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**Burning Gold**

by samrg

**Summary**

Peeta expects the worst of his new home in Panem. A new school and life in his senior year was not what he wanted but the town doesn't meet his expectations. He find himself slipping into a easily into and uniting groups of friends. He also attracts the attention of a number of good looking men and delved into a new, lust life life.
The Jock

Strips of sunlight peer through the black venetian blinds. The small room now lit, everything can be seen. Peeta lays in his bed asleep, partially underneath the white duvet. The room is rectangular in shape and reasonably small. The door lies one of the longest walls and on the opposing wall there is a bed, a wardrobe and a shelving unit with different books, CDs and DVDs on. Next to the door is a wooden desk that has been painted black, on it some books and a laptop. Next to it again in the corner is a unit with a few draws and on top a TV and an XBOX. On the smallest wall by the TV is a window and on the opposite wall, next the bed, a small bedside unit made of a pale wood, on it a lamp and an alarm clock. It's 7 o'clock and the alarm starts ringing, a repetitive beeping sound fills the room and Peeta stirs from his slumber.

He raises his arm and pushes the snooze button before letting it fall back by his side. He lifts his head up and opens his eyes. When everything comes into focus he looks at the clock at the time, making sure he hadn't overslept. His head falls back into the pillow, wishing he could lie there for a few more hours but he gets up anyway to get ready for work.

Peeta and his family have been living in Panem for almost 2 months now. His parents decided to move here in the summer so that they could have a fresh start. They bought a bakery here and have plan to start a line of bakeries. They found a small, cheap one to buy about a year ago and decided to make a start here. Peeta wasn't happy with the plan originally, starting a new school in Senior year wasn't something he had wanted, but, he soon came to terms with it, understanding that this was something his parents really wanted.

Peeta gets out of bed and stretches. He reaches down into his boxer briefs to adjust and leaves the room. He heads into the bathroom that's next to his door on the landing. Staring at his reflection he debates taking a shower. His half naked body emits the smell of sweat but he chooses to shower after work. His ashy blonde hair falls in waves over his forehead. He has blue eyes, pale skin and a stocky build. He gently moves the palm of his hand over his protruding pecs and lowers it down to feel his abs, only slightly visible. He reaches into a wicker draw and pulls out body spray, covering his body with the smell of lynx in the same motion that his hand moved prior. He pulls his boxer briefs out and sprays into them, flinching at the cold, tingling sensation. Then he brushes his teeth and washes his face before leaving the room.

As he's about to enter his bedroom her hears a cat whistle from behind him. He turns to see his younger brother, Lloyd, leaning against the door frame of his own room also in nothing but a pair of boxer briefs, smirking in a teasing manner. He gives Peeta a wink who just turns around and walks back into his room holding his middle finger up to the 16 year old behind him. Although a year older than him, Peeta envies Lloyd for his abnormally good looks and charming personality. His other brother, Giles is 20 and at college so he sees very little of him but Peeta is much closer to Giles, he can get along with him better. He changes into a pair of blue jeans and a black slim-fit t-shirt. After running a comb through his hair he heads downstairs and walks through a door in the kitchen that leads into the bakery/coffee shop his parents bought. When he walks in his father is already there, taking the upside down chairs on the tables and placing them on the floor ready for seating. He instructs Peeta to help his mother prepare the display unit. He enters the large kitchen specifically for the bakery and sees his mother taking bread rolls out of the oven. He takes a few trays of different breads, sandwiches and cakes and arranges them neatly in the glass unit, making a spectacle out of it for the customers who come in for their breakfast. Once they had finished prepping the shop they open it.

Peeta takes his place behind the counter where a cash register lies next to the display. behind him is another counter that has a coffee machine on and other various machines for drinks. After
waiting for 5 minutes someone walks in, an old woman.

"Hi, Mrs Cohen" Peeta said with a smile. She comes in quite regular since the bakery opened, as she knew the previous owner so it was routine for her to come here for breakfast.

"Peeta, Darling, how many times have I got to tell you, call me Mags" she chuckled walking up to the counter. Peeta had already started making a tea for her knowing what she has every morning. He puts two sugars in it and from the display unit he takes out a some brown bread from a pre-cut loaf. He puts it in the toaster and brings the tea over to her.

"Take a seat if you want, I'll bring the toast over to you when its ready" She smiled at him and picked the tea up.

"And what about that other rascal" She said with a laugh as she slowly moved over to a single table.

"Lloyd? He's upstairs I think"

"Well that's not fair is it, leaving you do all the work" She said taking a sip of the tea, scrunching her eyes realising it's too hot for consumption.

"No, I suppose not" Peeta laughed, putting the money she had given him in the cash register. "He is supposed to be helping out though, just too lazy" Mags laughed. They chatted for a bit while she had her breakfast, only two other people came in so it was slow. It got a bit busier when she left, people rushing in for their morning coffee, heading off to work. It was a bit difficult to manage being the only one serving but Peeta managed to do it. He was glad that this was his last morning as school started back next week. Although he was still dreading it, he was never good at making friends, the complete opposite of his brother who's good looks and charm meant everyone was friends with him, he would maybe even be better off here, making new friends.

At about 10 after it had been quite for some time, Peeta decided to clean. He was wiping down the counter when the bell above the door rang, he lifted his head up to see an Adonis of boy. He had blonde short hair that was messy and damp with sweat. He wore a pair of shorts that revealed much of his powerful legs and a tight white t-shirt that clung to his skin from the sweat. His muscles protruded from the shirt, his biceps filling the sleeve up, his pecs almost completely visible through it. His shape was amazing, the upside down triangle so clearly visible, his shoulders huge and powerful. Peeta's eyes met his, they were a deep blue and beautiful. His chiselled features left Peeta in awe, captivated by his beauty. A musky, sweaty smell filled the room, he must been jogging or something, 'a jock' Peeta thought.

"Hey" He said, his voice deep and masculine, it sent shivers through Peeta's body that went straight to his crotch. "I'll have latte please, make it strong."

"Uh-uh, sure" Peeta stammered but stood still, like a statue.

"You gonna make it or what" The boy said, his eyes scrunched in confusion.

"Sorry!" Peeta exclaimed and turned quickly to make the coffee. He handed him the coffee and the boy left. Peeta felt so stupid, standing there, gawking over him. He was straight, Peeta was adamant of it, but nevertheless her couldn't get him out of his mind.
The familiar beeping sound echoed through the room. 7am, Monday, first day of school; safe to
Peeta wasn't in the best of moods. He got up and went to the bathroom, took off his underwear and stepped into the shower. The hot water rolls over his skin, along each contour of his body, running over his pecs and falling between his abs. The steam envelops him as he bathes himself. Stepping out of the shower he grabs a towel and dries his body. He then drops the towel to the floor and cleans his teeth and shaves naked before picking the towel back up and wrapping it around his waist. He walks back into his room and picks out an outfit, a pair of faded dark blue skinny jeans and a grey hoodie. He picks up his bag and leaves the room. He walks to school, it was only 20 minutes and Peeta enjoyed the fresh air. Walking up to the front of the school he sees his brother getting out of the car, his father gave him lift. He had offered Peeta one too only he turned it down. His brother was wearing grey skinny jeans and a long sleeve t-shirt with the sleeves rolled up. His hair dirty blonde hair was styled with a quiff in the front. A group of girls were staring at his brother, who noticed and aimed a wink in the girl's direction. They all made 'silent' screams after he had walked past and Peeta was starting to get worried as he didn't have that type of impression on people. He chose to put his brother out of his mind and convinced himself all would be fine.

After asking for directions from reception he made his way to the principal's office where he already found his brother sitting, waiting for his timetable and his greeting into the new school. For 10 minutes the principle discussed school rules, extracurricular activities etc. He handed us our timetables then in came a woman.

"Ah, Beatrice" He said. "Seen as he was first here, I would like you to take Lloyd Mellark to his lessons and be his guide for the rest of the day". Lloyd turned around to see the brunette standing in the doorway and when she say him her face lit up.

"Sure thing Mr Snow" She said, not taking her eyes off Lloyd. "Come on, sweetie" she said and left the room, Lloyd then followed.

"As for you, Peeta" Snow said, "Finnick will be here shortly to take you." Just as he said this a boy walked in to the room, Peeta turned to see the gorgeous boy there. He had bronze hair and the most striking, sea-green eyes. He was wearing a pair of blue skinny fit jeans and a plain green long sleeve similar to that of which is brother was wearing. The shirt clung to his body revealing each curve from bulging muscles that lay underneath. "Ah, Finncik!" Mr Snow exclaimed. "Fresh meat is it, sir?" Finnick said, leaning against the doorway, smirking at Peeta.

"This is - " He was cut off by Peeta.

"Peeta" He said, standing up, extending his arm to invite Finnick into a hand shake of which Finnick obliged to.

"Well, Peeta. It is very nice to meet you" He said with a wink.

"Well, I have nothing else to say so Peeta, enjoy you day" Snow said with a warming smile. Finnick and Peeta both left the room and went out to the now empty hallway, the only sound was their footsteps. Until Finnick spoke.

"So, timetable" He said. Peeta handed the piece of paper over and Finnick's eyes scanned the page. "Damn, that's unfortunate. You got English first".

"I like English" Peeta said, sounding almost ashamed.
"Me too, Miss Trinket on the other hand" Finnick chuckled, looking straight ahead down the corridor.

"Why, what's she like?" Peeta said, looking up at the taller boy.

"She's a bit...uh...eccentric so to speak" He turned to face the blonde. "You like the colour pink, blondie?"

"Not particularly" Finnick laughed at this comment and stopped outside a door which had pink paper with the name 'Miss Trinket' written on it in a complex font. "Blondie?"

"Yeah, you're hair is like, a burning gold, kinda colour. So if we're friends you'll need a nickname of sort, and I like your hair so, voila, Blondie!" Finnick explained."Wait here for me so I can take you to next lesson". Peeta nodded. "Good Luck" he said before knocking and subsequently opening the door and nudging Peeta into the room.

"Yes?" Came the squeaky voice of the teacher dressed all in pink, even with pastel pink hair. "What do you want?"

"Uh, I'm Peeta" he said, his eyes searching the room, everyone was looking at him.

"Ah yes! Peeta!" She said, standing up to shake Peeta's hand. "Everyone, this is Peeta Mellark. Be kind to him, he's new to our school." She smiled and nodded her head looking quite shaky, almost uncertain of herself. "Have a seat next to Katniss there. Katniss darling, raise your hand so Peeta can find you" A girl with brown/black raised her hand and Peeta walked over to sit next to her.

"Hey, Katniss Everdeen" she said, introducing herself.

"Peeta Mellark" he said back, reaching into his back getting out his pencil case.

"I know, both you and her said it" Her voice was bitter when she said 'her'. Peeta's beginning to think that not many people do like her. The lesson was all about this year's syllabus and the work they'd be doing etc. She dismissed the class early and Katniss and Peeta stood outside talking.

"Well it was very nice to meet you Mr Mellark" She smiled.

"and you, Miss Everdeen" Peeta smiled back. His charm clearly aiding his first impressions.

"Do you want to have lunch with me, maybe?" Katniss asked, clutching onto her books.

"Yeah, sure" Peeta laughed. "thanks".

"Maybe I can show you to your next class"

"Thanks" Peeta replied "but I have a guide, sorry"

"Dont worry about it. It was an empty gesture" She joked back.

Shortly after Katniss had left Finnick appeared to take Peeta to his next class, which was art. They walked down the corridors, talking. Peeta immediately felt a connection with Finnick, he had a warmth about him, he felt trustworthy and kind. He was cheeky and charming, kind of like his brother. They spoke about the class and then about Katniss, they were standing outside the Art class for a few minutes just talking.

"This conversation isn't over okay?" Finnick said, leaning against the wall, looking down at Peeta.
"Wait for me at break, okay?"

"Okay" Peeta replied.

"I like you, Blondie" Finnick laughed, already giving Peeta a nickname. He walked into the class in a good mood, Finnick made him feel happy, he had made a friend, his worst fears were over.

The art room was a large square room that had various, high tables with stool places around them. Everyone was sitting around them talking. Next to the door was a desk with a computer on it and behind it on a chair a man. He wore a simple black shirt and matching pants, he wore gold eye liner that brought out gold specks in his green eyes. Peeta walked over to him and introduced himself. Cinna was the teachers name, he was to call him sir or Mr anything, just Cinna. Peeta liked this guy, he had a free aura around him, today was feeling good.

"Sit where you like, I don't mind" Instructed Cinna. Peeta nodded in acknowledgment and began walking and turning around in one movement. When he turned the 180 degrees he collided with something that felt like brick wall, only the wall had hands that caught him, kept him from falling. He looked up to see the blonde boy from the bakery a few days ago, smiling down at Peeta, recognising him.

"You alright there?" He said, still with his hands clutching onto Peeta.

"Yeah" Peeta said, looking up at the brute. "Sorry, about that"

"Don't worry" He said, finally letting go. "Peeta, right?" He asked.

"Yeah, how did you - " Peeta didn't finish the sentence.

"I remember it from your tag at the Bakery" He said. They're bodies were still close, just inches away, their breaths felt by the other. "I made sure to remember you" Peeta began to blush when the other boy stepped back and extended his hand out to shake. Peeta accepted and shook his hand. "Cato, Cato Hadley." The name played in Peeta's mind, so unusual yet so fitting.

"Peeta Mellark"

"Well, Peeta. You wanna sit by me?" He didn't answer immediately. "Marvel's ditching the first day that's all" 'That must be his friend' thought Peeta.

"Yeah, sure" Peeta said. They walked over to a table at the back. They chatted for a bit, talked about themselves. Peeta explained why he moved here, mentioned his family and a few things about himself. Then Cato started to speak. There wasn't much to know, he was a big sportsman, planned on becoming a professional football player. He lives with his parents, has one brother the same age as Peeta's eldest brother, Giles, and they go to the same college. The class was dismissed early, the same as English, only discussing the syllabus. Cato offered to stay with Peeta since they had P.E. together next but Peeta declined, telling him Finnick was mentoring him for the day on all things school. 5 minutes after Cato left, Peeta heard a cat whistle from behind him, he turned to see Finnick strutting down the hallway towards him.

"Hey, blondie"

"Hey" Peeta replied.

"So, let's go to your locker." Finnick said. They talked as they walked, learning more about each other. Finnick was on the swim team and was the best they had. He trains a lot, often in the pool or the gym to keep in shape. "gotta stay good looking see" He joked. Peeta told him about his brother after they walked past him, not speaking to one another. Lloyd was already with a few
boys and a girl was already prying on him. "I don't blame her, that is a fine piece of man candy" Finnick said, and Peeta laughed, agreeing with him. "doesn't compare to you though, blondie" Peeta blushed at this comment. After going to the locker and dumping a few books they headed to the P.E. department.

"Coach Boggs?" Finnick said, striding into the room. The man was in his mid-forties with close cropped grey hair and blue eyes. "This beauty here is Peeta Mellark and he's new here"

"it's very nice to meet you, Peeta" They shared greetings and Peeta followed Finnick to a locker block. The room was a long and rectangular with 4 sets of lockers arrange into squares on the one wall and a shower room on the other wall. The lockers had benches in the middle and when Peeta reached one with Finnick, there was a boy sitting on them, wearing a red t shirt and a pair of black shorts.

"Gale!" Finnick exclaimed. The boy to face the two. He had dark hair, olive skin and grey eyes and was very good looking. Peeta could tell he was muscular too through the thin, tight fabric of his t shirt. "This is Peeta" Finnick introduced. Gale stood up, he was over six feet tall. He extended his hand out to shake Peeta's hand.

"Gale Hawthorne" He introduced, he had a strong grip.

"Peeta Mellark" Peeta replied.

"Well, I'll see you in there" He said and walked through a door next to the showers.

"C'mon then, blondie" Finnick said. Peeta returned his attention to the bronze haired Adonis who stood there shirtless, in a pair of very short , black shorts. Peeta stood there shocked by his body. The way everything curved, washboard abs, his broad shoulders, mountain of a bicep and protruding pecs that bounced and tensed as he moved, reaching a white t-shirt out of his bag. Peeta was staring in awe, never has he seen a body so magnificent this close. "Stop staring and start getting changed" He snapped back into his senses and started to blush. Finnick slapped on the back in a friendly way to encourage him to relax and headed into the room that Gale went prior. Only one other boy was there in the locker block with Peeta, he was skinny and had ginger hair, so Peeta confidently stripped out of his clothes, knowing Finnick wasn't around to be compared to made it easier, Peeta was like Finnick compared to this other boy. He wore a black shirtless t-shirt with a grey part on the shoulders and a pair of black shorts that fell to his knees. Peeta walked into the room, it was a large sports hall with different markings on the floor to represented the different pitches, soccer, basketball etc. Coach Boggs stood infront of all the boys, Peeta saw Finnick standing by Gale. He walked up to them and stood by Finnick. They were playing basketball today and so the Coach selected two captains, Gale was the first and the second was Cato. Peeta watched the large blonde walk to the front by the coach wearing a yellow t-shirt and grey sweatpants, a small bulge formed at the front of the pants, Peeta was staring, again. Gale chose Finnick first, then Cato chose Gloss, another Jock, blonde, tall and muscular. Peeta couldn't deny he was good looking, he was large and muscular but he didn't captivated Peeta like Finnick or Cato could. Gale then proceeded to choose Thresh. A tall, muscular dark skinned man walked forward to join them. They were choosing the jocks, they all seemed to be the strongest, Peeta looked across the group. He saw one boy with black hair who seemed like the next choice, tall, muscular, good looking, Peeta assumed he would be picked towards the end so when Cato called his name he was shocked. He walked towards the brute who slapped him and welcomed him to the team. Finnick seemed as confused as Peeta, he leant over to speak to Gale and whispered 'looks like I have competition'.
Peeta walked back with Finnick to the locker room after class. The stench of sweat filled the room, more so than it had prior. A number of the boys were in the showers, steam began emanating from the block and filled the locker room. While walking past Peeta glanced in the direction of the showers, Peeta focused his attention on Gale who stood with his back faced to him. His eyes dropped to look at the boys ass, Finnick's eyes placed on Peeta, taking notice of him staring.

"It's such a shame isn't it" Finnick spoke out when they reached their lockers.

"Hmm?"

"That perfect, plump ass and he's straight as an arrow" Finnick said, removing his shirt and throwing into his bag.

"Well, I hardly thought someone like that would be anything other than straight" Peeta said, following Finnick's actions, removing his shirt, making an effort to fold it up before placing the slightly damp shirt at the bottom of his bag. When he raised his head up, Finnick was staring at his shirtless body. Peeta's cheeks turned red and he immediately poked his head into the locker, using the door as a shield to hide from Finnick's gaze. He reached in and put his hoodie on. He swiftly removed his shorts and put on his jeans. In his attempt to hide from Finnick he hadn't noticed the charismatic boy moved to behind him, and was now staring at Peeta's own ass as he got changed.

"Now, that's a fine ass" He said. Peeta snapped his round to see the boy standing there, grinning. Peeta couldn't help but give a small chuckle, the boy's cheeky grin was too infectious, his spirit contagious. He continued getting changed, putting his belt on, then his vans, Finnick doing the same putting his jeans and green long sleeve on. At the top of his shirt were a few buttons, Peeta watched him as he opened them up in a attempt to show even more of his magnificent body than the top already did. They may only be a few buttons but they revealed enough of his collar bones to satisfy Peeta. Leaving the room however, they were stopped by Cato.

"Peeta, tell you what" He said, now fully dressed like the others. "I should have you on my team more often."

"I know, Winning shot!" Finnick said, and clapped his hands at Peeta.

"yeah, you're pretty good" The blonde said. "I'll see you around" he said and smiled before exiting the room.

"See you, Cato" Peeta was feeling good. He had made friends and managed to impress Cato. The day was going better than Peeta had originally thought. Peeta and Finnick both had the next class together although they seldom spoke to one another. Both had their heads in their work as the teacher demanded silence.

At lunch Peeta sat with Katniss, who saw him and called him over. Finnick, prying on Peeta, followed him and sat with her. Two other girls sat with Katniss. One was Madge, she had blonde hair that fell to her shoulders. Her eyes were a bright blue and stood out against her pale complexion. The other girl was named Rae. She had long hair that was pulled to the one said and fell over the one shoulder. It had two different tones, at the top it was blonde that edged on ginger then as it got lower it down it become much lighter until it reached an almost white colour. She had beautiful grey eyes, Peeta couldn't help but admire her beauty. Boys often hit on her, she was amongst the most attractive girls at the school. She wore an oversized grey jumper that had a faded
appearance to it, black skinny jeans and a gold necklace that fell over her jumper.

"Guys, this is Peeta" Katniss introduced. The girls waved at him and introduced themselves. Seeing Finnick, Gale came over to sit with the lot, followed then by another girl. Her name was Johanna. She had short, brown hair and was a friend of Finnick and Gale's.

"So you're Peeta" she said as she sat down with the group.

"yeah, how do you -" Peeta started.

"Please, Fin here went on and on about for about half an our second period" Peeta looked to Finnick who was just smiling.

"What?" He shrugged. "Guess you just made a good impression. The entire group, both Finnick's and Katniss' began talking and they all hit it off. Finnick even saying that it was odd that they'd never really spoken before, Johanna agreeing as they all got along. The two groups merged together, and Peeta was the bridge than joined the two.

Peeta's final class of the day was with Rae and Katniss and so he sat with them. However, he looked across the class room to see Cato, looking in Peeta's direction. He raised his hand and waved, Peeta responded, waving back. At the end of the class he approached Peeta, catching him by the arm before he left the room.

"Hey" he said.

"Hey" Peeta responded. Why Cato stopped he couldn't understand, everyone is usually in a rush to leave this place. They walked out of the school together, not uttering a word until they reached the car park outside.

"So" Cato started. "Where do you live?"

"In the bakery" He answered. "Parents own it."

"That would explain why it's called Mellark's" The boys laughed together. Cato was holding keys in his hand and he shifted his weight from foot to foot nervously. "You want a lift?" Cato asked, pointing to his own car. Peeta was surprised to see the black sports guy, lavishing in the sunlight. 'He must be loaded' thought Peeta.

"Nah, I enjoy the walk" He said, facing the grown, kicking the floor. "Thanks though."

"No problem" Cato said before stepping backwards. "I'll see you around then"

"Yeah, see you" Peeta said, turning and walking away"

When he reached home he put his bag on the floor and fell onto his bed. He was happy. Everything he was worried about turned out fine. He laid there for 5 minutes, living through his relief. Opening his laptop he logged onto facebook. Already he had friend requests and he began accepting them. Finnick was first, he saw Katniss, Rae and Cato. Immediately after, Gale added him. He figured others would start now that he's been found. He closed the laptop and went downstairs to start work, putting an apron on. He relieved his mother from manning the cash register. 10 minutes after his shift started Mags walked in, the little bell above the door signalling her entrance.

"Mags" Peeta greeted.

"Peeta!" She said, taking a seat in a seat to give her feet a rest.
"What can I do for you?" He asked.

"I'll have a slice of cake, any cake. I don't mind. Just not one of those with the berries on.

"Coming right up" he said and began taking a slice from a sponge that was displayed next the cash register on a stand.

"I'll have a tea too, please darling, if that's alright?"

"That's fine, I'll do that for you" Peeta's father said, walking into the room.

"How are you, Mr Mellark?" Mags asked.

"I'm dandy" he answered. "and please, call me Richard"

The conversation between the three went on for some time, Peeta serving people as they came. She asked Peeta about school mainly, his father also wanting to know. They had to pry the information out of him but he eventually spilled. He mentioned Finnick obviously, and Katniss. He mentioned how he's already made friends and briefly mentioned Cato. He spoke with high regards of Cinna who was so welcoming, and they all laughed when they discussed Miss Trinket. Her pinker-out life seemed to amuse the lot of them.

After his shift Peeta went to his room. He logged onto facebook again and accepted the new friend requests, Johanna, Madge and others Peeta didn't know yet. He had a message from Finnick. 'Hey blondie' it said. 'Hey' Peeta replied. He sat on his bed for a while, talking to him. Finnick then asked Peeta if he wanted to do something after school the next day.

'Like What?' Peeta asked. They decided that they'd go to his house and spend a few hours. Both Gale and Katniss were going too. They ended the conversation there and Peeta began moving through his other social medium, instagram, twitter and tumblr. Both Finnick and Cato had followed him on instagram and twitter, so Peeta followed back. They had known him a day though and immediately began searching him, but Peeta took no notice of this behaviour. Scrolling through his instagram profile, Peeta found a shirtless picture of Finnick. He was wet and had a towel wrapped around his waist, a gold medal around his neck. 'Can't believe I won' was the caption. He admired the boy's beauty, he found it peculiar that his body could be so perfectly sculpted. But he loved it, the fact that he was receiving this attention from such a good looking boy made him feel good, more confident in his self. Even though it had been just one day, Peeta felt that Finnick was going to be a good influence on him and that they'd be good friends, maybe more. He realised he had been flirting with him, but Peeta couldn't tell if it was actual flirting from an attraction to him or if it was simply his charming character. Peeta didn't mind either way, he felt great. He decided to go to sleep, there was nothing else he could do today and it was already dark so he took off his clothes and threw them to the ground. He closed the blinds in his window and climbed into bed, wearing his boxer briefs. He fell asleep with a smile on his face and Finnick on his mind, anticipating tomorrow with him.
Finnick's House

The bell rang, the sound cutting through the school signalling the end of the day. A mass uproar emanated from the school as swarms of teenagers rushed out of their classes, bursting out of every exit around the school. Peeta walked with out with Katniss and Rae, the sunlight and wind hitting them, as if escaping captivity. They walked down the many steps that led to the school entrance, talking amongst themselves. Turning to their right they went to the car park where Finnick and Gale were sitting in the back of a red pick-up truck. They were immersed in a conversation and didn't noticed the others appear. They we're all going to Finnick's house, Rae being invited by him at lunch. Madge and Johanna weren't around so they 'missed out' as Finnick put it. Katniss let out a little cough to let their presence known.

"AH!" Finnick exclaimed when he noticed them. "Gale, our bitches are here" He jumped out of the back of the truck, followed by Gale. Katniss gave him a small slap on the arm as soon as his feet hit the ground. He held his arm and began screaming, putting on an over dramatic reaction. The girls all laughed together.

"Careful, Katniss" Gale said, pressing his body against Finnick's back, raising his hand to stroke and caress his arm. "He's fragile, ok?" Finnick began pouting and pretend crying.

"Sorry, guess I don't know my own strength" She replied. They took two cars to Finnick's house. Peeta and Finnick rode in the truck, and the girls went with Gale in his car.

"So, blondie" Finnick started, his hands draped over the steering wheel, leaning back. He was wearing a black t-shirt today with the words 'teenagers do it better' printed on the front and had a pair of black skinny jeans on. His bronze hair styled to swish to the right "How are you liking Panem?"

"I was worried at first you know, new school and everything but it's actually quite nice here, especially now I know school life won't be shit and lonely" Peeta answered.

"With a face like yours there's no way you wouldn't fit in!" Finnick glanced over at Peeta. "I mean, You caught my attention." Peeta looked down, fiddling with his hands.

"Can I ask you something?" Peeta didn't look up

"Sure" Finnick replied, a confused look on his face.

"This whole, flirtatious thing with you? - "

"Does it bother you? I'll stop, if you want" Finnick said, disappointment creeping in.

"No no no" Peeta said, Finnick let out a sigh of relief. "Just, what does it mean? Is that just you being you? Like, I saw between you and Gale, the way he pressed himself up against you, I j-just mean -" He began to stutter at this point and Finnick started to laugh, smiling.

"Yes, that is just me" Finnick started. "But, I do like you Peeta" His tone now much more serious.

"As in?" Peeta asked, confused.

"As in I'm bisexual and I think you're hot." Peeta smiled and blushed, he let out a breath he was holding in, "and so cute" He added.

"thanks " Peeta said. "and you're hot too, I guess"
"You guess? bitch please, I'm gorgeous." Peeta laughed at his inflated ego.

"So um, where is this going then?" He asked, Finnick making an expression that prompted Peeta to explain. "Us, I mean. Where are we going?"

"Oh, Peeta" Finnick sighed as they pulled up to his house, driving onto the large driveway. "We keep doing what we're doing now, being friends." Peeta seemed somewhat disappointed with response, letting out an 'oh'. "But, if something happens between us, then we let it happen. I'm not saying something will happen, but it is likely-possible, I mean, it's possible" Peeta's smile returned to his face which as a result made Finnick smile too. The moment was cut by a knock on the window on Peeta's side. He jumped at the noise and snapped his head around to see Gale standing there, Rae and Katniss behind him.

"You love birds just gonna sit there staring at each other or are we going in?" He said and opened the door for Peeta to get out. Finnick's house was a reasonably large house in a nice neighbourhood. They walked in to a hallway that had to two doors on either wall, a stair case that led upstairs and at the end an archway that led to the kitchen. The floor was laid with a dark wood and the walls painted white. Next to the door was a table that had a phone, flowers and glass dish with a few sets of keys in. Finnick placed his in the bowl and walked in, the group behind him. A bang came from the one door that started everyone except Gale, who opened the door and crouched down the greet the dog that came rushing out of living area.

"Hello boy!" He said, stoking him. The dog was excited to see Gale who continued patting it.

"That's Oli" The small Labrador snapped it's head when Finnick said it's name and notice Peeta and the girls. It rushed over to them and began jumping, all of them petting him. They went upstairs to Finnick's room, followed by Oli. "Nobody's home so we can be as loud as we want" he said, opening the door into his room. It was a large room with a double bed. The walls were painted a cream colour with a sea green carpet on the floor. Opposite the bed and door was a set of drawers with a large TV on top, to the left a wardrobe with a mirrored doors and on the right a shelving unit containing DVDs, books, CDs, medals and trophies. All of them different swimming awards, bronze, silver and gold.

"So what we doing?" Finnick asked, falling onto his bed, Gale jumping onto it with him.

"I wanna watch a film!" Gale exclaimed.

"Really?" Rae replied, setting next to him on the bed.

"Yes, really" He said, sitting up to rest against the headboard, His one leg stretched out, the other pulled up to his chest.

"Don't you want to actually socialise" She said, turning to face him.

"With you people, ew no." This got a small punch on the shoulder from Rae.

"I don't mind watching a film" Katniss agreed.

"Me neither" Peeta followed.

"3 against 1"

"4" Finnick added.

"Sorted then" Gale said. "We're watching a film." Rae sighed and fell back against the headboard
next to Gale. The next 10 minutes were spent arguing over what film to watch, Gale and Peeta voting for a horror, Finnick and Rae wanted a comedy and Katniss wasn't bothered. Finnick was scrolling through Netflix on his Xbox. Finally they settled on horror, Gale once again prevailing. Finnick, Gale and Rae sat on the bed, Finnick flat on his stomach, Gale and Rae in their prior positions. Peeta and Katniss sat next to each other on the floor after forcing some pillows out from behind Rae. They put them on the floor and sat. The film they chose was Orphan, a film about a family who adopt mysterious 9 year old girl. The events play out from there, the adopted girl not being what they expected. All of them laughed at the resemblance between the girl and Clove, one of the girls who went to their school.

Although Katniss and Peeta found themselves jumping at parts, Gale and Finnick couldn't help but laugh at the bizarre nature of it. An hour into the film they all began to mutter amongst each other, Rae and Peeta swapping positions so that all the boys sat on the bed. Their conversations began to get louder until Rae eventually shouted.

"Shut the fuck up, I'm watching this!" She exclaimed.

"Thought you didn't want a horror" Katniss then said.

"Yeah, you wanted to watch a shitty comedy." Finnick added.

"A rom-com even" Gale said.

"Even Worse!"

"Yeah, well, it isn't that bad" She said.

"C'mon, Rae" Peeta added. "Face it, this film is shit"

"Well, why don't you bugger off or something."

"Actually that not a bad idea." Finnick said, Peeta confused as he did invite them. "I've been fancying popcorn. Peeta can help me make it." He leaped across the bed and pulled Peeta up with him.

"Yeah, and take that twat with you" She said, turning back around to face the screen, pointing at Gale who shuffled forward until he was sat right above her, his legs either side of her.

"Nah" He said. "I think I'll stay right here with you two" and he folded his arms, resting them on Rae's head who moved out the way and slapped his leg.

"Fine, just us two then" Finnick said, leaving the room. They walked downstairs into the kitchen, the tiled floor was cold against their feet. Finnick began searching the cupboards for popcorn, Peeta helping out. "Aha!" Finnick shouted and turned around with a box of microwavable popcorn in his hand. He opened it up and placed it in the microwave that was fitted in above the fitted oven. He turned it on and the popcorn began spinning in there.

"I didn't think there could be a bigger flirt than you, but I think Gale has managed to do it with Rae" Peeta said. Finnick's jaw dropped, as if he was offended.

"I'm the flirt though" He said. "You can't be serious"

"Well I am" Peeta laughed, "You're gonna have to up your game."

"Up my game?" Finnick said, his mouth curving into a grin. He slowly walked towards Peeta who walked backwards, he stopped when he hit the counter. "Well, I'll have to just do that." The
boy's body's were now touching, Peeta breathing heavy. Finnick put his arm behind Peeta, his head next to the smaller boy's. He leaned into him and breathed into his ear. He stood back then, a spoon in his hand that he had pulled out of the drawer. He walked away then and went into the fridge to retrieve butter. "Makes it taste so much better" He said as he closed the door. Peeta just nodded, so taken away by Finnick's prior forwardness. He watched Finnick take the popcorn out of the microwave and stir a small dab of butter into it. Peeta hadn't moved an inch. After putting the butter back in the fridge, Finnick picked up the box with the popcorn in it and began walking away. He stopped and turned to Peeta. "You coming?" He said. A million thoughts were rushing through Peeta's head. 'Should I make a move? Should I leave him make the moves?' Peeta still hadn't said anything. He swallowed, bracing himself for what he was about to do.

He walked towards Finnick and kissed him, hands framing his face as he did so. Finnick put the popcorn down and kissed back, removing Peeta's hands from his face and guiding them to wrap around his neck. He put his one hand on the smaller boy's waist, the other on the back of his head, tilting it slightly, guiding him. Finnick pushed Peeta back until he hit the counter, their mouths only separating between the kisses inhale small, quick breaths. Finnick put his hands under Peeta's underarms and lifted him up to sit him on the counter. He forced Peeta's legs open and stood between them and returned his hands to Peeta's sides. Peeta followed Finnick through the movements, opening his mouth to let the swimmer's tongue into his mouth to explore. Their heads tilted and turned with their lust-crazed moans. The kiss began to climax, the boys getting more aroused as it went on, only to be interrupted.

"I'll just take the popcorn then" It was Gale. They stopped kissing to stare at him, Peeta embarrassed going red, Finnick just smirking.

"Yeah, I was just, uh, welcoming Peeta, you know, to be our friend" Finnick said, this made Peeta laugh.

"Really?" Gale laughed. "Guess you going to go welcome the girls too?"

"Katniss, maybe" Finnick said, turning around out of Peeta's legs, folding his arms at the same time. "But it seem's you're looking to greet Rae" Peeta laughed, the banter of their friendship was a marvellous thing to behold.

"Touché, Odair" Gale replied and walked away with the popcorn. "Toché" He repeated. Finnick aided Peeta down.

"C'mon" he said and they walked back to the bedroom.

"So Gale knows that you're -" Peeta began

"Peeta, it's hardly a secret" Finnick said as he walked into the room.

"What? That Fin's a big slut? Everyone knows that" Gale mentioned, lying on the bed.

"It's true, I really am" Finnick said sitting down, pulling Peeta with him. "and a hot slut at that"
A few days later Finnick and Peeta were late for gym class. Rae had a free period and so they stood there, the tree of them talking amongst each other. They were so immersed in their conversation that they didn't hear the bell, the sound passing right by them. Almost 10 minutes in to third period Finnick glanced at his watch and noticed the time.

"Shit Peeta, we're late" He said, grabbing his arm and pulling him down the corridor.

"Speak to you l-later" Peeta stammered as Finnick dragged him away. Rae held onto her books, clutched in her arms, laughing at the boys as they stumbled up the now empty corridors. They burst through the door that led to the boys locker room and found it empty.

"Shit!" Peeta shouted. They ran to a locker block and tried to find two empty lockers. They stripped their clothes off, throwing their shirts into the locker. Peeta was undoing his belt and pulling his trousers down when Finnick stopped. Peeta threw them into the locker and picked his bag, swearing and panting as he tossed everything out in an attempt to find his kit. In the corner of his eye he noticed Finnick still with his blue jeans on. He wasn't moving, just standing there. "You gonna stop staring and get changed" Peeta said, turning his head up to him. Finnick stood there with his arms folded, that cheeky smile plastered across his face. Peeta stood up, shorts and a t-shirt in his hand. He shrugged his shoulders as if to say 'what?'

"Nobody knows we're here" Finnick said, poking his tongue into his bottom lip, his eyebrows raised.

"And?" Peeta asked. "What are you suggesting?"

"You know elexactly what I'm suggesting, blondie" Finnick said, took the clothes out of Peeta's hand and threw them into the locker. He put his hand against Peeta's bare chest, spreading it out over his pecs. Gently he pushed the blonde back against the locker and moved his body closer to Peeta's. Their bare torso's touching one another. The cold skin that pressed onto the other caused them both to shiver at the sensation. Finnick's perfect body pressed up against his own caused the blood in Peeta's body to start rushing. The cold touch of his hands began to move up his arms, their eyes never parting. The room was silent apart from their heated breaths. Finnick's rested his one hand on Peeta's upper arm, the other began moving down, barely touching the skin, from Peeta's chest down to his abs. His hand began to rotate then he smashed his lips into Peeta's who responded, placing one hand on Finnick's chest, which tensed and bounced as his arm moved further down. His hand lowered and he cupped Peeta's cock through his boxers. He moaned into the kiss which encouraged Finnick to begin palming at his growing bulge. Peeta's hands moved over Finnick's body, feeling his abs, pecs, strong shoulders. His head was spinning in ecstasy. They moaned into each other's mouths, blood pulsing in their ears. Peeta's erection had grown completely and Finnick was grabbing it, stroking it through the thin, elasticised fabric of his boxers. Peeta was thrusting into Finnick's hand, their mouths still connected, their tongues violently fighting one another. Peeta had undone Finnick's jeans and pulled them down below his boxers that now, like Peeta framed Finnick's hard cock. He grabbed Peeta's hands and pulled the up to his shoulders. Peeta began shoving his hand into Finnicks hair, playing with the bronze locks at the back, Finnick's one hand pressed against the locker for support, the other cupping Peeta's ass. Finnick was just beginning to pull Peeta's boxers down -

"OH MY GOD!" They shot apart in surprise at the voice, their heads violently turning around to stare at the boy who interrupted. Cato stood there, his mouth open, not sure how to react. Peeta's hands fell to cover his hard manhood, visible through his underwear but Cato's eyes we're already focused on that exact area. "FUCK! I am s- shit, sorry" He said turning and jogging away from
the locker block they were in. Peeta slid down the locker, a mortified look on his face.

"Guess we weren't the only late ones" Finnick said. His face was red like Peeta's but he continued to smile at the situation.

"Oh my god" was all Peeta could manage to say.

"We should, uh, probably get ready," Finnick said, taking his jeans off completely, his hand in his boxers, re-arranging his shrinking erection. Despite being caught he felt great. He just eliminated the competition. Peeta intrigued him, captivated him, he couldn't let Cato have him. Although he knows himself that this won't be enough. This is a situation he has found himself in before, not with Cato, but he has been here before and he managed to get what he wanted. If Cato is anything like him then he won't give up and will find away to involve himself in Peeta's life.

He put on his sports kit, a pair of black shorts and a sleeveless top. Peeta got changed, wearing the same things as Finnick. They walked into the sports hall together.

"You're late!" Coach Boggs shouted, everyone was gathered in a similar way to before. If Cato hadn't walked in just behind them then they could have received a detention, but coach wasn't going to punish his favourite pupil and so he couldn't do the same to Finnick and Peeta.

"I have a lot to do and you're all big boys now so I trust you can look after yourselves?" He asked the class. 'yes sir' the class responded. "Hawthorne, Odair. You're Captains. Basketball as usual" and he left the room.

"Right then" Finnick said, walking to the front, smiling and rubbing his hands together. Gale followed and stood next to him. They tossed a coin to decide who picked first. Heads, it was Gale.

"Peeta" he called. Finnick dropped his mouth and smirked at Gale, shaking his head slightly. He gave him a look as to say 'son of a bitch.' As Peeta stood next to Gale, Finnick gave him a wink. 'What's he up to?' Peeta thought. Their eyes locked onto one another.

"Cato" Finnick called out, his eyes still not leaving Peeta's, who's face dropped.

'What?' Peeta mouthed as Cato made his way forward. He looked and felt awkward, uncomfortable with the situation. He knew what Finnick was doing, it was his way of rubbing his claim over Peeta in Cato's face. They picked the rest of their teams. Each set of boys arranged themselves on the court. The skinny boy ginger boy walked to the centre, he would referee the game. He raised the silver whistle to his lips and blew, the high pitch sound vibrating through the room. The game started.

As usual Gale, Finnick and Cato prevailed, Gloss and the black haired boy also showing their skills. Finnick took every opportunity he could get touch Peeta, trying to block his shots, moving towards with the ball. He teased and taunted him, all a way to show off in front of Cato. It was working. Jealousy was coursing through his veins, he wished he had acted sooner. Seeing them together, their hands moving over every inch, moaning as they kissed, it annoyed him. He couldn't get the image out of his head the whole game, and seeing them together, bodies pressed against each other. It filled him with rage. Cato couldn't understand what it was about Peeta, but from the moment he saw him he knew he was special. His short, blonde hair, stocky build, and the way he could make you smile. Cato found it all amazing. He wasn't going to let Finnick have him. Not once has another boy made him feel this way.

Yet again, Peeta's team won. Cato planned on talking to him, congratulating him as an excuse, but he couldn't do it here, with everyone else around. So he made other plans.
"To think, less than an hour ago we were going to have sex right here" Finnick whispered into Peeta's ear as they got changed.

"Hang on now" Peeta said, "who says we were going to have sex?"

"Huh?" was all Finnick managed to say.

"You are an eager slut now, aren't" Peeta mocked, putting his hoddie on.

"Well, what was happening?" Finnick asked, putting on a blue jumper.

"I don't know, but who said I was going to take it all the way. I mean, anyone could've walked in." Peeta laughed, pulling his jeans up. Finnick joined in. They left the department and began making their way to their next class. They were there for there for 15 minutes and there was no teacher.

"Fifteen minutes" One girl exclaimed, everyone grabbed their bags and rushed out of the room. Peeta was getting up to leave when Finnick pulled him back down.

"Just wanna chat a bit, alone" He said, and they waited for everyone to leave.

"Well?" Peeta asked.

"I wanna ask you some stuff?" Finnick said, he turned slightly to the left to face Peeta.

"Like what?" Peeta asked in reply.

"What am I allowed to?"

"anything you want" Peeta said.

"okay then" Finnick said. He sat for a moment, pondering his first question.

"Do your family know you're gay?"

"What!? I'm Gay?" Peeta shouted. Finnick slapped him which prompted a laugh from the blonde.

"C'mon, blondie. I'm trying to be serious here"

"ok ok ok" Peeta repeated. "I don't know. I haven't 'come out' so to speak. I think they can assume what they want. I hope they're cool with it though. What about you?"

"So, um, my parents work a lot, but one day they came home a little bit early and I was" He paused for a moment, a smile crepted onto his face, "Fucking, this guy on the sofa"

"And they walked in!"Peeta shouted, laughing. Finnick nodded. "What did you say?"

"Well, they rushed out the room before I could say anything so I grabbed a pillow covered my dick and walked out to the kitchen and just said. 'I think I should let you know that I'm im bi' and then they told me to get changed and stuff. He just left after that, although we finished off on a later date."

"Who was it?" Peeta asked.

"Oh, don't worry about that. You'll find out eventually."

"How many have you been with" Peeta asked, intrigues by the other's sex life.
"Hey, I'm asking the questions here." Finnick answered with. Peeta apologised and gestured for him to continue. "but this is a good question so, what's your number?"

"My number?" Peeta questioned

"Yeah, how many you been with?" Finnick asked.

"I-uh. I'm a virgin actually." Finnick's eyes widened.

"A virgin! so, I can use you as a sacrifice?" Peeta laughed.

"I guess you can. You're not bothered?"

"Oh, blondie. Why would I be bothered?"

"I don't-I don't know. Maybe I'm not experienced enough for you."

"Peeta, sex isn't a competition."

"I know but-"

"But nothing, and I've taken two people's virginities and they were some of the best I've had. Smile ok" Peeta obliged. Finnick leaned in and pressed his lips against Peeta's. He felt Peeta's lips begin to curve in the kiss, a smile on his face.

"Anything else you wanna know?"

"That pretty much covers it, for now" They left the classroom together and spent their time outside, sat on the grass talking. Gale joined them a few minutes before lunch. The three boys remained there through the hour two, Johanna and Katniss joining later on.

"Where's Rae?" Gale asked as they appeared.

"She got detention." Katniss answered.

"No way, what she do?" Gale pushed himself off the ground into a push-up position, then brought his legs forward and sat down with them stretched, laying back, resting on his arms. His triceps tensed in this position, the contours catching Finnick's eye.

"She was daydreaming, as she does. Teacher made some comment about her which wasn't the kindest of things so she called him a twat" Johanna responded to Gale's question.

"that's bad ass" Finnick added.

"Yes she is" said Gale.

"Awh, has Gale got a little crush on little Rae" Finnick mocked.

"awh, got a little fuck buddy there have you" Gale responded, nodding his head towards Peeta.

"Don't be jealous, Gale. Just because you can't pull a hot piece of ass like this" Peeta said, Finnick rubbing his hand over Peeta's body. They laughed together, talking for the remainder of lunch before dispersing for the lessons.

The end of the day came, they all parted their ways. Peeta was just walking out of the school when a black sports car pulled up next to him. The window came down to reveal Cato sitting
"Can I give you a lift?" He asked.

"Nah, don't worry about" Peeta said and carried on walking. Cato followed him slowly, the two moving along together.

"Please?" He insisted. "I wanna talk." Peeta stopped for a moment, and gave in to the brute, opening the door and stepping into the car, his backpack in between his legs.

"Listen, about earlier. I'm really so -"

"Don't worry about it" Peeta interrupted. "I should be apologising. It was bad, in school and everything." A brief silence fell.

"You wanna, maybe, hang out sometime" Cato asked, his one hand on the steering wheel, the other on the gear shift.

"Sure, sometime" Peeta said. Cato glanced over at Peeta, who did the same. Their eyes caught and they smiled at one another.

"So you and Finnick, if you don't mind me asking" Cato started.

"no, continue" Peeta said.

"Are you, like, an official item or something" He asked, frowning, swallowing in anticipation of Peeta's answer.

"I- uh. I don't know" Peeta said, playing with his hands.

"So, no then."

"I don't know, I mean, I've never been with anyone before. What you saw as the furthest anything went with us. The other day he said we were just friends, but if something happened then we would let it unfold. The he kissed me" Cato began to feel uncomfortable at this point, he couldn't bear to hear what he was saying. Peeta continued. "I haven't known him that long though. I just. Does that sound like it's something, official?"

"I don't know, Peeta. To me, I think you're two friends who just started fooling around. But, I don't exactly know how Finnick feels." They pulled up outside the bakery.

"Thanks, Cato, I guess" Peeta said stepping out of the car. He lent in to the window.

"No problem, see you around" He said and drove away, the car racing into the distance, becoming smaller and smaller until it vanished out of sight. Peeta stumbled in through the bakery door. He made his way up the stairs and burst into his room, sitting on the bed. He kicked his legs up and leant back against the headboard. He picked a book up and began reading. Twenty minutes in his phone vibrated in his jeans pocket. He pulled it out to see a text from Finnick.

"Hey blonide" It said. "Tomorrow is Saturday and my parents are out so i'm gonna have a mini party, you in?"

"A mini party?" Peeta sent.

"Yes, just a handful of people. Not exactly the whole school"

"Sure, I'm in"
"Great, come by whenever you like. I've told everyone else 8-ish xx" Peeta put the phone down and continued reading. Time flew by. The room became dark and Peeta grew tired, removing his clothes and jumped into bed only to be reminded of the earlier events. Just like now, he wore nothing but his boxers. Finnick's hands roamed his body, stroking his ass, palming his growing bulge, exploring his torso. Soon he found himself growing, his hand gently moving to rub his body, the other falling to his now fully grown erection. He removed his boxers and threw them to the floor, his hand wrapped around his cock. Slowly, he began pumping it, Finnick on his mind. The way he captured him in heated kisses. The way his experienced hands worked at him. Peeta thought of how Finnick felt in Peeta's hand. His own throbbing member, pulsing against the touch through the fabric. His mind wandered to further thoughts, this time, in Peeta's thoughts, Finnick has succeeded in removing his underwear. He stood before him naked, his manhood in the hand of another. Slowly his kisses moved from his mouth to his jaw, then to his neck. He placed kisses down Peeta's torso, taking time to taste each, rigid nipple until he was on his knees and Peeta was in his mouth. At this moment Peeta let out a moan, spilling his seed over himself. His hand was coated in his own cum, it had spurted up in multiple, thick streams onto his abs and chest, partially on the sheets. With each heavy breath Peeta began to shrink in his own hand. He wiped himself in the duvet but felt drained, so he fell asleep within minutes, naked and relieved.
The next morning, Peeta woke up. He felt comfortable in the retreat of his room, his naked body laying on the bed. He had shifted in his sleep. The duvet was now off him, a folded strip of it stretched across his knees. He laid in bed, still tired. No school meant he could relax in the comfort of his home. He closed his eyes, throwing his arm up to cover them to block out the intruding light. He was completely unaware of the time and just laid there. 10 minutes past, 20 minutes. He hadn't moved. His peaceful rest was soon interrupted.

"Yo Peeta! Can I borrow so-" Lloyd barged into the room just wearing a pair of jeans. Peeta removed his arm from his face to stare at the boy.

"What?" Peeta said, and Lloyd began laughing. Peeta suddenly became aware of his naked state. He jumped up from the bed and started pushing Lloyd out of the room, who simply held his stomach, laughing. "Fucking hell, get out you prick" He shouted as younger boy resisted. He managed to force him out, but Lloyd persisted in his laughter. "It's not like you've never seen a dick before, you do have one you know." Peeta shouted through the door, banging it with his fist.

"Sorry, it's just, something funny about seeing you naked. You know, apart from when we were kids."

"Whatever, Pratt." Peeta walked away from the door. He swung open the wardrobe door. He knew tonight would be special. He wanted to go further with Finnick, even if that meant using alcohol as an excuse to.

The bathroom filled with steam. The emanating vapour filled the room, the mirror coated, the windows smothered, everything was fogged up. The steam was coming from the hot water that was pouring over Finnick's skin. He was leaning against the shower wall, the water rushing in streams down his body, in between his abs, falling over his pecs. His hair was slapped to his head, water gushing over his nose, his lips pursed out, a moan escaping them every now and then. His hand was wrapped around his cock, violently pumping it as he thought of Peeta. The young blonde was on his hands and knees, on his bed. Finnick laid on his back, hands behind his own head. Peeta's mouth was engulfing him, moving up and down, alternating with the movement of his hand that covered the part of his throat could not take in. He called his name out, groaning as he switched hands, the shower masking his lust-filled sounds. His breathing got heavier, his moans became more frequent and higher in pitch until he finally let out one long groan as he released the cum that was building up. It spurted out, one stream after the other, falling to the floor and onto the glass shower guard. His pants slowed and he slid down in the shower to a crouching position. Lifting his arm up he ran a hand through his hair, the white substance tangling itself in the locks from his hand. He smiled and laughed. Tonight he was going to take things further with Peeta, he knew it would be a special night.

Hours later and the part was drawing nearer. The doorbell and Finnick ran to the door, swinging it open, revealing Gale with a box stacked with cans.

"A few extra supplies" He said. He was wearing a pair of skinny fit blue/black jeans and a long-sleeved shirt with a grey and pale blue lines patterned across it that aided in framing his body, his large, powerfult chest being put on display by the slim fit. A few buttons were placed at the top that created a slight v shape, the indent from where his two powerful pecs met being teased slightly.

"In the kitchen" Finnick said as he walked away into the living room. Gale walked into the kitchen and found the table lined with different forms of alcohol.
"Where the fuck did you get all this from?" Gale asked, taking a seat next to Finnick on the sofa as he walked into the room.

"The girl who works at the gas station."

"What, no ID or anything?" Gale questioned. He took a swig from a bottle, his eyes scrunching as the liquor burnt his throat.

"She got a thing for me" Finnick smiled, snatching the bottle out of Gale's hand to drink himself.

"Oh, no you fucking didn't" Gale said, shaking his head disapprovingly.

"Relax, I didn't sleep with her" Gale let out a sigh of relief. "Well I did, but before Peeta came along" Finnick continued.

"and you just, convinced her, right?" Gale asked, raising his eyebrows.

"I just got a way with words." Finnick shrugged, handing the bottle over to the other boy.

"Damn right you have, Odair." Gale laughed, consuming more of the intoxicating beverage.

Soon enough the party came and Peeta was outside Finnick's door with Rae. They turned up slightly later than the time Finnick had mentioned. The faint pound of music could be heard from the door.

"Do we knock?" Peeta asked. Rae had already pushed the door open and walked into the home, Peeta following suit wearing a pair of black jeans and tartan long-sleeved shirt. Peeta was immediately greeted with a mass of people, gathered in small social groups. They walked through the hallway, pushing their way past the people that crowded it. In the kitchen they found Katniss and Gale. Rae's eyes caught sight of the alcohol that was placed on the table. She ran over and grabbed a bottle of vodka.

"Uh-uh-uh" Gale shook his head, removing the bottle from her hands.

"What the fuck?" She shouted. He handed the bottle he held over to her.

"Drink from the one we already opened" He said. "Peeta! Heads up!" and he threw him a can of lager. Peeta caught it and opened it, and it exploded, spraying out over Peeta's hand and onto the floor.

"Nice one, dipshit" Rae commented, tipping her head back, scrunching in pain at the burning.

"What? No mixers?" Peeta said, drinking from the can.

"What's the point in mixing? I wanna get fucking pissed!" She shouted, pouring the liquid into her mouth. She then leant back and held it up to Gale's mouth and poured it in, partially missing, spilling the liquid on the floor. Gale jumped back out of the way to avoid it getting on his shirt.

"little bitch" he said, she just laughed. The four became six as Johanna and Madge joined them. They had moved rooms and we're now gathered on and around the sofa. Gale, Peeta and Katniss sat on it, Rae on Gale's lap, her legs spread over onto Peeta, and Johanna and Madge sat on the floor. People stood in front of them, all around the room. The other couch was taken up by a boy and a girl who made out, the girl climbing onto him, their hands moving up each other's shirts.

"Shit, guys, look!" Gale shouted and pointed to them. The girl was Clove and the boy was the black haired jock from gym class.
"Finally, some shit worth spreading" Johanna exclaimed.

"I'm feeling a little cramped here guys" Peeta said, pushing Rae's legs off him who took his place as he stood up. He began walking to the kitchen. "More alcoholes" He said, the drinks taking their toll on him as he shuffled across to the kitchen, leaning to the left slightly, his steps uncoordinated.

"You need any help there?" came a voice referring to Peeta's failed in his attempt to remove the cap from the vodka bottle. He turned his head to see a boy he'd never seen before. He wore a pair of black skinny jeans that were ripped slightly at the one knee, black vans and a black t-shirt with a picture of a wolf's jaws printed on the front. On top of that he wore a blue, denim jacket with the sleeve's folded back, revealing a few tattoos on his for arm. He had messy, medium length hair that swished around his head, and the most striking features. His eyes were a vibrant blue, skin clear and smooth, his cheekbones high placed and jaw line chiselled and set far back, it made his face angular and his cheek stand out. He looked like someone from a magazine, so perfectly proportioned it was impossible not be dazzled by it.

"Oh wow, you're hot!" Peeta said out loud. The boy just smiled and laughed in response, slipping his hands into his jean pockets, his head facing the floor. "Sorry, I didn't- I mean you attractive, I just- I was, you are kinda sorta hot"

"Don't worry about it." His deep voice echoed as he stared into Peeta's eyes.

"I'm Mellark" Peeta said.

"Nice to meet you, Mellark -" He was cut off.

"Who's Mellark?" Peeta asked, squinting his eyes in his drunken state.

"You just said-"

"No, I'm Peeta. Peeta Mellark."

"Well, Peeta, Peeta Mellark. I think you're kinda, sorta hot too." He smiled

"and who are you exactly?" Peeta asked.

"I'm Austin, Austin Coleman." He said, shaking Peeta's hand as the drunken lad extended it to him. "Austin Coleman, you're a good guy. Thank you" Peeta said, tapping him on the shoulder.

"I haven't done anything."

"Oh, can you do something, for me?"

"Like what?"

"Open this stupid, fucking bottle. I don't think it likes me." Peeta pushed the vodka into his chest, leaving his hand there once the bottle was taken from his hand, his palms moving slowly across Austin's pecs. He quickly snapped his hand back once he realised what he was doing.

"Don't you think you've had enough?"

"Excuse me, I think you've had enough" Peeta murmered.

"I'm not drunk though"

"But you're holding vodka."
"It's yours, I was, uh, opening it for you, remember?" Austin as he spoke. He found Peeta immensely cute, despite his drunken state.

"Of course I remember, awh, you're so sweet." He just laughed and opened the bottle, subsequently pouring some into two cups, one for himself and one for Peeta."Cheers" He said and tapped their cups together.

"CHEERS" Peeta shouted and downed the drink. "GOD, that burns." Austin put his one hand in his pocket and held his drink in the other.

"You enjoy that?" He asked.

"hell yeah I did" Peeta exclaimed. He then eyed Austin up and down and spoke: "So, this whole helping me thing. It's just a way to get into my pants isn't it."

"Argh, you got me." Austin joked.

"Yeah, you can't pretend around me. I see straight through your lies, Coleman." Peeta said, shifting his weight from foot to foot. He laughed with the other boy but lost his balance and fell into him.

"You alright?" He asked.

"Oh my god, I'm fine. What about you?" Peeta asked, still leaning into Austin who held him up, his hands wrapped around Peeta's biceps.

"I'm fine, Peeta."

"Yes, pretty damn fine" Peeta said and winked at him. He helped him regain his balance and then he heard Finnick shouting for him.

"Yo, blondie!" He shouted as he walked into the kitchen.

"Oh, blondie, thats me" Peeta said to Austin.

"He's over here" He shouted, waving towards Finnick who saw him and walked over to Peeta.

"Finnick!" Peeta shouted. "Have you seen Austin!"

"Who?"

"Austin"

"That would be me" He said, tilting his cup towards Finnick as a greeting.

"Isn't he fucking hot or what" Peeta said, swinging his arms about, hitting Finnick as he did.

"Yeah, I guess he is." Finnick said. He grabbed Peeta's arm and began pulling him away.

"C'mon, I got something for you."

"Oh, yay!" Exclaimed Peeta. "Bye Austin Coleman" he said before disappearing into the hall way. Finnick dragged him up the stairs, pushing past the people who stood in their groups blocking their way.

"Where we going, Finnick Odair?" Peeta whined.
"To my room." He answered.

"oh, are things gonna get sexy?" He asked, again.

"They may do." Finnick chuckled. They walked into the room and immediately began to kiss one another, tangled in each other's arms. They stumbled backwards in the dark room, not able to see where they were going. Finnick hit the bed and fell onto it, only to be met with the feel of cold skin.

"What the Fuck?" A female voice shouted. Finnick jumped up to turn the light on. Gale and Rae were on the bed, both their shirt's removed.

"Oh my god, sorry guys!" Finnick shouted. "C'mon, Peeta. Leave the love birds to fuck."

"But Gale's got a really hot body" He said and lifted his hand up and began to gently trace his fingers along Gale's arms and shoulders.

"For God's sake, Peeta" Finnick said and grabbed his arm and pulled him out of the room.

"Gale has got a hot body" Rae mimicked to mock him.

"hey, The boy got taste" Gale said and crashed their lips together, their bodies curving into the other as they let the tongues plunge into each other's mouths. Their hands roamed one another as they kissed, Rae's stroking Gale's muscular body. His hands made their way up and he squeezed her breasts, earning a moan from the girl. He separated their mouths and got up on his knees, pulling her with him. He turned them around so that he sat with his legs sprawled out, Rae sitting on his lap. His large hand climbed up her back and undone her bra strap. She took it off and Gale stared at her breasts, cupping them in his hands as she breathed heavily, rolling her hips on his now hard erection that snaked down the leg of his jeans. He kissed her neck, nipping at the sensitive skin, working at that area before moving down to her collar bones until he eventually took a breast in his mouth, licking at the ripe cherry that was her nipple. She moaned and rotated her head, pushing her hands through his hair as his swirled his tongue around it, ever so slightly sucking at the sensitive spot.

"Uh, Gale!" She yelled, putting a hand on the top of his head, pushing it down from her breast. She leant back and pushed his head down until it was at her crotch, clothed in a black thong, leaving very little hidden. She shuffled back on the double bed and he moved so that he was laying on his stomach, first removing his jeans so that he was just in his boxer shorts that clung to his erection that was pushed to the side, extending to the edge of his thigh. With his one hand he began to massage the area around her vagina through the thin strip of fabric that covered the smallest of areas. He couldn't wait longer and so he removed them and slowly began massaging the skin, his hand gently brushing over the folds of sensitive skin.

"Please, Gale" she cried. He moved his head forward and slowly began to run his tongue over her. He licked at the clitoris and she moaned, placing her hand on the back of his head as he flicked his tongue, working at to prepare her, the only sounds in the room being the swishing of his tongue and her heavy breaths that started climaxing. His fingers began to join in, moving with his tongue. He pushed one, then two fingers inside of her to stretch her out. Slowly he worked just inside her, his tongue still pushed against her clitoris. He pushed and pulled his fingers, curling them up, moving in new directions before adding a third finger that provoked a cascade of her natural lubricant begin to wet her vagina.

"FUCK!" She shouted. She pushed his head away and got on her knees. Forcing him onto his back, she removed his underwear, his well endowed member springing to life, falling back onto his abs, extending up his stomach. "Wow" she cried as she took of its size. Rae took it in her
hand, slowly pulling back at the skin to reveal the pink head that craved attention, the slight glisten of precum leaking from the tip. Slowly she edged forwards, stroking his long cock. She licked a long line up from the base to the tip and then wrapped her lips around the sensitive head and began taking the cock down her throat. She only succeeded in taking half, it was too large for her to handle so she wrapped a hand around the remainder. Gale pressed a hand on the back of her head, aiding in her movement as she bobbed up to down. He moaned as she hollowed her cheeks, sucking at it. His hips began to jerk slightly, forcing into her, earning a tiny gag.

"Shit, this is so fucking good" He said when she began to cup and play with his balls with the other hand. His hips were rolling, breaths quickening. She removed his endowment from her mouth with a pop, violently jerking at it to spread the saliva and precum as he reached into Finnick's bedside cabinet, pulling out a condom.

"Is it even going to fit" she asked as Gale ripped the packet open.

"It'll have to do." he said, putting the condom on. Like Rae had thought it didn't fit, but it would do its job as she stared at it, knowing she could never take the entire thing anyway.

"oh god" she said in anxiety as she climbed onto his lap. He sat up, leaning back on his hands. She reached down and grabbed his dick and began to lower herself onto it. As it began to enter she grabbed onto Gale's shoulder with one hand, her eyes scrunching as they large member made its way inside of her. It took some time for her to adapt to the size but soon enough she was going in a steady rhythm, moving up and down. She squeezed his shoulders and biceps, leaving red marks that he knew would bruise. The speed picked up and she was able to take more in, rolling her hips every now and then causing Gale to groan in ecstasy. They made out as they fucked, tongues thrashing against one another amongst heavy breaths and loud moans. Their hands wandered, moving through hair, onto torso's and breasts and wrapped around necks. Still inside of her, Gale places his hands underneath her and lifted her up, his cock falling out as he laid her on her back. He placed his one hand next to her head to put his weight on, the other wrapped around his own cock as her lowered his waist and inserted himself into her. She yelled in pleasure as he thrust with great force into her. He laid with forearm either side of her to support him up, his hips thrusting with speed. He kissed her neck, moaning every now then and she tensed, clenching around his deck earning equal pleasure for herself. His thrust became a circular motion soon and then neither could keep quiet. She was clawing at his back, peeling at the skin, calling his name out as his pace picked up, moving in ways she hadn't experienced before. Time passed by, different positions explored until they ended up back with Rae laying down, Gale above her.

"Fuck! Gale, I'm gonna cum" She shouted as she released her building orgasm, the stimulation from Gale providing too much for her to handle. She threw her head back and thrus into Gale's hips, his cock plunging further into her than it ever had. The room span as she came, the sounds from Gale becoming quiet and murmured.

"Oh shit" Gale said as he pulled out, pulling the condom off from around his cock. He jerked at it until his eyes scrunched together. Short cries of pleasure escaped his mouth as he came onto her stomach and breasts, her body being painted with thick streams of white paint. He continued wanking his dick, multiple oh's was all that came from his mouth. His erection began to shrink and he let go of his cock, smothering cum that fell on his hand onto his chest.

"Oh God, we have to do that again" Rae said as he fell to her side on the bed, staring at eachother.

"right now?" He said, panting, beads of sweat running down his face and torso.

"Not no, I don't think I can leave this bed" She said and scooped some of the cum from his large pecs and put her fingers in her mouth. "God, even your cum tastes nice" She said and laughed, Gale joining with her. They laid there together, breathing heavily, lost of all energy, just staring at
one another, caught in a moment.
Peeta was dragged out of the room by Finnick, laughing. Finnick was holding Peeta up, his hands wrapped around his arms for support.

"For God's sake, Peeta" Finnick said, holding back a laugh.

"They're gonna have sex" Peeta spurted, laughing at the same time. "Can't believe they took the room."

"We'll compromise" Finnick said. They walked into the spare room. It was small with just a single bed and wardrobe in it. "We use this for visitors." He stated. Finnick pulled Peeta back and they sat on the bed together.

"This is nice" Peeta stated, taking in his surroundings. His mouth open slightly as his eyes scanned the room. "Gale is getting some" He continued, his lips curving up into a small smirk.

"Yeah, lucky him" Finnick smiled. "Lucky her aswell"

"What you mean?" Peeta asked, squinting at Finnick.

"Gale is - has a gift" Finnick tried to be subtle.

"Awh, I love presents" Peeta clasped his hands together and smiled.

"Nah, not a present. He is gifted, you know, in his department." He gestured to his own crotch.

"You mean he got a big cock?" Peeta put it bluntly.

"Yeah" Finnick laughed at the blonde.

"So what's gonna happen here?" Peeta asked, gesturing to the room.

"What do you want to happen?" FInnick questioned.

"We could play Jenga!" He answered earning a small chuckle from Finnick.

"I think I have a better idea" He said and gently pressed his lips against the smaller boy's who responded eagerly, shifting his body around and placing a hand onto Finnick's chest.

"I like you're idea better" Peeta murmured between each kiss. Peeta kneeled on the bed and pushed himself into Finnick. Their bodies swayed with each other as their tongues began to fight. Finnick pulled Peeta back so that he was on top of him. His hands began to crawl up his back underneath the shirt, Peeta's hands playing with the hem of Finnick's shirt who then sat to remove it, discarding it onto the floor.

"damn, you're hot" Peeta said as he watched the sculpted body being revealed and then continued with the kiss, the palms of his hands stroking at Finnick's chest and shoulders. Finnick started to unbutton Peeta's shirt, taking each one slowly until his torso was slightly revealed when the two sides came apart. He took the rest of it off and Finnick sat up again to switch their positions so that he was on top of Peeta. He slowly began to kiss at the blonde's neck, sucking and nipping at the sensitive skin that would leave purple marks. Peeta moaned as he fell down to his chest, sucking at his nipples. He traced his tongue around each one and then preceded to move down his body, leaving small kisses on his abdomen.
"Oh god, Finnick" Peeta moaned as Finnick began to undo his belt with the kisses he placed on his tight stomach. He undone his trouser buttons and pulled the zipper down. He crawled back and put his hands on the waist of the trousers and pulled them down. Peeta aided him in taking them off around his feet, removing his shoes and socks with them. Finnick then placed small kisses on the throbbing member through the thin elastic of his boxer briefs. "Just fucking take them off" Peeta said and Finnick laughed. In the same way he did with the trouser, he took Peeta's boxers off and his cock sprung to life, flicking up and laying against his stomach. Finnick took it in his hand and began to jack at it. He licked his thumb and ran over across the sensitive head of Peeta's erection, earning a moan in return. He made his way closer to the cock as he jacked at it with his hand. He placed his tongue on the tip a gave small licks at the slit on top. Peeta's hand was moving down his own body until it reached his cock and he wrapped it around the base, replacing Finnick's own hand. He placed his other hand on the back of Finnick's head and gently pushed him towards his cock. Finnick pushed both of Peeta's hands away, returned his hands to the pulsing member and took it in his mouth. His head bobbed up and down and worked it with his hand that twisted around the cock. Peeta groaned. He called out Finnick's name, his hips twitching every now and then, thrusting into the mouth of the other. Finnick kept his eyes closed, using his tongue every time he reached the tip. Every now and then he took his mouth off and licked a long line up the member. He sucked at the head before lightly moving his lips and tongue down the side, a 'fuck' escaped Peeta's mouth. He had undone his own trousers during this, and pushed them down slightly, freeing his cock from its restrictions. As one hand worked with his mouth, the other worked at himself, slowly stroking, peeling back at the layer of skin and rubbing over the pink head. Peeta's moans and breaths increased. His chest was rising, his thrusts into Finnick becoming more frequent until he could take any more.

"FUCK! I'm gonna cum!" He exclaimed. Finnick took him out of his mouth and pulled the cock down a bit and jerked at it until Peeta yelled, exerting his seed onto Finnick's face. Each stream clung onto the skin. It landed in his hair and his face was covered with various lines and spots of cum. When he thought Peeta would finish, another stream came. He eventually opened his mouth, the final ejaculations landing on his chin and his tongue. Peeta's chest rose and fell with heated moans and breaths.

"Oh God!" He said as he looked at the bronze haired boy. His own cum coated his face, and was tangled in his hair. "You got some - uh" Peeta said pointing to his own face in example; Finnick laughed. He swallowed what was in his mouth before taking his fingers and scooping up some of it and licking it off, moaning as he tasted it. "Shit that's hot" Peeta exclaimed as his cock shrunk. He sat up and kissed the other lad, a small amount of his own cum transferring to his own face.

"Was that your first blowjob?" Peeta nodded in response. "Was it good?"

"what do you think?" They laughed together.

"I guess I should wash this off?" Finnick asked, getting off the bed and walking towards his shirt.

"Not yet" Peeta said and pushed Finnick against the wall. In one, swift movement he pulled his trousers and boxers down, Finnick pulling his feet out of them so that he stood, completely exposed. Peeta fell to his knees and wrapped a hand around the cock, wasting no time in taking it in his mouth. Finnick guided Peeta's head as it moved up and down. He was vigorous, his hand moved fast as so did his head. Finnick gasped as he felt his entire cock go into Peeta's throat. It felt amazing having his dick so far inside a person. Peeta's lips remained pressed against the base Finnick's cock until he quickly removed his mouth from it, streams of saliva clinging like spider webs between his lips and the cock.

"Fuck, Peeta!" Finnick yelled. He put both hands other side of Peeta's head to hold it in place and pushed his cock into Peeta's mouth and began thrusting. His moans were loud as he face fucked
the other boy. He could hear Gale's own moans the wall. Both boy's heads were spinning. They're eyes rolling back in ecstasy.

He continued to force his member into Peeta who kneeled and hollowed his cheeks. Peeta moaned sending vibrations down Finnick's cock which sent him over the edge. He spilled his cum into his mouth, barking with each stream that shot down his throat. His bare torso rose and fell with each shot, his hands roaming his own body, unable to keep them still. When he finished Peeta swallowed. His cock deflated though still in Peeta's mouth who continued to suck and lick at the tip. Finnick slid down the wall until he sat with his legs sprawled out, Peeta in-between them.

"Was it good?" Peeta asked.

"Fuck yeah" He said and placed his hand on the other boy's cheek and kissed him, his face still coated in cum.

"I'm exhausted" He said.

"Me too." Both boys were drained of all their energy. "You wanna just, stay here?" he asked. Peeta nodded. They stood up and made their way to the bed. They laid there on their sides, naked. Finnick's arms were wrapped around Peeta's waist. Pulling him into himself. Finnick's cock grew slightly into a half erection as Peeta's ass was pressed against his crotch. Curved around one another under the sheets, they fell asleep.

The sunlight invaded the room. Peeta stirred and woke up. His head was pounding. He turned to find himself alone in the bed. He sat up, leaning back on his hands for support. He was confused, an effect of the hangover. At the moment the door to the room opened and Finnick emerged, still naked. He had a glass of water in one hand and some tablets in the other. Peeta immediately diverted his eyes.

"Peeta, you can look. You've seen it all. Tasted it all" Finnick teased. Peeta turned his head and faced him, laughing.

"What are those?" he asked.

"Tablets, for the hangover" Finnick replied. Peeta put one in his mouth and took a gulp of the water. "keep drinking, gotta hydrate you" He said.

"I'm assuming everyone's gone" Peeta said, nodding to Finnick's naked body.

"Gale's still here" Finnick said, sitting next to Peeta on the bed.

"Oh, okay" was all he managed to say.

"What is it?" Finnick asked.

"naked" Peeta laughed.

"Didn't have a problem with that last night" Finnick repeated.

"Yeah, but"

"relax, Peeta. We're all guys. We all have the same shit down there. We've got nothing to hide."

"So? Gale?"

"He went to sleep just like you and woke up with Rae gone."

"and he just stayed naked?" Peeta queried.

"I walked in on him so"

"So, you've seen it all" Finnick laughed.

"yeah, well, it's not the first time."

"want breakfast?"

"What you making?"

"I've already had cereal, Gale's having a full on breakfast. Like, sausage, egg and everything. You want that or something else."

"Hmmm" Peeta thought. "I'll have what Gale's having."

"I'll tell him" Finnick stood up. "You want us to put underwear on or something?"

"Please? Don't fancy - uh - springing one" Peeta blushed, Finnick just laughed. He left and walked into his own room. It was extremely messy. The bed was unmade, Gale's clothes were flung onto the floor at various places, one shoe even landing on the window ledge. A few empty bottles were on the floor as well as a used condom. Finnick couldn't help laughing at its state, clearly the results of a good night. He reached into a set of drawers and pulled out a pair of boxers and put them on, arranging himself with his hand. He searched the room for Gale's underwear. Peeling through the duvet he found a small dry, white mark from where Gale had spilled, next to it was his underwear. He walked down stairs with them in his hands and threw them at Gale when he walked into the kitchen.

"Peeta wants us to wear underwear" Finnick said, standing next to the naked man who was collecting ingredients. "And he wants you to cook for him"

"Demanding bitch" Gale joked. Finnick walked away and took a seat in the living room and put the TV on. The room had wet patches on the carpet from where alcohol had been spilled. Empty cans and bottles were scattered along with empty pizza boxes that seemed to be in almost every room of the house. He went through Sky Planner, seeing what he had recorded. Friends, Arrow, American Horror Story, How I met your mother. He settled on an episode of Teen Wolf. The show was his guilty pleasure, and to be honest, he had a thing for Tyler Posey. His sexy, werewolf body turned him on. Peeta walked in to the room wearing his boxer briefs.

"Teen Wolf?" Peeta asked.

"Mhmm" Finnick nodded, focused on the TV, not diverting his eyes.

"I would do anything to fuck Tyler Hoechlin" He said. This caught Finnick's attention.

"Sure, he's hot. But he's no Tyler Posey" He said.

"C'mon. He's so much hotter." Peeta insisted.

"No no no no" Finnick repeated, almost disgusted with Peeta who just laughed.

"Like you would turn him down." Peeta said.

"Of course I would, I got you." Finnick replied.
"It's shame I can't say the same." Peeta said and walked through the other door that led into the kitchen.

"Well fuck you too!" Finnick shouted as he left. Peeta walked into the kitchen and the smell of the cooked breakfast hit him. Walking around the set of units that came out to partition the kitchen and dining room, almost like an island, he looked at Gale who stood at the cooker, still naked.

"Gale!" Peeta shouted. He quickly turned around to face Peeta. His endowment swinging as he did so. Peeta's eyes immediately focused on it. Even flaccid it was huge. Gale then noticed Peeta's underwear and remembered.

"SHIT! Peeta, I forgot. Sorry." He apologised.

"Do-don't worry." Peeta replied as Gale put on the underwear that was on the floor.

"Sorry, Peeta' He said. "Can I ask, why are you bothered by um"

"I just, feel weird about it." He said, blushing.

"Yeah, but why?" Gale pursued.

"Because, I'm, you know, gay" Peeta continued. Gale just laughed.

"Look, I'll keep them on but you don't need to worry about that. I mean, so you like dick and I have a dick - "

"It's more than just that" Peeta interrupted, "I'm gay and you're ho-"

"Okay, so you find me attractive. I'm not bothered by it, it's flattering Peeta." Gale smiled at him. "I understand though, I mean I have got a hot body" He mocked.

"What?" Peeta asked, not understanding.

"Last night" Gale said, waiting for a response.

"Shit, what did I do?" Peeta panicked.

"Nothing bad, don't worry. You and Finnick just interrupted me and Rae and when Finnick asked you to leave you just said 'but Gale has a hot body' and began to -uh -stoke my arm" Peeta's face dropped.

"Fuck, I am so sorry" He apologised, his face was red.

"Don't worry about it, Blondie"

That's what Finnick calls me. Was he mocking their relationship? Peeta thought.

"Like I said, If anything it's a compliment." Gale continued.

"Still, I'm sorry" Peeta insisted. There was brief silence when Gale returned to his cooking. "So, what we having?" Peeta asked.

"Well, there's baked beans, bacon, eggs and hash browns." Gale said, flipping the bacon.

"What, no sausages?" Peeta asked.
"You that last night" Gale mocked, winking at him.

"Haha" Peeta said.

"AND IT WAS DELICIOUS" Finnick shouted from the other room. They all laughed together. Gale walked over to the door.

"Stop eavesdropping, Odair" He said and threw a tea towel at the other boy and then preceded to close the door. They carried on talking as he returned to cooking. "So, tell me. Serious now. How are you and Finnick?"

"We're good" Gale gestured for him to continue, wanting more information. "I like him, you know. Like, I think there are feeling, it's not just lust."

"That's good. I don't mean to intrude but, was last night your first time?" He asked.

"We - uh- actually didn't go all the way?"

"So what? was it just oral?" Peeta nodded. "It sure sounded a lot more" Gale laughed.

"But, it was my first time in that sense too."

"and you liked?"

"hell yeah" He laughed.

"So who did what?"

"We both took turns, so to speak" Gale reached out two plates and began plating up their breakfast.

"Do you want to go further with him" He said as they both began eating on either side of the counter that stuck out like an island.

"I guess so" Peeta answered.

"Guess so?"

"Yeah, well. I want to have sex with him, I really do. But, I just, don't think it's because it's Finnick."

"I'm not catching you?"

"I mean, it's more so that I want to have sex altogether, not just with Finnick. Like, I want to have sex with Finnick yes, but it's not because I like him. It's because I'm a virgin and he's hot, I guess."

Peeta explained.

"I understand now. You're just, sexually frustrated, so to speak."

"Yeah. And, please don't tell him this but, last night, there was this boy, Austin."

"Coleman?"

"Yeah, you know him?"

"Only slightly, he's from around the area."
"Well, I think he's really hot.

"Understandable"

"And, while he was there, flirting with me and stuff, all I could think about was ripping his clothes off"

"I get it. But I am right in saying nothing happened between you and Austin."

"No, no. I couldn't do that. We may not be official but I couldn't do that to Finnick." Gale nodded in acknowledgment.

"Were you going to go all the way and have sex last night, you and Finnick?"

"I think we were, but you know, being virgin me and all I uh - "

"Peeta, don't feel like you can't speak to me. I'm friends with Finnick, I've heard every detail of his sexual encounters. So spill"

"Well, I just - I came a bit too early for to it go further."

"Yeah, that's normal. Same thing happened to me first time. And then when the first time actually having sex, I only lasted a couple of minutes. But with time you just last longer, trust me."

"Yeah, well, not to sound like an eager slut or anything but I seriously need to fuck someone-Finnick, need to fuck Finnick soon." He corrected himself.

"You, an eager slut? You haven't had sex with him yet, it's only been a week and I've already fucked Rae" Gale laughed.

"Yeah, so how was that" Peeta asked.

"Shit, man, she was good. I mean, if not the best I've had."

"So, I guess it's gonna happen again?"

"If fucking hope so. Although, I don't think I have feelings for her like with you and Finick. Nor her I. You know, I think our relationship is pretty much just lust."

"and you're fine with that?"

"Yeah, I mean, I don't have time for a relationship right now so I think this is exactly what I need, and her." They finished their meal and began washing up, then Peeta asked Gale something that had been bothering for some time.

"Gale?"

"Yeah?"

"There's just one thing I wanna know."

"Ask away"

"it's about Finnick and the night his parents caught him with a guy."

"Damn, that was so fucking funny."
"Who was he with?"

"Umm" Gale hesitated to tell Peeta. "Okay, well, you have to act like you don't know though?" Peeta nodded to show her understood. "So bear in mind that things have changed, this was almost 2 years ago. Things went wrong between them."

"Just tell me" Peeta insisted.

"It was - He was having sex with Cato"
"CATO!" Peeta exclaimed, his jaw dropped in shock. Gale was just about to speak but he was stopped, mouth open, breath held in as Finnick walked into the room. Gale just raised a finger to his lips to issue a silence on the subject. Peeta's eyes were wide, taking in the information.

"What are you talking about?" Finnick said, grabbing his crotch, shifting the package that laid underneath the boxers. "Seriously, you've just gone silent." Finnick was reaching into a cupboard and brought out a glass and filled it with water from the tap. He turned around and leant back against the counter and took a sip. He raised his eyebrows as to further ask his question.

"Nothing" Gale spoke.

"Hardly nothing if you can't tell me." Finnick said. "C'mon, spill" He further pushed.

"We we're, uh, saying - "

Gale Cut Peeta off "Last night"

"Yeah, we were on about last night" Peeta confirmed.

"As in the party or . . . ?" Finnick continued to push at them for answers.

"As in Me and Rae" Gale answered. "And you two" Peeta just nodded.

"Was quite the night" Finnick smiled and winked at Peeta.

"Definitely was" Peeta said quietly. They stood for a moment in an awkward silence. All the boys looking at one another, not making a sound.

"Peeta, when do you need to be going?" Gale asked.

"I have work at 3 so, um, before long" He managed to say. That was a few hours way but they were just making small talk.

"I'll give you a lift back, if you like." Gale offered.

"Yeah, sounds great. Thanks" Peeta said. The next hour was spent in the lounge watching the TV. Peeta found himself squirming. He wasn't sure which sofa it was but it could be either, could be both. Finnick and Cato were having sex, right where he was. Cato. 'He's gay, or bi' was all Peeta thought about. His thoughts just wandered. He wanted to know so much. He couldn't help but imagine himself and Cato in that same position. His hormone fuelled thoughts started to make things awkward as blood began rushing to his crotch. In normal circumstances he could hide it, but there three boys on one couch together and he was just in a tight pair of boxer briefs. He started panicking, his face turned red. He didn't know what to do so he just stood up and left the room.

"Gotta piss" He shouted. By the time he reached the bathroom he was fully erect and his cock was poking out at the top of his underwear. He didn't know what to do. He couldn't just get rid of it so he resorted to taking them off his boxers and wanking it away. He put the lid of the toilet down and sat on it. He spread out, his legs stretching as far as they could. He wrapped a hand around his cock and began to pump it. He needed to get rid of it as soon as possible so he was moving at a fast pace. He switched hands occasionally, using both at some points. He licked the palm of his hand to use the saliva as a substitute for lube. He tried to think about Finnick but he couldn't, his
mind was already focused on Cato. He imagined kissing him. Their naked bodies colliding with one another. The kisses moved from his mouth to his neck. He imagined how Cato's body would taste. He craved him. Peeta released what was building up in him, spilling the white seed on his torso. In multiple streams coated his abdomen and chest. Using toilet paper her wiped himself clean, using a towel then to dry what was left.

"Yo, Peeta!" Gale called from downstairs. "You wanna go now?"

"Yeah sure, let me get dressed then." Peeta said. He couldn't stay here any longer. He left the house with a kiss from Finnick and got into the silver car and drove off. Gale remained shirtless, his top was still damp with alcohol that Rae had spilt it on him.

"Right. Tell me now." Peeta said, he wanted to know more about Cato and Finnick.

"Right so, basically. They were both in the showers at school one day, just them. They came from the gym together. And, this was a while ago now and Cato was a virgin. So, like you, he craved sex a lot. Finnick noticed that Cato was looking. Cato was always making what he thought was discrete glances as they showered. Finnick used the shower right next to him as well, as Finnick does. And, at the most unfortunate moment Cato got a boner. So at that moment Finnick decided to take actions and he kissed him, you know, full on kissed. They touched each other and stuff, you know, everywhere, until Cato stopped him because they were in school. So they made plans to take it further after school. So, they were on the couch, Finnick inside him and all and his parents walk in. You know that part. So they next day they went to Cato's house and finished what they started and - you alright, Peeta?" Gale glanced over, Peeta's expression seemed off, like he was uncomfortable.

"Sorry, it's just. This is really hot" Peeta blushed in embarrassment.

"Oh, umm. Should I continue?"

"Yeah, please. I want to know."

"Okay so, this went on for a while, few months in fact. They were practically in a relationship but never made it official. They used to bunk lessons to fuck, whether it was in the bathroom or back at Cato's house since it was closest. Until one day, well. There was a rumour that me and Finnick were fucking."

"A rumour though?" Peeta asked.

"Yeah, I mean. I - uh, there was one experimental moment but it was just a kiss and it was after Cato and Finnick had ended." Peeta just nodded. The possibility of Gale liking guys was intriguing. He said no more than just experimental, but still. "But Cato believed it. Him and Finnick got in this fight. Turns out Finnick had been necking this girl during it all. Finnick claimed she came onto him, but, not to sound a dick to my best friend or anything, but you can never know with Finnick. The guy oozes sex. Cato got more and more annoyed and he hit Finnick. Full on punched."

"WHAT?!" Peeta shouted. He couldn't believe what he was hearing.

"Cato has, a slight anger issue. Nothing major but enough that he had to see a therapist at one point. So that was that, they don't speak anymore. Nothing. Not in an enemies way but, I think Cato was just hurt by it. He didn't mean to hurt Finnick though, it just happened, you know? He regrets it and because of that there's just this tension between them. It gets awkward from time to time, in the gym. Cato and I get along and we'll talk, but not for long, because of what's happened." They were pulled up outside the bakery.
"So, Cato is gay?" Gale nodded.

"And is totally interested in you might I add."

"Shit, he walked in on me and Finnick in -"

"The locker room. Yeah, that probably stung a bit."

"I feel so bad now!" Peeta exclaimed.

"Don't, it's not your fault that Finnick got to you first." Gale added. Peeta just sighed.

"Well, thanks, Gale." He said as he got out of the Car.

"No problem. See you tomorrow." Gale said and Peeta waved back and they parted as Gale took off, the car screaming as it shot into the distance. Peeta walked into the house to find it empty. He remembered that they were visiting old friends today so Peeta had the house to himself. He assumed Lloyd had gone with them but as he walked upstairs he heard music.

"Lloyd?" He called out. The was no answer. The music was exceptionally loud. "Jesus mun, loud isn't it?" Still no answer so he barged into the room only to be shocked by the sight he saw. Lloyd was on the bed with a two girls and they were having sex. Their eyes were closed and their moans, along with music cancelled the sound of Peeta's intrusion. Peeta's eyes widened as he say his younger brother thrusting into the girl who was also licking out another girl. "FUCK, LLOYD. OH MY GOD!" Peeta was just shouting. Lloyd's own face dropped as he heard and subsequently saw his brother standing there.

"OH MY GOD, PEETA! GET THE FUCK OUT" and he threw a pillow at him. Peeta ran out of the room and slammed the door, the girls' faces flushed with embarrassment.

"YOU SAID HE WAS OUT!" One of them shouted.

"HE WAS. HE CAME HOME EARLIER THAN I THOUGHT" Lloyd was shouting. Peeta just rushed into his room. His brother was just having a threesome. The information was processing. He heard the girls storm out and then there was a knock on the door and Lloyd walked in wearing a pair of boxer briefs.

"Peeta, sorry about that -"

Peeta cut him off. "No, I shouldn't have just walked in. The fuck is wrong with me. That's all I do lately."

"That's all - what?" LLoyd seemed confused.

"Forget about it. You're 16. Sex is just sex, right?"

"Right" Lloyd agreed.

"So yeah, I mean. We're brothers, teenage brothers. We should be able to accept that."

"Yeah" Lloyd said.

"Sex is sex. I mean, people do that. We should be able to talk about this. We're brothers. We don't have secrets. From mom and dad maybe, but not each other."

"Peeta -"
"No, it's about time we acted mature about all of this. I mean, we should have that bond, like with Giles."

"I guess."

"Good, then we say no more. It's no big deal?"

"No big deal." Lloyd agreed.

"Good. By the way we open in a few hours. So if you wanna . . . finish up first . . . ?" Peeta was speaking awkwardly, avoiding all eye contact.

"They, sort of left." Lloyd answered.

"Oh, sorry about that." Peeta apologised.

"Don't sweat it, we'll finish up another time." He teased. Peeta just nodded as he walked away. The atmosphere between the boys was awkward, but as they worked together at the bakery the events slowly got pushed out of their minds. But they were acting friendly to one another, just like Peeta had wanted. They were getting along. They still messed about in the bakery as boys would, and even after that they taunted and teased one another, but they had a new found brotherly bond. It still was awkward, when it was just them in the house and a girl would make her way with Lloyd up to her room. Peeta would wear earphones as a way to cut out the sounds of yelling and banging through floorboards. He would go for a walk at times as a way to give them privacy but beyond that, it didn't bother them. Life for Peeta was well. His previous anxieties regarding Panem were gone and he felt great.

In the weeks that passed, Peeta would occasionally go to Finnick's house after school, it would be just the two of them. Things would begin moving yet still they didn't have sex. Different things got in the way whether that be someone turning up or either one of them finishing early and not being in the mood to take things further. Peeta was beginning to become and more frustrated, in the sense that he was annoyed and also sexually frustrated. The result of this was as slight tension between the two. Peeta would often rant to Gale, whom he found himself spending more time with lately. Around school, although everyone hung out together, Peeta found himself spending more time between lunches and free lessons with Gale and Rae. Finnick was progressively spending less time with him. He was having issues in one class so he had been spending a lot of time with Glimmer. They were working on a project together and both were suffering badly so they spent much time together working in an attempt to resolve their issue. Peeta was jealous to a certain extent. Ever since Gale had told him what had happened between him and Cato, he found his own anxieties increasing. He was worried about losing Finnick to Glimmer.

"Peeta, I'm sure it's fine." Gale said during one lunch.

"How do you know that though?" Peeta ranted. "I mean, you know what happened with Cato and him. Finnick was necking someone else."

"I'm not 100% sure he was - " Gale started.

"You sure made it seem like that." Peeta interrupted.

"I - Yeah okay" Gale gave in.

When Peeta confronted Finnick about how they hardly saw each other that week, Finnick invited him over. He didn't give a time or day just a simple 'come over when you like.' So on Saturday, Peeta went over to Finnick's house. Gale had given him a lift as he was driving past anyway. Peeta walked into the house. Finnick encouraged them not to knock and just make themselves at
home there. His parents were out again, working abroad so Finnick was on his own for a while. Peeta first checked downstairs for Finnick; he wasn't there, so he made his way upstairs. However, with each step, the faint sound of talking could be heard. Peeta tried to listen in on who it was as he got closer to the room. He was outside the door and the talking stopped so he opened the door to a sight that hit him like a wound to the chest. Finnick was lying on his bed, his lips clinging onto a girl that was on top of him. It was Glimmer.

"FINNICK!" Peeta shouted at him. Finnick's eyes were thrown wide open and he pushed Glimmer off of him. "I can't fucking believe you!" He shouted.

"Peeta, this. This isn't what you think" Finnick rushed up off the bed.

"Oh really?" Peeta yelled, his eyes starting to glisten.

"Peeta, let me just explain." He tried putting his hands on Peeta's arms in attempt to hold and comfort him but Peeta just pushed him away.

"Shut the fuck up Finnick." Peeta yelled. "I just saw you two. There isn't anything to explain."

"Yes there is!" Finnick was panicking, his own voice rising, his pitch becoming higher.

"NO! No there isn't. She was on top of you Finnick, you were fucking mouthing away at her." He said flapping his arms about, his face was turning red as he shouted. He was beginning to shake. He felt betrayed.

"Oh, when did you undo my bra?" Glimmer said reaching up her back at the clasp.

"What?" Finnick snapped his head around to look at her. Rage began to swarm Peeta's face. "Peeta, I -"

"Forget it, Finnick." His voice was breaking, his emotions getting the of him. "You know, I guess it's just my fault. I fell too hard and too fast. I was naive and stupid. But this is better"

"Peeta, please." Finnick attempted at comforting him again with his hands by placing on Peeta's cheeks as a tear began to spill over his eyelid. Peeta just shook his head out of Finnick's grip and began walking away. "Wait, Peeta." He didn't listen and continued to walk away, so Finnick ran after him and grabbed his arm. "Just stop!" Peeta snapped his arm out of Finnick's clutches and looked him straight in the eye. Finnick couldn't hold the eye contact, he felt to uncomfortable seeing the tears that coated the blonde's eyes. Wiping the tear that trickled down his cheek, Peeta walked down the stairs and out of the house. Finnick followed after, calling his name as he jogged after him, but Peeta didn't listen. He continued power walking. He didn't know where he was going, where he wanted to go but he didn't care, he was hurt and angry. Finnick eventually stopped as Peeta walked away from him and he made his way back into the house.

After 10 minutes Peeta found himself sitting on a small wall. There was no one around so he just shouted in his frustration. He felt stupid. He thought to himself, pondering over why Finnick would do this. He soon came up with an answer to his lingering question. Peeta just thought it was because he couldn't please Finnick. Just like Peeta, Finnick was frustrated, sexually, and he found his outlet in the form of Glimmer. He sat there as the world moved around him. Cars passed, occasionally a person would walk past. The light began to diminish. The street lights that stood up, mapping the road as they lit up. The evening was drawing in when a car stopped by Peeta. He was so wrapped up in his state he hadn't even noticed it. His head hung, facing the floor so was oblivious to his surroundings. Then he heard the familiar voice calling his name and he picked his head up to see who it was, and immediately a smile formed on his face.
"Hey, Austin." Peeta said and waved at the boy.

"What's up?" He said.

"Umm, nothing. Just sitting." Peeta said.

"Your eyes are red-ish. Have you been crying." Peeta was reluctant to say anything at first but just nodded. "C'mon, get it. We can talk about it while I take you home." Peeta again nodded and got into the car which preceded to drive off down the road as the sun set and everything became dark.
The houses that lined the streets glowed with a faint red light as the sun began to dip below the horizon. The colours of the walls and the cars all began to merge as the darkness crept in, the elongated shadows of the lampposts slowly becoming one with the dark pavement as they themselves lit up. Peeta sat in the car as Austin drove down the street. He would glance over at Peeta from time and time who sat there, expressionless.

"So tell me, what happened?" Austin asked as he dragged his wrists over the steering wheel in smooth movements.

"Nothing, don't worry." Peeta sighed, folding his arms and turning slightly away from the other boy.

"Hey, you're upset ok, but it's best if you just get it out of your system." His eyebrows were raised waiting for a response. Nothing. "Fine." He put bluntly.

"It's just, I hardly know you and I don't particularly fancy burdening you with my problems." Peeta said, turning his head around to face Austin.

"Well, my name is Austin Coleman, I'm 19 years old and I like..pizza. There, that's all you really need to know so spill it. C'mon, you're not burdening me at all. And you did get in a car with me, you know. So you hardly knowing me is irrelevant." Peeta rolled his eyes but managed to form a small smile, but was immediately lost.

"It's Finnick" Peeta said reluctantly. His brow scrunched up, eyes still showing a faint redness.

"Oh, are you guys no longer...?" Austin said as he kept his eyes focused on the road.

"Not anymore, no" Peeta said, laughing slightly. "I'm such a fucking idiot." 

"No you're not, you're just upset. What happened then?" He pushed further.

"Well, we - I was going over his house and I walked in and he was . . . necking this girl." Peeta's voice broke as he spoke. He was getting angry again.

"Oh, so he cheated on you? What a twat"

"Well, not exactly." Austin's expression evoked his confusion and pleaded for Peeta to explain. "We were never exclusive but we kinda were. Like, we both liked each other, and it was going somewhere real good but I guess I - I guess I was just a shiny new toy."

"Well, he's the idiot then. How could anyone pick someone else over you?" Austin made a subtle attempt at flirting.

"It's my own fault though, that's the thing." Peeta let out a sigh and slid down in the chair.

"It's not your fault, Peeta." Austin countered, turning over to face Peeta.

"It is! I was the one who kept fucking up anytime we tried to have sex! So clearly I'm the reason why he decided to fuck that blonde slut!" His eyes were welling up, his cheeks were flushed. Anger and sadness were building in the pit of his stomach.

"You guys never slept together?" Austin asked. He didn't mean to sound impersonal or anything,
as the look of concern on his face suggested. Peeta just shook his head. "Look, Peeta. It's not your fault that you guys never fucked, nor is it his, but it is his fault that you're so upset and it is his fault that you guys are no longer together. Ok? " Peeta just nodded. His throat was thick with saliva that he couldn't swallow. His breath was heavy as he sat back up in his char. He held back and suppressed his emotions as he stared out of the front window of the car.

"So, umm, are you, like, a virgin?" Austin asked. "Not to sound, you know - "

"Yes I am, and it's fine. Ask what you want." He said, waving his hand about to further gesture his response.

"Do you want to have sex then?"

"Excuse me?" Peeta opened his eyes wide and turned to look at Austin who avoided the eye contact.

"No, not like, with me" He stuttered, his cheeks turning pink as he his head shook as he spoke. "I mean in general - at this time in your life." Peeta just nodded to show he understand.

"I'm a 17 year old boy, who has never had sex I may add. Even my younger brother is fucking around." Peeta was frustrated and his tone of voice showed. "So yes. Yes I want to fuck."

"So how come it never happened?" Austin asked. He pulled over into a space between two cars next to a coffee shop. The streets were now only illuminated by the occasional lamppost that stood tall along the shops and apartments that made this street.

"A number of things." Peeta said vaguely.

"Which are?" Austin's body twisted to face Peeta's direction.

"Well, sometimes someone would come home or friends came over." Peeta said turning similarly to face the other lad.

"And the other times?" Peeta snapped back around to stare out of the front of the car.

"Sometimes, I - uh, well, both of us actually sometimes just finished a bit early." Peeta's cheeks flushed, he felt awkward discussing his sex life with Austin as he always saw it as something personal.

"And that stopped you?" Austin's one eyebrow raised up higher than the other.

"Well, we just were never in the mood to do anymore after that."

"Seriously? Okay, Finnick is hot yes, but fuck man, if I was really that attracted to a person I would fucking keep going, even after I came. Seriously, I wouldn't stop. I'd still fuck you even If I came." His face turned bright red again when the words he had just said sunk in.

"You - umm - fuck me?" Peeta questioned, the blood rushed to his cheeks as he blushed. Austin then proceeded to change the topic and hastily pulled the keys from the ignition.

"Coffee?" Austin asked as he gestured out of the window to the coffee shop. Peeta nodded and stepped out of the car. Austin sighed and dropped his head, leaning back into the seat to calm himself before he too stepped out of the car and followed Peeta into the café.

The café was empty except for a man and a woman who sat on a table near the centre and the two
staff members who worked at the counter. Peeta and Austin made their way to a two seated table next to the window. The shop had a gloomy appearance. The floor was a dark wood and the walls had a vintage wallpaper that circled the whole room except for the one wall by the counter where the wall was painted brown. On it were shelves full of different things from bags of flour, to pots of coffee and wine. The tables were all small wooden ones with a cream, marbled top and the chairs a wood to match the table and were cushioned with a green fabric.

"What you want? I'm buying" Austin said, standing up with his brown, leather wallet in his hand.

"Umm, whatever you're having, I guess." Austin smiled back at him before walking towards that long counter that stretched across the room. On the far left there was also a staircase that was blocked off by a red rope. Peeta sat and looked out the window into the dark street. People would pass occasionally, some ran to avoid the heavy rain that had just started to fall. The faint sound of jazz music flowed through the coffee shop out of the speakers that were placed behind the counter. As the chorus came made it's entrance a young man and a woman stopped outside the window. They were soaked from the rain, hair clung to their faces and clothes soaked all the way through. They were panting from running as they attempted to avoid the rain. After catching her breath she raised up from he bent position and she looked up at him, her hair soaked, make up running down her face. He looked back and they started laughin. His white t-shirt was now see through and she put the palm of her hand on his pec where the shirt clung to his protruding chest. It rose and fell with each breath. She let her head drop then lifted it back up and met his eyes of which never moved from her. Then in an instant, he smacked his lips into hers. Their mouths moved with one another as their bodies touched, one pressed against the other. They continued kissing passionately together, his hands gripped at her waist as she ran her hands through his hair. Peeta smiled as he watched them, so encapsulated by their happiness. He was then interrupted by Austin who put of cup of coffee in front of him.

"Latte?" He spoke as he took a seat opposite to Peeta.

"Yeah, fine. Thank you." Peeta said as he stirred one sachet of sugar into the coffee. The steam swirled around the spoon as it moved in circular motions, dissolving the sugar and sweetening the bitter drink.

"Don't worry about it." Austin replied.

"For everything. I probably would've still have been sitting on that wall right now." Peeta took a sip of the coffee and then watched the boy and girl out of the window as she dragged him away, her hand in his, pulling him out of Peeta's view. "Do you think they're a couple?"

"Who?" Austin asked.

"The two, who just kissed there?"

"Well, I'm assuming if they kissed then yes." Austin said as he drank from his own drink and leant back into his seat.

"You'd think. But this could just be their first date, you know, and the moment just captivated them." Peeta said. He was so lost inside his world. For this short time he had forgotten about Finnick. He too was just in a moment.

"Well, what do you think they are?"

"I'd like to think that they're friends. Two people who already know each other, but, one brief moment and everything changed. I think the world should be full of more moments just like that too. There's too much hate and suffering in the world, but if everyone experienced a moment like
that in their life, then the world would be completely different. Better even. Because, I like to think that when you find someone special, and when you experience a moment like that, everything changed. You receive a whole new outlook on life. It's like time stops when you're with them; and it doesn't matter if the time spent with them is one year or a hundred years, that person that you share that moment with, they're a part of your life, and when you find that person, that love, I think the hatred you feel just disappears. Because anything that has happened before that moment is irrelevant, it was all just the build up to . . . to that."

And in that moment, Peeta was cut off by the lips of the boy who was leaning across the table. The boy who's hand was placed on the back of his head, holding him in place as he kissed him. Peeta eagerly responded and began to kiss Austin back. Only briefly, everything around them just disappeared and it was just them two; and when their lips separated, they stayed together, Austin's hand still on the back of Peeta's head, their faces only barely apart. They looked into each other's eyes. Those deep blue orbs held Peeta in his place. "A moment . . . " Peeta whispered.

"Peeta." Austin said as he sat back down in his seat. "Not to sound like a douche or anything but, Finnick - "

"I know, Finnick was a twat. And I - " He looked down at the table as he uttered these next words. "I guess, I never really had any real feelings for him. I suppose, I just liked the idea that he liked me. The attention he gave me. I was just. . . just a horny boy who had found what he hoped to be an outlet." Austin just smiled and nodded and Peeta as he picked his head back up.

"You got anywhere to be tomorrow?" Austin asked.

"Just work in the morning, why?" Peeta asked. Austin just smiled back at him and took a sip from his coffee, leaning back into the chair.

"Let's do something" He said.

"um, I don't know" Peeta replied.

"C'mon. When do you finish work?" He said putting down his cup.

"12, but I still don't think - Look, despite what just happened, I am still annoyed and upset over the Finnick thing."

"And? You wouldn't be human if you weren't but why should that stop us from having fun? I'll pick you up at around 2 and you can come back to mine. We can chill, have pizza, watch films. You know, just hang out, get your mind off him." He said, leaning forward, his hands clasped together, elbows leaning on his thighs.

"Only if you promise that there will definitely be pizza." Austin laughed.

"There will definitely be pizza." Peeta smiled.

"OK then." Peeta said. Austin smiled in his minor victory. Once they had drunk their coffee's Austin took Peeta home and they said goodnight and Peeta walked into his house and Austin drove away.

The next day came and Peeta got up early for his shift at work. He worked in the front again, serving those who came in. It was a Sunday so there were less people coming in and out of the coffee shop. However, one person took him by surprise. The small bell that hung above the door rang and he picked up his head to see Finnick standing there, smiling at him.
"Hey, blondie." He said. Peeta immediately frowned and put the bread that was in his hand in the display unit before exhaling loudly.

"What are you doing here?" He asked in an angry tone. Peeta's rage was evoked through to Finnick who slowly took a few steps forward but stopped.

"I came to explain - "

"I told you this yesterday, there is nothing to explain." Finnick just sighed and walked to the counter. Peeta avoided making eye contact with him.

"Peeta, Glimmer and I - " Peeta hit the counter.

"Glimmer and you are now free to do whatever you want." He spoke in a loud voice and looked Finnick dead in the eye. Finnick then broke the contact, too uncomfortable with looking at Peeta, who's eyes showed every ounce of pain.

"I'm sorry, Peeta" Finnick said.

"I'm sorry too." Peeta came back. He swung a towel over his shoulder and turned away, he chest pushed back standing up straighter than usual to create a masquerade of strength. He walked into the kitchen out of Finnick's view. The commotion had caught the attention of the few people who sat in the shop. Finnick just shut his eyes and dropped his head before leaving the shop. As soon as Peeta heard the bell on the door he slid down the wall into a crouching position, wrapped his arms around his legs and buried his head in his knees. He sat there for 5 minutes, just holding back the screams that were waiting to be released. Time continued passing and he stayed there in that position until his brother came to interrupt him.

"Peet?" He asked leaning down, shaking his knee to grab his attention. Peeta snapped up to look at the boy. "What's wrong?" He asked. Peeta stood up and shook his arms about and rubbed his eyes.

"Nothing. Don't worry about it." He said, putting on a smile.

"Peeta, c'mon" Lloyd further pushed, giving him a light tap on the arm.

"Honestly, don't worry about it. Just boy troubles." He said before throwing his apron onto the kitchen worktop and jogging away, up the stairs into his room. Peeta recently came out to his brother. He still stands by what he had said before, that people should form their own decision but he felt his brother, since experiencing a new closeness with him, deserved to know. Lloyd's own reply was 'cool man. Not going to judge you. Even I'm up for trying a bit of guy on guy.'

It was just after twelve so Peeta went into the bathroom and stripped down, leaving his clothes in a pile on the floor. He stood in the shower, the water pouring over his skin trying to push Finnick out of his mind. He spent a considerable amount of time in the shower too. He reached into his jean pocket from the floor and pulled out his phone. He quickly searched the internet and found some porn and soon he was hard and jacking off. He stood away from the water as he pleasured himself, his hand wrapped around his throbbing manhood. Then soon his hips were jerking and he was aching for more, so he put the phone down and put two fingers in his mouth and coated them in Saliva. Leaning back against the shower wall he lowered his one hand and moved it to his backside while he kept his other hand pumping at his dick. Then slowly he entered one of the lubricated fingers into his hole. He closed his eyes a scrunched his face as the finger made its way inside of him. The sensation at first hurt a little, he was very tight. Then slowly he pulled his finger out a bit and pushed it back a bit further and continued this movement. Then he added a second finger and was bending and curving them as they moved in to and fro movements. This pleasure
was something he hadn't experienced before and amongst the sound of the crashing water and the blood that was pounding in his ears he didn't hear Lloyd knocking on the door, calling him. He soon left though as soon as he heard Peeta who started moaning as the pleasure became so great and within seconds he was ejaculating, his cum spurting out onto the shower floor. His fingers stayed in his ass as he scooped up the cum that dribbled from the tip of his dick and put it in his mouth. He then spent some time just standing under the hot water, still panting, still hard. He needed the real thing.
Sexual Debut

Five minutes past Two and Peeta’s phone vibrated from in his jean pocket. He pulled it out and swiped the screen lock. It was Austin.

"Outside" It said. Peeta skipped down the stairs wearing skinny fit jeans and a brown, rolled up long sleeve. He left this time through the side entrance that was located in the personal kitchen. He appear from the right side of the house where his parent’s cars were parked. Walking out onto the pavement he saw Austin's black car and jogged over to it.

"Really sorry I'm late. I just wanted to make sure I looked good" Austin said as Peeta put on his seatbelt. Austin's black hair was in its usual, wavy and choppy style and he wore a pair of black skinny jeans with the knees ripped and he had a black t-shirt with his denim jacket on top.

"Don't worry about it, you look pretty damn good."

"Thanks" He said, pulling off into the road with a smirk on his face.

"Do you always were black?" Peeta asked as houses and cars passed them in colourful blurs.

"Mostly black yeah. I don't know why, I just like black.” Austin said, smiling.

"and denim.” Peeta teased.

"Don't mock the jacket, ok? This was expensive!” Austin said. Peeta laughed. "Gotta get my money’s worth out of it." They sat in silence for a moment as Austin drove, his seat pushed back slightly. His one hand on the steering wheel, the other clasped onto the gear shift.

"Finnick came to the shop this morning." Peeta spoke out. Austin closed his eyes, slightly and took a breath before he spoke.

"And?" He said, attempting to mask his distaste. Peeta began to explain the brief event to every detail.

"What did you do? You know, when he apologised." Austin asked.

"I say I was sorry too. You know, for even bothering to do anything with him and then I stormed off." Peeta said and formed a small smirk.

"Good on you, Peeta!” Austin said and tapped him on the shoulder as they pulled up outside an apartment block. "Now, no more Finnick talk for the rest of the day. ok?” Peeta nodded.

"You live here?” Peeta asked as they walked into the building. A long staircase was set before them, turning as it went up to the top.

"Yeah. I moved here almost a year ago now. I decided to get some independance, you know? Get away from my parents." He said as they began walking up the flight.

"So it's just you?” Peeta asked as he took each step.

"Yeah. I'm hoping for a roommate though, you know, to help with the cost of everything.” Peeta nodded.
"But no elevator?" Peeta asked. They were half way up the stair case and he looked down the levels. "How many floors is this?" He asked again. Austin gave a faint laugh.

"Lift broke while back and its 7 floors. And I'm at the top." Peeta groaned and dragged his feet up and over the steps.

"And you do this every day!" he shouted.

"Most days. Some days I just can't be bothered to leave." He said as they finally reached the top floor. There were two apartments up here. There was a landing that stretched the one length with a door on either side. Austin's was on the right. He put a key into the lock of the wooden door that had a '9' carved into the wood. He pushed the door wide open and entered into a room, his arms spread out. He turned around still holding his arms out. "Welcome to my crib." Peeta slowly edged in. The room was dark until Austin threw open the blinds and light poured into the room. The apartment was all one room except for the bathroom which was set in the smaller portion of the L shaped. The kitchen was what the door opened up to. It had wooden cabinets that matched the wooden floor. That one side of the wall was taken up by these along with an oven and fridge freezer. Then to the right of where the door was a TV that had a beige couch a few feet away in parallel to it. Next to the TV was a bookshelf that had a series of objects from DVDs to CD players, and next to that, an acoustic guitar. Then in the corner diagonal to the door was a double bed. A single wall jutted from the opposing wall that separated the bed from the rest of the apartment. On the other side of the wall was a small table with two chairs.

"Well, what do you think?" Austin asked as he walked to Peeta who stood just a few feet in from the doorway.

"It's actually pretty cool." He was then dragged to the couch where he was forced to sit. Austin the proceeded to close the door.

"So, just get comfortable. Do whatever you want. I have no rules here." He said as he reached into the fridge and pulled out two bottles of water. He threw one to Peeta who caught the bottle and then he set next to the blonde, wiggled in his seat then spread his legs open to relax. "What you wanna do first then?" He asked. Peeta looked around the room but locked his eyes on the DVDs. He walked over to them and began scanning through his options.

"I have Netflix if there is anything on there you wanna watch?"

"AMERICAN HORROR STORY!" Peeta shouted, snapping around. Austin turned on his Xbox and went immediately to Netflix.

"You a fan then?" He asked.

"I fucking love that show!" Peeta exclaimed.

"I'm not so much of a fan of Asylum." Austin said as he found the show. "Okay, it's my least favourite but it's still awesome!" Peeta shouted. Austin just smiled.

"So what series?" He asked.

"Coven. I'm like, half way through." Peeta said as he made himself comfortable on the sofa.

"Okay so what episode?"

"Six I think" Peeta said.
"Aw what! Okay you're going to have to watch the last one again because I'm an episode behind you." Austin said as he selected the episode entitled 'Burn, Witch. Burn!'

"I literally watched this two nights ago though!" Peeta moaned.

"Yeah, well you're watching it today too." Austin then said as the episode began playing.

"Well then we're having pizza now. I'm starving! and I can order it while this is on." Peeta said getting up and reaching his mobile out of his pocket.

"Yeah better not disturb me watching this." Austin teased.

"And If I do?" Peeta asked teasingly, his face in Austin's blocking his view of the TV.

"You don't wanna know" He said, pushing Peeta out of the way with his hand.

"Where am I calling then?" Peeta asked as he searched through a pile of leaflets that were on the table.

"On the fridge" Austin shouted, his eyes not leaving the TV. Peeta walked over to see a leaflet for a pizza delivery place stuck with a magnet. He dialed the number but hesitated before pressing the call button.

"What are we having?" He asked.

"I told you not to disturb me" Austin shouted back.

"Fine, no pizza for you then." Peeta pressed call.

"What! No wait!" Austin paused the TV and ran up to Peeta and stopped once their bodies had colliding. Swiftly he took the phone from Peeta's hand and put it to his own ear just as the phone was answered. Peeta let him order the food and sat back on the couch, slouching into the cushion. He tilted his head slightly and listened into the phone call.

"Hey, Tony It's Austin. Can I a large pizza regular pizza . . . Pepperoni . . . yeah I have got company actually . . . just someone . . . " Austin's voice lowered to a whisper but Peeta still managed to decipher what he was saying "yeah he's hot, otherwise he wouldn't be here . . . I don't know about that . . . Ton, it's been ages since we, you know . . . rekindling anything may not be the best of ideas . . . I don't know, get high enough or drunk enough then maybe, but . . . I don't know, he may not be into the idea of that, and to be honest, I don't think I am. I don't feel like sharing him, he's different . . . still got his v card actually . . . thanks, I hope so . . . great, well I'll see you around then . . . see you around."

Peeta lifted his legs up into his torso and wrapped his arms around them. He heard Austin's footsteps and buried his face into his knees to hide his cheeks that had become pink. Austin came and sat next to Peeta.

"Your phone." He said, holding it out. Peeta took a few deep breaths before lifting his face back up and taking the phone out of Austin's hands. "What's wrong?" he asked, looking with concern at Peeta who just shook his head.

"Nothing. You know the pizza guy." He said. Austin just smiled, understanding that Peeta must have overheard part of the conversation.

"Yeah. I order a lot of pizza." he chuckled.
"Really. Just that is it? Just pizza?" Peeta replied. He looked Austin in the eyes. Those blue orbs were digging for answers, and Austin couldn't stop him. He was revealing everything to this boy.

"Well. There was pizza, yes. But also, in the past, we fucked around a little"

"So is this Tony hot" Peeta asked.

"Eh, he's alright." Austin shrugged.

"Just alright? Why did you fuck him then?" Peeta questioned. He lent back into the arm of the sofa and spread his legs out across Austin's lap.

"Because, I was new to the area. I didn't know what type of guys I could get with. Then, after a few weeks later of fucking, I got with someone hotter, and then another. So I figured, time to raise my game."

"Raise your game?" Peeta mocked.

"Shut it you, at least I've gotten laid."

"OH. That hurt. A blow to my chest - " Austin nudged his shoulder and laughed. The room fell into a comfortable silence, with just the sound of the tv. They looked at one another, not in love, not in lust. It was just a look in a room where everything was just background, and it was ok. It wasn't awkward, it was nice to be in each other's company. Austin then broke the silence.

"Ok, so I know sex isn't a big deal and it just happens when it happens etc etc. But I do have a question, which you may or may not have answered already." He said, his eyes fluttered around the room as he spoke, directing his eye sight to anything, everything that wasn't Peeta.

"Ok, go on." Peeta said, just watching Austin as his eyes settled on his hand that rested on his knees, squeezing them and pushing them in side ward movements to keep them busy as he spoke. It was a nervous thing that he obtained at a point in life, where he would fiddle with anything as soon as he felt nervous, or was anticipating something, as sort of anxiety trait. He then spoke.

"Do you plan on losing you're virginity soon?" He said. Peeta just smiled. The scales had tipped and the power between the two had shifted. Peeta was now the one who oozed confidence and sexuality, he was the one controlling the situation and Austin was the one who need assurance.

"That's the big question?" Peeta asked.

"Just answer it, then you'll get some more." Austin replied, glancing quickly at Peeta before diverting his eyes back to his hands which now played with the hem of his shirt.

"I want to, yes. Like, real soon." Austin just nodded and continued with his questions.

"Do you have anyone in mind that you want to - " Peeta knew this was the question and left no time to think about his answer and spoke immediately.

"Well, originally it was Finnick, but, that's not happening. I have someone in mind, but it could be anyone." He teased. He knew what Austin wanted to hear, but he just avoiding a direct answer to play with Austin a little, like he was a toy.

"Oh, umm, ok." He said. The silence fell once more, and Peeta kept his eyes on Austin as he gazed at the television for a distraction. Peeta's lips curved slightly into a smile, revealing a fraction of his pearly white teeth. He waited for Austin to speak again, to do something. He could see him thinking, the cogs in his brain working with one another as he contemplated his next actions. Then
his thoughts came to a conclusion. "Fuck it" he said and crashed his lips into Peeta's who gladly accepted the plush lips and kissed back.

Austin raised onto his knees on the sofa and placed his hand underneath Peeta's arms to lift him up into that same position. Their heads twisted and turned, pushing against one another as their mouths attached, like lock and key, fitting into one another, opening and closing. Austin took his mouth away for a moment to breathe.

"Thank god - " Peeta started.

"Shut up" Austin interrupted, regaining his control and attitude. He pushed Peeta down so that he was on his back and proceeded crawled on top of him, reconnecting their lips in a moment. The kiss became more heated as Austin pressed his own body into Peeta's, grinding his hips down into the boy beneath him. The fabric of their jeans rubbed at their growing erections and Peeta let out a faint gasp. Austin smiled into the kiss before sitting up. He removed Peeta's shirt and grasped onto his bare shoulder.

Peeta prevented Austin from attacking his body so that he could remove the shirt of the lad sat on his lap, but Austin removed his own shirt. Peeta raised a hand and spread his palm over one of Austin's pecs.

"I know, it's not as good as Finnick's - "

"I think I prefer it to be honest."

"Really? But, Finnick was ripped as fuck." Austin cried.

"Yes, but you, your skin is smoother" He said, gently stoking at the protruding chest that fell with heavy breaths. "And it's not like you have nothing, you're slim but still got muscles. It's hot." Austin smiled and ran a hand through Peeta's hair, forcing his head back slightly as their eyes connected.

"Are we going to take this to the bed or . . . ?" Peeta asked.

"Nah" Austin replied. "I'm going to fuck you, right here on the couch." Peeta changed their positions so he was perched on Austin, then slowly, he began moving his kisses, first to Austin's jaw line, then to his neck and down to his collar bone where he nipped and sucked, leaving purple marks. He then lowered himself further down to his nipples, taking one in his mouth, licking around it as they became hard and sensitive. He left a wet trail with his tongue down his abs until he reached his jeans which he quickly removed. Austin's boxer's were slightly tented where his semi erect dick was aching to be set free from its restrictions. Peeta didn't hesitate, pulling down the tight black boxer briefs. Austin's cock sprung up, laying on his stomach, reaching his belly button. He then took it in his hand and pulled back at the foreskin. Austin bit his lip in anticipation, he ached for lips on his own throbbing member, and Peeta could sense it. The cock continued growing till it was hard in Peeta's hand. He took the pink head into his mouth. He pleased Austin who gave occasional moans when Peeta took the cock deeper into his mouth. He guided Peeta's motions, gripping his hair, pulling and pushing him. Peeta was talking more and more in until he could take no more and Austin was rolling is eyes behind his lids, then he pulled off with a pop and stroked the long member, coating it in his saliva and the pre-cum that had already began to seep from the tip.

Austin the stood up off the sofa and knelt on the floor, indicating to Peeta to turn around. Then, as Peeta rested his arms on the back of the sofa, Austin spread apart his cheeks to reveal the tight, pink hole.
"You ready for this?" Austin asked. Peeta nodded and closed as eyes as he perched himself on the couch. He then drew sharp breath as his cheeks were spread and a tongue darted into him. Austin licked over the whole, using his thumb on the sensitive are in a massaging motion. Peeta kept his eyes shut and rested his head on his folded arms. Austin worked at his ass before taking the bottle of lube that hid under the sofa, coating his fingers, and then slowly, he entered on into Peeta who gasped at the movement he was not expecting. Austin continued working at his ass before adding a second finger. His fingers and tongue worked with each other, prepping Peeta who then took a hand and pushed Austin's head and hands away and tuned around.

"I'm ready" he said and the two boys swapped positions so Austin sat on the sofa, his legs hanging open, his cock hard and in a condom, laying on his stomach. Peeta gulped as climbed onto the other boy and wrapped his arms his neck as he grabbed his dick. Austin aligned himself with Peeta as he lowered himself. He held his breath and connecting their foreheads as he continued to lower himself. Peeta scrunched his eyes and then stopped.

"It's alright. Keep going, the pain will go away soon." Austin comforted, brushing at Peeta's hair. He just shook his head.

"I can't. It's too much. I can't. It's too big for all - it hurts." Peeta said.

"Don't worry. You're just new to this." They stopped for a moment, like being paused. Then Austin asked: "Ready?" and Peeta nodded. Then, slowly, he began to raise himself up and down again. All his muscles began to tense and he became rigid. As he raised himself up and down.

"Austin, it hurts." he whined.

"It's not even half way." Peeta hit him as he held himself up in the same position. "Look, you're tight and tensing too hard. You've just got to relax. The more you panic like this and worry the worse it will feel. Now breathe in, and breathe out." Peeta did as Austin said. "Look at me" He said and Peeta opened his eyes. His eyes glistened as they watered. Austin realised he wasn't getting very far so he kissed him. At first Peeta tensed and he drew his breath, but quickly relaxed into the kiss. Then he got caught up in the heat of the moment and began to lower himself further. He moved in up and down motions and soon his head was spinning in ecstasy. He closed his eyes and flung his head back. Austin thrust up in contrary to Peeta's movements and he moaned out at the pleasure of it. Austin smiled as Peeta smiled, gasped as Peeta gasped and kissed him when he knew he would get carried away and start to the feel the pain again. because it was Peeta's first time, Austin refused to change position for Peeta's sake. He wrapped a hand around the smaller lad's cock and stroked it as Peeta began to quicken the pace. He was taking more in and his breaths were loud and heavy, then he moaned in a high pitch wince and released his orgasm. The white seed shot out from Peeta's cock and spilled itself over Austin's body in thick streams that clung to the skin. Shot after shot came out and coated his chest and stomach. One shot managed to make its way to his face, landing on his cheek and tangling itself in his hair.

"That's a lot of cum." Austin said and they gave of breathy laughs. Peeta tried to catch his breath then he began to move again, but Austin stopped him, which earned a confused glare.

"I think you've had enough." Austin said and Peeta took himself off Austin and knelt next to him.

"I wasn't any good was I." Peeta said glumly.

"Not gonna lie, I've had better. But I hardly expected the best sex ever from a virgin." He said and Peeta felt somewhat emasculated. Austin just pulled him into his chest to comfort him but Peeta pushed away suddenly. "What is it?" He asked.

"You got my cum on there." He pointed to his chest and Austin smiled, scooping a small amount
up with his finger and placed it on his tongue seductively.

The door bell rang as he finished wiping himself down with some tissues.

"Just in time for the pizza." Peeta said.

"Here, watch this." Austin said as he stood up and walked toward the door. Peeta was about to speak out but he clicked on to what he was doing. Austin swung the door open to reveal the pizza man who lifted his head up and let out a sound of shock as he stared at Austin's naked figure in the doorway. His eyes were wide open as he stared at the member that hung before him then, quickly he raised up his head and stared only into Austin's eyes.

"Oh thank God, I'm starving" Austin said. Peeta watched on, a hand over his mouth to contain his laughter. Austin then continued to embellish his act, adjusting his junk before picking up the money and handing it over with the same hand. Then when the guy was left empty handed, he put the pizza down on the cabinet next to the door and hugged him. The man gasped and fidgeted to try and get out of Austin's grasp but just held him tighter. At this Peeta burst out laughing and the man's cheeks blushed as he realised he was part of joke and he became embarrassed. Then to wrap it up, he turned around and walked back into the apartment leaving the door open to give the man a view of his ass. Peeta couldn't contain his laughter and neither could Austin who burst out laughing as he went to close the door. They ate the pizza but Peeta didn't want to go home, and Austin didn't want him to either so Peeta stayed until it got late and dark and then he still stayed. They didn't even put any clothes on. They stayed together in each other's company. Peeta took his time then finishing Austin, sucking him off against a wall. Then Austin returned the favour. Their night was filled with laughter and lust. Peeta was sore, so things never escalated beyond blow jobs, groping and kissing. Then they fell asleep together on the couch, exhausted after their affairs.
The room was full of thick, musty air. The smell of sweat swam through the apartment and the sounds of a squeaking mattress echoed. With one final moan, Peeta fell to his side next to the boy on the bed. It had been some time since Peeta's first time and it seemed all him and Austin ever did was fuck. He laid onto his back, his neck twisted to the side as he watched the black haired boy light a blunt and blow the smoke out, watching it swirl and rise into clouds until they fade away. He held it out towards Peeta offering him a smoke but he just shook his head.

"It won't kill you" Austin said, taking another drag.

"I know. Just don't feel the need for drugs" He raised himself up and swiveled around the side of the bed so that he sat on the edge. "You want a drink?" He asked.

"If you're offering" Austin answered, closing his eyes and leaning his head back against the headboard. Peeta stood up and searched around the floor trying to locate his underwear. Picking up the black boxer briefs he walked away from the bed toward the kitchen, hopping and stumbling as he climbed into the boxers as he walked.

"Those are mine" Austin then shouted from the bed.

"Shit, sorry." Peeta replied, he took hold of the hem of them and began to push them down.

"Don't worry, I'll just keep yours. Call it sharing." Austin spoke as he stood up and looked over at the underwear that hung from the lamp next him. He followed Peeta on into the kitchen who stood in the fridge, he then wrapped his arms around his waist and started kissing the side of his neck much to Peeta's surprise.

"What you want?" Peeta asked as he looked into the fridge, his head tilted to the side as Austin's mouth was attached to his neck. He didn't reply and continued placing kisses, trailing them around to his jaw line.

"What I really want is for you to suck me off" He whispered into his ear.

"I meant - "

"I know what you meant." Austin interrupted, closing the refrigerator door and gently pushed his crotch into Peeta, the pressure being felt just at the small of his back.

"It'll be quick, I got to get home, remember." Peeta said turning around, pushing him back to the table behind. Falling to his knees, he took Austin's manhood in his hand and it began growing immediately.

Their tongues battled with one another as Peeta's hand roamed over Austin's shirtless body. He pulled away and opened the car door.

"I'll text you tonight" Peeta said leaning down, his head in the car.

"Better be a dirty one" Austin teased taking the handbrake off. Peeta just shook his head and closed the door. Walking into the shop he held the door open for Mags who was coming in for a mid day drink.

"He's handsome" She said.
"Yeah, his is." Peeta smiled, pulling a seat out for her. He quickly jogged through kitchen and up the stairs where he collided into his shirtless brother. "You're bigger." He stated looking down at his brother.

"What?" Lloyd replied in confusion.

"You're bigger? Have you been working out?" He said.

"Yeah, I have actually." He said with a smug smile, knowing his effort was paying off.

"You look good, more defined." He said walking away to his room.

"Peet." Lloyd stopped him. He turned around and raised his eyebrows. "Mom's pissed at you."

"The fuck have I done now." He said letting out a breath.

"Twice you haven't turned up for work. The first time I was here to save your ass, told her you were working on a school project but the second time I wasn't around." Lloyd said.

"Fine, whatever. It's not the end of the world." Peeta said and walked past Lloyd and walked down the stairs, with a bounce in his step. Striding into the kitchen he saw his mother and took a breath.

"Sorry, I couldn't make it to work. I was with Gale, working on a project." He said, scanning the fridge for a snack.

"Oh, Gale. You were with Gale." His mother said, her arms folded.

"Yeah. I would've told you but I stayed over his and my phone died and his charger doesn't fit mine - "

"Cut the bullshit, Peeta."

"What! I was with Gale doing school work. It's no bullshit." He said rolling his eyes, taking a swig from the bottle of cola he swiped from the fridge.

"Peeta, I have eyes. That wasn't Gale's car" He took another deep breath and let his arms fall to the floor. "Moving here was a inconvenience, I know. So I'm okay with you taking the day off work every now and then. But twice, without telling me. Then to lie to my face about where you were." Her voice was rising, the anger was building in her throat.

"Ok. It was Austin. I was - "

"It's too late to start telling the truth now. We're trying to run a business here, Peeta. You have to let us know." He nodded and a silence fell onto the room. "So you decide, you either make up for the time you cost us next week or you go for 2 weeks, no work and no pay." Peeta opened his mouth to speak, to say 'that's not fair' and his mother raised her eyebrows waiting for the words to fall from his mouth, but Peeta realised how childish that would be. It is fair.

"Fine. No work and no pay." He said.

"Ok. Next week we have interviews here, we need the extra help. We never expected to be doing well so soon." She said with a smile on her face.

"Can I go now?" He asked in his impatient teenage manner. She nodded and he turned to leave. After having a dinner he went up to his room, turning on the light to illuminate the room.
He laid on his bed in his underwear and took his phone from his pocket and clicked on the message string between him and Austin.

"Hey" He started.

"The fuck is this" Austin replied.

"What you mean?"

"'Hey'. That's all?"

"What are you on about?"

"You promised me before you left something dirty" Peeta laughed. He thought about the moment they parted ways and smiled. Austin's cheeky manner really got to him. The phone vibrated in his hand.

"Well?" Austin said. Peeta then removed the underwear from his body and began to masturbate. The member grew in his hand and he took a picture and clicked send.

"Now that's better" Austin replied.

"You make me so horny" Peeta said.

"Oh. Cringe. You just ruined it. Stay over mine tonight. I'll take you to school tomorrow."

"I don't think my parents would let me" Peeta sent. Austin's reply was his own version of Peeta's picture, himself in the mirror, his hard member in his hand.

"Come pick me up" Peeta replied. After asking his dad if he could stay over and receiving a yes, he packed a bag of, grabbing random clothes from the wardrobe and the floor as well as his toothbrush.

Their night began in the car, making out together between the seats outside the building. Then in the room they kissed against the door, quickly discarding their garments. Austin picked Peeta up and pushed his throbbing member inside of him. His moans echoed loudly as he was held up off the floor against the wall, being fucked into oblivion. Moving from the door to the bedroom, Austin pounded into the smaller lad and moaned himself, swinging his head around as he fucked him roughly taking no effort in being gently. He tugged Peeta's head back by his hair as he thrust faster and deeper into him. Peeta came as Austin began to circle his hips. And then came again later. Eventually Austin pulled out from him and ejaculated his fresh warm semen over Peeta's back, moaning out in pleasure as he did so. He fell to sit back down on Peeta and tried to catch his breath. It felt like minutes, the way the fucked so hard but looking over at the clock Austin saw it had been over half an hour since they pulled up outside the apartment.

"I think that was the best yet." Peeta spoke, his voice muffled by the bed his face was planted in. A noise of agreement was all Austin managed to utter. " Fucking hell. That was so. Fucking. Good. My ass hurts, but oh my god." Austin couldn't speak and he wanted to shut Peeta up so he lent down and licked up from Peeta's body, the still warm, white seed that spilled from himself.

"Did you just eat your own fucking cum?" Peeta said, turning around. The Austin kissed him, the salty liquid still in his mouth passed partly between the two.
"and now you are too."

"You look so hot right now." Peeta said, looking into the other's eyes as they laid next to each other on the bed.

"Peet. I have a question." Austin said, sitting up. Peeta then sat up waiting to listen.

"Where are we, right now" he spoke.

"Oh, umm" Peeta said as he thought. He never really thought about where him and Austin were heading. But it dawned on him how the weeks had flown by as all he thought about was fucking him. He never stopped for a moment to think of each other romantically.

"I mean. We're fucking right and it's good." Peeta said as he realised the silence had gone on for too long, but still he was thinking about them.

"Right. Okay. Good." Austin said. "Well, we're both so young right now. And you've just had the Finnick thing. And I mean, between us. There's all this lust."

"Where are you going with this?" Peeta was puzzled.

"Are you happy right now?" He asked.

"I guess so. This past however many weeks, I've never really thought about anything else, concerning us that is, other than sex." Peeta admitted.

"And is that . . . ok?" Austin questioned.

"Well, yeah. I'm 17"

"Good. We're - because of everything - we're not exclusive right. Purely just sex between two people. I like you Peeta, but you know me. I'm a just sex kinda guy. I don't even have a job. Aside from fucking there's not a lot I do." Peeta looked away for a moment and processed what was just said.

"Fuck buddies." He said. Austin smiled at Peeta's clarification. "I never settled on anything with Finnick, and that's what fucked it up. So yes. You and me are friends. That's all." Peeta said, then Austin began kissing at his neck.

"Friends who like to fuck" He spoke into the skin. Peeta laughed but pushed him away and curled up under the duvet.

"Just go to sleep." He said and let Austin curl up to him.

"When you going to come over next?" Austin asked as they sat outside of the school in the car. Swarms of students flowed around the car and poured into the building.

"Don't know. Whenever I'm free." Peeta said as he fixed his hair in the mirror or the car.

"Text me then?" Peeta just nodded. Opening the door and picking the backpack up from between his legs. Swinging it around onto his back he closed the door and walked away towards the doors of the school. Just outside the entrance stood his friends. Gale and Rae stood next to each other with their bodies touching like they couldn't be separated. Johanna, Katniss and Madge stood together talking among themselves and to the right of them all, Finnick stood alone. His eyes
gazed at Peeta who walked towards them all with his head down. He clenched his teeth as he watched the black car drive away. Jealousy stirred within him and it was like his stomach dropped. He really did care for Peeta, and seeing him in the car with Austin was like a knife to chest. He stormed off in the building. Gale was about to call out to him, then he Peeta began walking up the steps and he silenced himself understanding why.

Making their way to third period, gym, and Gale took the opportunity to speak out to Peeta. He stopped him before they walked into the locker room.

"Peet." He said, with his arm out against the wall, stopping him from walking past.

"What is it?" He said.

"I think Finnick is, a little upset." Peeta just rolled his eyes.

"Why? He's the one who fucked up" His voice was bitter.

"He's been upset, obviously, but he stormed off when you turned up. What's happened now?" He asked.

"Nothing. I haven't spoken to him." He said. Gale just raised an eyebrow. Peeta thought for a moment.

"Damn. He must have seen Austin."

"Fuck. It was him who dropped you off." Peeta nodded. "You should have told him. None of us have. It was up to you to tell him."

"Why? Why do I have to tell him anything?"

"Peeta. You guys can't be acting the way you are, like enemies. You've got to make up. It's stressful on all of us, having to make separate plans and everything just so you guys aren't together, and none of us are going to go upsetting him by telling him you're fucking other guys. Talk about fucking gossip"

"It's not my fault that he was such a dick to me."

"It was fucking Glimmer. Even the teachers call her a slut. If anyone is to blame it's her."

"That's not the point." Peeta argued.

"None of that matters now." He said. Peeta just stood there and sighed. "You need to make amends. Because I know you don't hate him - "

"Oh I do" Peeta cut in.

"No, you really don't." Gale revealed. "Finnick is a bit of slut admittedly, but he had his eyes set on you. But since you left he's been worse than ever. He's been drinking and fucking anyone and everything. He came onto Katniss. Even came onto me, multiple times. You seriously need to help him reach some sort of closure because God knows for how long he's going to be turning up at my house, pissed as fuck, trying to stick a tongue down my throat." The image made Peeta giggle, and Gale admitted to himself it was quite amusing and joined in.

"Alright. But for your sake, and everyone else's." Peeta said after taking a breath.

"Good." Gale replied and they walked into the locker room. "Hang around a bit before going in.
He purposely turns up late not to bump into you." Peeta nodded.

After getting changed he sat down on the bench between the lockers as the room emptied and waited for Finnick to come in. Within minutes the boy jogged into the room, rushing to get changed, taking off his shirt as he walked. He stopped frozen when he saw Peeta.

"Peeta! You're - ummm" He sputtered out.

"We need to talk." Peeta said bluntly whilst standing up.

"No. No we don't." Finnick said, diverting his eyes from the boy and opening the locker.

"Yes we do" Peeta demanded.

"No Peeta. We really don't." Finnick shouted back, taking off his jeans. He stopped for a moment and caught his breath to try and calm himself. He looked down to the floor and then picked his head up again to look at Peeta. "Ok. Talk." He said.

"I'm sorry, if in any way I've hurt you."

"Me too." He spoke back glumly.

"I've moved on now and realise that it probably wasn't you who - doesn't matter. But Gale has told me everything, I think and you need to fuck up. I don't know if it's some sort of payback for what I did but you need to stop, not for me but for Gale. And Johanna, and everyone else. It's reached the point where it's quite pathetic. Turning up pissed at people's houses, trying to fuck them when clearly they don't want to. It's pretty damn stupid"

"I know" Finnick sighed.

"Good." Peeta stated. A momentary silence passed over them.

"You and Austin" Finnick started. At first alarm bells went off in Peeta's head, but he realised he should hear Finnick out, tell him the truth. "Are you guys, something of an item?"

"No. We're sort of just, fucking. One friend helping out another" Peeta said uncomfortably.

"Oh. Okay." was all Finnick could say.

"Are we okay then?" Peeta asked and earned a nod in reply. "Cool. So . . . friends?"

"Friends." Finnick agreed and smiled.

"Now hurry up and get changed. Or not. It's a nice sight." Peeta teased and walked away. Finnick just smiled as he fiddled with the tank top that he held in his hand.

Fourth period was art class and Peeta took his usual seat at the back. Shortly afterwards Cato walked in. He wore a grey v-neck t-shirt that clung to his chest and fell down enough to show the ridge between his pecs, and he had an olive green coat on top that was fleeced around the hood as well as a fairly dark pair of blue skinny jeans that were slightly faded and worn at certain points. He came to the back and sat next to Peeta, taking off his jacket and placing in onto the stool to sit in. Peeta watched as the sleeves came off and his large arms became visible, bulging out of the short sleeves.

"How are you?" Peeta said, shaking his head away from the young Adonis.
"I'm good, and yourself?" Cato asked, leaning onto the desk.

"Good, thanks." The class was spent preparing for a group project. Cato and Peeta had to work together as the only two from their table, not that either of them complained. Most of their time however was spent messing about instead of working. The bell rang for lunch and Peeta was about to walk the other way but Cato stopped him and asked to spend lunch with him. Peeta agreed and they made their way to the dinner hall. Sitting at the table they started talking.

"So, are you and Finnick still . . . ?" Cato asked,

"Nah" Peeta replied. "Things got complicated and it ended. We're okay now though, sort of."

"You seeing anyone else?" He asked under the noise that continues to rise in the room for the chattering people around.

"Yes. Well. No." He corrected himself.

"I don't understand" Cato responded.

"I'm with this guy, Austin, but we're not exclusive or anything" Peeta said fiddling with his bottle cap in his hand.

"Oh" was all Cato said, I smirk crept up onto his face. "What's this Austin guy like?" He asked.

"Oh you know. He's pretty cool guy. We get along very well. He was there for me during the whole Finnick scenario." Peeta lifted up his water to drink from.

"So you guys just fuck?" Cato bluntly asked. Peeta choked on the water, shocked by Cato's question.

"Um that's a bit - " he started.

"Please, Peeta. Sex isn't something to be ashamed of. You can talk about it casually. We're all the same, we all get urges and we all do it so no point being modest about it." Cato stated.

"Well who do you fuck then?" Peeta teased back.

"Oh, it's been a short while since I got with someone." He said, looking to his left.

"Really? When you look like that? I don't believe it." Cato blushed slightly.

"I haven't. I've had a slight dry spell." He said.

"Well, when was the last time?" Peeta asked.

"I think, first day of term so about 3/4 months ago now."

"Well that's not too bad. I was still a virgin then." Peeta joked.

"Yeah, with some kid in the year bellow. This hot guy I've never even noticed before." He said.

"Oh God. It wasn't my brother was it." Cato laughed.

"No, it wasn't Lloyd."

"You know him?" Peeta asked.
"Yeah. He tried out for the football team. Then I set him up with that girl."

"Which one? There are many." Peeta rolled his eyes.

"When you look like that there's bound to be" Cato joked. "Bit of a slut then is he?"

"A lot of a slut" Peeta corrected.

"Yeah well, he's a pretty decent guy. I gave him a few bulking up pointers too." he added.

"Well you'll be glad to know they're working well" Cato smiled at him.

"So why don't you come over mine sometime over Christmas break. We can do some work on that art project, or just hang out. You know, whatever you fancy" Cato stumbled out nervously. Peeta smiled.

"Yeah sure, sounds fun." He said.

"Good. I'll drop you a message at some point." At that point the school bell rang to signal the end of lunch, English, which he spent with Katniss before he went home for the day but just minutes after arriving he received the usual, dirty text from Austin and found himself sneaking out and back in during the night.
Flurries of snow fall in swirling motions, landing gently on the blank canvas that coats the streets of Panem. Footsteps imprint the blank page trailing behind Peeta who walks in the snow, his head down towards the ground, staring at the white floor. His hands and placed firmly in the pockets of his black coat. He was making his way towards Gale's house. It was a forty minute walk but Peeta didn't mind. He was free of distractions and he could be with his thoughts. Austin was away visiting family and wouldn't be back until the day after Christmas so Peeta found himself finding distractions often; little things that would just take up his time. He would read books and watch films and had begun to teach himself about Greek mythology. His brother was talking about the Greek God Adonis one day. He said that one of the women he had encountered called him it: Adonis. In the past weeks him and Peeta have hung out a bit more than usual. Peeta goes out jogging with him in the morning and often to the gym with him. They talk a lot too. The subjects range from their futures to school to sex to their romantic interests.

Lloyd had been seeing a girl, officially as his girlfriend for a couple of weeks. Rebecca was her name. She was from his school but the relationship was cut short as he reverted back to his womanising nature. He had slept with a number of people and she soon found out. As the older brother, Peeta felt he should've advised him to alter his habits, but Peeta found it quite admirable. He too was a young boy and he understood Lloyd and the type of person he was and accepted that his brother was a slut.

Peeta stopped for a moment as a bang sounded to his right. He snapped his head to see a small mound of snow attached to the window of a shop. Some kids across the street shouted 'sorry' and Peeta just smiled and held his palm up to them. Returning his hands to his pocket he looked again at the broken snowball fixed to the window. Then his vision phased and he focused on the shop. Inside he saw that it was the coffee shop in which he and Austin had first kissed. Sitting in their seat was a man by himself. He sat the with a book in his hand and a cup of coffee set just in front of it, but his eyes were focused on the steam that swirled up from the coffee as opposed to book. He set the book and placed the palm of his hand a few inches above the cup and felt the heat that rose. A man entered the shop then and sat in front of him. They greeted each other with a hand shake, but the one with the coffee pulled him forward into a kiss and they sat and conversed amongst each other. Peeta thought of who they were. Was it a first date? A second? The handshake suggested that their relationship hadn't progressed from dates or maybe sex. Maybe they're just hooking up. Peeta hung on for a moment, watching them through the glass pane that separated them before he continued to walk. He thought of their futures. Would they marry? Adopt kids? Would they have a happy ending? Then he thought of the man and woman who kissed in the rain that day with Austin outside the coffee shop. Where have they ended up? Are they happy with each other? He realised he was only young, but still he feels disappointed that his life hadn't been riddled with moments like this that might amount to something. He had this kiss with Austin that took his breath and stunned him in his chair, but that wasn't sweet it was sexy and didn't have a happy ending. He shook his head and increased his pace and thought instead of Mythology. He tested himself on the God's and associated them with stories and soon he found himself standing before the driveway of Gale's house. He walked into the house knowing Gale's parents were away.

"Hello?" He called out.

"Up here, Peet" Gale replied. He took off his shoes and coat and made his way up the stairs and to the right and pushed the door but it would not budge. "One moment" Gale called out and Peeta heard shuffling and then the door swung open. Gale stood there before Peeta, tall and shirtless
with a ball of clothes in his left hand. He stepped away to let Peeta into the room and Rae sat on the bed in one of Gale's button ups and her underwear.

"Peetie-pie" She said as she stared at her hands that swirled around each other held above her head.

"Peeta bread" Gale corrected her. "Suits him better."

"Yeah but he's gay. Peetie-pie suits him better."

"But he's not camp. He isn't a stereotypical gay."

"Fine. I'll kneel before you oh great Gale."

"You've done enough kneeling today." Gale teased and Rae just rolled her eyes at his crude joke.

"Who else is coming then?" Peeta asked as he sat on the floor, leaning against the radiator below the window in the square room.

"Finnick and Katniss –

"Jeez, already had enough of us?" Rae interrupted Gale.

"Yeah, you bore me." Peeta replied jokingly.

"Like you would be bored while I'm here with my body all on display." Gale said, caressing his body as he spoke.

"You know me too well. I'm a sucker for –

"Oh we know you're a sucker" Rae again interrupted much to other's amusement.

"And yet I haven't gone near Gale's dick" Peeta said bluntly but teasingly

"It's still early and we have vodka so who knows where the night may go" Gale winked.

Hastily Rae stood and made her way out of the room and down the stairs. The others followed behind her and made their way to the kitchen. Katniss and Finnick both walked in behind them. Rae had searched the cupboards and obtained the vodka and was already taking sips from it.

"Jesus fucking Christ, already drinking" Finnick said as he strode into the room behind everyone.

"Now that your here it's a necessity" she said in a bitter but mocking tone and handed the bottle to Peeta who in turn took to a swig from the bottle. The time began to pass and they we're all feeling giggly and tipsy from the alcohol and one had suggested to play truth or dare, so they all sat on the woven rug in the living room in a circle and in the middle put an empty bottle of wine.

"So how can we turn truth or dare into a drinking game?" Finnick asked.

"Who said it was going to be one?" Gale queried.

"Well how else are we going to have fun with this 12 year old's game" He said, leaning back on his hands.

"Okay. So what if instead of drinking, since we're all p-pretty drunk already" Katniss fumbled out "Why don't we turn into a stripping game." She finally finished.
"But Gale and Rae are already half naked" Peeta booed.

"AND? They'll just get naked quicker!" Finnick shouted and everyone laughed together. "Don't tell me you don't want to see that Mellark" He teased.

"Ok then. So let's say, if someone picks truth and you know they're not telling the truth you have to call them out on it and they have to remove one item of clothing. Or you know, if you just feel like they're lying, but you need to give feasible reasoning." Everyone agreed with Rae's proposal. "And as for dares, there won't be a naked rule. BUT. You're not allowed to chose the same thing, i.e. truth or dare, more than twice in a row" She finished declaring.

"Excellent excellent" Finnick repeated. "I like it. Like it a lot." He said. There was a brief silence amongst them all.

"So who's going first?" Rae called out, her legs crossed and elbows embedded into them as she supported her face with her hands.

"It's Gale's house so he should." Peeta suggested so Gale spun the bottle and it turned and landed on Katniss.

"Truth" She said. She held her chest and head high; back straight and poised, ready to take on the game.

"Have you ever fucked someone" She said.

"No." She said confidently. Everyone turned their head's to Rae who just nodded in confirmation.

Katniss span next and the bottle landed on Finnick.

"Dare." He said, mimicking Katniss' motions preparing himself.

"I dare you to kiss –

"Katniss!" Everyone interrupted.

"What? No it's my - " She was cut off by Finnick's lips against hers and then he pulled away back into his position.

"No. That wasn't my dare!" She cried.

"Too late he's done it now" Rae answered and Finnick continued in spinning the bottle to stop her from questioning. Time flew by and kisses had been exchanged, clothes had been removed, secrets had been revealed and hands had travelled in many personal places. Peeta was now the only person who sat fully dressed. Rae span and it landed on him.

"Truth" He uttered.

"I'm going to ask you something. Not strictly a true or false answer but still, a question. Who, right now, seen as they're both in their underwear, would you rather fuck. Finnick or Gale." She said with a smug look.

"Oh that's obvio -"

"Gale" Peeta bluntly cut Finnick off.

"What!" He exclaimed. Gale laughed in his face and attempted to high five Peeta but missed so instead squeezed his shoulder. "No no no no no." Finnick stuttered. "He's straight! And we've
already done stuff together!"

"Don't be a sore loser, Odair" Gale marvelled in his victory.

"Don't be a dick, Hawthorne" Finnick responded. "I'm not accepting that take your shirt off you lying piece of shit." Finnick folded his arms and his pecs tensed as he did so.

"Sorry but I'd rather fuck Gale right now to be honest. I mean, I've already done stuff with you, plus, he also has a hot face and hot body and, unlike you, is hung as fuck!" Peeta explained. Finnick took a breath in to speak, thought for a moment and said:

"Whatever" he let out his excess breath and his chest fell. "But, it's not fair that you're still pretty much fully clothed so, I think, and I'm sure the other's will agree, that you should take your shirt off" and he took a breath again and tilted his head back slightly.

"Take it off!" Gale shouted, clapping his hands. Everyone joined in, then, slowly and seductively, Peeta grabbed the hem of his shirt and pulled it off. The others cheered and whistled as he threw his shirt at Finnick. When everyone settled down, Peeta span the bottle and it landed on Finnick.

"Truth" He said. He had no choice as he had already done two dares in a row so Peeta held on for a moment to think of a question he could ask. His eyes widened when he came up with one and he smirked at the bronze haired bow opposite him.

"You" he started. Everyone sat in anticipation, they're heads tilted ever so slightly, listening attentively. "and Gale have had some form of sexual intercourse" He finished. The girls gave silent 'ohs' as they turned their heads to look at Gale.

"Not true" Finnick said and the girls sighed, disappointed, wanting something more juicy and meaty that they could tease the boys with.

"Take off the boxers." Peeta said and folded his arms. The girl's eyes widened and stared at him, they're mouths open as if about to scream.

"I haven't done anything with Gale!" He cried in defence.

"No Peeta, we haven't." Gale said although his face was flushed.

"His cheeks are red!" Katniss shouted, pointing directly at Gale.

"Oh my God. You guys fucked!" Rae shouted and began to repeat 'oh my god' over and over again as Katniss held onto a lengthy gasp.

"No, no we didn't" Both Finnick and Gale were flustered.

"We didn't!" He exclaimed.

"No. They didn't." Peeta said. The girls shut up then, confused. "But I believe I am correct in saying that they sucked each other off." His glum smile returned to his face and the other boys brought their hands to their faces.

"How do you know!" Finnick shouted.

"Well you see. A little while back, Gale told me that you and he had kissed experimentally, but he was very defensive about it. But anyway, as a homosexual teenager the idea intrigued me so yes I thought about it a bit. But when Gale told me about, sorry to bring this up, but you acting out and trying to sleep with him..." Finnick scowled at Peeta for once again brining that up "...I asked
myself, 'Why would Finnick think Gale would ever sleep with him' then I just figured it out. He wouldn't, but . . . You guys sucked each other off.

"It was once!" Gale shouted then through his hands.

"Actually it was a few times" Finnick then admitted honestly, his cheeks a bright pink.

"Oh my God, I've been down there!" Rae then exclaimed to Gale and they room was erupt with laughter and screams and soon they all began to clap their hands as Finnick stood up to remove his underwear.

"Hang on now" He said and silenced everyone. "Now, Gale also lied here so I think it would only be fair if we both got naked."

"It wasn't my dare" He answered back and everyone else agreed.

"Alright alright" Finnick said and in a quick movement he pushed down his boxers and cupped his hand around his crotch to hide himself.

"Take it away!" Katniss shouted and Gale stood up and pulled away Finnick's hand by grabbing his arm and he was now on show to everyone in the room.

"Whey!" They shouted in unison together and Finnick bowed as he let his manhood out for the group.

Peeta tilted his head and stared at it. "It looks smaller" He said and they all burst out in a roar of laughter and Finnick's face turned red so he just sat down and span the bottle and it landed on Gale.

"Dare" he requested.

"I dare you to get naked" Finnick then said in payback. Gale started to stand up but Rae pulled him back down.

"No, Odair. That's not how this game works." She said.

"Fine. I dare you and Peeta to make out, for a good 30 seconds and I want to see tongue and hands going everywhere." He said.

"You perverted little freak" Katniss said and pushed him.

"Hey, I'm not complaining" Peeta shrugged and got on his knees to prepare himself for Gale.

"Me neither, buddy" was all Gale said before he got on his knees and pressed his mouth against Peeta's. He pushed him down onto the floor and climbed on top of him. Everyone moved and crowded to watch them. Their heads turned against one another and they explored the depths of each other's mouths. Peeta raised his hands to Gale's chest and his shoulder. He moved the one then to his back and down to Gale's ass which he gently cupped over the fabric of his orange boxer briefs. Gale however, who was forcefully kissing Peeta, pressing his head down to the floor with his own, took things further and under the intoxication of the alcohol, took his free hand that wasn't holding him up in a mid press-up position and moved down Peeta's torse, only just touching his skin and then began to palm Peeta through his jeans.

"10 seconds!" Finnick shouted as he watched them intently, his mouth open in astonishment. Then Gale took things further again and decreased the layers between them, pushing his hand under the fabric of his jeans and in the final seconds he made skin to skin contact with it. Peeta moaned and opened his eyes in shock at the touch of Gale's warm sweaty hand against his
manhood and his face turned red and he began sweating as he realised he was completely hard from the experience and Gale was now touching his erection. Gale then gave a hushed moan back into Peeta's mouth so only he could here then time was up and within seconds was out of his presence and was back in his place to Peeta's left almost immediately. Everyone returned to their seats but Peeta still lay on the floor, his hard penis shaped up the side of his thigh, desperately trying to escape his tight skinny jeans.

"Gale!" Rae slapped him on the shoulder. "You gave the poor boy a boner!" She shouted.

"Thank you" was Peeta said in between his breaths for air.

"No problem. By the way, didn't know you were packing some dandy-meat in there" he said and lightly tapped Peeta's boner through his jeans.

"Oh my god" Finnick then said and quickly exited the room and ran up the stairs.

"Guess you turned more than just Peeta on" Katniss giggled and erupted into uncontrollable laughter.

"Are you sure you're straight?" Peeta asked then, still lying on the ground.

"Yes, although that was honestly really hot just then." Gale said then he went to spin the bottle but Rae just kicked it away. This would be the end of the game as they all knew it wouldn't get better. Peeta made his way upstairs to find Finnick. He walked into Gale's room and the naked Finnick turned around.

"Peeta" He shouted out and threw his hands down to his crotch but he hit his semi erect dick and panicked and grabbed a pillow instead to hide himself fully.

"So did run away because you had a hard on." Peeta smirked.

"Not a full one" Finnick smiled awkwardly. "You're still – umm" He spoke and nodded his head down at Peeta's crotch.

"Yeah. No point hiding it. I was half hard after you were in the buff." He said and looked intently at Finnick's body again. Another silence fell between them and both boys looked into each other's eyes. Then, as if the other knew what their thoughts were, they lanced towards each other. Finnick dropped his pillow and pulled Peeta in so that he could kiss him. They fell back onto the bed and made out. They grinded down each other and moaned loudly, not caring that the door was open. Finnick removed the remainder of Peeta's clothes and took his hard manhood into his mouth. His head pounded as the blood rushed through his body and he moaned as he heard Peeta moan. He pushed Peeta back and pushed his own manhood into him. Peeta roared out. He thrust harder and harder and faster and faster and Peeta began to call out his name. He took a huge breath then everything stopped. Peeta was standing before him again, his jeans still wrapped around his body, no longer sporting a boner. Finnick stood there staring at his lips moving but not registering the words. He then heard his name and the world came back in and he silenced his long and deep moan that he unconsciously made and his face immediately turned red.

"Finnick are you okay?" Peeta asked him. But Finnick just pushed past him out of the room. He went downstairs, into the lounge, grabbed his clothes and got re-dressed.

"Why are you getting dressed?" Gale asked as he lay down in his underwear, spread out on the floor. It was just him in the room as the girls were getting more alcohol from the kitchen.

"Because I'm not going to hang around naked" He answered him. Gale was distracted, staring up at the ceiling, his head confused in his drunken state.
"I will." He said.

"No need to" Finnick replied as he searched around for his shirt. He found it and put his arms through the sleeves

"What's going on with me?" He asked. Finnick sat down next to him before he could button it up. 

"Nothing is going on with you." He said as he slid down to lie next to him. 

"No, there is something wrong. We've done stuff right, but it was never hot." He said. 

"I thought so." Finnick replied. 

"I didn't though. But then, with Peeta. I grabbed his dick for fucks sake." He said.

"Wait you actually grabbed it. I thought you just cupped him, like, through his jeans." He said with his head tilted to stare at Gale. 

"No, I went all the way in there." He stopped for a moment. "It felt good, Finnick. It felt really hot. Like, I went all the way in there."

"That doesn't necessarily mean anything, Gale."

"But it does. I sort of, wanted to go further."

"Really?"

"Maybe. I don't know. I like sex. Everyone does. We were there, and he was grabbing my ass and kissing me – he's real good kisser too, ain't he – and I think if you guys weren't there, reminding me that my thirty seconds was up, then that thirty seconds could've been sixty, and that sixty could've been five minutes, and that five minutes fifteen minutes. I could've fucked Peeta" Gale finished.

"You probably would've. And wouldn't have fucked it up like me." Finnick sighed.

"Am I gay?" Gale asked. Finnick laughed. Then he laughed more and Gale joined in. Then they stopped.

"No, Gale. You're straight. It's just Peeta. He really is something isn't he." He said.

"Yeah, he is." There was another brief silence. "I'm really happy he moved here."

"Me too" Finnick agreed. And they laid there for a while, Gale in his underwear, Finnick's button-up left undone, not saying anything, the only sound the inaudible background noise from everyone else in the kitchen.

Peeta woke up the next morning on the brown couch in the living room. He was encapsulated in the arms of someone, his cheek against the bare skin of someone's chest. He looked up to see Finnick fast asleep, smiling, his arms wrapped around Peeta. He felt warm and cosy as they lay together on the sofa, both in just underwear. He lowered his head back down onto Finnick's chest and lifted his arm to wrap it around his tight waist. He snuggled further into him, pushing his body to Finnick's side and he lifted his leg over onto Finnick's. They lay under a duvet from Gale's bed together. Finnick turned slightly to his side to wrap himself into Peeta and fitted his neck and Peeta's head together like jigsaw pieces and he let out a breath. Peeta soon joined him again in
When he awoke once again he was alone of the sofa. He lifted his arms and stretched out.

"How are you feeling?" a deep voice came. Peeta turned his head to see Finnick standing there in his underwear with a cup of tea in his hand.

"I'm okay" Peeta replied.

"Hung over?" Finnick asked sipping out of a cup that has 'cock' written on it with the 'c' formed from the handle.

"No not - " everything came back into focus at that moment and his head was banging once again. His stomach felt empty yet full to the brim and his throat dry and scratchy. "Oh my god" He said in a scratchy, deep voice.

"What?" Finnick asked but Peeta was already up and running towards the bathroom. He barged into it and Gale stood in his underwear, brushing his teeth. Peeta opened the toilet and let out vomit that had been building up through his sleep.

"That's exactly the sound I like to hear in the morning." Gale mumbled out as he brushed his teeth, his mouth foamed from the toothpaste.

"It's the afternoon actually" Finnick said in standing in the doorway.

"What!" Peeta shouted but began to throw once again.

"Shit, you're going over Cato's today." Gale said after spitting into the sink. Finnick's face turned into a frown.

"What time is it?" Peeta asked Finnick as he knelt down over the toilet bowl. He didn't get a reply. "WHAT TIME IS IT?" He shouted.

"2:30 ish" Finnick said in a high tone.

"Shit, I'm supposed to be over his house in half an hour." Peeta said pushing Gale out of the way to swill his mouth with water. He saw a bottle of mouth wash in a basket on the edge of the bath, grabbed it and swilled his mouth.

"It's going to take more than mouthwash - " Finnick started.

"Shut up" Peeta shouted back and filled another cap of the mouth wash.

"You need to shower." Gale said and jokingly pinched his nose.

"I don't have time to shower!" Peeta said with frustration.

"Wow. Peeta. Calm" Gale said. "I'll grab my phone charger, charge your phone and ring him, say you'll be late. I have to go to my grandparent's house at 4, I'll drop you off on the way, Cato doesn't live that far from them.

"Thank you, Gale." Peeta said.

"Anytime" He winked back. "Where is your phone?"

"I don't know, wherever my pants are." Peeta said.
"I'll find it" He said and left the room, pushing past Finnick.

"Can you close the door please" Peeta said to him.

"Why are you going to see Cato?" Finnick asked.

"Close. the fucking. door." Peeta said, enunciating each word, punctuating them with a pause each.

"Why are you going to see Cato?" Finnick asked again, this time in a harsh and brutal tone.

"Why do you care?" Peeta asked, walking up to stand just in front of him.

"Because" He started. "Why are you seeing him?" He asked again instead.

"We're doing an art project together, okay? But listen the fuck up." Peeta said with authority. "You and Cato fucked each other, I get it. He punched you and shit, so I understand that's why you're mad at him. But you see, you and Gale were macking on each other's dicks around that time, weren't you?" Finnick nodded. "So fair enough he shouldn't have hit you, but Cato clearly had a thing for you and you go and such someone else's dick. More than once! And by no means do I blame Gale, because I know him, and I know you. I've been here for what, 4, 5 months, and that isn't that long but you, more than any of us should know that Cato is actually a decent guy, a lot more decent than you.

"I know what this is really about." Finnick said, leaning against the doorframe.

"oh my god" Peeta said.

"You're still pissed at that shit with you and me aren't you? Peeta, I didn't do anything with Glimmer."

"I know that! But we had agreed to be just friends, Finnick. He is a decent guy. So stop getting so jealous. I don't remember entirely what happened last night. I remember the truth or dare, I remember me and Gale but after that it's a blur. I have no clue how we ended up in that position this morning. But if we had sex, then you need to understand that I was drunk and just had Gale, fucking Gale, grabbing my dick. So stop being such a cunt! You and I are not an item. I could probably fuck Cato if I wanted to, but I'm not. He's a friend. A FRIEND!" Peeta was breathing heavily now and Finnick had resumed his upright position and his hands dropped down.

"I'm sorry." He said in a hushed tone. Peeta didn't say anything. "And we didn't have sex. Last night. You and I." Peeta still didn't say anything. "Look, I'm sorry, it's just. I still like you Peeta. I'm not going to get over you in a snap of a finger, I really wanted to take things further with us, but I'm getting through it and it's just still a bit sore, to see you, with someone else, in a serious way."

"I'm sorry too" Peeta said. "I overreacted. I – I'm feeling rough right now and stressed and honestly a bit horny." Finnick laughed at him.

"I really don't want to lose you, Peeta." Finnick sighed.

"You may be a dick, but I don't want to lose you either." Peeta replied.

"And as for the horny thing" He leaned forward a bit.

"Don't ruin it, Odair." Peeta said pushing him back.
"What? We could get Gale to join. I'm sure he'd love that. You two really know how to get it on." He teased. Peeta sarcastically laughed.

"Now get out, I need to shower." He said.

"Not till I get a peak of the good stuff." Peeta opened his mouth, but then turned around and took off his underwear to reveal his bare ass.

"That's all you're getting" He said and walked towards the shower.

"That's more than enough" Finnick answered and closed the door and walked away.
The water that battered Peeta's skin came to a halt. He pushed back his hair and wiped his eyes. He stepped onto the cold, tiled floor that sent a shiver form his feet, up through his body. He scanned the room and took a fresh, white towel from the wrack displayed next to the basin. He dabbed his body and rubbed the towel against it. It was soft on his skin, smooth like silk running between your fingers. His head was tipped to the left and forward slightly as rubbed the towel on his head, the strands of his hair moving in different direction, parting liking two positive magnets, and some intertwining with others and themselves, like lovers wrapping into each other, refusing to let go.

"You Peeta?" called Gale. His voice was soft and far away. Peeta wrapped the towel around his petit waist and exited the bathroom.

"You call?" He called out walking into lifeless kitchen. He checked the living room but Gale wasn't there. So he called out again. "Gale?"

"Up here, buddy" came the reply. Peeta made his way up the stairs slowly. Half way he re-wrapped his towel around his waist to ensure its security. He walked into the room and Gale was standing, looking into his wardrobe, still in just his underwear.

"Where's Finnick?" Peeta called walking to stand next to Gale.

"He went home." His reply was quick and wasted no time in continuing in his speech. "You need something to wear?" he asked, his hands pushing clothes from side to side as he searched for something that would suit Peeta.

"I don't think your clothes will fit." He said as he picked up the pile of his clothes that had been moved up here. He held the tightly packed ball to his nose and took a sniff. "Oh God. What you got?" He said dropping them to the floor.

"There's this" Gale said, holding out white long sleeve t-shirt. He was still searching as he held it out, his hand turning over piles of clothes folded at the bottom of his wardrobe. Peeta took the top and tried it in. It was a bit long but other than that it was a surprisingly good fit.

"How do you even fit into this?" Peeta asked as he pinched at the fabric.

"It's a bit small on me, but I wear it sometimes if I want to look bigger and stuff" He said, still not taking his head from his wardrobe.

"That's sad." Peeta replied.

"I've actually gotten laid in that top so don't put it down since it does actually work." Peeta looked down at it.

"And it's lovely that your sharing it with me" he said.

"Don't act disgusted or like prude, you've lost the right to be like that with me after last night." Gale said. Peeta just looked to the floor. He had hoped it wouldn't be brought up, hoped he could avoid what happened. Gale was his friend. A friend he told himself.

"Here" Gale said and passed him some black shorts and a pair of white boxer briefs. Peeta slid them on as Gale himself got changed, dumping his orange boxers on the floor and replacing them with a pair of black ones. He quickly slid on a sweatshirt and some jeans.
"I'm going to be freezing in these shorts" Peeta said, already jumping up and down.

"Well nothing else will fit you." Gale said as he picked up his keys and wallet.

"Why the fuck do you have to be so tall then." Peeta said disconnecting his phone from the charger.

"Or maybe you just couldn't be short" He teased back. They walked downstairs, got in the car and drove off.

"Peeta." Gale started. "Last night"

"Oh God don't" Peeta said, turning into the window.

"We got to talk about it." Gale said, his hand draped over the wheel.

"Okay. Fine. But not now. Not today. We were drunk. That's all." Peeta said and slid down in his seat.

"Yeah, but - "

"No Gale. You're not quiet when you're drunk you know. So why don't we wait before we discuss anything. Nothing major happened. You're straight for God's sake. Like I said, two drunken guys." Peeta said bluntly, holding his ground. He had overheard part of Finnick's and his conversation last night, about how if the others weren't there, Gale might have taken it further. He brushed it off as the mumbling and thoughtless chattering of a drunken man, but clearly those weren't passive thoughts and they were still on his mind, and, unfortunately for Peeta, he isn't going to let what happened pass by. *Things would be so much easier if I was straight* he thought to himself.


"Me too" Peeta replied.

Peeta walked up the long drive way that led to Cato's house. On either side was an expanse of grass and tall trees. He could see in front of him at the tip of the drive the house. It was a large house, much larger than any he had been to before. Outside it were two cars, one black that he recognised as Cato's and the other's was a red sports car. He rang the doorbell and almost immediately it was answered. Cato stood there with a wide grin on his face, looking down at Peeta. He wore a tank top that showed off his powerful arms and shoulders. It was a loose one that only covered the front and back. The ridge of Cato's pecs could be seen and a large portion of his side was also visible. He had a pair of shorts on also that fell only halfway down his thighs. Peeta thought he looked good but failed to see what Cato was doing. He knew his assets and was putting them on show for Peeta, and so far they were working their magic.

"Come in" He said and turned to the side to let Peeta in. Peeta glimpsed at his protruding pecs that stood out through the slit in fabric. Peeta stepped in but he unconsciously kept his eyes on every part of skin that Cato had on show.

"Sorry about my clothes. They were dirty and - "

"yeah, Gale said you had a party or something?" Cato said as he walked Peeta into the living room.
"Not a party really. yeah, why not. A party" He said. "I didn't have time to go home and get changed so um, these are Gale's." He pinched at the fabric of the black shorts.

"Doesn't matter to me" Cato said. They sat down on the couch together.

"So what exactly are we going to do now?" Peeta asked. He had yet to look directly at Cato. His line of sight had gone straight from Cato's muscles to anything else in the room that would distract him. He was horny. Real horny. He was still thinking about him and Gale and now he's got Cato on his mind also.

"Well, I was thinking that we just get started on making it." Cato said and gave a small and breathy laugh.

"Right, yeah. That would be good." Peeta laughed. "So, have you done any of it already?" He asked.

"I've built the frame, like we agreed."

"Ok. Well then – umm" Peeta was stuttering. He was nervous and he didn't know why. The conversation had always flowed with him and Cato so why, now all of a sudden is he flustered. He's seen a lot more of Cato before than what is on show now so why is it getting to him?

"Let's get started then" Cato said. They began with the design. The decided together that they would create a nude woman out of the mosaics in mockery of the many nude artists that exist. When the teacher would question them, they would just say it's 'art' and say no more. It would have a blue background and the whole woman would be shown on it, he arms above her head, hands together in a point-like position, he legs crossed over one another. They laid down the wooden board onto the mahogany floor and began to lay out their design. They had bags of coloured shards of glass in many different colours. Peeta finished laying it out while Cato went to get drinks and when he returned he burst into laughter.

"That's terrible!" He screamed in hysterics. Peeta joined in.

"God we're so going to fail." He said.

"You forgot her tit's" Cato said and they fell again into hysteria like laughter.

"Of course I forgot the tits, I'm gay. I'm surprised I didn't add a dick on there" He said after their laughter had calmed slightly. Cato then sat down next to Peeta on the floor and handed him the glass of water. Peeta held it for moment in his hand, just looking at it before he took a few sips then put it down next to him. His eyes had zoned on the mosaic and he tried to admire the parts of his work he thought good but his lips curved into a simple smile and he held his breath as he tried to contain the laughter that he held back with his closed mouth. Cato paid no attention to the mosaic. His eyes focuses solely on Peeta. He watched him as he took the glass to his pink lips and took small gulps. He watched his neck pulse as he swallowed and followed his tongue as it traced his lips slightly, taking up the remnants of the water that held onto them in droplets. He thought of tasting those droplets also, and tasting his lips. He had small lips that were a very faint shade of pink and had a slight tint of brown to them. They were similar to his own and he had always wondered how it feels to the people he kisses, how his own lips taste.

He put down his glass and took in a sharp breath and held it. He held onto a long blink and put his hand on Peeta's shoulder. Peeta turned his head around and placed his eyes on the hand on his shoulder and followed the large arm up to the face it belonged to. And that's when he felt the lips being pressed to his own. He tensed up, his body going rigid from the unexpected gesture but as he felt Cato's large hand move down his arm and rest on his own hand on the floor, so gentle and
timid, he relaxed into the kiss and wrapped his own lips around the others. He didn't expect this from Cato. He was calm and gentle. The touch of his lips soft and the touch of his hand light. It comforted him to know that he wasn't a brute, that he could be tender. His image of Cato as this brooding jock altered, and Cato was no longer large and dominating, he was small. They were par with each other so Peeta gave himself in him and lifted his hand up and rested it on Cato's large shoulder and gently moved it down the thin strip of fabric, gently brushing his finger tips over the pale skin. He rested his palm against Cato's chest, sprawling it out on his pec as he tilted his head and pushed against the opposing force. He didn't even realise what he was doing when he slipped the hand under the fabric and pushed lightly against the skin. He felt Cato's pec tense and rise against the contact and he felt a smile forming on his mouth and the pec loosened and relaxed. He moved it down his side then against his rib cage that was exposed. They separated only in brief moments to inhale quick, sharp breaths but connected with each other once again.

Peeta was the one to eventually pull away and Cato connected the foreheads, still holding onto that intimacy.

"Hi" he said looking into Peeta's blue eyes.

"Hi" Peeta replied. "What was that?" He asked. Cato smiled and diverted his gaze again to Peeta's lips.

"I was looking at you, and then your lips and I just felt the urge to kiss you" Cato confessed. He was blushing now, his cheeks a deep pink colour. Peeta let out a small, miniature laugh and raised his hand to cup Cato's cheek and he kissed him again. And again. And again. They were small kisses, but kisses none the less. Cato began to initiate another but Peeta pulled away and retracted his attention to the mosaic.

"We have to get this finished" He said. His denying Cato of kisses was done on purpose. It was him teasing, flirting, but somewhere amongst these feelings of lust, of desire and confidence, there was the tiniest pang of guilt embedded into his stomach. He knew what he agreed with Austin, friends and no more. Friends and just sex. But he had grown attached to him, to his presence and he missed him, so to be sat here kissing a boy like Cato made him feel guilty. He wanted to kiss Cato more, but he couldn't hide from the desire that he still holds for Austin. He was entrapped by him. He was his first and for the time being, that kept a hold on Peeta. He is restrained by these underlying feelings. He likes Cato. But he likes Austin also, and although he may not realise it at this very moment, stronger feelings are stirring within him and he is becoming attached to Austin.

They worked together then to finish the project, this time adding in the breasts. They stood above the mosaic laid out on the floor, Peeta with his arms on his wait and Cato's folded, his large muscles flexed.

"It's still pretty shit" said Cato and dropped his arm

"Well I can't be bothered to do anymore" Peeta said twisting his torso to face him. Cato smiled back at him in agreement for them to finish and then he kissed Peeta again. He placed both his hands on the side of his face and joined his lips with Peeta's like a jigsaw puzzle. Peeta kept his arms to his side and balanced himself on the ball of his feet to raise him up to help Cato out. Then he felt the hands leave his face and arranged themselves under his arm pits. Cato lifted him up and Peeta didn't know what to do so he wrapped his legs around Cato's waist and connected their lips once more. Cato kept his arms on Peeta's back to steady him and took small steps to the couch where he dropped Peeta onto his back. Peeta wasn't sure if this was what he wanted as he knew where Cato would want to go with this. He laid back and watched as the Adonis grabbed the hem of his tank top and pulled himself out of it. One by one each of his abs were revealed then Peeta got to see the complete picture of his body. It was astonishing how someone of his age could have such a stunning body. It wasn't skinny, it was big, like someone who had been training for years,
and it wasn't soft like many would be, it was hard and defined. He didn't feel like a 17 year old boy stood before him. It was more like he was in his twenties, and had been training for years upon years.

Peeta moaned as he watched the boy crawl over him slowly and moaned again when he felt the skin against his own. They kissed more and more, they're heads turning with one another and their bodies curved and pushed into the other. Cato began to grind down onto Peeta and within moments of it Peeta was hard, and so was Cato. His eyes opened wide when Cato sat up and began to undo first his own jeans, then held onto Peeta's shorts. He started to push his own down but Peeta stopped him by grabbing onto them himself. He panicked. He didn't want to do this. Not yet. So he pulled Cato down and reconnected their lips. His shirt had ridden up to his chest and Cato was palming at his chest.

"You're looking better than the last time I saw you" He said in between kisses.

"I've been working out a bit" Peeta replied.

"It's good" Cato said and moved his hand down and in a quick movement slipped his hand under Peeta's jeans and wrapped his large hand around Peeta's length. Peeta gasped and bucked his hips and Cato's lips curved into a devilish smile. This was the Cato that Peeta has been seeing. The brooding jock who knew how to dominate and oozed sexuality. Then the door bell rang and Cato let out a groan. He sat up and Peeta tried to look disappointed, but he felt relief as he felt the weight rise off him. Cato put his hand into his trousers as he walked away and adjusts his shrinking member within his trousers. Peeta pulled down his t-shirts and re-adjusted himself in Gale's shorts. He sat up and lent back against the arm of the sofa, peering over the top looking towards the door where Cato walks, his hand in fists, shoulders tensed up. He lets of a sigh-like groan and opens the door. It's Marvel standing with his hands in his jean pockets.

"Bro, I've got news for you" he says and pushes his way into the room. Peeta turns around quickly and pulls his phone out of his pocket and begins to scroll through instagram, just to seem casual.

Marvel walks backwards walking towards the sofa speaking, wasting no time to take breaths. "So I was just out with Gloss and some of the other lads, and his sister came along with Glimmer and Clove." He leans back against the couch, still not noticing Peeta's presence. Cato just stands looking at Marvel, hardly interested in what he is saying. He is looking at him, but he isn't processing the words that come at him. He's somewhat annoyed and somewhat waiting for him to notice Peeta and politely leave. But that doesn't happen. "So we we're hanging out by the band stand in the park. Then guess who turns up. Janine." Peeta sat there listening, not knowing who Janine was. But he listened anyway, growing annoyed slightly himself. "So she starts flirting with me as she does. Then I pull her aside, tell her to bugger off, that we're finished and all that stuff. Glimmer is eavesdropping at this point. So she swoops in and wraps her arms around my waist and calls me baby and before I get to ask what is going on, Janine storms off in a tizz. So Glimmer tells me she owes me" Peeta started to actually focus on what was on his phone, the story quite boring. Cato was also kicking at the floor, looking down, then back up, then down again. He holds his arms, then unfolds. Folds and unfolds. "So next thing I know we're up by the smokers point behind the trees, no one is there and she starts kissing me. So you know, it's Glimmer, I thought fuck it, and well, right there, underneath the tree I fucked her. Then again in Gloss' car when he was off getting high." Cato just nods at this point. He hears every single detail of Marvel's affairs. Every. Single. Detail. So before Marvel starts going into details (positions, gagging, the usual) he walks around and sits on the sofa and Marvel's eyes follow him and he finally notices Peeta.

"Oh. Peeta" He says, looking back between the two blondes on the sofa, one shirtless, on acting incredibly nonchalant and he figures it out. Cato rolls his eyes as he notices the click in Marvel's
mind, expecting him to leave, but instead he sits between the two, finished his story quickly. "Oh man it was so good." The he moves on. "So, Peeta." He picks his head up. "I guess Finnick is free if you wanna go back to him then" Peeta's face goes red and Cato just clenched his jaw.

"Mate - " He begins speaking.

"I probably gave it to her better than he ever did. God, she's so hot. It makes sense why he left you for her" That's when Cato grabs him by the shirt and pulls him up. He starts laughing so Cato pushes him towards the door.

"Grow the fuck up" He spits at him.

"C'mon, Cato. The kids a joke. You have had better than him and you're looking better than ever. Fucking hell Cato, you can do so much better than him!" and that's when Cato swings his fist and knocks him in the jaw. Peeta gasps as he watches Marvel's feet leave the ground and his body crash into the floor.

Holding a hand to his face he says "What the fuck, man". Cato picks him up again and punches him again in the face, and again, and again. Blood splatters across the mahogany floor and Peeta swears he heard something break. Marvel punches back, hitting Cato in the chest, but it's like punching a wall. Cato punches him back again in the stomach. He stumbles to floor. "Don't you ever fucking say shit like that again. You have no right to. I've had enough of your bullshit" he says and kicks him in the crotch. Marvel shouts out and curls into a ball on the floor. Peeta runs up and stand between the two. He looks Cato in the eye and shakes with fear. He watches his chest rise up and down and looks at the blood coated on his fists and spotted on his skin. Marvel just gets up, fear washing out his blood coated face and opens the door and runs. Cato starts to move forward but Peeta puts his hand against his chest and pushes him back.

"Cato" He calls out. "Cato" he keeps calling. He calls and calls but to no response. They've been standing there for a while before Cato bows his head.

"I – I'm really sorry, Peeta" he says looking at the blood on his hands. Peeta doesn't say anything. "I just. I got so mad. He can't say shit like that he can't". Peeta registers how panicked he sounds so he kisses him. Cato kisses back, putting his hand on Peeta's face but pulls away when he remembers the blood.

"I'll take you home" Cato says picking up his keys from the key hook.

"No. It's fine. I'll walk" Peeta says.

"It's cold. And you're in shorts."

"I'll be fine."

"I'm sorry" and he genuinely meant it and Peeta felt a pit in his stomach, because he felt sorry for Cato. He felt sorry that he had these issues. These anger issues so he kisses him once more, tells him it's okay and leaves. All by himself now, he feels confused because the tingling in his lips that Cato left behind felt good, but the blood on his face gave him a pain in his chest, and then there was the guilt in the deepest parts of his stomach.
Peeta lies in his room underneath the covers of his bed. His face the only part that pokes from under the duvet, the rest is cocooned within it. His hands grasp firmly to the inside sheets to keep it close. The soft sheets cling to him like they are just another layer of skin on his body. The room is not dark, but only just light, as strips of pale sunlight manage to slither through the blinds into the room. He wakes and his eyes flutter open but close soon enough and he falls back into a half-sleep state. Then the sound of banging feet makes its way towards him. The door bursts open and Lloyd jumps straight onto the bed in his underwear.

"Wake up wake up wake up" he shouts, bouncing the bed but Peeta just pulls the sheets over his head completely forming a barrier between them. So Lloyd lifts himself off the bed, grabs hold of the duvet and in quick movement tugs it off Peeta, throwing it away from the bed. Peeta moans and curls his body into a foetus position. "Get the fuck up!" Lloyd shouts, shaking the mattress.

"Ok ok" Peeta says, waving his hand towards Lloyd.

"It's Christmas you shit head so put some clothes on!" Peeta opens his eyes suddenly when he realises that it is in fact Christmas. He may be almost eighteen years old, but there is no holiday that gets him as excited as Christmas does. He can't quite place what it is. Maybe it's the warm, comfortable feeling that comes with it that always homely. The smell of pine wood and cinnamon that seems to follow you no matter where you go, or maybe the snow that is almost always coating the streets like a blank canvas. If you walk past someone in the street, it doesn't matter who they are, whether you know them or not, they acknowledge you, whether it's a friendly smile, or a 'Merry Christmas'. Everyone seems so happy and peaceful, and everyone is so kind.

He stretches first in his room then goes to his wardrobe to find some clothes. He pulls out some grey sweatpants and pulls them on after taking off his underwear because he feels so much more comfortable without them. Lloyd runs back in wearing a pair of blue sweat-shorts, still no shirt—he's really taking his body in his pride since he's been working out. He's come a long way, now with developed abs and pecs, maybe not huge in the way Cato's are, he's still a slim boy, but he undoubtedly is proud of his progress and Peeta doesn't blame for flaunting it. If he looked the way Lloyd did, he would flaunt it too, but his body still lacks that definition. It may look better than before, but it's not at a stage that he feels he can flaunt it. But before he can even grab a shirt, Lloyd has him by his upper arm and is dragging him downstairs.

In the living room, placed on the coffee table was a pile of presents. They found their parents sitting on the sofa drinking cups of tea. Lloyd rushed immediately to the pile and found all the ones that were for him. Peeta had gone straight to the kitchen to make himself some tea, when he came back Lloyd had found his too and separated them into a pile.

"Who gets tea when there are presents?" He asks, raising and dropping his arms to his lap like he's utterly disappointed in Peeta. He rips the wrapping off of various boxes throwing them in every direction around the room like a child. Peeta opens his slowly, taking each time to appreciate each gift. From his parents he received a small pile of CDs. One was from a singer called Damien Rice. He recalls telling his parents about him, how he thought his music was so calming and atmospheric. How it was emotional unlike the generic pop music that his generation blasts through speakers for everyone to hear. He thought it very impersonal and that music should be for the individual and then to be shared with others like you're offering up a piece of your soul. Really he just reiterated what Austin had said to him as they laid down on his bed, playing music of all sorts, talking, staring up at the ceiling. Not touching, just talking. It's what he found comforting about Austin, he was opinionated and would tell Peeta his thoughts, think out loud and Peeta listened,
because he knew that's what Austin wants; someone to listen, but also because he admired
Austin's individuality and wanted him to be himself, untainted by generic pop culture.

He held the CD up in front of him. "Thank You" he said to them and they smiled back.

"Dude!" Lloyd shouted holding up a small tub of protein powder. "This is awesome!" He was
gleaming at Peeta's present to him. Not only was there the protein powder, but a book called 'Will
Grayson, Will Grayson' which Peeta had read a while back and kept telling his brother to read it,
but Lloyd wasn't the reading type, so Peeta thought he'd get him the book then make him read it,
because it was his favourite book, and he wanted to share that part of him with his brother because
hadn't shared something so personal with him before. He had left in Lloyd's room some more gifts
of a more humorous nature – a jockstrap with protective cup and a large pack of condoms.

"Thanks." Lloyd said. "For this, and the other stuff" and he laughed. "They'll come in handy" he
said and the brothers hugged each other. Peeta opened his own gift from Lloyd. It was an all black
jumper of a reasonably thin material, a brown and green checked shirt and a pair of dark blue,
faded skinny jeans.

"Your wardrobe kinda sucks" he said and Peeta hit him.

"Thanks." He replied, forcing his words like they came out the pit in his stomach because he
realised that his little brother must have spent a lot more on him than he did for Lloyd. But because
it was Christmas, he pushed it out of his mind.

Peeta and Lloyd sat next to each other on the floor, leaning against the wall and watched the
Christmas films with their parents like they did every year. They were half way through The Polar
Express when the doorbell rang. Nobody moved at first. They patiently waited out the other
people in the room, hoping someone else would answer. The door bell rang once more and Peeta
gave in. He stood up and walked to the side door. He didn't check who it was, just opened the
door to his brother Giles.

"Peeta!" He shouted holding up his arms as high as he could lift them, but the bags we're
weighing them down.

"Giles!" He said and stepped back to let him in. He dropped the bags as soon as both feet we're in
and embraced Peeta in a hug but Peeta pulled away. "You're covered in snow!" he said.

"Well put a shirt on then" Giles said, unravelling the scarf around his neck and hanging it on the
pegs next to it along with his coat. Giles was taller than Peeta, and only slightly taller than Lloyd.
He had ashy blonde hair similar to Peeta but he kept it long and pushed back. "You're bigger" he
said punching Peeta on the chest.

"I swear you're skinnier, if that's possible" he said punching him back

"Hi sweetie" Said their mother who had emerged behind them and she took her son into a warm
embrace.

"I'm so sorry I'm late. Finn's car broke down and it was too late by the time we got it working
again so we stayed in Seam for the night."

"Oh don't worry about it, you're here now. Aunt Mae and your cousin are coming down too this
evening." She said as the all walked into the living room.

"You're kidding, right?" Lloyd said. He wasn't fond of their cousin, Phil, and neither was Peeta
really, but he puts up with him because he's family. Phil has a tendency to want to be the best at
everything, and brags a lot, which gets on Lloyd's nerved a lot. The last time they saw each other, Lloyd actually punched him. Things could get very tense.

"Jeez. How come everyone around here is buffing up" Giles said as he pulled Lloyd up into hug.

"Maybe you should move down here. It looks like you need a bit of muscle" He said pinching at his arms under his sleeve.

They all sat down on the sofa and floor in the living room and caught up, heard about college life for Giles and his new girlfriend, Jessie, a short brunette from the halls opposite him. After a while their parents left to begin preparing dinner and the boys all sat together talking. Then Peeta heard his phone ringing upstairs so he ran but missed it. When he picked it up he realised he had a number of messages from various people. Gale, Katniss, Rae, Johanna, Finnick - the lot; all wishing him a Merry Christmas. He replied to them all, except he realised he hadn't received a message from Austin yet. He felt annoyed at first, that there was no dedication, but he realised that they weren't together, that dedication wasn't necessary. So he brushed it off then checked who he had missed the call from. He had hoped it was Austin, but he knew it wouldn't be. It was Cato.

His thumb hovered for a moment above the 'call' button but then he pressed it. It rang 5 times before Cato answered.

"Hello"

"Hey, Cato. You rang me?"

"Yeah. I wanted to see how your Christmas is going." That's really sweet thought Peeta.

"It's going good. So far."

"Is that all you're going to say?"

"What else do you want me to say?"

"Well, more than that."

"Umm. Okay. Well, my brother, Giles just got here."

"Only just now? My brother got here yesterday."

"yeah, his car broke down or something. Anyway, he's here now. My Aunt and cousin will be coming over later, unfortunately."

"Why is that bad?"

"My cousin. He's a complete twat." He heard Cato chuckle down the line. There was a very brief silence in between sentences. "So what about your Christmas?"

"Oh, well. It's been alright I guess. There four of us together isn't always peaceful you know. We can always find something to argue about." Peeta felt a stone in his stomach. He recognised those words, the tone. Cato wasn't having a good Christmas and he felt so bad about it.

"Oh. It's surprising actually how good it's been here. I mean in previous year I'd be having a go at Lloyd by this point and we'd end up fighting. What are you doing? That isn't going to make him feel better."

He began to speak again but then he heard shouting down the other line. It was a man's voice; His
father maybe. Peeta couldn't work out what he was saying, only heard the muffled sound of Cato's voice. He was covering up the phone.

"Nothing...I'm just on the phone...a friend...Dad, I just...I'm just having a conversation...because I want to talk to him, hear about his Christmas...I'm not doing anything wrong" Peeta heard a female voice being introduced although he couldn't decipher the words. "Mom, please...she's not a slave...don't you think you've had enough" Peeta was panicking now. Should he hang up? It would be rude to keep on listening, right?

"HEY! Stop that...Don't touch her...Let go of me...what does it matter to you...stop it...Dad...STOP IT" The yelling was painful for Peeta to hear, then he heard a bang and a shatter as well as the drop of a phone. A few quieter bangs followed. The words became inaudible then and he hung up, tears filling his eyes. He didn't know what was happening, but it was killing him, what he heard. He figured Cato lived this perfect life as the jock of the school, the hot rich boy who was so kind to everyone, but there is something seriously wrong. Peeta wanted to believe it wasn't usually like this, but deep down he knew that there was a cancer at the heart of that family.

He blinked away the tears in his eyes and puffed out his chest. He heard then the rest of the family arrive downstairs, and he felt like running out and going to Cato's. But he couldn't do that, so he got out a jumper and put it on then sat on his bed and Lloyd came upstairs.

"The cunt's here" was all he said and disappeared into his bedroom and came back out wearing a black sweatshirt. Peeta sat there for a bit longer then and his phone pinged so he checked who the message came from – Cato.

Sorry about that x it said, so Peeta rang him and also immediately he answered.

"Hey." He said.

"Hey. Sorry about that. My dad is just a little drunk, nothing to worry about" Peeta could hear him sniffling down the phone.

"Cato, are you okay?" He asked.

"Yeah, I'm fine." He said and a brief silence fell over them, but it was heavy, unlike any other silence.

"Here's a funny idea" He said. He didn't know what to do. "Why don't you come over here?"

"Peet, I don't think that's the best idea."

"Why not? I mean, it would be fun. You get to meet my amazing cousin. It'll be a blast"

"I don't think my parents would - " Cato started,

"You don't have to if you don't want to, but I would like it if you did. And it'll be fun. You need the cheering up" He knew he shouldn't have said that last part, but he needed to pull Cato away from whatever is going on in his house. Another silence fell between them and Peeta was now pacing the room.

"I'm sorry Peeta. I can't."

"Okay"

"How about we do something soon though?"
"Yeah. Okay" and he hung up. There wasn't just a stone in his stomach, he felt like the big bad
wolf, cut open, stuffed with stones and filled back up again. He could hear Phil's awful cackle
from downstairs and he cringed.

He made his way downstairs and walked straight pass Phil who sat on the sofa, calling him. He
walked into the kitchen but his parents made him go back in and he reluctantly waddled back in to
the room.

"What the fuck, you ignored me" Phil said to Peeta.

"Had to speak to mom and Dad." He replied, but speaking to his brothers.

"Anyway, I was just telling them, I totally got the new iphone" he said, waving it to them.

"Oh how did you pay for that then?" Lloyd asked.

"Like I would pay for this myself. Mom paid for it" He said, like it was some achievement, and
the three boys on the floor just rolled their eyes at their spoilt cousin. They started to talk amongst
themselves, not including Phil in their conversation but he weaved his way into it and soon got
talking about a girl who had sucked him off the week before.

"So?" Giles asked.

"Well of course that doesn't matter to you, college boy" He said and looked to Lloyd and Peeta,
expecting some reaction.

"Sex isn't a competition" Peeta said, his eyes fixed on his feet.

"Of course it's not. But somehow I believe I'm winning". Peeta just wanted to smack his smug
face.

"What makes you think that?" Peeta asked.

"Well have you had a blowjob?" Phil asked, expecting a 'no'.

"Countless" Peeta replied.

"Although they're almost mediocre compared to the sex" Lloyd added.

"You're not a virgin?" Phil asked with a shocked expression and Lloyd shook his head.

"He's far from a virgin." Peeta said.

"Like, how many then?" He asked.

"I don't keep score" Lloyd said. You could detect in his voice how much he had grown tired of
this conversation.

"But you must have an idea" Phil sounded agitated.

"I don't know, Phil. At least 10 maybe" he shrugged.

"10 times!" Phil shouted.

"No, not 10 times." Lloyd chuckled. "10 people. And I said at least."

"I don't believe it" Phil said with his arms crossed.
"Believe it. I unfortunately walked in. And the other time's; not even music could block out the noise" Peeta said.

"Well what about you then, Peeta. You're a virgin, yes?" He asked, his mouth open but Peeta shook his head. "I think you're playing me. So what? You've been with 20 people or something?" he was now speaking loud, almost at a shout and it was making the others uncomfortable.

"Nope, just the one guy" Peeta said.

"GUY!" Phil shouted.

"Peet. You're gay?" Giles asked, his voice much more calmer than Phil's.

"Yeah, I am." He said and his brother just smiled back, so he turned to Phil and said: "You got a problem with that?" His tone was violent and threatening. Phil held his mouth open, words trying to escape his mouth but he couldn't find the correct words so instead nothing but silence came out.

"You have an issue with gay people?" Giles then asked, standing up now.

"Nope nope nope nope" Phil repeated.

"Good" Giles said and sat back down.

Phil was reasonably quiet for the rest of the night, keeping his bragging to a minimum and only then was it directed to Mr and Mrs Mellark. The three boys retreated to Lloyd's room to spend the rest of Christmas. Giles would be sleeping there from now on and Lloyd offered it to him and would temporarily be in Peeta's room on a blow up mattress. Giles objected at first but Lloyd insisted. The family felt whole once again with Giles back, and nobody argued with each other which was unusual for 3 brothers – for Peeta and Lloyd more like. Peeta was happy. His Christmas was a good one, but there was still those stone's in his stomach weighing him down, because every time he found himself alone and away from conversation, thought of Cato crept into his mind and he would worry about him and feel guilty for having a good Christmas, as stupid as it sounded. Why was he so bothered by some noises he heard down the phone which could have been nothing? Why was he so concerned? Then he realised something. He was never concerned about Austin. Never concerned about Finnick, but he is concerned now over Cato. He likes him. It may be only the formation of feelings, but he has them. He has feelings for Cato.
Peeta shouldn't be cranky. He has no school, so can sleep in for hours and catch up on all the sleep he has missed during school time, but it was proving tasking to do so. Sharing a room with Lloyd used to be ok. Peeta was bottom bunk, Lloyd was top. Neither disturbed the other, but both had issues getting dressed (i.e. naked) in front of the other so one would either wait outside, or they'd turn away from each other or close their eyes – the latter was the more common option as Lloyd is was a stubborn asshole. But Lloyd's transition to a likeable person to Peeta has come with consequences. Lloyd was now snorer. Not as loud as their father, it was quite light compared to him, but still loud enough to disturb Peeta's peace. He's also become a restless sleeper, and when sleeping on an air mattress, that can be annoying. All throughout the night the sound of squeaking plastic echoed throughout the room. Occasionally it would wake Peeta up and then prevent him from getting back to sleep. It's funny how these are the things that get to Peeta. Not the fact that neither of them sleep with pyjamas so both are in their underwear, or that when one wakes in the morning, so does the other. No, it was the interruption of his sleep in the night time. He would sleep on the sofa, but it play hell with his back and he would ask Lloyd to leave, but that means he would sleep on the sofa and he is too stubborn to do that. So for the next week, they're stuck together.

Two nights. That's all, and he's already fed up. He checks the clock to see what time it is. 8:32. Jesus fucking Christ Lloyd he thought. He takes a pillow from behind his head and strikes it down on Lloyd's face on the floor next to his bed. He woke up immediately, but Peeta kept hitting him.

"What the fuck! Stop it! You asshole" Lloyd shouts back.

"Wake up dick head!" Peeta keeps shouting back.

"I am – stop it!" Lloyd grabs the pillow, stands up and starts to hit Peeta back with it, but Peeta just laughs so Lloyd drops the pillow.

"Shit. Look out morning glory" Peeta says, indicating to Lloyd's boner tenting up his boxer briefs. Lloyd's face flushes and just picks up the pillow and hits him again.

They both lay in their beds awake for a few hours, Peeta watching Tv, Lloyd reading Will Grayson, Will Grayson. Lloyd finishes his chapter and says: "You want to go to the gym?" and Peeta nods in agreement. They both get changed into their gym clothes together, not bothering to hide their nakedness and then Peeta gets a text from Gale.

Wanna do something it says.

Off to the gym with Lloyd. Wanna come? He replies

Sure Gale replies. On returning home he takes a long shower. The bathroom has become Peeta's personal space since no other room offers him the luxury of privacy so he spends longer than usual in there. He slides down in the bath and lets the water pour from the shower head onto him. Then he begins to touch himself. Almost immediately he becomes hard so he jacks off under the warm water. As one hand strokes his member, the other travels down between his legs and he begins to massage at his own hole. His breathing become heavy as he slowly pushes the tip of his fingers in. He pumps himself and curls his fingers inside of and begins to push them in and out. He gives a deep and quiet moan as he does. It didn't take him long to cum over himself in long spurts. Stream after stream came from him and when they stopped he let out his held breath and breathed heavily and quickly.
He dries in his room, facing the window so that his brother, who lies in his bend, can only see the back of him, even though he is pre occupied with his book. He finds a pair of boxer briefs in his wardrobe and slides them on, and then he gets a text from Austin.

*Guess who's back xx* it said. Peeta felt like leaving it and not replying, just spending the rest of the day relaxing, but he knows Austin wouldn't let him and would just send text after text. As he's replying he receives another text. *Come over xx.* He just replied with an 'ok' and got dressed.

Peeta hesitated before he rang the buzzer to Austin's apartment. He's never had to break anything off with anyone before and he was nervous, but he knew he had to do it because he wanted to be with Cato, and he couldn't maintain anything with the both of them. He rang the buzzer and declared himself. Austin let him in. When he reached the top floor he realised that the door to the apartment was open. He walked in and a shirtless Austin was laying back on the couch. When he saw Peeta he immediately turned the TV off, walked up to the door and closed it.

"Thank God you're here" he said and grabbed Peeta's face in his hand and kissed him. Peeta went to pull away, but Austin held onto the kiss and began to take it deeper. Peeta tried to say his name, but couldn't get the words out with the other boy on his lips. He felt a pit in his stomach as Austin moved to his neck and began to push Peeta's coat off him. He kept trying to say the word 'stop' but couldn't. It was like there was a pair of hands wrapped around his neck and he was struggling for air, let alone get words out. He couldn't stop it.

They were on the couch, Peeta now shirtless with Austin who was grinding down on him as he took his nipples in his mouth.

"I've missed you so much" He muttered between kisses that trailed down Peeta's body. He felt so bad because he was hard and horny but didn't want to be. Austin started to palm at Peeta's boner through his jeans. Peeta refrained from touching Austin, keeping his hand to his sides or behind his head. But the hands around his neck got too tight and he couldn't stand them being there any longer.

"STOP!" he said and Austin did briefly. His wide eyes stared at Peeta wanting an answer, but when Peeta didn't give one he continued in undoing Peeta's trousers. "No. Stop I said!" He shouted again. Austin sat up and sighed.

"Why? What's wrong?" Austin asked. Peeta stood up from the couch and picked his shirt up from the floor.

"I can't do this anymore" he said as he pulled it over his head.

"What do you mean?" Austin asked again. Peeta sat down next to him on the couch again.

"Listen. I've really enjoyed our time together. I really fucking have, but..." He thought of the words he needed before speaking. "Austin, would ever want to be more than just fuck buddies?" He asked and Austin made no reply so Peeta continued. "Do you think that maybe, we could actually be together as boyfriends or at least more than...than this." He shook his pointed finger between the two of them. There was no reply again. "Well?"

"No" Austin replied. "I'm sorry, Peeta. I couldn't do that. I can't commit to a relationship. I can't commit to anything." He held onto a silence for a moment and stared at Peeta. He really did think he was beautiful, short, bulky, blonde, perfect. But he couldn't see beyond his physical appearances. He loved the way he looked, but he didn't have a strong enough emotional connection to alter the way he thought. So he continued to explain himself in his own way. "I mean, sorry to bring this up, but I've been fucking other guys, not just you." He knew the arrangement they had made, but still that killed Peeta and Austin sensed that. "Well...we agreed
we weren't exclusive. You must have fucked other guys, right?" he asked. Peeta had done stuff admittedly, but he never intentionally fucked someone else so he shook his head. "Shit. I'm sorry, Peeta." Austin said.

"Don't be. I'm the one breaking things off here" he said and stood up and Austin did too.

"What do you say, one final fuck?" Austin asked and Peeta's eyes opened wide, stunned.

"You're kidding, right?" and Austin's face went red.

"Yeah, totally" He laughed off. He walked him to the door and said "I'm really gonna miss fucking you, Peeta Mellark" and that was it. That was the end of Peeta and Austin. But Peeta felt free. So free. He could now be with Cato without a guilty conscience. He could finally have a relationship with a decent guy and it made his stomach churn with nerves but also with happiness. So he called him when he left the building.

He made his way up the drive way to Cato's house again, each tree lining his path like guards. When he rang the doorbell, Cato answered the door immediately like he had been waiting, but he closed it straight behind him as he left.

"We're going for a drive" he said. His lip and eye we're both cut and he had a faint bruise on his cheekbone.

"What happened?" Peeta asked worried as he followed him to the car like a toddler to a parent. Cato didn't reply; he just got in the black car. As soon as they left the drive way it was like they had made an escape and were free to talk.

"Can you explain now?" Peeta asked. His voice shook ever so slightly with panic and worry.

"It's nothing. It'll heal" Cato said with a smile on his mouth.

"Who did it?" Peeta asked.

"My dad" Cato replied. His parents had hit him, but not enough to hurt, only scold. It felt like a gunshot to the chest to hear those words.

"Why? What happened? Was this when we had the phone call?" his voice was getting louder and shakier with each question he fired.

"Peeta, relax" Cato said, but he couldn't. He couldn't relax without any answers, and the ever increasing speed of the car just added to Peeta's anxiety. "I'll explain." Peeta let out a breath and leaned back into the seat.

"My dad, he has a slight drinking problem, and sometime he gets violent when he's drunk. He never did any serious damage, but lately he's been getting worse. When we woke up on Christmas he was already drunk. You could smell the liquor as soon as your eyes opened. Anyway, things were fine until he got a present he wasn't one hundred percent happy with, so he got annoyed. Anyway, when I spoke to you, he got annoyed that I wasn't spending time with the family during every moment of the day." As he was speaking the words it was like the cuts on his face were opening more and more and the blood was beginning to pool at the surface again. "He tried to take the phone but I wouldn't let him. Then my mother got involved, and that's when he pushed her down, so I hit him. Gave him a good punch in the jaw, but that just got him more angry and he began to hit me more, push me into the wall. He's not a strong as he used to be, and I'm a lot stronger now so I just defended myself. I hit back, and again. My brother had to hold me back. I – I just got so mad. He hurt her, Peeta. He never hurt her before. Not her. It's scaring me. He's not
the same man he used to be. He needs help, and until he does get it, he's not my father." His eyes glistened with salted tears that brimmed in his eyes. It was blinding his vision so he pulled over in a lay-by. Peeta didn't quite know what to do, so he just reached over and gave him an awkward hug and said he was sorry.

"Me too, Peeta" Cato replied. They sat for a short moment in silence. "Anyway, that's enough of that. Let's talk about you" he said.

"Well. I don't know what to say" Peeta admitted.

"Look, just forget about it, for now at least. Don't dwell on it, it might ruin the day." Cato laughed to himself.

"Well then, let's talk about you" Peeta said with a guilty smile.

"What's new in the Mellark life?" Cato asked.

"Things between me and Austin, whatever they were, are over. For definite." He said.

"Oh, sorry about that" Cato replied.

"No, no. That's a good thing. Because now I don't feel guilty about what I'm about to say." Peeta took some breaths to prepare himself and to think about the words he was going to say. "I like you, Cato. Like, like like." That sounds so stupid Peeta thought, but Cato smiled, wanting to laugh.

"Me too" he said and they both smiled together and exhaled together. Cato leaned across the seat and pulled Peeta's head towards his by the back of his neck and took him into a kiss on the side of the road. It was so soft and delicate. Cato's lips tasted sweet and they were smooth against his. He cupped his cheek as they kissed and when the pulled their lips apart, their faces stayed touching. Then Cato lent under his chair, grabbed the handle and pushed it back. He placed his hand on his thighs like he was waiting for Peeta who quickly climbed over, kneeling with his legs either side of Cato's. They continued kissing more, Cato keeping his hands at the small of Peeta's back and Peeta tied his into Cato's hair, playing and twirling in between his delicate fingers. Peeta couldn't stay still and kept shuffling on Cato's lap much to his enjoyment. They both felt the tensions in the car rising and they both became hot and heavy. Cato removed Peeta's shirt and began to kiss against the skin. The wet contact was soft but enough to tease Peeta who just looked down and watched his body be kissed. He got hard and his cock had moved in his jeans and the head was now poking out of the top of his jeans. Cato's kisses got lower and lower down, but then they stopped.

"I sort of have to go do something with my brother" he said.

"What?" Peeta said loudly.

"I'm really really sorry, I just didn't think this would happen and expected to be back pretty soon and I made plans with my brother to go to the gym and do something afterward and – I'm really sorry, Peeta." He just nodded and slid back into his seat.

"Don't worry" he said as Cato handed him his shirt back and he put it on.

"I'll drive you back home" He said and started the ignition.

"I'll text you later" Peeta said getting out of the car outside the bakery.

"Already looking forward to it" Cato said and then the door closed between them. Peeta was slightly annoyed, felt like he had been left hanging, but at the same time he felt good because now
he can have something real with something, and he felt confident about it, more so than with Finnick and Austin and it excited him. So he spent the rest of the night in his room with Lloyd watching TV until he thought it was time to text Cato, so they had a normal conversation together until they wore out what they could through text and they said their goodbyes to one another.
"Is that a good thing?" Gale asked Peeta.

"Yeah, it is. Me and Cato, I got a good feeling about it." Peeta said although Gale's face showed a lack of gladness for Peeta. "What is it?" he asked him.

"Finnick won't like it" Gale said and let go of his worried expression as Peeta sighed.

"I don't give a fuck about what will or will not think" Peeta said, jutting his jaw out ever so slightly. Gale held his hands up like he was backing off away from an angered animal, showing his surrender; that he meant no harm. "He needs to get over me. If he can't find someone himself then why don't you. Find someone he can obsess over and act like they're his possession; that they must do everything he wants and do nothing by their own will. Speak to no other person. Look at no other boys."

"A bit harsh don't you think?" Peeta just shrugged. "He doesn't want to date anyone. He's in a specifically school and sex mindset. No relationships," Gale said. He reached past Peeta to the bedside table in his room and grabbed the cup of tea and sipped it.

"Then why is he bothered by me and Cato? Why is he so fixated on having me as his prized possession?" Peeta asked, flapping his arms about. Gale just shrugged. He put the tea down onto the floor this time instead of the table so that he wouldn't have to reach over Peeta.

"I don't know. He is getting some form of action" Peeta raised his eyebrows. "We've continued the agreement." Gale said hesitantly and Peeta understood immediately.

"The blow-job thing" Peeta questioned, his tone going up like he was excited or equally like he was about to laugh.

"Yes and don't laugh!" Gale said angrily.

"I'm not!" Peeta defended, but he couldn't wipe the smug smile from his face.

"Since the whole truth or dare thing I've just fancied...doing it. It got me thinking that gay sex or straight sex can be enjoyable for anyone as long as you're not narrow minded and it really doesn't matter if it's a guy or a girl sucking you off, because either way it feels good. But, we were hanging out it sort of happened – well, admittedly, I did initiate it all with flirting and hinting - and it's just turned into a thing now where it happens when we're hanging out or sometimes it's a booty call - " Peeta giggled when he heard that. "Shut it. I'm trying to share something with you here!" Gale shouted back and Peeta spoke a string of sorry.

"So what does this make you?" Peeta asked.

"It makes me nothing. I'm just curious." Gale said.

"I think a few times classes as curious; a booty call is much more." Peeta laughed and Gale joined in. "I just like sex! I like hot people! That's a bit one-dimensional I know but I don't care. No. No it's not, because I'm not being small minded. I'm opening my mind to more possibilities!"

"Welcome to the dark side" Peeta said and winked.

"Hey, I'm neutral, got it?" Gale defended and earned a tantalising thumbs up in reply. Then he let a silence fall between the two.
"Do you want to invite Cato?" Gale asked and Peeta shook his head.

"It could ruin the night. Wouldn't want him and Finnick to fight" He said.

"That wouldn't happen, although if it did, Cato would kick Finnick's ass big time" Gale said laughing.

People were going to start showing up in a couple of hours so the two began to collect together all the alcohol for Gale's 18th birthday party.

"What's it like, being born on the 1st of January?" Peeta asked as he began to take bottles of vodka and cans of lager from out of bags.

"It's shit because it's never as important as other people's birthdays because it's new years the same day. Plus, it makes me feel like an alcoholic, getting pissed on New Year's Eve and then again the day after." Peeta laughed.

"Well, just remember that you share your birthday with 9 million other people, so you're not alone in your alcoholic torture." The two of them sat in the living together in the time they waited for people to show up, passing a bottle of wine between them and talking about their upcoming lives, which revolved around school and Cato and Rae, although they stuck to only brief discussions of each topic as they waited.

Peeta stumbled through the door into kitchen, his arms stretched out like he was walking a tightrope. He screamed as he felt two hands wrap around him. The person shushed him in his ear but Peeta pushed away and ran to the other side. When he turned around he saw that it was Finnick.

"I was just trying to re-enact the titanic! Jesus Christ, Peeta" he said.

"Well don't! Ok! You scared me" he said slurring his words. He turned around and found a bottle of something on the counter. He didn't check to see what it was, he was in a state where it didn't matter what he was drinking as long as it was alcoholic.

"I think you need to slow down on the alcohol a bit" Finnick replied trying to retrieve the bottle from Peeta's hand.

"No. I need to pissed." He said fighting back against Finnick.

"I think you've surpassed pissed." He said and managed to pry the drink from Peeta's clutches.

"Let the boy drink, Odair" Gale said walking into the kitchen with his grey sweatshirt soaked on the front.

"It is physically impossible for you to drink without spilling it on yourself" Finnick said over Peeta's frantic laughing. Gale shrugged and then took off the sweatshirt so that he was shirtless. He slung it on the floor and then Peeta stopped laughing and just stared. He would normally be subtle when he checked out other people, but his inebriate mind disconnected the dots between clear thought and actions and fell far away from subtle.

"Why don't you lighten up? Get completely smashed like us" he indicated to him and Peeta, who stood now with his hands wrapped around Finnick's arm like he was holding him for support as he still stared at Gale.
"Because I don't feel like it; besides, if I wasn't sober I wouldn't be able to look after you and blondie" he said taking another bottle from Peeta's hands that he managed to scout out.

"Fuck off, Odair" Peeta said. "Get off my cloud!"

"Yeah, go find someone to stick your dick in because you're backed up and it's pissing me off. Plus your sobriety is boring." Gale spat. Finnick tried to stay calm, tried to keep in mind that these were the words of drunken idiots, but he knows that sometimes alcohol just breaks down the barriers in the mind that holds in the secrets. He left the two but started to become anxious and nervous. He didn't want to believe that they were annoyed with him, that they no longer liked him but he couldn't escape the thoughts. He has slowly felt a distance form between him and his friends and he constantly blamed himself for it. As Gale's and Peeta's mental barriers broke down, Finnick's built up, locking the thoughts in his head to bounce from wall to wall, driving him insane. He gave in to the constant banging of his thought against the walls and let the alcohol flow into his system to intoxicate his body and mind. With each draught the bricks began to crumble bit by bit.

"It's really cold" Peeta complained as he hugged his knees into himself.

"That's because it is winter and you're sitting outside in just a t-shirt" Cato said sitting next him, wrapped up in a coat and scarf. Peeta had called him there during the night. He craved the delicate brute, desired his company and his touch. "Take my coat" he said and handed it over to Peeta.

"Sorry to disturb your night" Peeta said leaning his head on his hard shoulder.

"You mean my night of binge watching. I'm glad you called" he said and laid his own head onto Peeta's. He took the boys hand in his own and traced soft lines along his fingers.

"I just felt lonely. I don't know many people here. Not well anyway. Johanna left early and Finnick and Gale disappeared somewhere. I don't like speaking to people. I like being spoken to." He laid his legs down on the patio. "Tell me about your life at the moment."

"Well. The best thing at the moment is this boy. He's real cute, blonde. You'd like him" Cato said with a smile but Peeta didn't respond. "Ok then." Cato said dropping his hands. "Marvel spoke to me to me yesterday. It's the first time he has since I – umm" he didn't want to say 'hit him' because he wasn't proud of what he done, he felt culpable for it despite the fact that he feels right for defending Peeta.

"He apologised for the way he acted then went on about him and Glimmer again like it was no big deal. But he fucked up again, tried to talk me into a three way then he...said some bad shit, again. That was the last straw for me. I'm tired of him, acting like the fucking sun' everyone revolving around him. He seems to think everyone adores him and it makes him think everyone is there to serve him. He is so fucking arrogant." Cato's hands were clenched tightly so that his nails dug into his palms and the veins in his arms and hands stood out from his skin. Peeta stared at the network of arteries like tree branches. Some thicker than others, all separating and disappearing. Cato's chest rose up and down and his shoulders were raising, pushing Peeta's head with them. Peeta lifted his head and placed his hands onto Cato's arm. Immediately he felt the brute relax. He added gently pressure to his wrapping hand and stoked Cato's arm, feeling the veins that stuck out like inverted canals. He didn't know why it attracted him so much. Perhaps it was the way they showed strength and power. The blood was like water; soothing and beautiful at times but capable of a torrent. Cato could be gentle and kind but he was also strong and powerful and could be a force stronger than anyone.

"Did you hurt him?" Peeta asked with concern.
"No, I didn't hurt him. He isn't worth the energy" he said and Peeta laughed. "When do you plan on leaving? Keeping in mind we have School tomorrow" Peeta rolled his eyes and sat up away from Cato. "If you need a lift, that's all."

Peeta thought for a moment. "Not yet" he said and stood up and Cato followed him into the house. He felt slightly dizzy as he stood up and the alcohol in his system kept it that way. Everything around him was blurry and tilting from side to side like a ship in a brewing storm. He made his way through the kitchen first. The room was full of drunken people scouring the cupboards for food or more drink. In the lounge there were less people but the room was more active. He turned his head to his side so he could focus on the character to his sides. He watched, on the sofa, a boy in his underwear make out with a girl on top of him. On the other sofa he saw some guy he had never seen before lying on his stomach, naked. He laughed as he walked past them all and out into the hallway where he saw yet more partially-naked people making out. If this is what he saw in the hallway, what would he see upstairs? He walked up each step slowly and carefully, taking time to find the step with his foot. Cato attempted to follow but was being dragged by the shirt to the semi-nude 'couple'. He tried to escape but the girl had her lips attached to his neck. The sound was muffled to Peeta so he couldn't hear Cato shouting and calling his name. Nor could he hear when Cato pushed one of them away from him, shattering the glass in the cabinet behind him.

He continued walking towards Gale's room. He put his hand on the cold handle and pushed it down. He opened it slowly and closed it behind him. The room was pitch-black. All he could see were dark shades with even darker shades on top. He saw one of the darker shadows move before him. He called out to it.

"Peet? Is that you?" the voice said.

"Gale?" Peeta said.

"Yeah, it's me." He said and he could hear the movement of fabric. "What was that noise?" he asked.

"What noise?" he asked, not aware of anything having happened.

"I swear I heard glass shatter" Gale insisted once more.

"I didn't hear anything" Peeta said once more.

"Alright, never mind then. I'll find out later if anything happened" Gale replied. Peeta watched as the shadow of the boy moved closer towards him. As he got closer, the outline became more distinct and when he stood before him he could make out some more features, like his eyes and his mouth. He wrapped his arms around him and hugged him and he could feel Gale's warm skin on his arms and hands, and his hard collarbone was against his face.

"You're really warm" he said as he closed his eyes and let Gale's body heat warm him. He took a deep breath. "And you smell sweaty but also like vintage clothes." Peeta took deep breaths through his nose so that he could take in Gale's warm and inviting sent.

"Are you ok?" Gale asked in concern, pulling away from Peeta slightly in an attempt to find his eyes but he couldn't and Peeta softly pulled him back into a hug. "You know if you're looking for comfort then I'm probably not your best bet right not. I'm pretty pissed myself" he said and laughed but Peeta remained silent. "What's wrong?"

"I don't know" Peeta said. "I really don't know. I just feel shit."
"You've probably had too much to drink"

"I've had no more than you" Peeta said as his defence.

"And I've probably had too much." Gale said and Peeta laughed. He had made the first chip at the surface. They stayed in that position for a short while, capturing each other in each of their arms. Peeta didn't know what to think, what questions to ask, they all were bouncing around in his mind, and then one would slip through by chance and make its way to his lips.

"What happened to your clothes?" was his first.

"They're somewhere around here" was the reply.

"Are you naked?" was his next.

"I have boxers on" was the reply.

"Do you want to have that talk now? That one you wanted, about truth or dare"

"I'm not sure it's the right time"

"Why not?"

"I – I don't know" Gale admitted.

"So what did you want to say? I overheard you and Finnick talking that morning. Gale, do you want to have sex with me?"

"I wanted to experiment"

"Do you still want to?"

"I have"

"I don't mean the Finnick thing, I mean with me. Do you want to have sex with me?" Gale couldn't from his reply immediately.

"I don't know. What about Cato?" he asked.

"What about him? We're not strictly together."

"But Peeta. Is it worth the risk, and we're friends. Are you su - "

"No, I'm not sure. But why does that matter? If I get with Cato, then I can't do it with anyone else but him until the end. And this is a party. It's traditional to get laid, plus, it's your 18th. It could be my present to you." There was no immediate reply so he took the silence as Gale contemplating. He thought he'd help him in his decision, so he began to kiss Gale's chest, leaving small wet kisses along the protruding muscle.

"Peeta..." Gale started his sentence, but couldn't finish. Peeta kept up his kisses, leaving the wet marks along Gale's midriff. "Stop" Gale said and lightly pushed Peeta's head away from him and stepped back. "We can't do this. Finnick – we already thought of it first. He's lying on the bed" Gale admitted.

"Hey, Peeta" Finnick called out. At first, Peeta felt annoyed, that Gale had let him open up to him in the confidence that their conversation was private when in fact it wasn't, but the alcohol numbed his senses and it soon passed over him. He was just desperate to be touched. He was
desperate for sex; desperate to make a mistake.

"Have you guys fucked yet?" Peeta asked.

"No, not yet" Gale admitted.

"We were getting there" Finnick said.

"Then do it now." Peeta said and pulled his shirt off from over his head. "I'll join in" he said.

"Hell yeah!" Finnick slurred from on the bed.

"I don't think that's a good idea" Gale said and placed his palm on Peeta chest to hold him back from the bed like a security guard.

"You're spoiling the fun now, not Finnick" Peeta said and made his way around Gale and climbed onto the bed. He found Finnick's body in the dark and pushed his hand up the boy's sculpted body, from his abs up his to his chest.

"Peeta are you sure?" Gale asked.

"No" he said and left Finnick's body to stand on the bed, wrap his arms around Gale's neck and kiss him on the mouth. He pulled him down on the bed and Finnick joined in, roaming hands over Peeta's naked torso. He removed his jeans and Gale removed his own underwear. Peeta took Gale's growing member in his hand and stroked it as Finnick clung to the back of his body, letting his hands travel down his front and enter his boxers as his lips sucked on his neck. Peeta and Gale began to kiss, letting their tongues talk in a language familiar to them all. Peeta closed his eyes as the boys both sucked and bit at his neck and collarbones. He lay back onto the bed as Finnick removed his underwear and took his hard member into his mouth. Peeta let the pleasure seep through him and into Gale as he pulled the boy down to kiss him on the lips and slip his tongue in. Peeta wrapped both hands around Gale's cock and stroked it as the raw spots on his neck were attacked once more.

"You really are big" Peeta said, feeling Gale's hard cock. Finnick's mouth never left Peeta's cock until he was commanded to. Peeta crawled on top of Gale and left harsh kisses over his torso. Finnick joined in and then the two boys moved down to Gale's long cock. They stumbled to find each other in the dark but both find no difficulty in finding Gale's member with their mouths. Peeta took it in as Finnick played with Gale's balls and licked the areas of the shaft that Peeta couldn't reach.

"Oh fuck" Gale would call out, running his hands through his hair and clutching the sheets. Peeta was lost inside a desire to make a mistake. He was missing inside his spinning head and his desperate yearning for sex. He knew Cato wouldn't have sex with him, since he was drunk. He knew he was too good of a guy to do that, so he sought out his cravings in anyone else willing. He laid on the bed then. He wasn't being touched by anyone. Gale and Finnick wrapped around each other and Peeta stayed on the sidelines. It was only a brief moment, but suddenly the lack of contact made him yearn for more, but he realised it was a specific touch he wanted. He wanted Cato, and in that split moment he realised what he was doing. Gale and Finnick's hands had escaped each other to find Peeta, and as they did a sense of guilt flooded his body. He realised he was doing to Cato what he thought Finnick had done to him. So he stood up from the bed and the others felt the weight leave them.

"Where you going, blondie?" Finnick called out into the darkness. Peeta couldn't see where his clothes were, but he still searched around for them. Then a pale light entered the room and he made out quickly his dispersed jeans. He didn't question the light, until the whole room lit up with
"Oh my God, I – I'm sorry" Cato said as he saw Gale and Finnick, naked on the bed before him. His eyes caught Peeta in the corner, who also stood naked. "Peeta!" he shouted out and Peeta felt the heat leave his body and he felt cold and hard, like a sculpture. He stared at Cato trying to form a sentence but he couldn't say anything. All he could think was _What have you done!_

"Wait. This isn't what you think" Gale started but Finnick cut in before he could say anymore.

"Why don't you join us?" Finnick said sarcastically, but he knew, as did everyone else, he wouldn't stop Cato if he did want to.

"No. I'm not going to have a foursome with three drunk people!" Cato shouted, always being the good guy. "That's a big dick" Cato said as he caught sight of Gale's manhood and Finnick laughed.

"Enough for the three of us" Finnick tantalised again.

" Shut up! I'm here for Peeta who – Peeta what are you doing?" Cato asked, flapping his arms out in annoyance and confusion as the boy stayed still and naked.

"I – I don't know. I wanted to have sex and...I changed my mind though, Cato. I do want you, I really do. This was a mistake I shouldn't have made." Peeta said and held onto Cato's arm, trying to grab hold of some sympathy and understanding. Cato clenched his jaw and took a brief, but let go of all that tension almost immediately.

"That's alright. You're drunk." He didn't expect Cato to be so relaxed about it. Didn't expect such a calm reaction.

"You mean you don't mind that I almost had sex with them?" Peeta asked.

"You said you changed your mind, even in your inebriety. I was just a bit shocked when I walked in that's all" Cato said. Gale and Finnick had grabbed hold of the duvet and hidden themselves underneath it.

"I'm sorry" Peeta said.

"It's ok, Peeta. Really. Even if you did fuck them I wouldn't mind." Cato said looking Peeta in the eyes. He put his hand on his shoulders as if to steady him even though he was already still.

"Well then. Join back in, Peeta. And Cato, you're welcome to join to you hot piece of muscle" Finnick said, winking at them.

" Shut the fuck up, Odair" Cato said, avoiding looking at him. Peeta recognised that anger and stayed as still as he could. But again, he watched the tension within Cato leave and felt the muscles in his arm relax.

"I want to go now" Peeta said to Cato, still looking at his eyes. Cato nodded and stepped back, but then Peeta saw beyond his deep blue eyes and muscles and noticed the blood on his shirt, and then the small cut on his arm. "What happened!?" Peeta shouted, grabbing the shirt in his hand tightly, making it tight around Cato's body.

"Somebody else tried to get me involved in a threesome" he said and leered at Finnick, as if it was a warning that it might happen to him too if he continues to prod at him with taunts like an animal. "I – We broke something" Cato said and moved his eyes over to Gale.
"Shit. I knew I heard something break!" He said and left the bed and found his tight black and green underwear again and ran out of the room. They heard him shout 'fuck' from downstairs.

"Get dressed, I'll handle the situation" Cato said and left the room as Peeta collected his clothes.

"Don't put those on yet, baby" Finnick said with a smirk on his face and strutted over to Peeta. He lightly traced his fingers around Peeta's sensitive nipples, and then picked his head up to look him in the eyes with his malicious and lust filled intent. "We still haven't finished off" he said. Peeta hit his hand away and broke free from his callous fingers.

"No more, Finnick. This - " he indicated to the room, meaning the situation " – was a mistake. You're an attractive guy, and I do like you, but not in the way you want; it's over for us. We're friends, Finnick, and that may mean casual sex at some point sure, but not now. This isn't the time for that, because neither of us are in the place where we can do that without repercussions. By all means fuck Gale, but he isn't going to be your boyfriend. I don't know what you're looking for, whether it's simply a relationship or specifically me, but you need to move on." Peeta said, picked up his clothes and left the room, closing the door behind him. He got dressed outside the door, sorted out his hair and walked away from Finnick; from one situation into another.

Cato and Peeta sat outside the bakery in Cato's black car. They kept the heating on to keep them warm, but Peeta still felt like ice. The alcohol was slowly flushing out of his system and he was grasping onto reality. The corners of his vision weren't blurred and his thoughts were being processed.

"It was nice of you, to give Gale that money." Peeta said. He sat straight and poised on the seat, but it was like his body was retracting in the cold he was feeling and he was fighting every need to curl up in the seat and lean over to Cato and feel his body heat.

"I did break some of his furniture. I sort of had pay for it." Cato said.

"Still." Peeta said. One word as a whole sentence. "What about the other kid?" he asked.

"He's alright. Just a bit cut and shaken up. It'll heal" Cato said. Peeta could see in his expression that he was mentally hitting himself.

"Don't beat yourself up over it" Peeta said. He reached out and grasped Cato's shoulder slightly.

"I snapped; again." Cato said and sighed.

"He's ok though. He isn't in hospital or anything." Peeta said, trying to reassure him.

"But he easily could've been. He could've cut an artery" Cato said. His eye's glistened as they became wet.

"It was an accident, Cato. Don't feel bad about it." Peeta said and rubbed his shoulder. "If anything you should be hurting me for what I did" Peeta said, retracting his hand as if preparing himself for the attack, resuming his still sculptured position.

"I told you, I'm not bothered by it. You didn't do anything wrong." Cato said and he looked over at Peeta.

"I did." Peeta said, but as much as he wanted a reaction out of Cato he couldn't get one. He was a stronger person than Peeta had thought; stronger than him. He reacted poorly when Finnick did the same to him. He wished he had reacted the same way as Cato just had.
"Shut up" Cato said and Peeta didn't respond. A silence fell in the car that indicated to Peeta that he should leave and walk back to his house across the dark and ominous street, but he didn't want to leave yet. "That Gale has got one hell of a big . . ." he said and Peeta giggled.

"Yeah, he has" was his reply.

"I thought he was straight" Cato said, desperately trying to make conversation. The air in the car was oppressive as they both punished themselves for their actions.

"He sort of is. Just wanted to experiment" Peeta said.

"Did he ask you, or did you offer?" Cato asked.

"A bit of both I think. He wanted to ask me, but I think he felt bad about doing it. Then of course I came along in my drunken state and offered myself up like a fucking prostitute. May as well as came in on a fucking silver platter" Peeta's tone was bitter once more as he hated himself.

"Peeta, I don't care about what you did. You didn't anything wrong. Don't feel bad about it. If I was drunk, or maybe even if you were all sober I may have joined in." Cato said and weirdly it comforted Peeta.

"Really?" Peeta asked.

"Sure – Maybe not with Finnick, but I definitely wouldn't mind tasting some Gale" he said and the two laughed together.

"It's surprising how many people say that" Peeta said through his giggles. They let a silence fall over the car again, only this time it lifted the air and felt comfortable. Peeta took its invitation to leave.

"I'll see you tomorrow" Cato said and leaned over to kiss Peeta on the lips. Peeta didn't reply, just smiled and exited the car.

He tried to be as quiet as he could going in his house, but forgot all about Lloyd sharing a room with him, so when he turned on the light in his room he woke him up. Peeta began to strip down to his boxers and Lloyd's skin squeaked against the plastic inflatable mattress as he turned over.

"What the fuck man" he said and gave Peeta a death glare. His eye caught the forming purple love marks on his neck and collar bones, and on his chest. "Jesus, a bit extensive on the love bites don't you think" he said. Peeta looked down and his chest and saw a few there. They were very distinct, and he couldn't see what had been left on his neck. He hadn't realised how rough the three of them were being. Didn't even notice how hard they bit and sucked at him. The alcohol had made his skin hard and numb in his mind.

"I drunk way too much" he muttered to himself and climbed over Lloyd to his own bed.

"You're going to have one hell of a hangover for school tomorrow" Lloyd said. Peeta could already feel a churning feeling in his stomach, and every time he spoke a faint pounding sensation entered his forehead.

"You're a mess" Lloyd said laughing and curled into himself in his temporary bed.
Every time Peeta opened his eyes, he felt a burning in them and a sharp stab of pain ran through to his forehead, stabbing like a long needle. He battled attempts against sol to see his room, but every time, the sun won. He kept his eyes closed, but still, all he could see was a deep red as the scorching rays passed through the thin skin of his eye lids and the pain in his head, although suppressed, remained constant. He stood up off the bed, but stumbled into the wall as his foot slipped off the edge of the inflatable mattress that he forgot lay there on the floor. With one hand he added another layer to his eyes to shield them, and with the other he traced the borders of the room until he found his window. He fumbled trying to find the small pole that controlled the venetian blinds. When he found it and tilted them shut the sun ceased fire and he felt a slight relief from his forehead and he could squint now to make out his surroundings.

Lloyd was gone, most probably getting ready for school. The thought of school was like adding light back to the room; it killed Peeta's head. It took what seemed a long time for eyes to adapt to the morning light and for his mind to understand what was happening.

Peeta spent an hour getting ready for school, which on top of his apparent late awakening, meant he had missed the first two periods of school. He made only just made it in time for art, but he wasn't in the mood for it. He didn't want to see Cato, because no matter how much he told himself that he didn't do anything wrong, that Cato was fine with it, his stomach kept dropping with guilt. He took a deep breath and closed his eyes, let his mind relax and settle before he opened his eyes and entered the room.

Every person eyes were fixated on either their work in front of them or the person next to them, only Cato had his eyes on Peeta. They latched onto him from across the room like a hawk on a mous and he felt his stomach drop and the needle enter his head again. Peeta inadvertently stood still and stared back. He felt like an awful person. Alcohol is often known to heighten your emotions. Makes you happier or sadder, angrier or calmer, depending on who you are and how you felt and what your thoughts were before you consumed it. But Peeta right now felt the opposite. Before the alcohol in his system laid ease to his muscle and his thoughts, and the responsibility he felt was a calm stream in which he stood, but now it was a river in full flow and it was sweeping him away. Each step he made towards Cato was against the current. He felt like lifting his feet, letting the current pull him away, but he was too good a person for such a deed. Sitting down on the red stool next to him was to stand still against a now torrent of water.

"Is something wrong?" Cato asked him.

"Hung-over" Peeta said at first, contemplating whether he should leave his sentence there; "and guilty" he finished. Cato looked at him with his eyebrow cocked slightly. "I'm really sorry about what happened. I mean I feel like utter shit and you deserve a sober apology. The way I acted was selfish and inconsiderate and slutty and - " his eyes were shit tightly and his fists clenched on the table, partly for the pain in his head and partly for the pain in his stomach. Cato grabbed his shoulder with a force that felt gentle.

"For fucks sake, Peeta. We've been over this. I don't care, I'm not bothered by it."

"I don't believe you!" He shouted. A few of the voices in the room died out with their own but soon started again. "You should be bothered by it. What I did to you was worse than what Finnick did me and I felt awful for what I did to him -"

"Oh I see what this is" Cato said, cutting Peeta off.
"What?" Peeta said, eye's squinted, his hand to his forehead adding pressure to hold back the pain.

"You are guilty. Not for what you did to me, but for what you did to Finnick. You feel bad for punishing him." Peeta remained silent for a moment.

"That's not true" Peeta said with his brows furrowed and fingers interlocked with each other. Cato pried his finger apart and took one of his hands in his own. Peeta tried to pull away, but Cato's grip was tight. His face grew hot and hands became sweaty.

"You need to speak to him." He said.

"You don't know what you're talking about" Peeta, managing to let his hands slip from Cato's grip such as some fish from the grasp of a bear. Cato wouldn't let Peeta retract and restrict himself from him, so he gently tilted his so they looked into each other.

"You know I'm not" he said and Peeta's eyes gave in under the searing gaze. It was his way of admitting that Cato was right.

"Can't you just get mad for a bit. That would be easier." Peeta said and Cato laughed.

"Afraid not" he said.

Peeta sat down on the wood bench in the locker room as everyone around him got changed for their gym lesson. A few people left to go to the field at which their lesson would take place and he thought he should start to get changed, leave it for another time to talk to Finnick. So when Gale walked in, no Finnick by his side, he decided not to wait any more. He got changed in silence as Gale spoke hastily in frustration of his math teacher.

Upon entering Peeta realised Cato wasn't there either. His eyes scanned each face, but none of them were him. With no Cato and no Finnick, Peeta took a moment to set aside his plans and speak to Gale.

"I'm sorry about what happened last night. I should never have let it go that far, and I just, I feel bad about it." Peeta said to Gale as they jogged through the fields that surrounded the school. They stuck as close to the trees as they could, away from the other people that encompassed them.

"No, it was my fault. I took advantage of you in that state. I just got lost in that moment and really wanted to do something stupid" he apologised.


"You know what I mean." He said and clutched onto Peeta's arm to stop him. The groups of people passed them at speed like cars on a road. "I'm sorry Peeta, I wasn't a good friend." He said through heavy breaths. He furrowed his brow and bowed his eyes to the floor.

"I'm sorry too. Let's just move on from this whole ordeal as soon as possible." Peeta said.

"Agreed" Gale said and smiled.

"You know, despite what Finnick may have you think, Cato is a decent guy. I mean, he paid for the damage at the party. He apologised to me this morning, for breaking things and for the um, ordeal, so you it although he didn't do anything wrong. Then complimented my penis." This made Peeta laugh.

"Yeah, he's a good guy." Peeta said.
"You're a lucky boy, Mellark" Gale said and quickly began to run away as the group started to come back around on their lap, and Peeta ran behind him like a dog chases a child.

The two sat in the locker room as they waited for spare showers to wash the sweat from their body. Peeta hadn't showered in school before, he was always too nervous, worrying about his insecurities, but he's become much more confident in his body as of late, and he had a confidence boost from his fuelled happiness from his reconciliations. There was also the issue of the many naked boys surrounding him, but that wasn't an issue for him today, and why was something that escaped him. When some became available, the boys stripped and headed to the shower for a quick wash, they dried themselves and got changed.

Upon leaving the locker room they noticed that the hallways seemed somewhat quieter than usual. There were but a few people dotted around, and the voices were kept at hushed conversations. They both wondered what was happening, then three boys ran in front of them out of the doors that led into the yard. The one at the front was shouting 'come on!' to the others, beckoning them with his hand to speed up and follow him. Peeta and Gale looked at each other and followed the boys. Stepping onto the yard was like stepping into a battlefield. The sound of shouting was all they heard. In the distance there was a large crowd all pushed together like fighters in a riot, all shouting over each other, their voices blurring into inaudible noise. They began to jog over, to see what the issue was when they saw four teacher bursting into the crowd like battering rams, forcing them to part and allow their entry. Slowly, voices began to drop out as did the people. The group thinned and contorted then out from the crowd came two of the teachers. Peeta and Gale came to the borders of the mass crowd, and then out from the middle came the remaining two teacher, escorting, like police officers, two boys. One clutched their stomach and had splatters of blood infecting their white shirt. Peeta took a deep gasp when his eyes locked on Cato's face.

"Cato?" He called. He picked his head up when he heard Peeta and revealed his blood splashed face, but he shamefully dropped it once more and continued walking behind the teacher. Gale's eyes struck on the other boy. He limped and held onto his ribcage while blood poured from his lip down and his chin, and from his forehead. Coating the side of his face in thick deep red blood.

"For fuck's sake Finnick" he thought out loud for Peeta's benefit, who then turned his gaze to Finnick's cut up face. Peeta started to surge forward but Gale grabbed him.

"They won't let you talk to them" Gale sighed.

"Why not?" Peeta forcibly questioned.

"Because, they need medical attention and then they need to talk to the teachers and make statements. We may not see them for the rest of the day." Gale said. The two then walked towards Rae, Katniss and Johanna who all walked in a line towards them. Gale's pace remained slow but Peeta hurried, clutching onto the straps of his backpack.

"What happened?" Peeta asked. His voiced cracked in his panic.

"We don't know. Nobody does. A few boys just saw them start to fight then the crowd gathered."

"FUCK!" Peeta shouted, flapping his arms about.

"Calm down" Gale said, grabbing Peeta by the shoulders.

"But I need to know if they're okay, what happened. Why aren't you so freaked out by this" He questioned.

"Something was going to happen sooner or later" he shrugged.
"What do you mean?" Rae asked him. Gale fleetingly looked at her with a cold gaze and then diverted his eyes to the ground between them all in a neutral zone.

"Well, you could all feel it. Tensions have been rising, and they are like parts of a bomb. I don't think I can recall and encounter between them where at least one of them hasn't gotten angry." He said, his eyes fixed to the ground.

"But I didn't think something like this would happen" Johanna said.

"Finnick looked real bad" Rae said, trying to capture Gale's gaze, expressing her concern for him and Gale and try and show her sympathy.

"And he probably deserved it" Gale bluntly said and then turned and tried to walk away.

"Gale!" Rae called out, grabbing onto his arm but he pulled away and walked faster.

"What's that all about?" Katniss asked Peeta.

"I think he's angry, and upset. I don't know. Leave him for a moment, I'll check on him later." Peeta said and the three girls all nodded together.

"Do you think Cato's going to be alright?" Peeta asked, his brows tilted up.

"It's Cato for God's sake. He'll be fine. It's Finnick we need to worry about" Johanna said brutally but honestly.

"What did he do though to annoy Cato like that?" Katniss asked, her voice louder than it had ever been.

"Cato…he can get quite angry at times, and violent. I don't deny that Finnick did do something, but I…anything could've happened" Peeta said in a sombre tone.

"Well, I think Finnick is somewhat lucky. Cato could have done a lot more damage I think." Rae said, starring off in the direction that Gale walked earlier. "I'll see you guys later" she said without faltering her leer and walked off into the school building. The remainder of the group all looked at each other, all with the same question on the mind that seemed to bounce from one mind to the other. It was like they spoke telepathically, all deciding that something has happened between her and Gale, but what they didn't know, and considering the current context of their lives they decided to postpone any more questions, so they all dispersed like startled pigeons and fled into the building. Peeta glanced down at the splattered blood on the floor as he crossed over it to one of the entrances and his stomach wound round itself once more and struck a deep pain at his core.

Peeta sat in his math lesson, but he could not take in the words on the page in front of him. The oppressing lights white washed the sheets and forced his eyes into a squint. When he found words and shapes, the lines twisted amongst another and switched around. The muttering within the room to his ears was white noise that grew endlessly in volume. He closed his eyes tight and let the noise settle down, and opened them to the empty seat next to him. For a brief moment the thought of 'where's Finnick' crossed his mind, then the lights forced down on him once more and the noise grew stronger once again. It took the mention of his name to snap him out of his agonised state.

"Peeta" they called again and this time he lifted his head to Gale's face.

"Gale" he said.

"Come with me" he said.
"I can't, I have a lesson." He said.

"I've spoken to the teacher, you can leave." Gale said. Peeta looked to the teacher who was already looking at him. He then nodded his head, as if for confirmation, so Peeta packed his stuff in his bag and followed Gale out. At first they walked the hallways in silence. Gale kept his hands in the pockets of his red coat and his eyes on his feet. Occasionally he would pick up his head, let his eyes scan the walls.

"Why did you take me out of my lesson?" Peeta asked, watching as Gale's head rotated and eyes searched around. His head stopped for a moment then looked to Peeta.

"They just called an ambulance for Finnick" he said. As he said it his jaw clenched slightly and his blinking grew more rapid.

"Oh my God. Shouldn't you be worried, why are you annoyed?" Peeta questioned.

Gale didn't answer his question. "They've called his parents who are on a business trip as usual, so they won't be back until tomorrow" he said instead of giving an honest answer.

"So why does that make you annoyed with him" Peeta asked.

"It doesn't. I'm annoyed because he's being a dick" Gale said, but let a silence fall rather than explain.

"What's he done then?" Peeta asked as they walked down the stairs from the maths block.

"Last night. After you left with Cato. He tried to have sex with me again, but I didn't want to, I really wasn't in the mood anymore, but he kept touching me; putting his hands down my underwear. I told him no again but he wouldn't listen, so I pushed him away and tried to find my clothes, but he took them, threw them out the window. So we started to argue. I kept asking him why he had become such a jerk as of late, acting out like some bratty, spoiled fifteen year old… but he wasn't listening. He just kept – kept kissing my body and touching me. I pushed him away and he fell down, although not enough to hurt him. I grabbed some clothes from wardrobe and left; got changed outside. I checked on everything around the house, then I went upstairs, see how he was doing. He wasn't there though, but he ruined my stuff. Smashed my lamp, my mirror. Pulled everything from my drawers. It was a mess. I heard him then, downstairs, shouting. He was in his underwear, shouting at everyone to get out. He insulted people too, but they were all laughing at him rather than listening to what he had to say. I tried to get him to stop, but he wouldn't. He continued to shout at everyone. Some guy hit him then, and he fell straight unconscious. I didn't know what to do, so I left him there. He left at some point though, I don't know when." Gale left his voice trail off in a solemn tone and furrowed his brows.

"I -- I'm sorry, Gale" Peeta said not sure of what to say. He himself has gotten annoyed with Finnick after hearing this. But what Cato had told him this morning boomeranged back in his mind. "But, we can't just leave him on his own through all of this" Peeta said. Gale's eyes opened in surprise by Peeta's answer.

"I thought you'd be the one person to understand why I'm so pissed with him" Gale said with his voice oscillating in pitch and volume.

"I do. I'm still pissed with him, if not more. But, I figured something out earlier, with the help of Cato. I think he may be acting this way because…we -- I…punished him for what I thought he did. We've all been punishing him, blaming him, picking at him like vultures when we shouldn't have been, and perhaps it's made him more inclined to be like this; to act out, play the role of the bad guy, even though it's not who he is. It's who we've made him out to be. I'm not condoning
what he's done to you, and me and whatever he did to Finnick, but we need to stop being so harsh on him." Peeta let his mind open and words and thoughts flow as they found themselves standing outside the reception area of the school.

"You're right" Gale said, his voice soft but sombre. "Shit, when did you get so wise?" Gale asked, his tone perkier now than it had been.

"I'm far from it" Peeta said. Then the question of what happened with him and Rae loomed. "There's something else I need to ask you" he said, and Gale nodded in indication for this question. "What's happened with you and Rae?"

"What do you mean?" Gale asked, immediately taken the defence.

"Earlier, you wouldn't look at her. You were cold, didn't listen when she spoke. Something has happened, am I wrong?" Peeta asked. The two stood facing each other now. Gale let a sigh out as his answer and began to talk.

"Well, I left the party last night after Finnick passed out. I ran into her outside. Well, we hadn't really spoken properly since she called things off between me and her. She's still with that guy though with the fucking long hair. But, anyway, I told her I had a bad night, and – I don't know what I was thinking. I was still somewhat drunk and I just started to confess some feelings that I wasn't even sure I had to her, about her. Next thing, we were kissing. I took her inside – that's when I noticed Finnick was gone but I didn't think much of it. We went up to the spare room since mine was wrecked and, well, had sex. I don't know why but I thought that meant something; something more than just sex. But when I woke up she was getting dressed, told me that this was a onetime thing; that it shouldn't have happened in the first place. I didn't get the chance to say anything else, she was out before I could."

"I'm sorry, Gale. I didn't think you were one who would get attached" Peeta said, despite it feeling strange and insensitive on his lips.

"No, neither did I. I wouldn't be bothered by it though, if she didn't fuck me, make me feel like she had some mutual feelings, then blow me off" he said and started to clench his jaw once again. "Doesn't matter now though. Like you said, we should see Finnick." Peeta took a deep anticipating breath. As they said this, flashing lights slipped through the large glass doors, red and blue. Two paramedics came into the school while one opened the back of the ambulance and prepared a stretcher. After they were guided to where Finnick was, they called the other paramedic and they brought the stretcher and carried Finnick out to the ambulance. The blood had been cleaned off from his face but the cuts still oozed it, dark and sticky.

"When can we see him?" Gale asked one of the paramedics.

"I don't know, not until his parents show up, maybe not then" the man said.

"Fuck" Gale muttered under his breath.

"Hawthorne, I suggest you watch your language" Mr Snow said as he stood holding the door open for them to get the stretcher out.

"Sorry sir" Gale apologised hastily as he walked down the corridor towards the nurse's office where Cato would most likely be. Peeta scurried behind him like a lost puppy.
Finale

Gale knocked on the door forcibly and they heard a faint 'Come in' from the other side. He pushed down the handle to the black door labelled 'Nurses Office' and entered the room with Peeta flush behind him. The room was a perfect square, more like a cube and had only room enough for one table in the middle and the glass cabinets that contained the large array of supplies. The walls were painted white and mint green, split half way down. Every surface was a pure white colour. It felt incredibly clinical to Peeta, being in there was strange and uncomfortable. The nurse was a woman in her late 30's with short blonde hair that fell to above her shoulder, and was pulled unnaturally straight. She stood next to the table, on which Cato sat. He was shirtless; muscular form on show. Just below his ribcage on the front of his midriff a large bruise was starting to form. He looked immediately at Peeta with eyes that screamed out guilt. They were slightly red and his pupils were incredibly dilated, beyond the bright white room that made you squint. Above his eye was a small cut that was coated in sticky residue of blood.

"Did Finnick leave ok?" The nurse asked.

"Yes but we're here to see Cato" Gale said to her.

"Well you can take him. I'm done with him." She said and swiped her hand towards him and rolled her eyes. Cato put his shirt on, his jaw clenching slightly as he pulled it over his head. The white shirt, once like the surfaces of this room, now had deep red blood dashed across it. "Cato. If it was up to me I'd have you expelled – arrested even" the nurse said to them as they were leaving with her back to the door as she wiped down every surface in the room. Cato closed his eyes and sighed a painful wince. Her words were forceful, stronger than any punch. They shut the door and fled from the area.

"I'm so sorry guys" Cato said first. Gale shook his head.

"Don't worry, we're not going to blame you for anything, we all know how Finnick can be" he said.

"How is he?" Cato then asked.

"We don't know. We are not able to see him" Peeta said with a sigh. They followed Cato who made his way out of the school towards the parking lot. Then he started to explain. "After art I headed to my locker. I got out my gym bag and started to walk across the yard towards the locker rooms. I didn't make it there – not far at all; Finnick was walking in my direction. I thought perhaps, you, Peeta, had spoken to him and he was coming to chat to me, but I there hadn't been enough time for that. I figured he wanted trouble, so I tried to remain calm. I really did. 'We got to talk' was what he said, but he stayed silent until everyone had gone to their lesson. He looked really pissed. He was shaking – I didn't want to do anything to hurt him or…anyway. He told me to wait here so I did, for half an hour on the bench.

"I don't know what he was doing but he returned then, looking madder than before, but he was like stone. He had stopped shaking. 'What are you doing?' he asked me. I didn't know what he meant. 'With Peeta' he added then. He told me that I should stay away from you; that I wasn't good for you. He was convinced that I would hurt you, physically. I told him I wouldn't – couldn't do that and that he had no right to tell me what to do. But he wasn't listening. He started warning me about the consequences of being with you." They walked out of the doors of the building and the cold, bitter wind hit them. They caught in Cato's wound like salt and he took a deep icy breath.

"He then blamed me for changing you, whatever that means. He said that I had corrupted you and
he wasn't going to let it happen any longer. I think he was just trying to find excuses for a fight. I tried to stay level headed, but he began to push me. Insult me. I didn't fight back though. He wasn't himself. I don't know if he was drunk or on drugs or something, but he didn't seem to be himself. He hit me then, and again. I felt the blood and — I just — I snapped. Like some fucking bull at the sight of red. I shouldn't have. I know I shouldn't have but I couldn't help it. I just hit him back and he fell straight down. I got so angry. He got back up and he hit me again, so I punched him again...and again. I could feel his rib crack...I tried to stop myself but he kept coming at me. People started to gather then...it's all just become a blur after that." His eyes were wet with tears and his fists were clenched tight so that his nails dug into the palm of his hand. Peeta wrapped himself around Cato's large figure and hugged him.

"Don't worry, Cato" Gale said standing awkwardly next to them. "We get that this was Finnick's fault more than it was yours." Cato had given up on himself however and continued to blame himself despite Gale's assurance.

"I'm going to head home now" he said, walking towards his car.

"You want to be alone?" Peeta asked him in a pout like a dog.

"No" Cato replied and Peeta walked to the car with him.

"I'll give you a ring later. See about Finnick." Gale said through the window of the car. Peeta nodded and then they departed.

Peeta hadn't been in Cato's room before, but it took him by surprise. The rest of the house was so grand. The rooms large, furnished expensively. But Cato's room was completely different. It was small; about the same size as his own. The walls were painted cream and was the only room in the house that didn't have an expensive painting hung up on it. His bed was a faded wooden one that sat low down on the floor. Almost against the ground. Nothing matched either, it seemed shabby in comparison to even the hallway that they walked through, but Peeta liked it. It wasn't some grand statement of wealth, it was humble. It seemed to him that it reflected Cato's personality perfectly.

"I like your room" Peeta said, sitting on the white sheets. The bed creaked slightly and bounced. He sunk into the mattress. "so soft" he mumbled to himself.

"It's pretty shit" Cato said, thinking he was just being polite.

"No it's not. It's personal. I like it." His eyes kept searching the room, taking in each detail, like the bookcase with Cato's sporting trophies pushed onto a single shelf and the large black book that laid on the bedside unit. He went to grab it, but got distracted however when Cato took off his blood stained shirt. He threw into onto the ground and opened up his small wardrobe to find another shirt. But he stood still. His breathing grew heavy, and he spoke through the closet door that he kept his head hidden behind.

"There's something wrong with me" he said.

"What do you mean?" Peeta asked.

"This keeps happening. I keep snapping and hurting someone, and it's happening more and more. It's getting worse. Marvel...my dad...and now Finnick." Peeta heard his mournful sobs. "I'm a bad person" he said. Peeta stood up and pulled him away from the door.

"If you were a bad person, you wouldn't feel guilty. You wouldn't feel regret." Peeta said,
stroking his large arms.

"But that doesn't matter. Finnick's in hospital because of me." Tears began to brim on the surface of his eye lids.

"You defended yourself" Peeta reassured him.

"I retaliated!" Cato sobbed. "I took it too far." He slumped himself onto his bed and Peeta stood silently. What was he supposed to do? Cato wouldn't listen. He was too consumed by his self-infliction. "What if Finnick was right?"

"Huh?" Peeta replied.

"I don't want to hurt you, Peeta." Cato said, so Peeta sat next to him on the bed and put his palm on Cato's abdomen as he laid on his back.

"And you won't" he said.

"You don't know that" Cato said, with his hands on his eyes.

"I trust you." Peeta said. He laid back now so he was next to Cato on the bed. "I like you Cato, and I'm willing to take risks to make this work. But...I know you won't hurt me, because you've been protecting me...defending me, from Marvel and Finnick. I get excited when I think of you, and I know it's the same for you." Cato's breathing had grown steady, and his muffled sobs had stopped. Peeta sat up and Cato took his hand and began to paw at Peeta's head, stroking his hair. Then he pulled his head back down to his own and kissed him gently on the lips. They broke away from one another, and Peeta looked into the brutes blue eyes. When he did, the pupils dilated and his own heart skipped slightly.

"You're something special" Cato said in a hushed tone and kissed Peeta's nose. "I want you so bad, and I want you now." So Peeta took his own body and climbed on top of Cato and kissed his lips once more. The touch was gentle but felt powerful, and it sent a sensation into his own lips that ran back into his jaw.

Cato's large hands moved down his back, and then under his shirt. It rode up slightly so that in the front Peeta's belly button was presented and the waistband of his underwear could be seen. Their kisses were brief and sweet as they wanted to look into each other's eyes all the time. But Cato grew hungry, so he closed them and delved into Peeta's mouth. He kept one hand where it was; on Peeta's shoulder bone, and moved the other down between the fabric of his jeans and underwear. He cupped Peeta's small, but tight ass and gently squeezed it. He then reached his hand back further, and manoeuvred his way so that, using his strength, he stood up off the bed holding Peeta up in the air in front of him who screamed and wrapped his legs around Cato and arms around his neck for support and Cato giggled.

His laughter stopped in a moment as he pushed Peeta back into the wall for extra support, then added his second hand to Peeta's ass for support. He began to kiss at his neck leaving fierce bites around his neck like a chocker. He nuzzled further down to target his collar bone, attempting to move the shirt further down that it could go.

"Oh just get these clothes off" he said and dropped Peeta. His feet hit the floor with a large thump and he steadied himself on the wall behind him. Cato wasted no time in taking off his jeans and then his underwear. Once Peeta had taken off his own shirt and jeans, Cato grabbed his shoulders and pushed him onto the bed. His naked figure loomed over Peeta, menacing; but Peeta wanted it. Cato kneeled, with each leg either side of Peeta's and bent down swiftly to place kisses on the light blonde treasure line that trailed from Peeta's navel till it disappeared underneath his tight,
black boxers that clung to his hard erection.

"You didn't give me time to take them off" Peeta said and so Cato took the hem in his two large hands and sat back up, then the veins in his arms popped out as he pulled the elasticated fabric and tore the boxers, splitting it down to between Peeta's legs. The pieces opened up and Peeta's cock sprung from its restrictions. "Cato!" he scolded, but Cato licked from base to tip slowly and Peeta let his breath cut off his words.

Cato's eyes were narrow with tunnel vision. "I've wanted this for so long" he said and took the head of the cock in his mouth. Peeta closed his eyes as he was pleasured. Cato kept his mouth around the cock and used his hand with it. Peeta let his hands roam onto Cato's head and feel it move up and down. Then he pulled off and flipped Peeta over and ripped the back of his boxers so they were completely separate and he rolled them down his legs, like garters on his thighs. Then he spread Peeta's cheeks apart and delved into them, making his pink hole wet.

Peeta squirmed underneath him, arching his back and pushing up. Cato let his hand slither up from his side and slowly perch below his mouth, then he let a finger join his tongue and pushed into Peeta.

"You're okay with me topping?" he asked.

"Oh God yes" Peeta said into the sheets. Cato played inside Peeta's hole and added a second, and then third finger to stretch it out. Then he forcibly pulled him up onto his hands and knees. He prepared himself, putting on a condom and slicking it up with his saliva, then gently he lined himself up and in one quick movement, he pushed into Peeta who rocked forward into the pillow as he felt the large cock enter him. Cato started off at a slow pace, moving only slightly and slowly, then he began to build up his momentum and speed. Like a pendulum he pulled and pushed into Peeta, making the boy moan deeply into the pillow. Then he pulled out and pushed Peeta down so he lay flat on the mattress which creaked as he hit it. Cato lined himself up again and quickly began thrusting.

"Ah shit!" Peeta called out, his face in his hands. Then Cato started to moan too as his movements became less mechanic and his hips rolled slightly as they thrusted. His cock filled Peeta and hit his prostate each time he rolled into him and Peeta's ears began to ring and eyes water.

"Oh fuck" Cato would call out as he thrust down into Peeta, rolling and grinding him into the mattress that bounced frantically and wobbled and creaked. Then they switched positions so that Peeta lay on his back, his legs thrown over Cato's shoulders who continued to drive into him. Peeta held onto his cock and pumped it hard with the thrusts, then he spilled over himself in hot ropy streams that clung to his toned, pale chest and abs. Soon after, Cato pulled out a spilled himself onto Peeta. He collapsed next to him on the bed and laid there breathing heavily.

"That was good" he said when he could mutter words.

"All I did was lay there for you" Peeta laughed.

"And I like it" Cato giggled. They spent a little time on the bed together before they showered together. When Peeta got out his phone was ringing; it was Gale.

"What up?" He said.

"We're sneaking in to see Finnick" Gale replied.

"Breaking into a hospital? This is getting lame now Hawthorne" Peeta joked.

"Meet me there in 5 minutes"
"That's not enough - " Gale had already hung up the phone. Cato walked in to the bedroom with the towel around his waist, his ripped body wet and glistening in the reflection of the sunlight that peered in through the window, eager for a look. "We're going to the hospital."

"When?" Cato asked.

"Now" Peeta said pulling his clothes on. They stuck to his damp body and he squirmed as he attempted to get them to settle.

"Do we really have to leave right now?" Cato asked, his hands on Peeta's waist.

"Yes" Peeta replied sweetly and kissed his boyfriend on the lips.

Gale was sitting on a wall outside, smoking and flirting with a young nurse when they arrived. They found a space as close to the hospital as they could and rushed out. They cut Gale off from his endeavours and forced him into the building.

"How are we doing this?" Cato asked as they hastily walked down a corridor.

"Well, we walk in and have someone outside to make sure nobody is coming in or to warn us or something. Preferably you, Cato" Gale explained.

"How do we know what room he's in?" Peeta asked as he eyed the signs that hung from the ceiling.

"That's what I was getting off that lovely girl just now" Gale said smugly. "Room 405" They found it soon enough, but a nurse kept entering and leaving it. They sat, waiting for the nurse to go somewhere else other than the desk opposite.

"Poor boy" she said to the other nurse who stood, twirling her hair and writing behind the desk. "He's a pretty one. I hope it doesn't scar him" she said and tapped on the desk. Cato tensed up in the chair when he heard it. Peeta rubbed his back to comfort him. Her tapping on the desk became louder and she shook her leg.

"I'm going out for a cig" she said and quickly walked away. As soon as she passed the boys they stood up and moved as quickly as they could into the room. Cato waited by the door way to make sure the nurse wouldn't return.

The room was dimly lit and had a stench in the air that resembled an antiseptic. Peeta and Gale urged forward in small steps towards the white curtain that separated them. From the faint light that emanated from the gaps in the blinds, Finnick's silhouette could be seen, sitting up. Gale walked around the separation first.

"Gale!" Finnick called out when he saw him. He pulled him into a friendly hug.

"Are you okay?" he asked him.

"In pain, but otherwise yeah, I am." Finnick replied with a smile and Peeta made his entrance from behind the curtain.

"What the fuck are you doing?" Gale asked him as he sat on the chair next to the bed and put his feet up.

"I'm in a hospital" he sarcastically said. He nodded at Peeta then to acknowledge his presence.
"Don't get sarcastic now, Odair." Gale said. "What were you thinking?" Gale's voice was stern and demanding.

"I don't know." Finnick said with his head down.

"What were you on?" Peeta asked him.

"I don't know what you're on about" Finnick replied with his head still faced down.

"Don't bullshit with us" Gale said.

"It…I don't know what it was. Jay, he gave me…something. I don't know what it was."

"Jesus, Finnick" Gale shouted.

"I'm sorry, okay." Finnick said, finally picking his head up. He caught Peeta's eye sight. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean for this." He said to him.

"I don't need a bodyguard boyfriend, Finnick." He said.

"That's ironic since you have your boyfriend guarding the door." Gale joked.

"I want Cato and he wants me. He is my boyfriend and you need to understand that. You and I, that's over."

"I know, it's just…I still have my infatuations with you" he said.

"That's not my problem." Peeta said. They stood there for a moment in silence, the darkness seeming to grow darker upon them. Cato then started talking loudly, trying to divert the attention of a nurse attempting to enter the room.

"Look, I regret everything I have done. When you're lying in a hospital bed with a fractured rib, a bunch of broken knuckles and a cut up face, you tend to have an epiphany of sort. Cato…is a good man who thoroughly deserves you, Peeta. I hope you're happy with him and I genuinely mean that. Gale, I'm sorry for the way I've been acting, treating you. I need you, man. You're my best friend. I don't know what I'd do without you and your big dick." Gale giggled.

"You've gotta seriously shape up. You're training for the goddamn Olympics, you can't be doing this shit!" Gale scolded.

"Wait what? The Olympics?" Peeta asked.

"Yeah, did I not tell you? I'm hoping to be in the next games, although I don't think I'll be swimming for a while yet." He said with his one hand stretched across his torso and sighed at his injuries.

"You won't need to for a while." Gale reassured. "It's a while away before you try out." They were silent for a moment then Finnick called Cato in. As soon as he entered, the blonde began apologising.

"I'm so sorry, Finnick. I don't know what came over me, I snapped and I just couldn't stop. You didn't deserve that – this! I'm so so so sorry" He held his hands to mouth to try and stop the unsystematic words.

"I do deserve this. But don't worry, I forgive you. And I'm sorry for hitting you and questioning your suitability with Peeta…I was wrong." He apologised. Hearing his forgiveness and an
apology lifted the guilt that rested on Cato's shoulders. Then Peeta took his turn to do what he should've done a long time ago.

"Finnick, I'm sorry too" he said.

"What for?" Finnick asked.

"For punishing you when I shouldn't have. It was wrong of me. I knew, even back then that you weren't capable of cheating and that it was Glimmer's fault. I was wrong, and I feel somewhat responsible for all that has happened since then. I'm sorry." He finished.

"It's okay, Peeta. You really don't need to apologise but seen as you have, I forgive you." He said.

"I think Cato fucked you up more than you think. You've given out more apologies and forgives than you have in your life. Who would've thought that the infamous Finnick Odair could turn out to be a decent human being?" Gale teased.

"Yeah, who would've thought that?" Finnick laughed. The laughter grew attention and the nurse who left for a cigarette walked in to the room and pulled back the curtain with a force.

"Who are you?" she sternly asked.

"They're friends" Finnick said to her.

"I'm sorry but nobody is allowed in here except family."

"What about Gale? He's my fuckbuddy!" Finnick teased. His charismatic and mischievous self was coming back to him once again once he had spoken his mind and given his apologies and regrets.

"No. Out. All of you." She shouted and stepped out of the way to let them pass her.

"See you soon" Gale said to him as they walked out. As they walked out of the hospital they all felt the light slowly seep in and light up and in stages the oppressive artificial lights turned into natural sunlight and the air was clean in their lungs and lifted up their spirits. It felt like a chapter in their life finally closing and a bright horizons were in the back of their mind.

8 Months Later

"Way to go, Finnick!" Peeta shouted from raised stands that stood out elevated off the ground, giving views over a swimming pool with lanes mapped out. At the end of the pool a large mass of wet boys in speedos stood, out of breath. In the middle of them all is Finnick, waving his arms up in the air as he celebrated in his victory.

"What does this mean?" Lloyd asks, picking his head up from his phone.

"It means he's going to be competing in the Olympics!" Peeta shouted at him above the noise.

"No shit. That's so cool!" He said and stood up to join in giving him praise.

Peeta, Gale, Finnick, Lloyd, Rae, Katniss, Johanna and Cato are all sitting around a campfire on a beach. The light is dim as the sun slowly drops in the sky.

"You're looking good, Lloyd" Finnick says, nodding his head at his shirtless body.
"Thanks" He said and blushed awkwardly.

"Really, if I didn't know you were straight then I would've been on you by now already." He teased.

"Even though he has a girlfriend" Gale said.

"Especially because he has a girlfriend" Finnick teased.

"Seriously now though. Is this one serious, or have you already cheated on her?" Gale asked him.

"I haven't cheated but I don't know. We'll see what happens" He vaguely put it.

"And Peeta, can't ignore how good you're looking too" Finnick said to him.

"Also still taken, Odair" Peeta replied, leaned up against Cato's shirtless figure. They all sat there on the beach and watched as the sun set behind them until it was just the fire and the moon that lit up the beach.

"So when do you all leave for College?" Finnick asked.

"This weekend" Peeta replied.

"Me too" Rae replied.

"Ditto" said Katniss.

"Yeah, same here" Cato said.

"So it's just little old Gale and Johanna not going to college" Finnick said leaning back to lay his head on Gale's legs. "and me, of course." He added.

"Actually…I've been keeping this a secret but I am" Gale admitted.

"You are what?" Peeta asked.

"I'm moving to England to go to Oxford University." He confessed.

"WHAT!" they all shouted.

"No way, you're not smart enough for that shit!" Rae said, half-jokingly, half-serious.

"I've been working real hard for it and…I got in." he said.

"That's so great!" Peeta shouted and stood up to hug him. They all started to crowd around to congratulate him with hugs and punches.

"Shit…I'm going to miss all of this" Peeta said as he resumed his position against Cato with the brutes arm wrapped around him.

"Well I'm not going to college either" Lloyd said.

"Shut up, Lloyd" Peeta put bluntly in light hearted banter.

And so they spent their night on the beach, the soft yellow sand beneath them and the sea roaring behind them. They ran into the sea together half naked and screamed together as the cold water hit them and the waves crashed and pushed them down. And for a long time, that was the last time
that they were all together. Then they split up, Gale and Finnick, Katniss, Rae and Johanna, and Lloyd, Cato and Peeta and separated from each other.

"I'm going to miss you" Peeta said, cuddled up naked with Cato under the sheets at his house.

"And I you" Cato said and kissed him on the forehead.

"Do you think it's going to work…long distance?" Peeta asked as he traced circles on Cato's skin.

"I hope so." Cato said and his words settled into silence and they fell asleep in the darkness together before the sun rose once again.

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