Tonight We Play

by titania522

Summary

Modern AU - Katniss Everdeen has the perfect boyfriend - the charming, affectionate and kind Peeta Mellark. However, in the bedroom, Peeta has preferences of a more dominating nature to which Katniss willingly submits. Written for S2SL.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.

“Your roasted lamb was amazing!” said Katniss as she placed the dinner dishes in the dishwasher. “Every time I try to roast something, it just dries out and tastes like rubber.”

Peeta chuckled. They’d been living together for almost six months and it was established almost from the beginning that he would be the one to cook on most nights. “A lot depends on the marinade and the temperature you use for cooking. With lamb, it’s better to go low and let it cook for 2.5 hours or so.” He handed Katniss the last of the utensils before pulling out the wine glasses. “You can’t rush lamb.”

“That’s why I’ll never be a decent cook. I have no patience. And forget about planning anything in advance.” She shook her head.

Katniss turned the knob of the dishwasher and glanced over at Peeta. He was giving her a look that made electricity ignite from the bottom of her abdomen to the very tips of her nose and ears. A quivering excitement took over her. She knew that look…

He folded the washcloth carefully and placed it on the counter. Then he turned his attention back
to Katniss, his eyes going dark with intensity.

“I could teach you patience,” Peeta said in a voice that seemed to have dropped an octave. It was his staccato voice - strong and even - the one he uses to make his demands. The air seemed to rush out of the room and she felt the flood of wetness between her legs.

Her hands went automatically to her sides and her chin dipped down to her chest. She could only see Peeta’s jean-covered legs and his bare feet, the dust of golden hair on his ankles reflecting the light of the kitchen. Katniss did her best to still her breathing and wait.

“What is your safe word?” asked Peeta with the same even, deep tone. This confirmed for Katniss what her rapidly swelling core had already known. They would play this game tonight.

“Dandelion,” she said softly, trying to keep the trembling expectation from her voice.

Peeta stepped towards her, lifting his finger to run it gently over her cheek. “Get on your knees,” he commanded her as pulled off his t-shirt and unzipped his pants, letting everything fall to the floor. He hadn’t been wearing underwear and Katniss let her eyes roam over him. His cock stood erect and proud, taunting her by being just out of reach and she felt her heart hammering in her chest. Magnificent. Every part of him was perfect, from his ruffled blond curls and brilliant blue eyes to his thick baker’s hands. She licked her lips as her eyes followed the contour of his broad chest, down his just visible six-pack, traversing the fine muscular V of his taut hip muscles until they fell upon the center of his pleasure and she imagined that thick, veiny thing shoved deeply into her mouth. The thought of it made her clit throb between her sodden lips.

“Yes, sir,” she said as she sank down onto the cold kitchen floor. Her body was already ready for him; he could knock her over with a warm breath but she knew tonight, he would make her wait for her release. Tonight he would teach her how to be patient.

During their earliest days of dating, Katniss had never dreamed her mild-mannered, sensitive, sweet boyfriend had a taste for domination. Anyone looking in from the outside of their relationship would say she was the dominant personality. Where she could be sullen and shy, Peeta was bright and affable. Where she could be obtuse and rigid in her world-view, Peeta was flexible and intuitive. He inherited the family bakery after his parents retired and could bake the most exquisite, rare breads, sometimes with nothing more than four ingredients. Katniss worked for the Department of Wildlife and Forestry and spent much of her days in a jeep or scampering over the hills and valleys that made up Panem’s National Forest. In so many things, both Peeta and Katniss defied all the expectations anyone could have about their respective genders.

When he first suggested that he would like to tie Katniss to the bedpost during particularly inspired bit of love-making, she’d initially balked. It was more than just giving in to a sexual kink. She had spent a lifetime searching for control - her father’s death and mother’s subsequent spiral into depression had left her to take care of her younger sister with little to no support. To her, the world could be a terrifying place where calamity fell on a person without a moment’s notice. She was a perfectionist to the point of compulsion and the idea of surrendering control to another person seemed beyond her abilities. Peeta, being Peeta, had understood and not pushed the issue with her again.

And yet one night, he held her hands over her head and drove into her, becoming another version of the boy she loved and Katniss had to admit that she liked it. A lot. Little by little, he coaxed the reins from her and ironically, in giving up control over her body and her will, she felt utterly safe and protected for the first time since her father died. With Peeta, she could be a submissive without all the attendant fears because she knew he would never hurt her. Instead of fear, what she felt was relief.
“Tell me what you want, Katniss,” Peeta said quietly, stroking himself as his eyes, clouded over with desire, took her in.

“To please you,” she whispered, her own voice softening in his response to him.

“You do please me. What do you want?” He asked again as he slowly stroked her face with the tip of his cock, the satin firmness of it causing her breath to hitch.

“I want you,” she said breathlessly.

Peeta poked her cheek with the tip of his engorged cock. “I didn’t get that.”

“I want you, sir,” she sighed, resisting the urge to turn her head and capture him in her mouth.

“You have me. What else do you want, Katniss.”

She could feel a drop of pre-cum wetting her cheek. “I want to suck on you. I want you in my mouth.”

Peeta released a shuddering breath and drew himself to her lips. “Then do it.”

Katniss opened her mouth, her tongue swirling around the throbbing head, slipping into the droopy eye on the tip before sliding down the shaft with the flat of her tongue. When she reached the bottom, she took his sack into her mouth and sucked gently but eagerly, causing Peeta to let out a strangled groan. Katniss felt the blood rushing in her ears, her skin tingling because she felt every stroke of her tongue as a pulse between her legs. She wanted desperately to touch herself, to squeeze her thighs together and relieve the hot, throbbing pain at the apex of her thighs but she resisted. She did not move unless she was told to so instead she focused on Peeta’s thick dick in her mouth, massaging the back of her throat as she took him deeply. When her lips made contact with his stomach, Peeta let out a moan and bucked his hips repeatedly. Katniss breathed through her nose, concentrating on the feeling of Peeta’s cocked sliding in and out of her mouth.

“Open your eyes. I want to see you when I come.” He ordered between breathless pants. She looked at his face as he grimaced with his own ecstasy, his deep blue eyes hooded with lust and she felt like the owner of his pleasure.

As if on cue, he jerked his hips one, two more times before she felt his hot, sticky fluid coat her throat. She concentrated on not gagging as he emptied his orgasm with a long groan. When he slid out of her mouth, he placed his hands under her arms and gently pulled her up, wrapping his arms around her as he regained control of his breathing. When his lips came down on her, she drank in the taste of him, her entire body vibrating with the energy of her increasing desire.

“Put your hands behind your back.” Peeta whispered as he came up for air. His voice, his commands thrilled her beyond words. She shed the controlled, restrained persona of her day to day life and in submitting to him became free. Katniss knew that there was no one she could have ever been with in this way. When she had been with her previous lover, Gale, there was fire and passion in spades, so hot that she thought she’d burn out. But this was something different. She lived in a perpetual state of semi-arousal, Peeta’s commanding voice and demands floating in the back of her mind like a siren’s song, drawing her back to him.

His hands ran the length of her body as he continued to kiss her. He pulled her shirt off and undid her bra with a practiced twist. When the cool air hit her breasts, she suppressed a moan. Peeta pulled back with a half-smile. “Did you want to say something?” he said.

“Only that you feel so good on my skin, sir.”
Peeta chuckled as he brought his hands to her breasts, toying with them as his lips kissed their way down her throat. When he had drawn out the taut tips, he pinched them, causing a stab of electricity to bolt through Katniss body. Soon, his tongue was on one firm nipple, lapping the soft mounds of skin. He blew warm air on her hardened nipples, making them stand at alert. Katniss squirmed as he lavished them with his undivided attention. When he had worried them both, he bit down on one, just enough for an arrow of pain to arch Katniss’ back, followed by the onrush of pleasure. He did the same to both in a maddening rhythm – lick, blow, bite, lick, blow, bite. By the time Peeta had moved on to her belly and hips, leaving kisses and bites along her now over-sensitized skin, she was a sodden mess of need.

Peeta hands fumbled with the buttons of her jeans, pushing them down and off. He let his hand slide up her leg, reverently, as if he had never seen her before.

“Open your legs,” He commanded quietly as his fingers neared her core. She could feel the moisture seeping out of her and longed for him to put his mouth there. He pushed her legs farther apart and soon she felt his fingers sliding along her slick folds.

“You’re so wet,” Peeta murmured and surprised Katniss with a slap against the tender skin of her inner thigh. This made her jump unexpectedly and another moan escaped her. He looked at her, a wicked smile just fleeting across his face. He plunged two fingers into her up to his knuckles; the sensation almost made her knees buckle beneath her. With his other hand, he spread her lips and soon his tongue was flicking her swollen clit. This is what she wanted but he was teasing her, testing her. He flicked her, first with her tongue and then with the nail of his thumb, causing her to gasp loudly but it would never be enough to make her orgasm. He continued to pump slowly, torturing her until she lost every last shred of self-control.

“Please, sir, I want to come,” she gasped, her entire existence having been reduced to his tongue and the movements of his hand.

Peeta stood up, his fingers still inside of her. “You will, but not yet,” he said before putting his mouth on her breast, sucking on it in earnest.

“Oh, Peeta!” she said as she came close to buckling under the assault on her breast and core. “Please let me come!”

He pulled his head back to look at her. His eyes had gone almost black with desire and he held hers as she felt the stinging slap against her ass after every sentence. “Your orgasms are mine. Your pain is mine. Your pleasure is mine. You will learn patience and then I will let you come. What is your safe word?”

“Dandelion,” she whimpered.

Another slap landed on her ass and soon she was drowning in a sea of pleasure so thick, she didn’t think she would be able to speak again. This was a game – she knew what she needed to say. The punishment would continue until she gave him what he wanted. His fingers were still working her to distraction and the pain of his hand landing on her skin was irresistible.

“Dandelion,” she said again.

The slap landed before she’d finished the word and she released a long moan. His fingers were curling inside of her, a sensation that made her joints melt like candlewax.

“Just dandelions” she hissed through her teeth.

He removed his dripping fingers and now the slap landed where his hand had been. This elicited
a noisy gasp from Katniss, a delirious animal-like yelp that did not sound like her. He slapped her swollen core again, a reverberation running from her stinging clit out to the rest of her body. She panted, her knees wanting to give out but he grabbed her hair, yanking her head back and kissing her hard, her back bent and before she expected it, he slapped her twice more on her clit and she knew if she didn’t stop him, she would end up on the floor as a boneless, wordless pile of lust and desire.

“Dandelion, sir,” she said with breathless anticipation.

Without a word, he wrapped his hand more tightly in her braid and dragged her to the table. He pushed her down over it so that her stomach and chest were crushed onto smooth, expensive wood. Her hands were still behind her back as he pulled her head up and pushed her lips apart with the fingers that had been inside of her.

“Taste yourself.” He commanded her.

He pushed those two fingers in and she found herself sucking off the taste of her own sex. Somehow, the slippery juices on those two, thick fingers aroused her almost beyond the limits of her endurance. This is what he tasted when his face was between her legs. He pulled them out and she watched from her position at the table as brought them to his lips, moaning with pleasure as he cleaned off whatever she had left.

“You’re mine, Katniss. You’ve always belonged to me,” she heard shuffling just outside of her line of vision and she throbbed with anticipation at what he might be planning. Drawers were opening and closing and she had to resist the urge to turn around and look but this is how he wanted her. Soon, she felt him standing quietly behind her as if he were deciding his next move. Without warning, she felt the slap, this time on the upper part of her thigh where the leg meets the buttock. She could feel the warmth of her arousal dripping down her thigh. He rubbed the spot gently then slapped her again, this time higher up. It was random in interval and location – he simply spanked her over and over, stroking her in between while Katniss felt first the sting of pain, then the wave of pleasure then the quiver of anticipation as his hands ran over her, preparing her for another slap. Soon, his fingers were in her folds and she instinctively widened her legs to grant him access.

“Did I tell you to move?” demanded Peeta, his voice steady but brooking no arguments.

“No, sir,” she said.

He pulled her off the table and turned her around, pushing her roughly back onto the surface again. He pushed her legs up until her knees were on her chest. It was here that she saw the long leather strip in his hand, about the length of a man. It had nothing to do with the kitchen so she was sure he had placed it there, the evidence of his pre-planning.

“Your job…” he said as he pulled down her arm and placed her hand on her knee, widening her legs until she was spread out completely in front of him. “…is to do what I tell you to do.” He proceeded to tie the leather around her knee and bind her wrist there. Effortlessly, he ran his arm under her waist and lifted her up, running the length of the leather underneath her back. He proceeded to draw up the leather and do the same thing on the other side until Katniss was trussed up. She had no way to move – each wrist was bound to her knee and she was spread wide before him, exposed to his every whim.

He pulled out a smooth, marble pestle about 5-6 inches long and began to tap it lightly against her inner thigh. Katniss was delirious with need, her clit was as hard as a rock and she’d made a mess with her arousal, her juices making her thighs slick. Peeta kissed her inner thigh, starting from her knee down to her sticky skin as he made his way closer to her center.
“You taste so good. You were made for me,” he said as he licked her folds in earnest, flicking his tongue as she resisted the urge to squirm. One night, she had been so disobedient, he’d sent her to bed with a red ass and without an orgasm for two days. By the time he plunged into her and took her, she was delirious from her pent-up release and he came as his shaft had entered her. She didn’t masturbate alone, though she was in such a state sometimes that she wished she could run behind a tree during the day and stick her hands down her pants but it was part of the game. Her orgasms were his. So simply tried to endure his sweet agony.

He plunged his tongue inside of her, his thumb playing with her clit. He ran his fingers down her sopping sex and circled the entrance of her ass. It was still a bit sore from the pounding he’d given it yesterday but the discomfort only served to heighten her pleasure and a low moan escaped her lips. He bathed his fingers in her juices and ran them over her ass again, plunging two fingers deep inside that dark place while his tongue continued to tease her clit, darting quickly over it.

As Peeta’s fingers moved in and out of her, she felt something at the entrance of her core. Not his delicious cock, which had begun to harden again after his orgasm. She felt the cool rigidity of the pestle pushing its way inside of her and she began to squirm. It was hard and cool – the sensation completely opposed to the one Peeta’s cock gave her – and thick at the base. She let out a deep, guttural moan, some animal-like sound that was drawn out as she felt his fingers in her ass and this rigid, thick thing inside of her. Peeta pulled it out almost completely before pushing it gently back in.

“How do you feel?” he asked her as he pushed the thick length of it inside of her.

“Stretched. It feels so good, sir,” she panted between words.

“I’m going to push it all the way in. What is your safeword, Katniss?” he asked, his own breath short with his desire also.

“Dandelion, sir,” she said and soon he had plunged it inside of her, almost to the hilt. She let out noisy grunts of pleasure as she felt it deep within her. Peeta began to pump her in earnest, licking her clit as he did so. Katniss was desperate from the sensation, the lack of orgasm, the stiff, hard thing plunging inside of her, the look on Peeta’s face as he played with it – hungry, dominating, possessive. She needed her release. Her ass was sore from spanking, her clit was throbbing as if it would start to speak soon and then there was Peeta – sweet, sensitive, funny Peeta pumping a pestle in her pussy as if it were an extension of himself – and she thought she would go crazy from all of her pent-up arousal.

“You’re coming, Katniss! Just hold on!” he whispered from his place above her.

“I can’t take it anymore! I’ve had enough!” she moaned as she felt the pestle push in deeper and as Peeta began to pump faster.

“Tell me when you’re close, Katniss.”

“Peeta, God, just fuck me already! Destroy me, do what you want but just fuck me!” She then added as an afterthought, “Sir!”

“I’m not ready to fuck you yet,” he said decisively as he watched her and she could almost imagine a bemused look on his face which would have earned him a slap in another circumstance.

“Peeta, sir, please, let me come.”

“Just hang on a little longer, Katniss.”

As Peeta began to pump and flick her, creating tension that he was taking pains not to release.

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“Peeta, sir, please, let me come.” She begged as he continued to pump and flick her, creating tension that he was taking pains not to release.

“How badly do you want to come, Katniss?” he whispered from his place above her.

“I want to come so badly. Please let me come.” She was close to tears from her frustration.

He pulled the pestle out and took his now rock-hard member in his hand, rubbing the tip against her to coat it in her juices. They’d dispensed with condoms when they moved in together after they’d both tested negative for everything under the sun. So when he sank his length inside of
her, she felt his delicious, silky skin and moaned in pleasure, his rigid cock almost as unbending as
the smooth, stone pestle had been before him. If she hadn’t been to the point of insanity, she
would have begged him to fuck her mouth again but she needed this. She needed his thick sex
inside of her.

He moved painfully slow first, sinking into the her, filling her completely, then pulling slowly out
until he was almost completely unsheathed before plunging in again. For Peeta, this was more
than just the act of sex. He was setting the scene, orchestrating their release like he orchestrated
one of their many dinner parties. Katniss bit her lip – she couldn’t arch her back or grind her hips;
she couldn’t even close her legs. She was completely at his mercy, his speed and the idea of his
thorough control both frustrated and aroused her. He’d tied her up before but this was another
level of domination and despite her screaming need for release, imagining herself underneath him
in this way brought on wave after wave of wanton arousal. She pulled instinctively on the leather
straps at her wrist but they did not give. She looked up at Peeta, his eyes closed in concentration,
the perspiration beading on his forehead. Sometimes, he looked so fierce and dominating but he
was also gentle, kind and considerate, and the combination of all these things made something
want to burst in her heart.

As if sensing her mood, he opened his eyes and it was with a kind of adoration that he looked at
her. “You are beautiful like this, my Katniss - strong and perfect. You’ve been patient. How do
you want it? How do you want me?”

There would be time later for all the vanilla she wanted. But not now. “Hard.” She hissed.
“Fuck me hard.”

He had been poised at her entrance when she spoke and without a pause, he slammed into her.
The wooden table legs screeched in protest against the floor, the impact of Peeta’s hips against
her thighs sending reverberations up to her cheek bones. She would bruise but she didn’t care.
The sharp slap against her spanked thighs, the hard crash of Peeta’s pelvis against hers made her
sore but it was also followed by a blooming of pleasure equal to the pain. He reached down
between them and began to rub her sore clit, the spiral coil of tension tightening inside her belly.
But she held onto it because he hadn’t released her.

“Peeta!” she screamed. “Let me come, please! I’ll do anything…”

He released his bottom lip and whispered simply “Come then.”

Katniss let the tension fly and soon he was drawing out her orgasm. “Thank you, sir,” she
managed to utter before howling something incomprehensible into the air. She did not hear right
away the pounding on the wall from the neighbors next door because her screams were in her
ears. She couldn’t adjust her hips, could not move anything so the orgasm seem to go on and on,
the force of it sucking Peeta’s cock into her until she heard his “Ahhhh…” and he finally let
himself go also, pounding several more times until they both were emptied, floating down to earth
like leftover confetti.

Peeta collapsed over her, trying to catching his breath. He reached up to her ankles and deftly
released the knots he’d tied, first one then the other, gliding his palms over the spots where the
leather had held her. Her legs fell like blocks onto the table and he leaned back to rub her thighs,
trying to tease out the cramps he knew she must be feeling. Katniss had no idea where she was
and for a moment, just let her body get away from her, rolling over that table like marbles until she
pulled herself together and looked at Peeta.

“That was fucking amazing!” she yelled out with the last of her energy.

Peeta smiled down at her and promptly gathered her spent body in his arms, carrying her to their
bed. Laying her down gently, he fetched a warm towel and cleaned her lovingly, removing the stickiness from between her legs, the sweat from her chest. This was the part she loved the most. After he’d delivered his monster fuck from another planet, he tended to her so delicately it was as if the man she had been with before had been a hijacked version of her loving Peeta.

“Come here,” she whispered.

He stretched out next to her, running his large hands over her body.

“Thank you,” she said.

He chuckled. “You don’t have to thank me,” he said, kissing her nose, her eyes, her cheeks and her chin in quick succession. “You’re perfect for me,” he showered kisses along her neck. “Just perfect.”

She sighed, not believing that her sore, pounded body could want him so soon again. “You’re not half bad yourself, you know,” she threaded her fingers into his hair as his kisses traveled down between her breasts. A rumble of laughter worked its way up her chest and out of her lips. “Is this the point you were trying to make about the lamb roast?”

Now it was Peeta’s turn to laugh. “I’d forgotten all about that. But yeah, roast slowly,” he kissed her shoulder. “Have patience,” he nuzzled her neck. “Learn to wait,” he nipped at the top of her breast.

Katniss nodded, squirming beneath him. “I think I’m due for a bit of vanilla now, what do you think?”

Peeta drew the length of his body over her, using his leg to push her legs apart. “Whatever my mistress desires.”

Katniss sighed as she grasped his hardening cock in her hand. “That’s a good boy.”

End Notes

A million thanks to my beta, Solasvioletta who has a brilliant fic in this collection called House of the Rising Sun. Also, thanks to plumgal1899 for inadvertently causing this bit of raunchy smut to come into being. This is your Smut Bomb, lady! Note: Some minor revisions since its first publication in the collection with the contribution of xanaxgoddess who lent me her pre-reading expertise :).

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