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**Evergreen**

by titania522

Summary

Written for The Peeta Mellark Masturbation Series

Set before the Epilogue, Mockingjay. Thanks to the amazing muttpeeta andpeetasbunnyoven for dreaming up this wonderful challenge. And, hello, it’s Peeta… self-love…how can a person resist?

Notes

See the end of the work for notes
So, a few people asked me about the title. I always have a song (or set of songs) that I listen to when writing. They are different for each story. For this fic, I was listening to Ed Sheeran’s Thinking Out Loud. That song is so Everlark to me but this verse stuck to me while writing this:

'Cause honey your soul could never grow old, it's evergreen
And, baby, your smile's forever in my mind and memory
I'm thinking 'bout how people fall in love in mysterious ways
Maybe it's all part of a plan
Well, I'll just keep on making the same mistakes
Hoping that you'll understand
That, baby, now
Take me into your loving arms
Kiss me under the light of a thousand stars
Place your head on my beating heart
Thinking out loud
Maybe we found love right where we are

Kind of surprising for a story about masturbation, eh? But my headcanon (yeah, I’m realizing belatedly I actually do have them) that whatever these two do, they do it with lots of love.

Happy Reading!

Evergreen, Part 1

Katniss slipped quietly through the newly-built gate that separated District 12 from the surrounding forest. Where the fence once penned in the desperate and starving citizens of the
poorest district of Panem, it now served to protect the slowly re-populating settlement from the occasional wild bear or mountain lion. And Katniss was no longer the only one who ventured out into the woods. Everything was changing to a new normal that had not existed before the old Capitol regime.

Today was one of Katniss’ good days, a day when she had awoken refreshed from sleep and not hung-over by night terrors populated with her sister and other children dying before her eyes. Days like these were occurring more and more frequently. When she first returned to District 12 - burnt, destroyed, and alone, the days had run together like one uninterrupted monotony of dazed terror. Occasionally, they were punctuated with moments of clarity that allowed her to perceive the relentless persistence of Greasy Sae’s attention to her well-being, the methodical ringing of her unanswered telephone and finally, Peeta’s return.

He’d come back three months after her arrival and soon, the days began to lose their shapelessness. The divisions of morning, noon and night became littered with small events - fresh bread, hunting, long walks at the edge of the woods, treks to the train station to pick up supplies.

And then the nights took on their own rhythm. They comforted each other but he patiently waited for her to want more from him. When her desire for him became too much, she appeared on his doorstep, seeking him out. They both knew he needed to be wanted, to be a choice that was more than accidental.

Ever since, she had his arms to hold the terrors at bay, her good days began to outnumber her bad days. Then his lips followed, so full of the promise of new things, the hope for renewal, the belief that life could be good again. And for once, without suspicion or mistrust, she believed him. She let herself become immersed in the optimism that he carried like a precious pearl within him. And things slowly did become good.

When she’d roamed the dew-drenched forest early that morning, she was sure he would be up and about by the time she returned. She couldn’t resist the forest, so fresh and iridescent under the sun at dawn and slipped out while he still slept, hoping to catch something but, more than anything, desiring the special kind of peace that only the forest blanketed in evergreens could bring her. So she was surprised at the pregnant emptiness of his house when she returned, a sultry stillness that seemed to breathe and whisper in her ear. It was a silence that begged not to be broken.

Katniss carefully removed her boots and tread up the stairs on silent feet. At the top of the landing, she heard the gentle sliding of skin against linens, and a heavy gasp followed by a masculine grunt.

Compelled by something more than curiosity, she peeked around the door. She was surprised to see Peeta, laying prone on the bed, the muscles of his broad shoulders bunching in tension. The light of the morning alighted on the sprinkle of curls over his chest, the tips of his nipples turgid beneath the warm rays of sunlight. The pulsepoint at the base of his neck fluttered violently as he breathed deeply, his chest expanding from his efforts to get air. One arm was buried beneath the pillow his head rested upon, while her eyes followed his other arm, the fine veins of bulging muscles flowing over the bicep from his powerful, defined forearm to his clenched fist. She had to blink twice before she realized it was his thick, erection he held in his hand, bulging angrily with want or need.

His eyes were squeezed shut, face screwed up with the agony of his rising. His back bowed occasionally as he writhed beneath his own strokes. Katniss could not move, did not want to move. He was strange and alien and yet beautiful in his sensual suffering. He had cast the bedsheet haphazardly off his hips that now bucked upwards, sending the tip of his cock through the curl of his clenched fingers.
Katniss knew men did this but had never actually seen it. His strokes were far more gentle than she’d imagined. Not the huffing and yanking that the words used to describe it implied - jerking off or wanking. His large fingers slid down the shaft to cup his sack, cradling himself with such careful attention, she wondered briefly if her fingers had ever been so kind to his skin. They then traversed upwards again, the palm cupped ever so briefly over the tip before it poked through his fist again and he resumed his rhythm, muttering something under his breath,

“Ung…” he moaned.

Katniss froze, at once fearing she was intruding and yet, at the same time, her belly quivered with the desire to watch him, to be a part of his private of surrender. She glanced down at the opening of her shirt, catching sight of the raised lines of flames unfurling over her skin and felt timid and inadequate beneath her scars, though Peeta bore the very same ones. She quietly stepped backwards, ready to leave him to this moment, clearly intended to belong to him alone, except that he spoke again.

“Katniss…” came his strangled entreaty to his fantasy, loud and insistent.

The sound of her name made her skin burn, not with shame or shock, but with the heat of her own need for him. She instinctively squeezed her legs together, trying to contain the swelling, burning ache growing there and stepped into the doorway in full view of him. As if of their own accord, her hands moved over the buttons of her shirt, slipping the hard plastic through the holes with the nervous twitter of impatience. The material slid silently off of her shoulders onto a heap at her feet. When the buckle of her pants hit the floor, Peeta’s eyes flew open, the shock of her appearance arresting all of his movements.

Katniss untangled her braid as she walked towards him, whispering, “Don’t stop.”

He groaned, a sound as much of animalistic pain as of abandon and he parted his legs slightly, granting her a better view of him. “Like this?” he asked with hooded eyes as he stroked his shaft in long, languid motions.

The tip of her tongue peeked out, running along her suddenly dry lips. “Just like that,” she responded, peeling her underwear from her body. The light was radiant and illuminated every corner of the room and she knew there was no escape. His eyes took in all of her - from her small shoulders and arms, her proud, rounded breasts, the silken curves of her stomach and hips, down the slope of her thighs and calves. She held his scrutiny - had she not just done the same to him? - as he continued to touch himself.

“Come here,” he said as he made space for her on the bed. “Now I don’t have to imagine you.”

She lay down next to him, reaching out tentatively to place her hand beneath where he held his shaft. It rested heavy and veined against her palm, and moved with him, stroking him upwards. His cock gave a twitch at her touch and he leaned in to kiss her, the warm thing perched between them. She wanted it, wanted him, so badly, she felt it like a physical pain that lanced from the juncture of her thighs to every corner of her body. But she also felt heady with the power of touching him, to learn what pleased him and watch him come apart with the simple touch of her fingers. She pressed him onto his back as she rained kisses along his jaw and neck.

“Show me what you like,” she said huskily.

Peeta’s deep blue eyes blazed, becoming something molten and liquid. He placed his hand over hers and guided her as he moved it up and down over his cock. The pressure was light against the smooth, velvety skin, but firm and determined. She used her thumb to caress the rounded, mushroom-shaped head now glistening wet and let her fingers splay beneath his sack, caressing
him as she’d seen him do. His shivered as he moaned. “D...don’t stop doing that.”

Katniss watched his face, the way it changed under her ministrations. She felt her own blood quicken at his look of ecstasy, his head falling back against the pillow. She reveled in the fact that she could do this and it heated her own blood. Soon she was speeding up under his direction, his entire body taut with tension. He curled his fingers into her hair and pulled her down for a searing kiss as he bucked wildly into her hand. She felt the vein under her palm become engorged as his cock twitched and she continued her strokes until beads of glistening pearls burst onto his chest and stomach. Her hands stilled only when he stopped her and collapsed, his hand still tangled in her hair.

She studied his quivering form, his breathing as it slowed, the damp of perspiration on his forehead and the string of opaque liquid on his stomach, mingling with the darker curls of hair on his belly. His skin twitched as she ran her finger over his chest, concentrating on the prickly feeling of those curls against the pads. She became fully conscious of another pleasure that Peeta gave her - one of pure, sexual beauty - his prominent profile that swept onto the cleft of his chin, the bobbing Adam’s apple as he swallowed under her scrutiny, the rise and fall of his strong chest, the smattering of hair on his stomach, abdomen and thighs, the border of flesh between his amputation and his prosthetic - it brought her pleasure as a woman to watch him. It was all new and yet that beauty lay underneath so much of what she’d felt for him all these years.

“You’re beautiful,” she whispered, her voice thick with feeling.

Peeta smiled, the flush of his orgasm deepening, becoming the blush of gratification. Pressing her down onto her back, he kissed her again, his tongue darting out to lick her lips, which caused a shiver of pleasure to race across her skin. She became momentarily confused when he took her hand and placed it between her thighs, his own heavy hand, radiating warmth and affection, covering hers.

“You turn, now,” he said. “Show me what you like.”

XXXXX
Part 2

Chapter Summary

Part 1 written for the Peeta Mellark Masturbation Series, the wonderful brainchild of muttpeeta and peetasbunmyovern. I’m tagging this only to make it easier to find part 1 but part 2 does not involve Peeta and self-love. Look up the tag for the amazing stories!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

"Your turn, now," he said. "Show me what you like."

Katniss clamped her legs together, pinning both their hands between her thighs. The room was suddenly too glaringly bright, the light exposing too much of her. She could make love to him in the dark, like two furtive thieves concealed by midnight. But this - everything so open in the light of day - she didn’t think she could do it.

She also understood how unfair her thinking was. She’d invaded Peeta’s private moment and without hesitation, he’d invited her in anyway. But she felt hideous before him and embarrassed because of it. She pulled her hand back, cradling it against her chest.

As if reading her mind, he whispered, “Don’t,” nudging her legs apart. “We don’t have anything to be ashamed of.” He ran his hand along the soft skin of her thigh, sliding slowly from her knees upward as he lowered his head to kiss her. “We’ve earned the right to make each other happy.”

“You do make me happy!” she gasped as his fingers teased her. “But I’m so...so…”

“Scarred? Battle-worn?” he said as he ran his lips along the scars of her shoulders, kissing her as she’d done to him. Each one was light as butterfly wings yet hot like the tip of a burning candle. His fingers burrowed deeper, seeking out all her dark, secret places. “I’ll take your scars and all your wounds also. You’re the thing I want the most.”

“Peeta,” she whispered, disarmed, as always, by the unguarded way he placed his feelings at her feet. He had a way of taking all her insecurities, all the monsters that crippled her, and slaying them with a turn of a phrase.

He kissed her again, catching her hand and placing it between her legs again. “Please. Show me what you like.”

In the midst of his kisses, she thought back to a day long ago, before arenas and revolutions had come to destroy her life, when she’d gone on a simple hunting trip in the woods. She’d studied the bird’s nest, wondering if the branch would hold long enough for her to climb up and fetch the eggs inside. As she scooted along the branch, ducking her head to avoid the gnarl of leaves and bark above her, she felt a sudden twinge of pleasure as she accidentally rubbed along the branch.
It happened again and she followed the sensation, squirming to find a point of friction, to reclaim that feeling of pleasure over and over until something broke and the eggs and branches and trees and evergreen forest ceased to exist. She gained a new mystery, for she was not able to reproduce that shuddering feeling of release again after that day.

It was only now, after she’d been with Peeta, that she understood what that had been. But she had never intentionally tried to make herself feel that way with her own hands and found herself at a sudden loss.

“I don’t know,” she quailed desperately. “But I like what you do.” She pulled his hand up and placed it on her breast, his fingertips glistening with her arousal.

“You don’t know?” he teased, squeezing her gently, kissing the dark peaks until they swelled and became hard beneath his tongue before turning his attention to the other, kneading the small but firm, round swells, earning a moan of approval from her. However, as if drawn to a magnet, his hand drifted down her belly again until his fingers were back where they began, resuming their probing play. Now warm and caring a little less, she let her legs fall open, welcoming his hand between them.

Peeta nodded, placing his large hand over hers. “Let’s see if we can’t figure it out.”

His own fingers as a guide, he placed her thumb over a tender spot and pressed, the sudden spark causing her to arch her back, her sharp intake of breath spreading throughout the room.

“Touch yourself like that,” he instructed and she did as she was told, rubbing herself in small, tight circles when she felt him slide a finger inside of her. She gasped loudly again but he covered the sound with his lips as he moved in and out of her, the tension building. The slow ache of her belly spread, becoming a tingling pulse that begged for relief.

Katniss ground against him as he slipped another finger inside of her. She concentrated on her small nub of desire, on the sensation that flowed from there. Peeta held her gaze as her movements became more synchronous with his. He kissed her, a small smile gracing his face as his powerful fingers plunged with relentless insistence, until she was reduced to incomprehensible speech, whimpering and writhing beneath his fingers. More than once, she lost her rhythm and had to refocus on her own small circles as if the entirety of her being had been forced into that one small spot.

Breathless with the tightening coil that seemed to pull in every nerve ending of her body, she spoke as if pleading for his help, “I’m so close,” she begged, gripping his hand, grinding herself against him, searching for that one last circle, one final plunge, that would bring her relief.

“I have you,” he said, curling his fingers, touching a place inside her that finally sent her over the edge of oblivion, stars exploding in a shower of fireworks behind her eyes. This was a fire that she did not fear and allowed herself to be consumed by it, embracing the scorching heat of her body coming undone. Peeta smiled as he took in every surge and flutter of her release, kissing her fiercely. He pulled his hands from between her legs and shifted himself over her boneless body, his own erection painfully hard again. As the last ripples of her pleasure washed over her, he entered her, filling her completely.

“Ah,” she cried out, her hips rising instinctively to greet him. He plundered her mouth again as he slammed into her, all pretense of gentleness gone. She climbed and clawed her way up to him, her every cell crying out to him as her fingers found purchase on his buttocks and pulled him into her, setting a merciless pace that rocked the bed and marked the wall behind them.

“Katniss…” he grunted, the last of his sentence falling without form from his gritted teeth. “You
like this?” he added, as she brought her legs above his hips and kissed her knee. Her heart swelled with his voice, the sweet way he had of making sure she was okay, even though his strokes were anything but gentle as his hips slammed into hers. She felt the tip of him graze her womb, the impact bringing a glancing pain to the back of her thighs that she reveled in.

“Yes...this...” she cried as the embers of her spent pleasure ignited again with a fire that now awaited both of them. Peeta rocked into her, resting on his forearms, leveraging all of his power on his hips. He brought his lips to her ear and told her how sexy she was, how she had always belonged to him, how perfectly they fit together. Noisy and unselfconscious, Katniss responded by crying out into the air heated by the zenith of the sun’s heat, carried away in spasms by the force of his words and his hips as Peeta shuddered violently over her. She felt the hot release like a warm hand spreading inside of her until with a final jerk, they went into free fall, his body giving out and collapsing over her own, his shudders reverberating through her.

Katniss hovered in a dreamlike state of bliss from which she slowly began to wake, pulling away from the pain that comes from nearing a physical boundary, that almost limitless capacity to endure pleasure to the point of dissolution. Her body began to take shape again and she became aware of the heat of the warmed room, Peeta’s sticky heaviness pressing her down into the mattress, the various aches and pains of her intimacy with him.

Peeta shifted to her side, wiping his face, the sweat of their exertion slowly drying in the summer air. She noticed the scratches along his back, his swollen lips, hair standing in all directions. She had matching signs on her body, together with the dull throb of her belly and thighs, and smiled to herself. Peeta watched her from his place next to her as she took in their somewhat haggard state, her face breaking into a wide grin.

“What?” he chuckled.

"You look beat up,” she said.

"A small sacrifice for the greater good." He pulled her close to rest her head on his shoulder. “Can we say we now know what the lady likes?”

“Hmmm…” she hummed contentedly, swinging her leg over his, her arm laying limp over his chest. She felt the tickle of his chest hair beneath her cheek and heady mix of scents rising up between the both of them. Gently pinching his nipple, eliciting a small yelp from him, she said “I don't know. We may have to do it again, just to be sure.”

XXXXX

Chapter End Notes

Many thanks to katnissdoesnotfollowback for betaing, and madambeth for prereading. Keep an eye out for other stories in this series :).
Many thanks to madambeth for prereading, solasvioletta and Katnissdoesnotfollowback for betaing in a pinch. Love you, ladies!!

Part 2 is all solasvioletta’s fault, who exclaimed in bold letters, “But what about Katniss?”
Well, I’m all for equality, so keep an eye out for that too.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!