Turn Me On

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Summary

Written for Yuletide in Panem Day 16

Peeta is not happy that Katniss comes home late to dinner on Christmas Eve.

Turn Me On

Like a flower, waiting to bloom

Like a lightbulb, in a dark room

I'm just sittin' here waiting for you

To come on home and turn me on
Like the desert waiting for the rain
Like a school kid waiting for the spring
I'm just sitting here waiting for you
To come on home and turn me on

● from *Turn Me On* by Norah Jones

*I'm running a little late. Be there soon!* - K

Eight o’clock. She was late.

Peeta rubbed his face, looking at the menu card he’d prepared just for this evening:

**Christmas Eve Menu**

Seafood Bisque

Pheasant with lemon, chestnut and sage stuffing

Potato and mushroom ragout

Sweet potato casserole

Waldorf Salad

Cheese buns (of course)
He surveyed the table settings. He didn’t want to gloat too much (well, yeah, he did actually) but he had done a phenomenal job. He’d been preparing since yesterday, as he knew the bakery would be swamped today. The day before Christmas was one of the busiest days of the year. Tomorrow, it was his family’s turn to host Christmas dinner so the Everdeens, Mellarks, Cartwrights, Odairs and Marings would all pile into his mother’s enormous dining room and spend the afternoon together, eating, drinking and talking too much. No, the only alone time he was going to get with Katniss was going to be tonight. And she was already late.

Everything between them was perfect. The only problem was to consistently get Katniss out of her office on time. She was being groomed for management by the senior partners of the firm she worked for and that fact, together with her own natural ambition, meant that she was putting in an insane amount of hours at the office. Peeta was no stranger to working long hours, since the bakery belonged to him and it bore the famous Mellark trademark. It was also located in the busy downtown area of the city, which meant everyone in Panem, at one point or another, had passed through the wide double doors of his establishment. And Christmas Eve just ratcheted up the level of busy by a factor of a thousand.

But tonight, she promised she would make it to dinner on time. He stared at the clock on the wall, which said eight-fifteen. He gave a small growl as he realized the hour was getting later and later. He knew it was time for him to keep busy or he’d end up losing his temper. He pulled off his apron with more force than necessary, tossing it into the laundry basket as he made his way to their bedroom. He rummaged through his bureau, searching for the red sweater that Katniss had bought him the year before, a sweater she said was her absolute favorite for him. He’d done laundry so he had underwear and socks, which made him want to punch the air triumphantly. There was nothing he hated more than doing laundry, but he hated not having clean boxers even more.

He ran the shower, stripping off his shirt and pants. As he kicked off his underwear, his irritation continued to mount. 8.20.

He took a deep breath, trying to steady his mounting anger. What? What would it have cost her to get her little ass out of that office and back home at the time he’d asked her to? He was naked now as the steam filled the bath but he returned to his room, rummaging on top of the bureau, searching for his phone. He swiped the screen and pulled up her name on the contacts, punching out his message with lightning speed.
He pressed the small arrow icon with satisfaction before putting the phone back down, restraining the urge to throw it because it was an expensive phone and he didn’t like breaking things he’d bought with his hard-earned money. Instead, he took his frustration out on on the bathroom door, slamming it shut behind him. As he stepped inside the steaming stall, he tried to calm himself. He understood the source of her anxiety, her need to excel. He totally and completely understood. After all, she’d grown up very poor after her father was tragically killed in a mining accident and her mother couldn’t keep it together after she fell into a deep depression. Katniss had known hunger - she’d had to figure out a way to take care of herself and her sister until her uncle Haymitch and Aunt Effie took them in while Mrs. Everdeen got herself sorted out. Katniss vowed she’d never go hungry again and had gone after each and every one of her milestones with a ruthlessness bordering on obsession - high school Valedictorian, her bachelor degree and then her MBA. Katniss didn’t do anything half-way and it was one of the things he loved about her.

Peeta scowled as he soaped himself. While all that was true, she still owed it to him to keep her promises. He squirt shampoo into his palm and, in his indignation, extracted a dollop too much. He crushed the creamy liquid into his curls and scrubbed his scalp, perhaps harder than necessary, Christmas Eve! Of all days for her to be late!

As he worked himself into a frenzy of annoyance, he found himself completely covered in soap bubbles. With eyes squeezed shut, he poked his frothing head under the shower stream, working vigorously to get the excess soap out of his hair. He could feel the bubbles pool around his feet and muttered to himself, angry at the waste. In fact, he was just plain pissed about everything. He had a fucking gourmet meal, waiting in the kitchen and goddammit…

When he opened his eyes, he gave a shout of fright and nearly fell out of the shower stall when he found that he was no longer alone.

He rubbed his eyes to be sure his imagination wasn’t playing with him. To his shock and absolute mortification, he found Katniss standing, completely naked and drenched under the head of the steaming shower, smiling smugly at him.

“Are you trying to kill me?” he asked wildly, trying to calm his racing heart and still very annoyed at her.

Katniss dipped her head under the shower head, wetting her hair, and rubbing what was left of her make-up away. She wiped her eyes and looked up at him, tilting her head to the side.
“You were talking to yourself,” she observed. “You’re pissed.”

Peeta crossed his arms in front of him, trying not to get distracted from the sight of rivulets of water sliding over her silky, olive skin. Her nipples had hardened to proud peaks that captured the stream of sliding water droplets like a waterfall and he felt himself beginning to harden at the sight. But he thought about his bisque and the pheasant warming overlong in the oven and became annoyed again.

“And why would that be?” he asked, staring down at her, affecting his sternest frown.

Katniss reached up to rub her hands over his arms, returning his sternness with the perfect expression of chagrin. “I was late,” she stood on her tiptoes and nuzzled at his wet, still soapy neck. “I promised I’d be home sooner and I was over an hour late and I’m sorry.” She leaned into his crossed arms, rubbing her breasts against them so that something like firehouse bells went off in his head. But he held on to his indignation, turning his head slightly away.

“Katniss…” he said, his voice full of warning.

“I know I don’t have any excuse…” she said as her hands slid down his wet back, coming to rest on the top swell of his ass, causing the muscles to twitch there. His scowl deepened when, despite his anger, he felt himself harden against her lean belly. “Boggs called a meeting in the late afternoon to clean out some last minute pendings and…well, I got caught up…”

“You promised you’d be home. It’s Christmas Eve, of all nights!” Peeta complained as she squeezed his ass. He tightened his lips together. She wasn’t playing fair but as upset as he felt, he didn’t want her to stop touching him.

“You’re right, I know,” she said this as she leaned into him, feeling his growing erection and taking it in hand, stroking it languidly. “I have no excuse and I’m so sorry. I’ll do whatever you want to make it up to you…”

Aww, shit, he thought furiously as she left a kiss on his angry lips before sliding down the length of his wet body until she was on her knees before him, the water pattering against her back. “You have no idea how hot you are when you’re angry…” she said, continuing to stroke him, scattering his thoughts to the four winds.
“You play dirty, you know that…” he said, uncrossing his arms and grasping a handful of her wet hair. “I’m still angry…” He took himself in hand, rubbing the now engorged tip of his cock against her wet cheek.

“I know,” she said as she lapped at the head of his cock, eliciting a low hiss from him. “I’m so sorry. You have no idea how badly I wanted to be here with you,”

He groaned loudly when she took the head of his cock into her mouth, at first only the tip, sucking on it, then licking it slowly, and Peeta felt his anger turn to something else. He swayed on his feet as she used the flat of her tongue to lave him from the base of his cock to the turgid tip several times, sweeping at the droopy eye with each pass, the shower spray creating drizzles of water all over their body, dripping off her nose and chin. When she finally took him into her mouth, he couldn’t help but buck his hips. Her lips around his dick was probably the most amazing feeling he’d ever experienced and she knew it. She knew exactly how to get to him.

He looked down as she began to suck in earnest, her head moving back and forth while her hand stroked him, the sight of his cock disappearing into her mouth almost too much to bear. He breathed, trying to keep his balls from hardening, focusing on the water that fell on them both. He wanted to last as long as possible but soon, she was holding his cock away and licking his balls, gently teasing them before taking them in her mouth and he knew he was going to lose this battle pretty quickly if he didn’t get himself out of her mouth. He wasn’t going down like that. Not yet.

He grasped her hair again, pulling back gently so that his rigid cock slid out of her mouth. He lead her up to her feet before taking her mouth and kissing her roughly, his tongue sliding about her mouth, eliciting moans that he smothered with his kiss. He moved from her lips to her jaw, leaving wet, hot kisses along her neck and shoulders that mingled with the shower water. He took one hard, dusky nipple between his lips, sucking on them, feeling each pass of his tongue as a tug on his dick, which was beyond desperate to be inside of her. But she loved this and he knew it by the way she grabbed his head, prodding him on, moaning loudly when he nipped at her breasts. He took the tip of the other and rolled it between his thumb and forefinger, thrilling at his name falling from her lips.

He straightened, capturing her earlobe between his teeth before he whispered “How sorry are you?”

“So very sorry,” she said, her head thrown back as his hand slid down her belly and burrowed in the thatch of hair between her perfectly shaped thighs. He found her hardened clit and slid his fingers over it, causing Katniss to buckle under his touch. Pressing his lips against her shoulder, he licked the combination of her skin and the warm water as he drew circles and designs over the hardened center of her desire. She grasped his cock, pumping him as his fingers slipped inside her, the pressure building until she came in powerful spasms that sent moisture all over his hands.
Without warning, he withdrew his fingers, tasting them before pressing them against her lips, pushing them gently inside.

“Taste yourself,” he said, which she did without hesitation, sucking his fingers the way she’d sucked on him. Even through the fog of steam that made it harder to see, he observed Katniss’ half-hooded eyes, glazed over from her orgasm. When he pulled his fingers from her mouth, she licked her lips before grasping him on both sides of his head and pulling him in for a feverish kiss, her taste between them, on each other’s lips and tongues.

When she pulled back, she dragged her lips along his jaw, until they reached his ear and hissed, “Stop fooling around and fuck me already,” Peeta pulled back in shock and saw the delirium in her eyes.

“It’s not like you earned it,” he groused before turning her around against the wet tile and without warning, yanked her hips back towards him and plunged into her. She was soft and pliant from her recent orgasm, so slick, he slid into her until he filled her to the hilt. He forgot that he should be angry with her and pulled her up against him, kissing her neck and shoulders, kneading her breasts before he reared his hips back and sank into her, over and over, reveling in the feel of her soft bottom slamming against his thighs. She was perfect, in all her ornery, single-mindedness, the way her body engulfed his cock as if they were two parts of a whole, the way she swore at him, the husky tone of her voice when she called his name. She reached back, twisting about to kiss him, slurring something that sounded like I love you but he couldn’t be sure. Locked together, they moaned into each other’s mouths until they came like two hot jets that mingled with the vapor and steam, rendering the air thick with humidity and lust.

Peeta grasped her about the waist and pinned her to him, gasping against her shoulder until both their bodies and the water cooled. He felt Katniss’ pounding heart slow down to normal as she melted into him in her satisfaction. They rinsed off with what remained of the tepid water before toweling each other off and pulling on their respective bath robes, dispensing altogether with the formality of dressing for dinner.

As they moved around the kitchen, Peeta handed her the Christmas Eve Menu he’d hand written. She stared at the card for a long while, appearing to read each letter of each word, after which she roused herself as if waking from a dream. Quietly, she followed Peeta as she helped him warm dinner.

After he served the bisque, Peeta glanced at Katniss, who appeared to be on the verge of tears.

“Hey!” he exclaimed, taking a seat next to where she sat, now sniffing into her soup. “Does it
taste that bad?” he joked.

She gave him a watery smile, chuckling through her tears. “You did all this and I couldn’t even make it home on time.” She looked up with grey eyes wide with sadness. “How do you even put up with me?”

Peeta shook his head as if she had suddenly burst into speaking in tongues. “I don’t ‘put up’ with anything. There’s is nothing about you, not one thing I would change. I love your ambition, your dedication to being the best. You were late. Okay. So what?”

“You were pretty mad…” she muttered. “And you were right to be.”

“Yeah,” Peeta said thoughtfully. “But that doesn’t mean I love you any less. The only reason I was upset was because this was my gift to you. I just wanted it to be perfect. I wanted you to eat the pheasant before it started to taste like plastic but don’t cry…” he hugged her to him, regretting now his impatience with her. “You’re here now. You love me, right?”

Katniss nodded against his shoulder. “You know I do.”

Peeta shrugged before taking the somewhat tepid cheese buns from the oven. “That’s all that matters.” He put the basket before her, watching with a full heart as her eyes widened in excitement. Cheese buns never failed to make her happy.

“Merry Christmas, Katniss,” he said, bending to give her a kiss that promised more later.

“Merry Christmas, Peeta,” she answered breathlessly. When he took a seat, she pulled a bun apart and popped a piece gleefully into her mouth.

As he’d feared, the pheasant had lost a bit of the tenderness of being freshly made, the mushroom and potato ragout became a bit spongy, the crispy topping of the sweet potato casserole turned slightly burnt upon reheating. But when they took their pudding and hot chocolate into the living room, what followed swept the imperfect tastes aside, into the realm of anecdote, a funny memory that they would tell another day. It was, to Peeta, one of the very best Christmas Eve’s he had ever spent with Katniss.
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