Showers

by ForestFairy

Summary

On the train during the victory tour, Peeta takes care of himself, which makes things awkward.

Notes

This is not a new fic. I wrote and posted it in April last year for a little challenge, brought to tumblr by peetasbunmyoven and muttpeeta. I adore every fic dealing with Peeta masturbating. Honestly, what is not to like? I wanted to write something hot and smutty, like the other talented authors did. It became quite angsty in the end, as I believe that Peeta and Katniss are still only 16 and possibly very embarrassed by this. Not beta-ed or pre-read.

The party seems to go on forever. None of us are in the mood for celebrating. I have to dance with Katniss who wears a red dress. It’s a slow song and she is basically wrapped around me in what she might believe is a loving embrace. The skirt is fluffy and very short and I wonder why Cinna chose an outfit like this. I can see her bare legs and have to force myself to look somewhere else. That somewhere else is her cleavage. Katniss’ breasts are barely visible in most of her outfits, but they did something to them tonight. The dress seems too small, I can feel the small nubs of her nipples pressing against the flimsy fabric and in turn against my chest. All I can think about is that
she can’t be wearing a bra. The hardest exercise of the night is to pretend that I don’t have a raging hard-on. Why does my body betray me like this?

As soon as we’re in the train I almost run to my own compartment. I have to get rid of that erection fast, before they start to miss me at the late night dinner. Entering the small bathroom I lock the door behind me. Sometimes a train attendant comes into the room unannounced and I can’t have that. As soon as I’m free of my clothes I grab my cock tightly and start to jerk off furiously with one hand, while I turn the water on with the other. All I see is Katniss in that dress. I would rip it open with my hands lift out her tits and suck on her nipples. Lick these tight little nubs up and down, biting them gently with my teeth and continue to suck, pushing them into my mouth. Deeper. Yes. I grab myself hard, the need to come urging me on.

I always thought the term jerking off was a bit weird, but that was because I did it slowly and steadily, trying to make as little noise or sound as possible. But during these last weeks on the Victory Tour, jerking off became jerking off quite literally. I never felt as needy, never felt the urge for release consume me like that. I’d never been closer to Katniss before, so it’s not hard to guess where all that sexual energy is coming from. I groan when I find completion seconds later, squeezing one last time before I let go of my softening cock. Watching the pearly liquid mix with the scented water of the shower and disappear down the drain makes me feel guilty. There is always a bit of guilt involved when it comes to this. I grab my shower gel and begin to wash myself.

By the time I’m finished I feel the stirrings of another erection. Already.

‘Not again’, I think, ‘not so fast.’ Dang that Katniss Everdeen in that tight red dress, with her legs and her beautiful, perky….. Why must this happen to me?

“And Peeta,” Effie interrupts before Katniss and I are out of the train compartment to go to bed, “Please keep that extensive showering to a minimum. I know, the train must seem like a paradise, you poor boy, but that doesn’t mean hot, perfumed water appears by magic. We have to refuel that as well.”

I can see myself flushing red from the dark reflection of the train windows at my left.

Effie noticed.

That means…they don’t have cameras in there, do they? Katniss also stopped and gives me a curious look while Haymitch, who we all thought had passed out an hour ago releases a mixture of a burp and a laugh.

Can it get any worse?

Stupid question.

“So, our dear boy here learned about the pleasures of a nice train shower, huh? Good work, boy, good work. Don’t let Effie annoy you, keep on showering. You certainly need it to relieve that tension,” Haymitch tells me in a suggestive tone. Our dear mentor presents me with what I interpret as a secretive wink. Obviously meant to show me he is in on the conspiracy, from man to man, so to say.

“Haymitch,” Effie scolds, “Don’t encourage him. Off you go you two, tomorrow is going to be a
big, big day. Less showering, more sleeping.”

I turn around quickly, fleeing the compartment as Haymitch’s laugh follows me through the corridor.

“Peeta,” Katniss calls after me, jogging to catch up.

I’m so embarrassed, my face must be on fire. How can I face her, look at her? “Wait, please.”

I turn back, barely able to meet her grey eyes. She must be grossed out.

“I understand if you’d like to sleep alone tonight, Katniss,” I mumble, “I’m sorry.”

I still can’t believe Haymitch and especially Effie would expose me like that.

“But why? Are you mad at me?”

Finally looking up, I meet her gaze and all I see is confusion. Then I realize that she doesn’t get it. She does not understand. She does not know.

Katniss is innocent. And she didn’t have much contact with boys. So maybe if I ignore this, it’s like it never happened?

“Are you mad at me? Or at them? What was that about the showers? I don’t get why Effie is mean like that. As if the Capitol cares about how long our showers take, right?” she smiles at me hesitantly.

I shake my head, no. Her smile makes me wonder if Katniss is just simply scared of sleeping alone, and pretends she didn’t get what they were talking about on purpose. Maybe she knows exactly what’s going on, only she doesn’t want to lose the comfort I give her and pretends to be unaware. Uses me. For one short moment I am mad about it.

I’m using her as well. And not only for comfort.

“Are the showers different to the one in your house, or why do you enjoy them so much? Let’s go to my compartment.”

‘She really doesn’t know’, I think, as she takes my hand in hers leading the way.

“Are you sure?” I ask and she nods as we reach the destination.

“Oh course, and you can shower here and we simply pretend that I did it,” Katniss giggles and I feel a warmth wrap around my heart.

She doesn’t giggle often. Practically never. Sometimes I forget that Katniss is sixteen, like me. Usually she acts so mature, so serious. Like she is lightyears ahead from the rest of us. But sometimes she smiles and laughs and it becomes easy to forget that we’re in a pretend relationship, engaged to be married and she doesn’t want it. Is forced into this because I used my feelings for her as a strategy. And now she is connected to me whether she likes it or not. When Katniss is sweet like today, it is easy to pretend that we are - something. And it’s easy to hope that there is a small chance.

Katniss and Gale have only kissed once. That means nothing more has happened between the two of them, yet. Maybe if…

“So, the shower is all yours,” Katniss says. “I’m going to change, so take your time.”
“Do you really have no idea what they were talking about earlier?” I can’t help but ask. This is dangerous - I know, I could destroy a lot between us if I press her or confront her with my desires.

“No,” her voice is getting annoyed, “And as you don’t seem to like to tell me, what gives? I don’t care if you like to shower, Peeta. It relaxes you, so what? They should mind their own business. You deserve this small pleasure, after all they…I….after all you’ve been put through.”

Small pleasure. She has no idea, about the effect that she has.

For a short crazy second, I contemplate telling her everything.

That from the day I first saw her at school something began to grow in my still immature body. It grew bigger and bigger as the years went by and finally erupted shortly after my eleventh birthday. That these eruptions happened without me doing anything. That I hoped they would go away and that the sticky pants were an accident. That I didn’t know what it was, that maybe I had a strange condition, that this couldn’t possibly be normal.

It felt amazing, addicting, but why did it even happen?

After a while I realized it would feel just as pleasurable if I touched myself. That I had the ability to make it feel better. By then I knew that this was natural and connected to making babies. When I engaged in the activity, I tried hard to think of nothing at all. Or girls from school or even any female from the neighborhood. Nothing helped, my thoughts always returned to her.

Should I tell her that I thought I would die of shame when I wasn’t quick enough hiding and cleaning my underpants one day and my mother hit me for it, while my brothers and father remained silent, pretended it didn’t happen? That from that day on I felt guilty and swore to never do it again?

That, naturally, I didn’t succeed and continued to do it, each day, every day, until this very day, during the Victory Tour? That the last time I did it, was just before dinner? That I don’t spend that much time in the shower because of the warm, perfumed water?

The shower is the only place in this stupid train where I am completely alone, where I can vent. Where I can let go. Where I can masturbate and lose myself in the pleasure she unknowingly instills within me every time our bodies touch. Should I tell her that I would go crazy if my body got denied this? That I would run around with a constant hard-on?

Yes, for a short time I contemplate telling her. I don’t want to lose her, and I don’t want to scare her. I don’t want to be seen like someone who can’t control themselves around someone they care about, the girl they love. I want Katniss to ask me about it someday, because she is genuinely curious. Because she honestly wants to learn, about me and my body. Because she wants to see me doing it, I don’t want her ashamed, and I don’t want to be ashamed about it either. So I stay quiet. She doesn’t deserve to be confronted with this on top of all things, when there is so much pressure on her. She shouldn’t even feel more guilt about our relationship than she already does. I don’t want her to touch me out of some weird sense of owing, as she probably would feel obligated in helping me. No, this is not the way it should happen.

“Thanks for letting me shower here, I promise I’ll be quick,” I tell her but she only shakes her head.

“Don’t worry about it,” she clears her throat, “Peeta, I know you think we’ve been keeping you in the dark, but please don’t believe that I don’t trust you. You can talk to me.”

“About my feelings?” I ask sarcastically and curse myself. Just when she opens up a little I have to
say something like this. Katniss flushes and shakes her head.

“I’m sorry,” she whispers.

“Forget what I said. I’m being unreasonable. Thanks for the offer,” I say, trying to sound sincere. I really don’t want her to be uncomfortable. I am ready to give her the time she obviously needs to figure out what exactly she wants from me. Until that day comes I offer comfort and nothing more. My pleasure doesn’t come first here. I should consider myself lucky to be in a position where I can pleasure myself at all. Without Katniss I wouldn’t get to be in that shower, would not be able to dream about her like I do.

With one last look at her I enter the small bathroom and close the door. Cleaning myself quickly I check the room for cameras before I leave. I can’t jerk off in here as long as Katniss is awake next door.

When I return to the bedroom Katniss lies under the covers, her usually olive colored cheeks slightly red. I get into bed and put out the light.

As I try to get into a comfortable position Katniss cuddles closer to me. I try to sleep, but for some reason it is not happening, although I’m tired. I’m not even horny, embarrassment still my foremost emotion. It might be a hope held in vain, but I hope that Effie and especially Haymitch will let it go and that Katniss won’t start to pry. She is curious about it, I know.

“You didn’t take a long shower,” she suddenly says into the darkness.

“No,” I swallow. “I can’t. Not here.” I shudder. Why did I say it like this?

“So….” Katniss clears her throat. “You can’t take a long one here, because…because it is my shower?”

“Yeah,” I whisper, throat dry. “Because of you.”

“I don’t mind, Peeta,” she says and I have a feeling we’re not talking about showers anymore. “I really don’t. It’s…okay.”

“What are you talking about?” My voice is small and I begin to sweat.

“I mean, it’s okay. You can use…my….shower anytime you want. As long as you want, as often as you want. I allow it.”

Did she just give me permission to…. No, I don’t want to assume anything. I’m usually pretty confident, but right now all I feel is fear. Fear of rejection, the familiar fear I felt for years, when I couldn’t bring myself to even greet her with a shy ‘Hello’.

She doesn’t mean what she implies and I’m not able to ask for it. She just pities me.

“I don’t know what you mean,” I say an edge of anger in my voice. I feel trapped and caught. I’m not good at reading Katniss. Starting from the first games, I always thought she wore her heart on her sleeve and her emotions were pretty easy to understand. But I fooled myself into thinking we could be a couple before. I believed her to be sincere, when she wasn’t.

“Peeta,” her voice is almost pleading, trying to get me to help her out, but I can’t. Not this time.

“Quit playing with my emotions,” I blurt out. “You might think everything is easy for me. But I have needs. And…” I begin to shake. This is not how it is supposed to go. I try to get up when Katniss presses against me.
“Wait,” she moans, voice quivering. “Please, I didn’t mean it. I’m so sorry. Forget what I said, okay? Just please don’t leave me.”

There are tears in her voice, she is begging. How pathetic would I be if I’d leave her now? Only because I can’t handle us having a conversation about this? I swore to myself I would be there for Katniss, would be her friend no matter what. Even if she doesn’t want me that way.

But sleeping besides Katniss is unbearable. I might be able to steer my mind in that direction, but I can’t force my body to see her as a platonic friend, when all I honestly want to do is touch her, kiss her, lick her. Make love. And now that I know that she isn’t as clueless as I thought, it is getting impossible.

Katniss’ grip on my body is like steel, her small hands grabbing onto me like claws.

It’s not her body, though, that is keeping me from leaving her bed. It’s these small little sobs that leave her, that make me fall back and take her into my arms.

Katniss Everdeen is a strong girl that rarely cries. I hate to see her like this, hate to be the reason for these tears. So I stay with her, as she asked me to. After a while she calms down and I begin to stroke her hair.

“How will you stay with me?” she asks and I have a hard time answering. I think she is asleep when I answer, “Always.”

She pretends the talk has not happened the next day and I never bring up the train showers again.

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