Extra Credit

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Summary

Professor Mellark teaches art history at Panem State University. Katniss is a student in over her head in a class she doesn't need to take. When Katniss gets a poor grade on a paper she turns to Professor Mellark for some extra credit only to find her attraction to him overtakes her good senses and her extra credit turns into something more.

Notes

This one-shot is dedicated to my lovely friend Abby (abbythebear on tumblr). She gave me the idea for this and helped me all along the way. This one's for you my dear.
Chapter 1

Katniss had always thought Professor Mellark was a good-looking man. With his blonde quaffed hair speckled with silver at the temples, the professor has a distinguished but playful look about him. There has always been a glimpse of youth in his eyes, which must’ve been what drew Katniss to his classes. Art History wasn’t Katniss’ major but as soon as she saw Prof. Mellark she knew she had to take his class even if it was just to see him twice a week. There were only eight students in her class so as a Political Science major, Katniss stood out like a sore thumb.

Peeta Mellark had been teaching at Panem State for nine years and yet he felt as if it had been his entire life. The semesters of droning on about Monet this and Degas that had taken a toll on his energy he had never imagined. That all changed the day Katniss Everdeen walked into his classroom. She had a quiet but intriguing quality about her, like she didn’t belong there but wouldn’t want to be anywhere else. It wasn’t until after she submitted her midterm paper that Peeta realized she wasn’t even in the Art major let alone she was a Political student. She really didn’t belong, but Peeta couldn’t imagine his classroom without her in it.

Peeta had sensed the tension he felt for Katniss also existed in her as well. As Peeta lectured he would move about the classroom and interact with his students. Most of the time it would be simply asking questions and responding to the students concerns or thoughts. But when it came to Katniss, their interactions were electric. When Peeta walked around the room he would take every opportunity to graze Katniss’ arm or place a hand on her shoulder. He made it a point in his day to make sure he came close enough to feel the softness of her skin underneath his fingers. Each time he would subtly make contact with Katniss, Peeta would notice the way Katniss straightens up and the goose flesh stand up on her neck. Somehow he knew that Katniss felt the electricity.

Katniss had always noticed how Professor Mellark would pay special attention to her in class. Taking the opportunities to pat her on the shoulder or run his fingers across her hand as he handed out papers. At first she didn’t know how to react to these advances Prof. Mellark was making. However after a few days of these moves Katniss realized she was enjoying those little moments together they shared. She felt the hair on her neck raise every time he got close to her. So badly she wanted to reciprocate and grasp his hand just for a second to feel her skin set ablaze. She would catch herself day dreaming in class what it would feel like to have his lips on hers, how they would move, the pressure of him crashing into her. The idea of being close to him let alone being touched by him in places she never dreamed drove her crazy.

The day after the students returned from spring break Peeta decided would be a good day to give back the grades on the midterm papers, effectively ruining the buzz of happiness the students felt coming back from their hormone filled beaches and binge drinking parties. As he handed the papers to the students Peeta’s heart swelled with pride when he saw their smiles fall. AT least that was until he had to hand back Ms. Everdeen’s paper. Peeta laid the paper face down on her desk as he walked by knowing that her grade wasn’t anywhere near satisfactory. Watching her face fill with disappointment broke his heart. She was bright but she just didn’t have the eye for understanding the course. Once Peeta had returned all of the papers he returned to the front of the room and began his lecture. Today was a review of Impressionism.
The lecture ended but the feeling of sadness in the pit of Katniss’ stomach remained. The hour had ended but she just sat in her seat as the rest of her classmates left the room. How was she going to fix this? She thought to herself. Maybe she could just ask Professor Mellark for some assistance or for extra credit. She decided that the extra credit idea would be her best bet. Just before Prof. Mellark was about to leave the room she stopped him. “Professor Mellark, may I ask you a question?” Katniss nervously squeaked out. “Of course” Peeta’s voice resonated low in his chest, “But Katniss, you’re the only one who still calls me Professor. Please just call me, Peeta.” He says with a chuckle. Katniss could feel her face flush “Ok. Peeta.” She said. “Now, what was your question?” Peeta asked with a small crooked smile. Katniss felt a familiar feeling of warmth she hadn’t felt in a long time before she finally answered him. “My question is about my paper. I know I didn’t get a good grade and I’m not asking for you to change it, but rather if I can earn some extra credit to offset the points?” Peeta stood there for a moment and pondered the request. No one had ever bothered to take his class seriously enough to ask for extra credit. As he thought about her request, Peeta noticed the way Katniss’ breast moved up and down as she breathed in and out, patiently waiting for his answer. After a moment Peeta decided he wouldn’t ever have this chance again and thought the benefits outweighed the risks so he responded half-jokingly “I only give out extra credit opportunities when I can get something in return, so it’s rare that I ever give students the chance. But my mind could be swayed if you were convincing enough.” He said with a wink and a step closer to Katniss. He expected Katniss to move away from him but instead she step into him further and he could see the fire ignite in her eyes.

Peeta couldn’t hide the look of surprise on his face and Katniss noticed. Feeling embarrassed Katniss backed away and rubbed the place on her arm that Peeta just touched. Nervously Peeta ran his hands through his blonde hair and walked back into the classroom to sit on a nearby table. Katniss didn’t move but followed him with her eyes. She wasn’t offended by his brazenness but rather turned on by it. If that’s how she was going to get her extra credit, then that’s how she’ll get it. Peeta doesn’t move from his place on the table as Katniss walks to him slowly. “I’m willing to do whatever it takes, so name it.” Katniss purrs as she slowly places her hand on Peeta’s thigh and slowly slinks closer to Peeta. A moment of better sense passes through Peeta’s mind, knowing that Katniss is a student and it is strictly against university policy to engage in a relationship with a student, but who said anything about a relationship. He pushed the thoughts of getting in trouble out of his head as he grasped the sides of Katniss’ face in his hands and pulled her into him. His lips hit her mouth with such fervor that Katniss nearly lost her footing but stabled herself by bracing her hands against Peeta’s chest. Taking note of how incredibly toned he was underneath his dress shirt Katniss wandered his chest with her fingertips as they passionately explored each other’s mouths.

Suddenly Peeta breaks the kiss and it leaves Katniss wanting so much more. Peeta stands from his position on the table and walks to the classroom door. Without saying a word Katniss knows exactly what Peeta is doing. He closes the door and slides the lock into position. Katniss stands waiting by the table and when Peeta turns to make eye contact with her once more he says in his ever so sexy husky voice “Sit”, she knows what he wants. She slides herself up onto the table and mentally pats herself on the back for wearing her one and only skirt to class today. Slowly Peeta returns to Katniss, standing in front of her, not breaking the heated gaze. Gently Peeta places his hands on her knees but before he could do any more Katniss has already started spreading her legs apart, exposing the most sensitive and eager part of her body. She craves Peeta so badly; she can feel the heat building below from just the way Peeta lowers his eyes from her face, to her chest.
heaving with anticipation. Without saying a word Katniss lifts her hands to the buttons on her black top. Undoing one by one she reveals the dark lace bra she wore unknowing that she would find herself here with Peeta. Her breathing intensifies when Peeta leans down and places soft and gentle kiss along her neck and down her clavicle. She snakes her fingers through Peeta’s hair as he plants kisses one by one down her chest. He places one hand on the small of her back and brings her closer to him effectively pressing their bodies together. With his other hand, Peeta gently cups her breast, rolling his thumb over her taut nipple sending shivers up her spine. Katniss lets out a small but willing moan as she feels his budding erection through his trousers press against her center. Not being able to take his tortuous kisses any more Katniss tightens her grip on his hair and lifts his face to hers. One brief moment of intensity passes and then the heat between them becomes more than either one can handle. They crash into each other, their lips parting to allow the other into their mouth.

Katniss slides her hands from Peeta’s hair down his neck and over his broad shoulders to his chest. Fervently she unbuttons Peeta’s shirt to reveal his chest. She slides the shirt off his chest and shoulders and she hears it hit the floor. Peeta snakes his hands around Katniss and pulls her closer again, exploring every inch of her mouth with his tongue. The heat of his mouth against hers ignites the first once more in her body. Peeta pulls Katniss to the edge of the table, just far enough that she isn’t falling off. He steps back and breaks the kiss and Katniss tries to pull him back in. “No” he whispers. Katniss worries that he is having second thoughts about this tryst they’re sharing. “I won’t say anything, Peeta.” She tells him nervously. “I know,” he replies coolly, “I just wanted to take a good long look at you before get the privilege of fucking you senseless.” A wicked smile travels across Katniss’ face as she lifts her hips to invite Peeta in and remove the soaking wet cotton panties that wait under her khaki skirt. Tantalizingly slow, Peeta slides her panties down her silky soft legs and she kicks them off once they reach her feet. Fully prepared for Peeta to return to kissing her Katniss leans forward only to be surprised when Peeta slowly lowers to his knees. With his hands placed gently on her hips Peeta begins placing warm wet kisses up her thigh. Moving closer and closer to her center Katniss can feel her racing pulse in her ears as she whimpers “Please” and Peeta complies with her one word request. He plants one kiss on her slit just before she opens her legs as wide as they go. Bracing herself against the table Katniss feels Peeta’s tongue escape his lips and begins tracing circles around her slit just before finding her bud. He grips her hips tighter as he slips his tongue inside of her, just for a second. The sensation startles Katniss, she had never felt it before and it excited her. Slowly Peeta returns to circling her small bud of nerves, her climax building ever so quickly. She hadn’t noticed that he removed one of his hands from her hips before she felt a finger slip inside of her. Peeta flicked his tongue against her bud as he continued rubbing her spot with his finger like he was stoking a fire within Katniss. With a shudder Katniss felt her orgasm roll over her like the earthquake it was. Her mind went blank for only a moment but in that moment Peeta had stood up. Once Katniss locked on his gaze, Peeta ran his middle finger along his bottom lip gathering the last drops Katniss had left for him. With a wink and a smirk Peeta placed the finger in his mouth and sucked ever last bit of her off his fingertip.

Even though Katniss had just felt the earth shattering results of Peeta Mellark she wanted, no, needed more of him. I slid from her spot on the table and stood facing inches from Peeta’s face. Lowering her gaze from his lustful eyes she settled her eyes on his trousers where she began
twisting her fingers around his belt, pulling him in close as she unbucks it. Katniss lets his trousers drop to his ankles to reveal his rock hard erection trying so desperately to escape from its cotton prison. Before she frees Peeta’s cock she places her hand on it and gently strokes it through his boxer briefs. Finally in control of his arousal Katniss returns his previous wink and smirk. She hooks her thumbs into the waistband of Peeta’s underwear and slides them down his hips effectively releasing his cock. Katniss is honestly a little surprised by the sheer mass that springs forth from the cotton but doesn’t show it in her face. All she says is “On the table.” Peeta turns and slides up onto the table facing Katniss. “Scoot back.” Katniss leans in and whispers his ear. Peeta eagerly complies with a look in his eyes Katniss can only equate to a puppy about to get his bone.

Katniss hiked up her skirt around her hips and slowly lifts one leg then the other onto the table so she is now straddling Peeta’s lap. Before lowering herself Katniss places kisses along Peeta’s neck as he places his hands on her hips pushing her down. Just before she is about to slide completely over Peeta’s rock hard cock she uses her teeth to nibble slightly on Peeta’s earlobe, sending shivers down his neck and spine. The filling sensation Peeta gives Katniss lets a moan escape her lips and her breath leaves a cool trail down his neck. Peeta uses his hands to steady her hips as she begins moving them up and down his shaft. Katniss’ second climax already building, she knows she’s going to have to work hard to get Peeta there with her. Moving one hand from her hips Peeta slides the lace from over her breast and captures her nipple in his mouth, sucking and twirling his tongue over her. He is not giving her much control over her own arousal but suddenly she feels Peeta’s cock begin to twitch within her. He releases her breast long enough to say “Fuck, Don’t stop Katniss” and throws his head back with a moan. She continues sliding her hips up and down just for a few seconds before she feels her orgasm rip through her body and not far behind her is Peeta. Together they moan out explicatives as their individual orgasms mold into one.

Katniss collapsed into Peeta’s chest once regain herself from the grasp of her orgasm. A few moments pass before Katniss lifts herself from Peeta’s lap and plants her wavering feet on the ground. As she rebuttoned her top and adjusted her skirt Peeta stood and began redressing himself. They stood in silence for a moment before Katniss had remembered her panties were flung across the room. She gathered them but instead of putting them back on underneath her skirt she slid them into Peeta’s trouser pocket. And with a smile, Katniss picked up her bag she had left by the door and began walking away. Before she got too far from him Peeta said, “Ms. Everdeen, you earned the extra credit.” Just as she was about to leave Katniss turns to Peeta and says with a quick wink “You bet I did,” and left the classroom with a grin that would never fall. She didn’t know what next class would bring for her but what she knew for sure was, that wouldn’t be the last time she “earned” extra credit from Professor Mellark.
Chapter Summary

Professor Mellark runs into the intoxicating Katniss Everdeen at his favorite bar one Sunday evening. After skipping out on work early, Katniss follows Peeta to his house for some Sunday Funday activities.

The only thing that gets Peeta through the week of teaching is knowing that on Sunday's he can stroll down to the sports bar, District 12, and watch football while enjoying several beers and a basket of wings. He looks forward to this time by himself all week. It’s not that he particularly keeps up with the professional football teams that play each week, but he finds comfort in the tradition he and his family started all those years ago. Growing up, Peeta, his brothers and his father would all gather around the small television they had in their home to watch the night game each Sunday night. Even after leaving home at 18, Peeta has kept this tradition. He is never really sure why, but in the back of his mind he knows that he misses his family and this is his way to feel close to them again.

This Sunday, however, is different. This time when Peeta arrived at District 13 he sat on his usual stool at the bar, but instead of the owner, Haymitch, being the one to serve Peeta his drink there was a new girl. For several minutes Peeta could not grab the attention of the poor girl simply because she was swamped with customers. He didn’t mind waiting, especially when his view was her rear end in the tiny black spandex shorts Haymitch made all his waitresses wear.

“Until now,” Peeta leans over to Haymitch as he walks by and says, “I never truly appreciated the uniforms you put your girls in, my friend.” Peeta gestures over to the new girl behind the bar. “Although I might appreciate it more with a beer in my hand.” Peeta jokes.

“Oh of course!” Haymitch shouts over the noise of the crowd in the bar. “Hey Katniss, get this man Miller High Life.”

When she turns around to confirm Haymitch’s request and fetch Peeta the beer, it’s then when Peeta realizes why he enjoys the uniforms so much. There she is, Katniss Everdeen. The same Katniss Everdeen who he couldn’t get out of his mind since that fateful day after class.

The look on Katniss’ face when she realizes who it is she is serving, is nothing short of shocked. Peeta can’t help but let a nervous grin creep across his face at the sight before him. Katniss reaches for a glass and pours the hoppy liquid. As she slides the froth topped glass across to Peeta, she lingers for a moment, not saying a word, only looking into Peeta’s crystal blue eyes.
“Fancy seeing you here, Miss Everdeen.” Peeta says taking the beer from Katniss’ hand, grazing her fingers along the way. The touch sends shivers up her neck before she could stop them. She couldn’t stop thinking about him since that afternoon. The memory of his lips on hers drove her mad laying in bed each night. The sensation his fingers gives her now is so similar to that frustration that she feels nightly, that now in this moment she knows her shorts are starting to get wet.

“Yeah, how about that?” Katniss replies cautiously. She thinks she sees a glint in Peeta’s eye when she speaks. She is convinced that he is giving her the same look he gave her when he glanced up from between her thighs. Just then Katniss catches Peeta shifting his eyes from her face down her front, stopping at her breasts. They peak out from underneath a very tight, and very low cut shirt in the style of a football referee. The black and white stripes line the curves of her ample chest so nicely, Peeta notes silently in his head. He takes a second to recall the image of her without her top from before. Somehow he had forgotten how perky her curves were until he catches them in his sights today.

“Why haven’t I seen you working in here before?” Peeta asks in between sips of his beer.

Katniss snaps out of the trance Peeta’s eyes have her in to reply. “Well that’s because I was just hired a few days ago. I used to work at a bar downtown but when they changed owners I decided it would be best to find a new place of work.” She states very matter-of-factly. A moment of silence slips between them but is interrupted by another patron of the bar requesting a refill. Just as she begins to turn away from him, Peeta asks Katniss “How late are you here tonight?”

“Til 8.” She replies then walks away.

Much to his dismay, Peeta doesn’t get the chance to talk to the young Katniss for several more minutes, however he doesn’t truly mind. In the absence of their conversation his mind travels back again to the classroom. The images in his head of her on the table before him blend with the image of her moving around the bar in the tight uniform. Her shorts barely covering her rear so much so that the curves of her ass begin to show themselves as the night wears on. Each time she turns back to Peeta, Katniss hands him another beer wordlessly but with a growing linger with every drink. After four beers and a basket of wings Peeta begins to shift in his seat. He still has an hour and a half to go before Katniss leaves work. Unsure of whether he can keep his wits about him and stay in the same room with alcohol and the intoxicating view Katniss keeps giving him, Peeta begins to stand from his barstool. Just as he is reaching for his wallet to pay the tab a hand reaches and stops him. Katniss’ hand. Pulling him by the muscular forearm Katniss brings him in close so she can whisper in his ear. “It’s on the house, Professor.”

Her breath in his ear sends shivers down his spine and hardens his cock. Her quiet yet dark voice sobered him faster than any other remedy he’d tried in the past. Turning his head to lean in for her
Peeta whispers in reply “But how will I give you your tip?”

Katniss pauses contemplating her next move. She wants him. Seeing him outside of class, wearing a t-shirt and jeans, makes him look so casual yet irresistible to Katniss. She steps back from Peeta and motions him to the far end of the bar, where there is less people gawking around them. Casually Peeta strolls to the end of the counter as to not raise suspicions but in reality no other customer was watching them, rather looking above the large television screens broadcasting the games. When they meet at the end of the bar Katniss pulls Peeta in close and speaks softly.

“I can persuade Haymitch to let me go early. Meet me in the alley way out back in 15 minutes. We can go somewhere a little more intimate. My place isn’t too far I think.”

“My place is two blocks away.” Peeta interrupts.

“Your place it is. 15 minutes. Alley.” Katniss punctuates each instruction with an open mouthed kiss on his strong jaw. Katniss flits away into the back room behind the bar. Peeta does as he’s told. He grabs his jacket and ball cap before leaving the bar and making his way to the alley.

The 15 minutes in the cold, dark alley are the longest 15 minutes in his life. The anticipation that is building in his mind builds in his groin as well. It takes every ounce of will power Peeta has to control his thoughts of a naked Katniss in his home. Laying on the sofa, Katniss riding him, her breasts bouncing with each thrust. Showering together, watching the water drip down each curve of Katniss’ body as he takes her from behind.

Katniss remains in Haymitch’s office of the bar begging him to let her leave. “Please Haymitch. I gotta get outta here. You know that friend of yours earlier?”

After a beat Haymitch replies “Peet?”

“Yes well he is my professor and he reminded me that we have an assignment due tomorrow and I haven’t finished it yet. I need to go home and finish what I started.” Katniss holds back the smirk that she feels on her lips knowing that she will do whatever it takes to finish what she started with Peeta Mellark.

“Fine you can go.” Haymitch huffs. “But this is the only time I’ll let you do this. Don’t go expecting me to take pity on you every time you forget to do your homework.”
“Thank you boss!” Katniss shouts as she flies out the room. Grabbing her bag and jacket, Katniss runs out the back door and into the alley. She is running so fast she passes Peeta standing patiently against the wall.

“Come on!” Katniss shouts over her shoulder. Peeta springs ahead to catch up with her. When he reaches her side he take her hand in his and jerks her in the opposite direction she was heading.

“My place is this way.” Peeta chuckles.

“Oh right. Your place.” Katniss says while catching her breath.

The two briskly walk hand in hand the two blocks to Peeta’s condo. Once they reach the front door Peeta fumbles in he back pockets to find his keys. He finds them and unlocks the door as fast as his shaking hands can. He swiftly drags Katniss inside through the doorway and slams the heavy wooden door behind them. As soon as the door clicks shut Peeta is on Katniss. Pressing her up against the door itself. His mouth on hers. Her hands in his hair, grasping at the curls underneath his ball cap. Katniss lets out a moan in between kisses. Peeta grabs ahold of Katniss’ ass and slides his hands down her thighs. Quickly and clumsily Peeta picks Katniss off the ground. She wraps her legs around his waist to lock herself against him. Never breaking their kiss Peeta moves the tangled pair to the living room sofa. Peeta leans over as he places her on the sofa and climbs on top of her. Breaking their kiss for a moment Katniss grasps at Peeta’s shirt to expose his broad blonde dusted chest. Instead of returning to her lips, Peeta begins placing kisses along Katniss’ clavicle and down her cleavage.

“Sit up.” Peeta mumbles in between kisses into Katniss’ chest. She complies quickly and Peeta removes her top as well as her bra, exposing her flesh. He moves his hands to her hips once more, this time to remove the black spandex covering her sweet ass. She lifts her hips so he can rip the spandex from her skin revealing that she isn’t wearing any panties at all. Turned on by her brazeness, Peeta kisses his way down her body taking special care at her hip bones. He reaches her center and waists no time. Dipping his head in between her thighs, his lips begin their work on her slit. Lapping up the extra moisture that has begun to build there Peeta also uses his index finger to gently rub her sensitive nub. The sensation of Peeta’s deft movements shock Katniss into a loud moan. Suddenly, Peeta switches his fingers and his tongue. Two fingers sliding in between Katniss’ slit, filling her, and his lips replacing the spot at her clit. Sucking and pulling on her clit with his teeth, Peeta pumps his fingers in and out of Katniss, eliciting some intensely erotic moans from her lips.

“Oh my god, Peeta.” “Fuck.” “Fuck me.” “Please.” Repeat breathlessly over and over from Katniss’ now hoarse voice.

It’s only now does Peeta realize that he needs some attention to his groin. He curls his fingers within Katniss and drags them languidly out of her sending her into an orgasm spiral. He can feel
he walls clench around his fingers as she loudly calls his name.

Once she is released from her pleasure Katniss opens her eyes to meet Peeta’s. He notices the same flame in her dark eyes that he saw in the classroom.

“Fuck me, Peeta.” Katniss commands. “Fuck me, hard.” She dares.

Never turning down a challenge, Peeta sits up and strips himself from his jeans while holding her eye contact. Finally when he’s free of his pants he releases his cock from the cotton prison of his boxer briefs. It springs free with such gusto that Katniss lets out a small breath of surprise. And within seconds, Peeta is positioned at Katniss’ entrance and plunges into her. Her loud breathed moan rings in his ears. Peeta pulls Katniss up closer to him so he can capture one of her breasts in his mouth. He tugs and pulls at the hardened nipple in his mouth not caring if he’s hurting her. The sounds she’s making in response are enough encouragement to continue the pleasure. Moving his hips in rhythm with his lips only intensifies the pleasure for Katniss. She can feel her second and hopefully not last orgasm of the night charging ahead.

“Peeta, I’m close” She moans between gritted teeth.

He releases her nipple and says “Me too.” And before he could capture the other nipple in his mouth he feels her walls clench again this time around his cock. The sensation sends him into his orgasm as well. His cock twitching within her they come together, both loudly moaning.

Once she’s regained her mind and her breath, Katniss opens her eyes not realizing they were squeezed shut. “Wow” she breathes.

“My thoughts exactly.” Peeta replies.

They lay entwined for a few moments before Peeta rises from the sofa as does Katniss. Instead of reaching for her clothes on the floor to put them back on Katniss, rises and strides to the kitchen, as if she owns the place. Opening the refrigerator, pulling out a Miller Lite, Katniss pops the top and makes her way back to Peeta.

“So what’s next Professor?” she asks with a wink and a swig of the beer.

“I have some ideas.” Peeta replies as he grabs her free arm and pulls her to him and makes his way to the bathroom, Katniss in tow, giggling.
to the bathroom, Katniss in tow, giggling.
Katniss sits in her chair, her leg bouncing with nerves. Today is the final day of classes before exams and that meant she has to give her presentation on Modern American Photography. Katniss knows she is prepared but she also knows it will be immensely difficult to focus on her facts when the sight of Peeta sitting across the room is staring back at her. The class hasn’t began yet but her palms are already damp with sweat. She is a senior. She has given presentations before, presentations she was less prepared for, even. Why, she wonders, is she so nervous for this one? It can’t be because she isn’t very bright when it came to analyzing art, it is simply because she wants to impress Peeta…Professor Mellark she corrected mentally.

Suddenly as if he could hear her heartbeat as loudly as she could, Peeta entered the room, eyes locked to Katniss’. That one brief moment of eye contact brought back a flood of memories for Katniss from just the week before.

*Peeta didn’t bother turning on any lights as they made their way through his condo. Weaving their way through the hallways Katniss giggled and struggled not to spill the beer from Peeta’s overly stocked fridge she had grasped in her hand. “You better not be taking me to your murder room.” Katniss said in between giggles.*

*“Now why would you say such a thing?” Peeta asked and stopped so quickly that Katniss ran right into his back.*

*“Let’s chalk it up to how many horror movies I’ve seen.” She quipped and soon they were off again. Once they finally got where they were going, Katniss could feel the cool linoleum tile beneath her feet. “See,” she said, “this is your murder room, right?” Her cheeks hurt from the smile stretching across her face.*
“No this is the bathroom,” Peeta said with a frustrated edge to his voice. Katniss took her cue to not bring up any more murder rooms. Still in the dark Katniss felt Peeta take the beer from her hand and place in on the vanity. He dropped her hand and the next thing Katniss heard was the whosh of the shower turning on. Soon her eyes began to adjust to the darkness and through the black she could see Peeta’s shadow bend over before her. Katniss assumed that he removed his boxer briefs that had remained from their little romp in the living room just moments ago.

Luckily for his need to be mysterious, Peeta had maneuvered his bathroom in the dark plenty of times before. Knowing every corner and edge Peeta reached for Katniss before leading her into the running shower. Water crashed onto Peeta’s skin, warm droplets pitter-pattered down his solid muscular back.

“Watch your step,” Peeta said as his words stirred Katniss. The warm rush of water startled Katniss at first but she soon grew used to the temperature.

Standing under the water Peeta reached to pull Katniss against his skin. Their lips crashed into each other in a fit of passion. The heat of the water combined with the anticipation and deprivation of sight from the darkness caused Katniss to charge toward her orgasm.

“I want you Peeta. Now,” Katniss moaned against his lips. With her words she felt Peeta’s erection stiffen against her stomach.

“Turn around,” he commanded and she eagerly complied. His hand snaked its way around to Katniss’ front and placed it on the center of her abdomen while the other hand positioned his cock at her entrance. As he slid into her, stretching her, Peeta rubbed purposefully at her clit. Her moans rang out above the noise of the water falling against their skin. Just before Katniss could gasp out more of her pleasure, she felt her orgasm rattle within her.

“Oh my God, Peeta. I’m coming!” Katniss moaned.

“Fuck!” Peeta grunted.

Katniss is abruptly snapped out of her daydreaming when one of her classmates began her presentation. She sits in wait for what seems like hours as her fellow classmates drone on about their respective topics. While one was muttering something about the aesthetics of a random sculpture Katniss felt her phone buzz in her pocket. Discreetly she pulled her phone out and read the message she received.
Feeling her face completely engulf with embarrassment Katniss turns to look over her shoulder at Peeta in the back of the room. Once she catches his eye he shoots her a quick wink and she can feel herself getting wet right there.

It’s crazy how quickly and subtly Peeta can turn Katniss on. Trying to calm herself down Katniss takes several deep breaths. Suddenly it is her turn to present.

She makes her way to the front of the room, plugs her flash drive into the projecting computer and begins.

“To wrap up the semester I decided to dive further into Modern American Photography.” She said trying to hide the nervous inflection in her voice.

The small group of art majors begins to snicker and whisper to each other as Katniss soldiers on with her presentation. She flips through slides and pictures of different photographs explaining the differences between each artist’s view and inspiration. It isn’t until toward the end does she notice what exactly the art majors are saying. They grow increasingly louder as if they want her to hear the nasty things they are saying about her.

“What does she think she’s doing?” “She’s not kidding anyone.” “Yeah she’s probably sleeping with him just so she can pass.” Yeah, what a slut.”

“What the fuck did you just say?” Katniss shouts.

“You heard me, slut,” says the willowy blonde with thick dark rimmed glasses.

“Hey! Watch your language Glimmer.” Peeta scolds. “In fact, you can leave. I will not tolerate that kind of gossip or attitude in my class.”

Katniss can’t believe it. Is that what her classmates think of her? Actually, is that what is happening? Is she passing simply because she is sleeping with Peeta…Professor Mellark? She shoots Peeta a worried look as she announces, “I’m done,” quickly grabs her book bag and storms out of the lecture hall.
Before she can even make it out of the building Katniss’ phone buzzes with an incoming text. She pulls the phone from its place in her pocket and reads another text from Peeta.

Meet me in my office. 10 minutes. -P

Not wanting to stir trouble in his class Peeta settles the crowd. Standing from his seat in the back he announces, “We will pick up on the presentations during the exam period. See you next Wednesday. Now everyone get out of my class.”

Fuming angry, Katniss storms to the building where Peeta’s office is housed and upon arrival notices that Peeta hasn’t caught up with her yet. She paces in front of the office door, back and forth. How dare those hipster art majors call her a slut. She is a strong independent woman and what she chooses to do in her private life is private. And what the fuck? How did they know about Peeta? Did someone see them after class that one day? Did they see her and Peeta leave the bar together? What gives? Trying to calm herself down she sighs and leans up against the nearby wall. Slumping to the floor she whispers to herself, “No one has proof that anything has happened. It’s all just speculation.” The political science/Pre-Law student in her kicked in and began analyzing the facts behind everything.

Out of nowhere, Peeta’s legs appear in Katniss’ line of vision. She peers up, taking her time to take in every inch of his form, meeting Peeta’s eyes.

“Glimmer is a dick.” Katniss says between gritted teeth. “And what the fuck kind of name is Glimmer?”

Peeta chuckles as he shakes his head and holds out a hand to assist Katniss off the ground. His lifts her from her place on the floor and keeps his hold on her hand as he reaches for his keys in his pocket. Reaching to unlock the door Peeta stops just as he slips the key into the lock. Just when Katniss begins to wonder what Peeta is up to he spins her around so her back is against the wooden door and she now stands between a thick piece of wood and the door. Hearing her heartbeat in her ears, Katniss glances at Peeta up and down taking special note of his erection poking out of his dress pants.

“What are you doing, Professor Mellark?” she asks with a coy smile creeping across her lips. She places her hand on Peeta’s chest and slowly, tantalizingly slides it down the buttons of his shirt gliding past his belt buckle of his slacks to give a quick teasing squeeze to his enlarged cock. Swiftly Peeta reached behind her and unlocks the door, giving way to the entrance to his tiny office. Katniss stumbles backwards as she falls into the small room. Giggling at the sight of Katniss struggling to mind her feet, Peeta grabs her hips to steady her and slowly paces her back until her ass rests against the edge of his wooden desk. Without leaving his spot in front of
Katniss, Peeta kicks the door shut behind him. As soon as the latch clicks shut he is there, taking Katniss’ face in his strong hands and kissing her passionately.

Peeta breaks the kiss just for a moment, leaving Katniss breathless. In that moment the two share a look of such longing and desire that they both know what’s coming next. Katniss reaches behind her onto the desk and knocks every paper, every textbook, every folder to the ground. Grasping her at her hips, Peeta lifts Katniss onto the desk and spreads her legs wide open leaving space for him to rest in between. Katniss paws at the collar of Peeta’s shirt, fumbling with the buttons all before getting so frustrated that she simply rips the shirt clean off his chiseled body. In return, Peeta strips Katniss of her sweater exposing her bare skin and lace-covered breasts. He releases a groan from low in his throat as he leans in to Katniss’ neck and places fevered, open-mouth kiss along her neck and down her collarbone. Throwing her head back and bracing herself against Peeta’s desk, Katniss whimpers out a quiet, “God, I want you so bad, Peeta.”

Fumbling with Katniss’ jeans button Peeta managed to somehow remove them from her lean legs with only a few frustrated groans. As she reaches down to remove Peeta’s own pants, he swats her away, saying, “Not yet, Miss Everdeen.” He then drops to his knees in front of her. She let out a mix between a moan and a gasp as his nose grazed her clit through her panties. “Oh you like that, huh?” He cooed.

Katniss could only reply with a languid “Mmmm.”

Tantalizingly, Peeta removed Katniss’ panties, reveling in the way her pupils seemed to set ablaze with each movement of his hands down her legs. Chills climb up Katniss’ back as she waits in anticipation for the feeling of Peeta’s talented lips on her center. And when Peeta’s lips finally meet Katniss, she nearly jumps from her spot on the desk. Circling her clit with his tongue slowly, never making a sudden move, Peeta brought Katniss to her edge and just when she thought she was about to come, he stopped his movements abruptly and whispered once more, “Not yet, Miss Everdeen.”


“Not yet, Miss Everdeen,” is all Peeta says as he winks up at her.

Peeta returns his tongue to Katniss’ clit but this time gently slides two fingers inside her and the pressure brings Katniss so close to coming again. Peeta pumps his fingers in and out of her as his tongue moves over her clit with ease. Katniss feels her orgasm speeding towards its peak, her walls clenching around Peeta’s fingers, and just as she’s about to come, Peeta pulls his fingers from her folds and lifts his mouth from her clit yet again. He’s teasing her and much to her own
surprise, Katniss loves it. However much she loves the teasing, though, Katniss can’t take it anymore. With one swift movement of her right foot, she kicks Peeta away and he crashes into the floor.

“Enough of this ‘Not yet, Miss Everdeen’ business. I want you to fuck me, right here on your desk.” Katniss commands, as Peeta stands and begins removing his trousers. Katniss, feeling empowered by her current state of arousal, grabs Peeta by the sides of his neck and pulls him into her for another passionate, however a little sloppy, kiss. Finally Peeta’s trousers hit the ground and as he steps out of them, Katniss drags him closer again to his desk. Instead of hopping back up to her place on top of the desk, Katniss turns around so her rear is facing Peeta. A little astonished and very much turned on by the move, Peeta immediately grasps Katniss’ hips and brings her ass right against his trembling, rock hard cock.

Katniss lets out a little sigh of satisfaction at the feeling of Peeta’s dick rubbing against the flesh of her ass. In that moment, to Katniss, time seems to stop and all she can think about is how it’s going to feel when Peeta finally takes her from behind. Then, breaking her from her trance, Peeta very suddenly leans in to Katniss’ ear and whispers, “You’re beautiful from this angle,” and slams his cock into Katniss. Arching her back and crying out in pleasure, Katniss welcomes the pain of Peeta stretching her walls with his pulsing cock.

Rapidly Peeta gains speed with his thrusts, the smack of their flesh and the occasional grunt or moan escaping Peeta’s lips are the only sounds that fill the small office. With no regard to what’s or who is outside the room, Katniss wails out, “Fuck me, Peeta.”

“Shhh. We are still in my office, remember.” Peeta hushes Katniss.

“Sorry, but you’re so good at fucking me. I want the world to know,” Katniss toys with Peeta as he continues to slam into her.

“Well you better let them know soon because I’m gonna come.” Peeta whispers through gritted teeth. And as soon as he says he’s about to come, Katniss’ walls clench around his cock and her orgasm rips through her body and her cries cut through the air in the office. Peeta tries to silence her but he’s too engulfed in his own orgasm that he cannot focus on anything but spilling into Katniss.

Peeta slumps over Katniss’ shoulder as he tries to regain himself. Panting and trying to catch her breath Katniss turns her head and plants a little kiss on Peeta’s nose as he rests against her. The two stay like this for several minutes before untangling themselves. It’s only when there’s a knock on the door do that the two begin to move. The noise makes Katniss’ heart jump.
“Just a minute.” Peeta shouts.

The two shuffle to redress themselves, fumbling over each other. Peeta nearly falls as he tries to slide his trousers back up his legs and motions Katniss to hide away from the door as he walks to answer it.

Peeta opens the door and behind it is ws Glimmer. “Professor Mellark, I just wanted to say sorry for my behavior during class today. I never meant to disrespect you, but you have to admit Katniss was very out of her element up their discussing photography, and poorly for that matter.” Glimmer declares so proudly.

“Well, Glimmer, I have to disagree with you about Miss Everdeen, and it is not your place to decide whether or not she was presenting poorly. That is my duty as your teacher. And if I catch you acting like that in my class ever again, I will fail you. Don’t test me on it. Now I must be going; I have papers to grade. If you need to discuss class-related items with me further you can make an appointment during my office hours.” Peeta says as he shuts his office door in Glimmer’s face.

“Are you freaking serious?” Katniss whispers. “You can’t do that, you’re a teacher.”

“I can do whatever I want. If she pisses me off, I can fail her.” Peeta chuckles.

“My hero.” Katniss coos as she saunters over to Peeta and wraps her arms around his waist.

“I have a question for you.” Peeta begins nervously.

“Alright…” Katniss hesitates.

“Well, now that the semester is over, and after the exam period next week you won’t be my student anymore… I was wondering if I could take you out to dinner. Like a proper date or something.” Peeta trails off and slides his hand to scratch the back of his neck.

Katniss considers for a beat but ultimately the idea of Peeta taking her out on an actual date is something she’s been dreaming of these past few weeks.
“We won’t get in trouble or anything?” Katniss asks.

“Well if you were still going to be a student at the university after this semester it would be a big no-no, but since you are graduating, I don’t see why anyone would say anything.” Peeta reasons. “So is that a yes?” He asks hopefully.

A moment passes before Katniss replies, “Of course it’s a yes!”

Relieved, Peeta lets out a long sigh and grins from ear to ear. “Well until you graduate let’s have dinner at my condo. I’ll cook for you. How does that sound, Miss. Everdeen?”

“Only if you cook only wearing an apron.” Katniss says with a wink and pulls him in for one last kiss before leaving his office.

An hour passes and just as Peeta was about to leave his office for the day he notices something out of the corner of his eye laying across his desk. As he got closer he could make out the lacy material that once was slung around Katniss’ hips earlier.

“So that’s how it’s gonna be.” Peeta chuckles as he swipes up the panties and shoves them into his pocket as he closes his office for the day.

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