Later...

by chele20035

Summary

Happy New Year!!! I know, its late, but I wrote this little thing for "Winter in Panem". What happens when Peeta tries to help out hours before company is supposed to be there? Canon....

Notes

Here is a very late New Year’s drabble!! I hope yours was wonderful!!

Greens, black-eyed peas are a very traditional dinner for Appalachian people to eat on new years’ day. This could be canon… thank you sohypothetically, nobertsmom and Florence!!

“Damn it Peeta! Why in the hell are you doing this now? They will be here any minute.” I try not to scream at my husband, but somehow my voice gets higher the more I try to reason with him. so I guess I am screaming at him.

“Katniss, give the monkey wrench.”

I growl as I dig in his tool bag beside his leg. I mutter under my breath, “They are only going to be here in about an hour. That’s the perfect time to fix a slow sink, the freaking kitchen sink, no less.”

“I heard that,” his muffled voice comes from under the sink. “all I have to do is—“ I hear a gush
of water, him sputtering and I muffle my giggle behind my hand. “Damn it! Katniss give me a towel.”

I throw the towel at him hard enough so that he can feel it when it hits his chest. I turn so I can check the ham in the oven and let the door shut. He must hear it because he asks, “What was that?

“It was the oven, Peeta. I was checking the ham, you know so we can serve it to the people coming over in a little bit to eat dinner with us?”

“What did you say?”

I glance at him, well his torso coming out from under the sink, and wonder how mean would I be if I was to “accidently” drop something on him. “Nothing, Peeta. I didn’t say anything. are you almost done?”

He scoots out from under there, and gives a me a smirk. “all I need is some plumbers tape, then I’ll be done.”

“Oh, crap,” I whisper.

That time he hears me. “What?”

“We don’t have any.”

He sits up and starts digging through his bag. “Yes, we do.”

“Not unless you got it back from Haymitch. We don’t have any.”

“Shit.” He stands up and dusts his hands off. “I’ll just go and get it.”

I shake my head and then smack his arm. “He’s not home, he’s gone to visit Effie in the capital. We would have some if you would have let me bought it the other day when we were at Delly’s store.”

He looks at the clock hanging behind me on the wall. “Call her? and tell her I’m the way, please?”

I nod and he grabs the keys as he heads for the door. I glare at his back, and as if he can tell, he turns with a meek smile and comes back so he can kiss my cheek. Without a word, he heads on out the door.

I find my mother’s old wash pan, and set it in the sink as I call the general store in town. Delly answers on the second ring. I briefly tell her that Peeta is on the way and what he needs. She can hear more about it later since she is one of the ones who is coming to eat the New Year’s Day dinner with us. After quick goodbye’s, I return my attention to washing greens that I had only picked that morning out of the garden. The cornbread is waiting for the ham to have its turn in the oven, and the black-eyed peas are simmering in Mama’s old cast iron pot.

I wipe my hands on the towel hanging at my waist, unable to do anything else for now. I find my now cold mug of tea and look again at the paper from the capital. I already read this paper a week ago, so I look for one of the books I borrowed from Delly. By the time I sit back down, I hear the kitchen door opening.

This time, he kisses me on top of the head, and goes right back to the sink. For someone who likes to talk as much as he does, he is strangely quiet as he works. I return back to my spot and ask, “What’s wrong?”
His good leg is bent, helping him move while his prosthetic one wiggles back and forth. He still doesn’t say anything, but after a minute, he lays down his tools, and scoots back out. He looks up at me, and says, “I told Delly what happened, and she fussed at me for doing this right now.” He runs his wet hands through his curls. “I’m sorry, Katniss.”

I put my hands on my hips. “Oh no, Peeta Mellark! You aren’t getting out of this that easy! You shouldn’t have started all this right now.”

“You’re right,” He says as he gets to his feet.

“I know I’m right, damn it! Wait, what?”

He grins at me while he reaches for me. “Come on, Kitten, let’s go upstairs. You can help me get cleaned up, and I can finish apologizing.”

Now I know I’m in trouble. I hold up my hands and back up until my backside hits the refrigerator. “Damn it, Peeta. Look at the mess. I’ve still got to cook the cornbread.”

He steps in front of me, and without touching me anywhere else, he kisses my nose. I huff, and say, “Peeta—” as he kisses each one of my cheeks. He runs his thumb over my lips, knowing when he does that, I get weak in the knees. His lips are soon on mine, distracting me from the mess behind him. I put my hands on his chest and give him a little shove. “We’ve got to clean up—“

He claims my lips instead, and I sigh into his kiss until I remember that I’m still mad. I push him back again breaking the kiss before I forget everything. He looks at me in surprise. “Come on, Kitten, are you still mad?”

I slap his arm. “Damn it, yes I am still mad. Just go so I can clean this up before everyone gets here.”

His hands travel down to my waist, squeezing me. “Why did we invite those people over?”

“This was all your idea! You said we could have a quiet Christmas then we all get together on New Year’s.”

He signs dramatically that it makes me giggle. When he hears me and grins at me, but I refuse to smile back. “Call them, tell them that you burned the ham—“

“I would never burn the ham.”

“Well then tell them I burned the ham, or tell them that the sink is broken- hell tell them anything.” He says as his hands creep up my rib-cage trying to reach my breasts. I push his hands back down.

“Then what? What are we going to do instead?”

He pushes me back against the refrigerator, and in a move I’ve only saw the one time I sneaked into the gym to watch his wrestling match against his brother, he grabs my hands and pulls them over my head pinning me. He looks at me with such a look of longing, that it, well it makes my insides vibrate with the want that passes between us. All of the air has been sucked out of the room when he leans close and bites my ear lobe. I answer him with a groan and a breathless, “Peeta—“

“Do you know what I want to do to you?” I have a good idea, but I shake my head no. “I think to begin with, I’m going to start with your ears. Did you know, that if I kiss you here—“ he kisses me inside of my ear, so gently that it makes he shutter with want. He then presses a kiss on my
neck, there where I know he can feel my pulse speeding up. “It makes you almost ready to come,” he whispers against my neck.

He squeezes my hands, and commands, “Don’t move.” All I can do is nod, and he unbuttons my blouse. He doesn’t loosen them all, just enough so he can see the bow on my bra. He lightly skims his fingers over tops of my breasts making my nipples pucker underneath the lace and silk. He runs his thumbs over them, and I know he can feel how hard they are.

“I’m still mad at you,” I growl.

“Yeah, you’re mad? How about if I do this?” He asks as he pinches my nipple, making my legs quiver. “I know how close you are— you still mad?”

I bring my hands down and push against him. He catches my wrists and kisses me on the nose while he pulls me into a hug. I’m wearing my favorite pair of yoga pants, so when he hooks his fingers into the waist band, they slide down to my knees pretty easy.

“Peeta—” he interrupts me when I feel his hands on my butt. “We have to get this mess cleaned up,” I say weakly.

His sweet blue eyes, full of laughter focus on me. “We have time, Kitten, all the time in the world.” His lips find mine, and I finish forgetting why I’m mad at him.

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