Summary

This is a series of drabbles starring our faves, Katniss and Peeta. I first posted these on Tumblr, but also decided to post them over here too, so that they will all be together. Each chapter is a different little "one-shot" of a prompt.

Notes

Hello friends!

Sometimes over on Tumblr, I will post drabbles that I have written. Well I realized that not all of you are on Tumblr and that maybe you might like to read some of these. So here they are. Each chapter will be a different prompt, and if I happen to confuse you in anyway, please tell me so I can fix it. Let me know if you really like any of them, and I might write you another part! Thank you again for taking a moment to read something that came from my head and heart. And I don't own anything...

This first one, well the mister helped me with it. So any mistakes are his fault ;) and the prompt was...
Drabble #1…

You asked me to the store with you and your child, and now my distant relative we met thinks I’m married with a baby…..

“It’s been six months, you would think I would be used to living downtown by now.” Katniss mutters to herself as she rushes into her apartment building. She is juggling the canvas bags from Trader Joe’s, her messenger bag and her package from Prim that was mailed to her at work.

She is too busy trying to keep her bananas from falling out of the bag when she hears her new favorite little voice calling, “Kitty! Your bananas are going to fall.”

She looks up and is so glad to see her neighbor, little three year old, Ethan Mellark with his too cute Dad, Peeta. She ignores the way her heart flutters every time she sees Peeta and instead says to his mini-me, “Hey sweetie. Can you get them for me? I don’t like brown bananas.”

He wrinkles his nose at that. “Not me, too.”

“Don’t you mean, ‘me, either,’?” Peeta’s deep baritones sends delicious chills up and down her spine.

Ethan sighs, “that’s what I said Daddy.” The adults exchange a smile over the little one’s head.

Peeta steps around his son and grabs her bananas while the elevator door opens. “Thank you,” Katniss says.

They get out of the way of old Mrs. Johnson who moves slower than Christmas and get in after she exits with a smile.

“Daddy! I was going to get that,” Ethan huffs with a pout.

“Hey, don’t be pouty.” Katniss squats down beside him. She almost topples over when he wraps his arms around her neck and squeezes as hard as he can. “Why don’t you come with me, and help me put up these groceries and you can feed Buttercup for me. Ok? But ask your dad to make sure its ok.”

Ethan doesn’t even let go and turns to look at Peeta. “I’m going with Kitty, k?”

“You help her and not get in her way. Bring her home with you after you feed the cat. She can eat spaghetti with us.”

“Peeta—” she starts and he shakes his head at her protest. “You feed me all the time.”

“That is because when you eat with us, Ethan eats all of his veggies.” The elevator opens on their floor and Peeta takes her Trader Joe’s bags and she digs her keys out of her purse. Ethan takes the door key in their familiar routine and with a little bit of help from Daddy, they get the door open and Peeta sets the groceries on the table.

He turns to go next door to his apartment while Ethan goes looking for buttercup. He turns back and asks, “We have to go to Sam’s tomorrow. Do you still want to come with us?”

“Yes! I need cat food and I want some of those peanut butter pretzel bites.” She admits.
Peeta can't stop his chuckle that makes her weak in the knees. “Your favorites—” he is interrupted when Ethan comes back into the living room carrying a very patient buttercup upside down who meows pitifully. “Ethan! I don’t think he likes that!”

“He does. He told me that he does.”

Katniss and Peeta help buttercup get onto his feet, and Peeta says, “I’m going to fix spaghetti. I’ll see you two in a minute.”

Kpkpkpkp

Katniss and Ethan hold hands and walk into the big box department store behind Peeta who is pushing the buggy. She has come enough with her new favorite guys that she knows that Ethan knows where to find all the free samples. He starts to pull her down the main aisle when Peeta says, “Not so fast Bear. You need to pick out something for Mommy.”

“Dad—“ he whines. “She doesn’t care what I get her. All she cares about if I make a mess.” Katniss heart breaks when he says, “she don’t even hug me anymore.”

Katniss isn’t at all surprised when Peeta sweeps his son into his arms. She can’t hear what Peeta is saying, but she is surprised when Ethan jumps into her arms next. She hugs him as long as he wants to hold her and she whispers in his ear, “I love your hugs. They are the most perfect hugs in the entire world.”

She jumps a little when she feels Peeta drawing them both into a hug. She tries not to focus on how he feels like home when she hears a high pitched voice she hasn’t heard in years behind her. “Katniss? Is that you?”

Peeta meets her eyes and she rolls her eyes. Ethan still won’t let go, so she turned around to see her Great Aunt Effie sitting there in one of the automated buggies that the store provides. “Aunt Effie! How are you?”

Effie looks at the little boy, and Katniss can see the confusion on Effie’s face. “When did you get married? And why didn’t you invite me and your uncle?”

Ethan has let go and is watching Effie. Ethan asks, “You got married, Kitty?”

“No!” Katniss looks at Effie. “No, I’m not married. These are my neighbors. Peeta lets me come with him so I can buy cat food in bulk.”

Understanding crosses Effie’s face. “Well let me tell you sweetheart, he’s a good looking man. You need to hurry up and tell him that you want him as much as he wants you. He’s been lonely far too long.”

Katniss can feel red heat flooding her face, and she can’t even look at Peeta until she hears Effie talking again, this time to Peeta. “Young man, let me tell you something about Katniss Everdeen. She wants so much out of life, but for some reason, she has always been afraid to go get it.” she sneaks a wink at Katniss. “You two were made for each other. It’s all over your faces.” Effie pushes the go button on her scooter. “Just make sure ya’ll invite me to wedding.”

Katniss watches her aunt scoot around the corner and looks at Peeta horrified. Before she can apologize, Peeta is gathering her in his arms and claims her lips. She can feel herself growing weak in the knees and she wants to run her fingers through his curls when he pulls away and softly swears, “Damn! I’ve been wanting to do that ever since you moved in six months ago.”

“Daddy, are you going to marry Kitty?”
“Maybe one day, son, maybe one day.” and Peeta kisses her breathless again in the middle of Sam’s. Katniss swears she can hear Aunt Effie cackling away in delight.
Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Drabble #2

This prompt was…

How about this one? you’ve been sleeping at mine because your house is being renovated and we aren’t even dating, yet every time you wake up to the baby crying and sigh, “I’ll go” I feel like we might as well be married…

Enjoy!!

Jack Everdeen is very bossy for an eighteen month old. He already knows that he is the center of his mama’s world, has been since she learned that he was on the way after his daddy was killed in action in Iraq before he even learned that he was going to be a father.

His mama, Katniss, moved back to her hometown as soon as she found out that she was pregnant. The old house where she grew up was empty, so with some help from Peeta Mellark coming by every day after he closed the bakery along with Finnick and Johanna, they had the house updated in no time.

Katniss didn’t have to go right back to work after Jack was born, so she spent her days with her sweet, baby boy. They filled their time going to story time at the library, taking swimming lessons with Finnick, and visiting Peeta at the bakery. Katniss even has hundreds of pictures on her cell of Peeta letting Jack play around the bakery.

She isn’t sure how much longer she can ignore the feelings she has for Peeta.

They have always been good friends. Even when she married Mitch and as she used to joke, ‘joined the marines with him’. Peeta has always been there for her. He even came and picked her up at the base to bring her home after he died.

She knows that she loves him and she knows that Jack loves Peeta. Katniss doesn’t want to admit that she is scared to tell him. What if Peeta laughs at her, or even worse, walks out and she never sees him again.

So she is quiet.

Until one day, when Peeta hands her an iced tea and asks, “Guess what?”

She can’t answer immediately because Jack is running behind the counter, jabbering, “Eeta! Up! Eeta!”

The smile Peeta gives her son as he picks him up to give him a cookie, makes her want to melt. She hopes that Peeta will always be there for him. “What?”

“You know I ordered new cabinets?”

“Yeah, you are redoing your kitchen.”
“Thom found something really bad.”

“Oh no! What?”

“He found asbestos in the walls.”

“What? How?”

“He found it under some sheetrock that my grandpa had hung. It’s contained, but it’s going to be a while for him to get it all cleaned up.”

“Well, you can’t stay there,” Katniss proclaims.

“No, I can’t. Finnick said that I could stay with him.”

“You can’t stay there. He still has wild parties and you have to get up early to open.”

Peeta grins. “I do. Are you saying that I can stay with you?”

She looks down at the ice melting in her cup. “You could. You are always welcome.” She looks up when she hears Jack babbling away to Peeta. “Jack would love it if you stayed with us.”

She can’t deny the emotion she hears in his voice when he says, “Ok, then. I’m staying with you,” Jack interrupts with more baby talk and his mama and their friend laugh at him with Jack joining in. “What about that Jack? Want to have a sleep over?”

Kpkpkpkp

It isn’t until Peeta gets to her house after closing the bakery that she remembers that she only has one bed; her king sized one that she splurged on when her room was finally painted, plus it didn’t hurt that the owner of Penland’s gave her a huge discount on the floor model.

“I forgot something. And I understand if you do want to go to Finnick’s anyway.” She says unable to keep her nervousness out of her voice.

His face falls in disappointment. “What’s wrong?”

“I only have one bed. It’s king sized. You can sleep on it and I’ll sleep on the couch—“

“I’ll sleep on the couch,” he says, as Jack brings him a car.

“No, Peeta I’ll sleep on the couch. You take the bed.”

“You’re sure?”

“Yes! Take the bed. Now, what are you going to fix us for supper?”

Kpkpkpkp

Jack’s cry wakes her up at his normal three a.m. She sits up and can’t stop the groan that escapes when she tries to move. She raises her arms over her head, trying to stretch out her stiff back while she goes to Jack’s room. He is standing at his railing calling out, “Mama.” when he sees her. She gathers him up, with his favorite blanket and he lays his head on her shoulder. She checks his diaper and says, “You are a wet little Bear. Let’s find a dry diaper.”

“Mama.”
She lays him down on the changing table and turns on his little lamp. She doesn’t want him to wake up any more than he already is, so she quickly changes him, turns the light back off and goes to sit in his rocking chair. He grunts against her and says, “No, Mama.”

“Bear, Peeta is in there asleep—“

“Eeta? Eeta!” he calls out trying to sit up.

“You didn’t tell me that the party was happening tonight.” Peeta says from the doorway.

Jack pushes away from Katniss and reaches for Peeta, “Eeta!”

Peeta looks shyly at Katniss, “Can I?” She nods and stands up so she can hand him Jack. “Why don’t we all go lay down in your bed? I bet he will go right to sleep. I imagine that the couch isn’t that cozy.”

“Are you sure?”

He throws his arm around her and says, “Yes, come on. Let’s get some sleep.”

Kpkpkpkp

Peeta’s nightmare kitchen renovation continues for the next two weeks when Thom finds asbestos throughout the house. Katniss doesn’t mind and the way Jack toddles around after Peeta, he doesn’t mind either. When they are all home in the evenings, it makes Katniss’ heart melt to see Jack jabbering away to Peeta while carrying his favorite lovie and Peeta including him in whatever he was doing.

She isn’t ever going to mention how she is getting used to him sleeping in her bed. Ever since that first night, Jack has been sleeping through the night. For the first time ever. Maybe he feels safer with Peeta sleeping there, too, she can’t help but to think and definitely isn’t going to bring up how every morning they wake up closer and closer to each other. Even now, she is a little breathless when she thinks about how he had was pressed up against her, with his hand on her waist and his nose buried in her hair. She isn’t going to tell him how she scooted away while praying the whole time that he won’t wake up and ran to the bathroom. She stayed there, washing her face with cold water until the flush that creeped up her neck was gone.

She comes down the stairs with Jack on her hip to a bare footed Peeta making tea for them and making Jack’s toast. She can’t help but to wince when Jack lets out his high-pitched squeal when he sees Peeta. She returns Peeta sleepy smile when he reaches for Jack. “Come here young man.”

Peeta catches the toddler easily when he just about leaps from his mother’s arms. She gets their tea while Peeta gives Jack his toast. Before Peeta sits down, he places a plate in from her and Jack says, “Mama!”

A big smile creeps across her face when she sees what is on the plate. It’s a steaming cinnamon bun that he must have brought home from the bakery last night. “Doesn’t it look good, Jack?”

Peeta sits down his plate and sits down across from her. She loves how he looks a little bashful when he says, “We had some left over. I know how much you like them.”

She nods while she puts a nibble into Jack’s mouth so he can taste. Katniss and Peeta chuckle together when Jack starts humming and then asks, “More, Mama?”

She gives him another bite and glances at Peeta. She notices his nervousness immediately and starts worrying. “What’s wrong?” she asks.
He looks down at his cinnamon bun, and takes a deep breath before he looks up at her. “Thom finished everything.”

“Oh, that’s great.” She tries to sound cheerful about it. “When are you going back home?”

Peeta breathes in another deep breath and she can hear him mutter, “Damn it, Mellark!” before he jumps up. She looks at him confused while he comes around the table. Even Jack is watching to see what is going to happen.

He gently grabs her arms, and pulls to stand against him. Blue meets sliver for a moment then he is kissing her. His kiss is everything she imagined it would be. She pulls her arms loose and wraps them around his neck; her fingers find his sleepy curls and winds them through them. Just when she feels like she is going to melt into a puddle of need on the floor, he ends the kiss. “I’m sorry,” he says, but doesn’t let her go.

She tugs on him, “I’m not.” And claims his lips in another kiss.
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Drabble #3

I think everyone is enjoying these little drabbles. They are fun to write. But this prompt was just a simple one, matchmaker everlark. As usual, I started it, and this is how it ended!!

All mistakes are mine. And I don’t own anything…

Enjoy!!

She still can’t believe that she is doing this.

She would rather be at home, with her husband who is looking too yummy tonight, doing perfectly sinful things to his body; instead of sitting in this bar waiting on Delly Cartwright, who is already ten minutes late. “I’m giving her five more minutes. Then we are leaving,” she growls.

He grabs her hands from where they are shredding another straw paper. “Cato isn’t even here yet either. Get another drink. We don’t go out anymore, so let’s have fun.”

She leans to him so he can hear her over the country music that is too loud, “Forgive me, but there are a hundred other things I can think of doing, and 99 of them are to you. Now you tell me, do you want to stay? Or are you ready to go home?”

Before he has a chance to answer, a familiar blond comes into view. Cato comes by the bakery several times a week to get doughnuts for his office. He and Peeta have struck up an easy friendship. So when Katniss was whining at home about Delly begging for them to set her up with someone, Peeta immediately thought of Cato.

Peeta stands up and waves him over. “Hey man! It’s good to see you.” He turns to Katniss and says, “Do you remember my wife, Katniss?”

“Yes! It’s nice to see you again.” Cato says.

They both move to sit down, when the other blonde they have been waiting for comes to their table. “Sorry I’m so late. Traffic was awful!” Delly exclaims.

“You got caught in it, too? That is why I’m late. My name is Cato Honeycutt.” And he offers his hand to Delly.

“It’s such a mess on Main Street. My name is Delly Cartwright.” And Katniss swears she even sees a slight blush on her cheeks when he takes her hand.

Katniss says under her breath to Peeta, “It looks like we might get to go on home after all—“ when Prim, her sister, lands in the extra chair at the table. “Hey! What are you doing here?” Katniss asks.

“I got finished at the hospital early, and since I worked so much overtime this week, they told me
to go home. What are you two doing here?” Prim notices the others sitting at the table. “Oh, am I interrupting something?”

“No, we were just meeting Delly, and Cato for drinks. Cato, this is my sister-in-law, Prim Everdeen,” Peeta introduces them. They shake hands and everyone finds a chair. Soon the waitress gets everyone a drink and they all fall into an easy conversation about nothing in particular.

They are ordering round number two when they are interrupted by a dark head of hair this time and eyes that are the same silver as Katniss’s. Cato says as he introduces himself, “Cato Honeycutt. You have to be related to Katniss and Prim.”

“Gale Hawthorne. Yeah our dads were fifth or sixth cousins or something like that.” Everyone scoots their chairs around the table to make room so he can join them. “What are you two doing out tonight?” He says to Katniss.

“Delly and Cato wanted us to meet them for drinks. Prim ran away from the hospital and she is hiding here.” Katniss jokes. “What are you doing here?”

“Madge wanted the kids tonight. I was just dropping them off. I saw your truck when I was sitting stopped in traffic. I figured it was better to come in here than to sit out there.”

Before anyone can say anything else, the band starts playing, ‘Boot, Scootin’ and Boogie’. Delly squeals one of her trademark squeals and says, “I’ve just got to dance! Who is coming with me?”

Before Katniss has a chance to make an excuse for her and Peeta, the rest of their table is going to the dance floor. Since the music is still too loud, they can’t hear what is being said, but to their surprise, Delly is dancing with Gale and Prim is dancing with Cato.

“What are they doing?” Katniss asks Peeta.

He shrugs, “I don’t know. Maybe Prim and Gale didn’t want to dance with each other.”

“Oh, that has to be it. Ok. I’m hungry.”

Peeta nods. “I could eat, too. Do you want to go somewhere? Or grab something here? You know Haymitch redid the menu.”

“You know, if we cut down and go through the cemetery, I bet we will miss the traffic. Let order take out and go home.” He caresses his arm through his shirt, and purrs into his ear, “I want you naked eating chicken fried rice in our bed.” And then she bites his ear lobe.

“I want to eat sushi off of your naked body,” he answers before he pulls her in for a kiss.

She answers him with a moan. “Let’s tell them that we are leaving.”

And soon they are on their way home.

Kpkpkpkp

It’s the next morning when Katniss gets a text from Delly…

Delly: Thank you for last night ;)

Katniss: Oh you’re welcome. How much longer did you stay after we left?

Delly: Thirty minutes? You will never believe what happened!!
Katniss: What?

Delly: I got laid!!

Katniss: How was he?

Delly: Oh Gale was wonderful! Just like I imagined he would be in high school. He showed me some things I didn’t know I could do…

“Peeta!!” Katniss yells.
Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

Drabble #4

This one almost hurt to write… but I think you will like it. the prompt is, cheating everlark.

Enjoy!

She shouldn’t be answering his texts. But she can’t help it.

Peeta: When can I see you?

She knows that this thing she has with Finnick isn’t going to amount to anything. And that she needs to just grow up and break up with him. But she can’t. When it’s just the two of them, he can be so sweet and not the cocky prick that everyone thinks he is. But then she met Peeta.

Katniss: I don’t think we should…

Peeta: I need you. I crave to have you again. Just let me see you one more time. Please?

She caves. She shouldn’t. And it scares her that she can’t tell him no. she doesn’t think she ever could.

Katniss: I’m coming to you in case he comes home.

Peeta: Ok. I can’t wait to see you.

He meets her in the driveway. She barely has the chance to turn Finnick’s truck off when he is pulling the door open and is she is in his arms. He doesn’t give her a chance to say anything, but swoops her up and quickly takes her into his house.

When he closes the door behind them, they say not a word and are tearing clothes off of each other. With their jobs complete, they attack each other with abandonment. First he is pushing her against the door, kissing his way down to her breasts which call out to him for his attention. He rolls and tweaks one nipple while kissing and biting the other until she is moaning his name. He stops for just a moment and isn’t surprised when she pushes him back against the wall. This time she is the one kissing and biting him until she drops on her knees in front of him.

She wore her hair loose just for this. She takes him into her mouth and his fingers are tangled in her hair. She swallows his length and swirls her tongue against him. She is just building up a pleasing rhythm when he pull her off with a pop.

He picks her up to standing and kisses her, then mummers against her lips, “I need to be inside of you.” Without a word, he picks her up and carries her upstairs to his room.

Kpkpkpkp

When she gets back to her house that she shares with Finnick, she is surprised to see a car that she
doesn’t recognize sitting in her driveway. She lets herself in the front door, and doesn’t see anyone around. But there are voices coming from her bedroom. Slowly, she opens the door, and much to her amazement, and relief if she is going to be honest with herself, is Finnick in her bed, fucking another woman.

Kpkpkpkp

Peeta sits on his couch sketching her when there is a knock at his door. The clock says that it is very late and he almost doesn’t answer until he sees that it’s her. Without a word she is in his arms. He sits her on his lap and before he can ask what is wrong, she is laughing and crying all at the same time.

“What happened?” he gently asks.

With a big sniff she says, “I got home—“

“And? Did he hit you?” he asks alarmed.

Now she is giggling, “No, he wouldn’t do that. He was,” she pauses to catch her breath.

He is growing impatient. If that son of a bitch hurt her, he thinks. So he says with a growl, “what was he doing?”

“He was fucking another woman in my bed.”

“You mean—“

She interrupts him with a kiss. “Now, we can be together. After I burn my mattress, that is.”
“Mama! I go now!” little Abby demands.

Katniss sighs. She digs in the package of fish crackers and tries to give the stubborn two year old one. “Baby, we still have to talk to Sydney. Then we can go. Can you be a good girl for Mama?”

Abby sniffs loudly. “No, Mama. I go now. Please?”

Before Katniss can try right out begging, the glass door opens and a tall, blond man comes in carrying a baby car seat. Even Abby watches the pair as they walk up to Vicki, the divorce lawyer’s receptionist. Katniss can’t hear his name because Abby announces, “Baby!” when he sets down the car seat.

Abby jumps down and before Katniss can catch her, she is toddling across the lobby. The baby in the seat, who looks to be about eight months old, cackles with joy when she sees the toddler coming for her. At the sound of her laughter, the father looks down with a smile.

Katniss snatches up Abby before she can touch the little one and both girls let out a wail of protest. Katniss turns to go back to her stuff and it’s Abby, who is looking over her shoulder, who let’s Katniss know that they are being followed. “Mama! Baby!”

When she sits back down, Katniss doesn’t let go of Abby, who is momentarily still when the man sits a couple of chairs down from them. He offers Abby and her mother an easy smile, and Katniss notices that the little girl in the carrier has his smile.

Katniss pretends not to watch the handsome man unbuckle the little one, while Abby watches them, mesmerized. When he finally gets her loose, Abby lets out her ear splitting squeal and wiggles to get down. “Abby, no. you stay with me,” Katniss tells her sternly.

This time Abby turns her silver eyes to her mother’s matching ones and Katniss sees the tears getting ready to start. “Baby,” she says with a sob.

Before Katniss can say anything else, there is a little hand touching her leg. She looks down, and sees baby fine, blonde, wispy curls and little Carolina blue eyes looking up at her. This time when Abby says, “Baby!” she laughs.

“So sorry,” says the deep, too sexy voice coming from the little one’s daddy. “She got away from me before I could catch her. Lucy figured out she can hang on to things and walk. So now, she thinks she is unstoppable.”

His voice shouldn’t be doing the things that it’s doing to her, sitting here in the lawyer’s office. Katniss lets Abby slide down onto the floor, where both little girls just stand there watching one another. “She seems like a sweet baby. How old is she?”
He runs his fingers through those, I just got out of bed looking curls, and says, “She is eight months. Since her mother left—”

“Who could leave this little one?” Katniss can’t stop the question from leaving her lips and by the pained look on his face, she wishes she could take it back.

“She did. Having a show in Paris is more important to her than us.” He sighs like he is trying to cheer himself up. “Somehow I knew this would happen. When she first found out she was pregnant, she destroyed her apartment. We eloped the next day and she seemed to be better. Then right after she came home from having Lucy, she started going back to the gym. Even the doctor told her that she was doing too much. She did it anyway.” He looks up at her horrified. “Oh, crap, you didn’t want to hear all of that. I’m sorry.”

She chuckles, but it’s not mean in anyway. “Weirdly, it sounds a lot like mine. He left for parts unknown when the Army called, wanting him for a ‘special mission’. A month later, I got divorce papers. I still haven’t talked to him, much less seen him. Sydney is an old friend of my family and he’s looking over the papers to make sure it’s all ok. Is it bad, that I don’t want him to ever come back? I mean if he can’t stay around to be a dad, then I don’t want him back at all. You know?” Katniss wonders why it’s so easy to tell this stranger in this waiting room things that Prim and Jo have been begging her to talk about.

“No, it’s not weird at all. I feel the same way. I filed papers on abandonment, and I’m also here to get sole custody because of that too.”

“You know, that’s a good idea. I’ll mention that to Sydney. Thank you.”

The little girls meanwhile are making fast friends. Their parents can't help but to chuckle at the gibberish that Lucy is saying, then Abby, says some words before reverting back to baby talk too.

About that time, Patricia, Sydney’s wife and assistant calls, “Katniss and Abby, come on back.”

She feels disappointment creeping along her spine, wishing she could sit here a little longer. Lucy’s dad quickly says, “I think that Lucy would love to have Abby come and play.” He hands her a card that reads Mellark’s Bakery. She recognizes the address and sees that it’s the bakery on her side of town. She has always been too busy to go in. “She is there with me every day. I can’t seem to put her in daycare. She is all I have left, and I—”

Katniss interrupts, “No, I understand. I’m trying to open my own business too so Abby can stay with me, too. My name is Katniss—” she pauses, then happily says, “Everdeen. I’m going back to my maiden name.”

He smiles brightly. “My name is Peeta Mellark.” He sticks out his hand. She takes it, loving the rush of heat that spreads to her center. “Please come by?”

Katniss gathers up her stuff and picks up a protesting Abby. “We will. I promise.”
This drabble is based on Gary Allen's song, "Songs About Rain". For some reason I love that song. So it inspired this...

Enjoy!

She never thought that the old church bells ringing in town would make her sad.

She also never thought that she would love a whiskey bottle as much as she does right now, either.

She grabs his pillow, the one he slept on just the other night and breathes in the last of him. "Damn it." she swears out loud. No one is there to hear her but Jake, her sweet old black lab. She didn’t tell anyone where she was going when she left, after filling the back of her truck bed with their air mattress and the blankets and pillows they always used when they would come up here to camp. She forgot how they could hear everything from the town below, including the church bells that would ring every time someone got married.

She snorts, and brings the whiskey bottle back up to her lips. She ran out of 7up about an hour ago but it doesn’t matter because the whiskey isn’t burning on the way down anymore.

Unfortunately the whiskey isn’t making her forget how he would hold her in the middle of the night or how he promised her forever. Even now, the memory of his kisses makes her tears flow again. She should have known she was just a fuck to him. Nothing important at all. This time, when she drinks from the bottle, she can taste her tears.

Gary Allan’s CD plays on the radio beside her as she watches the colors of the sunset paint the sky orange and pink. “I can’t even watch the sun go down anymore without thinking about that ass.” Jake nudges her hand and her laugh is hoarse from the whiskey. “I’ll be ok, Jake. I think I have to shoot him first, then I’ll be ok.” Her tears really start when she whispers, “maybe.”

She lays down on top of him, his thick tail curling up and patting her back as she cries into his fur. “Why wasn’t I good enough for him?” Jake answers her by licking her tears away. She sits up, and wipes her face. “You know, we should leave town. You know, start over. Go somewhere where there aren’t any Mellarks—“

“But then I might not be able to find you.”

She turns to seek out the deep voice that, even now, sends shivers of desire through her, even as drunk as she is right now. Jake gives soft woof and tries to stand up to go to him, but Katniss grabs his collar so he stays in the truck with her.

“What are you doing here?” she demands to know. Her heart feels like it’s going to stop as she looks at him standing there in that damn suit that he said his mother had picked out for him and Finnick to wear today to the church. The tie is missing and the top buttons are undone. His curls are sticking straight up and she can tell that he has been running his hands through his hair like he does when he is worried… or upset.
“I couldn’t do it.” he says looking straight at her. She wants to look away when she sees the want in his eyes.

“Where is your truck?” she says hating herself for softening towards him even though she doesn’t want to.

“I walked the last little bit. I knew that if heard it, you wouldn’t be here when I got up here. Katniss, I—“

“You married her, then?” she interrupts him.

He still hasn’t taken his eyes off of her, and she can’t look away either. “No.”

“Well that’s stupid.”

“What was stupid was letting you leave.”

“You let me leave? No, Peeta, you left me. Up here. Don’t you remember that morning?” she stumbles to stand up in the truck bed, her tears running unchecked down her cheeks and she can’t keep from sobbing. “You left me, Peeta! Damn you—“

All of a sudden he is there, climbing into the truck with her and Jake. She pushes him away but she is glad that he is stronger than her when he pulls her close, holding her like he is afraid to let go. She lets herself cling to him like something, or someone it going to rip her away from him. She knows he is crying too when she feels his sobs.

“Are you real?” she asks through the whiskey cloud in her brain. “What happened?”

He is still holding her tight, when he says, “I left. I was getting ready to go into the church and they started ringing the bells. Finnick asked me if I was sure about marrying Clove. I didn’t say anything and walked out. I came straight here. I didn’t know what I was going to do if you wasn’t here—“

She looks up at him and her heart breaks for him with every tear that comes from his eyes. “That bitch can keep that fucking bakery. I’m not giving you up. Not ever again.” he promises. “Will you have me? Tell me I made the right decision—“

She cups his face, more sober than she has been all day at his words. “I love you, Peeta Mellark. No matter what, I always will. We can always open a new bakery, in a new town if you want to. As long as I’m with you, we can do anything.”

“You love me?” he asks, his goofy, happy smile chasing their tears away.

“I do. I think I always have.” She promises.

“I love you.” He cups her face, and they both chuckles when Jake bumps against them, making them stumble onto the air mattress. “Can I kiss you?”

“I hope so.” She quips before he claims her lips. She grabs his forearms, wanting something to hang on to because it feels like his kiss is going to sweep her away. She pulls away for a moment and scoots back in the bed of the truck, closer to the cab, where the rest of the pillows are. She crooks her finger wanting him to follow her.

First he shrugs off his jacket, and takes off his dress shoes. He starts to move, but she stops him with, “You are still overdressed Mellark,” she says pressing her toes into his chest.
He grabs her foot, and kisses her toes causing her to smile. “I’ve missed these toes.”

“I don’t like that suit on you.”

“So you want it—“

“Off. All of it gone, please.”

He smiles that heartbreaking smile that she fell in love with. “As you wish.”

Jake jumps down out of the truck and crawls underneath the tail gate as the truck begins to rock. He rests his head on his paws, knowing that his mistress is safe and happy again. He is almost asleep when he hears his people say the word “Go.” he perks up his ears to hear, “Let’s go get married,” the one who smells like bread says.

His girl replies, “Not today. Tomorrow will be our wedding day, you know, when I don’t smell like whiskey—“

Jake goes back to sleep knowing that all is right in his world again.
Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

Hello all!!

So I was looking for something on my tumblr account, and came across some drabbles I had written last year, so I’m posting them here. This one is a little odesta something...

She knows she shouldn’t steal, but she hasn’t eaten in two days now, and she simply can’t stand it. Mama has been gone for three days, and Daddy has been dead for years now. Usually the O’dair’s will share what they have, but she watched them early this morning getting on their boat. She would go fishing off of the docks, but the last time she did that, the Peacekeepers threatened to take her to the justice building.

Annie watches the baker set down the mornings loafs and turn to go back inside to his ovens. The wonderful aroma of yeast and seaweed, the bread of District Four hits her nose and her mouth waters in response. In a trance, she starts for the bread when she feels someone grab her arm. She starts to fight back, when she hears her friend say, “Annie stop it.”

Eyes wide in surprise, she turns quickly to see Finnick behind her. Tall and gangly at twelve, she wonders briefly if he will ever grow into the length of his arms and legs. “You are supposed to be on the boat,” she accuses.

“Mama hasn’t seen you in two days. She told me to go find you and to make sure you are ok. Where have you been, Annie?”

She hugs her little eleven year old, too skinny body. She doesn’t know much, but it’s already June, and she knows she shouldn’t be this cold. She shivers before she says, “I’ve been at home waiting on Mama. I thought about going to old Mag’s house and seeing if I could work or something.”

Finnick signs and looks around the market. “You need to eat something,” he whispers. “Listen, Mama didn’t leave me any money, go and start talking to Baker Thomas. You know, distract him for a minute. Keep talking until I give you a signal, ok?”

Annie nods. She barely has enough strength to walk over to the booth, but somehow she does. She knows that Mr. Thomas likes to talk about anything, so she uses it to her advantage. While she listens to what he is saying about the history of District Four, she sees Finnick out of the corner of her eye sneak into her building behind him to where his ovens are. Annie asks the appropriate question when she needs to buy Finnick some more time and Mr. Thomas continues his speech.

Finally Finnick comes out and nods at her. He disappears down the alley towards the shack that is her house. She quickly tells Mr. Thomas a hasty thank you, and disappears following Finnick. He is waiting for her, at the end of the alley. Her mouth is still watering when she reaches into the bag pulls out a roll. She is so weak, that she has to sit down for a moment for her head spinning. Finnick tucks the bread bag back under his thin shirt and sits down beside her while she eats.
When she is done, she offers her friend a weak, but happy smile. “Where’s your Mama at?”

Annie, can’t help the tears that spring to her eyes. “I don’t know. She has never been gone this long,” she sobs. He throws his little bony arm around her and pulls her close. “Do you think something has happened to her?”

“We’ll figure it out when Mama and Daddy get back from fishing. Come on, let’s go by your house, get you some clean clothes and then we can go to mine. I’ll take care of you, Annie. I promise.”
Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

One more, this one is odesta also...

They stop at the intersection. “Look Bug, do you remember what we have to do?”

Bug’s little four-year-old voice says, “Yes, Mama. We have to wait for the cars to stop. Are they stopped enough yet?”

Annie smiles, and says, “Yes. Now we can cross.”

“Mama, can we stop for a milkshake today?”

“Maybe when you finish your dance class.”

“Are we late, Mama?”

“No, Bug. But we aren’t early either.”

“Will Ms. Jill be my teacher today?”

“Yes, you still have her for a teacher. Is that ok?”

“Yes, Mama. She gives the bestest stickers.”

They reach the block where the studio is located. Before Annie can reach the door, she runs smack into something, or someone very solid. She is knocked backwards. Before she has a chance to fall, the someone has caught her by the elbows. She looks up and all she wants to do is run. Because looking back at her is her little Bug’s sea-green eyes.

“Annie,” Finnick O’dair’s rugged voice wraps around her like his arms used to five years ago.

“That’s my Mama,” Bug says, possessively. She tugs on her shirt, trying to get her free from the strange man.

“It’s ok, Bug. This is an old friend of mine. Finnick, this is my daughter Roslyn Cresta—“

“I like to be called Rollie better.” The little red-head squeaks.

Annie grabs her hand, and starts to walk around Finnick. “We are late for dance, if you will excuse us—“

Finnick stops her with just a touch. She allows herself to look up, and almost cries at the look of desperation and hopelessness she sees there. “Can we talk?” this time his voice is that of a broken man.

“Let me get her into class. This is her studio. Will you wait for me this time?”

She sees the way he looks at her Bug, her Roslyn. The biggest part of her just wants to run away
like he did so many years ago. But then the part that breaks for her daughter every day for not knowing her daddy, whispers for her to stay. He simply answers her with a pained, “Yes.”

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