lover, hold me
by wildandwhirlingwords

Summary

The first time they made love was the night before she entered the Arena - a Finnick/Annie drabble. I do not own anything within, all of that belongs to Suzanne Collins.

lover, hold me

The first time they made love was the night before she entered the Arena.

The curtains of his room in the Capitol were left undrawn and the lights of the city glimmered different colours far beneath them. For all the bloody days to come, it was a night of almost perfect peace for their kisses were slow and sweet and the surety of his embrace made her feel safe but the promise of dawn lingered threateningly overhead and the urgency to their coupling was never lost: how much time do we have left?

And as they lay, side by side, sated and drifting to sleep, they’d remained tangled in one another’s arms, reluctant to relinquish that comfort until the light of the morning decreed it.

There’d been silence save for the patterns of their breath slowing to sleep, no words needed, when she’d looked up at him with those green, green eyes of hers half closed and whispered, “Do I have to tell you a secret too?” and he’d laughed softly, leaning on his side to trail two fingers down her cheek, taking in the sight of her with her dark hair splayed over the pillows like seaweed and those eyes fixed on his.

“How much time do we have left?”

“Not tonight, tonight it’s my turn…” and he’d leaned in, his lips pressed to the shell of her ear and she’d smiled, he could feel her lips curve against his cheek as he whispered the most intimate of secrecies: “Annie Cresta, I think I love you.”
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