Huntress Hunted

by ForestFairy

Summary

Katniss hunts the unknown. Peeta finds himself caught in his huntress’ snares. A quest off the beaten track.

Notes

Huntress Hunted is my submission for Prompts in Panem, Farewell Tour, The Language of Flowers: Peach Blossom.

Adrenaline coursed through her veins as she inspected the leaves of a mulberry bush to her right.

Could she be wrong?

No. The fragile twigs of the small plant had been pushed aside in a hurry. To make way, no doubt. She went down on her knees, checking the soft mosses of the forest floor for the unmistakable tracks of prey. It hadn’t been long. Small, green blades of grass were slowly moving back into their original, vertical position. It must’ve been a minute, if not seconds, since he had passed this spot.
Sniffing, she caught a whiff of....

Was it really there? It might’ve been imagination somehow. In between the freshness of early
autumn, the scent of leaves, pine and earth.

That faint lingering of slightly sweet sweat was making her light-headed, excited. In the sweetness
there it was.

Not fear, no, it was like he told her, like he convinced her it would be. The lingering scent of
physical exhaustion, a scent so distinctively him, it could almost be a drop on her tongue, teasing
her taste buds. Salty, wet, like on those countless occasions when she sucked it off his neck, his
collarbone, his nipples, his full…she blushed, trying to subdue her own excitement. It was no use.
Her thoughts returned to these visuals, these images. Him after a long day of work - kneading,
flexing his muscles, pushing that dough in form with his strong arms.

The scent, so essentially him, was mixed with anxiousness, anticipation and most importantly,
beyond doubt - the faint odor of his *arousal*.

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It started innocently enough.

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Katniss Everdeen and Peeta Mellark returned from the Capitol bruised, broken and seriously
depressed.

There were days when they were both balancing on the very edge of sanity, when any misstep
would surely follow in fatal results.

There were nights when they couldn’t stand to be in close proximity, even the smallest hint of the
other’s presence a burden.

As the years went by, these horrible hours became less and less, until…until they went away
completely. Something new took over, something Katniss had a taste of in the cave during their
first games, and later at the beach in the Quarter Quell arena of the 75th and last ever Hunger
Games.

Desire.

A hunger they both knew little about, then eagerly started to explore - together. There was always
love in what they did, always sweetness and in the beginning an seemingly endless innocence in
their encounters. For they were two survivors of war, but still children in the matters of the heart.

After a few years of that, the lust that awakened in Katniss and Peeta’s bodies started to change.
There was no hesitancy, no shame, no fright. They became sateless. Of each other’s bodies and of
each other’s souls. It didn’t matter if Katniss was on her period or Peeta had a cold. They always
found ways to see to the other’s needs and wants.

Day after day and night after night. There were nightmares still, though in time Katniss’ became
less and less. Peeta’s returned ever so often, the hijacking never gone, a scar on his mind.

It was on such a night in late summer, years after the rebellion, that Katniss realized something.

Midnight was long gone and the sweltering heat made it impossible to find rest. They left the window open as their only neighbor, Haymitch Abernathy, never heard a thing or pretended not to.

Katniss was lying in the middle of their bed, naked unabashed, unashamed. Legs spread wide open, long raven locks pushed up in a topknot. Her hair had become more than annoying, sticking to her wet body like glue. Between her spread thighs Peeta was working like a madman. He had been down there for hours it seemed and Katniss had orgasmed for the second time that night. He showed no signs of stopping as he licked her folds gently, helping her coming down back from the moment, the exhaustingly sweet seconds they kept chasing and chasing and finding together, effortless. As he licked, caressed and gently kissed her Katniss felt overwhelmed with love. Peeta was such a pleaser. A giver. She had no idea if other people, other girls had a selfless lover like that. She doubted it. People would never get any work done, only have sex. She gently stroked his hair and he looked up at her, grinning slightly. Unfortunately she had already left the wonderful high, the blissful emptiness of mind in which she could only enjoy his attention and just...be. Now it was back to thinking, worrying. A frown was etched on her face and Peeta’s eyes changed from twinkling happily, into a concerned, deeper shade of blue.

“Should I stop?” he asked, and she felt his breath on her wetness. “Too much?”

“No,” she reassured him quickly. She enjoyed the way he handled her after her orgasms. Peeta knew her, so he also knew that there was something else.

“Did I get sloppy?” he asked, looking worried.

“No, Peeta,” she sighed, “You did wonderfully.”

Peeta wasn’t convinced, she could see it in his eyes. “Why do I have a feeling that you’re not honest?”

She nearly giggled at that sort of serious question, asked from between her legs.

“I’m honest…it’s just…I was thinking and….you always please me. Do all that stuff, make sure I come first and….” Katniss’ cheeks reddened.

“Not that again,” Peeta replied, rolling his eyes, “How often do I have to tell you? I love doing this. Lying here between your legs, kissing and licking your sweet pussy…it’s paradise." When he gave her another long lick and winked at her, she couldn’t help frowning again.

He shook his head and pulled himself up. His chin wet from her juices, looking devilishly handsome. How could a man like this even exist? Damn.

"Katniss,” he said, deeply, “Love. I adore this. I adore you. Nothing turns me on more than seeing you writhe and moan in pleasure. Nothing pleases me more than seeing you enjoy yourself.”

“But it’s exhausting. I know I take a long time to come.....we’ve been here for hours and I haven’t even touched you,” Katniss replied, reheating an old argument, an old insecurity, really.

“I only..I just want to please you, too. Do something for you, something you enjoy.”
“You do that, all the time,” he half-whispered into her ear. “Honestly I don’t know what to tell you. You do everything a man could wish for. Look,” he directed her gaze to his erection, pointing with his hand. “I’m so turned on. Can I have you now?”

“Peeta,” she begged, longing evident in her plea, “Please, tell me your fantasies.”

He smiled at her, moved over and in between her thighs, giving her a warm kiss, sliding in, easily.

“This is my fantasy,” he said, pushing half-in and out, gently, steady. “This is my dream come true.”

Katniss decided to let it go and enjoy. In a far corner of her mind she realized that he hesitated a fraction too long after her question. There must be something. Something he wasn’t telling her. And she was determined to find out what exactly that was.

“Do you really want to go down that road, brainless?” Johanna Mason remained blunt. Even years after the war her personality remained the same. ‘I take no shit from no one’, she used to say and that didn’t change.

“What do you mean?” Katniss put the phone between her shoulder and cheek, while she poured herself a cup of peppermint tea. “Why shouldn’t I?”

“Well, for starters, why change what’s obviously working for both of you? You tell me you love every minute, you are satisfied, your libidos align. It’s ideal. Do you know how tremendously lucky you are?”

“Yeah, but…”

“You have no freaking idea how lucky you are, Katniss. And that’s your problem. You have someone you love, who loves you. By the sound of it, he satisfies you more than enough. Never change a running system, this is what I say,” she said and then stopped, “At least in the bedroom. The government is another matter…”

“That’s not the problem, Johanna,” Katniss sighed, reverting back to the subject she cared most about, “Yeah, I am lucky. Yes, I am satisfied, everything is fine, really. For me. I want to know more about Peeta. Make him happy, satisfy his needs, his desires. I don’t know why… I have a feeling he is holding back and I want him to be open.”

Johanna remained silent for a few seconds, and Katniss held her breath.

“Katniss, if this were anyone but you and Peeta I would run screaming, right in this instant. I’m not sure I want to know this stuff. What do you guys actually do, in the bedroom?”

“Do? Well….we have sex,” Katniss huffed, wondering what she meant.

“You ain’t saying,” Johanna probably rolled her eyes in District 7, “What kind of sex?”

“The normal kind,” Katniss snapped, evasively.

“Gosh, Everdeen, it’s like pulling teeth with you. Oral sex?”
“Yes,” Katniss said quickly. It’s not like she was embarrassed doing these things with Peeta. The embarrassment was in talking about it with someone who wasn’t a part of, well, Katniss and Peeta.

“Both of you?”

“Yeah,” Katniss said. “I’d say he does it more often. Maybe I’m not good at it?”

“Can’t help you there, though I doubt it,” Johanna answered, “Or does he push you away when you initiate?”

“No, never.”

“Okay,” another pause from the end of the line, and then, “Katniss, I want you to really think hard and deep about this. This could change your relationship, push it on another level altogether. I can help you with a plan to have him admit his fantasies. Are you really sure about this?”

“What do you mean?”

“Easy. It could be something that would shock you. Or hurt you. Or even disgust you. Peeta doesn’t tell you for a reason, and that’s most likely shame. Or he simply knows that you would do anything for him, and he doesn’t want to make you uncomfortable.”

“But…”

“If you go through with this, you have to be prepared that you might not understand his fantasies, or even enjoy them. You’re in no way obligated to indulge him, however… you must keep in mind that this might hurt him, if he opens up. You are really pushing it. There is still a whole world of sexual things you have no idea about. No offense, you have problems about talking about oral. That’s very straightforward, normal sex, for most.”

“I’m talking to you, Johanna. You’re my friend, you’re not Peeta,” Katniss replied, “I would do anything to make Peeta happy. He is so selfless with me. Adores me, makes sure I’m comfortable. It’s bordering on worship, really…”

Johanna cut her off, “Okay, okay. I have a feeling, that I might know where this is heading. Still can’t believe it, you surely are a lucky girl. Brainless, but lucky. Now, let me tell you about that plan….”

Peeta grinned like a cheshire cat. And actually snuggled up to Haymitch on the couch.

“You can’t leave, ‘mitchy,” he giggled, “You haven’t told us if Effie is actually bald beneath that wig of hers, haha.”

“Oh, I’m definitely leaving, bread boy,” Haymitch sneered, “And if I hear you call me Mitchy once more, I’ll never share liquor with you guys again.”

He eyed up Katniss on the opposite side, lying halfway on the armchair and grinning back at him.

“Oh, come on Mitchy,” she teased, “Don’t be such a spoilsport.”
Peeta lost it, gasping until he started to cry from laughter.

“I’m leaving,” Haymitch said and stood up. Katniss wobbled up from her resting place to see him out.

“Why do I have a feeling that you’re not nearly as drunk as you pretend to be, Sweetheart?”

Katniss winked at her old mentor. “Thanks for the liquor. It was just what we needed tonight,” she gave him a kiss on the cheek.

Haymitch seemed to have a fight with himself when he turned back to Katniss.

“I trust you to not hurt him,” he said, looking concerned, “He’s vulnerable tonight, and I’d hate it if I had any part in whatever you are up to.”

That Haymitch called her by her name was a sign that he was utterly serious. Katniss shook her head. She had actually had two glasses of white liquor for courage. That had been hours ago and she was sobered up again.

“You can trust me,” she said, “Hurting him is the last thing I want. Quite the opposite.”

“Good night then,” Haymitch said and left her quickly. Katniss took a deep breath and turned back to the sitting room. It was now or never.

“Mitchy’s gone,” she prattled brightly when she returned to Peeta and climbed over the couch from the other side, dropping her body alongside of Peeta. “We’re all alone. What does my love want to do now?”

She smiled at him sweetly and he grinned back.

“I wanna do a loot of things,” he slurred, “Play chess, for example.”

“I don’t think so,” she moaned and began to rub herself against him, pressing her chest against his. “I’m all for playing. Chess is out of the question, though.”

“Oh, oh,” Peeta stammered, “Kat…Katniss…’m drunk…not…sober enough…”

“You don’t need to be sober for a little making out session,” she giggled, “Do you?”

An adorable frown appeared on his face. “Yeah, I do…can’t please you when…” I’m like this… hic…”

“Should I leave a hickey on your neck?” Katniss asked, nuzzling the soft skin behind the shell of his ear. “So that Haymitch can see?”

“Don’t…oh,” Peeta breathed, but making her feel his growing erection against her stomach. He was finally turned on, so Katniss decided to go in for the kill. “What do you want me to do Peeta? Tell me and I’ll do it. I’ll do anything…”

“Nooo…” Peeta whimpered, bucking his hips against hers. “You won’t.”

“I promise, I will,” she said, feeling light-headed.

Johanna really had no idea what she was talking about. She would do anything for Peeta.
wish was her command.

“Tell me,” she whispered seductively, low, “My sweet Peeta.”

“I want…you…can you…would you…” Peeta was flushed with arousal, cheeks tinted red.

“Anything, Peeta, anything. You can tell me,” she repeated.

“Would you hunt me, out in the woods?” he asked, his honest gaze wide-eyed, twinkling with arousal.

Katniss felt like she had been slapped. Maybe she had misheard?

“What?” She stared at him. Cold and hot shivers took turns, slackening through her entire body. She must’ve misheard.

“Hunt me, like I’m game, like ..’m your prey,” he continued, eyes glassy. “Like the squirrels or…”

“Eh?”

Like in the Games? Like in the Hunger Games? Katniss felt bile rising in her throat.

“Or…or.. like a mountain lion’,” Peeta continued, cock rubbing against her still, not seeing the whiteness on her face, talking on excitedly “…and then you catch me. You’ll not harm me, only bind me. Take me and keep me as…Kat…Katniss?”

She pushed away from him, staring at his face.

“No,” she said, shocked and displeased at this turn of events. She had expected a lot of things from Peeta. But not this.

Not this, with their history. The fear of being hunted for real. His fear of her, created by the Capitol. Why should this turn him on? Why should he bring these fears and horrors into their sex-life?

“How could you wish for something like this, Peeta? How?” Tears dropped down her face.

“Kat..? Wha?” Peeta looked confused at her face, his own flushed helplessly, cock still hard. “I…I don’t…”

She stood up and began to move backwards, out of the room. They were in Peeta’s house as she had been sleeping here for a few weeks. It was more convenient for him with his work. They usually switched houses once in a while and it had been fun. Now she wanted only to flee, get out of here and back to her own. Quickly.

“Please..Kat…,” Peeta tried to get up from the sofa. He tangled himself up in the process, his artificial leg caught in a blanket, stumbled.

“Wait…” he pleaded, holding out his hand when he saw her nearing the door to the hallway, “I’m sorry….’m drunk, please…so sorry…don’t go…”

She turned around leaving him behind, hearing a thud behind her, but paid that no mind while she
shut the door behind her. Still too shocked to feel anything, but painful confusion Katniss Everdeen ran back to her house, up the stairs, threw herself on her bed, grasped the pillow and started to cry.

The air in her bedroom was thick. She hadn’t opened up her windows for days and fell asleep in that dense air. A headache was the result of that careless behavior. She didn’t have a hangover, even though she had cried a lot last night.

Last night. Everything that happened came back in a rush. She had planned dinner with Haymitch and Peeta, cooked Peeta’s favorite dish and then proceeded with some sort of drinking game. The game had been manipulated. Thanks to a few tips of Johanna’s she didn’t have to drink much while Peeta became drunk quite quickly, not being used to the strong alcoholic beverage. She had planned to lighten the mood, to lower his guards, thought the liquor would give him the courage to admit his sexual desires. Oh, and hadn’t that worked out splendidly.

Peeta had confessed.

Johanna had warned Katniss that Peeta’s fantasies might not be what she wanted to hear. Katniss had listened to her friend, who then went into description of every depraved sex act she could think about. Katniss had been a bit shocked by the list, but imagined herself okay with most of them. This was for him, after all.

When Peeta told her about his fantasies she hadn't been able to handle it. No, not only that. She had pressured him, made him drunk so that he would tell her this thing he obviously was ashamed of and wanted to keep to himself. Yes, Johanna had warned her, and even Haymitch had told her to be careful. She had been so full of herself. Left him behind, drunk, confused, ashamed. What kind of partner was she? A look at the alarm clock on her nightstand told her it was half past seven. Katniss stood up and went to take a quick shower, feeling slightly better, the warm water soothing her exhausted body.

After a glimpse at her wardrobe an idea came, how to possibly make this work, after all.

She found Peeta on a bench on the porch facing his garden. He was holding a cup of tea and had obviously eaten a roll for breakfast. Half of it was still on a plate sitting beside him.

“Peeta,” she greeted, “Hello.”

He moved his head in her direction and her heart nearly broke. His eyes were red rimmed, underlined by dark circles.

“Katniss,” he jumped up, the plate ending up on the floor, “You came back.”

Katniss felt tears welling in her eyes. She'd expected a withdrawn Peeta, angry or even confused. He hadn’t forgotten last night, seemingly had not slept, was sober.

“Of course,” she said, “I’ll always come back to you. I’m sorry for leaving you like this, yesterday. I’m an idiot. Can you forgive me?”
“There is nothing to forgive,” he said, an unsure smile in his face, sitting back down. “I was drunk and said a bunch of unnecessary things. I know, being drunk is no excuse, but I’m really sorry. Can we…can you forget what I told you? Please, this was a lesson for life for me to never get that drunk again.”

Katniss sat next to him.

“I…” she began, unsure about the situation, embarrassed, “I’m so sorry. Last night wasn’t coincidence. It was planned. I mean, I planned it all. Wanted to know what you fantasized about…”

She threw an unsure gaze in his direction. Peeta was pale around the nose, and gripping the blanket he had brought to the porch.

“How could you?” he asked, voice quivering, “You’re saying you got me drunk on purpose?”

“Yeah,” she answered, dark blotches of shame visible on her cheeks. “I simply tried to…I mean, you never tell me anything…I didn’t know what to do….Johanna suggested that….”

“You actually got Johanna involved?”

“Peeta…..”

“No. No, that’s really going too far,” his voice got scratchy, “I didn’t sleep last night, afraid I’d lost you forever. Do you have any idea how that felt? You ran away and..why did you think I’d never told you? Because I knew you wouldn’t be able to handle it! And you didn’t even let me explain….this wasn’t fair, none of it was. And involving Johanna in it? In deeply personal issues? Have you got the slightest idea how that makes me feel? That’s private. Even if it is Johanna, it’s between you and me.”

He shuddered and added, almost whispered, “It’s private…..” to himself, once more.

“All I can say is that I’m sorry,” she whispered, “Please. Please let me make it up to you. We can forget this whole evening if you want. Or you can explain. Tell me what exactly you meant. Please, I couldn’t bear to have lost your trust.”

He gave a short huff of breath, “Yeah, sure. Explain now and then you are back to judging me or ignoring me.”

“I thought we’d share everything. Share our life together, and I thought we could tell each other anything. It was obvious that you were holding back. Peeta, I only did this because I want to make you as happy as you make me. I don’t want any shame in our relationship. Getting Johanna involved was a mistake, I see that. And forcing you to admit this was the wrong way to handle it. I won’t tell her a word about what you said. But..."

Pausing for a while, Katniss started to play with the edge of his blanket.

"Do you think you could explain? So I can understand?”

“Don’t know,” his gaze was somewhere on the horizon, anger and hurt still obvious in his tone. “You’ll just start running again.”

“No,” she insisted, “Yesterday was shocking. Because I couldn’t understand. Make me
understand.”

“You don’t get it. Sexual fantasies….they are private. This is stuff I’ve never talked about. Not even in therapy. Once I told you, I couldn’t take it back. I love you and I respect you. I didn’t want you to know, because I don’t want you to think less of me.”

“I don’t, I promise,” she said, “It’s just that your fantasy - me hunting you - doesn’t that remind you of the Hunger Games? Isn’t that exactly the stuff the hijacking was all about?”

He shook his head.

“So that’s it? I can see how this would confuse you. That isn’t it. This is a fantasy that goes way back.”

Katniss reached over and took his hand in hers, caressing his knuckles with her thumb.

“Way back?”

“Yeah,” he pressed her hand gently and she felt joy at being trusted enough, after messing up so badly, “That was before the Hunger Games, after the bread. You had started hunting. I was always kind of scared of the woods. Capitol propaganda ran deep. Of course, I could think for myself…”

“You don’t have to explain. You actually told me already in our first games,” she interrupted.

“Maybe…I don’t remember. So, the woods and everything outside of the fence had been really mysterious to me. How can I describe it? The woods. A mystical place. Dangerous - kind of scary. Like you. I felt drawn to that place, Katniss. It was around that time that I began,” he blushed a bit, “…you know…jerk off, more often.”

Katniss listened eagerly, fascinated that Peeta was opening up about this.

“What were you thinking of?”

“Mostly you. You came around to the bakery carrying squirrels once in a while. They were dead, yeah, but they didn’t look like they’d suffered. You skillfully killed them, straight through the eye and handled them respectfully. With care.”

She wondered. Had she really cared that much about the animals? She was thankful that they existed and didn’t want them to suffer, sure. But the most important thing was that they were food. Food she desperately craved. Her livelihood, that helped in keeping her family alive.

“Jerking off became a ritual. Every night, I did it. Sharing a room with my brother, I had problems keeping quiet. One evening I, gosh, this is embarrassing…you had left a few a squirrels with my father and I had had a short glimpse of you. I came hard as I imagined…”

“Me hunting you?”

“It got me going every time, without fail.”

“What about the hijacking, Peeta?”

“It’s not the same. The hijacking made me think you were a mutt, not human. I didn’t remember
the fantasies I had as a boy. They only came back years later, when we started to have sex. This fantasy - it's different for me. It’s more about feeling loved and desired. More like… I mean, I imagined you being attracted to me, at a time when I didn’t feel treasured, special or like I was worth much. In these days I’d dreamt about you fancying me so much that you wouldn’t be able to hold yourself back. Wondered how it would feel if you took charge. Possessed me. Because you… even then I had a vague idea of your character. You are not a person who ever loved easily. For me to be at the receiving end of your desires, that you would actively proceed to show me how much you wanted me, that I was to be yours, I guess that was the idea behind it, that’s what makes it hot to me, to this day. It is certainly about lust and needs, true… however that is not the main motivation. It’s love. The fact that, out of love, you can’t help but choose me as your partner, because you know I can satisfy your needs. That’s what it’s all about.”

They were silent for a while. In the distant wood a cuckoo pecked against a tree.

“What exactly do you want me to do?” she asked after a few minutes.

“Do?” he looked at her, confused, “Nothing. I told you because you wanted to know.”

“So you don’t want to explore this fantasy? Make it reality?”

He hesitated, hands stroking over the rough fabric of the blanket.

“It’s obvious that this makes you uncomfortable and that’s alright. It stays strictly in the realm of fantasies. You know, I’m very happy with our relationship, finally at peace here with you. I don’t want us to change.”

“Peeta, I don’t pretend to understand this fantasy of yours, because I don’t. I’m different. I’d never touched myself at all until…until after the first Games, when I had a bed for myself and situation got easier. Exploring love, this closeness and being together it’s the most emotional feeling. It’s been a few years, and I guess it’s not so bad if we…if we try to experiment more. There is a whole world of possibilities just waiting to happen, a bunch of amazing experiences we could have. Why should we miss out?”

He raised his eyebrows at her, “A whole world of possibilities? That sounds like something Johanna would say.”

She chuckled, “Caught me. Johanna’s right, though. I’m willing to give it a try.”

He stared at her, amazement and awe shining in his eyes, “You are kidding, right?”

She smiled in a mysterious manner, “Obviously there is a lot of planning involved. Logistics, timing, and what we do if one of us doesn’t feel like it any longer. What exactly you want me to do. Where we do it, when and how...exactly. It cannot be spontaneous, that’s a given.”

“No,” he answered, his eyes twinkling in excitement, “You’re really willing to do this for me? Real or not real?”

“Real,” she answered, leaning over, giving him a long sensual kiss, “I love you, Peeta Mellark, so yeah, I’m willing to give it a try.”

He looked as if he still couldn’t believe it, “That means, I better start planning then?”

She giggled and gave him a kiss on the nose. “Let’s plan it together. Trust me, I’ll need your help.
Wouldn't want things to go wrong again.”

In the end most of the planning fell to Katniss. She went into the woods on a quest for an area that would suit their needs best, finding one she could herd Peeta to easily. On a beautiful morning in early September Katniss realized, that all was set. No, it had been set for weeks and she kept on hesitating. Some small part of her was afraid, but they had talked about do’s and don'ts and just yesterday, she realized she was simply stalling.

Peeta never pushed her, remained the ever giving boyfriend and probably thought she had changed her mind about it. Which she hadn’t, quite the opposite. While planning she had noticed that she became aroused by the thought of taking over a more active role. Peeta, as loving and gentle as he was, had always had the upper hand. That came, she guessed, naturally, as he was the male. Anatomically it made sense that he was the aggressor in the relationship. He orchestrated everything, from the initiation to the pace of the lovemaking. He guided her into the positions he wanted. Most often, he also seemed to know when the time for sweet rocking into each other was over and his thrusts became more primal, and it felt more like fucking than sweet love making.

That term always made her blush, but every word coming out of Peeta’s mouth in those heavenly moments was treasured, especially when he was at that point when he couldn’t hold back anymore and began using a language that was far from the gentle, polite speech he usually preferred. The first few times that had happened, Katniss had been a bit shocked and he had profoundly apologized afterwards. After a while she came to like these passionate moments and told Peeta so. Watching him lose control was one of her number one turn ons.

Early in the morning she began her preparations before Peeta woke, then slipped back into bed before he realized that she had been gone. Peeta wasn’t working, so the date was ideal.

After breakfast he was getting ready to paint on the porch, when she appeared, silent and collected outwardly, brimming with excitement inside. She had her father’s jacket on, felt a bit sweaty under the heavy leather. She knew it was going to be a hot day, which worked towards the plan, as she didn’t want Peeta to catch a cold. She carried her bow and a quiver with arrows on her back, when Peeta met her gaze.

“To the woods?” he asked, smiling, “Why didn’t you tell me? I could’ve packed you lunch.”

Katniss didn’t smile back. She was already getting into character and needed Peeta to understand that they were playing. Now.

“Go back inside, drink plenty of water and then leave,” she ordered bluntly, voice cold, “I’m leaving for the hunt and I don’t want to return empty-handed, you understand?”

Peeta’s eyes grew wide at her tone. Immediately catching her meaning, he jumped up turning to leave but then looked back hesitantly at his painting supplies. The colors of the paint box would dry up if he left them out on such a hot day.

“Leave it,” Katniss said, but couldn’t suppress that more gentle part of herself, and added, “I’ll take care of them.”

Peeta nodded and disappeared in the house. This was harder than Katniss would’ve guessed. To
be more active was one thing, to treat her love with anything but kindness was another. Peeta had convinced her that this was what he wanted during the long talks they had about it.

And she had agreed. Now it became obvious that talking about a fantasy and actually living it, were two different things. She packed up his paintbox when she heard the front door close, hoping he had listened to her order about drinking plenty of water.

He would need it.

It worked perfectly well. When Katniss busted through the underbrush of the clearing next to a small stream, she felt smug.

She had caught him. The trap was foolproof, and yeah, she was proud of it.

He had actually taken this exact path, as predicted. Maybe had thought himself way ahead of her and took the chance for a short rest and a drink from the stream. What he didn’t know was that the area had been prepared beforehand, with a complicated trap that she constructed, a snare that she had worked on for days. Snares were usually used for smaller animals like rabbits. To trap a human in a snare, more skill than making a few simple knots in the rope was needed.

Peeta was halfway lying, halfway sitting against the tree, beside the stream. His face was dirty from the fall and a few droplets of water came down his chin. He hadn’t been in this uncomfortable position for long, and she was glad for it. He stared at her, expression a bit panicked and Katniss reminded herself to stay in character.

“Looks like I caught a big one this time,” she said loudly, strangely aware of the sound of her own voice in the woods. No one ever came here. No signs of humans, no tracks of possible intruders. Still, it felt dangerous, kind of daring to do this.

In broad daylight.

Outside.

She turned around, laid down her quiver and bow and took off her father’s hunting jacket, having dressed herself exactly like she did when she went hunting before the Games. That had been important.

“Gotta skin it fast, before the sun goes down,” she continued, as if talking to herself, but really doing it all for Peeta’s benefit, “Gotta be back soon, to trade at the Hob.”

She took one of her smaller knives from her pouch and turned around. Peeta still stared at her wide-eyed, when the first stirrings of doubt nagged at the edge of her mind. He wanted this, it was important to remind herself. Still, in some ways she couldn’t continue this sort of talk, treating him like an object, longer than necessary.

She narrowed her eyes.

“Wait a minute,” she called, “I know you.”

A surge of fear that she was not doing this correctly, that she was moving too fast came over her.
Then Peeta nodded.

“Yeah,” he croaked. “From school, I’m Peet…”

“You’re the baker’s youngest son,” she interrupted, harshly, “What are you doing here?”

“Please, Katniss,” he began, “I didn’t mean…would you untie me?”

“How do you know my name, baker’s boy?” she snapped. It felt a bit silly to call Peeta baker’s boy, he was a man of twenty-six, but the sweet blush on his face made it obvious that he loved it. Both of them were sixteen anyway, she reminded herself.

“I know everything about you,” he said, “On the first day of school, my father pointed you out to me. He told me…”

“I’m not interested in your tales,” she interrupted again, “And I don’t like to repeat myself. What are you doing in my woods?”

Peeta struggled now, to answer. “I got lost…and…”

“It’s dangerous out here,” she educated him, in a superior tone, “Not a place for a boy like you. Damn it. Today’s haul has been a disappointment.” She began to pace around the clearing.

“Gotta bring you back to your parents. This is really inconvenient,” she sighed dramatically. ‘I’m a bad actress’, some part of her screamed. Peeta was still blushing and not meeting her gaze. She looked down tried to see if he was spotting a bulge, if this was really working like it should, but couldn’t see. Her eyes flickered back to his.

“No, please,” he whispered, “Don’t take me back.”

Katniss shivered. He sounded so genuine. Her heart nearly burst with compassion and love for that younger Peeta, who had fantasized about being caught and taken in by her. Away from his home, and away from his parents. Perhaps this was the reason why the next thing she said sounded almost gentle.

“What am I supposed to do with you then?”

He didn’t answer.

“Can’t trade you for a loaf of bread. Can’t sell you at the Hob, so what?” Peeta continued to avert his eyes, not meeting her gaze.

“Well, no matter what I do with you, first things first,” she looked at him critically, “My game is top quality. First class. You know what, Peeta Mellark? No one ever complained. So I can’t have a catch of mine looking anything but exceptional.”

His eyes met hers, curiously. While they had discussed some things they’d agreed that there should be some level of surprise in it as well. Make it a bit more exciting.

Katniss moved quickly over to the tree and strung the rope firmly, so that Peeta was forced up and backwards against the trunk. He left out a small gruff when she started to secure him to the tree. She didn’t want to make him too uncomfortable, as she planned to keep him in that standing position for a while. There was no other way than tie him up tightly to keep him upright.
They had discussed this beforehand and it was actually one of the things she had had the most problems with. She wanted to use a simple knot, one he could get out of easily. He insisted that she needed to bind him tightly, that he wouldn’t be able to get away on his own. In the end, she’d agreed. If they were to do this, it didn’t make any sense to hold back. That wasn’t his fantasy. And they had decided on a safe-word. Peeta wouldn’t be gagged, so he could immediately stop this, if he wanted to.

He was sweating slightly when she went down on her knees and removed his shoes and socks. Peeta was always wearing a sock over his prosthetic leg, too. After that she stood up and checked his ropes again. This was going to be convoluted. Maybe she would have to cut him out of his shirt. It didn’t matter, it was an old shirt he only wore for painting and he didn’t need it any longer. Without a glance into his eyes she reached for his pants to unfasten them, quickly. Pulling down the zipper she finally saw. His boxer-briefs were bulging. He loved this.

Gaining confidence she removed his pants and he helped as good as he could, stepping out of on pant leg after the other. Katniss placed his pants some feet away, where she also put his shoes and socks, into a small basket behind the tree, where he couldn’t see. Then she proceeded to remove his shirt and as predicted, it was impossible to get off without cutting it. All in all the procedure of undressing him like this turned out to be more awkward than sexy, at least for her.

Peeta, however, had a hard time stifling his moans and that actually encouraged her in a way. When she finally arrived at his underwear, she cut the rim and proceeded to rip them off his hips. Finally removing his briefs, she threw what was left of them behind herself biting her lip in time, stifling a moan. Peeta’s cock turned half-hard, whilst steadily rising further up. It would’ve been lovely if she could’ve watched his soft penis for a while, but that was probably unreasonable. Or maybe not. Turning away, she took the remains of his shirt and underwear and folded them neatly on top of the pile of clothes in the basket.

When she returned she walked in front of him and forced her face into a critical, measuring mask. What a beautiful man her Peeta was. All muscle, not too wiry. His hair still shined golden, even in the shadow of the trees. A deep blush colored his cheek, cock thick and ready for action. She regretted that she couldn’t see his backside like this, but thought that maybe later she could bind him differently. She shook her head and reminded herself that she was not twenty-six year old Katniss looking at the love of her life naked. She was sixteen year old Katniss Everdeen, the no-nonsense huntress who didn’t know a thing about Peeta Mellark - other than that he was the baker’s son. Peeta asked her to forget about the bread in this scenario, but she could not. Sixteen year old Katniss, no matter how harsh he imagined her to be, would never forget that either.

She directed her gaze to his groin and a flutter appeared in her stomach. She would love to drop down on her knees and suck him off - immediately. This was all about Peeta and still… Her own feelings were there. This fantasy of his turned out to be a long one, that couldn’t be over after a few quick sucks. Peeta was looking deliriously turned on already, it probably wouldn’t take much.

“What’s this?” she asked, frowning while pointing at his cock.

“It’s…oh. It’s just that I like you so much. So, I want to…..”

“You want to stick it in me,” she completed his sentence, making sure to add a bit of repulsion into it, “I know that, I’ve seen animals. But why does it drip like that? I can’t have that thing poking me in the nose when I clean you. Make it go soft.”

“What?” he muttered, licking his lips.
“You heard me. I want to clean you, but I don’t want that thing near me. Can’t have it accidentally make a mess on my face, or something.”

This was getting more fun by the minute.

“I can’t control it,” Peeta whimpered, “I’m sorry, I can’t make it go away without….without some sort of stimulation.”

“I seriously doubt that. Why is it hard?”

Peeta struggled, obviously trying to reach his hair, not remembering that he was bound and restrained.

“I told you. Because I like you. You’re so pretty, Katniss. So beautiful. I really can’t help it. It won’t go away,” he pressed out.

“Maybe it will if I’m gone?” she mused, gruffly.

“No. Please don’t go,” he swallowed, “I want to see you.”

“I still have some snares to check in the woods,” she said, more to herself than to him. “When I’m back I want this gone, do you understand?” She pointed at his stiff cock and then turned around to vanish from his vision. In reality she wouldn’t go far. She had placed stuff she would need in the baskets and she had placed them all between rocks, bushes and trees in the area around the clearing.

She made her round quickly and was back at the clearing in under five minutes. She could actually watch Peeta from the side. He couldn’t see or hear her, but she could. It felt positively voyeuristic to watch him like this. He looked like he was concentrating hard, thinking unsexy thoughts, but his cock was still stiff. Katniss leaned back against a tree, pouring herself some iced-tea from their thermos after biting into a marble muffin, from a broken batch Peeta brought home from work yesterday. Leftovers. Katniss loved leftovers. She would need to feed him some too. Later.

Peeta was sweating. It wasn’t too hot in the clearing and the tree was in the shades. He mumbled to himself, impossible to catch what he is saying. Something like, ‘Go down’ probably. After a while he began to breathe slowly and as Katniss contemplated if she should make her reappearance, he slowly began to soften. That was a major accomplishment. Katniss was more than impressed. She already had had some punishment in mind for Peeta, positive she would find him hard again, but now it seemed that wasn’t needed. Smiling, she reappeared in front of him and gave him a broad smile.

“You’re a good boy, Peeta,” she said, approvingly, “I’m proud of you.”

“Thank you,” he said, voice demure, “I gave it my best.”

“I can see that,” she smiled and moved closer, close enough to kiss, “Now, shall we get you ready? Nice and clean?”

“Mmmh,” he whispered against her lips, his voice suddenly lower, “Kat…Katniss, I’m sorry, but I need to…I don’t want to make a mess. I think I had too much water…”

“Oh,” she whispered back, confused. He needed to pee. Why now? This was not in their plans
and it put a damper on things. It took both of them out of the fantasy, if she released him to take care of it. It was almost impossible to get back in the same position. They had been careless. Only thought of dehydration and not of other bodily functions.

“Wait a minute,” she said, and walked behind the tree to the small bucket she brought with herself, wanted to put water in it to wash Peeta originally, but he could also pee inside.

“I’m sorry,” he blurted, looking defeated. Katniss shook her head while she helped him with the bucket, holding it in place. He must be mortified, thinking she would stop their play because of this.

“Don’t be,” she whispered back, trying not to listen to the sound of the liquid meeting metal, “It’s my fault. Told you to drink, didn’t I?”

He didn’t answer and she took that for a bad sign. She doubted it would be much of a problem. This was, after all, the first time they did something crazy and adventurous outside of home. It was clear that some parts of the whole endeavor would be awkward and some of it wouldn’t work. It was a learning experience. She took the bucket to the other side of the clearing, threw out its content and left it there. Then she walked back to find two small towels, a few pieces of kitchen paper, and her favorite green washcloth.

“Don’t look so down, Mellark,” she said, a small hint of teasing in her voice when she came back and he couldn’t meet her eyes, “You’re in for a treat, so you better enjoy this.”

And with that she quickly cleaned his soft cock with the kitchen paper and put it away quickly, searching for the washcloth.

“So stupid,” she heard Peeta whisper to himself. He was having a hard time getting back into the fantasy, that was obvious. ‘What can I do’, she thought, slowly beginning to panic. She didn’t want to stop, having spent so long planning this, had been getting aroused herself. It would be stupid to let one little misstep ruin it all.

Washing Peeta from his left feet up, she took action. The original plan was giving a rough rub down, like one would treat a horse, and that in an almost annoyed manner. The decision to change gears now came easily. Cleaning was, after all, something that came naturally. They washed each other regularly. Blowing Peeta in the shower when he came home from work, before dinner, was a regular occurrence at home. Yes, this had become routine, so that Katniss had been unconsciously licking her lips, feeling her mouth salivating already and her pussy throb as she gently turned to his other leg and rubbed the washcloth up, until she reached Peeta’s hip. She then proceeded to rub his belly and ignored the area where his pubic hair got bushier. Standing up she gently removed the patches of dirt clinging onto his left nipple and continued to scrub his forearms. First the left one, then the right, making sure to give each of his fingers a quick rub down, to finally arrived at his face.

Peeta was about a head taller - she had to get on her toes to kiss him when they stood face to face. Kissing was out of the question, but oh, how she wanted to. Feel his balmy lips on hers, him opening up his mouth to let her in. A small groan left her when she thought about it, while she cleaned another smudge of dark dirt from his freckled cheekbone.

“Damn it,” she moaned, opening her legs slightly, moving closer. Peeta’s bare thigh was placed exactly between her legs and she slowly began to rub her mound against it, while continuing to clean his forehead and nose.

“Oh,” Peeta groaned and she returned with a throaty, “Mmmh.”
She was almost finished, when they made eye contact. He was looking at her with a mixture of love, lust and awe and she knew in this moment that she would fulfill his every wish, his every fantasy. Not only tonight, no every day for the rest of their lives. Making Peeta happy was the best aphrodisiac there was.

Jumping back, she forced her face into yet another scowl. This was strangely demanding. She enjoyed every second of their play so far, but had to pretend she didn’t.

“What was that?” she asked, indigently. “What did you do to me?”

“Nothing,” Peeta declared, “I don’t…”

“Shut up,” she yelled, oddly aware of her own voice cutting through the late summer sounds of the woods.

She turned around quickly, pretending to be embarrassed while picking up one of the towels, folding it nervously in her hand.

“Why am I so hot?” she asked herself, loud enough that he could hear. “It’s too hot today, too hot.”

In reality, Katniss wanted to get rid of her restricting clothes. It was part of the power exchange that she kept hers on while Peeta was completely naked, and she had sworn to herself to keep it that way. For him. Still, the sweating was uncomfortable.

When she turned around again, the sight was overwhelming. Peeta was hard, but not only that. His erection had began to swell during the washing so she hadn’t dared to look. Now, he looked like he did when he was on top of her. Sweaty, raw desire burning in his gaze. He was obviously straining against the rope, trying to get to her. His eyes so full of need, it seemed almost comical.

She pointedly looked at his cock and rolled her eyes at him. “Hard again? Don’t you have the slightest bit of self control, baker’s son?”

“Katniss…” Peeta choked, every syllable laced with desire.

“Well, you can banish the thought, rapidly. I’m a huntress. A woman of the woods. I’m not one who couples with a pet.”

“Pet?” he stared at her, not understanding.

“You want me to keep you, right?”

He nodded.

“It’s simple then. I can’t sell or trade you. So keeping you as a pet is the only logical outcome.”

She moved closer again, towel in her hand, stopping only inches in front of him.

“Would you like to be my pet, Peeta?” she all but whispered in his ear.

“I want to be your pet,” he answered and she was amazed on how strong and stable Peeta sounded. There was no hint of uncertainty or submissiveness.
“Good,” she answered. “Shall we begin your training then?”

“Training? I don’t need training,” Peeta said, and his voice sounded almost cocky, “I’m well behaved.”

When Katniss took a step back, Peeta instantaneously strained himself forward, seeking proximity.

“Obviously that’s not the case,” she scolded, “Let’s imagine I take you home with me, in this state. Clearly you must see this is impossible. You can’t even rein in your urges out here, in the woods. If I took you home you would embarrass yourself in seconds, making a mess with that… that thing of yours.”

“No,” Peeta moaned, “I wouldn’t. I can behave myself.”

“Doubt it,” Katniss said, and pushed the towel under Peeta’s balls between his ass cheeks without warning, proceeding to rub it into the crack, while the soft underside of her arm met with his cock.

“Oh, oh,” Peeta ground against her arm, as far as the restraints let him. “Please…”

“See?” Katniss said, “You need training. And you need discipline.”

“Noo,” Peeta begged, “Please, touch me harder.”

Katniss grinned and shook her head.

They were finally getting to the deeper stuff - Peeta had forgotten about the earlier incident. All he could think about was friction, but they had talked about this and she knew she had to deny him release for a certain amount of time. In the end, he had told her, it would be so much sweeter. She continued to rub him a few times and then withdrew the towel. Her forearm was wet. She had to be careful, Peeta was already leaking a bit of pre cum.

“Don’t worry,” she said, voice more gentle, “You’re a valuable pet. But you’re still wild and in need of a strict hand. If you are good, you’ll get a reward later. Do you want that?”

Peeta nodded eagerly.

“Okay,” she said, “Only one reward, and only if I’m satisfied with your behavior.”

She stepped away, only to return to his left side immediately. Pressing a soft kiss on his earlobe she tried to make her voice as seductive and low as possible.

“What would you like? Mmm?”

Not having this part planned, she was surprised when Peeta answered promptly, didn’t even have to think about it.

“I want to lick your pussy,” he said, “Until you come on my face.”

To say she was taken aback, would be an understatement. She was honestly confused by his answer. The mentioned body part throbbed happily at the mentioning of his desired activity, yet Katniss still felt strange about it. This was about satisfying Peeta. She had expected that he would want her to suck his cock or more precisely take her from behind, out here in the woods. He usually loved this…and doing it here would make it more animalistic. While licking her folds…he
did this so often and so eagerly, it was almost ordinary. She loved it, Peeta was a master at oral sex, there was no doubt. But in this scenario, shouldn’t he wish for something more special, more focused on him?

“Are you sure?” she asked and her voice cracked, became high. She almost added ‘You’re sixteen, Peeta. This is your chance to live out your every desire, I’ll do it.’

“I’ve never been so sure,” he answered, almost impishly, “You’ll beg to have my tongue in your slit before the day is over, Katniss Everdeen.”

Her face turned into a scowl. Peeta was trying to provoke her. How dare he?

“Mind your cheek, pet,” she all but growled, “If there is any begging, it’ll come from you.”

She grabbed his cock without warning and began to jerk him off angrily, confused at his sudden change off course. He wanted her to dominate him, not the other way round.

What if he had helped her get back into her role? She had showed signs of her real self, her old doubts making a reappearance and he had felt that her grasp on the scenario was getting loose. She shook her head. If that’s what he wanted he would get it.

While she continued to stroke, her pace became more punishing. Harder. She never touched Peeta with such force before. He was twisting in his bindings, struggling to push against the bonds she had made sure would be restricting, would actually prevent his struggle and groans of helpless frustration kept leaving his mouth.

“Kat..’nissss..” he kept exhaling, a drowning sound, “niss…hng”

To hear these helpless moans, that was a new level of hot. While she continued, another thought sneaked in. Peeta wanted oral sex. And he seemed confident that she would give it to him. The more Katniss thought about it, the more she knew that this was her chance to actually not do it. To deny him what he wanted. Because wasn’t that the game, they were playing here? She kept telling herself that this was all about Peeta, but it certainly was about herself, too. The arousal she felt, was prove enough. Katniss had never really been in the position of directing their sexual encounters. Feeling frustration that Peeta had been always about pleasing her, working on her, making her go crazy with lust. This was the opportunity to turn the tables on him, make it all about pleasing him. His fantasy was to be treated more harshly, to have her in control. So she would control and stop with the half-hearted attempts. She squeezed him one last time and felt him pulsing before a hiss left him. His cum splattered all over her arm and onto the shirt, leaving a white streak, that looked similar to toothpaste, in his wake.

Turning away, she pretended to be angry. When she was sure he couldn’t see she felt a grin spreading on her face. Peeta’s stamina was satisfactory. He was in good shape and would be able to cum several times. She went to the water, knelt in the dirt and cleaned her arm. Staying in that position for a long time, waiting for him to say something. After several minutes had passed, she heard it.

A timid, “Katniss?”

She ignored him, staring at the water.

“Katniss, please…look at me…” His voice was stronger now, trying to catch her attention. She kept ignoring him and started to unbraid her hair. Her braid had come loose during the hand job and she wanted to give Peeta a visual that would get him going hard, soon. Still, she took her time,
opening the strands, bit by bit and when they were finally loose, combing through her hair with her fingers. Proceeding to stand up, she walked over to him.

The redness had left his cheeks, and he seemed content. Happy. That was the typical Peeta afterglow look. He smiled at her, gently like he always did after coming. She moved in closer as close as possible and looked him deep in the eye. Concentrated on making her eyes look dark, disapproving.

“You do have some nerve, Mellark,” she hissed, voice low.

“Coming without my permission. Putting your jizz on my only hunting shirt,” she shook her head, “Not even apologizing.”

Taking a step back she caught his gaze again. He still smiled, lazily, happy. Loving. She needed quite the opposite now, wanted him to beg for more.

“Why should I apologize?” he grinned. “I’d rather thank you. I really enjoyed that.”

Katniss narrowed her eyes at the dawning realization that he had planned this. Manipulated her into jerking him to completion, when in reality the plan had been to stop this from happening at all, or only if Peeta had been good and well-behaved. Maybe at the end of the day, and even that had been up for debate.

“You must be pretty wet to lose your cool like this,” he accused, “I bet your panties are drenched.”

Gasping at this tone of his, she was unable to connect his words. What? Why?

Yes, she was wet. Peeta couldn’t know that, though, could he?

“Your tits, huntress” he cocked his head towards her, reading her confused face, “There, next to where I left my mark.”

She looked at her shirt and sure. The pointed peaks of her nipples betrayed her. He knew she loved this.

Peeta still smiled knowingly at the growing pinkness of her cheeks. She felt caught.

“Yes, you liked it. Everyone can see that you’re flushed with desire. Me, the animals, all of your prey - we can smell it. We all know about your weakness. That you’re hot, huntress. Ready. In heat. Short of begging to be fu…”

Clenching her jaw she did the thing he asked of her when they had planned this. The thing she had been afraid of, not sure if it was possible. The thing she told him she could probably never do. Never did she want to hurt him like this. By now she lost all her coherent thought, just felt angry at the dirty things leaving his mouth.

A slap.

A slap that stopped his words and echoed through the forest clearing, making a flock of birds fly away. A dark mark began to bloom on his cheek, her hand aching. She was huffing at his nonchalant behavior. Why did he insist on provoking her? She had been getting in character, hadn’t she?
Maybe, just maybe, a nagging part of her mind seemed to whisper as she watched his hanging head and the blond locks hiding his eyes, Peeta was helping her along. She looked closer and sure there was a slight rising on the edge of his lips.

Why must he know her so well? Katniss wasn’t as dominant as his fantasy needed her to be, which was the core problem. Loving Peeta had become easy, showing affection so natural, sex so wonderful.

Too easy compared to this new game that they were playing, as it took a lot of patience and, seemingly, practice. Katniss let out a small huff of breath. Peeta knew her quirks, her routines, her innermost feelings. That also meant that he knew her limits. Her tendencies to overthink. Understanding had been clear in his eyes when she had refused, was even appalled that he thought of her being able to do this. Her reluctance of hitting him had been obvious when they discussed it. Because in her world Peeta Mellark should be loved, treated with respect, caressed - not hit, not beaten - not….abused. That time was past, that wasn’t her. She cursed herself for losing control. This whole scenario was getting out of hand.

And still - her pussy felt heavy, her panties too tight on her sensitive skin. Peeta’s cock had been rising through their exchange. It was strangely thrilling. All of this. Swearing to take control again, Katniss wriggled out of her messed up shirt, throwing it behind the tree. Wearing a simple grey cotton bra had been the most practical solution. Lingerie got in the way of a real hunt.

Peeta raised his head at the same moment she got rid of the bra. It was a freeing feeling. She still wore her boots and hunting jeans so her upper body was bared. Peeta would be the one begging to be fucked. Not her. Certainly not her. Holding her head high, she forced her face into a look of cold superiorness.

Smirking at the way he stared, she began to lick her lips. Determined to keep her distance, she grinned at him and then - began to play.

“You’re right, Peeta. This is what I’m feeling. These are the things that I want and need. But so do you.”

Taking both of her breasts in her small hands, so different from Peeta’s who could easily cover them, she gently began to massage them, slowly eyes never leaving his. After a while she pinched her nipples slightly and left out a slow moan. Acting wanton like this wasn’t doing much for her. Peeta would like the visual stimulation, though. He always had a preference to the visual world, while Katniss preferred sweet sounding melody of his moans.

In a small corner of her mind she was afraid of Peeta showing more passionate feelings. She would never admit this to him that sometimes, in the middle of the night hour when he was deeply asleep more dark thoughts swirled through her mind. Feelings of being not good enough. Feelings of not deserving his love. Feigning confidence she didn’t feel, she willed her face into a sultry expression, trying to get back in the mood.

“Wouldn’t you love to do this?” she purred in his direction. “Too bad though, you won’t get to touch me. That’s your punishment. Don’t look at me like this, you’ve brought it on yourself.”

Holding back was getting harder and Katniss decided that they had been here for long enough. It was time to drive him crazy with lust. From the start, Katniss had been shy about showing Peeta her naked body in broad daylight. Strangely enough it wasn’t because of the scars. Being naked in front of Peeta made her vulnerable in different ways. She trusted him and knew he would never openly criticize any part of her.
It took weeks for them to have sex with the light on. Months until she let him get rid of the sheets. And even if Peeta knew every inch of Katniss’ body by heart, they had never ventured outside, into the broad daylight. Being naked and wanton in their living room and sucking Peeta off in the kitchen on the morning of his twenty-fifth birthday, with the unlikely, but naughty risk of being interrupted by Haymitch (which, if she’d been honest, was impossible. She had never seen their former mentor out of his house before lunchtime) had been the most daring adventure so far.

Peeta’s eyes were getting wider and wider when Katniss took off her boots, one by one. She stood up to get rid of the jeans, and without any pretense of being bashful shimmered out of her panties, throwing them carelessly behind the tree, Peeta was still bound to. He breasts wiggled slightly and Peeta smirked, when she got down on one knee and then on the other sitting on her shins, balancing herself into his line of sight. A light, cool September breeze caressed the wetness of her outer lips and she suppressed a delightful shudder. She licked her lips, never taking her eyes of Peeta. He was straining against the bonds, cock standing up, ready.

“Who’s short of begging to be fucked?” she whispered, a sweet hint of pink blooming on her cheeks for being so forward, for letting go, for presenting herself that way.

“Sorry,” Peeta half-groaned, “Really am. Didn’t mean it.”

She ignored him and began to braid her hair back into the braid she wore before, making sure to exaggerate her arm movements so her breasts moved with her. The sun had reached its highest position, noon was upon them. Peeta was sweating, trying to get out of the bonds. She could see that his backside was getting a bit raw, a rash beginning to show.

“Stop moving your ass,” she ordered quickly. “You’re damaging my goods.”

“Hnng,” his reaction came promptly, a frown visible on his face, but he did stop, while she finished the braid. Laying it over her shoulder she opened her legs a bit, balancing forward on her knees. He could see her now. No details, as he was too far away and she didn’t shave because he liked her hair. This was thrilling, forbidden, exciting. To be naked in the woods, to feel the warm fall air, caressing her body like a feather. Like Peeta caressed her when he was in a playful mode.

“Mmmh,” she wondered, “So you think I’m in heat? That the animals can sense it? That you can smell me?”

Shaking her head she began to massage her left breast again while her right hand went straight between her legs. It hadn’t been a lie. She was positively horny. Peeta knew, she knew, so there was no use pretending. The only thing left to do was to tease. Her pride had been hurt by his words. Maybe she would be able to make him beg?

The wetness was everywhere, her clit sensitive, her pearl a hard little nub. She circled her finger around it, once, twice, three times and started to finger herself earnestly, giving Peeta a good show.

“Oh,” she moaned and fell back on her ass checks, “Nice.”

She spread her legs a bit and before she closed her eyes threw a short glance back at Peeta whose mouth was open a little drop of drool on his lips. She quickly closed her eyes or she would’ve started to giggle at that look in his eyes. This was what she had talked about for months, this was what she had wanted to see. Finally, her Peeta going crazy with lust.

“Katniss,” he moaned while she played with herself, “Unbind me. Please. Gosh, please… I need
you.” That had been easier than she thought. He had already given up on the role-play, the situation. She could hear it in his voice. That was pure Peeta, her Peeta. He wasn’t playing now, asking to be unbound. But even if Peeta had stopped playing, she hadn’t. And she wouldn’t until he said the word they decided on earlier. She hadn’t forgiven him for his words, either.

“Ah,” she moaned slowly, eyes still closed while she bucked her hips. “I never knew I could make myself feel this way. Mmhh…”

“Open your legs wider. I can’t see…”

She opened her left eye lazily, followed by the right, never stopped touching herself.

“No,” she said, “You’ve been a bad pet.”

He groaned in frustration.

“Not only bad, but positively naughty.”

Seduction was hard work to Katniss. She had watched Peeta jerk off for her a few times, sometimes they did it together. Usually in the mornings when she was still lazy from sleep, too tired to be embarrassed of her needs. Never before had she given such a show and she was getting tired of working it all by herself. She craved the closeness of his body on hers, thinking of his hands as he parted her legs and then an image came to her mind that made her pussy pulse. Peeta mounting her. She wanted him to fuck her. From the front, from behind, it did not matter. She didn’t care for pleasantries and didn’t want to be on top. The anticipation was almost too much, she knew she wouldn’t be able to deny her body’s needs any longer.

Getting up she walked quickly, over to the tree. Peeta’s nostrils flared, she could make out the white in his rolling eyes. It was weird to walk like this, the slick running down her inner thighs. Had she ever been that wet?

Beginning to unbind Peeta she briefly wondered if he would be disappointed about being freed.

Getting on tiptoe she licked his ear shell, sucking the earlobe into her mouth. “Mount me,” came out of her mouth, an unbidden, croaky request. She never felt the need that urgently and when she turned back to look into his eyes their eyes met, both of them silent, blushing, wondrous. They both nodded - an unspoken signal that this was what they both wanted and needed. Turning around, her braid waving behind her, she dashed for the trees.

Before she cleared half of the distance, a strong arm around her waist hoisted her up. Peeta put her back towards his torso, back flush against his front.

“Where do you think you’re going?” he asked, voice raspy and Katniss felt his cock pressing against her ass cheeks. Pressing her close to him with one arm the other hand went for her breast, squeezing it in his own gentle Peeta way, with just the right amount of pressure.

“You shouldn’t have done that,” he continued, voice dark with desire and Katniss wondered how he got his limbs to work so quickly after being bound to a tree for hours, “My Katniss.”

“Hnng,” she whimpered when he pulled the arm around her waist between her legs to push two fingers between her folds, rubbing lightly.

“You’re the bad one.” His fingers went in further, deeper, until he found her g-spot, hidden deep
Katniss circled her hips back against his cock and forward against his fingers.

“Shut up,” she groaned, “And fuck me already.”

He kissed her neck gently. “Of course. I’m here to please, after all.” His fingers left her and he gently turned her around, kissing her lips slowly.

“Get on your knees,” he ordered and she went down in front of him, eagerly. Wanting to please, wanting to *submit*.

“No, not like this,” he said, sensing what she thought he wanted her to do. “On all fours, huntress, so I can see your back.”

As soon as she positioned herself, Peeta was behind her, sliding into her opening, the slick of her arousal making it the easiest entrance. Katniss groaned at the sensation of him finally inside her, filling up the annoying emptiness. A satisfied whimper left her as soon as he begun to set the pace. This hard, animalistic thrusting was exactly what she needed from him. He grasped her hips tighter, kneading her ass cheek with one hand, drawing her back to him with the other, deep grunts leaving him, sounds that were music to Katniss’ ears.

After being in that position for only a few moments Katniss felt herself tightening up, clenching her pelvic muscles, feeling the first signs of an orgasm.

“I’m gonna come,” she rasped out as a warning making Peeta pull out, turning her around like she were some small animal. Being thrown around by him was always great fun, but somehow annoying in this moment. She hated being denied. The earth and grass under her body made the whole experience more real, more dirty in every sense of the word.

“Peeta,” she breathed, “Why?”

“Touch yourself,” he answered, slipping into her slickness once more, filling her, spreading her open. *Mounting* her. “And then come for me.”

Nodding eagerly, she began to rub herself, looking into his wonderful sky-blue eyes. Peeta smiled back lazily, when she realized that once more the attention was on her. On her orgasm, on her pleasure. She moved her hands, leaving her clit, up to her mouth. Her fingers were wet with slick. Katniss licked the tip of her fingers, sucking on her own juices, eyes never leaving his. Peeta bit his lip, concentrating on holding back, at least a few more moments.

“So good,” she whimpered, “All for you. Only for you.”

Alternating between cupping her breast and pinching her peaked left nipple, she traced his mouth with the wet fingers of her other hand. Peeta began to suck the digits eagerly, encouraging her, coaxing along with his tongue, the look on his eyes awed. As if the aroma of her musky pussy, interlaced with her saliva was the sweetest nectar he had ever tasted.

“My Peeta,” she gasped, feeling the heat spread in her belly. She came from deep within, feeling the orgasm, knowing it couldn’t be stopped, almost shouting into the open wilderness of it all. Exploding, one with the moment, with her woods around her, with her Peeta in her and their love at the core of their world.
Wrapping her arms around him, he thrusted faster, his pace almost furious. Unable to hold back, she drew him into herself deep, deeper, the deepest. And then he came with a strangled, “Katniss…” spilling his seed inside her, her pussy milking him for all it was worth, releasing wave after wave of wetness, making them unable to tell where Katniss ended and Peeta began. They were one, united in body mind and soul. It was not something she had felt before, not something she had ever thought possible. That such bliss could exist in the world, a wonder.

Peeta drew nearer, rubbed his nose against hers, giving her a peck on the lips, tasting her. Proceeding to lick the seam of her lips, she opened her mouth to kiss him, like he deserved to be kissed. Their mouths left in a dance of lazy post orgasmic bliss.

Until the reality of the situation sat in. A pair of doves curred on a tree to their right, when Peeta pulled away, hand moving a strand of hair behind her ear. The combination of his semen and the wetness that seemed to have come from deep with in her had created an extremely uncomfortable puddle under her ass cheeks. Still, she couldn’t make herself move.

“My huntress,” Peeta laughed, kissing her left nipple gently, “Oh…” And then he laughed again, still inside her and everything began to rumble from deep within.

“Why are you laughing?” she asked, laughing herself.

“It’s the high. Gosh, I never came that hard,” he explained.

“Me neither,” she answered, “That was indeed earth shattering.”

“The funny thing is that this ended up so, so….well, different. Thought I had it all figured out with my fantasies, and in the end the animalistic me took over.”

“That was my fault,” she sighed, “Should have continued to deny you.”

He chuckled.

“The distance was too much. I needed it. I needed you,” she grinned at him, “I hope that was okay.”

“More than okay,” he groaned, giving her a sweet short kiss, “It was phenomenal. I got what I asked for, and more. You were very needy, and that’s what I love to see.”

She scowled and gave his ass cheek a light slap, which made his returning erection twitch, “Don’t be rude, Peeta.”

“Never,” he whispered into her ear, “Let me make it up to you. This time I’ll be the one to clean you up and then you can use me as your pet pack-donkey. I’ll carry you back.”

“Sounds good,” she agreed, and told him with a sweet blush, “It’s obvious you are quite the catch, baker’s son. I’m definitely taking you home with me.”

He beamed at her words leaning in for another kiss which Katniss gave gladly.

Between more kisses, light licks and gentle sucks, the happiness never left her, a stupid grin etched on her face. There was so much more they could do. So many fantasies they could explore. Katniss was glad that she had pushed for this.

The outcome of the hunt had been satisfying indeed.
The outcome of the hunt had been satisfying indeed.

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