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## Taco Tuesday

by DandelionLass

### Summary

Peeta's stressful week gets a pick me up when Katniss surprises him with Taco Tuesday. Modern AU.

### Notes

This is my first drabble EVER. Please enjoy and let me know what you think. Many thanks to chele20035 for prereading.

I do not own these characters or the Hunger Games Series.

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**Taco Tuesday**

Katniss Everdeen-Mellark could tell her husband, Peeta, had a rough day when he came in the door. Upon entering their home without any greeting he turned down the hallway and went straight to their home office, instead of seeking her out for their customary welcome home kiss. To them, this was not just a run of the mill, chaste kiss on the cheek that was obligatory as they passed one another in the kitchen. This was the breath-stealing, knee-weakening kiss that Katniss anxiously looked forward to each evening. The kiss that Peeta used to relish, devour, and explore every crevice of her mouth since being separated each morning during the week. The kiss that brought her back to life after 8 hours at her thankless job teaching hormone fueled freshmen biology at the local public high school, and served as his reminder of just how badly she missed
him throughout the day while at his dream job.

Of course, she loved most of her gangly, quirky students. But, looming budget cuts, and an overly conservative school administration, kept her hands tied to the bare bones curriculum and decades old, previously approved projects. These nuisances left the passion for her much beloved subject seriously waning.

Once Katniss realized Peeta was not headed towards her in the kitchen, she followed him in to the office. There she found him, his brow furrowed with deep creases between his eyes, jaw tensed, and tie loosed around his neck. He was already on a conference call with his clients at Snow and Coin Inc.. Her ominous suspicions were confirmed.

"Yes. Yes, Cato, we did receive the most recent alterations for the campaign and the final edits should be completed by the Friday deadline. I’m incorporating the first one as we speak. And Clove, I will have a preview emailed to you by 5 tomorrow." Peeta reassured. She took in his occupied, disheveled state and leaned down to wrote him a post-it note: "Tacos should be done in about 20 minutes. I missed you today!" On her way out, she wrapped her arms under his broad, muscular shoulders pulling him into a hug from behind and inhaled his ever-present scent of cinnamon, dill and his distinct Peeta musk. She stuck the post-it on the edge of his computer screen and kissed the ruffled blonde curls on top of his head before returning to the kitchen to finish dinner.

Peeta was rarely required to bring work home with him. It was one of the many reasons he enjoyed working as a graphic designer for the prestigious Abernathy Ad Agency. This predictability, however, had changed when two weeks ago the company had acquired Snow and Coin Inc. as a client. The generations old, but newly merged, oil and natural gas company was in dire need of a new image and positive branding. The previous week, Peeta and his colleagues, fellow exemplary designer Johanna Mason and marketing geniuses, Finnick and Darius Odair, had been shot down. Their group had gone back and forth repeatedly with the new joint CEOs, newlywed power couple and company heirs, Cato Snow and Clove Coin-Snow. Neither executive could agree on the direction the new campaign should take.

While shredding the venison, a portion of the bounty from a recent hunting trip, Katniss’ thoughts turned to the previous night. For the third time in two weeks, Peeta had rebuffed her proposition for sex… She had entered their bedroom while he showered as usual, and changed into one of the thigh length, spaghetti strapped, silk gowns that Peeta loved as the bathroom door swung open.

“Do you think you could warm me up tonight?” Katniss cooed in her sultry lower register. Peeta sauntered into the bedroom, a fresh white towel slung loosely over his narrow hips, water droplets ricocheting down his defined chest and stomach as he rubbed his still damp locks with another. Closing the distance between them and resting the second towel around his neck, Peeta rubbed both his palms over her arms. “Katniss, you know I would love to, and that I love you to the moon and back…” His words were interrupted by a yawn, his jaw millimeters from unhinging, “but, I’m just so tired. Work has been hellish lately. Snow and Coin seem impossible to please.” Then with a half grin he went on, ending on a wink. “Just let me make it to Friday night, and I promise I’ll make it up to you.” Her face fell and she nodded, defeated. “Yeah, sure. I understand. Friday it is then.” The corners of her mouth barely lifted. After he released her, he walked to the edge of the bed, pulled on a pair of pajamas pants, and climbed under their quilt. Seconds later he was fast asleep. Sitting wide awake in bed next to her comatose husband, Katniss resolved to focus on helping Peeta; to do something special for him the next day to aid him through the rest of his horrid week and alleviate a fraction the mounting stress. And so, with that sentiment, Operation: Taco Tuesday was born. “In the meantime though,” she whispered as her hand slipped beneath the sheet and up under her gown, “I need some motivation to get me through the rest of my week.”
The oven timer, signaling the taco shells were ready, brought Katniss out of her reminiscing and back to the present. His favorite meal was now ready, so she went to retrieve him for dinner. Before she even reached the door, Katniss heard Darius’ laugh booming over the speaker as he related Clove’s latest objections to Finnick’s and his proposed ad slogans. Apparently, the conference call was not over after all. Moments later, Katniss returned to the office with a plate made for Peeta and a can of Orange Crush - the guilty pleasure he rarely allowed himself. Upon seeing her offering, he stopped sketching and running his opposite hand through his now even more wild curls. He then pulled her in for a quick peck on the lips, and mouthed a silent “thank you.”

Determined to be productive until she could implement part two of her plan, Katniss did the dishes, tidied the kitchen, and folded laundry for the next hour. Once their few clothes had been put away, she headed back to the now silent office.

At her entrance, Katniss was greeted by the adorable sight of a sleeping Peeta softly snoring, his upper half sprawled over the logo sketch littered desk. Seeing this as the perfect opportunity, she set phase two of Operation: Taco Tuesday into motion.

Katniss eased down to the wood floor. Employing her silent hunter’s tread, she tediously crawled in an attempt to avoid the squeaky planks of the older house. Still the floor creaked and whined close to every other movement. Surprisingly, he was not roused by the excessive noise. Finally, she crossed the room and was perched kneeling underneath his desk. Summoning up all her courage and finding a new boldness in her at the prospect, Katniss inched between his splayed legs. She was not usually the sexual aggressor in their relationship, but this situation, and being so close to the initiation of it, brought her to the cusp of giddy. Even with her own skepticism at the possibility, she struggled not to giggle with excitement.

She started tentatively by rubbing his thighs, inching closer to his groin with each pass and waiting for Peeta to stir with her motions. But, he remained unresponsive. Gingerly she then unfastened his belt and ever so slowly worked down the zipper of his charcoal dress slacks. She licked her lips and smiled when she parted the zipper and was greeted by his cotton clad, yet already half erect cock. Encouraged by the hospitable welcome, Katniss worked up more saliva into her mouth and licked her hand. Slipping her wet palm through the slit of his navy blue boxer briefs, she grasped him. Peeta made the smallest of moans but stayed still, and there was a momentary hesitation before she freed him completely. Then there was another brief pause as she took in the sight of his unveiled cock before her. And what a handsome sight to behold it was. He was thick and growing in length by the second. Despite her familiarity with him, she always savored these first moments becoming reacquainted. The view made her mouth water as moisture seeped from her needy apex below.

Soon her mouth descended on him, engulfing his tip in her waiting warm mouth. Instantly, Peeta’s whole body went rigid. At the jolt, she peered up at him, and circled her tongue around his now fully hard member still in her mouth to gather the craved salty taste. She found his piercing blue eyes, now nearly black saucers his pupils were so dilated, as they stared back at her in awe-filled disbelief. “Katniss,” he hissed. Eyes wide, he scrubbed a calloused palm over his slacked jaw, “That was the best way I’ve ever been woken up, but I never expected you to do that here.” A smile spread on her face and her panties dampened more. “I know that, Peeta, and work has been horrible for you.” She brought her hand back up and slowly stroked him once from base to tip. “I’m here to suck some of the stress out. And you know I wouldn’t be down here if I didn’t want to be” His cock twitched at her words and she was emboldened further by his physical response. Promptly she descended on his cock again, replacing her hand and mimicking the earlier ministration with her tongue. Peeta’s eyes snapped close at the contact and he wove his hand into her lose chestnut brown hair as he struggled not to go off instantaneously. Next she took the little bit of him that would fit in her mouth, and hollowed her cheeks. She met her hand at the base of
his member and brought it back up with her lips. Meticulously, she bobbed, mindful not to bang
her head on the mahogany desk behind her. His sporadic curses and the way he groaned her name
like a prayer spurred her onward. She gradually built up speed and his mind was blissfully cleared
of all thoughts but her as she continued her established motions.

Minutes later, she reached her other hand up to caress his neglected balls. His eyes shot open and
he found her unwavering gaze. Despite the frequency of their current activity, her fondling and the
gorgeous intensity of her look was his undoing. Peeta felt the unmistakable tingle in his spine and
speedily untangled his hand from Katniss’ hair. He pushed on her shoulder in minuscule warning.
“Fuck, Katniss! I love you!” gasped before he came with a cry. He spurted into her mouth while
she sucked forcefully on the head of his throbbing cock.

She greedily swallowed every drop of his briny essence she could. Then, leaned back on her
heels, she brought the back of her hand up to wipe the corners of her lips. “I love you, too.
Always.” she reminded him, fighting back the laugh behind her smile. After he regained his
bearings, Peeta backed his chair up and drug her up from the floor into a spine crushing hug. He
kissed her forehead, then pulled back to seal her mouth with his in the dizzying kiss she had
dreamed of most of the day. When they broke apart to catch their breaths, he stared at her, still
amazed. “You knew what I needed even before I knew myself. I could live a hundred lifetimes
and not deserve you.” He told her, shaking his still partially fuzzy head. Maybe not,” she affirmed,
“but, lucky for me, I’m yours anyway.” She nuzzled deep under his chin as she hugged him
tighter, and suddenly Friday night didn’t feel that far away…

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