Summary

This is really short, really gay, and written for a kiss prompt meme on tumblr ("Hiding/hoping not to be caught kiss").

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Johanna strokes Alma’s hair, grabbing another handful and letting the strands cascade through her open fingers. It’s fine, silky hair, more beautiful by far than Johanna’s own coarse locks, though that’s all pointless now after the Capitol’s impromptu buzzcut. Alma’s is definitely very grey, which Johanna also enjoys. It’s distinguished. “So when you’re trapped in closets with mysterious women, how do you like to spend your time?”

“That depends.” Alma eyes her, unfazed. “Which one of us is the mysterious one?”

“It’s hypothetical.” Johanna rolls her eyes. “Both.”

Strong hands tangle in a fistful of silken grey hair, arms locked around the president’s slender shoulders, and in the cramped space of a utility closet, Johanna kneels on the stone floor, balancing her weight and inching forward. “Be quiet.”

“You be quiet.” Alma’s soft voice escapes as a distinct hiss, sharp fingers digging into the soft flesh of Johanna’s waist. There’s barely enough room to stand in this miserable little crawlspace, a tiny cupboard into which they’d both scrambled at the first sound of an approaching clatter of steps in the hallway. Desperate times call for desperate measures. Even in the District, with all its secret spaces and hidden corners, someone is always watching. And now they’re stuck here until the guard shift changes, piled atop each other in a little utility cabinet that was never meant to be a safe haven for romance.
“Fine.” Alma is the less dignified of the two, sprawled on her back, shoulders pressed roughly against the hard concrete. Johanna kneels near her, fumbling around for a non-existent lightswitch on the wall, and Alma clutches loosely at her lover and lets out an angry huff of disapproval. “This wasn’t the plan.”

Johanna scoots closer, grasping Alma by the shoulders to lift her up and forward off the concrete. As tempting as she looks right now, a spread-out little bundle of grey on the floor, they still both ought to be as comfortable as they can. “Really? You didn’t want to use up your afternoon crawling around the vent ducts? I can think of some worse ways to spend a few hours.”

“I’m sure you could.” Alma silences the girl with a finger to the lips, regaining her balance to sit cross-legged on the floor. It does not last long. A cramp in her leg twitches painfully and she winces, cursing under her breath, trying to solve it by massaging it out. The floor is hard against her elbows and knees and she leans against Johanna for a bit of softness. “Well, this was a terrible decision.”

Johanna’s face fixes into an immediate scowl. “What do you mean, this?”

“Miniature utility cupboards. Any expansions to the District from this point forward will include full-size closets, no more.” Alma ignores an audible sigh of relief, and grumbles in the darkness, following a bright pinpoint of light from the screen-glow of Johanna’s communicuff. She takes hold of the girl’s wrist, and then her hand. “How did we get in here?”

“I dived in. You followed.”

“Let’s not do that again.” There is just enough room for Alma to curl up on the floor and stretch her leg, massaging her calf, and while she’s laying sideways on the cold concrete Johanna scoops her up to clutch the tiny president tight in her lap, feeling the weight and warmth of her thin body settling across Johanna’s. Alma gazes up at her, admiring the lines of Johanna’s features silhouetted in the glow of electronic blue, and murmurs a quick thanks. “We won’t be trapped in here for too long, I’m sure.”

“Yeah. Just til one of us gets brave enough to get caught.” Johanna strokes Alma’s hair, grabbing another handful and letting the strands cascade through her open fingers. It’s fine, silky hair, more beautiful by far than Johanna’s own coarse locks, though that’s all pointless now after the Capitol’s impromptu buzzcut. Alma’s is definitely very grey, which Johanna also enjoys. It’s distinguished. “So when you’re trapped in closets with mysterious women, how do you like to spend your time?”

“That depends.” Alma eyes her, unfazed. “Which one of us is the mysterious one?”

“It’s hypothetical.” Johanna rolls her eyes. “Both.”

“Then we could ask each other questions, I suppose—” But Alma is immediately silenced by Johanna’s lips pressed roughly against her own, a kiss that takes as much as it gives, thin mouth working with hers to steal and return kisses in quick succession. Between gasping breaths, she readily admits defeat. “Or not.”

“Not happening.” Johanna is kissing her ravenously, fingers threaded through the belt of her jumpsuit, inviting Alma to straddle her lap. Her fingers sink into Alma’s hair once more, near the nape of her neck, keeping the president in her lap and pressing them together as though their survival depends on it. Alma kisses back, shy at first and then curiously eager, hands closing around Johanna’s upper arms. Her weight settles across the girl’s lean body and into her lap until she is properly straddling her, legs around her waist.
They’re conserving space this way.

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