Summary

While one cord is cut, another is woven. Peeta is suffering from rejection and Katniss learns to let go.

Notes

Cutting the Cord is my submission for Prompts in Panem: Round Seven, Day Four, Howls. The story is canon-compliant, but there are some references to an earlier PiP entry of mine, Felinity. Blink and you'll miss them, so don't worry about reading that one. Revised Version.

"Mama."

The cry of Willow’s voice touches something deep inside of Katniss. This fluttering in her chest is a feeling she knows well, a precious tingle, similar to what she felt when Prim was calling her name, so many years ago. All of her senses are alert when she hears her little one crying out. She gets up from the sofa, where she fell asleep and climbs up the stairs to the room Peeta decorated for their child, shortly after they found out that Katniss was pregnant. Petite sparrows and other
little birds are carefully painted on the skyblue wallpaper. Standing in the doorway a familiar scene presents itself to her.

Peeta sits on the edge of the bed, tries to comfort their baby girl with his presence. It's obvious, she had another nightmare. There is barely a night during which she doesn’t wake, shaking and crying, her fearful shouting sounding through the usual peaceful nightly silence of their house.

"It’s alright, it’s alright. I’m here, Honeycake."

Peeta tries to take her into his arms, but she pushes him away with her little hands.

"Don’t wan’ you," she cries harder, her small body trembling with hiccups. "Where is Mama?"

"I’m here," Katniss comes closer and her daughter immediately stops crying, arms reaching out to wrap her tiny self around her. "I’m here, shh…everything is going to be alright, I’m here."

She meets Peeta’s gaze and for one short second she sees what she knows he’s been hiding from her since the first time this happened. A hint of sadness and the pain of rejection are etched in his forced smile. While she continues to stroke her daughter’s small back, Peeta gets up and leaves the room. She knows, he is taking this hard. Harder than he should.

Their little daughter is fixated on Katniss. From the day she was born, they were a unit, inseparable and she wonders if they might’ve done something wrong considering her upbringing. Katniss went into the woods with her, carried her in a cloth, tightly secured to her body. Perhaps that had been unwise? Katniss had loved those days in the woods, bonding with her little girl, feeling her small body close to hers, the comforting scent of a baby soothingly healing her broken heart. Being a mother - she never thought she would enjoy it as much as she did. Loving every second with her small bundle of joy. Collecting plants and nuts, while Willow’s heart beat soundly against her chest. And feeding her in the woods, yes, Katniss had lived for these precious moments they spent together. The world was silent and at peace when Willow’s little mouth sucked the milk out of her breast, a sweet and tickling sensation she enjoyed daily until Willow’s first teeth ended this phase of their lives. Peeta’s work at the bakery made it impossible for him to look after their baby, and he couldn’t breastfeed. She always knew that he wanted to spend more time with them, be much more involved, but it was impractical. For both of them, it was simply easier that Katniss looked after the girl. The consequences were something that both Peeta and Katniss never expected.

Willow Mellark became a Mama’s girl.

In the last few weeks Willow made her preferences known quite bluntly. It started when Peeta came home from work one evening, looking forward to a bath with his daughter, whistling a tune while he searched for the rubber duck in the bathroom cabinet. When it was time to enter the bubbly water, Willow had started to wail, shouted for Katniss and refused to go in without her mother.

"Don’t worry about it," Katniss reassured Peeta, "the girl has her moods, like all of us do."

He had nodded, and promised that he understood. But it didn’t stop at that one incident. No, Willow showed no signs of returning her father’s affection and insisted that Katniss was the one bringing her to bed in the evenings.

"It’s normal, Peeta," Katniss told him, time and time again, "I called my mother. Children have phases. My mother will send us a book, you can read about it, it’s scientifically proven."
"I understand that," Peeta had smiled at her. "She loves her Mama. And that means the world to me, you know. We have that in common."

He had always been patient with her and with their daughter. He loved Willow, told Katniss that the moment he first held their tiny daughter in his arms had been the best in his life. Still, she knows that by now, this is really grating on him. Hurting him more than he lets on. After talking to her mother about Willow’s rejection on the phone, he never mentioned it anymore, but the hurt is still there, his eyes betray him. And Katniss is at her wits end, too. She tries to involve him, visits the bakery with Willow, suggests activities to her daughter that only involve her and her father, but Willow remains stubborn.

'Only if Mama is there, too' seems to be her motto.

When Willow finally falls asleep after Katniss sings her favorite lullaby, it is almost midnight. Peeta must’ve been woken up by her screaming. This is not good, Peeta needs his sleep. Sometimes Katniss falls asleep on the sofa downstairs, but only because she is much more of a night person, doesn’t usually go to bed the same time as him.

Peeta’s hulking form lies in their bed, entirely still. Katniss sighs inwardly. He is not asleep, she can see that his body is too rigid for slumber. She climbs into the bed and presses herself into Peeta’s back, giving him a soft kiss on his neck.

"Is she asleep?" Peeta asks flatly into the darkness of the room, his voice reflecting against the wall.

"Yes, I sung for her and it barely took a minute until she was smiling again, nightmare all forgotten," Katniss answers and cuddles her cheek against her husband, inhaling his cinnamon scent.

"I’m glad," Peeta says, his voice trembling. He pauses and then continues talking to the wall, "I wonder what these nightmares are about?"

"Don’t be mad at her. She will get over it, and soon, she will…oh…"

Katniss wants to communicate, reassure him, soothe him as he always seems to soothe her, as she doubts her parenting skills weekly, but Peeta has turned around, and locks his mouth to hers, biting into her lower lip slightly, pushing his tongue inside while his hands knead her breasts in tandem. She is confused by his actions, thinking he would want to talk or even sleep. Sex wasn’t on her mind, and she’s pretty sure that Peeta also had no intention of doing it earlier. It is after midnight and he is tired. They shouldn’t do this - of all things - while he is hurting.

All coherent thought leaves her when he stops kissing her and whispers into her ear, “It’s been a while since we did this, right?”

When one of his hands goes from her breasts and slips into her damp panties, a whimper escapes her dry throat. Katniss is almost always ready when she is in bed with him, body reacting to his proximity like a clockwork. She moans, quietly, so that their child won’t wake.

Peeta kisses her jawline from the left to the right and pushes his index finger inside, quickly followed by the middle finger, performing a scissoring motion between her folds. Katniss is still worried, remembering the look on his face earlier. They have to talk about this, because in all the years they’ve spent together she learned a lot about Peeta. The most important thing is to
communicate, to not let negative thoughts fester in his mind. Peeta is perfect at distracting her and, although she hates to think of him that way, he is a master manipulator, so she doesn’t even realize when he is doing it. She wants to tell him to stop, they should talk, but the way his fingers circle around her clit is so distracting. And he is right. It has been a while.

"Yeah," Peeta says huskily, when she starts to move her hips, trying to get his fingers to go deeper. "That’s right. Ride my fingers, love, like that."

She forgets everything around her but Peeta and his wonderful fingers, so that after he makes her come twice with his hands and later with his cock, she is left boneless and exhausted and immediately falls asleep without even bothering to clean up, feeling only happiness at the sensation of his warm seed trickling out of her.

When she wakes up in the morning, Peeta is gone. He must’ve cleaned her up though, as no trace of their coupling is left between her thighs. Sweet and considerate even after all these years, he treats her with love, gentleness and affection.

She hates to see him in pain when it comes to his relationship with her daughter. She loves Willow, more than she ever thought she could possibly love another human being again, after Prim. Unconditionally. It’s a different love to the one she feels for Peeta, but not less intense. Before getting pregnant she had been afraid of her child hating her, thought of herself as a broken wreck, unkind, definitely not a motherly type. Peeta had often told her she would be a fantastic mother, but she didn’t believe him. He had been right, like he usually was - Katniss loved being a mother. While she had taken care of Prim like their mother should have, she also had been a starved eleven year old girl, not in the least ready to take care of her sister like a parent does.

Willow is her own, her joy and pride, the child she carried under her heart for nine long months. They had a connection, a bond as old as time, only possible to exist between a mother and her child. She wants so badly for Peeta to also have that wonderful feeling. The love whenever Willow comes to her, saying “Mama” with her bell-like voice, her blue eyes shining with happiness. Heartbreak - that is the only word that comes to mind when she tries to describe the feeling she has when she sees their daughter reject him. It makes her physically sick, and she rushes to the bathroom, retching up the stew they had for dinner last night. A tear rolls down her cheek as she undresses to take a quick shower before waking Willow. Talking to her daughter about Peeta is a difficult task, she doesn’t understand, still too small to realize she is hurting her father with her words. Like she herself hurt her boy with the bread by pretending to be in love and telling him it wasn’t real, half a lifetime ago. She doesn’t want to be reminded of these days, painfully aware that the look in Peeta’s eyes hadn’t changed. Whether at sixteen or at thirty-three - the pain in his eyes is exactly the same.

When Willow refuses to let Peeta take her to Haymitch’s to feed the geese - her favorite thing to do in the afternoon - Peeta inhales sharply and turns around without a word, leaves for who knows where and doesn’t return. Long after his usual bedtime, she jumps up at the sound of his footsteps on the porch, and wants to welcome him home with a kiss, but he just hisses at her.

"Leave me alone," he says and she hates to see him limping towards the stairs, hardly able to climb up.
"Peeta," Katniss says, her voice pleading, hurt. He must know that it is not her fault, that she doesn’t want Willow to act like this, he has to know that, right?

"Honestly," he stops shortly, voice cracking. "It’s better if you leave me alone. I need some time and I can’t…can’t be sweet with you tonight." His knuckles are turning white, as he grips the handrail hard.

Is he having an episode? It has been months, so long that she doesn’t remember the exact time he had one. Stiffly he continues his trek up the stairs and she hears him entering their bedroom and closing the door quietly. Even though he is obviously mad and hurting, he stays considerate. And still. Peeta asked to be left alone. That’s okay, and she respects his wishes. On the other hand, he returned here. Returned to their house and is getting ready to sleep in their bed. He doesn’t want to talk, but he still wants her company. Katniss waits patiently for half an hour and then goes upstairs. He fell asleep, arms wrapped around the pillow and his hair tussled. She hopes he didn’t cry, but the redness of his cheeks seem to tell another story.

Carefully she slips under the covers and resists the urge to stroke him, embrace him. He doesn’t want that and as he is asleep he can’t voice his objection. Hoping her presence in their bed is wanted she falls into an unsteady sleep herself, worriedly gnawing on her own pillow, trying to find a solution to this problem as she drifts off.

"Mama…" comes a painful whimper from her right, almost like a howl and as usual she is alert immediately. The voice is not bell-like, much deeper. The pain in it makes its owner seem like that of a small boy. It’s Peeta’s. He is awake, she can see the whiteness of his eyes in the darkness of their bedroom. Sweat is trickling down his face and he is panting deeply.

"Peeta? Are you alright?" Katniss’ voice sounds unsure as she can’t make eyecontact, the only source of light is a pale moon shining softly from the outside. "Can I…is it okay to touch you?" She has to make sure, doesn’t want to presume.

Peeta is sniffling a short okay and she is in his arms immediately, stroking is back and pressing her body into his bigger one.

"Nightmare?" she asks.

"Yeah," he mumbles into her hair. She continues to stroke him for a while, listens to his breathing which becomes more rhythmic and steady as the minutes go by.

"Do you want to talk about it?"

"Not really," the answer comes very quickly, and Katniss sighs inwardly. What now?

"But I should," Peeta continues after a while. "I mean, it will probably help me to talk about my issues with you."

"It will," Katniss answers, positive that even if she doesn’t have a solution, talking about his fears will be for the best.
"You had a nightmare," she states, "about your mother?"

He chuckles darkly. "Not in the way you think, no. It's just with Willow acting like this in front of me all the time, I start having dark thoughts. Painful memories resurface, memories I thought I'd long left behind. I think about my family a lot these days. You know, my first family."

"We never talked that much about what happened to them," Katniss admits, "I'm sorry."

"It still is painful for me to think about it. How it all ended so quickly. You remember that back then we didn’t even get to say goodbye? And while rebuilding Twelve was something that happened gradually, my family never returned. This sounds stupid, but sometimes during the rebuilding I thought my father might appear around the corner, or later I almost expected that my brothers were waiting for me at the kitchen table in the mornings. I often wonder…" he pauses.

"At first I thought that I might’ve unknowingly had an episode when I was alone with Willow."

The sound of the steady ticking of their alarm clock is strangely loud. Katniss doesn’t dare to interrupt, wants him to tell her his thoughts in his own time.

"I know, I am mean some days, and I might’ve yelled at her…you know, how I can get when I have these headaches…sometimes…"

"No, Peeta, no," Katniss must say something now. "This didn’t happen. I’m sure. Willow would have told me."

Peeta nods.

"Yes, I think I would’ve remembered if something like this had happened, so it hopefully didn’t. But then…did you see how she has grown? In these last weeks…she almost looks like you did, the first time I noticed you. With her two little braids. I love her so much, Katniss."

His voice is breaking, almost tearful, "Why doesn’t she love me?"

"Stop it," Katniss feels like her heart is being quenched in her chest. "She loves you! It's just a phase."

"And what if it isn’t? What if she starts to get scared of me along the way?"

"She won’t," Katniss sobs now. This is idiocy. Why can’t he see that their daughter is still too young and innocent to be having such motives, such sinister feelings?

"I think, I made my mother hate me," he tells her after she takes a tissue out of the tissue box on the nightstand to blow her nose.

"What?"

"You heard what I said," Peeta says quietly.

"Yes, I understand your words. What I don’t get is how on earth you got such a weird idea?"

"As far as I can remember, us boys…when we hurt ourselves, or had problems at school or when we wanted to talk, we always went to my father for comfort. Always him. Not her."

Katniss shakes her head. Mrs. Mellark hadn’t been called the witch because of her kind and
Katniss shakes her head. Mrs. Mellark hadn't been called the witch because of her kind and nurturing attitude. She had been known as the witch because everyone was afraid of her. Her tendency to scream at children that weren't as fortunate as her didn't make her the most popular in the District. There hadn’t been many people in the District that Katniss actively disliked. Mrs. Mellark, though, had been on top of her list even before Peeta became the boy with the bread to her. Sometimes she even wondered how someone as cruel as Mrs. Mellark could have brought up a wonderful boy like Peeta. She would never tell Peeta that though, as he never insulted his mother, missed her as he missed his father and brothers. Maybe even more. It wasn’t the first time he called her name in his sleep. Katniss decided that she wouldn’t talk bad about his dead family. Mrs. Mellark was not only Peeta’s mother, she was also Willow’s grandmother. Dead or alive.

"You must know that I looked up to my brothers. I wanted to be like them. And whenever something happened they said ‘Let’s tell Pa’. I didn’t have a reason for not going to her. It was just what my brothers did, so I went to him as well. Practically ignored my mother. One day, I was six or seven, I brought home an A for an art assignment in school and I right out yelled for my father, even though she had been in the kitchen and seemed genuinely interested in what had me in such a good mood. I told her that I wanted to show Pa, not her. The hijacking made me forget many things, but for some reason I clearly remember the look on Ma’s face that day. And that was, I mean, she started to b…to get stricter then. She had never been very affectionate with us, but she used to give me a hug from time to time, and sometimes we even cuddled. And after that she just stopped. I know, Katniss, I know I hurt her and….she never hugged me like before. It was my own fault. Why did I prefer my father? Because honestly, he wasn’t that interested in us either."

Katniss doesn’t know what to say to this. It seems all a bit far fetched. She doesn’t know if Peeta’s mother loved her son, but one thing is certain. The woman hadn't been stupid. She didn’t start hating her youngest because he went to his father with his problems. Peeta loved his mother more than he lets on. Craved for her love back then, and after all he went through, still has nightmares of his mother ignoring him, not trusting him and most importantly not loving him.

"That’s ridiculous," she says, despite herself. She can’t see any truth in this, but Willow’s words made Peeta invent the wildest theories it seems.

"I thought you would say that." Peeta answers, "And it probably is. But I have no other explanation. Why did they abandon me? Do you have any idea how lonely it was in my house in the Victor’s Village? Katniss, I’ve never slept by myself before, my days before the Hunger Games were always spent in the company of my family. We were a loud family, we talked, shouted, argued. There was always some kind of noise in the bakery and upstairs. I lived through horrible days after the Hunger Games. I could’ve coped better if my family had been around, but there was only silence, only me. I was sixteen years old and I wanted them to be with me so, so badly. They should have lived with me. I talked with my mother about it, after we returned to Twelve. Thought that it might make her feel important, living with me. But she didn’t want to move. And that was that. No discussion."

She isn’t sure how to reply to his musings. Her insights to the late Mellarks lifes is limited, she only has insights to her own family.

"Peeta, you are not like your mother. And Willow grows up in a different environment. It’s a different childhood to the one that you and me had. It’s not the same, and…”

His hands are on her breasts without warning, massaging her quickly, and he moves closer, trying to kiss her. Her breasts are a little sensitive though and she feels that he wants to distract her with sex. So she says the one thing that always makes him stop, no matter how horny he is.
"It hurts," she says, swatting at his hands and he immediately stops touching her.

"Sorry," he mumbles and turns away, "I’m tired, Katniss. Good night."

"Peeta…" she groans.

"No, really. I have to get up early. We’ve been talking for too long, it’s almost three. I need to sleep." The faint hint of painful rejection can be heard in his voice and Katniss wonders if she should have let him continue his ministrations, if they should make love. But then she doesn’t feel like it tonight and it bothers her when Peeta sulks or uses sex as a distraction. It’s not healthy, for both of them.

The next few weeks are putting a strain on their relationship. To get Willow to become more independent, she tries to leave her with other people, starting with Haymitch continuing with Greasy Sae and finally arriving at Delly who is a mother of five, always thriving, always happy with her offspring. She even contemplates calling her own mother, asking her to stay with them so she can look after Willow when she goes hunting.

Willow doesn’t like the process. And it breaks Katniss heart time and time again when she leaves her daughter with other people. But this is the only way, she tells herself, to make Willow change. It feels like she is abandoning her daughter.

Not only this is bothering her. She isn’t in the mood for sex either. Turns away from Peeta whenever he tries to initiate something. Weeks after they last made love she is hunting a deer and crouches down to search for tracks on the damp leavy ground of the woods, when she feels a familiar swelling between her legs. Her body seems to be telling her it is ready once more, ready to have Peeta and she blushes at the thought.

How can her mood change from disliking any touch to her skin, to needing him to cover her body with kisses, in a couple of hours?

Oh….She starts to laugh out loudly, making a flock of birds fly away in reaction to the sound. Grinning she turns towards town, thinks of surprising him in the bakery. He’ll be so happy.

When she steps on the street that leads from the meadow to town she sees Delly coming over to her with a frown etched onto her usually carefree face.

"What’s wrong?" she asks worriedly. She left Willow with Delly before she went hunting this afternoon.

"Oh, Katniss. Please don’t be mad. Willow was extremely difficult today. She fell from the swings and I couldn’t get her to calm down. She insisted on leaving. Please don’t be mad, but she screamed for her father and I brought her over to the bakery. We should have waited for you, I know."

Katniss grins and Delly looks confused. “She asked for Peeta?"

"Yes," Delly says hesitantly. "I told her we should wait for you. But she wanted her father."
"I could kiss you, Delly. Thanks for helping us out, I’ll see you around," she giggles at her friend and her bewildered look.

"Anytime. Have a nice day," Delly’s face settles back into that familiar smile and Katniss walks swiftly to the bakery.

She enters the bakery through the back door and witnesses the scene she has waited to see for so long. The thing she told Peeta would happen sooner or later, only he didn’t believe her.

Willow stands on a stool next to her father, a small plaster on her left knee. The injury is forgotten as she is busily helping Peeta kneading dough on the work table, forming it into little dough animals.

"This looks good, Honeycake," Peeta says proudly. "What should we make next?"

"A bear, Papa. Make a bear," Willow giggles and beams at her father like he is the sun and she is a little flower.

"Willow," Katniss says and both of them look up at her, "It’s time to go home with Mama."

Peeta looks shockingly betrayed for a second, unable to believe she would play him like that, but she simply smiles at him, knowing what’s going to happen next.

"No," Willow refuses, and while she counted on her little one to react like this, it still hurts in a tiny motherly corner of heart. "I don’t want you, Mama. I want to stay with Papa."

"Well, then there is nothing I can do about it," she answers, trying hard not to laugh, while she winks at Peeta who mouthes a quiet Thank you to her. She has a feeling that Willow Mellark will turn into a Papa’s girl. Or maybe not. Perhaps she will love both of her parents equally, without preferring one over the other. That’s a nice thought and hopefully exactly what will happen.

Katniss is not the type to say Told you so but feels satisfied when Willow and Peeta take a bubble bath that evening and he tucks her into bed. She doesn’t ask for her mother, seemingly happy with only her father. Katniss sits on the sofa downstairs and tries to read, but feels like she cannot concentrate. What is the most satisfying way to tell Peeta? An idea forms in her head, and she feels herself getting wet, when she hears a creak from the stairs. Peeta comes down slowly, a big grin on his face, all stress of these last weeks obviously forgotten.

"Well," he says, "Can I tell you that our daughter is quite the tomboy? Exhaustingly so, it took half an hour to get her fall asleep."

She shrugs, “You asked for it, Peeta. Now that she found you again you have to live with it. Don’t expect my sympathies.”

Laughing lightly she points to the space next to her.

"Come, sit down with me."
"You were right," he laughs as he cuddles himself into the back of their sofa, wrapping his arms around her.

"I was blinded by pain, but you knew from the start. You always know what to do, great mama that you are. I'm sorry I acted like a jerk."

"No, Peeta. I'm sorry you had to have that experience. It stings. I felt it myself when she said she didn't want me, earlier. But that's quite alright. We learn from situations like this. No one told us parenthood would be easy."

She slides out of his embrace and places herself on her knees in front of him, moves between his legs and flips the clasp of his belt open. Then she pulls down his trousers and boxer-briefs in one go. His cock, thick and full, lies flaccid between his strong thighs. Erect or not, seeing his naked form always makes her experience that tingling, that tight swelling between her legs. Her body is getting ready for him. She can make out goosebumps and the golden hair on his skin, almost invisible.

"What are you doing?", he asks, looking quite bewildered.

"Hmm, what does it look like I’m doing?" She grins at him sheepishly, "I want to see if you can get hard while I watch your cock."

She begins wetting her lips, upper lip first and then steadily wets her lower lip, sneaking across it with her tongue from left to right.

His penis twitches and starts to rise.

"What kind of experiment is that?" Peeta asks, his deep voice making it obvious that he enjoys her attention.

"The fun kind, I assume," she answers cheekily, "mmmh….it looks like it’s not working though."

"Not true," he moans. "Are you even looking?"

"I don’t know, Peeta, you have to work, much, much harder," she smiles at him seductively, "if you’d like to receive your reward."

"Tell me more about that reward," Peeta says huskily and tries to put his hands on her breasts.

"No. Touching is cheating," Katniss says strictly and pushes him back against the sofa.

"Where was I? Oh yes. If you grow hard enough, you’ll be the lucky baker who gets serviced by District Twelve’s most talented huntress."

At the word serviced Peeta’s cock springs towards his navel, standing proud and erect.

After spending so many years together, after seeing each other at their strongest and at their weakest, after becoming parents, Katniss feels very little embarrassment when it comes to their bedroom activities. There is no need to hold him or herself back anymore. And she wants to give Peeta this, after those sexless weeks and him being faced with a daughter who made her preferences clear.

Peeta loves it when she talks like this, if only because she does it rarely.
"Mmh," she says, inspecting him with a feigned critical look. "Not entirely sure, if that’s good enough…"

"Katniss," he groans, "I need it. Lick me, please. Stop teasing, or…"

She raises an eyebrow.

"…or I’ll come on your face."

She giggles, sensing the urgency in his words. As horny as he is, she can’t tease him much. Only a little.

"No, we can’t have that."

Katniss starts to play with Peeta’s dark blond pubic curls with her fingers and uses her palm to move over to his balls, weighing them in her delicate hands, grinning at his twitching hardness. She pauses for a short moment, enjoys the feeling of their fullness in her hands.

"You’ll come in my mouth tonight," she demands, rolling her tongue to touch his slit with the pointed end, "nowhere else. Understood?"

He nods eagerly and she gives the underside of his member a long sensual lick in return.

"Good boy," she tells him gently, "keep that up and I’ll swallow. Every. Last. Drop."

"Open your lips or it won’t happen." The need is palpable in his voice, eyes shining with lust.

Winking she opens her mouth wide to receive him, moving towards his groin so that his hardness can slide in, inch by inch. Breathing in she smells the clean, soapy scent of the bubble bath in his pubes and the musky male odor of his sex. She loves to do this, and if that makes her perverted, then so be it. These are her thoughts while she earnestly starts to suckle on his cock, just a little at first, then more steadily using even pressure with her inner cheeks. His penis stiffens more at the sensation of her mouth on this sensitive part of his body.

Katniss begins to breathe through her nose, her teeth hidden beneath her lips so she won’t hurt him, lets his hardness slide in as far as possible. How many times have they done this by now? It must have been a thousand times and she feels like she is getting better at it still.

Peeta lets out little huffs of breath, small pants as she gently begins to bob her head. Up and down, slowly, easily. By now this activity is almost second nature to her, like eating cheese buns or shooting her arrow in the woods. Pleasuring Peeta is incredibly satisfying. She looks up at him, tries to give him her most convincing sultry look and he groans so loudly she’s afraid he’s waking Willow. He also realizes that he was too loud as he guiltily bites on his lower lip, looking down at her, his hands clenching into fists. She knows he wants to put his hands on her head, show her the rhythm he wants, press her tighter against him and her pussy throbs at the thought. She tries to ignore the wetness between her legs, the feeling of her slickness soaking her panties. This is about Peeta.

She continues to suck, while she keeps his cock steady with her hands, but soon finds herself releasing him with a pop as Peeta makes incoherent sounds, tries to tell her something.

"What is it, love?" she asks sweetly and places little kisses on his hard length, barely able to stand
being away from him, even if it is just a few seconds. "Wanna guide me?"

"No…I mean, yes…you’re so beautiful, I love to watch you on your knees…oh…" He moans deeply as she nuzzles his curls with her nose. "Can you take off your shirt?" His cheeks are adorably pink. It’s the best kind of turn on, a gift really, to be able to see him like this. "I wanna…" he stops, groaning.

"Yeah?" she inquires, caressing his penis with her left cheek, enjoying the silky softness. The hardness is almost painfully insistent on her sensitive skin, so she opts to keep the nuzzling to a minimum.

"I wanna see your tits," he moans quickly and that makes her grin. Oh, Peeta. Still so careful with her, so adamantly afraid of using the wrong words. But sometimes he gets so turned on that he forgets himself and these moments are, without a doubt, the most fun.

She doesn’t answer, simply takes off her shirt and bra and quickly pulls him into her mouth again, focuses her attention on the head of his erection by bestowing short, rhythmic sucks on it. His patience is running out as he grabs her head, puts both of his hands in her raven curls and pushes his hardness deeply into the moist cavern, unable to rein in his urges. Katniss relaxes her jaw to receive him, barely able to control Peeta’s thrusting motions. He almost jumps up, clenching his ass cheeks tightly to get in deeper. She concentrates on leaving her tongue slack so he can fully enjoy the sensation of her mouth on him. Soon the first taste of salty precum at the back of her throat alerts her to his impending orgasm.

"Oh..suck it, uh..keep sucking..ah, please, Katniss," he babbles and Katniss realizes that he is close by the way he pulses inside her mouth and forcefully buries his fingers in her locks. She reaches for his wrist, untangles his hand from her hair and presses his palm against her left breast. Peeta starts squeezing instinctively, hard. The sensation pushes him over the edge, makes him come with a sound that makes Katniss’ insides do a happy lurch. There is nothing more lovely than listening to the noises Peeta makes when he loses control, when he spills his semen in her pussy or in her mouth, like today.

She concentrates on swallowing his seed while he spasms, makes sure she won’t choke. Katniss perfected the technique of letting her love feed her without spitting or coughing long ago. It helps when he rides out his passion without having to worry about her discomfort. Her own sex pulses hungrily, equally craving his release, longing for his beautiful organ to fill it up. She is drippingly wet by now. Savoring every swallow, she listens to his moans turn weaker. The sound of her fervent sucking almost drowns them out completely, and Peeta continues to spill what has been piling up during these weeks of sexual frustration, every bead a proof of his carefully restrained desire for her. Katniss feels only joy at making him explode that way, she knows he loves seeing her kneeling down so, so much. She wills herself to avoid thinking of her own needs. That Peeta’s possessive squeezing of her breast turned into soft circling around her nipple with his fingers, is not helpful. Pressing her legs together tightly is her only response to his tender ministrations.

Peeta always spends loads when they do it in this position, so she blissfully licks him through the aftershocks for some time, carefully squeezing out every last drop, as she promised she would. When his cock turns soft at last, it slips out of her moist warmness but she still continues to lap at it, until he gently pushes her away. Giving it a short kiss on the slit, she pulls herself up and sits next to him on the sofa. Peeta is coming down from his high slowly, smiling serenely.

"Thank you," he whispers, takes her head in his hands and gives her a short peck on the lips. "That was lovely. Surprisingly hot and sweet at the same time. Not that I’m complaining, please feel free to do this whenever you like, but what’s the occasion? You weren’t exactly asking for it lately…"
"My pleasure," she says solemnly and waits a moment.

"Do you recall the last time I couldn’t stand you touching me? When I wasn’t in the mood for weeks, and suddenly the need returned?"

"Quite vividly, those were tough times. That must’ve been a few years ago," Peeta answers her questions and then his eyes grow large.

"You’re pregnant?"

"I’m pregnant," she says, "You better shape up, Mellark. I have a feeling this one might like you better."

"Impossible," he laughs, "No, there is no doubt our little one here will be a Mama’s child, through and through."

He gently strokes her taut stomach.

"Can you believe it? Us having another child?"

He beams at her, but then immediately a cloud of worry darkens his expression.

"Are you happy, Katniss? Are you happy with me?"

"I love what we have together, our family. Yes, I am happy. I couldn’t imagine having all this with anyone but you, Peeta. And frankly I’m a bit offended that you doubt me. Wasn’t that the sexiest delivery of good news you ever had? I only get on my knees for you, you know."

He smiles at her wickedly, and slides down the sofa slowly.

"Let me return the favor?" he grins, looking up at her through his darkening blue eyes.

"Always," Katniss smiles down at her love, lets him pull down her pants and can’t help but think to herself that it is true. She has never been happier than with her Peeta during these wonderful days of early parenthood.

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