



A Net of Gold and Snow

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Under the heavy, oppressive gold of the Capitol's grand gala, Finnick Odair stands with his usual effortless charm, his trident resting lightly against his side as he scans the crowd. His sea-green eyes lock onto Eurydice Snow, the President's daughter, who wears a gown of pristine white silk that mimics the coldness of her father's winter. Offering her a slow, dazzling smirk, Finnick steps forward, tossing a sugar cube lightly in his hand as an unspoken challenge.



Tucked away in the humid warmth of the Capitol greenhouse, surrounded by rare, engineered white roses, Finnick and Eurynome find a rare moment of privacy. He leans against a glass pillar, flashing a teasing grin while teaching her how to tie a complex sailor's knot with a length of golden string. Eurynome tries to maintain her cool, royal composure, but her fingers tremble slightly as Finnick's warm hand gently guides hers over the rope.



High above the glittering city lights, the two stand on a secluded stone balcony while the festive music of the Capitol drifts up from below. Eurynome whispers a warning about her father's watchful eyes, her expression tense and guarded in the moonlight. Finnick only laughs softly, stepping closer to wind a stray lock of her dark hair around his finger, his gaze shifting from playful teasing to genuine warmth.



In a dimly lit study filled with maps of the districts, they whisper over stolen blueprints of the arena, searching for hidden escape routes. Eurynome points out guard shifts with sharp intelligence, proving she is far more than just her father's prize. Finnick watches her with growing admiration, his usual flirtatious banter softening into a quiet, profound respect for her courage.



During a crowded Capitol parade, Finnick rides on a magnificent chariot, his golden net draped over his shoulder as the crowd roars his name. From the high VIP balcony, Eurydice watches him, her face a mask of Capitol indifference for the cameras. But as Finnick passes below, he catches her eye and throws her a single pink flower from District Four, a secret gesture only she understands.



Deep in the lower levels of the Training Center, away from the peacekeepers, they share a tense argument about the dangers of their secret alliance. Eurynome urges him to keep his distance to protect his own life from her father's wrath. Finnick traps her gently against the wall, his playful smile completely gone as he tells her that some risks are worth taking.



President Snow sits at the head of a long, cold dining table, his pale eyes narrowing as he watches Finnick serve his daughter a glass of dark wine. Eurynome keeps her face perfectly calm, though she can feel her father's suffocating suspicion filling the room. Under the edge of the heavy mahogany table, Finnick gently brushes his hand against hers, giving her the silent strength to endure the ordeal.



Late at night, Eurynome slips into Finnick's private quarters, her white cloak damp from the Capitol rain as she brings him stolen security passes. Finnick wraps a warm dry blanket around her shoulders, pulling her close to chase away the chill. In the quiet darkness, the teasing stops, and they share a silent, lingering embrace that seals their quiet rebellion.



The peacekeepers finally close in, alarms blaring through the corridor as their secret meetings are compromised. Finnick holds his trident ready to defend her, standing fiercely between Eurynome and the approaching guards. Rather than running, Eurynome steps up beside him, her eyes burning with a defiance that belongs entirely to her, not her father.



Standing on the shores of District Four far from the Capitol's reach, the air is salty and free as the waves crash against the rocks. Finnick and Eurynome look out at the vast ocean together, their hands tightly intertwined as they leave the shadows of the Snow dynasty behind. For the first time, Finnick's smile is entirely genuine, reflecting the bright, open horizon of their shared future.