

Walking By Purple

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Walking By Purple

by [Midnights_AM_Child](#)

Summary

Sophia Peletier is running from walkers when she is saved by Kate Johnson. Unable to leave the girl to die, she takes her to the Johnson's farm where she is later tracked by Daryl. Can Rick convince Mister to let the group stay? I do not own The Walking Dead or The Color Purple.

Chapter One

Dear God,

I don't know if you listening; but, I hope that you are. I ain't never asked for anything before. There are things you do, I don't get. I don't think I'm a bad girl. I don't know why you let me have two kids by my daddy only to have them taken by monsters. And I don't know why you let him sell me to Mr. __. But if you there, watch over my sister, watch over my Nettie. She's smart, but I don't know who could survive in those woods with those monster.

Nettie was always so good at killing monsters. It must be that private school she had go to. I never kill a monster before. I always take care of the house and kids. I think that's why daddy hate me and he did the things he did. He knew I wasn't good for much even before the monsters came. The first time he took my baby, I was sleep and twelve. He say it was insurance, to keep the monsters from getting us. He say Adam's crying would save us and wouldn't even let me cry about it. When Olivia was born, he took her right from my arms and told me I could only tell you about it. It wasn't long from that that he sold me to Mr. __ for a box of bullets and five eggs. Nettie came on her own soon after. She say our house was taken by monsters. She give Mr. __ the last egg and ask him if she can stay. Nettie always been pretty. She always been smart and nice too. I see the way Mr. __ had look at Nettie. I know he let her stay to be with her. So even though I am ugly, I doll myself up to keep him from her as long as I could. Not much I could do though. I had to take care of the house and kids. Nettie and Kate make sure the monsters stay off the farm while Mr. __ and Old Mr. __ keep the crops and animals good. They always send Kate on trips for supplies. I don't think she know what Mr. __ do. She won't even there when he threw Nettie out. When he try to get her, she fight him off. Nettie ain't me. She fight monsters, she fight Mr. __. So he throw her out. I ain't seen her since.

I need her. We need her. The monsters come more now that she gone. Now the only kid left is Harpo, and he ain't no kid. He about thirteen now. Sometime he help Kate, most times he help Mr. __. Kate say, I should learn to fight. I don't know if she means monsters or her brother. She ain't as blind as she used to be, but she still got to go on trips. I never ask if she see my Nettie, but I asking you. Watch over my Nettie.

-Celie

Sophia could hear the walkers gaining on her; but, she tried not to look back. The only thing louder than their groans was her heartbeat. It felt like it would burst out of her chest. If she didn't keep running, it literally would! She dropped her doll. Sophia stepped over it without stumbling. She barely noticed it with the roots and thorns at her legs. With her both arms free, she could run a little faster. There were tears prickling her eyes. She wiped them away, but couldn't help stop the sob coming from her. She was going to die. Sophia didn't notice the stack of wood in front of her. She was going to fast to stop. She collide with it, causing the neat pile to fall. The girl groaned, but no longer had the strength to get up and run. The walkers soon advanced on her, but the moment they grabbed for her they grew silent and fell.

Kate walked over to Sophia and checked to see if she was scratched or bitten. Sophia had scrapes and splinters all over her; the girl's face was beginning to swell from her collision. Kate could also see her legs twitching with cramps, but there was nothing serious or inflicted by the walkers. Kate bit her lip and wondered what she should do now. There was no way this girl was by herself. She didn't have any weapons or skills. If her group was still alive, would they look for her? Kate wasn't entirely sure. "Are you okay, child?" Sophia nodded. "Good." Kate started walking back to the farm, but after three steps her conscience halted her journey. She could hear moans in the distance. Leaving Sophia was virtually a death sentence. She wasn't sure taking her to the farm was the best move either. She suspected her brother was a pedophile. Celie was only fifteen. She never spoke of any sexual abuse, but there was something in her gut that knew Cecile's presence wasn't benevolent. Celie kept them fed and from living in filth, but they got along fine before she arrived. The clean house gave them semblance of the world they left behind so she was grateful to Celie for that. She prayed, it was just that. The only reason Kate wasn't entirely sure was because Celie wasn't pregnant.

Kate placed her gun back in its holster. She walked to her wheelbarrow and put the wood inside. She picked Sophia up. She was unsurprisingly light. Kate sighed. "If you want to survive, hold onto me. I won't pick you up if you fall." Sophia didn't say anything, but did as she was told. Part of her wanted to stay put so Daryl and Shane could find her; however, she knew she couldn't. There were walkers throughout the woods and she had no energy. She hoped they'd find her even though she was headed to somewhere unknown. She was scared. This woman was hardened like a soldier. She had a bald fade; she was muscular and lean. Her eyes seemed to be able to see everything, even in the growing darkness. Kate reacted to every sound. What scared Sophia the most was her lack of fear. Even when they came upon walkers, Kate remained had a silencer on her gun, so when she shoot them, there was no horde. Sophia felt safer and relaxed. She kept a koala-like hold on Kate and didn't release, even when they got to the farm.

Kate walked on the dirt road, and shot a few walkers walking into the fence. The fence wasn't tall initially, but now it was sturdy, five feet tall and enforced with cheap barbed wire. There were limbs and guts coated on the wooden frame of the fence. Sophia realized it was the reason there were so few walker around the farm. Kate picked up a hoe and knocked a walker upside its head. Once it fell to the ground. She forced the hoe through it. The next walker she hit, she used enough force for the skull to shatter. Once her path was clear, she opened the gate and brought the wood inside. Sophia let go of her and fell to the ground in exhaustion.

Kate helped her to her feet and walked her inside. She'd put the wood away later. "I'm back!" She breathed deeply once she smelled dinner. No Georgian could resist the smell of fried chicken. Celie made it the way her mother had.

"Wash up, outside. You smell worse than the dead." Her dad chastised.

"Alright, but I've got something to discuss when I return." Kate turned to Sophia and signaled her to stay quiet. Once she pressed a calloused finger to her lips, a giant smile appeared. Kate felt like a child again. It reminded her of old times where she'd find stray animals and sneak them inside. It was the first time she smiled in a while. Sophia smiled in return. They went outside to a bucket full of water and soap next to it. Kate modesty washed herself without

taking off her clothes. She handed the bar of soap to Sophia as well as a towel for her to do the same. To keep her privacy, Kate turned around. Once Sophia was done, Kate helped her back inside.

Kate sat Sophia down in her chair. Celie glanced the blonde girl before looking back at her plate. Her mind flooded with questions, but she didn't say a word. Old Mister Johnson was too focused on his meal, but he looked up once he heard his son say, "No, nope, no! Kate, take that gal back! I won't have that in my house!"

"This ain't just your house, Albert!"

"That's another mouth to feed! There's no way this little stick fights monsters, farm, or has done any type of chore. Take her out! That's just what I need, some white man taking my farm... Hell no!"

"Nobody said anything when you let Celie and Nettie stay here." Kate said with her eyes lowered.

Albert sputtered and tried to think of something to say. While he was doing so, Old Mister Johnson stated his opinion. "I'm gonna have to agree with my son. Ain't nothing ever good ever came out of a little while gal being in a black man's house." He leaned back in his chair. "Look at her, she's been taking care of. You think her people looking for her. There ain't no law now, Kate. Ain't nothing stopping her daddy from lynching us and raping you."

"I doubt anybody's still racist in this day and age. I found her, and I want her to stay."

"No." Albert said slamming his fist down.

"If she goes, so do I. And I'm the one who gets the supplies and I'm the one who defends the farm! You don't have Nettie anymore, so good luck keeping the monsters away."

"We gots Harpo." After a long silence, Albert turned away. "Three days, then she's in God's hands."

"Thank you."

Albert turned to his son in disgust. Harpo stopped eating and frowned. "If you were a better shot, we wouldn't be in this mess!"

"But-"

"Shut up, boy!" Harpo stopped talking and finished his meal.

Everyone ate in silence that night. Once dinner was done, Celie washed the dishes while Kate and Sophia headed upstairs. Kate handed Sophia clothes her young nieces once wore. Her smile seemed to be forever locked behind a cold and stoic expression. Kate tucked Sophia into bed and put her sleeping bag on the floor. "I'm Kate."

"Sophia..." It was the first word she spoke the entire day.

"Well Sophia, welcome to the Johnson Farm."

(A/N) Updates, hopefully weekly. There will be nine chapters. In my mind, Kate Johnson looks like Erykah Badu

Next Chapter: Daryl finds Sophia on Mr. _'s farm.

Chapter Two

Chapter Summary

Rick's group arrives on the Johnson's farm.

Dear God,

Everyone like Sophia. Kate like Sophia. Harpo like Sophia. And I like Sophia. She won't nothing like Mr. _'s girls. They was loud and ain't have no training. It why they got eaten by the monsters. They ain't never learned to listen. That white girl always quiet. She ain't like other white folk neither. She don't look at nobody wrong and she ain't afraid to be near us all. She mainly under Kate. She never stray out of Kate sight. Kate don't let her go neither. That's why Mr. _ ain't never gonna get her. She always look so scared; what a girl like her need to be scared for? I had thought maybe she had a bad past like me. Can't be though, white folks found her. Mr. _ saw them and yell for Kate. He make such a ruckus that Kate left out with guns. I ain't see nothing, just hear yelling. Sophia ain't do nothing too. Harpo the one who look. He say a bunch of white people at the gate. Sophia must have know it was her people. She ran out the house almost like she forget we exist. Harpo say she ran into they arm and leave.

Kate and Mr. _ was hot. They ain't take too kindly to all the questions. Ain't nobody did nothing to Sophia, not even Mr. _. Harpo talk a lot about the white folk. He say one ain't had gun like us, but a bow and arrows. I never seen one up close. He also say they got a yellow man too. I never seen one up close neither. They had a lot of people. It was the reason Mr. _ and Old Mr. _ ain't kill them; they would have lost. They keep they guns on him til they left.

I think God work funny; but Old Mr. _ think it a trick. How come Kate find Sophia? Her people found her quick; it ain't take two days. Too quick cording to Mr. _. They say they track her, but Old Mr. _ say they was lying. Even Kate take Mr. _ side. They let him go with just a threat. He just blew them off, but he left. Now we making ready for war. They even put bullets in Harpo's gun. I still know nothing about guns and killing. I didn't get one. Times like this I think of Nettie. I know Mr. _ mad he turn her away now. Now Kate got to stay behind to fight. She have no choice, she was too fast and brought that white girl there. I wish I ask them if they saw Nettie. I hope she not with Olivia and Adam.

-Celie

"Why are we just walking away? It could have held all of us." Lori said determined. The Johnson farm looked like a wonderful place to settle. It seemed sufficiently secure from walkers; they even had cattle! It was large enough to hold all of them and the people seemed decent enough. They took care of Sophia. Lori was tired of being on the road. She was convinced it was even making her physically uneasy; she'd been queasy lately.

"You deaf? Ain't you hear what they just said," Daryl replied dismissively.

"We didn't ask. Rick, are you really about to let this go?"

"I hear you Lori, but what do you expect me to do? They said no; if we try for more it could get bloody. Can we have the living's blood on our hands?"

Lori didn't respond; but, when they found T-Dog she was delightfully pleased when they had to make a 180. The combination of T-Dog's blood and nightfall made the trip back to the Johnson farm more tedious. Thanks to Daryl's tracking skills, they found it. Luckily it was Kate scouting the land.

Kate took a deep breath and fired a foot away from their position. Rick stopped and held his hands to show her he came in peace. "Whoa, whoa, we aren't hear to make any trouble."

"Don't come any closer. What part of never return did you not get?!" Kate kept her gun on Rick. It was hard to do so, her horse didn't want to stay still after the sound of her warning shot.

"We had to come back, our friend is injured and will die without your help."

Kate looked at T-Dog and put her rifle on him. "You think I'm going to let this half-dead nigger turn in my house? I should shoot you all."

"You think we'd carry him all the way here if there was a chance of that? He ain't bit, you stupid bitch." Daryl growled.

"The hell did you just call me?"

"Please. I know this is a lot to ask of you, but we need your help."

A couple more walkers shuffled towards them. "Any time today would be nice." Shane growled.

Kate swore under her breath. She dismounted from her horse and opened the gate. She knew it was a bad idea. She didn't know this group, it was nighttime, and they brought many people. This could easily be a declaration of war, but she was hoping it was a coincidence. She looked back at her house. She was relieved that her family was too busy eating dinner to notice her smuggle the group inside.

Kate closed the gate and motioned the group towards the barn. The chickens ran in circles. They sat T-Dog on a barrel; Kate shooed the birds out of her way. She took T-Dog's arm and made sure it wasn't a bite. Once she confirmed it, she left the barn, locking them inside and ran into the house. She came with Celie minutes later. She opened a cheap bottle of vodka and poured it on his wound. T-Dog yelled in pain. "Celie, stitch up this man's arm." She looked at Rick and Shane. "That's all we can do. We ain't got no medicine. I guess y'all can stay in the barn until he gets better ...or dies."

Kate took a swig of vodka and watched the group as well as Celie. She was nervous. Not only did she do the opposite of what her father and brother wanted, she was endangering

Celie. Lori stood beside her, "We cannot thank you enough."

"Don't thank me just yet..."

Almost on cue, the barn door swung open. Old Mister Johnson and Albert looked around and glared at Kate. "You're gonna kill this family."

"Dadd-"

"You gonna kill this family!"

"I couldn't just them them out. They gots churrin! And the Black guy was hurt."

Albert glared at Kate. "They stay in the barn. If I see any of them, I'm shooting."

"They'll have to get their own food and water, sooner or later."

"Then you go with them. You like white folk so much, you can stay here too. Celie, let's go."

Celie looked at her feet and followed after Albert and Old Mr. Johnson. She only had a few stitches left, but didn't want to risk bringing it up. Once the door closed, Kate isolated herself from Rick's group. Siding with them already costed her home. They looked at her sympathetically, but only Sophia approached her. Daryl kept his hand on his crossbow as a precaution. "We'd never leave you, Kate." Those words brought Kate to tears. She put her gun down and hugged her new ally.

(A/N) Comic Lori would never sleep in the barn.

Next Chapter: Shane and Rick differ on seizing the farm.

Chapter Three

Chapter Summary

Carl finds Celie's diary.

Dear God,

It be real amazing what need do to people. They put Kate in the barn, but they forgot what she do. In bout a week, the fence was full of monsters. I had never seen so many in my life. Mr. _ and Old Mr. _ couldn't fix it so they go back to Kate and the white folk. The white folk help her kill the monsters on the fence. Now they gots jobs. Most of them kill monsters, but the ones who don't get food and stuff. The mamas help me. Sophia's mama is better help than Lori. I ain't never know a white woman who could actually work, but she can. Carol gots eyes and hands like me. This ain't the first floor she scrubbed and she don't run from dirt, bugs, and mice. Lori's having trouble though. It takes her three times as long to do the stuff me and Carol do ourselves. I just knew she would complain or ask me to do her share. Work ain't meant for her. I think she know that, but she do work without mouth. She even talks to me. Lori real pretty and her voice sound like the way lemonade is on a hot day. I call her Lemonade Lori in my mind. She got a husband and a boy. He's about Harpo's age. Harpo, Sophia and Carl run around a lot. None of the grown ups like it. Nobody trust nobody.

When they done, Mr. _ and Old Mr. _ say they got to go back to the barn. That make Kate hot; she sleep with them again. She really close with them white folk. So close, I think she gone go if they go. I pray every night that they stay. I miss Kate. Mr. _ do his business everyday she been gone. I lay and think of Nettie. Some days I like to think she found a group like Kate and she happy and alive. I ain't seen Nettie come back a monster so I say she alive. I wonder if they seen her. I wanna ask, but Mr. _ would find out. He got ways. He probably put me in the barn too. I ain't Kate. People happy to have a barn will do anything.

-Celie

After collecting eggs and raking, Carl didn't have anymore responsibilities. Sophia was following Kate around and Harpo still had chores. Harpo grew up on the farm so was used to working the entire day. Sophia and Carl took a couple of his chores, but if they weren't done right, Harpo would have to redo it. When Rick's group weren't working they were supposed to remain in the barn, but without anyone there. He wasn't sure how long he would do so. Carl didn't like being bored.

Before he went to the barn, he detoured to the outhouse. He didn't mind using it. He was used to going outside since the outbreak. Carl went inside and closed the door. He looked around just to make sure there were no surprises. Minus flies and other insects, there was nothing lethal. Carl noticed that one of the floorboards was uneven. He lifted it without thinking and

found a small book. He opened it and noticed everything was handwritten. Most of it was addressed to God. It was Celie's diary. He started reading.

Carl wasn't sure what he would read when he started, but he definitely wasn't expecting to read about babies, rape, abandonment and abuse. He balled his fists, wrinkling the diary as he did. This was serious, he would have to tell someone. He was positive Shane would know what to do. He wasn't sure how he was going to explain how he got it. Carl sighed. He'd go with the truth; the situation was too extreme to worry about his snooping. Carl put the diary under his hat and went to find Shane.

After a lengthy search, he found Shane and his dad at the fence. "Shane."

Shane turned around to see the boy behind him. "Carl, what do you think you're doing being out here? Where's your mom?"

"I don't know. Can I show you something real quick...?" His voice trailed off, but his body was fidgeting.

"I'm kind of busy right now. It can wait." He said in a more of a statement than a question.

Carl refused to move. "No, it can't." Both Shane and Rick stopped working to tend to Carl. Shane was annoyed with Rick's intrusion, but he didn't say anything. It was his fault for turning Carl away. "Look, I was in the outhouse and there was a loose floorboard. I lifted it up and found Celie's diary."

"Carl, you can't just take something that isn't yours! We're already on shaky terms with the Johnsons."

He took the diary from his hat and handed it to Rick. "Dad, you have to read it. Celie is- she's been-"

Shane took the book from Rick and opened the book. He skimmed a couple of pages before dropping the diary in disgust. "No. Damn it, no." Shane stormed towards the barn. He knew exactly what he was going to do. He was going to get his gun and kill Albert. They had too many women, too many kids to let Albert live with his perversion. Rick read the the diary the moment Shane stormed back. After reading the first passage, he already knew what Shane wanted to do. He ran after him with Carl following. When they got to the barn, Shane had his gun fully loaded and was ready to head out.

"Shane, I know what you want to do."

"Not just what I want to do, but what I'm going to do. He beats her, rapes her, I'm not just gonna sit here and let it happen." Shane was pacing as he continued. "She can't be more than sixteen! You know how cases like these used to get to me."

"I know, but you can't just go half-cocked. We have others to think about." Rick reasoned. "If we go now they'll just throw us out and Celie will be in better shape, possibly worse. You know you don't want to go back out there."

"We won't. Once Mister's gone they won't have enough manpower to throw us out." Shane affirmed cocking his gun.

"Please. Just think on it. Tomorrow with level heads we can go talk to the Johnsons about this and figure out what to do." Shane put his gun down in fury and went back to the fence. He needed to blow off steam. Rick empathized. He had to swallow all the disgust and hatred he felt. He couldn't help, but think about Sophia. He wondered if she would have been in the same situation if Daryl hadn't tracked her down. He turned to his son. He'd witness the disagreement between him and Shane. He wondered how it was effecting him. They were so focused on problems with the dead, they never focus on the evils of the living. He had no words. He just held Carl and let his mind roam.

That Night...

Shane lied.

To the group he out using the bathroom, but now he was halfway up the stairs looking for the master bedroom. Thanks to his years on the force, he was able to walk through the house without making too much noise. The bedroom was to his left. He entered to find Albert and Celie sleeping in the same bed. Mister wasn't going to survive the night.

Celie woke up and saw Shane in the door way. Her eyes widened and she backed into the bedpost. Shane signaled her to be quiet. He walked to her and took the pillow from behind her. He went to Mister's side, trying not to step on any creaky floorboards. As soon as he was close, he put the pillow over Mister's face and smothered him! It took Mister a while to realize he couldn't breathe. At first, he thought he was dreaming, but once he opened his eyes to darkness and fabric, he jolted awake. Celie jumped out of bed and ran to the door. She didn't go any further and watched as Shane smothered Mister. Shane had to get on top of Albert to make sure he didn't escape or get out of bed. He took several punches and scratches, but after a few minutes of active struggle, Mister slowed. His muffled yelling stopped. Even after he stopped moving, Shane didn't remove the pillow, not until he was sure he was dead.

Shane removed the pillow and placed it back to Celie's side. He positioned Albert's lifeless body into his sleeping position and turned to Celie. "Get back in bed, Celie." Celie backed up and had her back to the door. She looked to Mister then back to Shane. He flashed his gun. "Get. Back. In. Bed." Shane repeated. Without a choice, she listened. Celie buried herself in the covers, looked at Albert once more and then Shane. She mainly looked at his gun. Shane cursed and was silent for what seemed to Celie like forever. "I'm not going to hurt you. I just needed you to get back to bed. You need to go to sleep and when you wake up in the morning you'll tell them the truth... that he died on top of you. Do you understand?" Celie shook her head quickly. Shane nodded and left the house.

He told her to sleep... How was she supposed to do that?! Maybe she should have been grateful that he didn't kill her too. Now she'd have to stay with a dead body until morning. Celie wished she could get her diary. Hours slipped by. Celie replayed the scene in her head. Part of her was horrified, but another part of her wanted to smile.

"SSSSSSSSuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu"

Celie froze. It sounded like a snore. That should have been impossible. For the amount of time Shane covered Albert's face, there was no way he should have been alive. She heard the sound again. Celie swallowed. When Mister woke up, he was sure to beat her. She turned to him. Albert's head turned to her too. Celie screamed.

She was now in bed with a walker.

(A/N) I see hits. Review!

Next Chapter: Albert has turned.

Chapter Four

Chapter Summary

Mister has turned and he's next to Celie.

The newly undead Mister tried to grab Celie. She screamed and rolled out of bed. The walker grabbed at her. His legs were tangled in blankets and couldn't reach her. She was stunned. She didn't understand how he turned into a monster. He wasn't bitten. She crawled towards the door looking at the tangled walker. Eventually he broke free from the hold of the bed and started coming for Celie. Celie ran out the room and down the stairs. Old Mister Johnson caught her before she ran out the door and shook her.

"What all that noise for, gal?"

"Mister! Mister, he-" Before she finished explaining Albert shuffled to the stairs. He let out a gurgling hiss and charged to Celie and his father. The monster was not coordinated enough to walk down the steps. Undead Albert fell and broke his arm and neck on the fall down. It didn't faze him.

"What's gon' on?" Harpo said with sleepy eyes. Fortunately for Harpo, Celie's screams kept Albert's attention. He froze once he noticed his father creeping to Celie and Old Mister Johnson. He felt sick. His head was crooked on his neck and his dislocated arm dangled with each step. Although Albert wasn't the most deformed zombie, it was the first time a Johnson turned. His younger sister was torn to pieces and couldn't turn. His youngest sister was put out her misery by Albert after a bite to the neck. Nobody else was able to do it. Now that it was Albert, who could do the dirty work?

Old Mister Johnson put his hand over Celie's mouth, but when she continued to yell, he pushed her towards Albert and went for Harpo. It wasn't a fast walk since he used a cane. Celie crashed onto Albert and they both fell on the floor. His working arm was underneath her, and he reached to bite her. Celie's eyes got bigger and she jumped off of him. Mister grabbed her, if it wasn't for her long thick gown his fingers would be in her skin. Celie tried to pull away, but even in death he was stronger than her. He pulled himself closer to her leg. She begged him not to, but there was no response. Celie wished he would respond: slap her, beat her, call her ugly, whatever -just not a bite.

After a swift sound, Mister's head fell back from an impact. He was no longer growling or pulling her. He wasn't doing anything at all. Celie looked back at him and saw an arrow in his eye. Celie sighed in relief and ran into the open arms of Carol. "Are you okay," she asked? Celie nodded and looked at Mister. He was dead, officially dead. Never to hurt her again. Kate and other members of Rick's group were arriving. Once she saw her brother on the ground she choked on tears.

"How the hell this happen?" Daryl asked, retrieving the arrow. Albert had no bite marks. As far as they knew, it should be impossible.

Rick swallowed and got the attention of his people. Rick revealed what he learned at the CDC. There were mixed reactions from the group. Dale, Carol and Andrea were outraged. Shane and Lori said nothing. He stayed even quieter when they tried to figure out how Mister died.

Celie looked down, "he died on top of me." She would claim it until her dying day.

Shane gave a small smile. It was quick, but it didn't go unnoticed by Dale. Shane looked at Mister then to the sound of crying. Shane wanted the attention off how Albert died. He turned to Kate. He hadn't forgotten that she had some explaining to do. His tone was accusatory. "You knew about this didn't you. You all did!"

"I didn't know!"

"Bullshit, you're telling me you found no problems with a teenage girl sleeping in the same bed as your forty year old brother?! No wonder you ran to the barn so fast."

Kate felt broken and almost whimpered. "Shane," Lori said with commanding eyes. With one word, Shane stopped grilling Kate.

Shane rubbed his head. Celie watched him move. She did what he wanted; was he mad at her anyway? Celie internally sighed. It seemed like she would always have a man to fear. Shane met her eyes. Celie instantly looked away. Shane nodded. Things were good. He could tell Celie wasn't going to say anything; he'd later tell her not to write about it either. It was too risky. "We ain't staying in a barn no more."

Dear God,

Kate ain't got nobody, really, no more. After the white folks found out what Mr. _ and I do, they ain't friendly no more. It make for bad time since we all live together now. Old Mr. _ allow them to stay in the house now. Without Mr. _ it ain't like he can say no. Mr. _ do a lot too. We got animals and fields and stuff he used to do. Lucky for us, Rick got a lot of people. And it more than enough to take Mr. _ place and keep the fence without monsters with the blonde girl. Rick they leader. He tell everybody what they gotta do. Rick, the old man, and the black guy got farm work. Harpo and Old Mr. _ teach them. Sophia's daddy and Kate go out and do the fence. Me, Carol and Lori still got house work and everybody else got the fence.

Harpo, Carl and Sophia always run around and stuff. Lori try to make me go with them, but I don't know why. I got babies, I ain't a kid. I wanna say it, but it hard knowing my babies long gone. I don't think Harpo count as mine without Mr. _. He a fool boy. He show Carl his gun knowing he can't shoot well. Lori scolded them when Harpo shows Carl his gun. So to show off something else, Harpo show them dances. I stay with Carol most times. Even though we don't talk. I like Carol she don't make me talk.

-Celie

(A/N) I guess this chapter is short, shorter than the others. I should have added it with chapter three. Remember to review.

Next Chapter: Shug Avery arrives on Johnson farm.

Chapter Five

Chapter Summary

Shug Avery arrives at the Johnson Farm

Kate looked up from her Bible. Despite the farm's new arrivals, church was smaller than normal. It was her, Celie, Harpo and Old Mister Johnson. Albert's death had them short one member. Kate closed her eyes and let grief hit her momentarily. She knew not to get lost in it. This world's only certainty was death. She had to stay strong. Besides, her brother wasn't a good man. Because of that, Rick's group doubted her and now kept her at arm's length. Unfortunately, since she previously formed a bond with Rick's group, her family ostracized her too. She was alone, worse than that she was lonely.

Blessed is the man who perseveres under trial, because when he has stood the test, he will receive the crown of life that God has promised to those who love him. When tempted, no one should say, "God is tempting me." For God cannot be tempted by evil, nor does he tempt anyone; but each one is tempted when, by his own evil desire, he is dragged away and enticed. Then, after desire has conceived, it gives birth to sin; and sin, when it is full-grown, gives birth to death. Don't be deceived, my dear brothers. Every good and perfect gift is from above, coming down from the Father of the heavenly lights, who does not change like shifting shadows. He chose to give us birth through the word of truth, that we might be a kind of firstfruits of all he created. -James 1: 12-18

'Beware temptation? What's left to covet?'

Meanwhile...

The sun had been up for several hours. It shone bright between the leaves and trees. The sound of moans permeated the forest. The shuffling of zombies started to centralize to the only living thing for miles. Despite all the danger and the sunlight, Shug Avery stayed asleep. She was tucked into a tree. She had a shovel with a sharpened handle tucked under her arms. Gnats buzzed around her pretty brown face. She lazily swatted it. It ceased for only a second. The gnats returned, but once a mosquito bit her sweaty arm. She opened an eye. "World goes to shit..." She rubbed the other one open. "And the most annoying thing will always be a 'skeeta... There are worse things that bite I guess."

Shug sat up and rubbed her back. It wasn't the first time she'd slept in a tree, but it had never been pleasant. She would kill for a bed. She was on her way to her daddy's house. She was in Atlanta when everything fell apart. Now she just wanted to see him and her babies. They were the reason she'd made it. She felt like they would be alive. He dad was a stubborn man; he was smart, devout and too mean to die. Perhaps the hell on earth would make him acknowledge, forgive and accept her.

Shug lazily looked beneath her. "One... Two... Three... Four... Four, just my luck." Shug stretched again and took her gun out of a holster strapped to her thigh. She was running low on bullets. She took the safety off and aimed carefully. Headshot, headshot, click, her gun was empty already. "I really didn't want to get dirty..." Shug put the gun back into the holster and grabbed her shovel. She threw her legs on the other side of the tree and jumped. It wasn't a graceful landing, but she wasn't hurt. The two walkers went after her. Shug didn't flinch. One was slower than the other. When the first one approached her, she rammed the sharpened end of the shovel upward through the chin. She pulled it out and backed as the body fell. The second walker reached for Shug. She swung the shovel as if it were a bat. It fell from the impact. She looked at it to see if that was enough. It wasn't. She could see its eyes moving, searching for her. She wished she were strong enough to kill them in one blow. She'd done damage though. Part of its face was sunken and its jaw was snapped. It was gruesome, but no longer a threat. She raised the shovel; it snarled and reached. She was slightly fascinated by its determination to eat her. The pitiful display made her chuckle. "...You sho is ugly!" She broke into her hysterics. She scalped it and continued laughing with the corpse in the distance.

Andrea and Daryl were at the fence. Andrea looked around and stared down the dusty road. There was only a stray walker outside the fence; but, it was just passing through. "It seems like it holds up when there aren't many of them."

"Uh huh..."

"We should probably get someone to watch the fence during the day. Danger can happen at anytime."

"Mhmm..."

Andrea sighed. She didn't attempt to make anymore conversation. Daryl was like the rest of Rick's group. She hadn't been taken seriously after the CDC. She was surprised Dale stopped nagging enough for them to go on this mission. She wasn't allowed a gun though. Sweat ran into her eyes. It was a typical Georgian day, hot and humid. She wiped her forehead and saw something. Figures came from the dirt road. "What's that?"

There was no hesitation in her stride. She was desperate to get to the farm. Only four steps behind her was a group of walkers. "Albert!" Shug screamed. She made it to the fence and pulled the doors the wrong way. "ALBERT!" She pushed herself away from the gate and tightened her grip on her shovel. She knocked one that got too close; the drive to survive gave her the boost she needed to kill it instantly. "ALBERT!" She screamed. She avoided the walkers again to knock on the gate. She noticed Andrea and Daryl. "What chy'all standin' there fo? Open the gate!" Shug stabbed another through the forehead with the sharpened end. After a swift sound of arrows, she was safe.

Andrea and Daryl opened the gate and slowly approached Shug. Shug looked at them without trust. "Y'all a'int Albert." She touched her shovel. There was nothing she could do to the living with that. The bow was too fast and she didn't know what the blonde had. She took out her gun and settled on Andrea. She lost track of Daryl.

"Drop the gun." Daryl warned. Somehow he ended up behind her. Shug could feel the crossbow touch her scalp. She wish she was facing her captor. There wasn't anything she could do from behind. "Now," he commanded.

She tossed the gun to the side. "Ain't no bullets in it noway." Shug held her hands up. "What chy'all do to the folks livin' here?"

Andrea and Daryl ignored her. Andrea was still in disbelief that she drew a gun on her, she failed to see the situation as coincidental. Andrea retrieved Daryl's arrows while he stayed in his position. This woman was reckless; she would need the threat to cooperate. He debated whether or not to let her in. He didn't know anything about her and she'd drawn a gun on Andrea. She was still just a woman though. His father and brother would turn in their graves if they knew he saw a woman, especially a Black woman, as a threat. "Move it." Shug scoffed and walked into the gates; she made sure her hips swayed as she did. Daryl noticed momentarily, but only a moment. He wasn't wrong. Reckless.

Dear God,

I'd seen her in pictures and hear about her from Mr. __. Now Shug around for real. I ain't said nothing to her, but I look at her. She smell like liquor; her smile makes all drunk. Her voice like honey and night. She the opposite of Lori, not like lemonade, no. They both make me feel funny. They both get to stay. I'm happy. I feel like smilin. Mr. __ gone. Lori here. Shug here. I know Shug had a past with Mr. __, but she ain't even blink when she hear he dead. She was even sanging. No sadness. Harpo and Kate the only ones with sadness. Not sure how much I can write here now.

-Celie

Shug laid on her stomach and moaned in bliss. She was in a bed; it'd been so long. She started twisting her hair for bed. She was also partially listening to the chatter of the children with her. After she sang classics with Dale, they came to her with requests. Harpo didn't suggest anything. He only criticized their selections for either being too white, too girly or lame. Sophia and Carl eventually ignored him and settled for a Garth Brooks song. She didn't know much country so she had them sing some of it for her so she could pick up the lyrics and tune. Sophia and Carl butchered the lyrics, but got the tune; eventually Harpo sang along causing the other kids to tease him.

"Hey Shane," Carl called, full of admiration. Shug looked up to see the muscular brunette in the doorway. He looked at her briefly before turning his attention to Carl. "What comes after the part with the ivory tower?"

"I'm not sure, but I'm sure your mom would know. It's late."

"Fine..."

Shug watched as the children begrudgingly went back to their mothers. She gave a sad smile and wondered if her babies were alright. She had to get home. Shane noticed that she was deep in thought. While she was in her own world, he studied her. She was gorgeous.

Shane tossed her a pillow. "This room's mine."

"Oh is it now..." Shug turned over and put the pillow underneath her. "This room's always been mine." It was true. The spare room was always set up for her.

"Things change," Shane dismissed impatiently. Since T-Dog was out, this be one of the few nights he'd have the room alone.

"I ain't had a bed in a while, 'specially one I know." She leaned back and gave him a small smirk. "There's a way both of us can be happy," Shug said suggestively. The smirk grew into a smile full of teeth. Shane understood what she meant and ran his hand through his hair. I'd been a while since he'd been with a forward woman. He thought about Lori, but thoughts of brown skin against his made him momentarily forget his best friend's wife. Shane closed the door and took Shug on her offer.

(A/N) I don't own anything by Garth Brooks.

Next Chapter: Kate teaches Andrea how to shoot.

Chapter Six

Chapter Summary

Gender roles are become defined. Not everyone is on board.

Harpo watched as Daryl counted his arrows and placed some in his crossbow. He examined it before putting it on his back. Harpo flashed to the moment Daryl shot his dad. Daryl took up most of his thoughts. At first Harpo hated Daryl, but lately he was just grateful. He'd seen his father hit Celie. Sometimes he'd beat her so hard she'd hardly be able to move. He had also heard the bed at nights. He never thought anything of it. He was told she was his new mom; he was old enough to know that's what mommies and daddies do. He was just too young to understand the gravity.

"What that fo?"

Daryl looked at the black boy with mild discomfort. "What's it look like?"

"...Whatchu do when they no mo' arrows?"

"Use som'em else, I guess."

"I can fight too you know. I once knock a monster head clean off." Harpo said to get Daryl's attention. It barely earned him a grunt. "How many monsters you kill?"

"God damnit, Harpo. Ain't you got some place to be?"

"Can I come witchu?"

Daryl just looked at him and left for his patrolling shift.

Meanwhile...

Celie looked at Lori before focusing on the chicken she had to pluck. They'd been having a lot of chicken lately. She was worried about how quickly they were going through livestock. When it was just five of them, they conserved; but even through conserving there was more to go around. Now that there were sixteen people living on the Johnson farm, they needed to ration. It was fortunate that Rick's group came with a varied skill set. Daryl was an experienced hunter. Glenn could scavenge. Then there was Shane who as far as Celie was concerned could and would do anything required. Plus Shug had to be skilled; she made it by herself for so long. They would have to figure something soon because Lori was pregnant.

Lori hadn't announced it; Celie wasn't even sure the brunette knew. Celie already had two children; it was easy for her to spot the symptoms. She noticed the tiredness, the swollen

fingers, and Celie didn't think Lori was gagging from dealing with chicken. She lived in the woods! Celie wanted to cry. It wasn't fair. Why did Olivia and Adam have to die especially so brutally? Lori already had a child. Celie knew that having a baby in the zombie apocalypse was different than what Lori did. There'd be no medication, no screaming, delivery had to happen as quickly as possible and keep up even faster. Celie didn't know who'd deliver Lori's baby. Nettie delivered her babies. Old Mister Johnson had experience birthing livestock, but he doubted he'd deliver Lori's baby. Tension was still thick between Rick's group and the Johnsons. Maybe Lori could do it on her own. She'd definitely have to breastfeed. They didn't have resources for another person especially a baby. It made no sense to make formula runs. Celie also hoped it wasn't colicky. Otherwise Celie would vote that this baby shared Adam and Olivia's fate. Heartless it may be, it was all she knew.

Lori's stomach growled. "I hope Daryl brings back something good. I don't think chicken stew will cut it today."

Celie didn't bother looking at Lori. "Shane and Kate should have gone too."

"Rick didn't want them too, but it's fine. Daryl's an amazing hunter."

"But..." Celie didn't bother saying anything else.

"Let's just focus on our jobs, okay Celie?"

Carol frowned, "Celie has a right to her opinion. She made a good point."

"I didn't say that she didn't have a point. I just think we should keep our men's leadership. It kept us alive."

Carol muttered something. Celie sighed. What could she say? She didn't know anything about planning and leading. She'd always been dependent on somebody else. Celie decided to go along with Lori and kept her mouth shut. She didn't question her daddy. She didn't question Mister. Why would she start with Rick?

Watching Daryl leave those gates was one of the hardest things Kate had to do. She didn't understand why Harpo was following Daryl so much for. Perhaps he was looking for a father figure. She wondered why he chose Daryl instead of T-Dog, hell even Glenn. Daryl, Rick and Shane weren't a perfect as they first appeared. She was seeing that now and was bitter. She'd opened her home to them, trusted them even when her family said not to, gave them medical attention, security and food. What did she get in return? Nothing, but mistrust.

Rick ticked her off when he only sent Daryl. She was sure he was an amazing hunter, he found Sophia quickly. She still knew the land. She was good at scavenging. She was good enough to keep her family alive all this time. If Daryl got credit, why couldn't she? Never one to hold her tongue, she confronted Rick. He told her that he felt like she was needed more here. She knew better; he no longer trusted her and wanted to keep an eye on her. Kate wasn't a child and Rick wasn't the boss of her. Who died and made him king? Kate froze. Albert died. Albert literally died and made Rick king. She should have never let them in.

Kate finished cleaning her gun and put it back together. She felt its weight and practiced holding it before placing it in a holster. Andrea was watching her. Kate's face grew stony. She was sure that Rick sent her to watch her until the blonde said, "Can you show me how to use a weapon?" Kate was shocked. She didn't know if she was more surprised that Andrea couldn't fight or that she was talking to her. Most people didn't since Albert died. Andrea thought Kate's silence was reluctance to teaching her how to shoot. Kate wasn't with them during the CDC, but she wouldn't be surprised if she knew. Dale was vigilant in keeping weapons away from her. "It doesn't have to be a gun."

"I don't mind. I just thought you had one."

"Dale took it." Andrea said ominously. If Kate didn't know, she wasn't going to tell her. Why ruin a clean slate?

"Dale your daddy?"

"Oh God no."

Kate snorted. "Then who is he to take what's yours away?"

Andrea smiled. She liked Kate. "I guess I'm not the only one who's noticed the way things are."

"You mean with the women in the kitchen while the men hunt and protect the gate. Well Shug's not in the kitchen, but Shug never has to do anything than lay down, open them legs, and sing."

"I didn't think we had the luxury of being chauvinistic anymore." Andrea folded her arms. "I admit I'm not as skilled, but why didn't you make a run?"

Kate rolled her eyes. "Rick."

"Of course."

Kate put the safety on her gun and put it in Andrea's hands. "This yours for now. Get your gun back... Sophia told me about the CDC. Don't get me wrong I'm a Christian, but the lord don't help nobody that don't help them self. You can't depend on nobody, but you Andrea."

"Can you teach me to use this?"

"Sure. After all the Lord said to help our neighbors."

(A/N) - _ - zzz

Next Chapter: Glenn and Shug go on a supply run. Shug tries to go home to her father and children.

Chapter Seven

Chapter Summary

Shug tries to go home during a supply run with Glenn.

Dear God,

Like me and Kate think before. We was eating animals too much. I admit, i was happy I's right, but I ain't say nothing. Kate was hot. She was yelling for what seem like forever. Only Andrea seemed to be on her side, it fuel the anger, I think. They became close from nowhere. I never saw it coming. Once Dale get Kate to shut up, her and Andrea went to shoot to cool off. Dale was mad Andrea got a gun. Dale tried to take it, but Kate pulled a gun on him causing Daryl to pull his bow on her. Old Mr. _ pull a gun on Daryl and Rick pull a gun on Old Mr. _. After they talk, all with guns, Dale gave Andrea her gun back. Now Rick and the other white folk don't trust Kate. They send her on a run fo food. When she gone, they talk about her. I even hear Shane say... I wonder if I can tell you. Shane say there are some things I can't tell you now.

-Celie

When Kate returned she didn't have much to show. She had a few cans of potatoes and a large box of raisin. Knowing that it wasn't going to last them a day, Rick decided to let Glenn scavenge a pharmacy Shug told them about. She surprisingly volunteered. Rick was a little wary of her, but Shane convinced him to let her go. Shug gave him a dazzling smile and got ready for the run.

"That's a lot of supplies simply for a run, Shug."

Shug looked back to see Shane in the doorway. Shug was leaving with everything she brought. She shrugged. "I suppose. I was thinking about going to my pa's."

"Leaving?"

"Yes, you'll have the bed to yourself again."

"No."

Shug laughed. "Don't tell me you're feeling something for me? I'm not a woman you want to fall in love with."

"I'd bring you back."

Shug rolled her eyes. "I'd leave again. Ain't no man ever ran my life. It ain't gon' start now." Shug put the bag on her back. "'sides me and my daddy got unfinished business... I'll help Glenn clean out the store. Bye Shane."

Shane watched as Shug walked passed him. He always liked a woman with moxie. It honestly surprised him that he fell so hard for Lori. He always felt as if he had to protect her perhaps to a fault. At first Rick's arrival drove him to madness, but now that Shug was there he wasn't feeling that as much anymore. What happened to him? Before the outbreak he was never one for relationships or monogamy. Now he was developing feelings, mainly of possessiveness. Unfortunately neither wanted to be with him. Perhaps it was karma from the hearts he broke in the past. He wasn't sure, but he knew one thing, whatever he had with Shug wasn't over.

Glenn looked into the aisle for feminine care for the item Lori asked for. Shug was elsewhere gathering things. Glenn picked up the EPT and put it in his bag without anybody noticing. Shug walked over to him and looked at the aisle. She frowned that there was barely anything left, but she smiled happily when she noticed the box of condoms. "You was gon' leave these?"

"I didn't even notice them," Glenn said with a bright blush.

Shug's eyebrow raised. "Uh huh... Cutie like you probably needs them mo' than anybody."

"Oh no. I would never- I mean I would, but-"

"What? You don't like black women?"

"I didn't say that."

"Don't like blondes?"

Glenn felt like he was about to pass out. He didn't know why this woman was so interested in his sex life. "I didn't say that."

Shug gave him the box. "Let's see if we can find some more. The last thing anybody needs right now is a baby." Glenn thought about Lori and started helping her look for condoms.

After finding another box, Glenn and Shug got on their respective horses and left the pharmacy. "How good is you with horses?"

"I'm learning."

"Oh, well I guess I can ride the horse back once I go visit my daddy." Glenn had a bad feeling. To him this plan was very spur of the moment. He didn't want to deviate from their job. Shug suddenly looked very said. "I haven't seen my dad or my babies in many years."

"...Alright. I'll go with you."

"This was something I was planning on doing on my own."

"I know, but it would make me feel better. I just want to make sure you make it."

Shug gave him a small smile. "You're really something else, Glenn."

Glenn followed Shug down her deviated path for six miles. He was surprised the horses could trot for that long. He was never one for rural living. He was born and raised in Atlanta. He was planning on moving to New York City once he finished college. They arrived at a small church with double doors. It was made of wood and very old. Shug stood there stunned, almost afraid to enter. Glenn fastened the horses to a fence and killed two walkers who tried to get them. "I'll watch the horses. You should go inside."

Shug nodded and walked to the church. She closed her eyes and tried to think of what she wanted to say. Once she got to the doors, her heart began to sink. She heard growls and shuffling of the dead. Shug was hoping it wasn't her daddy. She pulled open the double doors. An older black man ran at her. The entire left side of his upper body had been eaten. It was her father. Shug could no longer see him from the tears building in her eyes. She did hear the gunshot. Her father fell at her feet.

"You okay?" Glenn asked.

She pushed him away and fell on her father's body. She started weeping. She stayed there for only a second when she heard lighter sounding gurgles from her father's church. Three adolescent walkers shuffled out. "My babies!" She wailed.

Glenn felt so bad for Shug. He knew she was not in the state to do what needed to be done. Glenn swallowed and drew his gun again. He could save the bullets and use his knife, but he didn't want to mutilate Shug's kids any further. It took him three shots before the situation was nullified. Scared of walkers coming to that sound, he did a fast search of the church and guided the horses inside. He picked Shug up and carried her inside.

Shug cried silently as she brushed her daughter's hair. Every time she saw the the gun wound she would moan in heartbreak. Glenn was outside digging. He didn't know what to say to Shug so he stayed out of her way. Nothing he could do would cheer her up. Other than her crying, stray walkers and the horses, it was silent. It took him hours to dig the graves.

"Shug... I- Would you like to say a few words?" Shug just looked at him. She felt so much hate for him. "If you tell me their names, maybe we can make grave markers and you can vis-"

"SHUT UP! SHUT UP! SHUT UP!" Shug pushed him. "Don't you touch my babies! Take your shit and get out!" Shug threw the bag of supplies she gathered. "Get out!"

"Shu-"

Shug pulled her gun on him. "GET OUT!" She screamed. She was breathing heavily. Her hand was shaking and her eyes were red from tears, irritation and anger. Glenn grew pale. He raised his hands. Slowly, he gathered the supplies and his horse. Without saying a word, he went back to the Johnson farm. Shug lowered her arm and dropped the gun. She started crying again. She pulled her father's body inside the church and closed it. She turned him

over and looked at his face. So many things went unsaid. She didn't get to patch things with him. She touched his cheek. His blood stained her fingers. That shot had blown a chunk from the side of his head off. She tried not to think of that and focused on him. "Hello... How you been?" There was no answer. "I've been sick, but I's feeling better now." She closed her eyes and choked back tears. She looked at the church. Her father would raise Cane if he knew there was a horse in his home. "This place brings back memories. I used to sing right over there. Best preacher in the world, the way you made your voice rise and fall." She laughed a little. It was full of sorrow. "The way the girls cut their eyes at you in your blue suit. You'd say. Ladies, God is trying to tell you something." Shug smiled at her dad's body. Tears fell on his face. They ran down to his wound. Her lip trembled. She tried to sing. "I couldn't sleep at night... And I was wondering why..." She laid her head on her dad's chest. "God why?"

Shug was there for two days when she saw a car pull into the yard. She knelt on the floor and waited with her weapon in hand. The door opened. Shane stepped out with Glenn. The former cop scanned Shug's body to make sure she was fine. Despite being covered with blood that wasn't hers and heartbroken, she was fine. Shane held her. She thought it was a hug until she saw Glenn pick up the bodies to the grave he dug. She fought Shane with all her might, but he pinned her as if she were under arrest. With angry eyes full of tears, she watched as Glenn buried her family. The hate she felt the day before escalated. She didn't know how Harpo could be in such awe of Daryl. Watching Glenn kill her father and kids was the worst moment of her life. She knew she'd never forgive him.

(A/N) No sex. I was going to, but I'm sick of triangles.

Next Chapter: Celie learns to defend herself.

Chapter Eight

Chapter Summary

Rick and Shane teach those who don't go on supply runs how to shoot.

Shane closed the door to his room with Shug. She was always a late sleeper, but after everything that happened with her family that's all she would do. Nobody said anything about it. They could sympathize with her tragedy and thought they'd react the same way. According to Shug, she might have family still left. Her brother Tyreese and a daughter she had so young she was raised as her sister, Sasha. Unfortunately, Shug also told Celie that she didn't have it in her to go look. If she found out that Tyreese and Sasha were dead, she wouldn't have it in her to live. Ever since she said that, she started getting sick. Celie would tend to her periodically. She only ate what Celie brought and only spoke to her. Shane still slept beside her. He would try to engage her, but she turned cold. He planned on talking to Celie later, he'd try to fish information about Sasha's whereabouts. Shane was upset with himself for thinking of such a dangerous mission. He could die. How this woman work him over to the point he'd risk death to get her to speak to him?

Old Mister Johnson watched Shane leave Shug's room. He shook his head thinking about his late son. Albert loved Shug to the point of sickness. Old Mister was glad he stopped his son from marrying such a harlot. He wished his son could see her now. She was under Shane the same day she arrived, despite finding out about Albert's death. There was no grief. She must have never loved him. In Old Mister Johnson's mind, Shug was his son's biggest flaw. She was working her magic on Shane now. He couldn't believe another man was falling for her.

"What is it about this Shug Avery? She black as tar, nappy-headed, ...got legs like baseball bats. Her own daddy wouldn't even have anything to do with her, God rest his soul. She ain't nothin' but a juke joint Jezebel."

"Shut up," Shane warned.

"Why she ain't even clean. Plus I hear she got that nasty women's disease. You just one of the rusters, boy."

Shane grabbed Old Mister Johnson with both hands and lifted him on the wall. Shane's lips twisted in a dark sneer. "Let me ask you someth'en, what is it that you do around here? Who the hell are you? You and yo' boy had so much shit to say and ended up being so weak?!" Old Mister Johnson choked and tried to grab at Shane, but he ended up clawing at the air, panicking. "Yeah that's right, I-"

"My God, Shane, let the poor man go!" Shane turned and saw Dale in the hallway. His eyes were wide; his face was full of disgust. Shane dropped the old man and walked by both of

them.

After calming himself, Shane went outside to join Rick in teaching the group how to shoot. It looked like Rick had it covered. Everyone that didn't normally scavenge was participating. Carol seemed scared to shoot; each shot she hesitated. Lori's stance was decent, but her accuracy left much to be desired. Andrea was amazing, a true natural. It was good that they were learning to defend themselves. Everyone should since they all faced peril. Unfortunately he didn't see the children. They were arguably the most vulnerable and in need of lessons. "Why aren't the kids learning?"

"Jesus Christ, Shane, isn't it enough they have to live like this you want to take their innocence too?" Lori scolded.

"Fine..." He looked around. Celie was on the porch watching everyone. "Celie, come here and learn how to shoot."

Celie jumped and hurriedly walked to Shane. She kept her head down and didn't look at Shane. He placed a pistol in her hands. "Shane!"

"Lori," Rick tried to calm his wife. He agreed with Shane when it came to Celie. "She needs this most of all."

Celie shook, but Shane turned her around and pointed to her target. "Hold it like this." He demonstrated himself. Celie looked at his hands and fixed them. She turned away feeling embarrassed and skittish. "Raise your arms... Bend them just a little." Shane fixed her formation. He bent next to her and pointed at her target. "Cock that back and shoot."

"...I-I can't..."

"Come on Celie, let's do this! Shoot that target! You got this! Pretend it Mister if you got to." Celie froze. Thinking about him seemed to have the opposite effect for Celie. Shane rubbed his head. "Shit..."

"Where's that white bastard?!"

Old Mister Johnson hobbled out of the house with a shotgun. He looked around and approached Shane ready to shoot. Rick pulled out his gun and put it on Old Mister Johnson. Lori and Andrea did the same. Unsure what to do, Kate aimed at Shane. Carol and Celie stood in stunned silence.

"Now what's this about?" Rick asked with a thick drawl.

"I want all of you out! And this one is dead!"

"We ain't going nowhere." Shane said, despite the weapons aimed at him, he got closer to Old Mr. Johnson.

"Where is this coming from? You haven't told me what this is about. How can I help, Mr. Johnson." Rick did his best to defuse the situation. "What did he do?"

Shane was already preparing an excuse. He should have killed the old man when he had a chance. Now he was going to reveal that he murdered Albert. Shane was planning on denying it until the end. Rick would know. They were both former policemen. Shane was screwed. He couldn't think of a reason for him to be in the house. Celie grew dizzy. Her mind was racing too.

"He k-" Old Mister stopped talking and grabbed his arm in pain. Everyone turned to see Celie frantically pulling the trigger. Remembering her brief lesson with Shane, she cocked the gun and shot Old Mister again. The side of his head erupted. He fell over silent and dead. The secret of Albert's murder was safe for a while longer.

"Oh Ms. Celie..."

All eyes were on her. Celie looked at everyone. She could feel the shock and judgement. Kate and Harpo seemed too stunned to even breathe. Celie looked down and could see blood on the grass. She followed it to see Old Mister lying there. He was always a small man; but he looked even smaller. What had she done? She'd killed a man, an old man. Celie looked at her hands; it was too much for her to handle at the moment. She passed out.

Celie woke up to see Carl looking at her from across the room. She closed her eyes and was instantly brought back to her new reality. She'd killed Old Mister. She shot him in the head like a dog. Carl walked closer to him. She wanted to shrink into the corner or run. There was no way Rick and Lori knew he was with her. She was in enough trouble.

"Are you okay Celie?" He asked with so much concern that it seemed unreal. He looked at her without fear, but there was a lot of sorrow. Carl looked down and said, "I know what they did to you here... I found your diary."

Celie looked up in panic. "That was between me and God!"

"I'm sorry."

"..."

"Celie...?"

"..."

"...what was it like to kill?"

Later...

Shug got up and walked to Celie's room. She was as naked as the day she was born. She didn't bother knocking on the door and walked in. Celie jumped. She blushed looking at Shug's unashamed nudity. Realizing she was staring too long, she turned away. "What? You ain't neva seen a coochie 'fore?" Shug pulled the covers off Celie. "Run a bath. You need one mo' than me. Chile you stank!"

"..."

Shug grabbed Celie's face. "Now you can't speak?" Shug rolled her eyes. "I knows you shot that old man. Now he was a mean thing before you shot him and I'm sure he's a mean one in hell. Now you did what you had to do to live. So live." Shug went to the bathroom, but turned to Celie. "I ain't always gon' be here so you best take my advice. I's up so you can be up too."

After a bath and a small break doing each other's hair, Celie and Shug left the house. Shug pushed Celie towards Carol and made her ask about her chores. Shug looked around to find something to do surprisingly energetic. She was still sad about her babies, but remembering that Sasha and Tyreese weren't there made her feel blessed. She even had the drive to find them. She even had it in her to speak to Shane and Glenn. She wanted to go back. Her daddy and kids deserved graves.

Harpo stared at Celie with pure hatred. His sisters were gone. His daddy was gone. His granddaddy was gone because of her. He picked up a rock and wiped the tears from his eyes. He walked to her and threw the rock against her head. Carol screamed. Celie felt woozy and fell into Carol. Carol touched the side of Celie's head and did her best to stop the bleeding. Harpo smiled grimly and ran away feeling proud of himself. He felt a shiver go down his back. He turned to see Shane running after him. Harpo ran faster, but he wasn't able to outrun the former cop. Shane caught Harpo by the arm and turned him around. Quickly, he took off his belt and hit it across Harpo's legs. Harpo screamed and tried to run away. Shane held on tight and kept hitting the boy's legs, butt, and back. Daryl watched in horror and thought of his childhood. Once Shane felt like Harpo had enough he dropped the boy. "You better not hurt Celie anymore or you'll get it worse."

Lori was also horrified. She put her hand on her stomach and tried to calm her nausea. She was having a rough time with her morning sickness. She wanted to talk to Shane and tell him her problem, but after such a vicious spanking, Lori decided against it. She knew the baby was Shane's. She didn't want him to be the father though. She never believed in corporal punishment. She was glad Rick was the type of man to talk to Carl despite the disrespect. She would have to tell Rick. Her husband was talking to Shane about his discipline of Harpo.

"Disciplining Harpo is Kate's job. They've already had it rough."

Shane scoffed. "They had it rough? What about Celie?! He threw a rock at her head! That ain't no time-out offense."

"I know, but... Shane, what's happening to you?"

"..."

"Old Mister Johnson, he wanted you dead. What was that about?"

Rick looked at him with accusatory eyes. He didn't know what Shane did, but he had several theories. Shane shook his head and got in Rick's face. "You're coddling everyone." Shane felt venom as he continued. "You have a weak wife, a weak boy, and they are going to be killed for it one day."

Rick glared at Shane. "Hey, hey! Don't you ever say that. I'd do anythang for my family, anythang!"

Shane laughed and caught Lori's eye. Weakness, she need protection. They all did. Rick was going to get everyone killed. "Not as much as me."

(A/N) One more chapter...

Next Chapter: Strangers come to Johnson farm.

Chapter Nine

Chapter Summary

Tensions rise, newcomers go to the gates of the Johnson Farm.

Harpo watched Sophia as she fed the chickens. She was nervous around them at first, but she now got used to them. "Miss Sophia, Sophia, that sho is a pretty name..." The moment Rick's group arrived to the farm his life changed. He became orphaned and now only had his aunt. He went from having comfort, love, and space to fear, uncertainty. Maybe this was why he liked Sophia. Unlike Carl, she only had one relative too. They both had mean fathers and they both saw their brutal deaths. Plus, Harpo thought she was pretty. He spent a lot of time trying to teach her things he knows about the farm. In his heart she was one of them. Unfortunately, he didn't feel the same way about everybody.

The crush between Harpo and Sophia was the only ounce of love in their household.

"I think I wanna find Nettie."

"You betta off where you at. Findin' folk out there... It's betta not knowin'" Shug told Celie. "Now stop talkin' foolness and brush my hair. I sing fo' you." Shug started humming, it was that same crooked tune she always hummed around Celie. Occasionally she sang the word "sista..." Shug touched her hair and smiled at Celie. "What would I do wit'out you, chile? You one of the only ones in this house that make me live. Stay."

Celie blushed. How could she ever refuse Shug Avery? "Alright."

Celie left the room to see Harpo staring at her. His eyes burned with hate. Celie stared back. Kate appeared as well. Celie's heart raced. Were they about to kill her for revenge? She shook. Kate took Harpo to the side and let Celie go on her way. She ran downstairs to find Shane's protection. Kate bent to Harpo's level. "I know what you feelin'. She took my daddy too. But we can't act like we don't know why. Albert... He did bad things to Celie. Daddy, I don't know... Maybe he did too. We got's to be good Christians and fo'give."

"I can't! Daddy-"

"Did bad things."

"Aunt Kate! How you sayin' fo'give? My daddy-"

"Did bad things."

"But-"

Tears streamed down Kate's face. "He did bad things." She no longer had the strength to hold Harpo back. He ran to his room and slammed the door. Kate walked to hers and cried until she fell asleep.

Everyone settled into their roles. Tension was still prevalent, but they still coexisted. The days were monotonous. Minus stray walkers, there were no surprises. Rick and Shane were in the fields while Kate and Andrea watched the fence. The rest of the women were maintaining the home. Andrea looked at Kate and smile. Kate returned the favor. "You the best part of m'day," Kate said in the walkie-talkie.

"Is that a compliment? There's not much to do here," Andrea joked.

"That's true."

"...We should get away from here."

"Here's safe."

"But there has to be something better. Something-" Andrea suddenly saw a car. "Oh my God. Oh my God! RICK! SHANE!"

"New people..." Kate smiled. "Praise God, more people!"

Rick and Shane arrived there, guns in hand. They looked at the two men who had arrived at their gates. One fat, the other more fit and tanned, there was an air of mistrust. The tan one smiled. "This is amazing."

"..."

"I'm Dave. This is Tony. And this... this is beautiful. Land... Women... We've been traveling cross country just looking for a safe place."

Kate smiled. "Really?"

"Kate. Stop, we don't know these men."

"He's right." Dave reasoned. "He's right. You don't know anything about us. You don't know what we had to go through out there, the things we've had to do. I bet you've had to do some of those things yourself." He looked between Rick and Shane. "Am I right? Cause ain't nobody's hands clean in what's left of this world. We're all the same."

Rick shook his head, but didn't break contact. "I understand, but we can't. We don't have enough room."

"What?"

"You deaf? Keep it moving." Shane glared at them.

"We can't stay out there. What do you suggest we do," asked Dave.

"I dunno... I hear Nebraska's nice," Rick answered smugly.

Kate frowned. "How can you turn them away like that?"

"They're strangers. You don't know what they could do to us. To the land. We can't feed 'em."

"The same was said about you all." Kate turned away. "They deserve a chance."

"Kate! Don't you open that gate." She ignored Shane and opened the gate. "Kate! Fuck!" Shane aimed at Dave.

Tony saw this and grabbed Kate. When she tried to move he jabbed his gun into her back. "Not so fast!"

"Whoa! Take it easy there man." Shane tried to reason with them.

"Calm down, we don't want any trouble."

"Don't tell me to calm down! Don't ever tell me to calm down! I'll shoot you assholes in the head and take your damn farm!" Tony grabbed Kate's breasts, "I'll keep this one alive though. We're going to have a lot of good times together." Kate never felt worse. She could feel his sweat drip on her skin. She could also feel something else. There was no sugarcoating her situation. This man was going to rape her. His gun hand stayed firm, but his other hand continued their molestation. Kate wanted to vomit. She wished that she let them in.

Two shots rang out. Kate found herself pulled to the ground. She turned over to see her would be rapist with a hole in the front of his face. Andrea had made the shot from inside the manor. Kate started sobbing. Wheels squealed. Rick and Shane ran and shot behind it, but it got away. Shane got heated. "God damn it! What the fuck was that?! Kate!"

"Shane... She knows. We got to prepare for-"

Shots rang from many directions. Rick and Shane ran for cover. T-Dog grabbed a weapon and joined them. Kate ran to the top of the fence and started shooting from there. Andrea grabbed ammo and Shane and Rick. The opposition shot T-Dog. Kate killed three of the twenty shooting at her. She was then shot in her stomach. She fell backward into their yard and away from the fence. Suddenly the worst happened. A herd of walkers approached the battle. They'd been drawn by the prolonged gun battle. "Oh God."

Rick and Shane stopped shooting to head back to the manor. "We have to get everyone out of here. It's over." The opposition was confused at first, but were soon enveloped in the swarm. They heard the screams as flesh was torn. They were being eaten alive. Kate looked over to see it happen. She was bleeding heavily. She knew this was the end. There were no doctors and she'd lost too much blood.

Andrea ran to her body. "Kate-"

"Get out of here... Leave me. Go! Take care... take care of Harpo and Celie... Take care.." Kate handed Andrea her gun. She was soon surrounded by corpses. Andrea shot one and ran

toward the manor. She tried to ignore the sound of her last friend being devoured by the monsters.

Everyone waited in the home until it became overrun. Rick and Shane went to the manor to save their family. Carol screamed as her daughter was cornered by ravenous zombies. She pulled Sophia away only to be bitten herself. Shane ignored that and ran upstairs, "Shug!" He kicked in several doors. "Shug!" Harpo and Celie jumped out of the bathroom and toward Shane. "Where's Shug? Carl? Lori?"

Harpo shook his head fast. "We're alone... Celie saved my life."

"Get yal's gun. It ain't time for dying yet. Let's find our women. We're getting out of here." Celie held Harpo close to her and kept him safe as Shane got them safely off the manor and off the farm.

Meanwhile...

Lori knew once the guns started blazing something was going to go wrong. She went to her son's room. Carl wasn't there. Lori grabbed a gun and ran outside. "Carl!" She ran out to try to find where Carl could be. She saw Shug disappearing in the woods. She ran to her for help. "Shug!" Shug hesitated and allowed the woman to catch up. "I can't find Carl!"

Shug looked toward the manor. Little by little the herd approached. Lori would die if she went back. She turned to Lori. "I seen 'em run in the woods. He tryna find Daryl."

"Oh my God, my boy."

"Let's go. He gon die in these woods." Shug guided Lori miles away from the home with lies. She pretended to be lost and carried them further from the manor. She convinced Lori that if they get to the highway they could get back to the farm. They didn't see Carl. They didn't see Daryl. Unbeknownst to them Carl was saved by Andrea who later saved Rick. The surviving members were torn into four groups: Shane, Harpo, and Celie who were searching for Shug and Lori, Rick, Carl, and Andrea who thought everyone was dead, Shug and Lori who were headed somewhere new with Lori oblivious, and Daryl by himself who would later find Rick's group. T-Dog, Kate, Sophie and Carol had died. Their land was lost.

Shug pulled Lori into a bush. There were men around the corner. She needed to observe and see if they were friendly. Suddenly a walker approached them, Shug took her stick and jammed it into its eye. The noise alerted the group. They held their breath. A large white man walked to them. Lori looked at him confused. She didn't think it was possible.

"Well, well, well... Ain't this a crazy day." He analyzed Shug. "A literal spearchucker" He looked at Lori. "And you dollface! What a co-winky-dink."

"Merle..."

"The one and only. Ain't no hard feelin's for what Officer Friendly did. None whatsoever if you can tell me someth'en. My brother Daryl, he alive?"

Lori nodded. "That's who we're looking for."

"Huh... Where were y'all holed up?"

"Merle, these ladies have gone through a lot." An attractive white man approached the two. He had a full head of brown and grey hair, light blue eyes, and a big smile. "Why don't you tell them the good news."

"Sorry, Governor. Ladies, you ain't got to run through the woods nomore. We got a town. Walls. Food. A place to lay your heads at night. Interested?"

Shug smiled. "You don't got to tell me twice."

Lori frowned. "That sounds fine, but there's something we've got to do first. I have to go back to the farm. I've got to find my family."

"No! We ain't going back to the farm." Shug turned to Lori. "Yo' family dead Lori. I knows that. You know that. Why would you go there? You sho don't want to see your baby like that... Like I did..." Shug looked in the Governor's eyes. She could tell that he wasn't all smiles. There was something off, but she didn't care. She wanted a place to stay. "I can sang. I can kill these monstas. Lori can cook, clean, a domestic... We'll earn our keep, but she pregnant."

The Governor looked at Lori. "Really?" Lori nodded. He looked at Lori in a new light. He saw everything in her, a future, a second chance. "Don't worry about anything. Our midwife, Nettie, has been delivering babies since she was ten." He looked Lori in her eyes. "We'll take care of you."

Lori took a deep breath. "Okay. Okay... What is your name?"

"Call me, Phillip."

THE END

(A/N) I got hellah lazy at the end, but I'm so done with this story.

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