Career Alliance

by KingAlanI

Summary

By Alan Gilfoy in the world of Suzanne Collins. Annie and Finnick have polyamorous adventures with Glimmer and Cato. However, there’s a war to fight, with the help of Katniss and Gale, a third two-victor couple. Only One Fish In My Sea sequel - Gale’s Hunger Games AU, Annie POV of mostly Fanning The Flames

Autistic!Annie. Crip Big Bang challenge got me to develop this idea.

Art by katiemariie: http://archiveofourown.org/works/2229765
First Time All Together

Katniss, Gale, Glimmer, and Cato had been the ones to escape the 74th Hunger Games Arena. Yet me and my beloved Finnick Odair were also Victors this year. We were finally able to wed as a side effect of the open rebellion that was too long in coming. Yet the kind of government that would control even the most deeply personal aspects of our lives was the sort of rule that primed rebellion against it. District citizens’ love had always been more powerful than Capitol force, I think. Yet that had become a lot clearer this year.

It wasn’t limited to love in the sense of romantic or sexual attraction, either. In fact, this year’s events had started with a different sort of devotion. Katniss and Gale had both gladly, unhesitatingly, taken the places of younger siblings in this cruel contest. It turns out they had even more than that in common. They had been something beyond friends for years and took the previously unsaid next step in the face of certain death. That had actually given them a shot at survival.

Two people who had just met seemed to have no less passion, Glimmer and Cato experiencing lust at first sight. As such, it was unsurprising that those two Careers ended up with a fetus to be named later. When that news broke, it drove the emotions surrounding this year’s Games to even more of a fever pitch. I hadn’t thought that was possible.

The Capitol may have sustained the pressure from one couple, maybe even surviving the choice between the two sets of two. Yet the baby-to-be’s peril had been more shocking than that faced by its mother and 23 other already-born children. Not to mention, twenty tributes besides their parents hadn’t had such compelling stories.

Those were some of the emotional reactions that just didn’t make sense to me. A lot of the time, people who weren’t special like me didn’t understand that I didn’t understand. However, when it came to what was wrong with the Games, they agreed with me.

Not having an angle didn’t mean a tribute deserved to die. No one deserved to die at the Capitol’s whim. That happened throughout the year due to neglect, but also through deliberate slaughter when it came time for another arena. Every summer had been a reminder of the power the Capitol had over us.

Maybe their iron fist would finally be made to loosen its grip. The two couples had been the last four tributes, and they had stopped turning against each other to face the arena and the Capitol together.
District Thirteen still survived to make war against the Capitol. Capitol propaganda had insisted the underground base was destroyed at the end of the last war. As the second rebellion started, Thirteen was able to evacuate my family and Finnick’s, along with the four tributes and their relatives.

This success had depended on their plants in the Capitol, as well as people from the other Districts who were ready to take action. Few people hated the Capitol more than most of its supposed Victors. Haymitch had rallied the mentors. Cashmere, Gloss and Brutus at least had to play along once Glimmer and Cato did what they did. Most of the other District Four Victors hated what had been done to me and Finnick.

Lyme had led my District Four evacuation flight, which also got the tribute relatives from Two, One and Twelve. Rebel plants got mentors out of the Capitol and tributes out of the arena.

Of course Finnick and I would marry as soon as possible. Katniss and Gale had gone through part of the District Twelve marriage ritual while in the arena. This was on the first day, long before they saw the chance of both surviving. That seemed like a wonderful romantic tragedy, far more beautiful when it didn’t come to pass. Once they both escaped the arena, they were glad to make it official. Glimmer was overjoyed when Cato saw the sense in proposing to her. Three weddings at the same time was an exhilarating moment for the whole country.

Finn and I had been dreaming of a life together ever since we crept up on each other. Now that our secret was out, we could go all the way with each other, like our bodies and minds had ached to do. The moment became even more memorable, if that was possible, as his rod finally hooked my fish.

I honestly thought we most reveled in the moment. The next morning I told him about some stiff competition. “Finn, did you sleep through the noise last night?” I asked my groom.

“What noise?” he answered.

Since he sounded honestly confused, I explained “Glimmer was being very loud. Hearing how good Cato makes her feel and knowing how good you make me feel, I fantasized about how amazing it would feel to have both of you.”

“Wow, you’re even sexier than I thought, beautiful fishy,” he answered, amazed. “And the thought of you moaning like that turns me right back on again.” I knew the voice of his desire, being the only one who heard it authentically, and right now, my ears picked it up as loud as an ocean storm. This was one of the few sensory inputs I was glad to be overwhelmed by. Rather than using my hands to cover my ears, I used them to emphatically point to my chest islands. I didn’t cover up around him, certainly not at a time like this, but right now I was positively showing off.

“I thought it might,” I whispered heavily as I threw my body against his. We were still naked, so he slid right into me. It was rough for Finnick but still extremely tender as he held my hips to thrust back.
After we actually dressed, Finnick agreed with me on something else. “I guess they’re up for anything. After all, they fucked while live on national TV.” They had been concealed first by their tent and then by the water of the arena lake they had gone skinny-dipping in. Nevertheless, it had been very obvious what they had been doing.

“I was forced to perform in orgies for the Capitol, but I’d love to partake of debauchery for my Annie.” All of us who’d gone through the arena had suffered terrible pain from the experience. Finnick and the rest who’d been whored out to the Capitol endured anguish of a different sort. Some other Victors wallowed in misery or dulled it with drugs, those two supposed answers often being rather related to each other. Maybe the answer was to try to drown it in pleasure. It seemed poetic to use the very kind of pleasure that Snow had tried to turn into pain for them. Sapphire from three years ago had said she was resolved to not let the Capitol take away the joy of sex from her.

As I feared, there was no way we were able to get time to discuss something so private on such a busy day.

When we were alone and of course naked that night, Finn had a suggestion. “Since lovely Annie is apparently so sexually adventurous, how’d she like to try it in the back?”

“I would. It seems anything you do with your body to my body makes me happy.” Of course, my tail didn’t get wet the way my pearl did, but the drenched part of my body still eagerly anticipated me being pleasured somewhere else. We were still standing up, and I felt him press against my hip. I licked him, not until he shot into my mouth, but only until his member was covered in the drool of a very hungry Annie.

Once I stood back up, he placed his hands on my hips and turned me around. I felt him press into me like never before. Then I felt the ring between the tip and the shaft pop into me. I was even more thoroughly filled by Finn’s fucking. One of his hands slid forward, and he slipped its fingers into me.

Gale was apparently annoyed by Glimmer’s moaning instead of aroused by it. He had procured a curved piece of metal and I saw him place it behind the bed he shared with Katniss, to reflect the echoes of their pleasure. They way it was shaped and the way it was placed, it would channel those sound waves to one point, that point being Glimmer and Cato’s bed. I doubted Katniss would complain, because of whatever it was Gale was planning to do to generate that noise.

Now it was Glimmer’s turn to be woken up in the middle of the night, her turn to be angry about it. “Everdeen!” she yelled.

“Turnabout is fair play, shiny,” Gale shot back. This reply came to him so easily that it must’ve been part of his plans for this little prank.
Katniss would not be receptive to being added for my plans for Finnick, Glimmer and Cato. I wished she would’ve also been open to opening her legs for Cato, and I sure wouldn’t have minded having three of the most handsome men in the country instead of two. Katniss had said that Gale was the only man she’d ever want, and he’d said she was more than enough woman for him to handle. Gale was hardly limited to wanting what Katniss wanted. He wouldn’t knowingly let anyone control him, as his mother knew all too well. However, he wanted her, so he would know better than to support being added to my idea.

So even I knew better than to bring it up with them. They weren’t special the way I was, but I knew how bad it felt to be talked into a new and awkward situation, or even just to be bothered before saying no. However, my own enthusiasm continued unabated, as this was apparently my latest obsessive focus.

The day after the day after our weddings, we did get to bring up our idea. We approached them alone in the evening, so if they wanted to, we could do it right away. As with a lot of things, it did make sense to actually be prepared to act on the best-case scenario.

Maybe it would involve going down. Glimmer had said that Cato was quite willing to do that for her, so why not me too? They were immediately receptive to the idea of me being receptive for someone else, this suggestion for our private parts to be a little less private.

“I bet you look very pretty naked too,” Glimmer purred.

I guessed what she was getting at, and answered that with “I’m straight though.”

“So are noodles – until they get hot,” she answered just as seductively. A lot of pasta was spiral, round, or some more esoteric shape, but even I didn’t feel like being technical right now. “Oh, I can’t wait to share Finnick with you, but I can’t wait to share you with Finnick either.”

Maybe this was another way in which I was different, I thought as her words dripping with sex were starting to get my sex organs dripping with fluids. “Maybe so, but this time I came here to have two men make me come.”

“Oh, we both have wonderful men in our lives, no doubt about that. But I must warn you, Finnick may make love, but Cato fucks,” Glimmer replied.

“You make that clear enough, those ain’t tender lovemaking noises coming out of you when he comes in you,” I agreed.

The rod growing in Cato’s pants and the gleam in his eye made clear what he thought about his wife and their mutual friend lewdly praising his sexual prowess. I bet he wanted to rip my clothes off and give me a very intimate demonstration. However, Finnick had other ideas. My husband made a special point of carefully undressing me before laying down for me to straddle him. I leaned down to kiss my Finn, which also had the effect of shaking my hips at Cato.
The District Two man responded by roughly grabbing onto each globe of my ass with his strong hands, spreading them apart to better slide between them. We’d already let him know that I’d discovered how much I liked it in the ass, and Cato didn’t need much encouragement. I felt him pop into me slowly before thrusting wildly. I was so pleasantly overwhelmed by two bodies each hard in two ways, just as I had fantasized.

I had never seen myself as making love to another woman, but maybe Glimmer herself is who I had really been turned on by a couple nights ago. She was too young for me, but since Cato was the right age for both of us gals, he could have both of us even at the same time as long as we weren’t doing anything with each other. 18 was legal with any age 16 and up, like Glimmer’s 17 or my 22. Yet he apparently wanted to be alone with her after being together with me and Finnick. She was undoubtedly ready for him, aroused at the idea of him fucking me as well as he fucked her. I still wanted Finn more than anyone, but our first time all together with Cato was even better in a way.
I’d learned long ago that women were just as capable of being sexual as men. I sure had demonstrated that last night, and Glimmer had long since been a shining example of that, shining because she was glistening with sweat (and other fluids). Likewise, I knew that girls and boys with my kind of mind were just as capable of drawing pleasure from their bodies. However, I sometimes still couldn’t believe that, with Finn, the odds really were in my favor.

Glimmer was definitely multisexual. Thanks to her, I thought I might be attracted to other ladies after all. However, Finnick and Cato definitely weren’t interested in other men. I certainly shouldn’t expect them to fake it for my amusement. That sounded like something President Snow might do. Indeed, Finnick said that while Snow wasn’t personally involved with any of the victor prostitution, such encounters were a lowlight of his already dark time in the Capitol. Finnick didn’t blame gays in general for it. That made sense - it sounded like the same abuse of power and wealth also seen in the Capitol women he was sent to, no worse and no better. Yet Finn had admitted that with the men it was even harder to pretend to enjoy his hell.

A couple old Victors from District Six coped by shooting themselves up with morphling. Maybe the only thing they felt anymore was the familiar sting of a needle tearing a hole. They might try to kill their memories but still remember everything. I knew I had trouble forgetting, as much as I wanted to, needed to. I injected myself with something rather larger that gave a much purer high.

Similarly, I thought Finnick’s mouth was far better than the mouth of a liquor bottle. On that, great minds thought alike. Gale had even thought of the phrase I used. Cato said he’d rather fuck than drink. Glimmer agreed, and I was oh so glad to have in intimate understanding of why.

He was all too aware of the alternative. Haymitch of Twelve had been driven to drink, like Jack of Five and Chaff of Eleven. All three of them had made it out of the Capitol, all not doing well with Thirteen’s ban on alcohol. That was one example of the total lack of luxury here, and I wasn’t sure how necessary it was. Those men needed help, and while I wasn’t sure whether they could keep themselves to a safe amount, I doubted a sudden stop was a good idea for them either.

Finnick hadn’t told me much of anything about the plans for the rebellion. I couldn’t be forced to reveal what I didn’t know. This logic was inescapably sound. My mind appreciated that; my heart thought it was another example of him protecting me.

I did worry that it was one way how even Finn could underestimate me sometimes. If anything, I was even worse at communicating when under pressure. If that didn’t save me, maybe I’d be smart enough to tell the torturers what they wanted to hear instead of the truth.
Yet I was concerned because of what we’d come to know about Snow. He’d publically crow about law and order. That image would continue to blow down and flow away for us and others who were aware of what the President of Panem was really up to.

He had logical although selfish motives, which I could understand even as one of his enemies. Yet he also wanted to watch the world burn. This caused him to do things that created more and deeper enemies. It seemed that he liked playing these games with us. He’d torture people not just to extract something from them, but also to get at the people who’d care about their suffering.

What you caught was based on the net you set up. People from farming Districts said you’d reap what you’ve sown. There was finally hope that the Capitol was actually going to get snared like it deserved. The Peacekeepers wouldn’t be able to put out this fire.

Now that the rebellion was starting, I wasn’t learning much more about the plans for it. This time, I didn’t know because I didn’t need to. Most people, including me, could be trusted with such information. Since a few couldn’t, it didn’t seem worth it to share the sensitive information.

I was no soldier, that was for sure. I often locked down due to sensory overload even in civilian life. My insistence on asking why I was told to do something would be even more of a liability here. I might’ve ended up in the lower levels of District Thirteen, or worse, for telling some officer what I really thought. That might be an issue even for rebels of a typical mental state – being inclined towards rebellion, they might find cause to revolt against a particular group of rebels. I bet Coin didn’t like that, but they needed District Thirteen and District Thirteen needed them. Ideally, this would put rebel leaders on their best behavior, but I was too cynical about people to expect that.

Glimmer couldn’t shoot. That I understood. I out-survived my arena, and those who out-fought it were sometimes quite specialized in their methods for doing so. Well, Cato had knocked her up anyway. If he hadn’t, things could have played out quite differently.

I was intrigued by the what-ifs. Maybe they would have made an appealing couple even without a baby on the way. Katniss’ and Gale’s story might have had even less competition, yet maybe the lack of a counterweight would have drawn less attention to either pair.

Glimmer’s sister Lustre would be the soldier in the family. Mini-Glimmer enlisted at District Thirteen’s very minimum, her fourteenth birthday. That had been the day after the big wedding – Glimmer had successfully argued for the earlier date because she hadn’t wanted to flood her sister’s beach.
Their father wasn’t the only one who found this far too young. Yet in this emergency situation, harsh and unpleasant yet necessary things had to be done. Coin certainly had the iron will for such things; her logic seemed sound. Well, the Career academies thought that was more than old enough to be trained to serve the Capitol, and we thought they were of age to fight against the Capitol. Career training bred soldiers, although that was truer in Two than in Four or One. In all three cases, it was about to be turned against those who really dominated the Games. I found that way of fishing for justice particularly poetic. Much the same had been said at a recent dinner to defend Lustre becoming a soldier.

Well, the uniforms she’d seen Finnick, Cato, Gale and many of our guests wearing weren’t just for ceremonial events. May the odds be ever in their favor.

September came with more secret meetings for the soldiers, in addition to more of the training activities that couldn’t be confined to conference rooms. Something big was coming; this war was about to become more than just exchanges of propaganda. I could see that much even though I obviously didn’t know what it was. As for propaganda, the Capitol had found nothing to match broadcasts of the triple wedding. District Thirteen communications had followed that up by showing district residents’ joyous reactions to the initial footage.

It had been only days ago, but I’d remember it vividly for much longer. Crowds of District Four people singing “Captain Of My Heart”! For once, I had an emotional breakdown that felt good.

“Your ship and its crew of two,” Katniss had sung almost too quietly for me to hear.

Come September, the soldiers were bunking with their comrades rather than their families. I understood it was a key part of military training to make recruits fit together as a unit as well as being good soldiers by themselves. At least Finnick wasn’t really gone, I thought. “At least I’m not really away from you,” Finnick told me as we were all consuming the bland yet effective District Thirteen food.

“Another beautiful sign,” my mother said as she observed the romantic behavior.

The morning of the 11th, I awoke to find the district much emptier and quieter than usual. Finnick was one of many nowhere to be found. There must be a major battle going on somewhere. You didn’t need to be as smart as me to realize that. Even Katniss’ and Gale’s mothers were gone. Prim, Rory, Vick and Posy were with Glimmer instead. I figured Mrs. Everdeen and Mrs. Hawthorne were being local advisors for a raid on District Twelve; Mrs. Everdeen might have gone off anyway with other rebel combat medics.

I had an important meeting with medics myself, thinking that I was pregnant. The tests confirmed it. I could barely wait to tell Finnick that this one of our dreams was becoming a reality! \textit{Well, in eight months or so}, I added to myself, worrying even more than I usually did about a new, unfamiliar experience.
The doctor seemed excited beyond professional enthusiasm. Babies were awfully rare here, after all. It reminded me how the pregnant woman and the little girl, Glimmer and Posy, seemed to get the biggest reaction when we all arrived here a bit over three weeks ago.

It was Finnick’s, of course. I’d made sure that Cato didn’t come inside me. We agreed that knocking up your friend’s wife would take things too far and would’ve been a good way to not be friends anymore. Although Cato didn’t think like me, it was clear he was also serious and focused on the responsibility that came with a child.

Well, now that Finnick’s fishy was swimming inside of me, I could take Cato’s load. I was excited by the thought, which I took as a good sign of how well our experimentation was working. They had to survive this early stage of the war first, though, which I worried wasn’t as simple as it sounded.

I found one of the few people I wanted to share the news with. It would become national news soon enough anyway, why give it any help? “Mama, you’re going to be a grandma,” Anemone Cresta Odair told Miranda Spear Cresta.

“That’s beautiful, dear. Though things took too long to get to this point, at least it’s finally here,” she observed. That fit me starting a family with Finnick, as well as this year’s political situation.

“I had to tolerate sleeping with Finnick, though,” I said while barely able to keep myself from bursting out laughing.

I suppose we all needed some preemptive distraction to stave off worrying about this District Twelve battle. I saw Glimmer and Posy having some extremely stereotypically girly time. Well, some girls really did like that stuff, nothing against them for that, the problem was forcing ladies to that and away from other things. I may as well have been blinded by the bright pink. It seemed a wonder that Mrs. Adams’ hair remained yellow and Miss Hawthorne’s black.

Vick was too much of a goofball to leave Rory and Prim alone. “Rory and Prim sittin’ on the floor!” he jokingly taunted. Prim was the only one left on the floor when Rory got up to chase his younger brother around.

“Too young to do any more than K-I-S-S-I-N-G,” Glimmer interjected, seemingly mimicking what probably would have been Vick’s next line. The former Miss Shinesmith hadn’t been much older when she started fucking, but even I recognized now wasn’t the time to advertise that. Although it was the truth, this wasn’t the place for it. It didn’t seem to help when leaders of any sort got into fights in front of the people they were supposed to be setting an example for. “Yes I can’t shoot,” she said sarcastically. “But I still could catch both of you if you don’t be quiet,” she threatened.

“Quiet. Quiet is good,” I observed. We settled for the boys being loud somewhere else, and Prim joined Glimmer. Unlike Posy, Glimmer left Prim the same color, but the older of the
District Twelve girls had more hair for the District One woman to work with.

The whole country needed this something new, but seemingly especially people in the drab underground District Thirteen.

What seemed like hours later, the public intercoms began buzzing with activity. “Base medics to the hangar! Incoming wounded and sick to process!” I hoped Finnick wasn’t one of them, still his healthy physical wonder self. Yet I also hoped he would be one of those instead of the dead.

Many non-medics ran to watch. Of course we wanted to learn the fate of our loved ones. Yet we also wanted to know what had happen in that district as a whole, and what it meant for Panem as a whole.

However, there were a minimum of rebel soldiers in any condition. This flight had evacuated mostly district civilians - tired, poor, huddled masses – people who were wretched refuse to the Capitol. This offered them a bright light, a rekindled flame, soldiers welcoming instead of oppressive at worst and indifferent at best.

This first hovercraft had gotten out of there as quickly as possible, so their news was limited. Hovercraft invisibility technology meant others couldn’t see in but they couldn’t see out, and the crew apparently avoided sending signals on the channels still available to them.

“Capitol was sending more troopers, but y’all got to us just before those fuckers arrived. Bet those new Peacekeepers weren’t gonna be entirely peaceful,” one man said. He was practically yelling. I jumped a bit and nervously covered my ears, and stared off into a relatively empty part of the busy room. Eventually I realized that he was hardly District Thirteen’s only new recruit.

The next hovercraft had even more miners soon to become soldiers. “All the Victors were still alive when they cleared out the mine entrances,” one reported, and I was hardly the only one to cheer. “Hopefully the odds are in their favor to be right behind us.”

This flight also included a couple amorous older teenagers for some reason, both pale blondes. I had learned this look was emblematic of the relatively well off part of District Twelve, but you didn’t need to know that to notice they actually looked healthy. On the other hand, the kitchen staff had their work cut out for them putting the poorer District Twelve folks on a proper diet for the first time in their lives.

The female half of the middle-class lovers spoke up in my direction. “Must be better than I thought
if you were right for someone even more handsome than Gale.” However sarcastically delivered, this was the kind of respect We should have gotten long ago.

“That’s quite enough,” her boyfriend said, a different response in mind. I simply smiled.

Another few flights brought in civilians from across the district, not needing many rebels besides aircrew to escort them here. These thousands alone would have been a great victory. Yet captured Peacekeepers soon started showing up. Their guards seemed quite calm. Maybe we were trying to set a better example. Maybe enough of the District Twelve force really was as friendly as its Victors had insisted. I would have thought they’d stick to the Capitol once the pressure was really on, and that had happened to some extent, especially early in the battle.

Peacekeeper defectors! That was literally unheard of! I thought of my choice of words – even if it had happened before, it was certainly one of those things the Capitol wouldn’t let us know about. Even if they had simply surrendered, the Capitol might not have tolerated it. Like the rest of us, they had passed the point of no return. They were being escorted away, maybe to the lower levels, maybe to meetings with the higher-ups.

Despite the lack of alcohol, it seemed like we were starting to feel a buzz of victory. We were getting downright drunk on it when word got around that the last hovercraft was incoming.

Glimmer and I were at the front of the eager crowd. We had easily made it there, not having to fight much for it. People let us, knowing who we were and who we were waiting for.

Finnick and Cato were first off it! Apparently the soldiers were likeminded. Apparently Cato was considering it a race. Whatever his thought process, it meant he and Glimmer embraced a couple seconds before me and Finnick. We didn’t care.

Finnick’s first thought was to wrap his arms around me and lift me up. I felt weightless, floating on him. It was even easier than usual to get close enough to him to whisper. “I’m pregnant already,” I said.

“I’m sure it’s a beautiful little fishy swimming around inside of you,” he replied poetically. His words often meant the world to me, but especially now. He was crying, overwhelmed with joy even after whatever horrors he had seen just hours before. He was often so expressive that even I noticed it, but that was especially true this time.

Cato had thundered down the ramp, shaking it, as he and Glimmer had run towards each other. I think he had been exaggerating this on purpose. He’d shown in the arena that he was surprisingly good on his feet for such a big man. *Teehee, Cato, big man,* I thought to myself. Finnick was hardly lacking in that department either, but it was a part of Cato’s raw power. Well, Gale’s younger siblings had long since called him Big Man because he was so tall. Even Katniss had let
on they were more right than they knew.

Katniss wasn’t like me, but she was even more reserved about relationships than I was. Well, I understood her wanting to keep private things private.

It seemed like tradition to retrieve fallen comrades’ bodies if at all possible. What looked like dozens of native District Thirteen soldiers had come back only as corpses. “I got the guy who did this, hopefully we can really keep the Capitol from continuing to do this,” I overheard one survivor say tearfully. Hundreds of District Twelve civilians, but it could have been even worse. For instance, all of the Victors had lived. Johanna’s arm looked banged up real bad, but she was definitely still alive.

She and some grizzled old District Thirteen soldiers were being rushed off to the hospital. My arm was working fine and I began to lead Finnick out of the room.

Lustre had made her first grand entrance to District Thirteen riding on her future brother-in-law’s shoulders, but now she marched alongside Cato as a comrade.

Posy was excitedly showing off to her biggest brother, safe and sound, but the Hawthorne girl was not the youngest person in the room. One of the evacuees was holding a newborn, baby girl Mockingjay. She was named after Katniss’ token, which itself symbolized outsmarting the Capitol, and what a day for such a name to enter the world!

Finnick and I weren’t able to leave the room quite as easily as we had gotten to the front of it, but we made it to the hallway soon enough. Good, because I wanted to show Finnick what I was wearing under my dress – absolutely nothing.

As soon as we got to our room, I simply cast the straps off my shoulders. Finnick was very pleasantly surprised, but found a good opportunity to use what seemed like some prepared words. “Amazing, Annie, all of you,” he began, “your beautiful breasts and comely clam,” he said as he massaged them. “delectable dimples,” he added while brushing his fingers along my cheeks.

No wonder my electric eyes were bulging out of my fuck-me face. I wanted to learn more of this alphabet, that was for sure, from the man who gave me such a gorgeous glow and so excited my horny heart – more than anyone, even the second most handsome man in the country next door.

“Your iridescent irises,” he continued while staring right into them. They were sea green, not rainbow colored, but the way he was seducing me yet again, I wasn’t about to complain. Besides,
it must be hard to think of things to match up at each letter. “juicy jewels,” he added before starting to nibble around my vagina. I really wasn’t complaining now. My knees would have knocked as my body quivered for his if he didn’t have them parted to bury his face in my luscious labia and marvelous mons. Yet my needy nipples ached after his orgasmic oral, my pelvis pulsating even beyond my quivering quim. My ravishing ribs distracted him on the way back up to my sexy smile, but he was more than glad to get there and go past my tiny tongue to my undulating uvula. My very visible vibrant vulva and my wanton waist demanded an x-rated examination.

“Yes to your youthful yelling and zesty zigzags!” he exulted while massaging my curves.

“Now that was an arousing alphabet!” I said while sliding him into me. It certainly had pleased clever Cresta. I was reminded why his ship belonged docked in my port as his body moved in waves while I sailed on top of him.

He was tired, and hopefully I had left him with sweet dreams instead of more nightmares. He had fought all day and was even drowsier after we fucked each other so so well, yet the tingling. “Imma go see Glimmer and Cato,” I told him. I think my tone of voice made clear just what I was going to see them for, as part of this game we’d been playing, and there were far worse games to play. I hoped he was happy for me about it. If I knew I was hurting Finnick, I’d stop. If I knew.

“Goodnight, feisty fishy,” he said before turning over into the pillow.

Even when fully awake, he didn’t much care to go into the details of what happened in his arena. I supposed something similar applied to this real war as well. Some people had a hard time celebrating, even amidst this great victory, because of who they’d lost in obtaining it. That was not to mention what they’d lost – their home had been forcibly evacuated, some of it destroyed in the fighting. Fortunately, I was not limited by such factors.

We all took solace in the fact that the damage could have been even worse, and we all seemed hopeful about what future victories it could lead to.

I took a late bath. I wouldn’t have been able to take an early one anyway. The filth of battle and of life in District Twelve had created too much demand for the showerhouses earlier in the day. I sure had distracted Finnick from that, I thought with a sexy smile. I changed into a blouse and skirt, this time with a bra and panties underneath them.

I found Glimmer and Cato naked. Of course I did. It would be like seeing Finn fishing in the shallows, or coming across Primrose in a hospital. It seemed to be their natural state. “I heard that when you’re young, you can fight all day and fuck all night, and I took that as a challenge,” Cato said pridefully.

“Challenge accepted,” I purred.
“Yeah, Glim’s not complaining either, she’s just cumming,” Cato added.

“Well, I know I’m gonna be hatching Finnick’s little fishy in several months. So amongst other things, you don’t have to worry about where you’re cumming,” I announced. We could all talk more about babies later.

Finnick’s sweet talk turned me on, but Cato’s raw sexuality could also fuel incredibly erotic feelings in me. “I want you to rip my clothes off and fuck me without even bothering to get me to the bed,” I growled at Cato lustily. I saw and felt him thundering towards me, and then I heard the sound of fabric tearing. It dug into me only a little bit, but made plenty clear enough that he wasn’t kidding around about answering my call. I was usually the one to take things too literally, not being able to detect the nuance in what people said, but apparently those with typical minds sometimes also did that. Cato knew full well what he was doing, though. He quickly got to, well, manhandling my breasts. I was dimly aware of the halves of my upper outfit dangling off my arms. Once in awhile I could stand to deal with ripped bodices if I got to feel like this. Cato knew full well what he was doing, though. He quickly got to, well, manhandling my breasts. I was dimly aware of the halves of my upper outfit dangling off my arms. Once in awhile I could stand to deal with ripped bodices if I got to feel like this.

“My slit is down here, stud,” I continued to ask of him. Glimmer was under the covers, but in all likelihood she had located hers quite easily while getting another reminder of how sexy her husband was.

For his part, he was more than ready to shove his shaft in me. Maybe it was the effect of a beautiful woman in heat, begging for his body as waves of lust cascaded over her. I thought that was an experience he was more than used to, but maybe it was something the stud would never tire of. “Damn, you’re tight!” he moaned. I wondered why. The anticipation of him there had caused my body to produce plenty of natural lubricant, and he didn’t hurt even as he slammed me with his significant stiff one.

While I had loosened up plenty for him, I was too busy cumming to complain about his choice of words. He put those monstrous arms of his around my back, and yanked me closer, making his thrusts even more intense.

Well! That had to be one of the more exhausting fucks I’d get. Although I’d usually want Finn’s tenderness instead of trying to keep up with such a fast pace, this encounter with Cato was exhilarating. Our rubbery legs, intertwined, were enough to keep us both standing. I looked down because I wanted to see Cato’s cum dripping out of me, a sight I had savored several times with Finnick. I saw my panties still on. Cato had taken me right through the fabric! He saw it too.

I winked and said “Next time I need to untangle a fishing net, I’ll call your mighty cock,” though he had punched through lots of light lace instead of a grid of dense rope. He might be able to use his literal sword for that, though.

Well, there wasn’t any fishing to do here, but there was hunting. Cato might find himself busy with that inbetween battles. Katniss and Gale would need all the help they could get, and so could the rest of District Thirteen food procurement, in dealing with several thousand refugees and new soldiers. But that was a good problem to have.
Gale didn’t have much of a way with words, but he got it really right sometimes. “We found love in a hopeless place. In fact, love helped make it a less hopeless place,” he explained of what happened before, during and after the arena.

The Hawthornes and Everdeens had come here with close friends and family. I suppose it helped them further to be surrounded by people from their district. District Four’s time would come soon, I thought to myself. But I have no idea how soon, and uncertainty itself concerns me even more, I worried. I wasn’t particularly close to anyone from home who wasn’t already here, but their presence would have been drops of familiarity in this very unfamiliar place.

A boy from the relatively well off part of Twelve apparently had a crush on Katniss he hadn’t done anything about, for whatever reason. He’d found another young woman who seemed to like him well enough. ‘Flour friend’ and ‘raisin roll’ she called him sweetly, in a tone of voice Finnick had made me very familiar with.

Peeta apparently had a way with words, although he had trouble saying them to Katniss. He’d written a poem which Bridget set to music. Peeta introduced the song. “This is a poem not about them as lovers, but rather about what we thought of their sacrifice back home.” Katniss and Gale understood each other because they’d done many of the same things. Peeta was one of many people who seemed to understand this. For you took your siblings’ place / The arena you now face, Bridget sang to the people the song was about.

While Jacob Everdeen was long dead, James Larkin was quite alive. Bridget had learned to sing and play fiddle from her grandfather somewhat like how Katniss had taken after her father with survival arts.

Maybe Bridget preferred her grandfather because her father, James’ son Fergus, was hard to deal with. Peeta’s mother Priscilla also quickly irritated me. They had a lot, by district standards at least, but didn’t have a happy family. That was something some of their district’s poorest did have. It seemed painfully ironic, though I’m not sure if it was a coincidence or if there was some sort of connection.

Katniss’ mother was “greeted” by one of her own relatives and was downright mad about it. Mrs. Everdeen had her own issues, but could deal with people better than I could. However, she had a problem with this particular person, quite rightfully from the sound of it.

“Sarah Kolster,” she sneered. Her maiden named sounded hard for her to use after however many years it must’ve been. “You come to me days after my daughter’s wedding after having ignored me since my own wedding.”
“If that’s the kind of child that man gave you and raised … I must have been wrong about him,” her mother responded. It seemed like it was painful for her to choke out even that.

“That girl is not a forgiving sort, I would know, but maybe I am.” She called Sarah a mother, Sarah called her a daughter. *Was it too little too late?* I worried, and likely they did too. Ingrid added “You should see the other daughter - that one’s turning out just like her mother.”

“Including a taste for Seam boys, apparently,” Sarah shot back.

She was criticizing her granddaughter for the same thing she was just getting over hating her daughter for. She had an idea on her head and had trouble dropping it. I understood that concept, though I knew this particular example of it was foolish.

I knew why it drew such condemnation in the first place, because that’s how the Capitol wanted us to think, but I didn’t understand why people believed it. Whatever part of Panem and their district they came from, they were lucky to have that kind of love, whether the crush Prim had right now or the very adult feelings her mother once experienced. I knew what it was like for people to not understand a particular couple.

Well, Katniss was very happy Prim had found Rory, and Gale was just as excited Rory had found Prim. They certainly had very pertinent advice for their younger siblings right about now. For instance, kissing on the lips was plenty at twelve - they certainly shouldn’t be tonguing each other, or grabbing each other’s asses, like another couple that could be named.

*If only they knew what Glimmer and Cato were really up to,* I realized. I don’t think the older Everdeen and Hawthorne couple understood the extent of the Adams’ activities either. I’m not sure if they knew that Cato and I were up to anything, *Ohh, Cato could definitely be up,* I thought, relieved that I was alone as I lost myself in the moment. I was staying pretty quiet so far. Nevertheless, I was still throwing my head back and flexing my legs as I massaged the crotch of my pants.

My hand soon found its way to the other side of the waistband of yet another piece of District Thirteen gray. Staying dressed confined my hand, yet that tightness added to the sensation. Also, that would’ve made it easier to stop and at least pretend to have been partaking of nonsexual activity. I hoped that wouldn’t be necessary. I always hated to be interrupted, but I especially disliked that at times like these. *Blue ovaries, was that a thing?* I joked to myself. I was still able to maintain some of my cleverness even when washed over by waves of desire.

I thought of Glimmer and Cato trying to keep up with each others’ prodigious lusts. That was a game both of them won. As the mental video flooded my head, those were some Games that I was glad to be a Victor of. I could find a beautiful woman in the mirror, a truth Finnick had helped me believe, but the one I saw now was Glimmer, imagining I was the one she was riding. I hoped *this* storm wouldn’t stop anytime soon, as I imagined what an even more adult version of Glimmer Rose Shinesmith Adams could be doing with me.
Some older adults were growing closer in a different manner. After coming to the Seam, Katniss’
mother lived a similar life to Gale’s mother. Cato’s mother had grown up differently, but was now
in a similar situation – the father of her child dead, that child having narrowly escaped death and
helping put an end to the system that caused both.
I saw televisions broadcasting propaganda footage of our wedding. This particular clip was the exchange of vows. The recording was a beautiful reminder of the real thing only twenty-one days prior.

It was interrupted with the ugliest thing many of us knew – the mind of President Snow. “You just heard the most worthless thing in the world – the promises of traitors – for in their betrayal, they have proven they cannot be trusted. Who will they turn on next? Each other? Expect the sham to fall apart as surely as the rebellion itself shall disintegrate.”

Finnick chose me. None of us chose you. Don’t you dare! It seemed the rest of us were getting similarly angry.

“They may crow about loyalty to their families, their lovers – but that optional loyalty is nothing compared to the mandatory loyalty all owe their country. Sadly, they have chosen what they want to do over what they must do. Only scum would take such lazy immorality to such a level. Treason does not merit death, treason is death – we will deliver it if the disloyalty continues,” Snow warned.

So he was haranguing us with more threats. That wouldn’t accomplish much for him. We were in this situation partially because we’d had enough of his extremely over the top intimidation tactics.

I wondered if it would scare off potential rebels. I was sure about those of us who had already risen up. Considering what we’d already done, there was no going back. With the wedding and the evacuation of District Twelve, Snow must be flailing for a distraction. He wasn’t finding one.

If Snow complained about what we’d accomplished in Twelve, he would only draw more attention to it. I saw happy District Twelve civilians all around. The soldiers who switched sides and the new recruits would help take the fight to another district.

The next day, a small force had been sent to District Three, and came back with some of their Victors. Beetee and Wiress had mentored this year, and escaped the Capitol in the initial chaos. Most of the Victors from other districts, including me, went to greet the new arrivals.

An old man with a long gray beard addressed Beetee as “Bernard”. That was his real name, that and his middle name Theodore. His commonly known name was a nickname that came from reading out his initials.
“Dmitri,” Beetee answered. This incidentally announced the other Victor’s name for the rest of the audience who didn’t already know it.

After these formalities, Dmitri gave some important information about how the evacuation had worked out. “Nathan still believed the Capitol’s lies, even once that boy named after him died in the arena this year. He killed Marie to prevent her from joining us. Regina had to kill him to escape. Silica also made it out.” I had recognized the young women easily; known throughout Panem, it was even easier to spot them in such a small crowd.

Finnick was still very much himself. That meant being with myself, first and foremost. It often meant being in myself. Now was most definitely one of those times. He could give me the most wonderful stare – soft, yet burning with intensity. His hands were of similar temperament, I noticed as he pulled me closer.

He tugged at the hem of my skirt. Knowing what happens when it comes off, I gladly accelerated the process. I bent over, pulling the fabric onto my back, all the while sticking my tail out at him and waving it more than strictly necessary. He caressed my hips as he pulled my panties down, eagerly taking the fabric’s place between my thighs, spearing my fish with all the passion I knew he had. My face glowed even more than his spearhead.

A week after the rescue of District Three Victors, my Finnick and most other rebel soldiers went off on another full mission. All we knew was that they were striking at Ten and Eleven, and I wasn’t sure if we were supposed to be aware of even that much.

Apparently no one had disrupted their plans too much, as they came back victorious three days later. They only brought back a few refugees and prisoners, instead of a mass evacuation as with Twelve. That wasn’t the plan – there were too many of them, over too far of a distance, with stiffer Capitol resistance.

Was Four too far out of your way? I angrily wondered in private. However, with Ten liberated, Four was cut off from the Capitol and ought to taste freedom soon enough. Even this promise of victory was tantalizing enough. The rebels had blocked the railroad and hopefully would be able to keep Capitol hovercraft out of the skies. The ports were good for hauling in and shipping out small batches of seafood, rather than for transporting large amounts of people and supplies both ways.

For many, the highlight of the District Ten battle was the Victors including my Finnick cooperating to rip down the flags atop the Justice Building there. Gale replaced it with one he’d brought with him – a blue X with white stars on a red background. The flag and the idea apparently belonged to Dalton Oakley, a refugee from Ten who’d made it here to Thirteen years ago. This had been early in the battle, a sign of it starting rather than a celebration of it ending.

I was particularly interested in the stockpile of coins they found inside the building, moreso
than what they did with cloth on top of it. There was probably so much there because it was so late in September, in preparation for the October 1st payday. The Capitol making sure to actually pay their soldiers and other officials seemed like a good idea for them. Many people were crossing sides already due to moral imperative and circumstance; the Capitol couldn’t afford financial defectors.

Also, the Capitol was trying to bribe Victors by continuing tribute winnings, but most recognized that it wasn’t worth it to take the blood money. Ms. Hickok of Ten, the only other Victor named Annie, had gladly run to the approaching rebel forces. District Eleven had no arena survivors besides Chaff and Seeder, who had already joined us.

For my sake, Finnick sometimes obsessively tied and untied rope, practicing knows he knew cold. That was one more thing he gladly told me his feelings on, which I found incredibly endearing. I needed to calm myself while worrying about Finnick, even though he had come back safe again this time. Well, with no concerns for him right now, I couldn’t wait to go through the District Ten coins. Many of them I didn’t have, at least not in such good condition.

The Peacekeeper defectors knew how their former comrades operated, and could fool some of them before being specifically identified. I heard they’d done well above and beyond their numbers. We all had a lot to fight for, but them especially so. The Capitol would be especially unlikely to give them a clean death, although some had gotten one in these battles.

The mayors of Ten and Eleven, along with their immediate families, had been captured alive. Maybe Miles, Melody and Margaret Undersee would have some success trying to talk some sense into them. Rumor had it the Eleven mayor’s son had made a crude comment to Glimmer’s sister along with the usual denouncement of traitors. Some boys, I muttered to myself, and several other ladies were probably thinking the same thing.

The fighting had been fierce enough that rebels and Peacekeepers had been exchanging shots while still on their trains, another tactical dimension of the bloodbath. Some of the Victor soldiers, once disembarked, found Rue’s and Thresh’s families amongst the mass rioting in Eleven. Peacekeeper bullets and batons hadn’t gotten to them, although thousands of other District Eleven residents had been slaughtered.

Katniss had found Rue’s father and Thresh’s sister personally, and she was far more a heroine to them than any other victor. Rock Clayton and Raspberry Mackey were the ones able-bodied enough to take to the streets in protest. The rest of the families had been amongst the district folk hiding in their meager homes. Thresh’s grandmother was frail, Rue’s siblings too young, Rue’s mother far too occupied with her surviving children to help deal with the occupying soldiers.

The train had a radio link to District Thirteen headquarters, which made sense. It also made sense for rebel communications techs to broadcast an epic rant that took place after the battle on the way back to base. It was a thing of beauty that I sat back and took in as-is.
“Love is all we had out here, and it’s what we used to strike back at them. Even them relatively rich white kids from out west figured it out,” Rock Clayton bellowed in a gruff deep voice. _Telling it like it is, folks_, a rebel tech added, most of us in agreement with both.

“Even I’m glad they did,” Gale answered. He could admittedly be bitter about the relatively better off in the districts even though he knew full well the Capitol was to blame.

“Shit, even though they were the ones to kill my girl and Pear’s boy, I know it’s really the Capitol’s fault. And hell, it usually takes folks much longer than 17 or 18 to realize the error of their ways and do something about it,” Rock declared.

“I’m not sure what him and Glim would have done if they won alone, but if it was just me and Katniss, I would’ve raised the same hell for Thresh, Rue and all the others, past, present and future,” Gale said furiously.

“I initially was just thinking about Prim,” Katniss admitted. “I was struggling to get food, clothes and shelter for us in that hellhole; Gale’s dreams of freedom were beyond the scope of my thought process. Then I decided to stay here and cause all sorts of trouble. I finally wanted to do something about our prison, free all our people from it, shoot the bastards that kept us there, and make them burn with us.”

“That’s the spirit!” Gale said to cheer his wife on before launching into a speech of his own.

“’There was no way to work within their system. They taught us to see each other different, the slightly less poor folks in another district or elsewhere in the same district. Those aren’t our real enemies – even I had to learn that. Our real enemies are the folks we couldn’t see because they were hiding in the Capitol, a handful of high officers, not the average brainwashed soldiers who number in the thousands. 77 token victors didn’t change the fundamental reality, not to mention the 1723 slaughtered in the arena and the tens of thousands who fell to the Capitol’s other abuse.”

“And if only one came back like usual, even if it was my brother, the same intolerable things may have kept happening,” Raspberry Mackey expressed in a similar tone of righteous anger. “Now, it seems that the few of us here happen to prefer lovers about as dark as ourselves,” she added. _I figured her wording was still technically accurate for couples that were both lighter. “Katniss’ momma and daddy felt different and that’s fine. Anyway, I can still recognize Glimmer and Cato make a wonderful couple. If I had that kind of life waiting for me, I would have done it too. That’s the sad thing about all this, the Capitol monsters turned all of us into monsters.”_

The cheers got louder and louder, building to a crescendo. This included background noise from the other people in their train car. _Quite rightfully so all around, I thought._

It seemed soldiers had a habit of retrieving their comrades’ corpses whenever possible. To bury dead soldiers was even more gut-wrenching than regular funerals. A young woman, last name Leeg, had fallen in Ten after her sister had died in Twelve. The urn with her ashes was placed next her twin’s in that part of the District Thirteen underground. Katniss’ contribution to the eulogy was a repetition of the last one’s last words. “She said she was dying alongside the only sisters and brothers she had left. I am proud to have been one of them.”

“Such losses are sadly necessary to win this war,” Coin said grimly to the crowd.
Raspberry Mackey and Rock Clayton were the only two of the few recent evacuees to become soldiers. As with Twelve, the evacuees who remained civilians were still making themselves useful in District Thirteen.

It was quite a challenge to feed the new influx of people, whatever work they were doing. Peeta Mellark and his family were bakers, doing what they could to help, while Katniss’ contingent continued to hunt as much as possible. I wished there was a significant body of water near District Thirteen, for reasons both practical and emotional.

Peeta, that sweet young man who had written a poem for his districtmates, continued with his propaganda work. He helped Gale with the planned speeches for propaganda broadcasts.

This one tried to knock some sense into the average Capitol resident. Although there was nothing average about their lifestyle, it was still different from Snow trying to scare people in the districts. “The money feels good, and your life you like it well. Snow and his ilk have blinded you with luxury. If you don’t open your eyes, surely your time will come, but we will welcome in peace those who mend their ways. After all, our escort, stylists and prep teams are consummate Capitolites, and look what they’ve accomplished,” went part of this missive. The District Twelve style staff had come with the tributes and mentor. After all, they had started to care about their tributes, and they had done their job too well with those chariot ride costumes.

Now the soldiers headed to District Eight. It didn’t take a genius like me to realize that this would blockade Nine much like how the liberation of Ten had cut Four off from the Capitol. The Games had given us hope. The progress of the war so far had done a great deal to validate that hope.
The District Eight battle was a disaster. There hadn’t been many so-called Peacekeepers on the ground, but apparently the Capitol had committed plenty of airpower. Those hovercrafts had been too much for rebel infantry, chasing away District Thirteen forces and leveling what had remained of the district.

Capitol propaganda seized the opportunity presented by the rebel loss. Well, you should be prepared to take advantage of your successes, I muttered to myself. Panem kept on hearing “The tide has turned against the traitors!” Snow spoke in his usual rich tone, but otherwise was sounding like a robot with very limited programming. I could tell that overall he didn’t have my mindset, but in situations like this he was being even more obsessive. After all, how to channel such obsession was often an issue.

Rebels scrambled for a countermeasure. We started with words, undoubtedly while preparing deeds. By now, it was crystal clear that the Capitol was the enemy of Panem. That had been fairly clear even before the war. However, their nature and what to do about it could be less obvious. Peeta still had eloquent words with which to polish Gale’s rage.

“They destroy whole districts!” it was said of Capitol ruthlessness, based on what they had just done to Eight and what they had supposedly done to Thirteen 74 years ago. “Such people cannot be reasoned with! We’re far past the point of continuing to accept our chains, or even having that option. The only path is to help scour that evil from our country once and for all.”

The loss had been even more traumatic for the Weavers. Alexander Weaver had died in the frantic retreat. He had likely kept it from being even worse, maybe even saving Finnick, Cato and the rest. I avoided Cecelia, to not be reminded of my already considerable fears of losing Finnick, so soon after we finally got to have each other. Even I could tell Cecelia was profoundly hurting. I didn’t want to dwell on the details. I couldn’t afford to. However, it was clear she was resolved to make the Capitol pay for it.

During the funeral, Lustre was next to Cecelia and Alexander’s oldest child. Amongst other things, this was a reminder of how young Lustre was, really. Cecelia the second was twelve, slightly less than two months away from her thirteenth birthday.

Alexander’s coffin was carried by six of his comrades. Four of them were Victors – Brutus, Gloss, Cato and Gale.

The two others walking Alexander to his grave were Lisa Paylor and Jack Barton. Lisa was a District Eight native, so this must have hit her hard, this man symbolic of the district’s loss. At thirty-two, she was already in charge of her district’s rebels, whatever precious few of them were left. Jack Barton was one of the District Twelve men.

The District Twelve woman Bridget Larkin played a nonlyrical tune as Alexander was put into the ground.
Not only had Brutus and Gloss fought alongside Alexander this time, Panem got to know some victors’ relatives. The boyfriend back home, soon to become husband, had been part of Cecelia’s angle. That wouldn’t have resonated with Cato and Gale.

Cecelia had won back when they were four. Later, Cato had been focused on his own training and Gale had been trying to distance himself from the Games as much as possible, in what little ways the Capitol allowed. You couldn’t avoid the Games and the Victory Tour. However, you could avoid Victor news, especially if gossip media was the last thing you had money or time for. Besides, Where Are They Now? and its ilk were quiet about the fate of the fucked-up Victors.

New Victors often took time to fit into the group. How well Cato and I were getting to know each other was a very welcome exception.

Nine Victors were still in Capitol custody, including one from District Nine – Harvest of the 26th Games. Snow was using this as a threat against his District and those of the other Victors. His broadcasts were known for making his opinion clear. District Thirteen would not bow to these threats, quite sensibly putting tens of thousands of people above a few individuals, but I wondered how it was affecting the people actually from those districts.

Rebel commandos moved quickly to free them before the Capitol decided to actually carry out those threats. None of the team members were Victors themselves. This made sense – the idea was to rescue Victors, not risk them. I thought this was a great idea. With Finnick right by my side running his hands through my hair, it seemed like an even better idea.

However, a few people were sent after their districtmates, though the crew included several people from other districts. Jack was in the strike force, hoping they wouldn’t be burying him anytime soon.

Madge, the daughter of the District Twelve mayor, flew in one hovercraft. Her girlfriend Anna flew in the other. This reminded me of seeing them in their uniforms together at Alexander’s funeral.

They were apparently that kind of girlfriend. More power to them. I of all people knew what love meant and how much it hurt to be denied that. I’d be at best a fool to do that to someone else. It was plenty similar enough where it counted.

Six were freed. Woof survived for now, though due to his advanced age, he had been in a sorry state even before the Capitol took him prisoner this time. His release was a patch of clear calm waters that Cecelia sorely needed right now. Seeder was nearly as old, but had aged more gracefully. I suppose that could also be said about Pine of Seven, as well as Belle and Bill from Ten.

It definitely applied to Pike! Well, with the wounds of Capitol jail still raw, he was nevertheless happy to see me and Finnick. He kissed our rings, knowing what the platinum and pearl had meant to Popeye and Olive, having been from even before their time.

This left three, who had been kept in custody and were finally executed for real. Harvest was dead
now, along with Megan and Justin of Six. They had all won in the third decade of the Games. Some victory it was, as most Victors knew. The pair of sixes had been wrecked by drugs, and in the end, they didn’t even get to die in peace.

Cato said Gale had called him Sir Fucks-A-Lot. It was funny because it was true, but I wondered what Gale had really meant by it. I couldn’t interpret such things, and I worried that the meaning was negative. Cato thought Gale meant it matter-of-factly, neither positive nor negative. Finnick was with us. “Different strokes for different folks,” he said, smiling, more deviously than usual. He barely got the line without cracking up, and we soon joined him. Well, maybe the building block was the same, but the amount, givers and recipients of those strokes certainly varied.

The other districts kept slipping out of the Capitol’s grasp. Rebels marched into many of them even without help from the unit of Victors. Four no longer orbited that cruel star of a city!

The luxury district turned out to be a minor diversion while preparing the siege in the masonry district. Its native Victors had already done much of the work to secure the territory for the rebels. Two was a hard nut to crack, as expected, but it too was freed.

Much Victor blood was shed, to say nothing of the average resident of Panem. Three of the old Careers in the first district had died in a Capitol raid that the young and middle-aged sounded lucky to avoid. Some victors had stubbornly stuck by the Capitol, a propaganda boost that Snow had desperately needed. Twelve capitol victors and two rebel arena survivors had died in the struggle for Two. It was a Cornucopia bloodbath but in a real war.

I wasn’t privy to the details of the war effort, but I could still see that it would soon be time to attack the Capitol itself.
With the Capitol assault pending, one of the new arrivals provided an interesting break in the preparations. Sapphire knew swords at least as well as Cato. She had her own; its blazing pink hand mirror hilt seemed perfect for a woman Victor. It had even been used towards the end of the District Two battle, though covered by rifle fire. She certainly had the height and strength for the big blade.

She was also of incredible beauty; while gorgeous all over, her chest islands really stood out in more ways than one. Finnick, Cato, Glimmer and I had our hands and other body parts full with just the four of us, so we didn’t really consider getting her to be the fifth. I may well be interested in other women, as her figure reminded me, but she did not share that attraction.

Exceedingly tall, long and handsome men were her specialty, bigger than Cato even. “The odds are in Still Ms Everdeen’s favor,” she said. I could tell that she totally respected Katniss’ name choice as the personal decision it was. Even I could figure out what she meant by the overall statement. She clarified anyway. “I would not mind a man like that pressing down into me…Shall I go on?”

“Please do,” I agreed eagerly. I had grown quite accustomed to such talk, and it being more than talk.

“Nothing like showing off to someone who appreciates my wonderful body as much as I love it myself,” she said dreamily.

“You’re so right,” I agreed. Finnick especially felt this way, of course, but Cato did too.

“It’s also a damn good reason to take my stupid bra off,” she vented.

“I can’t stand the things either, and I need them a lot less than you do,” I said, agreeing with this too.

“I bet those legs would feel real good wrapped around mine as he pushed into me,” she fantasized.

“His siblings call him Big Man because he’s so tall. Katniss doesn’t talk much, especially about private things, but she let on that they’re more right than they know,” I reported.

“Mmm-hmm,” Sapphire smiled.

Again I wondered what Gale would think of it. Would he have been interested in other women had Katniss approved, or did he truly have eyes only for his Catnip? Either way, I decided to pass along Sapphire’s compliments. “Gale, Sapphire basically said it’s unfortunate for her that you’re already taken,” I reported.

“Sapphire? Not surprised that I’m also popular with ladies from outside District Twelve.” Well, there’s apparently nothing wrong with Gale’s self-esteem, I observed to myself.

Cato had Glimmer and me, so he was less interested in Sapphire’s looks than most men. The two
of them had professional respect for each other’s weapons skills but with plenty of pride in their own. So Cato would be using his literal sword in a friendly duel with one of our comrades.

It wouldn’t be broadcast. It was totally voluntary and not a fight to the death, but some people might still consider it to be too similar to the Games. Also, the District Two battle hadn’t been broadcast either. The element of surprise would help with using Games weapons in a real war if the situation called for doing that again.

Their swords were the same except for Sapphire’s decorative hilt and the name *Amazon*. They wore the same style of modern armor, and the duel would end with a hit to the armor.

Once the fight began, they both swung wildly, being used to attacking unarmored targets. Also, their aggressiveness could leave them vulnerable to someone similarly well armed. Cato swung right at Sapphire, but his blade slid off the circular part of her hilt. A few minutes later, her blade connected with his left shoulder.

As part of Glimmer’s gift for working with people, she had started helping Peeta produce rebel propaganda speeches. Now both of them would be fueling Gale’s rant machine.

Thus went the last propo before the Capitol battle. “We have long since passed the point in history at which it became time to break our chains and stand by ourselves. We consider it self-evident that all people are born equal with the same rights to such things as life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Government should defend such rights, not destroy them, and ought be destroyed and replaced if it does. This ought not be done for light and transient reasons, those are to be suffered, but when a government fails as spectacularly as ours, it is our right, our duty, to abolish it. We have suffered through it for decades, for centuries, and finally realized we could take no more. We’re coming for you and you know why.”

Apparently the Glimmer-Peeta-Gale team was drawing from the past. Education was less restricted here; many people in Thirteen were aware of pre-Games history, unlike in the Capitol and the other districts. Even the snippets I knew were a rarity.

I had still recognized this one: ‘Declaration of Independence’ from nearly 700 years ago. The general principles in its preface were still relevant today, though the list of specific complaints about their government were not. That government had been based across the eastern ocean. Its former colonies had grown from some land near the coast to the new dominant power in North America and the world, a state of affairs which had persisted until the collapse. It was hard to imagine such an interconnected world today. These days, who even knew what if anything there was elsewhere in the world?

The assault on the Capitol was a week of worry. I was amongst those safe in Thirteen, but I was almost more concerned not knowing what was going on. And how fast could the Capitol hit back if the battle failed?

As with some other battles, especially District Two, the rebels had kept silent to focus on the fight, instead of broadcasting propaganda during combat itself.
The news footage really came once Snow was captured. Reaching him had meant Victor Squad got past the Capitol’s other defenses, most of the men and women in the unit, anyway. Finnick was one of the nine out of thirteen who still lived. The survivors would form a firing squad to carry out Snow’s execution. It was certainly a way to take care of that quickly. He had been convicted in his absence. The civilian casualties went even beyond Capitol law. The mayors of Ten and Eleven helped expose the abuses of Snow and others, partially to save themselves.

“For even threatening Annie,” Finnick had said as he lined up, also mentioning our fellow victors Hook and Lotus, very much alive at our wedding but killed earlier in this war. He wasn’t the only one to name Capitol victims before Lyme gave the order to fire. Snow said Coin was no better. I couldn’t imagine her being any worse. Well, one thing at a time. At least Coriolanus was finally gone.
Victory Celebration

Finnick confirmed the obvious. “He’s dead, Jo,” he told one of our comrades. That was what he called Johanna. Glimmer had picked the other half, referring to Ms. Mason as Hanna.

“About time,” Johanna replied, a popular sentiment indeed.

They made a souvenir out of the used-up ammo. Gale lifted his rifle in the air, finger off the trigger. I took this to mean there wasn’t much left to shoot at.

As victory chants echoed through the halls of District Thirteen, I didn’t have to think long or hard about how I’d celebrate; my plans involved something (or rather two somethings) that would be long and hard.

The two men I was intimately familiar with apparently had to make another stop before they came back here. The nature of that visit snapped me out of my reverie. They were at a Capitol hospital, which would naturally be quite busy right about now.

I expected to see Katniss’ mother there, but not her sister. None of us did! What in the great big ocean had she been thinking? She loved to help, but it was too dangerous, and she was too young. Her good-heartedness had become a bad thing, had backfired. Now the back of her hair and shirt had burned away.

What had the District Thirteen staff been thinking, for that matter? Someone must’ve known and allowed or even encouraged it. Even if the kid insisted, they should’ve been the responsible adults and said no.

“Catnip?” she said softly upon recognizing her big sister. Apparently her and Gale shared a nickname for one of their mutual favorite people. You really got Snow?” she went on.

“Sure did, Little Duck,” Katniss confirmed. This ward needed positivity more than ever right now, and Katniss was glad to deliver it.

“No more Games?” Prim hoped. Katniss repeated that, and the beleaguered medics and patients cheered.

Another medic joined the group at Prim’s bedside. “Soldier Hawthorne, thank you for keeping that bombing from becoming even worse,” she said to Gale. What bombing? I figured I don’t want to know but would find out soon enough anyway. Knowing things was good, and ignoring facts was bad, but there were still some things I’d rather not dwell on.

“I knew what to do because they were rebel weapons,” Gale explained. “They should have been pointed at the enemy. I couldn’t abide the murder of civilians - after all, it’s the same thing I just helped execute Snow for. Or military personnel that are my wife’s sister and my brother’s
“What the hell was Coin thinking?” Sarah wondered, a question on everyone’s minds.

“I don’t know, but we will find out. Is the little angel as bad as she looks?” Gale said with a mix of anger and worry he was quite familiar with.

“She’ll make it,” Sarah assessed. “Her momma’s a helluva burn medic, I suppose she’d have to be with those infernal mines in your district.”

“You got that right,” Gale said. He tried to be calm about it, but I still sensed anger beneath the surface. *My cynicism was good at ferreting out hidden meanings. Due to my different social aptitude, those meanings may or may not be there.* Mrs. Everdeen praised the equipment here while chastising the lack thereof in the districts, while focusing on using it on her baby girl.

“How’d Prim get out here?” Gale asked the medic. Apparently she had been near Prim in the battle or would otherwise have an idea.

“She was eager to do something,” the older medic said defensively. Apparently Prim’s file said she was born two years before she actually was. I thought about the change. Keeping the day of year the same would help keep the secret from slipping out. The year meant she was supposedly 14, legally old enough though it still seemed too young.

“I obviously wouldn’t have known. We went ahead, it was too late to turn back, and she proved as fearless and skilled as anyone else in my squad. We were with the vanguard, and Glimmer’s sister is another helluva young soldier,” Prim’s field commander said professionally.

“Miss Shinesmith made it?” Gale said. Apparently Lustre had been similarly close to the front lines.

“Yeah. Raspberry Mackey, Rock Clayton and Shine Goldman also survived,” she answered, to a populace also eager for news of other famous personnel. “I understand that those families have suffered more than enough.”

“Like most in this country in their own ways,” Gale said calmly.

Prim seemed surprisingly clear, given the pain and painkillers. “Maybe Coin was trying to blame it on Snow. Although pretty much everybody knew how bad he was, maybe she thought it would’ve finished the war quicker.”

“It was pretty much over anyway, Little Duck,” Katniss responded.

“She was trying to replace Snow, rather than free us from him. She was trying to kill people who were too smart to let her get away with that, and those Capitol kids were in the way – poor babies, they’re not so rich now.” Prim always had seemed quite smart for her age. Apparently Snow had a point about his counterpart, someone as brutally ruthless as he was.

It was good for this to get broadcast, so the information couldn’t be hidden. District Thirteen’s communications techs hadn’t tried to interfere with it like both sides had done with the others’ propos. Maybe other rebel personnel with sense were arresting Coin right now, if she
hadn’t been busted already. These charges at least merited further investigation.

Apparently she was being moved to Thirteen, along with other famous survivors of the Battle of the Capitol. Glimmer and I competed to cheer the loudest as Finnick and Cato got off of this transport. Cato literally lifted Glimmer off the ground as they embraced, which made sense for someone so strong and so horny. Finnick and I were squealing like little kids, which I supposed we still were in a way despite all the terrifyingly adult stuff we had to deal with.

Finnick and Cato both wanted their beloved wives first. After all, while sharing ourselves was exhilarating to all four of us, we did all marry the ones we had the most passion for. We paired off rather than tripled in public, as there still would be some people who didn’t understand how we all felt better together.

I didn’t want to strip until I could put on a special show for both of the amazing young men in my life. Yet I was hardly unoccupied while Cato fucked Glimmer. Now Finnick got to hear how erotic it was to hear them going at it, the very sensation that had started this all for me.

There was no reason I had to take off a stitch of clothing to take Finnick in my mouth. He gladly let me give him a demonstration. We were already both aroused by Glimmer’s moaning and Cato’s grunts, not to mention nonbiological sounds that indicated abuse of the bedframe. Finn’s salty spear was all the more delicious after I had just feared I would lose him, as had also been true some times in the past.

Cato must’ve eventually spent himself in Glimmer, as he soon appeared in our room, having draped himself in a towel for even the short walk down the hallway. He dropped that to reveal himself as gloriously undressed as my Finn was. I saw the head of Cato’s mighty cock glisten with Glimmer’s juices and the remnants of his seed.

I reminded myself that I was very capable of forming emotional bonds, although it was with the few right people. Two of them were sitting in front of me right now, and I would make them stand while they kept their firm asses on the bed.

Usually I stripped as quickly as possible so we could get to the really fun stuff. Yet I had decided to make this part of the fun stuff. Since I hadn’t really done that before, I went ahead with my best guess – to remove my clothes in the usual way, just slower.

I lifted the right side of my shirt and Finnick spaced his legs a bit further apart. I lifted the left and Cato did the same. I raised my arms and pulled at the collar. “Nothing like seeing the belly I filled,” Finnick said proudly. That felt good, unlike trying to find a sleeping position in that state.
I had picked a bra style that revealed much of the cleavage I had. Cato smiled as it came into view. He knew he was lucky to be one of the few people I wanted to share my body with.

“You sure do like nice firm tits, you stud,” I purred at him. Glimmer’s were bigger, but they were also perky instead of monstrous. *I felt he was saying that I was as beautiful as Glimmer; being reminded of how desirable I truly was really turned me on. From the gleam in his eyes, I figured he knew that full well.* The shirt left my arms and fluttered to the floor.

It was exhilarating to see those young men to get their rods out of bulging pants, or for them to show up already prepared to spear my fish, but to watch them grow hard in front of me because of what I was showing them was even more erotic. My nipples were plenty stiff too. My hand found my crotch, and judging by the deliriously desirous reactions, I should get the pants out of the way. I could have just pulled them down, but I suddenly got a better idea. I loosened them a bit and made exaggerated motions with my hips to help them fall to the floor. It was clear how much that turned all three of us on.

I threw my chest net at Cato. *To him, was it a climbing harness?* I thought with a giggle. Finnick was just as glad to catch my panties, a cue that I wanted him to take their place in front of my crotch. He wasted no time whatsoever in dropping the lace and picking up the hint. It was clear those men were in no mood to wait at this point.

Finn placed his hands on my hips, laid down on the floor, and pulled me down to straddle him. I was not at all surprised he didn’t last as long as usual this time. As soon as I stood up, Cato grabbed my waist, bent me over, and ravished my pearl from behind. I nodded yes when he said “Can we fuck like this even on days when we didn’t defeat the Capitol?”

Tomorrow was December 31st. *Or was that today already?* Either way, the rebels had fulfilled our goal of winning the war by the end of 74 ADD. Well, more than the year was new.
Epilogue I - A Very Happy Birthday

On April 24th, Finnick and I went up to District One to be ready to celebrate Glimmer's birthday the next day. Her family had a fairly clear idea of how we intended to celebrate. We didn’t need financial gifts, that was for sure. Her parents grumbled or were at least bemused about what we were giving each other. Lustre wished she could join in, but Glimmer was barely old enough, let alone her younger sister.

Glimmer was nearly nine months pregnant, even further along than I was, and yet her sexual appetite was still prodigious. One’s eighteenth of all birthdays was to be celebrated right away I suppose, especially with the kind of party we’d thought of since those nights last summer.

This was definitely the good kind of crazy, Cato must be thinking. Now that Glimmer was old enough to join our very adult version of the Career alliance, Finnick and I got to bask in her lustful glow too. Finnick knew how to appreciate a positive variety of special; I of all people would be aware of that.

I had been sandwiched between those two wonderful young men many times. Now I would get to watch while Glimmer found out just how amazing it was, just how good of a sensory overload it was on the receiving ends. She had furiously masturbated to me being filled by both Finnick and Cato. Now it was my turn to touch myself while being inspired by similar thoughts.

Cato’s clothes had long since been tossed to the bedroom floor, and as far as Glimmer and I were concerned, that’s exactly there they belonged. He made sure to show off all of his body and his impressive organ in particular as he climbed onto the bed and crawled backwards to the pile of pillows. Nothing on his incredibly muscular body jiggled, except for his several-inch cock flapping inbetween his powerful legs.

An equally naked Glimmer was crawling forwards to him. I don’t know how she managed to display much grace or any at all while moving towards a cock with her swollen breasts and downright engorged belly, but that was Glimmer for you. She flicked her tongue around her husband’s lower head before sinking the whole shaft into her mouth, for what must’ve been the millionth time.

My Finn would sink his rod into her from behind while she was occupied with the catch in front of her. As I saw him walk in, I was reminded that I never ceased to be amazed at his sculpted bronzed form and the wonderful man who I knew occupied that superb body. “Many women have gotten Finnick for their birthday, but you’re only the second one I’ve loved to give myself to,” he said before thrusting into her with a move that undoubtedly would’ve brought her legendary moaning out of an empty mouth.

For once I was the loud one, reminded of how Finnick hit all of my sweet spots with similar kinds of thrusts. I filled myself while watching my friend being filled by both our husbands. Well,
Glimmer had watched the three of us many times. She flipped over to lie down on her own bed with the intention of doing anything but sleeping. Most women would be thoroughly satiated and worn out after that many orgasms, but she was not most women – she just wanted more.

Sometimes when a man was behind a woman, it wasn’t clear whether he was in the tail or the pearl, but it was clear now as she was rubbing what must be Finn’s seed around her cunt. The tip of his cock glistened with what he hadn’t shot into her. Cato’s cum came out of her mouth, and she herself was licking up what she hadn’t swallowed.

I was even more turned on by Glim than I thought I would be, and I was used to drinking Finnick’s juices right from the source, so my body naturally gravitated towards hers. I knew how a woman wanted someone to go down on her because I was one, and Glimmer sure knew how to appreciate it, thrusting her crotch back up in my face. I found the mix of Finn’s and Glim’s essences intoxicating.

It must’ve stoked Cato’s arousal too, I thought as I heard heavy footsteps behind me at the front of the bed. I knew without taking my head away from between Glimmer’s thighs that he was rock-hard again already. I shook my thighs at him and as he slammed into me I felt my crotch filled with a raw fire that only he could light, as amazing as Finnick was with smoldering desire.

Now she would eat her husband out of me while being filled by mine. After we somehow managed to rotate, I learned that oh yes, Glim could take care of a fellow woman too. I looked up at Finnick as I had many times and we both loved having Glimmer inbetween us this time.

Now Glimmer wanted to be alone with me, and I wanted her to unwrap her present very carefully. She looked glamorous even now, while I simply had a cloth draped over my bulging belly. Yet even I could tell she thought my body was as beautiful as hers.

She gladly helped me out of my bra. “Still plenty of time for a lover to focus on these instead of a baby,” she said. And could she ever focus on them! While she was sucking greedily on one, I shoved the other in her face, and she gladly switched, being as eager to share her mouth as I was with my chest. Her hands were hardly idle either, nimble fingers digging a pearl out of my oyster.

That just made me want to go fishing too, and while Glimmer was no body of water, she was definitely wet enough.

Now I wanted all four of us to be having sex at the same time, and the other three were also tantalized by that as yet unperformed combination.

Cato roughly put his powerful hands on one of my breasts, and when I hefted my left out of its bra cup, his taste devoured it as forcefully as his touch. Finnick didn’t think that would be
the right way to treat my right, and I was glad to have him demonstrate that for Cato at the same
time. Glimmer thought I should be even more overwhelmed, maybe because she wanted to be the
next to ride a triple wave. She wasted just as little time in making sure my clam also had a tongue
pleasing it.

Whichever one of us was lying underneath the three others, the two men and the other
woman took turns pleasing the clam while the remaining two each attend to a chest island. It was
the first time either of the men had taken me or Glimmer while our cunts were lubricated with the
other man’s seed. The two exploring the islands were of course angled away from the chest to
protect the baby inside the belly, and that V created some O’s.

The beds in Victors Village houses were more than enough for four people, and as Glimmer was
nestled between the two most handsome men in the country, she agreed that she was indeed
having a very happy birthday. The feast of food seemed rather mundane compared to the one we
had made, and would make, out of each others’ bodies.
Epilogue II - Two Tadpoles

A double birthday was coming up for two of the other participants in our triple wedding. Glimmer and I both had rapidly approaching due dates; they had converged despite the conceptions being three or four weeks apart. So there may well be a double birth soon as well, but we still traveled to District Twelve for Katniss’ 17th and Cato’s 19th.

Actually, that was part of the reason why we traveled. Glimmer and I had both decided to have Ingrid and Prim with us if possible. Also, Glimmer and I wanted to be together, and this was one option besides trying to pick one of our districts. Our parents followed us to meet their grandchildren as soon as possible, and we were also joined by some of our other relatives. Yet they were still coming to grips with the fact that in a way we were closer to other tributes or soldiers.

None other than James Morgan was on the train to Twelve with us. As a Peacekeeper doctor assigned to tribute physicals, he had been the first to notice Glimmer’s pregnancy. Her and Cato’s child was hardly the only thing that made those fateful Games what they were, but it certainly had been an important factor. He held the rank of Captain before he defected from the Peacekeepers to the rebels. Now he was a Major, recently assigned to District Twelve’s garrison.

He also recognized the significance of the coincidence. For now, he went right to the hospital. So did Glimmer and I, running even closer than we had initially thought. Even feeling very infrequent contractions, it was time to get ready. However, since those could be agonizing hours of unknown duration, our friends and family would wait before coming to our side.

The hospital seemed about as good as the ones we knew in the Career districts. Too long in coming, but it was here now, I thought. Improving the facilities of the poorer districts was a major priority of the new government, after all.

The Everdeen women were soon summoned, our husbands and friends right behind them. Glimmer and I really hoped our babies wouldn’t be too far behind them.

The moment meant what it should to Cato; by the standards of District Two men he was having a full on emotional breakdown. “Best … birthday … ever,” he kept repeating in some form or another.

Nevertheless, I was so glad Finnick felt so much freer to be expressive. “Nothing would be as sweet as our little baby boy,” Finnick offered as he squeezed my left hand while Mrs. Everdeen pushed another syringe into my right arm.

However, I still screamed “Sweet sweet morphling!”
Our son entered the world only a few minutes after Glimmer and Cato’s daughter. Nothing had physically hurt so much as pushing him out; nothing had felt so good as having him pressed up against my skin. I had been told it would be like this.

“I love you already,” Finnick said, crying near as much as his son as I lifted the baby up towards his father. Katniss was the first to hold little Finnick after his parents, in order to get a picture of the four May 8th birthdays together. The newborns, Gemstone Cashmere Adams as hale and hearty as Finnick Odair the second, were the first of the postwar baby wave.

This was the first photo of our new babies, and held by some of the nation’s recent heroes too! I was in the background by this point, along with Finnick and Glimmer. As Cato handed his daughter back to her mother he said “I see how happy my jewel is to have her own little girl, and I’m even more in love, if that was possible.”

Undoubtedly there had been some conceptions during victory celebrations. More than that, many more people were now willing and able to raise children with the end of Capitol meddling. Why, new president Lisa Paylor was three months along. It had become an organized effort by that point. Snow’s daughter Livia, now using her murdered husband’s name Feldspar, and District Thirteen war widow Venus Tredecim were also amongst the single women having children by artificial insemination.

A courier arrived. “Uh, it’s for all four of you,” he said to the new parents.

Finnick took the envelope, opened it, and started to read the note aloud. “To Finnick Odair 65, Anemone Cresta Odair 70, Cato Adams 74 and Glimmer Rose Shinesmith Adams 74,” it began. Victors were often referred to by the year of their Games, after all. “We too know what it’s like to bring life into the world after taking life out of it. Congratulations, from your fellow victors with children. Sincerely…”

At this point Finnick stopped and passed it around. The message had been typed, but their signatures and the names of their children were in beautiful handwriting. Facet Goldman 18 was first. He had one son, though Chrome Goldman 44 had died in the Battle of the Capitol.

Chrome’s children Gloss and Cashmere had continued the family tradition of surviving the arena, of course. Chrome’s other child, a young man named Shine, would have been full age for the 75th Games, and had seemed so inclined. Gloss was also one of the casualties of last December, though Cashmere and Shine still lived.

Cecelia Weaver had made it out only fourteen years ago. As such, her daughters Cecelia II, Taylor and Stitch would have been too young to think about volunteering, even if they had lived in a Career district. Saving those at Reaping age and below felt like one of the greatest accomplishments of the rebellion.
The Weavers had returned to the ruins of Eight, symbols of an attempt to rebuild the district. They and a few other survivors decided not to move somewhere else. However, Alexander Weaver remained in the District Thirteen graveyard.

I was sadly unsurprised there were so few of them; The Capitol had stolen so much from its victors and the victors heeded such threats. Now that was buried in the past forever. It was a reminder that these babies stood for even more than the bundles of joy they were.

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