

A Brother's Deadly Envy

By

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The walking dead moan in the darkness as they claw and slap at the chain-link fence of the prison yard. The tepid night air is rancid with their putrid odor. The rotten scent so potent it fouls my taste buds.

Their malignant presence is a constant weight on my shoulders. They're a continual reminder of the horrific death that awaits me outside the safety of the prison block I now think of as home. I fear for my life, but even more so, for the life of my crippled father and for Judith, who I treat and love as my own infant. All the others, even Carl and Carol, can defend themselves with a respectable measure of skill and bravery.

When the one-eyed maniac leads his army against the prison, I will be huddled inside with Judith, cowering in terror, while all the others defend our home with their lives. If they fail, the Governor and his men will eventually make their way passed the locked gates, and I will have no choice but to surrender and beg for his mercy, in hopes I can save Judith from his wrath. I hate feeling so powerless.

With only the illumination of the stars above, as a flashlight would make me an easy target for a sniper, I trek my way across the courtyard to a fenced-in entryway, where Carl is crouched, staring through the scope of a rifle, the barrel poking through a wooden palate. "Hey Carl, I told Rick I'd take over your watch for a bit so you could eat while it's still warm."

He cranes his neck to look up at me, and his brow furrows under the brim of his father's cowboy hat. "Why'd he send you?"

"He didn't. I volunteered. Everyone else is eating or busy."

"Well, I'm not leaving you out here all by yourself. Either get someone else or bring the food to me."

"*Carl*, I'll be fine. If anything happens, Daryl's in the guard tower. He'll hear me if I shout, and come running. Go eat your dinner."

He huffs dramatically as he rises to his feet. "I don't like it, *Beth*, but I'm too hungry to argue." He thrusts the rifle into my hand. "Keep your eyes peeled, scanning the perimeter." And he marches off like the boy playing a soldier that he is, gripping the silenced pistol holstered on his leg.

I occupy Carl's previous spot and watch the tree line through the rifle scope. There's nothing in sight but corpses milling about under the starlight.

It's moments alone like this, that my mind wanders to the old world, where memories of my lost family and friends threaten to smother me. These haunting recollections seek to leech what little faith and fortitude I've endeavored with such fervent emotional exertion to retain in this bleak and desolate life. These ghosts of the past cause me to feel even more fragile and frail.

The door beside me into the tombs bangs opens and I leap to my feet as I scream in fright.

"*Whoa* there, Girly. It's just ya uncle Merle." Sweat drips from his forehead and blood from his hand-blade.

I press a palm to my thumping heart. "What were you doing in the tombs?"

"I got bored. Decided on a scavenger hunt, and got lucky too." He lifts his bloody beater and pulls out a bottle of Jim Beam wedged in the front of his pants. "Lookie what I found in the Warden's office."

"Everyone else is preparing for war, and you're off hunting for whiskey?"

"Hey now, Blondie, I told Rick what we need to do. If he won't take my advice, what am I supposed to do bout it?"

"If you're gonna be part of this group, you gotta follow Rick's lead. You should be helping with the preparations."

"Why bother? We ain't got a chance against the Governor. Might as well have a few last drinks before he guns us down." Merle holds the bottle between his thighs and attempts to twist open the top, but the bottle spins between his legs. "*Damn*, this one fucking hand shit."

I sigh and rest the rifle against the cage. "Let me." I grip the neck of the bottle to pull it from between Merle's thighs, but he grasps my wrist and slides my hand up and down the neck as if it were his manhood.

He winks and licks his chops. "And here I thought ya only had eyes for my little brother."

How does he know about my feelings for Daryl? I haven't told anyone. Not even Maggie, and I tell her everything. If Merle knows, does that mean Daryl knows too?

I strain against his grip. "Let go of me, Merle!"

He releases me abruptly, and I smack into the palate behind me.

"I was just playing with ya, Girly. No reason to get upset." He twists the bottle open with his teeth, spits the cap away, and takes a few gulps. "*Whoo* boy, that's good shit." He holds it out to me. "Have a drink with me."

I shake my head, my bangs waving before my eyes. "No, thanks. I'm supposed to be covering watch for Carl."

He shakes the bottle in my face. "*Come on*, have a drink with ya good old uncle Merle."

I push the bottle away and snarl. "You're not my uncle! You're not even my friend! What you did to Glen and Maggie is *unforgivable!*"

Merle holds the bottle to his chest with mock pain. "Ow, that hurts. Why ya got to be so mean? I'm just trying to be friendly..." He rubs the bottle against his groin and curls his lip. "To the prettiest girl in the whole group."

"Merle," growls Daryl, "why don't ya guzzle that somewhere else."

Merle glances at Daryl with a sneer, looks me up and down and spits from between his front teeth. "Aww, I was just teasing her."

Daryl steps between me and Merle, crossbow in hand. "*Get!*"

Merle takes a swig, looks at me over Daryl's shoulder, and winks. "I see ya around soon, Blondie."

After Merle ambles away, Daryl turns to me and rests his free hand on my shoulder. "Ya okay? I heard ya scream. I got here as fast as I could."

His concern for me is endearing, and his casual grip of my shoulder is stirring. "Thanks, Daryl, I'm fine. Merle just scared me coming out of the tombs, is all."

His blue eyes gaze into mine with fierce intensity as he whispers. "Did he get grabby with ya?"

I shake my head. "No."

Daryl gives me a grin. "Just say the word, Sweetheart, and I'll go take off his other hand."

I smile back at him. "He was just being Merle."

He chuckles. "Oh, so ya mean he was being a complete asshole?"

I snort. "Yeah, like I said. Being Merle."

He drops his hand from my shoulder and I instantly miss the slight contact. "What ya doing out here anyway?"

"I'm covering Carl's watch while he eats. Everyone else is busy or eating, and Carol is watching Judith."

“Does ya dad know his little girl is out in the dark with the walkers?”

I surprise myself by barking. “I don't need his permission for every damn thing! And I'm not a little girl!”

His hand grips my shoulder, with strength this time. “Sweetheart, I didn't mean to offend.”

I sigh as I look down at my boots. “Sorry, Daryl. I'm just stressed, and I'm tired of feeling helpless.”

He hangs his crossbow on a palate and raises my chin with a finger. “Beth, we're all stressed. We're in a screwed up situation. But we're gonna make it through.”

A tear trickles from the corner of my eye as I attempt to hold back a surge of emotion. “And how many of us are going to die this time? What if we lose you? Rick might be the leader, but without you, this group will fall apart. *I'll* fall apart.” I turn away as tears pour down my face.

Daryl's strong arms wrap around me, pulling me close, and I curl my arms around his waist and sob against his chest. “I'm scared, Daryl.”

He squeezes me tighter and kisses the top of my head. “Honey, if ya thought I was tough before, wait until ya see me with my brother by my side. The two of us fighting together are fucking unstoppable. The Governor ain't got shit on us Dixon boys, ya hear?”

The dam is broken and the tears keep on gushing as he strokes my back and shushes me.

Finally, I manage to lock those thoughts away, and I look up at him and snuffle. “Are you and Carol...”

His eyebrows pinch together and his embrace slackens. “Are we what? Involved?”

I nod bashfully.

“Carol's like a sister to me. An *older* sister. Why ya asking?”

I chew my bottom lip for a long moment as I gather my courage. “Ever since I saw you ride up on your bike on the farm, I've had, *desires*.”

His eyes go wide. “Whoa, ya only seventeen.”

I stomp a boot in frustration. “Why does that matter? What's the difference between seventeen and eighteen? Up until about a hundred years ago, girls married at thirteen and younger. What's the point in fighting to survive if I can't love who I wanna love?”

“I get what ya saying, Beth, I really do. But we'd be having the same conversation if ya were eighteen.” He wipes the tears from my face. “I just don't see ya as a woman.”

I glide my hands from his back to his manly rump and give his firm cheeks a light squeeze over his jeans. I've wanted to do that for such a long time. “Then let me show you I'm a woman.”

He pulls my hands from his rear and chuckles playfully. “The shy churchgoing virgin farm girl wants to show me she's a woman? How ya plan on doing that? Ya gonna mill me some bread and churn me some butter?”

I jab him in the stomach. His abs are rock hard under his shirt. I'd love to feel them grinding against me. “How you know I'm a virgin? You sure?”

He cocks his head and arches an eyebrow. “Please, Sweetheart, if ya not a virgin, then I am.”

I spring up on my tippy toes and peck his smiling mouth.

He grips my waist and pushes me flat on my feet. “Ya too young for me. Ya just a girl.”

I huff. “You care for me, don't you? I know you do.”

“Of course I do. Ya like the baby sister I never had.”

I give him an annoyed look. "And you never thought of me in *other* ways?"

He purses his lips. "Nope."

Skeptic, I narrow my eyes at him. "Daryl Dixon, are you lying to my face?"

He sighs. "*Okay*, ya got a gorgeous smile and an adorable face." He looks down, embarrassment creeping into his expression. "And a cute little butt." He then glances left and right, as if to make sure no one is within earshot. "And I, um, I like it when ya sing. Ya got a nice voice."

My cheeks go red as I smile bright. "I knew it. You totally want me."

He rubs a hand down his face in vexation. "Beth, that's not what I said. Look, I don't entertain those kinds of thoughts bout ya."

I poke him in the chest with my every word. "But you do have those kind of thoughts about me."

He growls, "I'm a man, aren't I? Course I do. It's not like I can ride on down to the titty bar for some relief."

"You are a man, Daryl, and I'm a woman." I cup his groin with both hands and knead gently. "Let *me* give you some relief."

He gnaws his bottom lip and looks around with a pained expression blended with guilt. Without making eye contact, he mumbles, "Alright, fine. Show me ya a woman." His tone serious and his eyes stern, he whispers, "But don't let ya dad find out. *Okay?*"

I grin and nod my head. "I won't tell anyone. I *swear*." Then I unzip his jeans, timidly reach a hand inside, and grasp hold of his half-engorged member. I'm surprised by how warm it is. I lick my lips as I pull it out. It's bigger than I imagined. I'm kinda frightened by it. I've never had anything inside me besides my own fingers, and his manhood is much thicker than my slender digits.

As I caress his stiffening prick with both my hands, Daryl cups my chin and tilts his head as he pecks my mouth softly. His mustache tickles my upper lip and I giggle. He strokes my cheek with his thumb, and then kisses my bottom lip, then swipes the tip of his tongue between my lips. He does it a second time and I flick my tongue tip across his. I open my mouth wider and his warm tongue swoops in and I moan, which causes him to groan as our tongues lave each other.

I pump his fully-aroused erection as we continue to coil our tongues for a long while, relishing the feel of his pulsating prick in my palms, and wallowing in his passionate embrace, until Daryl breaks away. He unbuckles his belt, unbuttons his jeans, and pulls them halfway down his thighs, exposing himself to me completely.

I comb the fingers of one hand into his thick bush and give his heavy balls a fondle. I smile up at him with a demure look, and coo, "Oh, what big balls you have."

He gives me a devilish grin. "All the better to fill ya belly with my cream, my dear."

I crack up laughing, and he quiets me with another sensual kiss, more impassioned than before. I fist his shaft with more vigor and tug his balls. He pants and groans and gropes at my bottom with inflamed demand. I've aroused his inner beast. I awakened the wolf inside him.

Nervous, I pull away from his devouring mouth. His eyes have become savage with lust.

Clutching me by the shoulders, he shoves me to my knees and his cock throbs before my lips.

I swallow hard at the daunting sight before me and wonder if I'm in over my head. Maggie demonstrated with a carrot and I practiced a few times myself. But having an actual flesh and blood penis hovering in my face is something else entirely.

Daryl tangles his fingers into my hair as he cradles the back of my head with one hand. "Don't be afraid, farm girl. It won't bite. Give it a kiss."

I glance up at him and pucker, and he pulls my lips to the head of his dick. I peck the tip and he shudders. I close my lips over the fat head and swirl my tongue around and around.

Daryl groans, "*Ooh*, Beth, that feels so good. It's been so long."

I smile at him and drag my fingernails up and down his thighs. "Tell me what you like."

He glides a thumb over my parted lips and then into my mouth. "Ya never done this before, have ya?"

I shake my head as I suck his thumb like a pacifier.

"First, I want ya to treat it like a melting ice cream pop." He retracts his thumb. "Go ahead, Sweetheart."

So I stick out my tongue and slowly drag it up the base of his shaft, then I lick the left side, then the right. I do this a few more times as he moans.

"Mmm, that's good. Now hold my balls in one hand and grab my dick with the other." He adds, "But spit in ya hand first."

I flare an eyebrow. "You want me to spit in my hand?"

"Yeah, the more the better."

I shrug my shoulders, gather my saliva, and spit into my palm. Then I do as he instructed.

"Now toy with my balls while ya jerk my dick and suck the top. I'll guide ya speed and depth."

I fondle his balls, stroke his shaft, and wrap my lips around the top of his prick. And then he guides me as I slowly bob up and down, slurping and moaning, his cock tickling the back of my throat.

"Look up at me while ya suck me. I wanna see those beautiful blue eyes."

I stare up at him with a self-conscious expression as I continue to tug and nurse his manhood.

He pauses his bobbing of my head. "No reason to feel sheepish. Ya doing great."

Crouching down, he kisses my mouth and sucks my tongue as I continue molesting him.

When he rises, I work his cock with more confidence, gazing into his heavy-laden blue eyes as he moans my name again and again. The way he utters it gives me tingles in my chest, my belly, and my womanhood. I never thought I'd enjoy this vulgar act, as my father would call it, so much. Even though I'm being subservient, I feel empowered, because if I were to stop, all his pleasure would cease to. Even though I'm being submissive, I could become dominate by simply clamping my jaw shut. His ecstasy is in my hands, well, more so in my mouth, but I feel more in control here on my knees than I have since before the dead rose, and I love it.

With his free hand, Daryl reaches into the back of my shirt and unclasps my bra. Then slides his callused palm into the front of my shirt and caresses my small peaks. He rolls my nipples until they tighten, increasing in sensitivity, then pinches and pulls them, causing a blissful warmth to spread throughout my body. My heartbeat quickens and my feminine flower seeps. I want him to take me here in the dark against the fencing with the clamor of the undead around us!

The door behind Daryl swings open and a prison inmate, long ago deceased, lurches out, its grimy hands reaching, its exposed teeth chomping, a guttural rattle retching from its throat.

A tsunami wave of dread and despair crashes over me at once and my mind races with grieving misery. I've finally revealed my affection for Daryl, and now because of my rousing, he's caught with his pants down, and his jugular will be shredded to bloody bits by black teeth!

Without halting my bobbing, Daryl releases my breasts, grips his crossbow, twists at the waist, and fires an arrow into the walker's right eye. With one leg, he kicks the falling cadaver back into the tombs and then boots the door shut. "No worries, Sweetheart. Door mustn't been closed completely."

I put the corpse and my desperation and guilt out of my mind, feeling safe once again with Daryl standing over me, and my pounding heart slows to a decreased pace as I return my focus to the pulsing cock gliding between my puckered lips.

Soon Daryl begins to groan and thrust his pelvis, plunging his prick deeper and deeper into my throat. I clutch his clenching butt cheeks and resist the compulsion to gag as long as possible, but when my lips kiss the base I can't fight the overpowering sensation any longer, and I choke and cough until he pulls out his prick.

I massage my throat as I gasp for air, while Daryl tugs his gullet gouger.

He pants, "Ahh fuck, Beth, I'm gonna cum!"

I stare up at him, worried. "What should I do?"

He moans, "Just open wide and stick out your tongue."

I do as he says, and he palms my forehead and tilts my head back, then slaps the head of his cock on my tongue as he fists the shaft. "*Fuck*, ya so cute with my dick in ya mouth!"

I mumble with my tongue out. "Cum for me, Daryl."

He grunts, "Ahh fuck, *fuck*, suck the head!"

I seal my lips around the head of his prick as he pumps the shaft in a fury. His back goes rigid and his dick unyielding. And then he howls as hot jets of salty spunk stream over my tongue, filling my mouth faster than I can swallow it down.

Fisting my hair with both hands, he rolls his hips, fucking my oozing lips, trembling with his head arched back and his mouth stretched wide. I feel invigorated by his display of self-abandonment caused by my dedication to his pleasure, and it heightens my own carnal craving for sexual release.

When his dick finally begins to soften, he releases my hair and pulls out. My chin is slathered with his splooge. I look down to see it's dribbled down my neck into my cleavage as well. I'm a sticky mess, but I have no concern at this moment for cleanliness, as my fleshly desires are so compelling as to supersede my usual necessity for sterility.

Clapping his only hand on his bare shoulder, Merle stumbles up the stairs, half-empty bottle poking out of his pants, whiskey swishing back and forth. "Well, well, well, little brother. Finally showing some balls, and cock as well." He chuckles drunkenly at his own joke.

Daryl pulls up his jeans. "Fuck off, Merle." Tucks away his man parts. "I mean it." And zips up. "Don't make me tell ya twice."

"Come on, Daryl. Let ya big brother get a piece of that sweet Georgia peach."

As I rise, Daryl steps in front of me. "I said to fuck off, Merle."

I steal a soiled bandana hanging out of Daryl's back pocket and mop myself up.

Merle grumbles, "I'm not even good enough for ya sloppy seconds anymore?"

"It's not like that, Merle."

"Ya get to use the farmer's daughter's mouth as a cum dumpster and I don't. How's that fair?"

"She ain't just a fuck to be passed around. I got carried away, but we got feelings for one another."

His admittance of feelings ignites a warmth in my heart.

"Feelings my ass. Ya played her like a fiddle until she was begging for it. I heard the whole thing."

Doubt smothers the warm elation and turns my stomach over.

"How ya know anything bout feelings for a woman, Merle? Ya ain't never had any."

I guess I proved myself a woman in his eyes. Joy blooms in my heart again and my stomach settles.

"That's harsh, little brother. Ain't true neither. I had me a nice filly once until she stabbed me in the back. All of 'em treacherous bitches, only good for one thing and one thing only."

I move beside Daryl and find myself speaking. "You can't judge all women by the actions of one."

Merle sneers at me. "This between me and my brother. Who asked ya anyway, *cunt*?"

Daryl balls his fists, knuckles white, and snarls, "Don't ya talk to her like that!"

"Didn't ya get enough in the Governor's gladiator pit? Ya want me to whoop ya ass some more?"

Daryl growls, "Apologize to Beth, or I'm gonna beat ya drunk ass!"

I press a palm to Daryl's chest. "Please. Don't fight."

Merle uses the distraction I cause Daryl to swing a right hook into Daryl's chin.

Thrown off balance by the surprise punch, Daryl tumbles backward onto his rear and his skull bashes through a board of a standing pallet with a crack of splintering wood.

I move between them and hold out my palms. "Stop!"

Merle shoves me aside and I smack into the door to the tombs. He then drops a knee into Daryl's gut. "I held back in the pit! I ain't holding—"

Daryl plows Merle across the face with a right, then a left, and another right. Merle falls over beside him in a heap, dazed, blood trickling from his busted lip.

Rubbing the back of his skull with a reddened fist and clutching his stomach with the other, Daryl climbs to his feet, a little shaky. "Do everyone a favor, and sleep it off right where ya are." He grabs his crossbow, loads an arrow, turns to me and holds out a palm. "Come on, Sweetheart. Let's go somewhere more private."

I take his hand and he leads me away from his groaning and cussing brother. We stroll through the darkness toward the guard tower, where Glenn and Maggie often spend time together. As my anxiety over the quarrel wanes, my anticipation over our destination grows.

With a hushed tone, as not to rile the loitering cadavers at the fence, Daryl apologizes. "I'm sorry bout my brother. He isn't quite housebroken yet. But don't worry, I won't let him bite ya."

I snort at his gibe, and give his hand an affectionate squeeze, unsure how to respond appropriately without causing offense. Family matters can be touchy.

He pulls open the door to the guard tower and gestures for me to enter. I step inside and climb the ladder with him following behind me. Once atop, he closes the hatch and I wish there was a lock.

More anxious than concerned, since I've witnessed him take much worse abuse, I ask, "How's your head feeling?"

"Aww, it's fine. I got a thick skull." He grins. "Not as thick as Merle's, but dense enough."

I giggle more than warranted by his jest and rest my hands on his hips to keep them from fretting about. "So...you mentioned some *feelings*. You called me a *woman*."

He pecks the tip of my nose and smiles. "Did I? Ya sure bout that?"

I tug the scruff on his chin and flare my eyes. "Heard it with my own two ears."

He gazes into my eyes as he unbuckles my leather belt. "Naw, couldn't been me." He unbuttons my jeans and winks. "I'm too rough and tough to have feelings." He unzips my pants and shimmies them down to my knees. "How I know if ya a woman if I ain't never had a peek between ya legs?" Gingerly and slowly he glides his hand over my white cotton panties, caressing my mound, and I whimper, all my jitters instantly dissolving.

He hushes me with a soft sensual kiss and my knees tremble, threatening to buckle. I grip his leather vest with both hands for fear of crumbling, clinging tightly as his lips and tongue make gentle love to my famished mouth, and I coo and gurgle in a euphoric delirium.

Breaking away from me, Daryl whispers, "Let me get those clothes off ya so I can take a good look."

I lift my arms as he pulls my shirt over my head. My unclasped bra is discarded next. I've never been topless in front of a man before but I'm too enraptured to feel timid.

He breathes into my ear. "Prettiest breasts I've ever laid eyes on." Then his lips suck and nibble down the nape of my neck as his hands knead my peaks and I melt against him.

I moan, "Ooo, Daryl, ooh."

Feathery kisses brush over my shoulder, along my collarbone, down the center of my chest, as his palms skim down my sides, over my hips. One glides back and cups a cheek, while the other returns to caressing my mound. His warm mouth suckles at a nipple, tongue twirling and lashing, and then the other.

I thrust my pelvis against his softly petting hand, and moan, "Daryl, I *want* you. I *need* you."

His lips abandon their wondrous nursing of my breasts, kissing an inward spiraling path around my belly until his tongue is dabbing at my navel. I'm surprised how erotic it feels to have a man tongue my bellybutton. It's like a subtle act of worship. I feel like a goddess.

Curling my fingers into his hair, I unconsciously push his head down.

He kisses my mound over my panties and looks up at me. "The tables have turned, haven't they?"

My cheeks warm with embarrassment. "I didn't mean to. I'm sorry. You don't have to—"

"*Shhh*, Beth, it's alright." He blows me a kiss and my cheeks go from warm to hot. "I want to."

Tension causes me to chew my bottom lip. "Okay, but can I lay down first?" I'm afraid my legs won't hold me once his lips meet with my nether lips.

He rises and scoops me off my feet, my heart fluttering. "Of course, Sweetheart." He pecks my cheek and lays me down on the bedding left by Glenn and Maggie.

I sit up and reach for my boot, and he playfully smacks my hand away. "I got it. Just relax."

I lay back, nervous as a mare in a burning barn. My heart drums in my ears, perspiration sweeps across my brow and pools behind my knees. I do my best to calm myself, taking deep breaths through my nose and exhaling through my lips, as he tugs off my boots and then my jeans.

Although it's warm, I shiver all over as he appraises me in only my panties with covetous eyes. "My brother was right about one thing. Ya a sweet Georgia peach."

I smile, blush, and look away all at once. "*Nooo*."

His palms cup my knees. "Oh, *yesss*, ya are." His hands glide slowly up and down my thighs. "Even the fine hairs on ya legs are soft like peach fuzz."

“*Daryl!*” Mortified by his mention of my lack of shaving, I attempt to pull a blanket over me but he tears it from my grasp.

“Honey, ya ain’t got nothing to be ashamed of. Leg shaving went out the window when indoor plumbing did. Besides, it’s sexy.” He grins and tongues a canine tooth. “*Feral.*”

I laugh, my tension diminishing. “You really are the Big Bad Wolf.”

He winks, and growls, “All the better to *eat* ya with, my dear!” Then he parts my legs and plants sucking kisses up and down the delicate flesh of my inner thighs, and I quiver and mewl with each one, his gentle touch rattling me to the core. He nudges my flower with his nose and I moan. He inhales deeply and exhales with a rumble of desire. “Ya smell even sweeter than a peach.”

I gulp with apprehension, and then purr, “Why don’t you give me a taste then?”

He pecks my mound over my panties and grins at me. “Honey, ya stole the words right outta my mouth.” Then he grips my panties and draws them down my thighs, over my knees, across my shins, and off my feet, leaving me fully exposed.

I automatically cover myself with both hands, but Daryl pulls them away. “Ya lady parts prettier than a Barbie doll’s.”

“Stop it. No, they’re not.”

“Sweetheart, I’ve seen my fair share, and yours is by far the *loveliest.*”

I giggle at his word choice. “I can’t believe you just used that word, let alone to describe my vagina.”

He chuckles. “Wow, the farm girl found the guts to poke fun at the redneck.”

Sitting up, I drape my arms around his shoulders and kiss his lips. “I’m no farm girl anymore, and I don’t mind ya being a redneck, none neither, ya hear?” And I burst into giggles.

He grabs me by my bare hips with a devious smile. “Ya gonna pay for that.” And he kisses me hard, forcing me down into the bedding. His fingers wiggle up my sides into my armpits, and I scream with laughter into his kissing mouth. His weight pinning me, I thrash uncontrollably as his fingertips flutter down my sides, behind my knees, and over the bottoms of my kicking feet.

When he ceases tickling me, I’m panting, out of breath, my chest heaving, my sides aching, my hair a mess from squirming my head about. “I take back everything nice I ever said about you!”

He gives me that roguish grin that never fails to melt my heart. “I’m bout to change ya mind, Sweetheart.”

Just as I was catching my breath, he takes it away again. Kissing my neck and working his way down, down, down, until he blows a soft breath across my tiny nub, causing me to shudder and gasp with elation.

I moan, “Stop *teasing* me.”

He licks the creases between my thighs and my pelvis. “The more I tease, the harder ya’ll cum.”

As he grazes my hood, ignoring my nub below it, I lunge my pelvis, and whine, “You’re driving me *crazy!*”

Gripping my thighs, he holds my pelvis down, traces the outer edges of my slit, then the inside edges, and finally pecks my nub, shooting a bolt of ecstasy through every nerve in my body.

I plead, “*Please, Daryl, please!*”

I nearly climax as he slips a finger between my moist lips and circles my sensitive button with his tongue. I grope at my breasts and twist my nipples hard.

"Ooh, Daryl, yes! Yes!"

I wiggle my toes and roll my ankles, butterfly my legs and squirm my hips, snake my back heaving my chest, and writhe my head about, tossing my hair back and forth over my face and into my panting mouth.

"Ooh, fuck! Ooh, fuck! Yes!"

I pull at his hair and squeeze my thighs around his head as jolts of jubilation rush from the tip of his thrashing tongue to the tips of my fingers and toes. The muscles in my legs and stomach twitch with swelling euphoria. My eyelids begin to flutter and my entire body goes into joyous spasms, as magma hot rhapsody roars through me and I scream in the passionate glory of the most profound and all-consuming orgasm of my life.

As my quaking body begins to still, Daryl plunges in a second finger and works at my inner erogenous zone while continuing to lave my tiny tingling nub, and in mere seconds a second climax overwhelms me and I convulse and shriek in frenzied rapture.

When the aftershocks subside, I spring up and assault his mouth with my own, and grope madly at his crotch.

Daryl continues to finger me as I fumble with his pants and suck his tongue, eventually unleashing his aroused manhood. I fall upon his blade at once, sheathing it with my moaning lips and nursing it as though it contains the ambrosia of everlasting life.

After a few minutes of bobbing and gagging as he groans my name, I regain a small measure of my senses. I cry, "Daryl, I wanna feel you inside me!"

"I ain't got no condoms, and I think one baby is enough."

"When Maggie and Glen don't have any, she lets him put it in her..." I look away and bite the corner of my lower lip.

Cradling my chin, he turns my gaze to meet his. "Ya want me to use ya backdoor? Are ya sure?"

Still chewing my lip, my cheeks burning bright red, I give him a faint nod.

Daryl whispers, "Have ya ever had anything in..."

I look down and reply with a slight shake of my head.

Taking me by the hips, he pulls me onto his lap, his erection pulsing against my womanhood. "Ya know it's gonna hurt something fierce, right?"

I nod. "That's okay. As long as you enjoy it, I will."

He clutches my bottom. "Oh, *Honey*, I will." And he kisses me deep, his passion conjuring my hips to roll, grinding my cleft on his cock, both of us moaning into each other's ravenous mouths.

After a few minutes of this vehement kissing and humping, Daryl heaves me onto my feet, spins me around, and presses me against the glass.

I'm looking out over the prison yard, spotted with shambling corpses, as Daryl massages my cheeks while swirling his warm tongue over my rosebud. Again I feel like a deity being offered devoted veneration, his predatory groans prayers of praise.

Once his idolizing ritual of adoration is complete, he rises slow, leaving a whispering trail of velvet kisses up my spine, until he's imbibing the nape of my neck and thrusting his rigid manhood between the petals of my flower.

I cross my legs to give his manhood more sensual friction, and he fists my hair tight and turns my head to kiss me tender.

Soon he pulls away, pecks my temple, and whispers, "Ya ready, Sweetheart?"

I uncross my legs and arch my lower back. "Uh-huh."

Daryl breathes into my ear. "I'll go real slow. Ya tell me if ya want me to stop."

I nod, then clench my jaw, preparing myself.

He pulls a cheek aside, and my face squinches into an agonized grimace as he presses and prods the fat head against my tense rosebud. He struggles to pierce my bud, his shaft sliding up my crack again and again, and finally it jabs into my feminine fissure and I stammer a gasp of bliss.

Daryl groans, "Ahh, *fuck*, ya pussy is so fucking tight!"

I moan, "Ooh, Daryl, it feels so good! *You* feel so good! But I thought we didn't want another baby?"

Squeezing my breasts as he drives deeper into my creamy depths, he mumbles, "We don't. Just a bit more, and I'll try ya backside again."

I shiver and quiver and weep and whimper as he forges into me over and over, my mind reeling through the heavenly gardens of paradise. If I had the slightest clue of the joy his manhood could deliver me, I would have rallied the valor to offer myself to him sooner. I would have snuck from my cell as the others slept and slipped into his bed. I would have awoken him from his slumber with the suckling of my mouth. And then sent him back to dreamland by impaling myself upon his mighty spear.

Before long I'm teetering on the pinnacle of an awe-inspiring climax, and I moan, "Daryl, I'm gonna cum!"

He pulls out at once, and pants, "I'm sorry, Beth. If ya cum with me inside ya, I will too."

Desperate to have him back inside me, I reach back and worm one middle finger into my rosebud, then the other. I bite the inside of my cheek and grunt in pain as I stretch myself open for his entry.

As he presses in the fat head of his prick, I retract my fingers and grip his hips, panting and digging in my fingernails. "Ooh, Daryl! Ooh, it's so big!"

His palm glides up my back and grasps my shoulder, the other clutches my hip. "Honey, that's only the tip."

I can't believe the words that utter from my lips. "Put all of it in me! I want it all!"

His tone ripe with concern, he confesses, "I don't wanna hurt ya."

Triggered by my urgent need, I demand, "Just do it, Daryl, *please!*"

"Okay," he concedes, "but tell me if ya need me to stop."

Feeling as though I'm going to pop, I eagerly command, "Give it to me, *Daryl!*"

With my forceful shout of his name, Daryl forces himself inside me and I can't help from clenching my cheeks, whipping my head back and crying out in terrible pain. His cock is so huge inside me! It's massive! Enormous!

He halts. "Beth, ya okay?"

My body vibrating in shock, my mind a void of affliction, my only reply is a whimper of nonsensical muttering.

Hugging me tight, he whispers, "*Breathe*, Beth, *breathe.*"

As my lungs draw in air my eyes pour out tears. I shudder, "A minute."

"Of course, Sweetheart." He nibbles my earlobe and slides a hand between my legs. He kisses my throat as he circles my little bundle of nerves with a fingertip, soothing me with his soft caressing.

After a few minutes of assembling my sanity, my tush acclimating to his excruciating intrusion, I mewl, "Okay, go easy."

Continuing to finger my sensitive button, Daryl gingerly burrows deeper and deeper still, until his pelvis is pressed to my cheeks, which seem to be locked in a permanent clench. He pauses and gropes at my small peaks with his free hand. "Ya little ass is so *fucking* tight. I won't last long, I promise."

I look back, eyes tearing, and whisper through gritted teeth. "Fuck me, Daryl. Fuck me until you cum. Fill my ass with your hot cum."

He releases my breasts, grips my jaw, and squeezes open my mouth, kissing me deep as he works in and out of my spasming rosebud, both of us grunting with his every lunge and thrust.

I can't stop crying. The tears just keep coming and coming. Every muscle in my body is cramping in defiance and bewilderment. I fight the overwhelming impulse to scream for him to stop. I pleaded for this. I begged for this. I demanded it. I'm not going to take this pleasure away from him now.

Daryl groans, "Ahh, Beth! Ahh, Beth! Ahh, Beth!" And he slams me against the glass harder and harder, faster and faster, so that I fear the glass will shatter and we'll tumble out and over the edge to the hungry dead gathering below. He then rams my rear with such brutal force that I'm lifted off my feet. I'm suspended in the air, feet dangling, as he roars in rapture and a spurting eruption of broiling goo sears my insides.

In the same moment, I squeal, "Ohmygod! Ohmygod! Ohmygod!" As my legs tremble, my toes curl, my fists clench, and my pounding heart stops cold in my chest. Then my bud clinches tight as a vise as my body is wracked by seizures of ferocious ecstasy that plunge me into a dark abyss of bliss...

Daryl's crossbow is in my callused hands. I fire an arrow through the eye of a skeletal walker. Judith, now a tween, her fierce eyes reflecting the harshness of her existence, retrieves the bolt and hands it back. Carl is following us, walking with a limp, through a ruined city blanketed by wild vegetation. He's a grown man, ragged scar down his face, still wearing his father's old hat, dirty, torn, and frayed. We are all that is left. Everyone else is long ago deceased. We have nothing but the love of each other to carry us through this life.

...I awake some time later, wrapped in Daryl's strong arms, his lips pecking my face with soft kisses.

My swollen bud feels like it's been torn apart, and my aching cheeks feel as though they're bruised due to Daryl's savage pummeling, yet I regret nothing. I hope to do it again as soon as I'm healed. Of course, I also want to get a hold of some condoms so we can do it the less painful way too.

Daryl kisses my lips. "Welcome back. How ya feeling? I wasn't too rough, was I?"

I stroke his cheek. "I may need to borrow my daddy's crutches to get around for the next week or two, but otherwise, I'm good."

"I'm sorry, Sweetheart. I'll be gentler next time."

I smile. "I hope not."

"This goes against my better judgment, but I wanna tell ya dad. I don't want our... *relationship* to be hindered by secrecy. Ya was right when ya questioned the point of our survival if ya can't love who ya wanna love."

My eyes well with tears, my cheeks flush, and my heart warms, realizing Daryl just told me, in his own way, that he loves me.

I grab his face with both hands and peck his lips over and over and over as I cry joyously, again and again and again, “Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!”

The hatch flies open with a bang and Merle scrambles up with only the use of one hand. He belches and sways, then shouts, “First ya pick officer asshole over me! Then this little farm cunt! I’m ya fucking *brother!*!”

Daryl tosses the blanket over me and snatches up his pants. “Merle, ya drunk *fuck*, why can’t ya just let it lie?” He kicks his feet into his jeans, leaps up and fastens them. “I’m given ya one last chance to apologize to Beth before—”

“I ain’t apologizing to no one!” He holds up his clenched fist. “Ya gonna give me my due!”

Barechested and barefoot, Daryl gets up in his face. “Ya think Pops didn’t give me enough after ya *abandoned* me?! Now ya gonna lash me in a drunken rage too?! Like father like son?! Did ya bring an electrical cord?!”

Face beet red, Merle growls, “I told ya I woulda *killed* him if I stayed!”

Daryl barks, “So ya ran away like a big old weeping *pussy!*!”

Rage distorting his features into a monstrous grimace, Merle bellows as he blows his top and throws himself atop Daryl, both of them going down.

They punch and kick and grapple, grunting and growling, as I scurry to my feet, begging and pleading and shouting for them to stop. Soon I’m backed into the corner, blanket held to my chin, screaming and sobbing, as they tussle, delivering bloody blow after blow, the wet sounds of fists pounding flesh wringing my stomach and wrenching my heart.

Merle manages to wrestle Daryl into a headlock, and pants, “If Pops was dead and I was in prison, who woulda put food on the table for ya and Ma?”

Daryl chokes, and grumbles, “We woulda found a way! Anything woulda been better than his abuse!” And he jabs an elbow into Merle’s gut and breaks free of his headlock.

They roll over atop one another, back and forth, striking with elbows and knees, bleeding and drooling all over themselves and each other as I stomp my feet, and screech, “Stop it! Stop it! Stop!”

I gasp in horror, release my blanket, and crumple to my knees.

Merle mutters, “Fuckfuckfuckfuckfuck! Little brother! No! No!” And he pulls his hand-blade from Daryl’s jugular.

Time seems to slow to a near stop as Daryl gurgles blood. His fluttering eyes gaze at me, and his bloody lips move as if to speak, but only a wet babbling sound comes out. The depth behind his eyes dissolves and his lips become still and silent as blood dribbles from the corner of his mouth, pooling with the blood seeping from his throat.

With tears in his swollen eyes, Merle roars, slobber flying from his bloodied lips. “*You!* This is ya fault, *bitch!*!”

Before I can shake myself free of my shock, Merle has me on my back, his knees pinning my arms. He slaps me hard across the face, stinging my cheek. “I’m gonna ravage ya teenage cunt!” He clutches me by the neck, strangling me, shakes my head and spits in my face. “Then I’m gonna throw ya off this guard tower so the walkers can tear the meat off ya broken bones!” Hand-blade to my throat, he digs his manhood from his pants, smacks my in the eye with it, and uses it to smear his spit across my face as it grows rigid. “Open ya mouth or I’ll do to ya what ya made me do to my brother!”

I reluctantly open up, and Merle shoves his erection between my lips into my throat.

Carl shouts, “Get off her!”

Merle twists around as he rises and takes a step toward Carl, dick bouncing. "Whatcha gonna do, ya little snot?!"

Carl stands his ground, silenced pistol pointed at Merle's chest. "I'll shoot!"

Merle takes another step forward. "Ya ain't got the balls!"

I grip Daryl's crossbow and realize my feeling of helplessness is a choice. As I aim for the back of Merle's head, I decide to savor my memories of the past rather than dread them. By squeezing the trigger, I choose to no longer let fear rule over my emotions.