Tower

by HPfanonezillion

Summary

Katniss and Peeta get drunk and make some horrible jokes (and then make love).

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.

Katniss wasn’t sure what was in the drinks Peeta mixed for her, but they were sweet and they got the job done. After three glasses, the room spun. She laughed at everything Peeta said. Even the things that weren’t funny.

He was an amorous drunk. After the first drink, he started touching her more than normal. He already had trouble keeping his hands to himself, making any excuse to touch her. But now he ran his hands over her back, up her leg, through her hair. After the third drink, the kisses started.

Peeta mixed their fourth drinks. He stumbled unsteadily on his feet. Katniss laughed.

“Hey, that wasn’t funny.” He pouted.

“Sure it was.” She said with a giggle.

He glared.

“What are you going to do to me, Peeta?” She asked as she picked up the cup. She drained it and sat it down hard. “Huh?”

“What’ll I do?” He asked, speech starting to slur. He sat down and removed his prosthetic leg. He swung it around and lost his balance.
Katniss caught him around the waist. She gently scratched his back. “You’re sexy.”

“Am I?” He grinned.

“Yeah.” She breathed. “Let’s go to bed.”

They leaned into each other as they walked. Peeta relied on Katniss to get him up the stairs. But when they reached the landing, they both stumbled and Peeta caught himself on the wall. Katniss snorted and tried to suppress her laughter.

Peeta dragged his eyes over to her. “What?”

“Nothing.” She giggled some more.

“Tell me.” He demanded, still standing against the wall, unable to move.

She got herself under control enough to finally say, “You’re the Leaning Tower of Peeta.” She broke out into fits of laughter again.

He joined in and leaned into her. “Well, you’re…” He struggled to come up with something, but gave up. “I can’t pun drunk. Let’s go to bed and do sexy things.”

She cupped his cheek in her free hand and kissed him deeply. “You got it.”

They didn’t make it very far into their bedroom. Peeta stumbled again and fell to the ground pulling Katniss down with him. He pulled her mouth down to his and started tugging at her clothes. He rolled over on top of her and pulled her up to take off her shirt. Throwing it off to the side, he pressed his mouth to her shoulder and nipped at her skin. His hands began to roam, caressing the parts of her he loved best.

“Right here?” Katniss asked. “On the floor?”

“Why not?” Peeta’s shirt joined hers and then he pushed her down and worked at the button of her pants as he kissed her bare stomach. “Let’s make a baby.” He mumbled.

“Let’s just make love.” She switched places with him and sat on his thighs as she worked the fastenings of his pants. In her drunken haze, it was more difficult than normal. “I can’t get these off, damn it!” She screamed.

“Hey, no screaming in frustration.” He drawled, reaching down to deftly unbutton his pants. “Only in pleasure.”

“You didn’t drink as much as I did.” She pulled his pants away and wrapped her hand around his length, stroking it slowly.

“I just know how to hold my liquor better.” He tangled his fingers in her hair and pulled her in for a deep kiss. They bumped noses first and shared a laugh before their lips finally made contact.

They made love clumsily. It was almost like the first time, except for when she took him inside her. She suddenly started laughing again.

“What is it this time?” He panted.

“I almost forgot. But it’s like riding a bicycle.” She giggled.

He laughed along with her and pulled her down. “More like a unicycle.”
She laughed harder and leaned down to cover his mouth with her own again. They moved together, smiling and laughing the entire time. They came together and then collapsed in the floor in fits of laughter.

“Katniss, we are so drunk.” Peeta slurred sleepily.

“We are.” She yawned and rolled off him. “We should get in bed.”

“I can’t move.” He whispered.

“Me neither.” She slipped her hand into his. “Maybe when we wake up sober.”

“And freezing.” His voice was soft, close to sleep.

“I’ll keep you warm.” She rolled over and rested her head on his chest. “Love you.”

“Real.” He breathed and was asleep just a moment later.

End Notes

My friend Lacey (writingbutunpublished) thought up the "Leaning Tower of Peeta" thing and asked me to write a one shot around it. So here you go! What did you guys think? Let me know and then go read her stuff!

I'm on Tumblr as booksrockmyface and she's thesaltywinteradult, so you can go follow us there if you are so inclined.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!