Finding Flowers

by EllanaSan

Summary

Original Prompt: Katniss encouraging either Effie or Haymitch to approach the other about their feelings.

Notes

Thank you to Akachankami for the beta!

“What are you doing, Haymitch?”

The question was obviously rhetorical but Haymitch still snorted before taking a mouthful of liquor. “Same thing I did yesterday, same thing I will do tomorrow. Getting drunk, sweetheart.”

Katniss frowned and closed the back door behind her. She didn’t sit on one of the kitchen chair, she didn’t perch on the table like she sometimes did, she leaned against the kitchen counter and crossed her arms. Serious, then.

“How drunk are you right now?”

He sighed and took another swing at his bottle, wishing they would all leave him alone. “Unfortunately, not very.”
“Good.” Her scowl deepened. “Effie is in my living-room saying she’s leaving on tomorrow train.”

“Yeah, she told me.” He couldn’t help but chuckle bitterly. “It’s only polite to inform your host first, after all. Thank him for his hospitality, his help, his fucking caring…”

Effie had come to Twelve after the Rebellion because she hadn’t known what else to do. Haymitch had taken her in, he had taken care of her, of her nightmares, of her panic attacks… It was sometimes more than he could cope with to look after her and Katniss both. Never mind Peeta who hadn’t been doing much better on his own… It had been hell for months before it eventually got better. And now that it was actually better… Now that the kids were as stable and sane as they were ever going to get… Now that she didn’t startle awake every night crying and begging for mercy… Now, she was leaving.

“How do you want Effie to go back to the Capitol? Do you want Effie to leave? Honestly.”

What was this? An interrogation? Of course he didn’t want her to leave. He would miss her incessant babbling to fill the silence – she hated silence – he would miss her awful cooking, he would miss the way they always ended up bickering because she was making sure he wasn’t drinking too much and infuriating him in the process, he would miss the stolen kisses in the morning, beside the fireplace, he would miss… There was an endless list of all the things he would miss if she left.

“Not my choice, is it?” he grumbled, peering at the girl over the rim of his bottle. “She wants to go.”

Katniss closed her eyes briefly like she usually did when she was exasperated. “Let me get the story straight. From what Peeta and I got from her, she told you that she had been here a very long time and that she, maybe, should go back to the Capitol now that she’s better and… you did what?”

“What’s it to you?” The bottle was half-empty now but alcohol wasn’t comforting like it used to be. “I told her to do whatever she wanted to do.”

“You are both exhausting, you know that, right?” Katniss sighed. “Did you mention that you love her and wished she would move here definitely at any point in that conversation?”

“I never said I love Effie.” He was getting defensive pretty quickly with that issue, even in his own mind. Love was something he had trouble with. Love was dangerous and got a lot of people killed. It might be truly in the past now and things might have change, but…

“Don’t you?” she mocked. “Because, you could have fooled me.”

“I liked you better when you were clueless about that sort of things.” He got up and started gathering the crumbs from the bread box in a cup for the geese.

Katniss watched him in silence until she obviously couldn’t take it anymore. “Are you seriously doing that? Are you letting her walk away? Because I’m telling you right now this is the biggest mistake you will ever make.”

“She wants to go.” He slammed the cup on the counter. “What do you want me to do? Tie her on a chair in the basement?”

The girl wasn’t impressed at all by his violent outburst. “She wants you to tell her you want her to stay here – and probably that you love her, too, but it’s Effie, she knows you, she will settle for a ‘don’t go, sweetheart’ or something like that.”

“What are you talking about?” He frowned. “She said it was time for her to go back to the Capitol. She said she had stayed here long enough.”
Katniss rubbed her eyes tiredly. “I should have chosen Effie. I bet Peeta is having it easier than me.” She shrugged. “Look, she’s afraid she’s imposing on you and that you don’t actually want her here.”

“I showed her how I actually wanted her here, last night.”

Katniss made a disgusted face. “Please. I don’t need to hear about that. Ever.”

“You shouldn’t lean against that particular spot, then.” he joked, lifting an eyebrow.

The girl practically stumbled away from the counter. “That’s…” She shook her head. “Okay, point is: she’s insecure, she thinks she’s convenient because she’s here but that you don’t really love her. And before you say anything about me not being an expert at relationships, this is all Peeta.”

“This is bloody ridiculous.” he grumbled.

“Yes, Peeta and I agree.” Katniss smiled her smug irritating grin. “Which is why you’re going to cross the street and go all out. Flowers! She would love some flowers…”

He rolled his eyes. “I have to feed the geese.”

“I will feed the geese while you pick the flowers.” She said, taking the cup with the crumbs and pushing him toward the door. “Letting her go back, really… You two are worse than children sometimes.”

“You’re one to talk!” If he didn’t like her so much, he probably would have strangled Katniss years ago.

“Yes, well…” she looked at him pointedly. “I’m living with Peeta who knows I love him, am I not? You, on the other hand, are in trouble. So, are you ready to lose Effie for a stupid misunderstanding?”

He searched her eyes for a few minutes and then sighed. “Where do we find flowers?”

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!