Every Me Loves Every You

by misshoneywell

Summary

A collection of Everlark bits and pieces from tumblr.

(Various ratings and warnings will apply per drabble.)

Notes

I've written quite a few random drabbles over time. I suspect tumblr will one day go the route of myspace and such, so I thought it wise to archive all those little ficlets over here. Some are dead ends, some I have plans to flesh out some day-- either way, they're all getting slowly dumped over here for safe keeping. Also they are unbeta'd so I apologize in advance for the hot mess.

See the end of the work for more notes

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Draw Me Like One of Your French Girls

"Hey, are you okay?" asks a soothing baritone voice from somewhere near the right of the cement bench I'm hunkering on.
"Yeah," I say into my knees, my face firmly planted there. "Just really dreading my next class."

"Let me guess," the voice says kindly, moving closer to me. "Figure drawing with Cinna?"

I look up suddenly. "How'd you know—oh."

Humiliatingly enough, I literally stop speaking. I am staggered by the beauty of the boy staring down at me. I'm not easily impressed or especially quick to drool over a guy, but I'm downright overwhelmed by the chiseled features, the smooth lips, the golden hair, those eyes.

What's happening to me.

"Hi," I say inanely.

"Hi there." The boy gives me a strange look. If I wasn't completely self-aware of my various shortcomings, I'd say he was staring at me a lot like I was currently staring at him.

"So." I clear my throat, trying for latent dignity. "You have Figure Drawing, too?"

"Sort of," he replies, a hint of mystery to his voice.

Seriously? Hot and mysterious? This guy is killing me.

"Why haven't I ever seen you around the art building?" he continues, sitting down next to me on the bench. My heart jumps as his arm brushes against mine. "Are you a transfer?"

"Oh, I'm not an art major." He raises an eyebrow at this, no doubt wondering why I would be taking an upper level art course.

"My friend, well, my roommate—Johanna Mason? She talked me into it," I clarify with a shrug. A dawning look of realization crosses his face. "Oh. You know her, I take it?"

"Definitely," he chuckles, running a hand through his blond hair. "We've had almost every class together since I got out of Gen Ed hell. She's a handful, that one."

"Try rooming with her," I respond with upturned lips. I can't believe how well we're getting along. I haven't talked this much to a stranger since...never.

"Well, you definitely picked an interesting class." He smiles back at me, and my panties almost fly off right then and there. "It's a- uh, challenge. You can draw, right?"

"Ummm. Don't they teach you that in a drawing class?"

He stares at me with wide blue eyes, bafflement clearly written across his handsome face.

"I'm kidding." I can't help but laugh at his concerned expression. "Well. Sort of. I'm not great, but hopefully I can get by. I needed another class to take since I'm on a scholarship that requires a full-time course load," I explain. "Johanna begged me to take this with her." I shrug again. "And since I have a free slot to choose whatever elective I want- voila. Here I am."

He relaxes. "I was scared for you," he admits seriously. "This class is no joke. There's a reason why basically only seniors take it."

"Well, geez. You're going to give me a complex."

"The human body is a complex thing," he says, and I can swear the fingers of his hand touch mine
for a moment.

We glance at each other a little shyly.

"I'm Peeta," he says suddenly. "Peeta Mellark."

"Katniss Everdeen," I reply, feeling tongue tied.

He looks as if he's weighing his words with careful consideration, and he rubs at his curls reflexively. I watch the movement in fascination.

"Katniss," he finally says, his eyes intense as they catch mine again. I thrill at the way my name sounds in his mouth. "I really...look. Just promise me that things won't get weird between us."

Wait, what?

"What do you mean?" I ask, utterly confused.

"Time for class, Katniss Everdeen," he says gently, and this time I'm definitely not imagining the twitch of his fingers over mine as he suddenly stands up and walks through the door behind us, disappearing into the art building.

"What just happened?" I ask into the air.

"Talking to yourself, Kitty?" Johanna breezes by me out of nowhere, a large drawing pad tucked underneath her arm, and a tackle box that doubles as an art kit swinging by her side. She grabs my elbow and yanks me from the bench. "We're going to be late, and I do not want to get on Cinna's bad side."

I groan, but follow her obediently. "Why the hell did I let you talk me into taking this class?" I gripe, stomping a little as I walk. "I heard rumors that it was super hard." I glare at her. "And Peeta just confirmed it for me."

"You met Peeta?" she asks, cocking her head at me.

"Yeah..." I flush deeply at her stare.

"Oh my god!" she chortles loudly, a few of the students still lingering in the hallway giving her an amused, fond look. "You like him!"

"Fuck off. I just met him," I hiss, looking around in paranoia. "You can't do this to me, Johanna. He's taking the class, too. If you embarrass me, I'm dropping. I'm not even kidding about this."

She stops and looks at me. "You don't know, do you?"

"Know what?"

She smiles slowly and starts walking again, leaving me to trail after her. "You're going to be thanking me so hard. I can't wait," she says over shoulder.

"Thanking you for what?" I ask in annoyance, walking behind her as she makes a turn into what must be the drawing studio where our class takes place. I think I've been in here maybe once when Johanna left her supply box at the apartment and begged me to bring it to her, but that was forever ago. My nose wrinkles at the smell of paint and fixative and pencil shavings. It's definitely a far cry from the biology lab where I've spent half of my academic life.

"Grab a stool!" a voice calls out warmly. This is Cinna? The youngish looking man with green
eyes lined in gold? He looks like someone I'd want to go to the bar with, not some asshole art professor. I say as much to Johanna, and she actually growls at me.

"Don't let him fool you," Johanna says darkly, leading us to the front row of a ring of stools surrounding a chair on a pedestal in the center of the room. There's a small easel set up in front of each of our stools, and Johanna clips a sheet of Bristol paper to both of them. "He's a goddamn tyrant."

"Where's your gear?" asks a girl who flops down onto a stool next to me. I look at her stupidly.

"Your art supplies?" she elaborates, tossing her long blonde hair over her shoulder. "The supply list is given out ahead of time. Cinna gets pretty pissed if you're not prepared," she adds smugly, like she wants me to get in trouble or something.

What are we, in kindergarten?

"Mind your fucking business, Glimmer," Johanna snipes, placing pencils and erasers into the small ledge on my easel. "I've got her covered."

"Classy as always, Mason," Glimmer sniffs, turning away from both of us as if we are clearly a waste of her time.

I exchange a glance with Johanna. I've got to sit next to this girl the entire semester? And where's Peeta? I look around the room that is mostly filled with strangers, and though I recognize a few familiar faces, my heart still drops when I don't see Peeta anywhere.

Great. Now I can't even sit beside him. I fight a wave of disappointment, and tell myself that I signed up for this class before I even knew that a Peeta Mellark exists in the world.

"Okay, class!" Cinna claps his hands. "Welcome to Figure Drawing 101. Now, of course I recognize most of you, but I see a few new faces. I commend you for your bravery. You must be very talented, or very new." He smiles at me, and a few people titter in my direction as I flush.

I'm so dropping this class. I glare at Johanna out of the corner of my eye, but she's staring straight ahead. What a suck-up.

"I know that you're all mature adults that can handle a course with subject matter such as this, but just as a precaution, I'd like to remind you that accuracy of the human body is absolutely essential to your drawing skillset," he says seriously. "You'll get out of this course what you put into it. I expect all of you to approach your work with the air of someone who is honing and mastering their craft. Of their future livelihood. Understood?"

We all nod dumbly. At least, I know I do.

"Now, with that being said, I'd like to introduce your nude model for the semester."

What?

I look up in shock. I had no idea. How did I not know? I look at Johanna accusingly, but she just smirks as a side door opens and a familiar figure in a blue robe walks into the center of the room. He smiles at the students, but stays silent as he is introduced by Cinna.

"Most of you know him from before his graduation last semester, but please give Peeta Mellark the respect he deserves for volunteering for this process."

And then, without fanfare, Peeta drops his robe.

I look around wildly, but everyone has assumed the most professional fucking faces that I've ever
seen on a bunch of college students. Even Johanna is blank-faced as she sketches the arch of Peeta's flawless calf muscle.

"We're going to start with 15 minute poses," Cinna is saying, but my ears feel like they are filled with cotton as I look everywhere but directly at Peeta.

I cut my eyes at him sideways and notice with quick glances that he has one foot propped on a stool, while his other perfectly formed leg is stationary. His toned abdomen is twisted slightly towards the wall, and one hand rests on his knee while the other hangs by his side. If I wasn't so flustered, I'd commend his stamina and the level of physical fitness that it takes to maintain that pose— but as it is, I'm too distracted with avoiding the elephant in the room.

Not an exaggeration. My quick glances tell me there is literally a goddamn elephant in the room.

"Katniss," Johanna says out of the corner of her mouth, "you are the biggest virgin I have ever seen. Draw the fucking pose."

My hand trembles as I pick up a pencil marked ‘2H,’ which I know from Johanna’s previous crash course is a decent lead strength for preliminary sketching. I exhale loudly and earn a glare from my friendly blonde neighbor before finally lifting my eyes to fully take in Peeta’s nude form. 

Jesus. I can’t do this.

I hastily grab my bag from the side of my stool and stand up awkwardly, earning a few annoyed murmurs from the people sitting behind me.

“What are you doing?” Johanna hisses.

“I can’t,” I mutter back. “I just…I can’t.”

I ignore Cinna’s concerned stare as I make the walk of shame toward the door.

I make the mistake of looking back, though. Just once, right before I make my exit.

Peeta Mellark is staring back at me, and the disappointed look in his eyes has me stumbling like an idiot into the hallway, out the double doors and into the sunlight, where I collapse onto the cement bench with a flushed face and frazzled nerves.

I’ve come full circle. Fail.

End Notes

Good ol' nude!model Peeta. I think this was my first drabble ever.

I'm peetaspenis on tumblr. Come hang out!

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