Lemonade

by JLaLa

Summary

During a heatwave in District 12, Katniss and Peeta find a sweet way to cool off. Post-Mockingjay. From Peeta’s POV.

The characters of The Hunger Games Trilogy do not belong to me.

Lemonade

The creak-creak of the porch floor catches my attention immediately.

I look at the open door from the top of the stairs before making my way down. For the last five minutes, I’ve been searching the sweltering house for Katniss and the anxious movements outside seem to increase just as my feet hit the landing.

Katniss is in a mood, seems like she always is, as of late. However, the persistent heatwave that has invaded District 12 doesn’t help either. Peeking out of the open doorway, my gaze goes to the slow pacing of her labored gait, her front heavy with child…my child.

“You can stop hiding from me,” she chides before turning. Katniss smiles, the enticing little lift of her lips causes my body to go rigid. “I’m not going to bite your head off.”

“I don’t know, Katniss.” I step onto the porch, walk over to her, and bring my hand to her full waist. “You haven’t been very happy with me since this morning.”

“It isn’t you,” Katniss responds as she continues her walk along the porch. “It’s hot as hell…I’m
eight months pregnant… I just want to be able to walk and not waddle…” She stops in front of me, her smoky eyes wide and frantic. “How can you stand this?”

“The heat?” I shrug. “Eventually, it will go away.”

She lets out a whine. “It feels like I’m wrapped up in layers of clothing!” Her hand circles in front of her, presenting her ripened body in the white linen dress. “Except it’s not clothing—it’s a baby!” Katniss finally meets my eyes. “How can you stand me?”

“Katniss…” I take her hand, leading her to the porch bench—a toasting present from Haymitch—and guide her to her seat. My arms go around her shoulders so she can rest back against my chest. “I can’t imagine how it feels to be pregnant in this heat, but you are dealing with it the best you can.”

“It’s not just that. I don’t even feel like me,” she explains. “When I go into town, everyone is focused on this.” Katniss gestures at her stomach. “Not like it’s all that difficult to not focus on it, but I feel like I’m just a holding tank… like I’m not here.” She looks over my shoulder. “Not to mention—”

She stops, her cheeks going scarlet.

“What?” Katniss hesitates and I eye her reproachfully. “I thought we were going to try and be honest with each other… like Dr. Aurelius advised.”

We have been talking to the Capitol-based doctor for years now, whenever it was needed. Just recently, we had a session so Katniss and I could discuss our anxieties about our impending parenthood.

I know I was the one who wanted this child, but the closer we get, the more I worry. I wonder what kind of father I’ll be. I barely remember my childhood—the good parts, anyway—and I can barely recall my own father’s style of upbringing.

I try to repress memories of my mother, but I still remember her abrupt anger, her sharp strikes, and her bitter words.

“I wonder if you still see me… as a woman?” Katniss stretches her words as she struggles to share her anxieties with me. “And, not as a whale.”

“Have you ever seen a whale?” I ask her, my smile pressing into her sweaty hair.

“Finnick told me about them in 13.” Her voice drifts, lost in the memory of our fallen comrade. “Even drew me a picture of a sperm whale.” We both laugh. “Maybe he had a feeling about…” Her gaze goes to her stomach. “…him or her.”

“No matter,” I say, my lips pressing to her neck. Katniss squirms, pushing her bottom against my seat. I’m immediately hard. Her bottom is plush, my length fitting nicely between her full cheeks. “Goddamn, Katniss… can’t you tell that I still see you as I always have?”

She snorts. “Well, I can certainly feel it.” Katniss grasps my hand, drawing it up to her lips before placing a gentle kiss to the tops of my knuckles. I warm at the affectionate gesture, so rare and coveted, as my wife rarely shows her emotion. “Don’t mind me, Peeta. I’m just hot… in so many ways.”

“Oh yeah?” I can’t help but grin. My hand reaches to the strap of her dress, moving it away to press my mouth to her tempered, sweet skin. Katniss shifts slightly, her back arching as a gasp escapes her rose-colored lips. “I think I can help you with that.”
Katniss turns quickly, her mouth melding onto mine as her hands reach to anchor my face. She likes control, my girl—and it’s not so much in words that she demands, but in gestures. Her kiss is bruising, all-encompassing, and passionate.

There is nothing to do but succumb—not like I’m wanting her to stop.

The loud bang of a screen door throws us apart and heaving we look to see Haymitch stepping onto his porch.

He smirks, an amused brow raised. “Hot morning, isn’t it?”

Katniss huffs, pushing herself up and glaring at the man before walking into the house.

I’ve never wanted to throttle Haymitch this badly.

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“What’s going on?”

I look up from my spot on the floor and jump to help Katniss, who stands in the archway of our living room. Leading her to the couch, I make sure she is comfortable before going to the light switch and dimming the lights.

“I figure that it is too hot to sleep upstairs,” I explain. I gesture at the cot on the floor and the blankets next to her. “You can sleep on the couch and I’ll sleep on the floor.”

“That doesn’t seem fair,” she reasons though the smile on her lips shows appreciation.

“I’m not the one carrying an extra person in their stomach.” I lean down and give her a quick kiss.

“Also, hold on—”

I cross the living room and walk through the dining room and into the kitchen. While Katniss was taking her afternoon nap, I headed into town to grab the necessary supplies for dinner as well as a little something extra.

Haymitch, in an attempt to make amends for pissing Katniss off, presented me with the stainless steel tray after I told him about my idea.

Now Katniss is staring warily at the ice cube with the craft stick connected to it. “What is it?”

“It’s a popsicle,” I explain with a smile. “Didn’t you ever have one as a kid?”

“We hardly had food,” she retorts. “Popsicles were not on my food list.”

“That is…absolutely true,” I respond. “But it’s an oven in the house and this is cold. So, give it a try.”

Katniss takes the popsicle, giving it a careful lick before letting out a happy sigh. “This is perfect.”

Sitting next to her, I lick my own popsicle, savoring the sweet tartness of the cool treat.

Her mouth sucks on the cube, drawing it out with a slurp. “What flavor is this?”

I recover quickly from the sight of her lips wrapped around the cool cube and answer, “Lemonade.”
She nods before looking ahead once more. The room is significantly cooler now that we have the popsicles and the window is open, letting the breeze circulate fresh air through the low-lit room.

“Oh crap!” Katniss shrieks. “Ice down my dress!”

“I got it.”

Reaching into the opening of the top, I calmly pluck the piece of ice from between her full cleavage. My mouth goes to the spot that the ice touched and I taste the lemonade on her skin. A breathy moan suddenly escapes Katniss’ lips and my eyes go to hers, full with hunger. My throat dries seeing her—mouth open slightly, labored breaths making her breasts rise, and her gaze anticipating.

“We have more popsicles,” I say after a moment.

“Get them,” she says tightly.

In a trance, I go back to the kitchen, my mind focused on that bit of her rich skin. Would it be bad to ask her if we could make love? We’ve done it during the pregnancy, but with it being the eighth month, I didn’t want her to feel uncomfortable—even when I woke up more than one morning extremely uncomfortable.

Taking the ice tray, I bring it out and head back into the living room then almost drop the tray at what I see before me.

Katniss has taken off her nightgown, her body on display underneath that bit of the moon shining through the window.

“My dress was sticky,” she says simply.

Katniss is beautiful, ripened with our child. Her breasts are full, darkened areolas surrounding large, peaked nipples and her olive skin is smooth because of the cocoa butter that Effie sends regularly. Her stomach, stretched with our baby, is sheen and peeking beneath it is the slight triangle of coarse hair between her legs.

“Wow.” I walk towards her as my eyes graze her full hips and toned legs. “Feel free to stay like that whenever you feel like it.”

She smiles shyly. “Really?”

My free hand reaches to lift her chin. “I always thought you were beautiful. Seeing you like…” I can’t seem to get the words out. I want to tell her lovely she is; how I’ll never get this image of her out of mind—this vision of beauty and motherhood all at once. Lust and love intertwine, coursing through my body and causing all the blood to rush downward. “It does some pretty crazy things to me.”

Her eyes briefly flit to my crotch before she plucks a popsicle from the tray, taking the metal holder from me, and then placing it on the coffee table.

Katniss turns to me, daring in her eyes. “Show me—clothes off.”

It’s been a long time since I’ve felt the bashfulness of nudity in front of her. We have scars, bad ones, and my prosthetic—once a source of ugliness to my young mind—is now a part of me. Boldly, I keep my eyes on her as I remove my shirt and toss it aside. My linen pants are swiftly discarded. Like Katniss, I had forgone underwear since every little piece of clothing can be cumbersome in the heat.
Katniss watches, her mouth wrapped around the icy treat, and I bite back a groan at the sound of her sucking so reverently on the cube. The image of her on her knees, my hand cradling the back of her head as treats my cock with a similar attention to the popsicle, causes my crotch to twitch.

“What are you thinking?” she asks, her mouth shining from the ice.

I take the popsicle from her grasp, bringing it to my mouth to soothe my parched throat.

“I want to try something,” I start, an idea formulating in my lust-hazed mind. “Why don’t you lay down on the couch?”

Katniss raises a brow but does what I ask. Our couch, large enough to fit us both, easily accommodates her full figure. I can tell she is nervous, her chest rising and falling rapidly, causing her breasts to jiggle invitingly. My mouth waters at the motion and quickly I sit next to her hips.

“Trust me,” I assure her. “Now close your eyes.”

She chuckles. “Heat makes you bossy.”

“It makes me horny, too,” I add before schooling my expression. “Now do as I say.”

Katniss closes her eyes and I stare at her pretty features—a heart-shaped face framed by thick, dark hair, long lashes, a pert nose, and a mouth with the sweetest Cupid’s bow. I suck at the popsicle, swirling my tongue on it before leaning down and pressing a kiss to her mouth.

She allows me in easily, my cool tongue intermingling with the hot cavern of her mouth. She squeals in surprise at the sensation before the sound falls apart in a shaky whimper. Her hands rest on my shoulders, gripping me as I invade her in a hungry kiss, tasting sugared saliva.

We pull apart; her grey eyes stare up at me, ardor evident as she rests a hand to the nape of her neck.

“Do you like that?”

Katniss nods, almost afraid that I’ll stop if she speaks. Not by a long shot. The popsicle is still in my grasp and I pull away before offering her a taste. She sucks eagerly before I drag it out of her mouth to dance it down her neck, wetting her skin. I trail the cube down the space between her clavicle. It’s melting rapidly and before it completely melts, I glaze both her nipples in its sweet juice.

God, her looking at me, all eager and mewling, makes me want to come.

I want to savor the moment.

Most of all, I want to savor her.

Her nipples are sharp from the cold and leaning down I suck one, caressing the peak with the tip of my tongue.

“Fuck!” Katniss cradles my head as I flick her nipple up and down in my mouth. There’s something intensely sexy in the movement of my mouth on her tits—that feeling of a hard duct in my mouth. “I’m going to come if you keeping doing that.”

“You’re that wet?” My free hand travels to the cleft between her legs, the heat emanating from her quim making me twist in hunger. I thrust my index and middle fingers inside her, immediately coating it in her juices, and she cries out at my rough intrusion. Sitting up, I bring them to my
mouth and taste her—heady and arousing. The essence of Katniss. “You taste delicious.”

She doesn’t respond, her body undulating in the spiky sensations of hot and cold intermingling.

It is not even a second before I make another grab for a rapidly-melting popsicle and get on my knees in front of her. Katniss brings her own knees up, her feet on each of my sides on the couch. Our eyes remain on one another, never breaking—even when I circle the cube along her stiff clit and then along her slick lips.

Leaning down, I breathe her in—succulent, rich, and enticing. My lips go to her slit…sucking…tasting…relishing the taste of lemonade and Katniss. I am punch-drunk and inebriated, just barely aware of the nearly-painful grasp of Katniss’ fingers in my hair as she grinds against my face.

“Oh…uuh…” The sounds coming out of her mouth urge me on until I’m in rapture, my tongue plunging into her quivering canal. “Peeta…ohh…fuck!”

She tightens around my tongue and I suck, drinking her up eagerly.

There isn’t any time to recover as Katniss pushes off and onto the cot on the floor.

She is frantic, her eyes crazed as she climbs onto me, and plunges onto my swollen cock in a matter of seconds.

Her cunt swallows my length up eagerly. “Oh—fuck!” I’m barely conscious, dazed by the sensation of her surrounding me, hugging every nerve, causing spikes of pleasure to surge through my body. My hands move to her waist, gripping her harshly so that I can meet her thrusts.

“Katniss…please.”

Katniss meets my eyes, her mouth in a musing, breathless smile. Her breasts bounce with every harsh jab of my dick and my hands go to her lemonade-sticky nipples, letting my thumbs graze along them.

A warbled moan builds at the base of my throat as I feel the beginning of her second climax.

“Peeta!”

Katniss arches, her body almost folding back, as she comes around me.

Hot-white light invades my sockets and I’m blinded and flying high as I thickly coat her insides.

When I come back to earth, I feel her face resting against my shoulder.

“Dearest,” I whisper, pressing a tender kiss to her forehead.

My eyes become heavy, sinking in exhausted slumber.

But, not before I hear her whisper, “I love you…always.”

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The next day is much calmer; the temperature going down in the still of the night.

I wake up, reaching for Katniss atop our couch and find it empty. Sitting up, I begin to pull my clothes back on. The slight creaks along my body are apparent as I stand, our joining, age, and having slept on a cot having contributed to my body aches.

There is no iota of regret.
I hear humming outside the window and, gathering my blanket, I go join Katniss on the porch.

She is walking along the floorboards once again, her hands on her stomach and a gentle smile on her lips.

I lean against the doorway, taking her in, seeing the ethereal glow about her as she sings.

“Dearest, though you’re the nearest to my heart
Please don’t ever...ummm yeah...ever say we’ll part
You scold, and you are so bold
Yes together...ummm yeah...our love will grow old...”

“Where did you hear that song?”

Katniss turns to me, her mouth lifting even higher at my appearance. She walks over to me, giving me a full kiss as her hand reaches to put mine on our child. He or she is wriggling under my palm and I’m breathless at the feeling of enchantment that this tiny little person gives me.

I can’t wait until we meet.

“Sometimes, Haymitch sings it to himself. After awhile, I memorized the words,” she explains. “Last night, you called me dearest—and the baby hasn’t stopped moving since.”

She is all lit up inside at the thought of the little one and I feel my eyes grow heavy with tears. All this time, my wife has feared being a mother and without realizing it, she has taken to singing to our baby—like she did with Prim so very long ago.

I wrap the blanket in my hands around her before pulling its ends to bring her close. We are bundled together, protected from cold and from the world.

Just us two, though not for long.

“Why are you so good to me?” Katniss asks softly.

“Because I love you,” I tell her plainly.

She kisses me, instead of responding, tender and sweet, and always full of hope.

There is bang of a screen door and we turn to see Haymitch coming out of his house, a little rumpled and bleary-eyed.

He smirks at us. “Hot night, wasn’t it?”

Katniss, this time around, doesn’t bother to leave.

Instead, she replies with a cheeky smile, “It was—but we found a way to cool off.”

Haymitch lets out a barking laugh. “Yeah, I heard.”

With that, he walks back into his house to let us enjoy the cool morning.

FIN.

Song--“Dearest” sung by Buddy Holly
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