, setting a slow, teasing pace.

You could feel Negan's large hand over the top of your head gently pushing down, urging you to pick up the pace. The smile on your lips widened as you speed up and heard a low groan escape his mouth.

"Fuckkkkk," he rasped, the grasp he held on your hair tightened as he helped your head bob up and down. This time it was you that moaned as one of his hands slid down to one of your breasts kneading your nipple between his fingers.

"That's a good, dirty slut, moaning around my dick." His words sent a wave of excitement through your body. You pulled away as you felt his hands move to the hem of your shirt pulling it over your head.

He flipped you over so you were on your back and he was between your legs. His calloused hands brushed your stomach as he went to your pajama shorts, slowly pulling them down your waist.

He threw your shorts and panties carelessly behind him as his eyes hungrily ran across your now naked body. He growled when his eyes landed on your pussy.

"You like what you see?" you asked, repeating his earlier words.

"You best believe I fucking do." His hands raked over your stomach as he scooted back off the bed so he was kneeling on the floor. He grabbed your ankles and roughly pulled you to him so your thighs were resting on his shoulder. His tongue gently slid over your core causing a small whimper to escape your lips. Your body shook in anticipation as his tongue teased your clit, swiping gently back and forth over it.

He moved his mouth over the sensitive bundle of nerves taking it in and sucking on it, then plunging one finger inside of you as deep as it would go.

"Already fucking wet for me," he groaned, his breath tickling you. He continued his assault on your clit and added a second finger which caused your hips to buck in anticipation. The purr that you let out caused him to pick up his pace as he rammed his fingers roughly within you.

"Holy shiiittt," you moaned. You felt yourself getting closer to the edge, desperate for your release you bucked your hips up providing him with deeper access to your core. The depth of his fingers deepened within you and that's all it took to push you over the edge, your legs shaking and your toes curling. Moaning his name with a mix of cuss words you felt your body tingling. With one final lick, he stood up and climbed back onto the bed as he stuck his fingers in his mouth, lapping up your juices.

"Turn over," his voice plagued with desire. You didn't hesitate to prop yourself up on all fours, shaking your ass a little bit to tease him.

"Dirty slut." You felt his hand slap your ass roughly causing you to moan half in pain half in pleasure.

You felt his weight shift off the bed and you grinned when you heard his pants hit the floor along with his shirt. You heard him fumbling with his jeans before he climbed back on the bed. He grabbed your arms causing you to fall on your face. He placed your arms behind your back and you felt the cool leather of his belt wrap around your wrists. He pulled the belt tight making sure you couldn't move your arms.

This was something that was new to you, but you completely enjoyed submitting yourself to him. You felt a bit daring as you shook your ass again, seeing what he would do next.

“You don't learn quickly do you?” he joked as he slapped your ass harder than last time.

“Guess not, or maybe I enjoy the punishment,” you replied turning around winking at him.

“You are just full of fucking surprises.” He slapped you again before lining himself up with your hips.

He pushed the tip of his hard cock into you slowly, an animalistic groan broke loose from his lips. He was now completely inside of you, he stilled his hips allowing you a moment to adjust to his size. You have never had sex with anyone nearly close to his size. Sliding your hips back a bit indicating you were ready he pulled out almost all the way then plunged back into you roughly.

“Fucking shit. You're tight,” he grunted as he slammed back into you, one hand was on your hip while the other was on your tied up arms, pulling them back tightly which in turn pulled your hips back to him. He leaned down and nipped the sensitive skin on the back of your neck then slowly sank his teeth down biting your flesh. You mewled in pleasure. He moved to the other side of your neck and started sucking roughly, determined to leave marks all over your delicate skin, claiming you as his.

He continued pounding deeply into you, hitting spots within you that you didn't know existed. You pushed your hips back into him allowing him to plunge deeper. He quickly pulled back and moved your legs so they were tightly together moving his legs so they were now on the outside of yours before he plunged back into you. You wrapped your feet together pulling your legs even tighter together.

“Fucking shit. You dirty slut making your pussy even tighter for me,” he gasped as he slapped your ass again. The new position making him hit your g-spot with every thrust. The only noises that could be heard were both your moans and the sound of his skin slapping yours.

“This has got to be the best pussy I have ever fucked,” he grunted out keeping up his rough and fast pace. You were close again and, by the way his breath was hitching, you could tell he was too.

“I'm going t-to cum,” you whimpered, feeling like you couldn't hold on much longer.

“Fucking cum for me then,” he said as you let yourself go. His release came at the same time. Your pussy clenching down on his cock as his fluids coated you. Your legs were shaking uncontrollably and you could feel your orgasm all the way in your fingertips.

He collapsed on top of you using his arms to keep his weight from crushing you as you both fought to catch your breath.

“Well hot damn, you make my wives feel like complete shit compared to that pussy.” He laughed as he slowly pulled out of you and sat up next to you watching some of his cum slowly drip out of you.

“I’m sure you say that to every woman you fuck,” you giggled as you felt his hands undo the belt on your wrists. You turned over and sat up rubbing your wrists and looked at the light bruises that were already forming there.

“The fuck I do,” he laughed as he placed a rough kiss to your lips. “There’s something about you that drives me completely fucking crazy,” he added as he bit your lower lip. A smile spread across your mouth at his words.

“Then maybe we can make this a daily thing.” You giggled as you motioned between the two of you.

“You think it’s an option not to?” he quickly replied, hunger filling his eyes.

You were so grateful that he had found you that day stranded on the side of the road, picking you up and putting you back together on your worst day. You were looking forward to the nights you would be spending with Negan and the marks that he would be leaving on your body.

## End Notes

This is my First TWD fic, let me know what you think! thanks for reading!

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