Like Sunlight

by Noducksinpond

Summary

It is a happy shriek, not like one you would hear in the Games, but like one, you would hear when someone is happy, and she is, she really is.

Notes

I really love this pairing a lot, and I’ve wanted to write something related to them for a long time. I hope we get some Mockingjay related publicity soon, because I really can’t wait for November.

The beeps of the doctor’s machines echo in her head, she wishes that they would turn them off. She prefers silence; it makes her head feel less messy. On the other hand, she is thankful for the machines, if it was not for them, they would have ill because of the gas in the prison. The gas the rebels had put in there. When she woke, a guard told her why she had fallen asleep. It would too dangerous to rescue them if they were not. She had understood that, even if she was a lot better off than both the boy from District 12 and Johanna from District 7.

She is the only one of the three who is currently awake, but she kind of wishes she could sleep. It would drown the beeps, and it would make the time shorter. The time they need to fly until they get to District 13. No one really bothered to explain to her, how they could go to 13, but she did not really care. The only thing that really mattered to she was that they had told her Finnick was there. Finnick was very important, and she wanted to see him, so she had not complained since they told her.

“We are there soon,” one of the men passed by her. He send her a quick smile, and she returned it.
At least she did, if her face worked probably. Sometimes she did something else, than she actually wanted to do. When she thought about it, it sounded funnier, and she let out a short laugh. She wrapped her arms around herself, and settled into a waiting position. There was really nothing else to do; she could not get the thing to fly faster after all. Luckily she was good at waiting, it was actually one of the things she could do probably without messing it up. She was good at messing things up, but mostly Finnick was there to help her fix things.

It does not take that much waiting before the thing lands. She is on her feet almost immediately unlike both Johanna and the boy. They are both still unconscious. One of the men stretches an arm out to her for surprise, and she takes it. Because her legs are wobbly, and she knows from experience that wobbly legs are not good for walking. She and the soldier slowly makes their way into the hospital, where another doctor wants to see her. It annoys her a little bit, because she is fine. Well, maybe not exactly fine, but she is the normal kind of not fine. The not fine that is just her reality now, and has been for 5 years. You get used to that kind of not fine after a while, especially when nice people wants to help you.

She could not be less interested in these nice people´s help though, not when they mentioned that soldier Odair is here. Finnick does not have any family anymore, and they can´t have that many Odairs here, can they? So she does not stay. In fact, she immediately slides off her chair and ignore the low protests from the doctor. The soldier does not try to stop her, and she thinks that´s very nice of him, considering it is his job to stop her. But maybe the soldier does understand why she needs to go. Her legs are less wobbly now, and she can walk out into the hall.

She spots him on the opposite side of the not that big hall. He is sitting in a chair, and has not seen her yet. His golden hair is messy, and she wants to feel it run through her fingers. He is tying knots; he is always tying knots when he is stressed about something. The brown-haired girl is the girl from District 12, Annie knows she won last year. The girl has not seen her either. She can feel that she is smiling, smiling more than she has in a very long time. Her legs are working better now. “Finnick!” she shrieks. It is a happy shriek, not like one you would hear in the Games, but like one, you would hear when someone is happy, and she is, she really is.

Even as she thinks this, she is running. Running towards that familiar person, and that big smile. That smile she knows, she is smiling too. Then she collides with him, and his arms fly around her enveloping her in them. She is laughing now, she feels like she needs too. Suddenly the ground disappear under them, and then Finnick is laughing too. Such a warm sound that feels like sunlight on the beach, if laughter can feel like that. She suddenly realises why the ground has disappeared. “We fell,” she states matter of factly. Finnick grins again. She has missed that sound. He only really laughed when they were home. He never sounded real, when he was in the Capitol. But then again Annie always thought people sounded fake and hollow in a television. Never like actual human beings.

“It seems like we did,” he says brushing his fingers through her hair. She smiles when he presses a kiss against her hair. She is still clinging onto him, and she honestly does not want to let go of him. If she did, she would risk him disappearing again, and she does not want that. Actually she is certain that she does not want that to happen ever again.

“Should we get up?” is the next thing she asks. Even if she does not want him disappearing, they would probably end up being in the way, and doctors can be pretty angry sometimes. She knows out of experience. So she brushes her fingers through his hair, a happy feeling growing in her chest. He rises from the floor, and she lets go of him reluctantly. She feels wobbly and laughs lightly. Nobody is paying any attention to them. Finnick wraps an arm around her shoulders, apparently he is not inclined to let go of her either.

“I missed you,” she said in a low voice, leaning slightly against him as they started walking. “I missed you so much.”

“I missed you too,” is his reply to that. She could see that in his tired face, he looked as if he had not slept for a long while. But she does not say she knows, instead she twists in his loose grip to face him again. She smiles at him before she kisses him again. It feels soft and warm, almost like sunlight on a warm day, and it is all Annie will ever need.
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