What's In A Name?

by Joshs_left_earlobe

Summary

This challenge prompt was to write Everlark's first fight as a married couple.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

“That’s it, Mrs. Mellark, just like that.” Peeta’s dark blue stare hones in on his ravishing bride as she gyrates above him. His gaze doesn’t know where to stop, flitting about her body like it will vanish in an instant if he doesn’t memorize it perfectly.

He always starts at her apex, that junction where their connection kindles both their bodies with an insatiable need for one another. His sturdy hands grip her waist firmly as they move together in unison. He watches lustily as her center devours him whole; the image of him disappearing within her sparks another level of passion within him.

Mrs. Mellark

Katniss smiles to herself as she lets the name trickle into her senses. Her fingers swirl her loose locks into a bun to hold above her head as she dances on her husband’s groin. She never tires of the fire that smolders beneath his impassioned gaze. They fit perfectly together, like a key finding the right lock, they found each other.

Mrs. Mellark

Three months it’s been since they became united by law as a married couple. Three months of living officially as bride and groom. Three months since the festivities at Effie’s grand house. Three months since their playful honeymoon in District 4. Three months since those tans have faded into freckles...
on the bridges of each of their noses.

Three months later and she is still Katniss Everdeen.

She doesn’t dislike the name Mellark. It’s actually quite nice, but she’s an Everdeen. That’s who she’s been all her life. That’s the name of the girl who fought in the games, the girl on fire. That is Katniss Everdeen. She owns it.

But when she’s with her husband and his eyes taste her like she’s the most delectable cheese bun he’s ever eaten, she is Mrs. Mellark. The one and only, truly loved and cherished by Peeta Mellark.

So she’s not lying when she murmurs, “I love when you call me Mrs. Mellark,” as she swirls her hips and grips him tightly with her clenched walls. In that moment she is fully his. She belongs to him when her body is set aflame as his thickness ignites just the right spot within her. Those grey eyes glaze over in ecstasy as she feels him thrusting within. She knows he’s about ready to let go.

He burrows himself more swiftly and deeply, readying himself for detonation. The intensity causes his blond waves to cling to his forehead from dewy sweat. Katniss leans forward to brush the hair off his face. She blows lightly on it to cool him off, and he smiles from extra care she dotes on him.

He grunts as he warns, “Mrs. Mellark, here I come...” and with a pulsating thrust, he grasps her bottom, lifting them both off the bed with his hips. He mutters several words of pleasure as he flows within her. He pushes in a few more times to empty completely then stills to enjoy all his post orgasmic sensations.

Katniss remains on top of him, enjoying the feeling of their union and not ever wanting it to end. She caresses his chest and arms, reveling in how the dim light seeping through the curtains causes his blond body hair to glisten. “Mrs. Mellark loves you,” she says with a sheepish grin.

He opens his eyes and sweeps her ebony hair from her chest to fall onto her back. His thick, talented fingers run along the curves of her shoulders and down to her breasts. He can’t get enough of her form. She is a work of art as far as he is concerned. He chuckles and mirrors back, “Mr. Mellark loves you.”

She leans forward to kiss him, his lips swollen from the full morning of lovemaking, she’s gentle but applies just enough pressure to assure him that she feels the same. She giggles and nuzzles her mouth along his neck.

She exclaims, “Happy three month anniversary, Peeta. I woke up smelling cheese buns and knew you must have been up early baking for our special day.” She sits herself back up using his chest as support. “I thought I would repay you with a special gift of my own,” she waggles her brows remembering how she greeted him when he came back to bed from the kitchen earlier. She licks her lips remembering how fun it was to dive right down and wrap her mouth around him.

Peeta was shocked, but he didn’t complain, not one bit. He chuckles at the memory of how his morning began, but decides to push a little since it is their three month anniversary. He withdraws himself from Katniss, eliciting a sad sound from her, and turns to reach for his nightstand drawer. From it, he removes a piece of paper and holds it up for Katniss to see.

“Katniss,” he starts hesitantly, “I love the gift you gave me this morning. It was unexpected, but a perfect way to start the day, so thank you.” He kisses her lightly before going on. He notices lines forming between her brows.

She interrupts, “Why do I feel a ‘but’ is coming?” Her scowl fully replaces her previously satisfied,
post-coital expression. “Spill it, Peeta. Tell me what’s on your mind.”

Peeta shifts himself up in bed, preparing himself for her wrath. He questions bringing this topic up for discussion, especially after such an emotional and physical lovemaking session. He nervously rubs the back of his neck, as he decides if he should continue.

Since their wedding in the summer, their relationship has been pure bliss. They haven’t gotten into any fights, no arguments, none at all. He thought for sure there would be some problem with household matters, money, time spent with friends away from each other, but it’s been harmonious. This paper and his special request might change that, and he knows it. But for the sake of his pride as a man and a husband, he’s compelled to ask.

He gives her the paper, which is actually an official form from The Capitol. Its seal is embossed at the top and its header in large bold font reads, District 12 - Petition for Change of Name. Katniss sits frozen, holding the paper in her lap, scanning over the letters on the page. Peeta, concerned about her reaction to his plea, clears his throat hoping it will get her attention to speak.

She looks up at him and waves the paper around. “Really, Peeta? You didn’t want to ply me with a belly full of cheese buns before handing me this?” She jumps up from the bed to put on her shirt and panties. “I’m going downstairs and eating, if I even have an appetite. Then we can talk about this.” Her tone is firm and irritated, but not explosive or angry, which gives Peeta some hope that she may decide in his favor.

Katniss stuffs herself with cheese buns and tea. She realizes they don’t taste like anything when her mind is occupied on her husband’s request. She thought she could hold him off. If she didn’t mention it, maybe he wouldn’t push. But he decides their third month of marriage is the time to push. Happy fucking anniversary to you too!

Peeta joins her at the table, sipping on his coffee and barely nibbling on his cheese bun. He focuses on the dark liquid in his mug, pondering if he needs to sweeten it more. Yes, in fact, it does need more sugar. He blindly reaches to take the sugar dish, but accidentally touches Katniss’ hand.

She jerks it away quickly and her eyes scream at him through her heavy gaze. He shifts awkwardly forward to take the sugar and mumbles, “Sorry, just want the sugar.”

Her glare says it before her mouth does, “Yeah, it sounds like you want a lot of things this morning.”

His expression softens as he leans back in his chair, “Katniss...” he pleads. “I just want to bring it up. I don’t want to force you to make a decision, but I feel pretty crappy that you are willing to marry me, but not willing to take my name.”

At this, Katniss pushes herself up out of the chair. Standing and exaggeratingly moving her arms around, she rants, “I’m not willing to take YOUR name! Funny, since when have YOU wanted to take MY name?”

Peeta is taken aback by her seething anger. He didn’t realize it would cause this much conflict. And after such a perfect morning, he regrets even bringing it up. But then something stirs within him. Why doesn’t she want to take my name? It’s tradition. I shouldn’t have to take hers. He says just that to his wife, which is met with an indignant shake of her head.

“No! This is not happening!” Katniss points at Peeta. “Not today!” Tears form at the crooks of her eyes as she continues, “This is supposed to be a happy day. This is not meant to be the day that you force me to give up my father’s name. No!” She runs off to the living room and curls up on the couch, hiding her face in her hands.
Peeta follows her, trying to get his anger in check. “Katniss,” he places his hand firmly on her leg, “I
don’t want you to give up anybody’s name. I want you to take mine.” His voice is patient,
diplomatic, but he doesn’t feel that he’s convincing. By asking her to take his name she does have to
give up her family name, and he had never thought of that before.

She shoves his hand off her leg. “Leave me alone! I want to be alone.” Her searing glare would
normally be enough to push him away, but he remains.

“Katniss...” he implores again, but this time with a hint of compassion, understanding.

“Don’t fucking ‘Katniss’ me! Get OUT!” She screams, her eyes possessed with rage and fear.

Peeta stomps off, not sure why the hell he brought up this subject today, but then also not aware of
the deep-seated effects a name change would have on his wife. He paces the floor of the kitchen, not
certain if he’s pissed off at her stubbornness or his stupidity. He rages, the pacing quickening as he
develops a strong desire to hit something, anything.

“Goddamn it!” He yells as he swipes his arm across the counter forcing all the dishes to shatter on
the wood below him. “Oh fuck,” he sighs as he assesses the mess he’s created.

The mess...what a fucking mess!

He squats down to pick up the larger pieces of ceramic dishware before taking the broom to it. As he
fills the trash bin with cracked china, he hears Katniss sobbing in the other room. His irritation slowly
resolves as he sweeps up the final pieces of the breakfast plates. Those plates were on their wedding
registry. Only three months and he’s already broken them, maybe broken his marriage.

The inner voices of his childhood creep into his subconscious. Peeta holds his head in his hands as
he fists them through his hair and mutters, “I’m not a failure. I’m talented. I have the best wife who
loves me, and I love her.” Then the realization hits him. He repeats, “I have the best wife who loves
me. She LOVES me. Who cares about my fucking name?”

He rushes toward the living room to beg her forgiveness. Katniss is up too. She turns the corner to
check on the noise and cursing she heard from Peeta. They both crash into a halt. They’re each
trembling, not touching the other for fear they might be imposing.

Peeta spots the tears that have dried on Katniss’ cheeks and wants nothing more than to hug her
tightly and tell her how much he loves her. Katniss notes the cuts on Peeta’s arms and hands oozing
blood. She also detects sadness and regret filling his glassy blue eyes.

He motions over to the kitchen floor, waving his arm toward the scene of the breakage. “I ruined
some of our wedding china.” His gaze is fixed downward, his eyes darting up occasionally to catch
Katniss’ reaction. “Katniss... I - I - I’m sorry...”

“Shh,” she interrupts his stammering and hugs him forcefully, knocking him back a bit. “Stop. You
don’t owe me an apology. I owe you one.” She looks at him, hoping he’ll understand. “You weren’t
forcing anything on me. You only wanted to ask, but I got too emotional.”

Peeta’s eyes lock onto Katniss’ before his lips meet hers. He kisses her softly, remembering so much
of their history with one kiss. His thumb traces her rosy mouth as he replies, “I fell in love with
Katniss Everdeen. I married Katniss Everdeen. There’s no reason why you need to become Katniss
Mellark.”

She snuggles into him closely, peers up to him coyly and says, “It’s too bad we can’t combine names
- like Mellardeen.” They both laugh. “I know. Ridiculous, right?” Katniss thought it was a good
idea, but saying it out loud sounds so silly.

His trademark patience returning, Peeta remarks, “When you’re ready, you let me know. Until then, we will be exactly what we intended to be. Peeta and Katniss, in love, married, together forever. Sound good?”

“Yes, sounds perfect, but I’m still thinking of names - Everlark?” Katniss grins proudly.

Taking a bite of one of the surviving cheese buns, Peeta nods. “Hmm... you might be onto something. That does have a ring to it.”

End Notes

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