Names

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Summary

Peeta searches for a name for his and Katniss's soon to be born baby girl.

Notes

This is just a little something I wrote for PIP. I might come back to this universe... what do you think?

and as always, thank you to sohypothetically for her help!!!

“What about Blaine?” he asks.

“What about Blaine?” she says, confused.

“Or what about Xanthe?” he questions.

“What is Xanthe?” She wonders what he is doing.

“You know, I actually like Fairlee. It means yellow meadow,” he says wistfully.

She looks at herself in the mirror and mouths, “Shit. He found the damn baby name book.” Then she says out loud, “I thought we had lost that book.”
“Oh I don’t have the book. I found an app that has baby names.”

“What the hell?” she mouths to herself again. “Who in the hell would make an app for baby names?”

He asks, “Did you hear me?” He interrupts her talking to herself.

“What did you say?”

“I said I also like Forsythia,” Peeta says as he pokes his head around the doorframe of the bathroom.

“Peeta, I’m not naming our daughter after the yellow bells! I use them as hedge in the back yard.” Katniss admires the view of her husband clad in only his boxer shorts. She hooks her finger in the waist band and pulls him closer. She drapes her arms around his neck and kisses his cheek because he is still looking at his phone.

“What about Amber?”

This time she kisses the corner of his mouth. She can’t reach any more of him because of her eight-month pregnant belly that is in her way. “Why are we talking about her? Let’s talk about us.”

He finally looks at her and she plants a kiss on his lips. He instantly returns it, setting his phone down on the counter behind her and pulling her into his arms. They both still for a moment when her belly starts to move in-between them. They separate with a giggle.

“I guess someone is awake?” he asks.

“You know she likes to kick you anyway. She was asleep until she heard you talking.”

He brings his hands up to cradle her belly and smiles when the baby starts moving against his hands. He lets go, only to grab her hands and lead her to their bed. He knows that she can’t lay down flat, so he arranges the pillows so that her head is raised.

She knows what he wants when he gives her another kiss before he sits on the bed. She is just glad that she took a shower after work. She wiggles into the pillows until she is comfortable, and doesn’t feel like she is suffocating. She returns his smile.

He sits on the side of the bed, and pulls up her tank top so that her stomach is exposed. He reaches for the cocoa butter on the bedside table and puts some in his hand so it will warm up. When he feels like it is warm enough, he begins to gently rub it into her stomach. His thanks is when his wife gives him a grateful groan.

“You have no idea—“

“Shhh. I think I do. You know you don’t have to keep working.” And he tenderly caresses where he feels his baby girl push back against his touch. She answers his pressure with a swift kick.

“But I hate to think about you working at the bakery by yourself. I can at least work on the books and ring up customers. I guess we need to hire someone?”

“Posy said something about coming in and working more. I don’t think she has told anyone, but I think she is going to take the next semester off.”

She raises up, and says, “I didn’t know that. I wonder what happened.”
He shrugs. “We will worry about that tomorrow. I’ll start asking around to see if anyone wants a job. Then if we have to put an ad in the paper, we will.” His touch has moved down to her thigh. He finds her sore muscle and puts pressure on it with his thumbs. He knows that he is in the right spot when she answers him with a moan. “Is that the spot, love?”

It literally feels so good, she can’t say anything. When he is done with that thigh, he moves to her other one. She feels absolutely boneless.

He continues in silence, content to watch her face. He loves her, and has for so long. He still feels like he is in a dream when he sees her belly swollen with his little girl, who still doesn’t have a name. “What about Pazi?”

Without opening her eyes, because she feels too good to actually open them right now, “What is a Pazi?”

“Or even Elanor. I kind of like it too.”

By this time, he has moved to her calves. With a groan, she says, “What are you talking about?” He squeezes where he has a hold of her. “Baby names. Our baby girl still doesn’t have a name.”

“This is really bothering you, isn’t it?” He is quiet, until she opens her eyes to see his face. She sees the quiet turmoil and starts to worry. “What’s wrong? Why is this bothering you so much?”

“I don’t know. I know for so much of my life, I felt like I wasn’t wanted until I met the O’dairs and then you. I just don’t want her, for even a minute to know what that is like.”

Damn those hormones! She blinks fast so he won’t see her tears. After his dad died when he was little, he was passed around until he went to go live with Finnick and his family when he was twelve. When his mother gets the papers from social service that the richest family in town wants to adopt her son that is when she decides that she might want him after all. There was almost a court battle, until there was a deal made. He never told her how, but Mr. and Mrs. O’dair ended up with all three of the Mellark boys, and their mother left town. They send her a polite Christmas card every year. Sometimes they will get one back. And here he is still dealing with the effects of her abuse.

“Kiss me,” she quietly demands of him. He comes around to the other side of the bed, so he can get close to her. He wraps his arms around her, and kisses her. She leans back, and looks into his eyes. “I want you. I always have.” She takes one of his hands and places it on her belly. “We are your family. And we always will be. We are your home.” She sees his tears starting to pool there. “Don’t cry, baby. She knows that you love her. And I know that you love me.” He kisses her again at her words.

“It’s just that I love you so much.” And he kisses her eye lids, and then her nose. He feels his baby kick where his hand still rests against her tummy. With a laugh, he rubs a small circle and says, “I love you, too.”

Kpkpkpkp

They wake up on Saturday morning ready for their day off, when Posy calls in sick. Peeta volunteers to go into work, while Annie is coming to take her instead of Peeta to go get the last minute baby stuff. She knows he is disappointed, he loves to look at all of the little baby things like socks, pacifier covers and burp cloths.

He is already gone when Annie knocks on the screen door. Katniss waves her inside while she
tells her over her shoulder, “Let me pee and grab my purse.”

She comes back to Annie texting. “Are you ready?” Annie asks.

“Yeah, let’s go before I have to pee again.” And they share a laugh as Katniss locks the door behind them.

Kpkpkpkp

Annie helps her to bring in the bags from the mall. Katniss is certain that she has everything a little, brand new person needs. “What did people do one hundred years ago when people didn’t have a diaper wipe warmer? I still can’t believe you bought this for us.”

Annie laughs at her. “Peeta texted me and asked me to pick it up. He’s so excited, I couldn’t tell him no.”

That’s when Peeta comes down the stairs. He comes over for his kiss, and that is when she notices that he is wearing his painting clothes. “What have you been doing?”

He grins at the ladies. “Do you need to pee?” he asks his wife.

She smirks at him. “That is a stupid question. I always have to pee. The real question is how long can I wait? And right now, I can’t.” And she waddles to the guest bathroom off of their kitchen.

When she returns, Annie and Peeta are talking quietly. She walks around them and starts to go upstairs. “Where are you going?” Peeta asks.

“I’m going to go take my shoes off. Why?”

He shares a smile with Annie. “I did something. Come on.”

He leads her to what they decided will be the baby’s room. The door is shut and she can faintly smell paint. She doesn’t say anything, and he opens the door.

She can’t believe what she sees. There are canvas tarps covering the dark hardwood to protect it. The crib and other furniture is in the middle of the room, covered too. All Katniss can do is stand there and look. The top of the walls are painted Carolina blue. She knows that color anywhere, because it’s the closest to her husband’s eyes. Swirled into the blue are poofs of white clouds. Then she sees the forest on one wall, which spreads to contain the other walls too. Then, under the trees, looking so real she can almost smell it, is the meadow, covered in yellow dandelions. The meadow where they used to meet. Where they had their first kiss. Where they comforted each other; him when his mother kept coming, trying to get him, and when her father died. This is their meadow where she taught him how to get the mockingjay’s to answer him.

She doesn’t even realize it, but tears are streaming down her face. She feels his arms come around her ear. “I take it that you like it?” he whispers.

All she can do is nod.

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