Summary

Katniss and Peeta are living their lives together in happiness after the war, but what happens when Katniss finds out that she's pregnant? A few years post mockingjay. Boy or Girl?
I wake up with the need to vomit. I can feel Peeta's arms around my waist but right now I don't care about waking him, all I care about is getting to the stinking toilet. I shoot out of bed and turn the corner into the large master bath and just make it to the toilet before I start to puke.

"Katniss?" Peeta's worried voice says from behind me. He walks tiredly to me and start rubbing my back and takes my hair in his free hand.

"Go away Peeta! I dont want you to see this." I moan as another round of nausea hits me.

"You know I'm not gonna do that." he replies when I'm done. After sitting there on the floor for another five minutes, my stomach stops turning and I can stand up. I go straight for the sink and brush my teeth vigorously as Peeta stands looking at me with a worried expression.

"Honey, this is the third time this week this has happened. I'm really worried about you. I think it's time you went to the doctor." he says.

"Peeta!" I groan. "You know how much I hate going to the doctors. Plus I feel fine. It's probably just the flu or something, I will be fine in a couple of days, don't worry." I lean up and give him a tender kiss on the cheek, ending that conversation for now. We both slip into bed and fall asleep for another hour or so before Peeta has to get up for work.

(;-;)

I wake up and look at the clock; It reads 7:00 am, an hour later than I usually sleep. I find that I have been getting more and more tired lately and I decide it must be this stupid flu. Getting up I throw on a black long sleeve shirt and a pair of sweat pants and go downstairs to make myself breakfast. Peeta left this morning for the bakery around six thirty and won't be back until noon for lunch so I usually go hunting, but today Effie is in town and she is coming over for a visit around nine.

I go over the the fridge to see if I can find any left over stew from the night before that I could heat up to sooth my hungry stomach. When I am about to open the fridge I find a note taped to it addressed to me. I open it and read:

Made you these this morning. thought you might want a real breakfast for once. Have fun with Effie today and there are some pain killers and Tylenol on the counter to help sooth your stomach if you still feel sick.

Love you,

Peeta

I open the fridge to find three cinnamon rolls and three cheese buns to go with them.

"Aw, Peeta." I say to myself as I take them out of the fridge and put them in the microwave to heat up. I picked up the small tub of icing he had left on the island for me so that I could ice the cinnamon buns myself. Sometimes I think about how awesome a husband I have and how Haymitch was right, I could live a thousand years and not deserve him.
The microwave beeps and I open it up to be bombarded by the strong smell of cinnamon, suddenly I'm nauseous. I run the the small half bath down the hall and vomit.

"Stupid flu." I breathe. It's odd because I have never been sick like this. As soon as the nausea subsides I am perfectly fine. Weird.

A sit on the couch for an hour or so and do some laundry and before long there is a rap on the door. I look at the clock that reads nine o'clock; that's Effie, always on time.

I stride over to the door to open it and see a shivering Effie, dressed in one of her over the top Capitol outfits. Her hair is its usual pink shade matching her dress and shawl, and she has on bright green heels with a matching green handbag. I noticed a flowery embroidery on her dress that was also green.

"Hey Effie, long time no see." I say as she comes in and hands me her jacket.

"Good to see you to Katniss!" she chirps as she sits down on the couch in front of the fire. "Gosh, I don't understand how you can live in this cold weather for so long! There isn't even a heat lamp in the street!"

"It's not so bad." I reply. "would you like anything to eat? I have some left over cinnamon buns that Peeta made, I can heat them up for you?" I ask. I couldn't eat them because the smell made me want to vomit, but I got the cheese buns down just fine this morning.

"Oh I would love some! Haymitch has so little actual food over at his house. All he seems to have in his fridge is alcohol." Effie says with a serious expression.

I wander into the kitchen to get the cinnamon buns for Effie when another round of nausea hits. What the hell was wrong with me?

"Katniss, are you alright, are you sick?" Effie asks when I come back into the room with the cinnamon buns outstretched so that I couldn't smell them.

"What? Oh no I'm fine. Just a little nausea, nothing to serious." I reply nonchalantly.

"Katniss, I could hear you, are you sure you don't want me to call Peeta?" she asks, looking at me with a worried expression.

"No really. I'm fine, but um Effie, could I ask you a question?" I timidly say.

"Of course." she replies.

"Well, I don't want to worry Peeta by asking him this but, have you ever been sick but not sick? Does that make any sense?" I ask. She just shakes her head no so I elaborate. "Like, you throw up but you feel fine, like nothing is wrong?"

"Oh my gosh." Effie exclaims as she jumps off the couch and stares at me.

"What!?" I ask, the look of shock on her face is worrying me.

"Katniss, your pregnant!" she exclams as she takes my hand and smiles.

"What!? I can't be! I mean, we didn't even... not unprotected... but... there was that one night, but it was only once, and. Your not serious are you?" I ramble.

"Of courses I am! Hold on I will be back in two minutes flat." Effie tells and scampers out the
door, grabbing her coat on the way.

I look down at my stomach in shock. Pregnant? I can't be pregnant, I don't even know if I want kids! What will Peeta say? Will he resent me for getting pregnant? Maybe he will be happy. It would explain the nausea, but why don't I have any other symptoms, I don't have mood swings or food cravings, unless you count cheese buns as a food craving, but still?

Effie comes in exactly two minutes later and shoves a box into my hand. "Go take this. It will tell for sure if you are pregnant or not. It is one hundred percent accurate, trust me, it's the best brand in the Capitol." she says as she pushes me into the bathroom and shuts the door.

After taking the test I restlessly sit and wait for it to give me the results. I drum my fingers on the counter top and look at the time. It's eleven o'clock, Peeta will be home in an hour.

I look back at the test to read the results.

"Well?" Effie says through the door.

"What does two lines mean?" I ask. I hear a squeal and it suddenly the door flies open. Effie takes the test from me as I look at her in confusion.

"Congratulations Katniss! Your pregnant!" she cries and throws her arms around me. I just stare at the wall wide eyed. It's true. I'm pregnant.

"Effie?" I say, calling her attention back to me, she was staring at my abdomen and it was making me uncomfortable. "can I uh...get some time alone?" I squeak out, trying to find my voice. My throat felt tight, like someone had shoved their fist down into it.

"Of course." she says when she sees my expression. It must be a mix of fear and shock because that's exactly how I feel. "I will be right across the street if you need me." she says as she leaves me in peace.

I go into the living room and sit on the couch, staring at the test in my hands. I'm pregnant. How am I going to tell Peeta? Will he have a fit, will he be excited, will he want to keep it? These questions racked my brain as I searched for answers.

I look over at the clock, it was eleven fifty eight, I hadn't realized how long I had sat on the couch for, Peeta would be home any second. Hurrying, I get off the couch and throw away the test.

As soon as the trash bin closes I hear the door open.

"honey, I'm home! Gosh I have always wanted to say that." he chuckles to himself as he finds his way to the kitchen that I am at the moment standing in. "Hey, what's wrong?"

I must have had a worried or sick expression on my face because he comes over and places one hand on my waist, the other on my forehead. "Are you sick?" he says, his voice serious.

His expression had changed from worried to fearful when I shook my head no. "Katniss, you have to talk to me. Please. Tell me what's wrong." he said in a soothing tone.

Peeta, I'm..." I trail off, unable to say the words out loud, afraid he will get angry.

He places both hands on the face and looks into my eyes, "Your what?" he asks, still worried.

"Pregnant." I state under my breathe. I look down, afraid to meet his gaze. He must hate me. We had only been married two years and hadn't even talked about having kids yet. We were only
"Are you serious?!" I hear him say in an uplifted tone. I look up at him to see him beaming down at me, waiting for an answer.

"Yeah." I say, dumbfounded at his happy expression.

He dips his head down and captures my lips in a hard passionate kiss. I was caught off guard but quickly caught up and kissed him back.

Then it hits me. Of course Peeta would be happy that we were having a child. Peeta loves children, I was so stupid to think he wouldn't.

"I'm gonna be a dad!" he exclaims when we come up for air.

"Yupp." I reply with a big grin forming on my face. I realized then that I too wanted kids. It made Peeta unbelievably happy and that made me realize that I would be happy to.

That's why you were getting sick! This is wonderful, oh my gosh. I mean not wonderful that your sick and all but awesome that we are going to be parents! Katniss we are going to be parents!" Peeta laughs. I kiss him again and we both laugh in excitement of the situation.

Peeta kneels down in front of me and takes my waist in his hands. "Hey little one. This is your daddy, I love you and your mommy so much. I can't wait to meet you." he coos and a tear pricks the corner of my eye. I put my hand on his cheek and he looks up at me with so much love in his eyes, it was as if I was on cloud nine. In my own little blissful world. Peeta and I were gonna have a family, and I couldn't be happier.

Chapter End Notes

This is the first chapter of this story. I have this posted on my account on fanfiction as well but I thought I would move it to here since I prefer this site these days. Thanks for reading and I hope you are looking forward to more chapters to come! Feel free to leave a comment or click the little Kudos button!

-LM
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Katniss and Peeta go to the doctors.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 2

I wake up to the light shining through the crack in the curtains. Lying in bed for a moment, I revel in the lack of nausea this morning. Stretching out my fingers, I search for the warm body that greets me each morning, but find that side of the bed empty. I sit up and look over to see if I had somehow missed something, but soon come to the realization that I wasn't wrong. Peeta's not here.

I groan in frustration, I love when I get to wake up in the morning not feeling like hell and get to spend some time with him; but today was not one of those days. Deciding that I should just go back to sleep I lay back down and bury my head in the pillow.

"Katniss!" Peeta shouts up the stairs. I was sure he had gone to the bakery. "Breakfast is ready!"

I groan again and cover my head with the blankets, not wanting to be disturbed. A few minutes later, large feet are trampling up the stair and into the room.

"Katniss," Peeta chuckles, "come on. You have an appointment in half an hour with Dr. Clayton. You need to eat before we go." I had almost forgotten about the appointment this morning. Since we had found out I was pregnant, I had only been to the doctor once for my four week check up. When we had found out about the pregnancy I was two weeks pregnant, now I'm two months and it is hell.

I cry almost once a day, get angry for no reason what so ever, the morning sickness is the new bane of my existence, and my stomach was not getting any bigger. This worried me at first, I thought I would have a bump by now, but not even the slightest sign is there. I asked Dr. Clayton if this was normal and she assured me that I had nothing to worry about, my "baby bump" could start showing as late as my fourth month.

"I don't want to get up." I moan. Peeta just chuckles and pulls the sheets down to my ankles. I shudder as the cold air hits my body and reach out to pull the blankets back up but Peeta puta them out of my reach.

"Oh no you don't." he says playfully. "Come on sleepy head, let's get you two some food."

"Your such a meany, you know that?" I tell him as I stand and stretch.

"Yeah, yeah. Hurry up. I don't want to be late." he comes over and gives me a kiss on the cheek before he turns and leaves the room. "Hurry or they will get cold!" he shouts over his shoulder.

They. That means one thing- he made me cheese buns. Ever since I started this pregnancy I have been craving them non-stop. Once I even made Peeta get out of bed at two in the morning to make
me some. He had, of course, done it, but it was not without complaint. He would make a comment that I was only a few weeks pregnant and shouldn't have such intense cravings. I had wondered the same myself, but the doctor said that it was normal in my first pregnancy to have some weird cravings. She said, "Every pregnancy is different."

Searching the room, I come across a pair of jeans and a green long sleeve shirt. It was the middle of winter and the District got very cold at this time of year, so it was important to dress warmly. Slipping my legs into holes, I pull my pants up and go to button them, but they wouldn't budge. I try again and get the same result. How could they not fit? Did they shrink in the drier? No, I don't put my jeans in the drier, I hang them up so they won't shrink.

"Peeta," I call down the stairs, "did you put my jeans in the drier when you did the laundry on Tuesday?"

"No." he says and appears at the bottom of the stairs. "Why? Something wrong with your jeans?"

"No." I say. "I'm just being self conscious." Peeta just smiles at me and goes back into the kitchen.

"Damn it." I said under my breath. Dr. Clayton said this would happen; bloating comes with the perks of being pregnant. Frustrated, I throw on a pair of gray sweatpants and the shirt that I had picked out earlier, a green long sleeve shirt with a v-neck that shows off the cleavage I don't have.

Walking down the stairs, the smell of the cheese buns raid my nose and they are all of a sudden the only thing I can think about.

"Good," Peeta greets me, "Your up. You've got fifteen minutes to eat, we can take some with us if you want."

I pick up a cheese bun and immediately get to work on it, they were so good. Peeta just grins at me and waits until I finish, he probably ate an hour before I had gotten out of bed.

"why so smiley today?" I ask him. He was practically glowing, and that was weird because I thought that's what I was suppose to be doing. Weren't pregnant people suppose to glow?

"No reason." he replies. "Just happy I guess."

"Okay." I buy it, to engulfed in my cheese buns to inquire any further.

Peeta has been getting really smiley and really clingy lately. Ever since he found out I was pregnant he has gotten overly protective and very possessive. Every time I try to go hunting he insists on going with me, even though he scares off all the game, I have to let him. Every single chance he can get he tells me to sit down and take a break, that I didn't want to tire myself out. And every night when we go to sleep, he wraps his hands around my waist and settles one large hand on my stomach. If it was anyone but Peeta, I would've thought it was annoying; but it is Peeta, and that is who he is. An over protective husband/father-to-be.

Looking on at the clock on the stove, it reads 9:50. I've got ten minutes to be at the appointment; Peeta sees the same thing and wordlessly starts packing up two more of the buns and hands them to me.

"Ready?" I ask him as I take the cheese buns out of his hand and start to head toward the coat closet.

"Definitely. You?" He opens the door and hands me my dad's hunting jacket and I slip on my boots.
"As ready as I'll ever be." I say, and we walk out together.

The streets of District 12 are no longer black and barren. Since the war, it has been a place of new beginnings for many to come, when people had no home left they could come to 12 and start all over. They had built a hospital, the biggest in all of Panem, and many came to work there or receive treatment. This is where we are walking to now.

Peeta and I walk hand in hand, waving to the people as we passed them. We were, if anything, more famous than we were ever before. We were the war heroes, the Mockingjays, and not a single person knows that we are walking around with a plus one. Not just yet.

Tom walks by and I wave at him, but he just holds up his hands that are full of wood and smiles, obviously going to build something new for somebody.

I look at Peeta and he is still all smiles, looking off to god knows where. "What are you thinking about?" I finally ask.

"What this will be like in seven months. Walking through the streets with our baby." he says. This takes me aback. I have barley rapt my mind around the idea that I was pregnant, but every time he says "baby" like that, with so much love, it hits me all over again that we are going to have a child.

I was going to say something else but we were at the hospital now. Walking through the doors, everyone just stops what they are doing and looks at us. It was only for a moment but in that moment every eye in that room was on us. Not many got to see me and Peeta a lot because we were always cooped up in our house. I still don't like going out in public, garnering the attention such as what we were receiving at the moment was not something I enjoyed. The citizens were definitely more accustomed to seeing Peeta as he works in the bakery during the week days. I don't do much for work besides delivering game to the butcher whenever I have extra.

"Katniss, Peeta!" a nurse greets from the counter. "So glad to see you two. What are you here for?"

"We have an appointment." Peeta says to the woman.

"With whom?" she asks, typing on her computer.

"Dr. Clayton." I reply. The nurse looks up at me and her eyes go wide. Doctor Clayton is the best OB/GYN in District 12 right now, a fact that is known to many and obviously was not beyond the knowledge of the nurse.

"Right away Mrs. Mellark. Just through those doors and to your left." she says pointing to a door at the end of the room. "And congratulations!" she exclaims.

"Thank you." Peeta says. "And, do you mind if you don't mention this visit to anyone? We would like to keep it to ourselves for a little while."

"Of course Mr. Mellark. Confidentiallity is what we strive for."

Peeta nods in thanks and then places a hand on the small of my back and leads me to the door, again with the annoyingly cute gestures.

We arrive at the room and a small woman around five foot two is sitting at a desk. She is tan with dark hair and brown eyes and very large glasses that covered most of her face. She was wearing her lab coat and was writing on a clipboard with a folder that read "Katniss Mellark" on it.
"Dr. Clayton." I greet her. She spins around in her chair and smiles brightly.

"You are two minutes early! Good, now we can get started." she says, reaching out and shaking mine and Peeta's hands. "Take a seat over on that table Mrs. Mellark."

I do as she asks and take a seat. She goes and puts her clipboard down and washes her hands, then leaves the room promising to be right back.

"Where do you think she's going?" I ask Peeta.

"I don't know." he replies. He then stands and pulls a chair over next to me, grasping my hand.

Just then the doctor returns pulling a large machine on wheels behind her. It looked like a mess of wires with a small monitor on it and a couple of different things sticking out of it.

Dr. Clayton must see my distress because she feels the need to reassure me. "It's just an ultrasound." she says, "It's so we can see the baby!"

Peeta and I share a look of excitement and worry, we didn't know what this machine was going to do to our baby. Then she pulls out a bottle of a slimy looking blue gel.

"I'm going to put this on your stomach and wave this," she holds up a white stick for us to see, "on your stomach. That way we can see the baby."

"It's not going to hurt the baby, is it?" Peeta asks worriedly.

"Not at all Mr. Mellark." she assures us. We both breath an audible sigh of relief and Dr. Clayton just smiles. "Now Katniss, I'm going to need you to lift up your shirt so that I can put this," she shakes the bottle of blue gel, "on your stomach."

I do as I'm told and lay down and lift my shirt. She pulls the machine over to the wall and plugs it into one of the outlets. Once done, she squirts the blue stuff on my stomach.

"It's cold!" I complain loudly.

"Oh hush, it's not to bad." she tells me, then I hear the machine buzz to life and the screen turn gray. She places the wand on my stomach and started to swish it around. All of a sudden, a tiny black dot appears on the screen.

"That's it!" Dr. Clayton exclaims. "That dot right there," she says pointing at the screen, "is your baby."

"It's so small." I say. It was like a tiny little thing, and it didn't have any definite form to it. But seeing this image only made me love it more. There was this little thing growing inside of me, a thing Peeta and I made together, and I loved it.

I look over at Peeta and can see that the smile on his face has grown warmer, I've never seen him this happy. A tear pricked the corner of his eye and I reached my hand up and wiped it away.

Dr. Clayton took the wand off of my stomach and wiped it clean. Then she started with the questions. How do you feel? How's the morning sickness? Any cravings? Any pain in my abdomen? The usual questions. Finally, we were done.

When we got home, I decided that maybe we should watch some TV. Viewings were not mandatory anymore and people just watched it for fun, but we never turned it on, to many bad memories.
As soon as it hummed to life I saw Caesar Flickerman sitting in his chair talking to the audience. For about ten minutes he talked about the development of the Districts, but after that he changed to a new story.

"Don't go away," he said, "when we get back we have a special treat. A certain scoop on the star crossed lovers of District 12, and there new plus one!"

Chapter End Notes

Here it is, chapter two. I am going to try and space these updates out maybe weekly, since I already have 16 of them written. So I will be posting periodically on sort of a weekly schedule. This chapter is just a tad different to what I originally posted on fanfiction because I went through and edited it for typos and such. It is amazing to me the difference between my writing as a high school sophomore and my writing as a college English major. I will probably be re-posting this version on fanfiction because gosh there were SO MANY mistakes in it. But that's all fixed now (I think)! hope you like it!

-LM
Chapter 3

"Peeta!" I yell from the couch.

I couldn't believe what I was hearing, how could they know? The Capitol was not innocent, everyone knew that, paparazzi followed Peeta and I relentlessly for the first year that we were back in District 12. Finally, they got bored with us and left, only bothering to come back for the wedding the next year. But no one has seen them around the District since, and that only meant one thing to me; someone told.

"What?" Peeta asks when he came in the room. He must have been baking because he had flour all up his front and in his hair, which was a mess. It would have been comical and I certainly would have laughed if it weren't for the situation.

"Is something wrong?" he says, and comes to sit next to me.

"Watch." I reply and point to the TV. Just then, a picture of us flashes on to screen; it was from our wedding, we were standing at the alter right after the mayor had said "you may now kiss the bride" and Peeta had dipped me down and kissed me. Then a clip of us from our first Games appears; it was us talking in the cave. Peeta put his arm around me as I at the memories.

"Katniss," Peeta coos, "I don't understand. They show a tribute of us on TV around this time every year. Why are we watching this?" Peeta just looks at me with concern, he knew I never like to watch TV, especially when it's about us.

"Just watch." I tell him.

Peeta looks back at the screen when Caesar's face reappeares.

"Welcome back!" he announces to the audience. "And boy do I have big news for you!" Peeta glances down at me again with confusion and I just shake my head and point back to the screen. "Now it has been a while since we have heard from the star crossed lovers of District 12, but I have got some big information you will all want to hear." The audience gets quiet as they prepare for the big news. I tense beside Peeta, already knowing what's coming.

"It looks like there is going to be one more soon to be citizen of District 12 that we will fall in love with!" I look up to see Peeta's eyes get wide as he starts to realize what was coming next. "That's right, you heard it here," here it comes, "that's right, a baby Mockingjay!" he shouts. The entire crowd erupts in cheers and applause. Peeta turns his head and looks at me in shock. Neither of us can believe that they had found out- we haven't even told Haymitch yet!

I bury my face in Peeta's chest and he wraps his arms tighter around me. I don't know whether to be angry or sad, to hit something or cry my eyes out. All I know is that the Capitol knows that I am pregnant and someone sold me out.

"What do we do?" I Whimper as I hear Peeta turn off the TV.

"There is nothing we can do." He sighs. "We just have to wait and see what happens." That was certainly not reassuring. Usually Peeta is the one to find the best in every situation. The optimist,
the rock, but there seems to be no upside in this predicament.

"Well," he says, placing a kiss in my hair, "at least now we don't have to tell your mom."

My mom. Leave it to Peeta to bring up one of the things I have been dreading most ever since I found out that I am pregnant. I don't know how she'd react to the news, heck I haven't even talked to her since she moved out of the District. I would get a phone call maybe once a year just saying 'hi' and 'how are you', but they never lasted more than ten minutes. But still, it would be hard to find out your only surviving daughter is pregnant on the news.

I groan at the thought and Peeta chuckles. "What's so funny?" I ask him. When he doesn't say anything I pick my head up off his chest and stare at him.

"You know who we have to tell now, right?" He grins. I just sit there staring at him dumbly until the meaning of the words hit me. I groan again and drop my head back onto his shoulder. "He would hate it if the whole District was talking about it and we didn't even bother to tell him. We both know he doesn't watch the news." he reasons.

"Do we have to tell Haymitch?" I ask. Peeta just laughs and kisses my head again before standing up.

"Come on," he says, "it won't be that bad." I stand from the couch and glare at Peeta.

"He is going to kill us you know." I retort. "For not telling him first."

"Well it wasn't our fault that all of Panem was told." Peeta replies coolly.

"I wasn't talking about that," I reply. I walked over to where he was standing behind the couch and wrap my arms around his waist, he wraps his arms around me and looks straight into my eyes. "I was talking about the fact that Effie knew before anyone."

This time Peeta is the one to let out a groan. He places his hands on my face and leans his forehead against mine. "He is going to try to kill us for that. But guess what?" he teases.

"What?" I play along.

"I'll protect you." he smiles and I laugh at how corny he is.

He captures my lips in a passionate kiss and the whole world goes fuzzy. I reach my arms up and tangle my fingers in his hair and he wraps his arms around my waist pulling me flush against him, deepening the kiss. When we finally come up for air, we are both breathing heavily.

"Okay," I finally breath, "lets go tell Haymitch."

We get out winter jackets and shoes on and walk over to Haymitch and Effie's house hand in hand. When Haymitch lived alone, it was not necessary to knock, now that Effie is there she insists that we knock because it is "rude" to just come into someone else's home. Peeta knocks on the door and a moment later it is answered by none other than Effie Trinket herself.

Effie is a completely different person when she was at home. She has no wig on, no make up, no ridiculous cloths and neon colors with six inch heels to match. Instead, she is a surprisingly very pretty woman. She has blond hair and blue eyes and fair skin. She is only five foot two but you would never know that unless you saw her without the heels on. She wore a pretty dark blue shirt and a pair of gray sweatpants with slippers peaking out of the bottoms. She actually looks normal for a change.
"Katniss, Peeta!" she greets us, "Come in!" she steps aside and lets us into the house. It is much, much cleaner since Effie moved in. It now looks like a beautiful home that anyone would be proud to live in, it even smelled like lilacs.

"Haymitch," Effie calls up the stairs, "We have visitors!" she turns and grins at us before offering Peeta a drink and me a glass of water, winking at me knowingly. Peeta just respectfully declines and asks for a drink of water instead. Effie smiles at us and went to get us drinks, telling us to settle into the living room. We did and moments later, Haymitch came down the stairs.

He was dressed in the same sort of attire Effie was in, a t-shirt and some sweatpants; it is not much different than what Peeta and I wear on a daily bases in our own household.

"What are you two doing here?" he asks when he sees us sitting on the couch.

"Haymitch!" Effie scolds as she walks into the room with the waters. "That is terribly rude. Katniss and Peeta are our guest." she then runs and looks at us. "So what brings you here today?" she asks politely.

I just look up at Peeta for help. "Katniss and I would like to tell you something," he says. Peeta reaches out and grasps my hand in his. "Haymitch," he says, "you might want to sit down."

"Oh gosh." Haymitch grunts as he plopps down on the love seat facing us. "What trouble did you manage to get yourselves into this time?" Effie reappears from the kitchen with a glass of wine for Haymitch and herself. She looks over at me and smiles in encouragement. I then realize that everyone is waiting for me to speak.

"Um," I say, "well, uh. Peeta and I... well I...we," I stutter.

"Spit it out girl." Haymitch says. Effie just elbows him in the ribs and told him to hush.

I take a deep breath and just decide to get it over with. "I'm pregnant."

Haymitch almost spit his whole glass of wine out of his mouth when the words leave my lips. He just stares dumbfounded for a moment, his eyes shifting between me, Peeta, and my stomach. Finally Effie broke the uncomfortable silence.

"Congratulations!" she shouts. She then proceeds to get up and hug me like the day when she had found out, although this time I welcome it and embrace her back.

"Thank you, Effie." I say to her with a smile.

"Haymitch?" Peeta calls.

"I can't believe it." he mutters, along with something else I can't understand.

"What was that?" Peeta asks, obviously not hearing the second part either.

"I'm going to be a Grandpa!" Haymitch exclaims as he stood up. He gins widely at us and comes over in front of me and Peeta. "I can't believe he got you knocked up so fast! I thought it was going to take ages!" I just laugh along with Peeta and Effie scowls at how rude Haymitch's comment was.

"It wasn't on purpose." I tell him truthfully. "We weren't planning it."

"Who cares!" Haymitch exclaims once more. "I'm going to be a Grandpa! This is the best week of my life!" he then wrapped Peeta and I up in a big hug.
"Wait," Peeta says, "best week? Alright I know the baby is great news and all but did we really make your week?"

"Actually," Effie interjects as she raises her left hand, "he asked me to marry him two days ago and I said yes!" she squeals in excitement. To my surprise, I was squealing too, must be the hormones.

"Congratulations!" Peeta and I say and Peeta claps Haymitch on the back and I hug Effie.

We spend the rest of the night talking about wedding plans and babies. By the time Peeta and I get home, it is ten thirty and I am exhausted to do anything but sleep, we had already eaten at Haymitch's and I am stuffed.

"Did you have a fun night tonight baby?" I ask quietly to myself as I rub my stomach as we settle into bed.

"I think the baby is tired, and so are you." Peeta says. "you need to get some rest." any other night I would protest and tell Peeta he was being over protective, but I was too tired to argue. But I had to talk to him about one thing before we go to sleep.

"Peeta." I say shyly.

"Yeah?" he replies sleepily, already getting into position to go to sleep.

"We need to start thinking of baby names." I tell him. He rolls over and looks at me in the dark of our room.

"How about this. Tomorrow, since I have the day off, we can spend the whole day talking about baby names, deal?" he asks.

"deal." I say, and we both lay down for bed, Peeta taking me into his arms and settling one hand over my stomach like always.

"I love you." He whispers in my ear before giving me a peck on the cheek.

"I love you too." I reply. That night I have no nightmares.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry this took longer to post honestly it was because I forgot. Also it took me ridiculously long to edit this from the original version that is on fanfiction, it was just so bad back then, four years ago I was terrible with grammar I guess. So here it is, hope you liked it! Chapter 4 will be coming soon!

-LM
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

It's time to figure out some baby names!!!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Ch 4

"So what do you want it to be?" Peeta says.

"What?" I ask. He just laughs at me.

"Jeez Katniss," he chuckles, "you want to save any of that cereal for the rest of us?" At first I didn't know what he was talking about, then I realize that I had just eaten a whole box of cereal.

"Hey, I'm the one carrying the baby." I laugh to myself, it really didn't bother me that I was eating so much. The doctor said it was normal to be hungry a lot as long as I'm not over stuffing myself, it was healthy.

"Anyways," I say, taking another bite of my breakfast, "what was your question?"

"What do you want it to be?" he asks again.

"Want what to be?"

"The baby!" he laughs, "boy or girl?"

"Oh," I say. I never really thought about what I wanted our child to be. I was just going to be happy if it was healthy, I didn't care if it was a boy or a girl. But if it was a boy I could take him hunting and teach him everything I know, which would be nice. I could do all those things with a girl too but I always imagined having a son with Peeta.

"A boy. I think." I finally say. Peeta just smiles and looks down at his plate of pancakes. He had made them for me but they didn't look as appealing as the marshmallow filled cereal. "What do you want it to be?" I ask.

"A boy is fine," he says, "I'm happy with whatever we have." I know by the look on his face that Peeta is lying to me. He has his own preference on what our baby is and he won't tell me. Why does he have to be so damn kind sometimes?

"No," I challenge him, "you want it to be one or the other, tell me. Do you want a boy, or do you want a girl?"

"Katniss," he tries. He looks up and smiles at me, that smile could melt my heart into mush. "I really don't care what our child is. As long as she's healthy, I don't mind."

"Ha!" I exclaim and jump up, pointing my finger at him. "You said she! You want a girl don't you?" I say, it was more like an accusation than a question, but he answers anyways.
"Maybe." he replies with a sly smile and looks down at his breakfast again.

"Why didn't you just tell me you wanted a girl?" I ask.

"I didn't want to hurt your feelings," he replies, "if you want a boy than I want a boy too." that's Peeta, always looking out for my feelings. He is always doing this, making sure that whatever I want he is on board with whole heartedly. No matter what I do he will back me on it, but I don't want him to on this! I want him to have his own opinion. I would tell him this but I don't want to fight so early in the morning so instead I sit back down and change the subject.

"So, what about names?" as soon as the words leave my lips I see the wheels in my husbands head start to turn. He crinkles his brow and searches the room with his eyes as if the answer to this question is written on the walls. Finally, he meets my gaze.

"Well, since you want a boy, you pick boy names, and since I want a girl-"

"So you do want a girl!" I interrupt. He just smiles at me and continues.

"-since I want a girl I will pick the girl names." I really like this idea because then we both get what we want. I am sure that Peeta has already thought of a few names and I know I have thought of a few of my own.

"How about we say names as they come to us and the other will give their critic." I suggest. Peeta seems to like this idea and nods his head, a huge smile plastered to his face. He sits up straight and looks me in the eye.

"Ladies first." he says. Always the gentleman.

"how about James?" I say. Peeta sits and thinks about it for a moment.

"Too common." he says. Now that he mentions it, it does seem a little too common for our child. "How about Lilly?" he asks.

"I like it," I say, the whole flower thing would be nice to keep in the family, but for some reason it doesn't feel quite right, "let's think about that one. I want to hear some more before I make a decision." Peeta nods his head in agreement and waits for me to continue.

"How about Hunter?" I suggest.

"Hmm," he ponders the thought for a while. He takes so long that I finish my third bowl of cereal and start to get up to put it in the sink before he speaks again. "I like it but it doesn't seem to quite fit. I don't know, I know the whole hunting thing fits but I just don't know how to describe it..."

"I understand." I tell him. He is probably feeling the same way I feel about the name Lilly. "Your turn now." I tell him, still at the sink rinsing out my bowl.

"Willow." he says. "Willow Rose. After Prim." as soon as he says it I drop the bowl in the sink. Prim. She would want to be here for this, the baby. She would want to get to know her niece or nephew, get to love them and hold them; but she can't. She can't ever because she is dead, and it is all my fault. I feel the tears start to well up in my eyes at her memory. Damn hormones.

"Oh Katniss," Peeta says as he stands and walks over toward me. He wraps his arms around my waist and kisses my cheek. "I didn't mean to make you cry. Forget I said anything, okay?"

"No," I object, spinning around in his arms so that I can face him. He reaches his hand up and wipes away one of my stray tears with his thumb as he cradles my face, I can't help but lean into
his touch. "I love it. I think it is a perfect way to honor... Prim." I choke out the name of my dear sister.

"Are you sure? Katniss we don't have to name our daughter that if you don't want to. I don't want you to get upset every time you have to say her name." Peeta says as he looks at me worriedly, always worried.

"No, I love it. Willow Rose Mellark. Has a nice ring to it, don't you think?" I smile. Peeta is practically beaming with joy that he picked our daughters name.

"It is perfect." he whispers. He pulls my face in for a kiss. It was slow and loving, our lips moving in perfect synchronization with each others. This was the kind of kiss I loved most, it shows how much Peeta and I truly love each other no matter what.

When we finally break apart Peeta and my smiles are probably mirroring each others because I feel as giddy and goofy as he looks.

"So it's settled, our baby girl will be named Willow, now we just need a boy name," he looked at me and raised his eyebrows waiting for an answer. I just laugh at him and take his hand, leading him into the living room. Once there, he plops right down in the couch and I lay next to him, putting my head in his lap.

"You know," Peeta says after about five minutes of silence, "it is kind of tradition that the Mellark boys are named after types of bread." I just look up at Peeta in disbelief, did he really just suggest we name our child after bread? "It was just a suggestion." he says when he sees the expression of shock on my face.

"You know what," I say, "we could have a bread as there middle name." I didn't really want to end his family tradition so I thought maybe he would like this idea. I could tell that he took to it right away by the light that flickered in his eye when I said that bread would be in our child's name. I just don't understand him sometimes.

"Rye." he then says.

"What?" I ask. What is a Rye?

As if reading my mind, Peeta answers, "It's a type of bread. That will be our boys middle name."

"But I wanted to pick it!" I mope. Now he has picked most of both names.

"Okay then," Peeta says, teasing me, "what do you want our sons middle name to be?"

"Rye." I say with a triumphant smile.

"I love it." he replies, "Now we need a first name."

"How about Ash?" I say.

"No," Peeta replies, "reminds me to much of the burning of the district. And not to mention the bombs that killed..." he trails off, not wanting to finish that sentence. He didn't have to though, I already knew what he was going to say. The bombs that killed Prim.

I lay there for a little longer, thinking about what my little boy would look like. Maybe he would have Peeta's hair, and Peeta's eyes; truthfully I want our child to have everything Peeta. I don't want them to have any of me, I am to flawed, I would never want my child to grow up with what I go through.
After a few more minutes I finally had it, the perfect name. I sit up fast, startling my dozing husband in the process.

"Kaleb." I say. "Kaleb Rye Mellark." Peeta sits and thinks about it, and then a smile stretches across his face.

"I love it." he says. I squeal with joy and throw my arms around his neck. He chuckles at my glee and hugs me back.

"Yay!" I exclaim. We finally have our child's name! Well, not finally, since it has only been two months since I got pregnant, but it feels like we should have sorted this out ages ago. There was just one more thing I had to ask Peeta.

"Do you want it to be a surprise?" I ask him curiously. I honestly don't know whether or not I want to know. It doesn't really matter to me what my baby is, as long as he or she is healthy, that's all I care about.

Peeta, of course, understood what I meant when I asked about the surprise, and I feel as if I already know his answer.

"Yeah, I kind of do want it to be a surprise." he says, "unless you want to know, and if you do I will be totally fine with that." He smiles at me waiting for my answer, I knew he was going to do this.

"I want it to be a surprise." I tell him. I really do, it is kind of exciting not knowing what I'm going to have, there is a mystery to it that I love. Peeta smiles and kisses me, it is at that moment I realize the position we are in. I am straddling him with my hands locked around his neck from the sudden hug that I had given him a few moments ago, he has his hands settled on my hips. We break apart after the kiss and I can see the growing lust forming in Peeta's eyes as he looks back at me.

I lean in and kiss him again, this time with a little more fervor. His tongue traces my lips, begging for entrance and I allowed him that access. Peeta wraps his arms more firmly around my waist and hoists me up while standing. I lock my feet around his waist, all the time not breaking the kiss. I let out a low moan when he carries me to the stairs and pushes me against the wall to take a break; it must be very hard to concentrate on walking upstairs while doing what we are.

He grabs me again and starts to maneuver up the stairs toward our bedroom. His lips moved from mine to my neck, laying soft feather light pecks everywhere. It was at that moment when we reached the top of the stairs that there was a knock on the door.

"Don't answer it." Peeta whispers huskily into my ear. I just nod in agreement and kiss anywhere I can reach.

The person at the door was persistent though, they kept on knocking until finally, I gave in. With a sigh, I untangle myself from my husband just as we were about to enter our room. Peeta let's out a groan as I start to walk toward the stairs, men.

"Just stay here," I tell him, "I will be back in a minute." I walk over and give him a lingering kiss, but it was interrupted by yet another bang on the door. Peeta walks into our room with a mischievous grin on his handsome face and leaves the door open, no doubt to make sure I didn't stay at the door to long; and also probably to make sure no one weird is at the door. We did have an incident the year prior where a few "fans" showed up at the house trying to get pictures with us, needless to say Peeta wasn't to happy with that. Always so protective.

The person banged again and I made my way down the stairs. When I reach the door I sigh and
pull it open slowly.

"Can I help you?" I ask, not opening to door all the way because I didn't know yet who it was.

"Catnip?" the voice said.

I know that voice all to well, it was a voice I grew up with, hunted with, stayed alive with. A former best friend, turned into just a ghost of a memory.

I swing the door open wide to reveal a tall broad shouldered dark haired man standing there looking down at me with a smile on his face.

"Gale?"

Chapter End Notes

There you go! Another new chapter, and are you excited about who's on the other side of the door? Stick around for chapter 5 coming soon! Leave a kudos or a review please!!

-LM
"Gale?" I say shocked. I can't believe Gale Hawthorne is standing in front of me right now.

"Hi." he says. Before I can get a word out he pulls me into his arms and gives me a bear hug, so tight I can barely breath. "I've missed you so much." he says.

"Gale-" I choke out, "can't breath!" he immediately let's go with a small apology but leaves his hands on my shoulders, looking me over. I notice his eyes linger on my stomach for a moment before he looks at my face.

"How have you been Catnip?" he asks. I can not believe that he is standing here at my door right now asking how I am. The last time I saw my former best friend was in the Capitol the day the bombs went off. After that he went off to live in District 2 and I haven't heard a word from him since. Now he just shows up at my door?

"What are you doing here Gale?" I say with a little more venom in my tone than needed. I almost see him flinch at the remark but he recovers marvelously.

"Came to see you of course, Peeta home?" he asks. Almost on cue Peeta walks down the stairs, something tells me he was listening this whole time just waiting till he was needed. He looks at Gale and walks over to where we are standing in the doorway. Gales face hardens slightly at the sight of Peeta, and he stands a little bit straighter when he comes into view. I can see that Peeta has done the same, standing tall and looking Gale straight in the eye.

"Gale." Peeta greets and stands next to me, placing one hand on the small of my back the other extended to shake Gale's hand.

"Peeta." Gale says, taking his hand. Once the boys finished their brief, awkward hand shake Peeta invites Gale in. He slowly steps through the doorway and I lead him to the kitchen as Peeta shuts the door. A few moments later he joins us in the kitchen.

"So Gale," Peeta says, "what brings you back to District 12?" Gale flashes a smile at me and his eyes once again glance toward my stomach. I put my hand over my abdomen protectively and Gale's smile falters.

"Is it true?" he says. He was now fully staring at my flat stomach without shame. Peeta takes a protective step closer to me.

Already knowing what he is talking about I just nod in response. Gale sighs and sits down in a chair and leans back, running his hand through his hair. I can see the distress in his eyes and give a
questioning look at Peeta. He just shrugs and looks back at Gale. I take a step closer and hold out my hand to Gale in comfort, which makes no sense because there should be no need to console him. I'm pregnant! Isn't that a cause for celebration?

Gale takes my hand and holds it for a moment before speaking. "Are you sure this is what you want?" he asks me, his eyes showing true sincerity as well as something else, a hint of jealousy maybe, it could just be my imagination. I nod and he let's go of my hand and stands up, towering over me. Peeta takes another step toward me putting a hand on my arm.

"Damn it Katniss I don't just want a nod!" he says coarsely. "I want you to say it to my face. I want you to say out loud that this," he says pointing to my stomach, "is what you really want."

"Yes." I say looking him straight in the eye. "I want this baby, Gale. I want this life with Peeta and I want to share it with all of the people I love."

Gale keeps his eyes locked on my face the whole time, trying to read any doubt that I know he will not find. Once satisfied, he nods his head and looks at Peeta.

"You take care of her." he says. "Her and the baby, or I will hunt you down and I will kill you. That is a promise."

Peeta looks at him and nods his head in agreement. "If either of them ever get hurt I would probably let you." why are men so weird?

The tension in the room looms for a while before I can't breath any longer. "Gale," I address him, "you can stay for dinner if you would like. I'll even cook."

That seems to do the trick because Gale smiles and Peeta and him let out a chuckle. Peeta gives me a kiss on the cheek and chuckles again.

"Your cooking?" Gale laughs. "Please tell me she's not serious." he says, turning to look at Peeta. My husband just laughs and shakes his head promising that he will cook and I scowl at him.

A half hour later we were all sitting in the kitchen talking and laughing as Peeta gets everything ready to make dinner. The tension between Peeta and Gale has completely diminished and they are acting like old friends. This didn't bother me in the slightest, I am glad to see that they can get along so famously. Now all I have to do is forgive Gale for killing my sister. Great.

Peeta starts dinner and Gale and I move into the living room to get out of his way, he wouldn't let me help cook, he said that burning the food is not a good way to welcome a guest. I could already feel the wall begin to build between Gale and I as we sit down on the couch. With Peeta not in the room I can't help the memories that come rushing back every time I look at Gale.

"Katniss," he starts, "I think we need to talk." oh great, here it comes. I have been dreading this for months now, I knew I would see him at some point but I still was not prepared for this conversation. I turn on the couch to face.

"Okay." I say. "Let's talk."

"I will always love you," he says, "you know that. But you are married now and have a baby on the way. I remember a day when that was the farthest thing from your mind." the memories of all those days sitting on a rock in the woods discussing our futures comes front in center in my mind. That was a long time ago. "What I am trying to say is, the past is the past. And I am sorry for all the pain I caused you." he lowers his eyes to the floor and picks at the couch cushion, waiting for me to speak.
For a moment, I don't know what to say. When I look at this man, I see someone who I once knew, a boy who just wanted to feed his family; but I also see a man, a man who grew up to fast in a war that caused him to mature in ways I can't describe; a man who has done unspeakable things because of that war, things I don't think I can ever forgive him for. He sits there patiently waiting for me to speak in the shell of a former best friend that I thought I knew so well. He was still there, deep down. I look at him and realize that things could heal. I see promise in his eyes that shows that he and I could get through this. I want to try our friendship out one last time, I could never forget what he did to Prim, but I can move on, like he said, the past is the past.

"I can never forget what pain you caused me, and I don't think I will ever forgive you," I begin, and his head seems to hang low in defeat, "but I can move forward from it. I don't want to loose you as a friend Gale. But you have to understand that that is all I am willing to offer, friendship."

A large smile spreads across his face and I can't help but smile too. He pulls me into a hug and thanks me profusely, promising to not let me down. I hug him back and think that this could be the start of getting my old best friend back. I have not forgiven him, some things are just not that easy, but the past is not something anyone can change, no one knows that better than I. I do know though that everyone deserves a second chance, and this could be my chance to give one to Gale.

A few minutes later, Peeta calls us to the kitchen to eat dinner. We sit down, Peeta and Gale have a glass of wine and I have some water and we toast to new friendships. Peeta made a beautiful dinner consisting of beef stew and a side of vegetables. We eat and laugh and enjoy each others company and before long, it's ten o'clock and we are all tired and ready for bed.

"Where are you staying tonight Gale?" Peeta asks when we all stand up from the table, full from the meal and desert of an array of pastries that Peeta had prepared.

"Across the street actually," he says with a smile, "in one of the empty victor houses. I guess they started renting them out since there are no victors left to use them anyways. Speaking of that, I better be off." he comes over and gives me a big hug and shakes Peeta's hand before waving good bye and walking out the door.

I look at Peeta as soon as the door shuts behind Gale and he sighs and wraps his arms around my waist, pulling me into him. He gives me a peck on the lips and leans his forehead against mine. "Now," he says huskily, "Where were we?" I giggle and he presses his lips to mine again. We begin where we left off and make our way up to the bedroom. He sets me down right outside the doorway and walks me backwards toward the bed. I smile into the kiss and I climb onto the middle of the bed. Peeta follows and starts to kiss me more passionately.

He moves his lips to my neck and starts to kiss me all the way down to my collarbone. I lay back and enjoy the feeling of his lips on my skin. He moves his hands from my waist and slips them under my shirt and I shiver at his cold fingers. I reach down and tug on the hem of his shirt, soon that is on the floor, and not long after follows the rest of our cloths.

Later on that night I lay my head on Peeta's chest, a content sigh escaping my lips. I turn and press a kiss over his heart and listen to it beat as I close my eyes and drift off, feeling his lips in my hair before sleep finally takes me.

I wake with a start, panting, reaching out to find the other side of the bed empty. I look at the clock and two things become very clear to me: I just had a nightmare that woke me at two in the morning, and Peeta is not in bed with me. I throw on a robe and walk down the hall to his art studio. The light is not on so I turn the other direction and walk down the stairs. When I reach the bottom I can see a light on in the living room. Slowly, I walk down the hall to find my husband sitting on the couch in his boxers staring at the wall. For a moment I thought he had fallen asleep, but his back was rigid and tense.
I walk around the front of him so that I can see his face. His eyes are glazed over and his fists are in balls at his sides. He is just staring off, not looking at me, not even acknowledging my presence. His blue eyes are dark and his eyebrows are not together in a fine line of concentration.

"Peeta." I say, putting a hand on his arm. His head snaps in my direction and immediately his face softens, his eyes become blue again and his arms and face relax. He looks around the room as if it were the first time he realized he was out of bed, then looks at me again.

"How did I get down here?" he asks. I just look at him in confusion wondering what he meant.

"Do you really not remember?" I ask him, he seems just as confused as I am by the situation.

"No. I don't. Katniss, what's going on?" he asks me, looking worried. I just gave him a reassuring smile, not really knowing what to do in the situation. How could he not remember getting up in the middle of the night and coming downstairs? An idea pops into my head as to what is going on with him but I suppress it, not wanting it to be the reality of the situation.

"I don't know." I tell him honestly. "But let's get back to bed, okay?" I say. He nods and scratches his head before standing up and taking my hand. I lead him up to the bedroom and tuck him into bed before throwing on a pair sweatpants and a t-shirt and climbing in myself. I give him a kiss on the cheek and slide into a sleepless night of wondering what happened to Peeta.

Chapter End Notes

Here is the next installment! I reworked this a lot more than I planned to from the original and I like it a whole lot more than when I wrote it at 13 years old. Hope you liked it! Can you guess what is happening to Peeta?

-LM

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!