"Let's keep our daddy issues out of work," said Even.
"Excuse me?!!"

Or: The one in which Isak and Even are interns who got off the wrong foot and don't like each other at all (except that they do).
Aka the HateToLove!AU many of you asked for.

I've been promising a Hate To Love AU for ages. So here we go. I hope you guys like the 1st chapter <3333
Warning: CRACK! Lots of mentions to the show and 4th Wall breaking.
Thank you guys so much for your support<333)
Isak was sitting at the cafeteria during lunch break with Jakob and Lynn, drawing small circles with his index finger on the lid of the water bottle sitting in front of him.

“We could ask Mari? She’s really nice,” said Lynn.

“We don’t need nice, Lynn. We need fierce. We need ruthless! We need someone hot and charismatic,” said Jakob.

Isak rubbed his eyes and sank further into his chair. *Who gives a shit.*


“Uh. Yeah, André’s cool. Whatever,” Isak shrugged.

“What?! André is a fucking know-it-all! He’ll cost us this whole project with that big ego of his. Isak, are you even paying attention?” said Jakob.

*Not really, no.*

“I don’t really care who you guys pick, honestly,” said Isak.

And he meant it. Isak couldn’t care less who the fourth member of their intern team was going to be.

“What about the tall guy, the blond one?” said Lynn.

Isak suddenly sat up.

“Oh, you mean the summer host dude?” said Jakob. “You guys are friends. Right, Isak? Although the other day during the sync-up—”

“Fuck no!” Isak interrupted.

“ Fuck no you’re not friends, or fuck no you don’t want him on our team?” said Jakob.

“Fuck no to both,” said Isak.

“Why don’t you want him on our team? I heard Even’s really good at what he does,” said Lynn.

“Even!” Jakob snapped his fingers. “Yes, that’s his name! Even Bech something.”


“Yeah, there’s no fucking way I’m working with that guy!” said Isak.

“Why?”

*Because fuck him. That’s why.*

---

**One week earlier**
Isak woke up twenty three minutes before his alarm. His stomach was in knots and his thoughts in a jumble.

_Day one. Fuck._

He stumbled out of his room with his eyes half-shut, already dreading the morning small talk.

“Good morning, Roomie!” said a loud and cheerful Eva. “Ready for day one?”

“Piss off, Eva.”

“Good morning to me, too. I guess.”

Isak washed up, stared at his reflection in the mirror for a good thirty seconds, then made his way back to the kitchen.

Eva was sitting at the table, looking like she was ready to walk out of the front door. She even had makeup on.

“Jesus, when did you wake up?” said Isak.

“Like two hours ago?” said Eva, not looking up from her phone. “It might take you two seconds to get ready because you don’t care about your looks, but I do!”

“Excuse me!” Isak scoffed.

“Whatever. I’m leaving in three minutes. I can’t be late on my first day. Want me to wait for you?”

“Eva, I’m still in my fucking shorts and I haven’t had breakfast yet,” said Isak.

“So grumpy! Ugh. Fine. I’m leaving!” Eva threw a bag over her shoulder, and headed for the front door. “And don’t wallow when they fire you for being late on the first day!”

Isak rolled his eyes.

_Pfft. So dramatic._

He had just opened the crappy instant coffee container when he heard Eva’s fast footsteps approaching.

“Forgot something?” he asked without turning around.

But then Eva’s fingers curled around his jaw with and her lips were suddenly on his cheek.

“The fuck??”

“It’s for good luck! Oh, and I made you lunch. It’s on the counter over there! Bye! You got this, Isak!”

Eva ran out of the apartment and Isak waited to hear the elevator door close to smile.

_You got this, too, Eva._

Summer was around the corner and Isak had managed to do the unimaginable: score an actual internship.
“No way!” said Magnus. “You! An internship? What the hell? How? You’re like the laziest guy I know.”

“Shut up, Mags!” said Isak.

“Oh, wait until he tells where his internship is,” said Jonas.

“Huh where?” Magnus brows furrowed.

“Fucking NRK? Are you shitting me? Do they even offer internships? What? How?”

Most people he knew from university were either traveling, taking summer classes, or working in retail or at a restaurant. Eva, however, had also managed to get an internship through her mother’s connections.

Isak knew that she felt bad about it. He was aware that some people thought she hadn’t worked hard enough for it, and that it had been handed to her on a silver platter. But Isak also knew how little she had slept for an entire month preparing for interviews.

So when a bunch of obnoxious kids from Eva’s program started bringing it up sarcastically at this stupid party Vilde had manipulated him into attending, Isak couldn’t help but call them out. Eva became even kinder to him after that night. She made sure he ate regularly and even did his laundry sometimes. She also guilt-tripped him into visiting his mother and offered to go with him.

Isak never really planned on becoming Eva’s roommate. They simply ended up at the same open house at the exact same time, after which Eva harassed him for days until he accepted. They had a third roommate, Nils, who mostly kept to himself. It was good. Things were good.

Isak nearly fell asleep on the bus.

Pull yourself together. Dammit.

He was nervous but excited at the same time. He had no idea how the day would play out. He had no idea how he’d be feeling during his commute back home at the end of the day. It was both terrifying and exhilarating.

Isak arrived at Marienlyst ten minutes before orientation and made his way to the building from his e-mail.

So far, so good.

There were people around his age waiting by the lobby already, and Isak guessed that they were the other interns. He quickly made his way to an empty spot and stood there awkwardly while avoiding making eye contact.

Things went rather smoothly, and he managed to stay awake through the generic orientation presentations. He suddenly felt stupid for staying up until two in the morning the previous night. But some habits died hard.

By noon, he had met random interns and he already knew a few of them by name. Jakob, the guy
who sat to Isak’s right during the powerpoint rundown was particularly outgoing, and it only took him an hour to establish a house name.

Isak was almost relieved that he ended up sitting next to him because people were now approaching him without him having to make an effort.

*Well that was easy. At least I won’t be a loner this summer.*

“So, anyone catch your eye, yet?” said Jakob.

“What do you mean?” said Isak.

“You know. Girls. Or boys. I don’t judge. Anyone you wanna bang?”

*What the fuck.*

Isak looked at him for a moment.

“I’m not here for that,” he said.

Jakob broke into a huge grin then tapped him on the shoulder.

“Fuck yes! That’s the spirit! Literally every guy I asked replied with something like ‘yeah I’d tap that’. I like you, Isak!” said Jakob.

“You’re testing people?”

“Well, I’m here to eventually get a full-time offer. I need to know who’s a waste of my time and who I can actually work with.”

*Cool.*

Isak liked Jakob.

.

Isak was having lunch with Jakob and five other people in the cafeteria when he first saw him.

Him. A ridiculously tall blond wearing a denim jacket, a white shirt, and dark pants. Ray bans were sitting on top of his perfect hair, and his long legs were propped on one of the tables.

He was smiling at someone, and his face was perfect, *perfect.* Isak nearly choked on his bread.

He kept staring until the boy’s eyes locked with his.

*Shit.*

Isak quickly looked away and laughed along with the other people around the table at some joke he hadn’t even heard.

.

By two in the afternoon, Isak had found his desk and gotten introduced to his team.

He spent a couple of hours resetting his password, making sure his voicemail worked, checking how the e-mail system worked, reading the materials his mentor had handed him, and simply clicking around on the computer.
Around four in the afternoon, he decided to take a well-deserved break.

Isak spent fifteen minutes on the toilet seat checking his phone, answering texts, and Facebook messages.

When he finally left the stall to wash his hands, there were no more paper towels in the dispenser. He was looking around for something to wipe his hands with when someone spoke behind him.

“Here,” said the boy from the cafeteria, handing him what looked like used paper towels. “My bad. I panicked and took all of them out.”

His voice was so deep. Isak was taken aback.

“What?”

The boy smiled, then fished for something in the pockets of his denim jacket. A joint.

*What the fuck.*

“You coming?” said the boy.

“I imagined getting fired at some point this summer but not over smoking a joint at work,” said Isak. They were sitting on a bench outside, three buildings away from the main one, and the boy kept smiling at his lame jokes. Isak felt like punching something whenever the boy’s eyes crinkled.

“Relax. I don’t think NRK would mind. You know with its values being ‘openness, courage, and credibility’” said the boy. “We’re being very open and courageous right now.”

“The hell! Did you memorize the NRK values?” Isak scoffed. “I don’t know, but I’m pretty sure that doing drugs in the workplace is a big no.”

“Well if that’s the case, they never mentioned it in the thirty eight powerpoint presentations we had to sit through today.”

“You were in orientation? You’re an intern?” said Isak.

“Yeah. Sort of. Summer Host.”

“Oh wow, so like you’re a public face? You’re on radio or TV?” said Isak.

“Radio, but you can see my face on the website. What about you?”

“Uh, I’m in IT,” said Isak.

“Really? So you’re a programmer? Wouldn’t have guessed that,” said the boy.

“Uh, yeah I mean I’m in the Bioscience program at uni, but I can code so I thought what the hell,” said Isak. “What would you have guessed?”

“Uhm. TV or something where people would see your face,” said the boy.
“Huh, my face? Why?”

The boy turned his head to look at Isak, and he could almost feel his eyes burning through his skin.

“Cause it’s cute as fuck.”

Isak’s eyes widened a bit, and he was suddenly having a hard time maintaining his cool ‘bro’ act. He nearly choked with the joint sitting between his lips.

The boy laughed.

“You okay?” he asked with a grin.

“Yeah, yeah. Took a long drag.”

“You know you’re supposed to take drags and not suck on the joint, right?”

“Oh piss off! I did not do that,” said Isak. He was flustered and the boy was having a blast.

He laughed and Isak felt it reverberate through his chest.

Shit. You are not here for this shit.

“Isak!” Jakob’s voice suddenly popped out of nowhere. “What are you doing here?!?”

Fuck fuck fuck.

He quickly threw the joint on the ground, hopped off the bench, and stepped on it.

“Uh, hey man! Just taking a break,” said Isak, very awkwardly.

“I see that you’ve made a friend,” said Jakob, looking at the boy who was still propped on the bench.

“Uh yeah, uh, this is, uh-”

“Even,” said the blond boy while extending his hand to Jakob. “Summer Host. Nice to meet you.”

The two boys shook hands while Isak carved his name into his brain, Even.

“Wait, were you guys fucking smoking weed?!”

Isak was standing by the bus stop when Even joined him.

“We meet again,” he said.

“We do.”

“Going home?”

“Yeah.”

Even stood too close to him on the bus and kept staring and smiling. Isak was way too flustered.

Control yourself.
Looking back at all the scenarios he had thought of on his way to work that morning, this hadn’t even crossed his mind.

“This is my stop. Bye,” said Isak.

“We should do this more often,” said Even, smiling.

“Uh, yeah,” Isak smiled but it was too awkward. “See you.”

“Oh, you’ll see me. Trust me.”

“Why are you smiling to yourself? What the hell happened at NRK?” said Eva on the other end of the couch.

“Piss off,” said Isak.

“Is your manager hot? Is that what this is about?”

“I’m going to my room.”

“Come on! Tell me things. Why don’t you tell me anything.”

Isak sat on his bed and looked for ‘Even’ on Facebook and LinkedIn. He then felt stupid and quickly closed his laptop.

What the fuck.

Isak was walking by the pantry to get coffee the next morning when he heard his voice.

“Let me guess. You don’t check your LinkedIn messages,” said Even, smiling.

“I can’t believe you messaged me on LinkedIn,” said Isak, smiling right back. “Like who are you?”
“By the way, I hope you know that LinkedIn tells you who’s looking at your profile. Just some advice for your future stalking activities,” said Even.

“Excuse me! I was just trying to get a feel of the competition. I looked up the entire intern class,” said Isak.

Even walked a bit closer and Isak felt himself getting flustered.

“Ouch. I thought I was special,” said Even.

*Is this guy flirting with me, what the hell.*

“Yeah sorry,” Isak mumbled. “I have to go. I’m late.”

Isak grabbed his coffee from the counter and was about to walk away when Even stopped him.

“Hey, wait.”

“Hm?”

“Wanna grab lunch with me today?” said Even.

“Uh, yeah sure, bro.”

*Bro? Bro?*

“Forget it if you’re gonna call me that though,” said Even.

“Huh?”

“I’ll stop by your desk at noon,” said Even before brushing past him.

“You don’t even know where my desk is.”

Even turned around and smiled.

“Oh, I do, Isak. I do.”

.

Isak was trying to concentrate on setting up his environment and getting Visual Studio to compile, but all he could think about was his lunch date with Even.

*It’s not a fucking lunch date. You’re not here for this shit.*

Around 11:47, Jakob stopped by his desk.


*Ugh. Fuck.*

“Uh. I kind of have plans,” said Isak.

“What? It’s day 2 and you already have someone to eat lunch with? I’m impressed.”

“It’s not a big deal. Besides, I’m still working on some stuff right now.”
“It’s cool. I had to step away from my desk. My team is working on a piece on mental illness, so I spent the morning reading about stuff. My head feels like it’s going to explode,” said Jakob.

Isak couldn’t help but flinch upon hearing the words ‘mental illness’.

“Oh cool,” said Isak.

“Bro, that stuff is intense. Like my mentor, she’s been interviewing people who take care of mentally ill people like you know husbands and wives who look after their significant other. And I actually cried watching the unedited version. And I never cry!” Jakob rambled.

“Sounds interesting,” said Isak.

“Why are you being skeptical?”

“I’m not. I just have a bit of an opinion on this stuff,” said Isak.

“What do you mean?”

“I don’t know. But I don’t mess with that. I know interviews are inspiring and stuff. But honestly, don’t get involved with mentally ill people if you have a choice. If you care about yourself at all, you’ll run in the other direction,” said Isak.

“That’s kind of fucked up, Isak,” said Jakob. “Why would you say that?”

“Well let’s say I have first hand experience with that stuff.”

“What kind? Wait, were you in a relationship with a mentally ill person?” Jakob was now sitting on Isak’s desk.

“No. But my dad was,” said Isak.


“Ugh, no. I mean my mom.”

“What about your mom?”

“She’s fucked up,” said Isak. “And she basically ruined everything in my family.”

*Why am I telling this dude my life story.*

.

Even never showed up to his desk, and Isak was only pissed for about forty five minutes before giving up and eating lunch in front of his computer screen.

.

Isak didn’t hear from Even for a couple of days, and he eventually started thinking that he got caught smoking weed and got fired.

But then he heard some girls talking about him, so he figured that the taller boy had simply lost interest or was bored of making Isak squirm.

*Whatever. Asshole.*
The interns were gathered in one of the big rooms for a sync-up with one of the coordinators on Friday, and Isak couldn’t help but glance at Even who never looked in his direction. Not even once.

_Whatever. Forget it._

“So how was your first week, guys? What’s everybody working on?”

They went around the room and everybody said a few words about their first assignment.

“Isak, your turn.”

“Uhm. I’m working on geoblocking this show on one of the p3 websites,” said Isak.

“Oh, which show?” said Lynn.

“Uh. SKAM,” said Isak.

“Oh, are people still tuning in from all over the world?” said some guy.

“Yeah, it’s fucking hell. They keep finding ways to watch it and download the videos,” said Isak. “And next week, I’ll work on a tech doc to determine all the VPN stuff people use to access our domain.”

They quickly moved on to other people. And when they got to Even, Isak couldn’t help but stare and pine. He was supposed to ignore him and resent him for standing him up without ever explaining why. But he couldn't.

Even had his very own radio segment in the evening. And everyone around the room wanted to hear his playlist, and come to one of his shows, and visit the studios, and just be his friend overall.

_Same._

Of course, Jakob talked for ten minutes about his project.

“So yeah, my team is doing a segment on mental illness. If you guys could point me to anything I’d really appreciate it,” said Jakob.

“I can help out,” said Even. “We can sit down later or Monday morning if you want.”

_Huh._

“Oh, sure, bro. Thanks! That would be cool,” said Jakob. “I hope you’re not weird about mental illness like Isak.”

“Hey, why are you bringing me into this!” Isak groaned.

“Because you’re an insensitive dick, man!”

“Why does me saying I don’t want mentally ill people fucking up my life make me a dick?!” said Isak. “Like what the fuck?”

“Oh, sure, bro. Thanks! That would be cool,” said Jakob. “I hope you’re not weird about mental illness like Isak.”

“Hey, why are you bringing me into this!” Isak groaned.

“Because you’re an insensitive dick, man!”

“Why does me saying I don’t want mentally ill people fucking up my life make me a dick?!” said Isak. “Like what the fuck?”

Okay, let’s bring the conversation back to the main topic,“ said the nervous coordinator who
couldn’t have been more than two years older than Isak.

“Yeah, let’s keep our daddy issues out of work,” said Even.

Daddy issues? What the fuck?

“Excuse me?” said Isak, his cheeks now properly flushed.

“You heard me,” said Even. His eyes all but boring into Isak’s.

Oh, you’re looking at me now?

“Dude, you don’t even know me!” said Isak, feeling slightly embarrassed for getting worked up in front of the entire intern class.

“Oh, I do, Isak. Trust me.”

.

Isak was fuming. He was angry and agitated and could barely concentrate on work after the meeting. His hands stayed curled into fists until he left for his bus.

He was so angry that he didn’t have dinner.

“What’s wrong? Is the SKAM project driving you nuts?” said Eva.

“No! Piss off!”

“You can talk to me, Isak. I hope you know that.”

.

“What? What the hell, what a dick!” said Eva.

“Yeah. I’m guessing he heard me talk about my parents with Jakob,” said Isak.

“What the fuck? That’s just so mean. You don’t say shit like that in front of everyone.”

I know.

So when Isak got a LinkedIn notification a few minutes later, he furiously typed out a reply.

.

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**Even Bech Næsheim**

*Today*

Hey. Sorry about being a dick in the room earlier. Got carried away. Didn’t mean the thing about daddy issues

19:32

**go fuck yourself**

19:35
LOL.
Okay I feel like I have some explaining to do but once again it's 2AM. This is basically the "In another universe, SKAM was never about the squad we know and love. So they're just regular people living their lives in Oslo and working at NRK" AU. Expect more weirdness tbh. I can't stop.
*hides from flying objects*
I'm sorry if this doesn't apply to NRK at all. I'm basing this off of my own internship experience, so please feel free to tell me if something is completely false/ridiculous. Oh yeah, Isak being the developer for the geoblocking. lol you're welcome.
I really wanted it to make sense why they dislike each other, and I didn't want Isak to hate Even just because he's hot.
I hope you liked this. Please let me know what you thought LOL.
Chapter Summary

"You ignore me. I ignore you right back."

Chapter Notes

Hiii guys <33 So glad you guys are liking this new verse. Expect lots of cute things HAHA. Bear with me as I shove all my favorite rom-com tropes into this (before it gets painful obv) love you guys <333333

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Oh my god! Did you really tell him to go fuck himself on LinkedIn?!” said Eva, a wine glass pressed against her bottom lip.

“Well shut up! I’m not fighting him. I just. I don’t know. I saw his message and I didn’t think.”

“Woa, whatever happened to not being a fan of confrontation huh? This is the second time you fight someone in like a month,” said Eva.

“Yeah, I don’t give a shit,” said Isak.

Except that he did. He really hoped Even wouldn’t tell other people that he lashed out on freaking LinkedIn.

Saturday flew by. And before he knew it, Isak was at some party with Mahdi, Mahdi’s girlfriend, and Jonas.

It didn’t take him long to get drunk. He was sloppy and at the oversharing stage of a night out.

“Still a lightweight, I see,” said a familiar voice behind him.

Erik.

“Hey!” said Isak in a high pitched voice he didn’t even recognize. “What are you doing here?”
“What do you mean?! I wasn’t going to miss my own girlfriend’s going away party,” said Erik.

_Fuck you. Fuck you, you fucking fuck._

“Oh, yeah of course,” said Isak.

“Let me guess. You didn’t know whose party this was.” Erik smiled and Isak wanted to punch him.

“Yes, well you know me. Professional party crasher,” Isak joked.

Erik laughed, and he suddenly hated himself for not shoving him. He wanted to. He really wanted to.

“You’re still funny, too,” said Erik, his hand reaching out to touch Isak’s hair.

Isak slapped his hand away.

“What the fuck do you think you’re doing?!” Isak’s eyes were wide.

“Uhm. Sorry. Old habits die hard.”

“What?! Are you fucking kidding me?!” Isak was probably yelling now.

The rest was a blur but Jonas had somehow managed to get him out of the house.

“The balls this guy has! Wow! What a fucking asshole!” said Jonas.

“It’s his girlfriend’s party,” Isak mumbled, his head wobbling between his knees where he was sitting on the pavement.

“I just found out. Sorry, bro,” said Isak.

“Not your fault.”

_Erik wasn’t very handsome, but he was funny and charming and smart. He was also the first guy to get on his knees in front of Isak, the first guy to lick into his mouth, the first guy to press him against a wall, and the first guy to break his heart and treat him like dirt._

_Erik was a year older and also in the Bioscience program. He had a girlfriend but he kept coming back for more. He would text Isak every few months until he responded._

_It’s just sex, Isak told himself countless times. But it wasn’t. Not to him at least. It wasn’t._

_Being a dirty little secret was fun for a few weeks until it wasn’t. He hated that Erik didn’t even have his number saved on his phone. He hated that he promised and promised and promised but never broke up with her._

_Isak eventually told Jonas and broke it off. He blocked his number and moved on. It was hard the first few times but it got easier._

_He focused on his classes and on finding an internship, as there was no way he was spending his summer in the lab. Not when Erik was almost permanently working there._

_It worked out. Isak got an internship as a developer at NRK, and Erik never crossed his mind anymore. However, he still felt like a deer caught in headlights whenever he saw him. He couldn’t_
help but panic and feel awful and do the most random things.

“I’m gonna go,” said Isak. “You don’t have to leave the party, too. I’m fine, don’t worry.”

“You sure, man?” said Jonas.

“Yeah. Thanks for having my back earlier.”

“Always.”

Jonas was Isak’s best friend in the world. He was also the only person Isak had ever come out to.

Isak made it to the corner of the street when he realized he left his phone behind. *Fuck.* He went back in with his head hanging low, and headed straight to the bathroom where he suspected he had left it.

He opened the door and looked around.

“Shit. Where is it,” Isak mumbled to himself.

“Looking for this?” said a deep voice that felt like the second slap of the night behind him.

*Even.*

The tall boy was lying in the bathtub which barely fit his legs, with an open book in his left hand and a phone in his right.

“What the hell are you doing?” said Isak.

He was too drunk and emotionally drained for this.

“Fucking myself,” said Even.

“What?!”

“You told me to go fuck myself, right? Or was it just ‘fuck you’? I can’t remember,” said Even.

“Whatever. Can I have my phone now?” said Isak.

“How do I know it’s your phone?”

“Are you fucking with me right now?”

“Yes.”

“I don’t have time for this shit, Even.”

Even sat up in the bathtub, put his book down, then handed Isak his phone while still holding onto it.

“Let go,” said Isak.

“You look sad. What happened?”
“None of your business.”

“That’s not nice.”

“Yeah well, I never said I was nice,” said Isak before snatching his phone away from Even’s fingers.

Isak was about to leave the bathroom when Even spoke again.

“Yeah, come to think of it, you’re kind of cruel,” he said.

_Wow._


_Cruel? Cruel!?_

Isak couldn’t get over it. If anyone was cruel it was Even, not him.

It was Monday already. Isak was on the bus shuffling through his playlist when he saw Even.

_Fuck me. Since when does he take this bus?_

The good thing was that Even never looked in his direction either.

_Every team needs to have exactly four members. There are 16 of you, so it’s up to you to figure it out. We want diversity in each team in terms of skills. You cannot have more than two people from the same department in a team. We need a list of all teams by Wednesday,” said Anne, the coordinator.

Isak rolled his eyes throughout the entire meeting.

_I didn’t sign up for this._

Every team was supposed to come up with original content and present it at the end of the internship. There were no rules for the content. It could be a video, a song, a documentary, a short movie, a written piece, a website, or anything really.

Isak hated the uncertainty. He needed rules. He liked rules.

“So no to Even Bech Næsheim?” said Lynn.

“Yeah no,” said Isak. “Unless you want to go look for another developer for your team.”

“Bummer,” said Jakob. “I’m supposed to meet him in the afternoon to talk about my mental illness piece. I’m glad I know his full name now. Would have been awkward.”

_Whatever._

_Jakob added you to ‘NRK Interns 2019’_
NRK Interns 2019

Jakob: Hey guys. I decided to create a group so we could talk about events and coordinate lunch and stuff

Sara: Good idea

Jakob: Also can people who don’t have a team yet say it here in the chat? We’re looking for a fourth member.

David: I’m available!

Jakob: We’re in the same department

David: So what? She said no more than 2. We can still be on the same team

Sara: Isak do you have a team?

Uh yeah

Jakob: Rude. Why are you asking for him

Sara: He’s working on SKAM. I want the deeds.

Jakob: He’s just stopping people from other countries from watching it. He knows nothing about the show and he hates it

Why are you talking about me again

Jakob: I keep telling him that he looks like that actor Tarjei or something but he keeps getting fucking mad

I do NOT look like that guy!

Sara: Oh MY GOD! YOU’RE RIGHT

David: Anyone want me in their team?

Nils: That’s kind of sad bro

Lynn: lol

Even: Hey everyone. I don’t have a team yet.

Sara: WHAT? YOU HAVE ONE NOW

Even: Haha :)

Isak rolled his eyes, then muted the chat.

By Wednesday, his team was so desperate that they took David in.

His days started following a certain routine. He would wake up feeling like someone had punched him, barely have breakfast, run to the bus stop, stand awkwardly while doing his best not to fall asleep, and ignore Even who would just stare out the window anyways.
The interns started having lunch together in cafeteria. And on Thursday, Even sat directly in front of him.

They all talked about the most random stuff like the newest song that dropped that morning, politics, and some internal feud in the newsroom. Isak mostly looked at his phone and texted Jonas and Magnus.

“It’s kind of shitty that we’re sixteen interns but there are only five girls,” said Sara.

“Yeah, equality my ass,” said Lynn.

“Well, maybe some guys deserved it more?” said David.

“Ugh. I can’t believe I have to work with you this summer,” said Lynn.

“Oh!” Jakob interjected. “By the way, Isak, you might want to watch your mouth. I heard from my mentor that one of the radio hosts is mentally ill and that she’s interviewing him or her for a segment.”

“Again with the bullshit!” Isak sighed. “I’m not some asshole who hates mentally ill people. I have nothing against them. I just told you about my own experience. Stop being such a dick about this.”

“Whatever, calm down,” said Jakob.

“Wait, so like they hired someone because they’re mentally ill, or?” said David.

“I don’t think so. I don’t think you disclose stuff about yourself like that in the hiring process,” said Jakob.

“Hm. Sounds like positive discrimination to me,” said Isak.

“What? Positive discrimination?!” Even suddenly spoke up.

_Ugh, leave me alone._

“You know. NRK is trying to be all progressive and cool so they get a public face who’s open about being mentally ill,” said Isak, not even looking at Even.

“Oh, so we end up with eleven dudes in our intern class versus five girls, but that’s because ‘maybe some guys deserved it more’. But someone with a mental illness gets hired and it’s positive discrimination?”

“That’s not what I meant,” said Isak.

“Remember what I said about you being cruel?” Even’s stare was crushing. “This is what I meant.”

Even then pushed his chair and got up to leave the cafeteria altogether.

“What the fuck?” said Jakob.

The entire table had fallen silent.

“Do you guys have a thing or what?” said Sara. “Do you know each other from before? Why is he always yelling at you?”
“I don’t fucking know.”

“You guys went from smoking weed on the first day to hating each other’s guts. What the hell happened?” said Jakob.

“I honestly don’t know. But he’s a fucking dick,” said Isak.

“He’s so nice to everyone though. It’s so weird. I think he’s mad at you.”

“I never did anything to him. Why would he be mad at me?”

“Maybe it’s because you’re too pretty. Maybe he’s going through gay panic,” said Jakob.

“Fuck off, Jakob. What the fuck?!”

Jakob laughed.

“I’m joking. Relax. Haha. Hmm. Maybe it’s you being a dick about mental illness? Maybe he’s mentally ill? I mean I talked to him about it and it seemed to mean a lot to him,” said Jakob.

“Pfft. He looks perfectly fine,” Isak rolled his eyes.

“It’s mental illness, Isak. You’re not supposed to look mentally ill,” said Jakob.

“Fuck off. I’m so done with everyone lecturing me today.”

Days rolled by and Isak only saw Even during the bus ride. He never looked in his direction though, and he skipped lunch with the rest of the group almost every day.

By the end of the second week, most people knew that Isak and Even hated each other and that they shouldn’t be invited to the same things. Even would say something in the groupchat and Isak would indirect him sometimes if he was drunk enough, or if Eva said that he deserved it.

_How did we get to this._

Jakob was right. Even was always smiling and laughing and being the nicest person to everyone. To everyone but him.

Isak didn’t care but a small part of him did. He had once been the recipient of Even’s kind smile and it had all stopped too abruptly.

_Maybe I did something wrong?_

Isak was in the pantry to get his morning coffee on Friday when Even walked in. He was wearing a thousand layers for the summer, but he looked lovely. He looked soft and beautiful.

_Shut the fuck up, Isak. Just talk to him. Ask him why._

Isak awkwardly put his coffee down and decided to stare at Even until he looked back. Even didn’t.

_Fucking dick._
“Uh, hi,” said Isak.

“Hi.” Even didn’t look at him.

“I just wanted to say-”

“I’m late. I have to go,” said Even, brushing past him and leaving him wide-eyed in the pantry.

Wow. Fuck you, too.

---

NRK Interns 2019

Sara: drinks after work?

David: In!

Andre: not sure

Even: i’ll be there :)

Lynn: yas

Jakob: hells yeahhh

I already have plans

Jakob: pretty boys always busy

Fuck off jakob

Andre: I’ll make it

Lynn: even Andre is coming. Come on Isak!

Isak ended up joining them.

He stayed on his phone the entire time, trying to think of ways to bail.

Even was sitting across from him again, so Isak decided not to say a word to avoid another outburst.

They all ended up in Lynn’s apartment for some damn reason, and Isak really wanted to go home but Jakob wouldn’t let him.

“Stop being a pissy grumpy teenager. Grow up!” said Jakob.

“Piss off!”

Isak cracked one or two stupid jokes and stood by the supply closet which was next to the front door. He figured he would just leave when Jakob wasn’t looking.

More people started coming in through the front door, and it quickly turned into a party. Fucking hell.

Isak opened the door to leave the apartment when he saw them.
Erik and his girlfriend.

He could feel his heart clenching inside his chest. He panicked, turned around, and opened the first door he could find.

Before he could even process where he was, the door to the supply closet opened and someone joined him inside.

“Are you okay?!” said Even.

“What?!”

It was dark in the closet but he could still make out Even’s face thanks to the cracks on the door.

“I thought I was hallucinating when I saw you getting into the damn closet,” said Even.

“I didn’t think it was a closet. I thought it was a room or something,” said Isak.

“You okay?”

Even’s voice was suddenly soft and Isak realized how close they were. They were pressed against one another with Isak’s back against the wall.

“Mind your own business.”


But then Isak heard Erik’s voice behind the door and he panicked. He probably panicked too much, because he was now gripping Even’s shirt and pulling him closer.

“What are you-”

“Shhh!” Isak whispered, not letting go of him.

Erik was talking to someone behind the door and wasn’t leaving.

“Fuck! Just fuck!” Isak mumbled.

“You’re hiding from someone?”

Isak didn’t answer. He just kept cursing himself.

“Oh, so you’re ignoring me now,” said Even.

“It works both ways you know. You ignore me. I ignore you right back.”

“Interesting.”

“Why are you such a dick to me by the way? What did I do to you?” said Isak. He was emotional and tired so what the hell.

“I think it’s better if we stay away from each other,” said Even.

“Agreed, whatever. But why do you hate me so damn much?”

“I don’t hate you. You’re the one who hates me.”
“Wha-?”

“Am I going crazy or is someone talking behind the wall?” said Erik on the other side of the door.

*Shit shit shit.*

The last thing Isak needed was for Erik to open the closet and find him pressed against the wall with some guy.

“Fuck my life,” Isak mumbled.

But then Even covered his mouth with his massive hand and pushed him further up against the wall.

“Shhhh,” he whispered.

*What the fuck.*

Erik and some guy were trying to figure out if there were voices behind the walls while Isak and Even stayed firmly pressed against each other in the closet. Even kept his hand on his mouth, and Isak could feel his heart beating a bit faster than usual.

*Shit.*

They were too close, way too close. Isak could smell Even’s after-shave and it was almost intoxicating. They were so close that Even’s cheek was brushing against his temple. So close that Isak hadn’t even realized that Even’s other hand was squeezing his side.

It was embarrassing and humiliating, but Isak’s whole face was flushed from the proximity. It was too much. Too much.

Even suddenly removed his hand, and Isak gasped. He *gasped.*

“Oh,” said Even. “I-”

Isak had nothing to say. He was still breathing hard and his whole body was betraying him. He hadn’t realized that Even was tall enough to tower over him when they were standing so close. He hadn’t realized just how big Even’s hands were and how nice they felt on him. How Even’s fingers were nearly touching his skin under his shirt, and how nice he smelled, and how hot he was in general. And-

*Wow I need to calm the fuck down.*

But then Even’s other hand came to rest on his other side, and he was now squeezing both of Isak’s hips.

“What are you doing?” Isak whispered, his voice nearly cracking.

“Fuck, I don’t know,” Even mumbled.

Isak let out an embarrassing sound.

*What in the world am I doing.*

The blood that had rushed to his face was now rushing to other places, too. Because his jeans suddenly felt too tight, and Isak wanted to combust.
Even could probably feel how hard Isak was because he was now leaning in to whisper into his ear.

“Fuck!”

It was all it took for Isak to moan. Actually moan.

*For fuck’s sake. I really need to get laid as soon as possible.*

“Erik, Carl! Come to the kitchen!” someone yelled down the hallway.

.

Erik was gone, and Isak was hard, and Even was so soft.

*Fuck my life.*

“You, uh, you can go now,” Isak was stuttering.

“Fucking hell,” Even mumbled, letting go of Isak whose knees nearly gave out.

“Wh-what?”

Even took a step back and adjusted his shirt.

“You’re making this whole staying away thing really fucking hard,” said Even.

“Why?”

Even opened the door, turned around, and looked into Isak’s eyes.

“Just look at you. Fuck. me.”

.

“Where were you?” said Jakob.

“Uh, I, uh,” Isak was trying to come up with a lie.

“In the closet,” said Even.

.

“Oh my god! Did he just? What? Is he trying to say that you’re? What?” Jakob was hysterical.

.
Hey i got your contact from the groupchat

You don't have to accept my friendship request btw

Just want to say sorry again about the closet. i didn't mean it like that

I don't want you thinking that I assume things about you because i don't

and i'm sure you have your own hardships and that you go through things yourself and that's why you say the most insensitive shit

WTF??

you don't even know me!

Anyways I'm sorry about that

can we call a truce?

maybe 'go fuck yourself' will be our always

wtf!!

i had a good time tonight :)

bye

Isak was furious. He was furious and he hated that Even could get him so worked up without even trying. He hated that he had that power over him, and that he literally got his own body to betray him. He also hated how he looked so lovely all the damn time.

At least you don’t have to work with him or deal with him or anything.

Monday
“So we’ve reviewed the teams. And unfortunately, we feel like some teams are not balanced in terms of skills. Therefore, we have decided to pick them ourselves to make sure that no team is at a disadvantage. You can find the list of teams on the board behind you,” said Anne, the coordinator.

Team 3

Andre
Isak
Even
Lynn

Chapter End Notes

enclosed space. check! (if you watched reply1988, this is for you.)
small Tarjei mention: check! (thanks anon <3)
being forced to work together: coming soon.

Hope you liked this <3 I'm a huge fan of UST and I'm ready to go. Leave me prompts of things you want to see in this verse haha <333
What did you think of Isak's backstory :( I'm sorry. I'm trying to slowly carve his character and explain why he is the way he is in this verse before we dive into the character development.
Also, Even is basically trying to stay away because of Isak's remarks but he can't help it. Isak's too cute.

Thank you so much for your support and for being the best readers ever *hugs*
The bus

Chapter Summary

"I'm so exhausted."
"I know."

Chapter Notes

<3333333 I hope you guys like this
I went overboard HAHA
I'm reading all of your comments and taking all of them into consideration <3 Thank you so much for the feedback. I'm doing my best to reply to all the comments. bear with me <3. iLY GUYS

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Isak fell asleep on the bus again. And when he opened his eyes at one of the stops, Even was staring at him.

Great.

Even Bech Næsheim

08:13

You should go to bed earlier

have a great morning :)

Kristin Rønningen - ronnk@nrk.no

09:25

Hello Isak,

Let’s grab a room at 13:30 to sync up and discuss some things that were brought to my attention.

-Kristin
I think i’m gonna get fired

Why

My mentor just booked me for a meeting

It’s been 2 weeks. It’s probably a sync-up thing

I had one too

She said she wants to talk about ‘something that was brought to her attention’

What?

Maybe you messed up something on the website?

My code isn’t pushed to production until it’s approved

I can’t actually break anything

This is something else

Did you release spoilers or something?

I know nothing about that show Eva. I just block content

Hmm then what did you do?

Is it the stuff with Even?

Did you tell him to go fuck himself via email?

Wtf no i’m not that stupid

Well you did tell him on linkedin

Twice!

Piss off

I was angry and drunk both times

What do you think it is then?

i don’t know

I might have said some shit that offended some people

??

Anyways i’ll tell you later
i have a meeting with the coordinator and the other interns

okay
Tell me how it goes

ok

<3

I’m not answering that

Pfft
.

Team 3
Andre
Isak
Even
Lynn
.

“Is this a joke?” Isak stood in front of the board in disbelief.

He didn’t even notice Even standing next to him.

“Looks like we’re going to have to work together after all,” he said with a polite smile on his face.

“I can’t believe this. It’s like, it’s like.. I don’t even know.” Isak couldn’t find the words.

“It’s like the universe is trying to push us together,” said Even who was now beaming.

Isak turned to face him.

“You’re so weird.”

“I’ve been told,” said Even.

For a moment, they just stared at each other. Isak held his gaze until he had to look away because he was remembering their moment in the closet.

Even could probably tell because he was grinning.

“What’s on your mind, Valtersen?”

You.
“Leave me alone,” said Isak, turning to stare at the board again. “I wish I knew how.”

“Hey boys!” said Lynn who came out of nowhere, and gave Isak a pat on the back. “At least I get to keep you!”

“Ouch,” said Jakob. “Can’t you give me Isak back? You don’t even like him, Bech Næsheim.”

“Piss off, Jakob!” said Isak, his brows furrowing. But then Even laughed, and Isak could feel his frown dissipate. “Sorry Jakob, but I think I’m gonna keep him,” said Even.

Isak had lunch with Lynn and Jakob, then headed for his 13:30 meeting with Kristin. He was nervous.

The truth was that he had been ever since Jakob called him out on his comment on mental illness in front of everybody. He never meant for it to sound so ugly and mean.

*You don’t even fucking know me.*

But Isak would take being considered a *dick* over revealing why he was so closed off and angry any day.

“Hey Isak. How are you today?” said Kristin.

She was a tall woman in her thirties with hipster glasses and messy hair. She was always busy and always tired. But she was the most impressive technical lead he had ever gotten the chance to work with. He sat on a few code reviews and was taken aback by her ability to see things most people couldn’t every single time.

Isak liked Kristin.

“Hi. I’m good. Thanks. You?”

“Tired and annoyed, but who isn’t in this place, huh?”

Isak laughed.

“Allright, so you should know that I like you, and that all of us here think you’re a brilliant kid. But there’s some stuff we need to talk about,” said Kristin. *Fuck.*

“I have a meeting in 20 minutes, so I’ll make this quick. But I basically got a call from HR about a complaint that was made against you,” she said in the most monotone voice possible.

Isak didn’t really know what to say, so he didn’t say anything.

“Someone reported that you’ve been making insensitive comments in the workplace. Now, I don’t
know whether it was true which is what this meeting is about,” said Kristin.

“Uhm. What kind of insensitive comments? Like swearing and stuff?”

“No, more like sanism,” said Kristin. “Rude comments about mental illness.”

“Oh.”

Isak suddenly felt like crying.

*You guys fucking know nothing.*

“Is it true?” said Kristen.

“I guess I said some things that might have been misinterpreted and blown out of proportion,” said Isak.

“Anyways. Just make sure it doesn’t happen again. We don’t tolerate that stuff over here. You probably know that,” said Kristin. “We’re letting this go because you’re an intern and because I vouched for you. If you do it again, it might have to be escalated.”

“Yeah. I’m sorry. It won’t happen again. It was supposed to be a private conversation.”

“Private or not, it doesn’t justify being insensitive about some things.”

“You’re right. It won’t happen again,” said Isak.

“Good, cause I have an actual job, and my responsibilities don’t include monitoring what people chat about in the office. Just keep it professional.”

“I’m sorry.” Isak meant it.

“It’s okay, kid.”

Kristen got up to leave, but then stopped and squeezed his shoulder.

“Are you okay? You’re shaking.”

“I’m fine. Thank you.”

Isak wasn’t fine. He was angry and frustrated, but mostly sad.

*You know nothing! You don’t know what it feels like. You don’t know shit.*

Isak couldn’t really tell when his mother’s symptoms had gotten bad to the point of no return. But it was sometime around his first year at Nissen.

*Every day felt like the end of the world, and Isak was just beyond drained emotionally. He spent most of his days with Jonas or Eva just to stay away from the house.*

*He couldn’t handle the yelling and the crying and the hysterical irrational rambling on a daily basis. He couldn’t handle the breakdowns and the general feeling of helplessness that took over whenever he stepped into his house. He was sixteen but he felt fifty-eight. He felt like he carried the weight of*
the world on his shoulders. He had no one to turn to. He was ashamed and scared that people would judge him or his mother. So he did his best to hide it.

He hated how he had to come up with excuses whenever his friends wanted to come over. He hated how his mother forgot his own name sometimes. He hated it.

When his father left, he started hating her for being the way she was. She had managed to alienate everyone they ever knew, even their extended family. Nobody ever talked to him or to his mother. He couldn't stand it. Some nights, he curled into himself and wished to be reborn into a family in which his mother took care of him and not the other way around.

Isak went out one night and drank until he could no longer see. He was in some gay bar and everything hurt too much, so he threw himself on the first person who walked in his direction.

Eskild was nice and offered to let him stay at his place. He could tell he was hurting and for some reason decided to take him in.

Isak thought about just staying in this stranger's basement the next day. But after finding out he was Noora's roommate, he panicked and went back home.

"You can always come back here, you know," said Eskild on the phone.

But he couldn't. The moment he got back home, he found his mother sprawled on the floor and his heart got stuck in his throat.

"It's okay for you to choose yourself," said Eskild. "It's okay for you to leave if it gets too much."

"No, it's not."

Isak chose his mother and stayed by her side because no one else would.

He hated her more and more after each passing day. He felt like he couldn't breathe, like he was stuck, like she had robbed him of his teenager years.

So he took all of the yelling, and all the nonsensical end of the world talk, and all the disparaging comments. He took and took and never said a word.

"You look just like him!" she would say. But it wasn't a compliment.

Isak stopped going out. He barely even saw Jonas and the boys, and Eva hated him anyways after he tried to break them up. But it was okay because he hated himself, too.

How could he have feelings for his own best friend? Isak was disgusted by himself.

He ended up in this vicious circle of self-hatred. He took care of his mother, locked himself in his room, and stared at his computer screen.

By the time he got to UiO, Isak was burned out and tired and alone. So so alone. His mother had been admitted to a facility, so he finally moved out.

He might have resented her with every piece of his being, but he couldn't help but cry into his Nike jacket after dropping her off.
“We can’t just leave her here,” he said, his voice nearly cracking.

“You have to start living your life, Isak,” said his father.

The first week was the toughest. Isak didn’t know what to do. He didn’t know who he was when he wasn’t making sure his mother was okay on a daily basis.

He felt so alone. So lonely and alone. So he desperately sought human touch. He desperately wanted to feel loved and cared for. So he stared and stared and stared at every guy, but no one ever looked back. No one until Erik.

“I think she broke you,” said the older boy one night after taking what he had called him in for.

“What?”

“You’re so angry and empty all the time,” said Erik. “You need to let go of your mommy and daddy issues and grow up, Isak. This isn’t SKAM.”

‘Fuck you. I never should have told you about any of this shit,’ Isak wanted to say, but nothing came out. So he just put on his clothes and left with his head down because ‘she was coming back in an hour’.

Isak was hollow and broken, and Erik’s words got to him. ‘She broke me.’

Isak was convinced that no one could ever love him, so he stopped trying and staring. He just stopped.

But then this boy with his ridiculous hair looked so nice and so soft and offered him weed and stared at him on the bus and wanted to grab lunch with him.

Isak had felt butterflies in his stomach for the first time in ages.

‘Let’s keep our daddy issues out of work’. It felt like a slap, like a not so gentle reminder from the universe.

No one will ever love you.

---

**Lynn Skavlan**

14:54

Isak we’re in conference room next to Andre’s desk

Let’s do some brainstorming

On my way

---

Isak couldn’t concentrate on anything. Lynn was talking, and Andre was talking over her, and Isak was staring at his own hands.

“You know every team will make a stupid video about peace and love or something ‘woke’, right? We need to stand out,” said Andre.
“Yeah but I don’t think we’ll stand out by writing an op-ed. Are you serious? We even have a developer on our team. Don’t you think we should use him?” said Lynn.

“What, you want to create a website? What for? That will just make us look lame,” said Andre.

“Developers can do more than create websites,” said Even. “I’m sure we can find a use for Isak’s skills.”

“Yeah, but I guess he’ll have to help out,” said Lynn. “Isak, are you even listening?”

Isak suddenly jumped in his seat.

“Uh, yeah. Yeah. Sorry. My project is driving me insane,” said Isak.

“Well, we all have individual projects, bro,” said Andre. “How about we focus here for a second? Huh?”

“Yeah, my bad,” said Isak.

When he looked at Even, the taller boy was looking at him with a weird expression. He almost looked … worried.

“What are you looking at?” said Isak.

“Are you okay?”

“What?”

“Did something happen? You look weird,” said Even.

“What are you talking about?”

“You’re not half as rude as usual. It’s weird.”

Isak rolled his eyes and was about to fulfill Even’s wish when it hit him.

Wait. The complaint.

“Was it you?” said Isak, now boring his eyes into Even’s.

“What?”

“You know what I’m talking about Bech Næsheim.”

“I have no idea what you’re referring to, Isak.”

Fuck you.

Isak wanted to confront him about it but he couldn’t after his talk with Kristin. He couldn’t afford to let her down again. So he took a huge breath and sank back into his chair.

“Are you two done bickering? Can we get back to work?” said Andre.

What a dick.

“We’re done,” said both Isak and Even at the same time.
“I can’t believe I’m stuck with two people with sexual tension in my team.”

“What the fuck, bro?!” Isak all but yelled.

---

**Jakob changed the groupchat name to ‘Isak’s long lost twin brother Tarjei’**

**Isak’s long lost twin brother Tarjei**

16:14

For fucks sake jakob

Sara: HAHAHAHAH

David: but where is the lie

Jakob: facts only

Lynn: something about you being too pretty i’m guessing

Jakob: you’re too pretty

Lynn: hahaha

Jakob: Lynn you read my mind :’)

Sara: yo leave him alone

Lisa: what am i doing in this groupchat

Lynn: Adrian Eksett

Why are you so obsessed with me

Why can’t I change the gc name?

Jakob: cause you’re not an admin :p

I’m leaving

Andre: Can you stop messaging me i’m trying to work

David: there’s a thing called ‘MUTE’

Sara: you can mute it :)

Lisa: wow isak really looks like that tarjei guy

Piss off

Lisa: what was his character’s name again?

Jakob: Adrian

Lynn: Adrian Eksett
Sara: yass!

**Jakob changed the groupchat name to ‘Isak Valtersen vs. Adrian Eksett’**

Jakob: voting closes at 17:00

---

wtf

Sara: Isak’s a bit grumpy so Adrian for me

Lynn: Adrian <3

David: Adrian my mans

Jakob: Isak <3

Andre: Adrian

Lisa: Adrian

Even: Isak Valtersen :)

Sara: :OOOOO

David: did you two finally bang it out or what

.

*You have left this conversation*

.

Isak couldn’t sleep a wink that night after his meeting with Kristin. He couldn’t help but think that he really messed up.

*What were you thinking declaring shit like that to people who want your job.*

Isak almost missed his bus the next morning and ended up wishing he had when he realized Even was already in it and standing in his face. He turned his back to him and held onto one of the handles while standing, too. It lasted for a good two minutes before darkness took over.

The bus made a sudden stop making Isak lose his balance and regaining consciousness with his face shoved in someone’s bag.

He awkwardly stood back up and adjusted his clothes. And when he turned around, Even was laughing and almost had tears in his eyes.

*I hate you so much oh my god.*

.

Isak’s team couldn’t agree on what their content should be, so they decided to all come up with separate ideas and meet up the following day to deliberate.

Isak was looking for inspiration on Reddit when the last phone number he wanted to see appeared on
his iPhone screen.

No.

He quickly left his chair without locking his computer and ran to the staircase.

“Hello?! Is she okay?!”

“Hi Isak. This is Emilie. Your mother isn’t doing very well right now. I thought I should tell you.”

“Fuck. Shit. Shit!”

“Uh.”

“I’m sorry. I’m sorry for swearing.”

“When can you come in?” said the nurse.

“I work full-time now so I can visit at night or on the weekends,” said Isak.

“Nights aren’t possible because of visitor hours. Can’t you take some time off during the day? I really think you should come in.”

“I can’t. I don’t know. I’m. uh. Shit.”

“Calm down, Isak. It’s okay. We’ve got it under control. Just do your best. Okay?”

“Okay.”

Isak rested his head against the wall and closed his eyes. His mother’s most recent episode had been particularly scary and scarring. And Isak really thought she was gone that time.

He squeezed his phone and breathed for a few moments until the door to the staircase opened, making his eyes shoot wide open.

Even. Great. The one person I needed to see right now.

Isak quickly ran a hand over his face and tried to hide his disheveled state. He tightened his hold around his phone and tried to walk past Even who was stealing glances as if he didn’t know what to do.

“Hey, are you okay?” Even’s voice was soft and it almost sounded genuine.

Isak didn’t know why but he stopped in his tracks.

“I’m fine,” he said.

“Are you sure? You’re shaking.”

“No, I’m not!” Isak scoffed.

But then Even’s right hand gently curled around his bicep and he realized that he was in fact shaking.

“Uh. What are you doing?”
“You’re shaking. What’s wrong?” said Even, his brows furrowing.

“Why do you care?”

“I just do.”

“Oh yeah? Is that why you filed an HR complaint against me?”

“What are you talking about?” said Even.

“Forget it,” said Isak, finally shoving his hand away. “I seriously can’t figure you out.”

“I can’t figure me out, either.”

“Bye, Even.”

“Bye, Isak.”

Isak submitted his merge request and laid back into his chair. He was almost caught up with all of his tasks for the day and Kristin even gave him a thumbs up, so he asked if he could leave a bit early to visit someone at the hospital.

He didn’t mention that it wasn’t exactly a hospital and that it was his mother, but oh well.

She didn’t look good. She didn’t look good at all.

Isak’s heart broke all over, and when he got home, he let Eva hug him.

“I’m sorry,” she said while holding him in his bed.

“It’s fine.”

No one could ever love him the way he wanted to be loved, but Eva was the most caring and nurturing person he knew. So he let her hold him. Just for that one night, it was okay.

He couldn’t sleep.

*I don't ever want to go through this again with anyone ever. I don't ever want to feel this shitty. I don't want to feel this helpless. I don't hate mentally ill people. I just need to choose myself from now on.*

“See you tonight,” said Eva before leaving the next morning thirty minutes before everyone else.

“Bye, Eva.”

A few minutes later, she sent him a text.

Eva Mohn

07:43
Isak made it to a bus earlier than the one he usually took. And when he saw Even in it, his jaw nearly dropped.

*How. is. It. even. possible.*

Isak stood by the door, as far away as possible from Even, and leaned against it like some *asshole* still in high school. He dozed off for a few moments before his phone buzzed in his pocket.

---

**Even Bech Næsheim**

08:07

I told you

The universe is shifting our orbits

So that we’re always together like this

---

We’re not ‘always together like this’

You look cute when you sleep

But don’t do that against the door

You might die

---

I’m about to file an HR complaint against you

:’)

For what? The stuff in the closet?

---

Wtf

Are you just gonna pretend that didn’t happen?

---

Stop texting me

Stop replying then

So are you pretending it didn’t happen?

Is that what we’re doing?

Are you ignoring me?

---

“Stop replying then”

Oh come on
You look tired though. Do you even sleep?

You’ve fallen asleep on the bus every single day for the past week or so

Stalking me much?

What happened to me being “cruel” and you choosing to stay away

I changed my mind

You have a tendency to do that i’ve noticed

Ouch

Did i hurt you?

Yes

Good :)

Even bursted out laughing on the bus, and Isak didn’t realize he was smiling too until the lady next to him gave him a look.

.

The team meeting was just as awkward as expected. They all threw their ideas at each other and agreed on nothing.

Even wanted to produce a short film on something that went beyond Isak’s head, and Andre still insisted they wrote a piece.

Lynn was drawing stuff on the whiteboard while Isak checked his phone for plans with Magnus later on during the day.

“What’s up?” said Even, all smiles.

“How are you? How was your morning?”

“Even, we’re not friends,” said Isak.

“Good. Cause I’m not interested in being your friend.”

“Cool. Can you stop talking to me, now?” said Isak.

“Friends don’t press against each other in closets-”

“I swear to god, I will choke you, Bech Næsheim!”

“Kinky, but can you even reach my neck?” said Even.

“What the fuck?! You’re not even that tall? I’m tall, too! What? Shut up!”

“Geez. Can you two stop fucking around?” Andre rolled his eyes in exasperation.
“I didn’t do anything!” said Isak.

“Are you even listening to yourself? I feel like I’m back in secondary school,” said Andre.

But Even was laughing. He was laughing so hard and with so much heart that Isak couldn’t even see his eyes anymore.

*You’re beautiful when you laugh.*

_*Ugh no. Fuck this shit._

---

**Pappa**

15:13

Hi Isak. How are you? I just found out that your mom isn’t doing well. Why didn’t you tell me? Anyways, I’ll visit her this weekend. Do you think you could join me? It would really mean a lot to me. I miss you, son. I’m proud of you. Take care.

---

Isak’s smile from earlier during the day had suddenly disappeared. He was back to being annoyed and grumpy and tired.

He couldn’t sleep. Sleep simply wasn’t an option anymore. He got used to it. He didn’t even mind anymore. So he binge-watched the latest TV show until he passed out around four in the morning. He then fell asleep on the bus the next day or took a nap during lunch time instead of actually eating.

Even found him asleep on a toilet seat in one of the stalls one day because he forgot to lock it.

“Oh for fuck’s sake! Do you stalk me or something? Is it the “universe” again? Geez.”

“Isak, are you having trouble sleeping?” Even asked with actual worry in his voice.

“I’m fine. I’m just fine.”

Isak wasn’t fine. He was tired, and exhausted, and he considered himself lucky if he had four hours of sleep a night. He was worried about his mother, and he was worried about looking like the biggest douche in the entire company and not getting a return offer, and he was anxious over his father suddenly feeling proud of him and wanting to meet up, and he was just so tired and alone, and Eva was busy so he no longer had consistent meals.

Isak was a mess. He knew it. He was a ticking bomb. He could feel it. He cried while watching a stupid Narcos episode. He actually cried.

*Who the fuck am I.*

He busied himself with work, and volunteered to fix other people’s bugs, and stopped joining the other interns for lunch even though Jakob kept pestering him about it.

Isak felt like he was drained and like he couldn’t care less. Nobody cared anyways. Eva cared but as long as he managed to get to his room before she caught a glimpse of his face, he was safe. The boys
were now traveling for the summer, and he basically didn’t see anybody and barely left his room during the weekend.

Isak was sad and hollow and tired. Isak was tired.

.

So one Tuesday morning, Isak took his time getting to the bus stop. He saw Even the moment he stepped into the packed vehicle, and he was so tired that he couldn’t even roll his eyes or turn around or glare at him. He just looked at him for a brief moment with teary eyes instead before making it to the middle of the bus. He curled his fingers around one of the handles and let his head fall down towards his chest.

*Sleep time.*

Isak dozed off probably right then and there. But about a minute later, maybe less, his head was no longer falling in all directions. No. His head firmly pressed against something. Someone. Someone’s chest.

*Even.*

Isak’s eyes shot open just as one of Even’s arms wrapped around his waist.

“What are you-” Isak was so tired. He couldn’t even recognize his own voice.

“Sleep. Just sleep. We have about 21 minutes until we get to work. Just sleep,” said Even, without really looking at him.

“I don’t need you to-”

“Shut up, Valtersen.”

Even’s hand then came up to the handle and unhooked Isak’s fingers from it. For a moment, Isak thought he had laced their fingers together, but he wasn’t sure. He wasn’t sure, but it sure felt nice.

Isak was so tired that he let Even hold him with one arm and cradle his head with his other hand while pressing it to his chest. He was so tired that he let him play with his hair and stroke the back of his neck.

Isak closed his eyes and breathed this weird boy in. He just sighed against the fabric of his shirt and completely let go as Even’s hold tightened around his waist. It felt so nice to be held like that. It felt so nice.

“I’m so exhausted,” he admitted.

“I know, love. I know.”

.

Even woke him up when they got to their stop, and Isak nearly whined into his shirt while nuzzling up against his neck.

“Oh.”

Isak quickly shoved him away.
“Shit. Fuck. I’m sorry.”

“It’s okay,” said Even.

“Shit. I gotta go.”

Isak ran away with his heart beating like crazy in his chest and with freaking butterflies in his stomach.

* I don’t want this shit. Dammit.*

---

**Even Bech Næsheim**

09:43

I’m in a meeting

And I think I might actually hate you right now

Huh?

Okay..

why

I have studio time in 15min and a boner

Go fuck yourself bech næsheim

---

Wtf is this

Did you have that ready
It’s our movie poster
worked on it before my meeting

Impressive
You’re going places

You don’t get the reference?

Do i look like i watch movies about teenagers?

How did you know it was a movie about teenagers :p

Idk? google?

It was a book first

Cool

It’s actually pretty cheesy

I don’t have time for this Even

Have lunch with me?

no

Isak locked his phone, pushed it away, and tried not to scream.

He’s fucking getting to me.

.

Isak was smiling like an idiot while eating his lunch at his desk when Sara stopped by.

“Hi Isak. Wanna join us? We’re hanging out by the radio studios after lunch. I think Even is doing an interview if you guys are on speaking terms,” she said.

“Uh. I have work and stuff, so I’ll pass,” said Isak.

“Okay. Jakob is down there too by the way. He’s interviewing him.”

“Wait, who’s interviewing who?” said Isak.

“Jakob is interviewing Even.”

“Why? Isn’t it Even’s show?”

“No, Even comes on earlier in the morning. This is another segment.”

“I’m confused.”

“Yeah. I don’t know. But you should tune in if you can’t make it. Maybe they’ll talk about you. It seems like the only thing Jakob does anyways,” said Sara.
Oh, piss off.”

Isak put on his headphones and opened a window in incognito mode. He then resized it to make it as small as possible in the corner of his monitor so that no one could tell he was watching.

After a few minutes, he realized he was being stupid, and that it was a radio segment and that he could just minimize the window and listen.

Isak still had about ten minutes before the start of the said show, so he clicked on random links until he grew frustrated and typed Even’s name in the search bar.

Even’s voice was even deeper on the radio. Isak suddenly needed a bathroom break.

Close this shit.

The show started and Jakob was on the interview, but he wasn’t conducting it. He merely got a mention from his mentor and from the host.

Isak was getting more confused after each passing second.

What the hell is this.

“Today we’re going to tackle a topic that doesn’t get addressed as often as it should be. We’re working on a bigger piece for the monthly issue, but we’re raising awareness throughout the month and using our platform to start some healthy and necessary discussions. As usual, listeners are welcome to call in and leave questions on the website or on our social media accounts.”

“Stigma of Mental Illness in the workplace is unfortunately still very present nowadays, and it doesn’t get the attention it deserves. Today, we have a special guest who actually works here at NRK and who wished and volunteered to share his experience with our listeners.”

“Hello. My name is Even Bech Næsheim and I’m bipolar.”

Chapter End Notes

Hii. This was a long chapter. I know I said I'll keep chapters short and write faster but ugh.... i'm weak...... lol
Isak's backstory was tough for me to write as usual. Essentially in this verse, Isak never moved to Kollektivet and stayed with his mother out of guilt.
I'm going to keep playing with the "hate" dynamic because it's so much fun, but Even basically gave up already.
But we'll see ;p I have so much to play with in this verse so expect more 'wut?' moments. And it won't be smooth sailing, lol
Hope you liked this. (bus scene inspiration from reply1988 although it's completely different. didn't make sense for Even to manhandle Isak lol. Isak is tall, too hahaha)

Ok but what do you think about Jakob? i enjoy writing him so much. I love writing isak/eva as well and Isak’s backstory (in every universe tbh)
As always your comments and kudos are beyond appreciated <33 thank you guys for the inspiration. A faithful reader requested Even teasing Isak for his height and another one asked for Adrian Eskett so here you go haha *hugsss*
The staircase

Chapter Summary

'Even left this conversation'

Chapter Notes

Hiii! It's 2:30am hahahahaha
This is for @tlspturner on tumblr. Happy birthdaaaaay <3 Hope I got it in on time! I did my best to get this out today.
I tried including some of your prompts guys, because I just LOVE them. More to come.
Hope you enjoy this.
And I'm so sorry I'm so behind with replying to comments. I literally have NO TIME. haha. I will catch up tomorrow night <3333.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Lynn
14:25

Omg did you know Even was bipolar?

David
14:27

Wtf
Is this why he's so mean to you?
Bro!!! :o
You done fucked up

Sara
14:27

Are you listening to the show?
Omg :( he must have felt terrible when you said that stuff about positive discrimination

Lisa
Wow my jaw actually dropped

Explains why he exploded in your face that other time

Are you going to apologize to him?

He must have felt like shit

Andre
14:34

i can’t believe i’m stuck with you two in my team

You better apologize to him or something

Isak probably stopped looking at his phone after Sara’s message. He felt terrible. He felt like the worst person on the surface of the planet.

He took out a notebook and tried to recall what he had said exactly. He just wanted to be sure. He just wanted to know how he would defend himself now that the entire intern class hated him, too.

Isak never meant to sound so mean about it. He never meant it like that.

Fuck me. Of course! Just fuck everything!

Isak had closed the browser the moment Even said he was bipolar. And for a few minutes, he couldn’t hear a thing but his own thoughts.

Of course. Of fucking course.

He went to the bathroom, splashed water on his face, tried to pretend his phone wasn’t blowing up, and leaned against the wall.

Of course.

Jonas Noah Vasquez
14:43

I fucked up

Even Bech Næsheim
15:07

Hey
Isak was nervous. His palms were sweaty and he didn’t know what to do or say. He made his way to the place where they had shared that joint with his heart beating in his throat.

Even was already there by the time he reached the bench where the taller boy had said that Isak’s face was “cute as fuck”.

_He didn’t mean any of it._

“Hello,” said Even with a soft smile on his face, a smile that wasn’t quite a smile.

“Uh, hi. How are you?” said Isak.

“Uh, good I guess,” said Even. “What’s up with you? Fidgeting and stuff.”
“I’m not fidgeting!”

“Yes, you are.”

Isak didn’t know how to respond. He probably was.

“Uh, listen Even. I just want to say I’m sorry about that stuff I said. I didn’t know and I understand why you yelled at me and stuff. I get it. But I didn’t mean it like that. Like I’m sure you deserve to be here. So yeah. Uh-”

Isak stopped rambling because Even’s hand was suddenly on his shoulder.

“Hey-”

Isak flinched and took a step back, then regretted it immediately.

“Wow,” was all that made it past Even’s mouth.

He looked hurt, and Isak probably knew why.

“Anyways, I, uh,” Isak looked at the ground. “You can keep hating me if you want. I mean I totally get it. But I just wanted to apologize to you in person. Andre will probably kill me if I don’t anyways, and I don’t need another reason to stay up at night, you know.”

“I don’t hate you,” said Even.

“Uh. Dislike me whatever,” Isak mumbled.

“I don’t dislike you either.”

“I mean you know, uh,” Isak wanted this entire conversation to stop.

“I like you. I like you a lot actually,” said Even. “You’re a dick sometimes but I like you.”

‘I like you.’ No one had ever said those words to Isak before. He suddenly felt overwhelmed. He didn’t know what to say. He felt as if the universe was making fun of him, ridiculing him.

*Of course.*

“Isak?”

*Can something fucking happen? Can something get me out of here?*

Suddenly, his phone started ringing. It was Jonas.

*Thank fuck.*

“I have to go,” said Isak, brushing past him without looking back.

“What? He’s bipolar?” said Jonas on the phone.

He was in Lisbon for the summer, surfing and enjoying the sun.

“Yeah. I fucked up. Everybody and their dog fucking hates me now. Awesome,” said Isak.
“But wait, you’re saying he kept talking to you even after you said that stuff about mental illness?”

“Yes.”

“What? Why? Is this a ‘keep your enemies closer’ kind of thing?”

“I don’t know. I have no fucking clue right now,” said Isak.

“Is he still being a dick to you?”

“No. No. He’s actually very nice.”

“That makes no sense,” said Jonas.

“Yeah, well you’re not gonna believe this but..”

“But what?”

“He said that he likes me,” said Isak.

There was a pause on the other end of the line before Jonas spoke again.

“Why wouldn’t I believe it? Isn’t that a good thing?”

“No, it’s not.”

“Isak, it’s okay to like boys and stuff. Nobody gives a shit. We’ve talked about this,” said Jonas.

“That’s not what this is about.”

“What?”

“It’s funny but it’s like the universe is fucking with me, you know,” said Isak, letting out a breathy laugh that wasn’t a laugh at all.

“What do you mean?”

“It’s like you’ve got to be fucked in the head to like me. Quite literally. Can you believe it?” said Isak.

“Uh, Isak. Bro, what the hell,” said Jonas. “That’s fucked up. Don’t say shit like that-”

“Wow, I can’t believe you,” said a voice behind Isak.

He quickly turned around nearly dropping his phone.

*Even.*

He looked hurt, really really hurt.

*Fuck. Fucking shit. Fuck this. Fuck.*

He hung up immediately, his eyes wide and his breathing uneven.

“Uh, I, uh,” Isak was stuttering. “I didn’t mean it like that!”

Even was suddenly in his face and Isak had to look up to meet his eyes.
“What did you mean exactly then?”

“I don’t know. Shit,” Isak couldn’t breathe. “Why are you always following me everywhere, what the fuck?”

“Are you seriously blaming me right now?!” Even’s eyes weren’t kind anymore. He looked hurt and angry.

“That’s not what I said dammit! You’re fucking everywhere! It’s like I can’t say shit without you overhearing my conversations and making me feel like shit for thinking the way I do. You don’t fucking know anything about me!”

Even stared at him for a few seconds before taking a step back.


“The world doesn’t revolve around you, Valtersen. You don’t get to take something that I’ve struggled with my whole life and make it about you and your feelings. You’re cute, but fuck me baby. You’re not THAT cute. I can’t do this to myself,” said Even.

“Uh, I..”

“Forget what I said earlier, okay?” said Even, now walking away. “Just forget it.”
Isak took an actual taxi home because he couldn’t deal with anything anymore. He dropped his bag
by the apartment door and went straight to bed.

“Isak?” Eva was knocking at the door. “Are you okay?”

He didn’t respond. He just smothered himself with his pillow.

“I know you’re in there!”

 Fuck off.

“Anyways, Jonas called me earlier. Are you okay?”

He didn’t answer.

.

Eva came back a few minutes later with beer.

“I’m going to open your door now,” she said before doing just that.

He was buried under his duvet and pillows.

“Oh Isak. What the fuck did you do this time?”

.

“No fucking way! What? He’s bipolar? Oh my god. Does Julie Andem write your life? What the
hell?”

“I’m not in the mood, Eva.”

“Sorry. So did you talk to him?” she said, scooting closer on Isak’s bed.

“Yeah, he officially hates me now.”

“Well, at least you know that for sure now,” said Eva.

“I guess.”

“Wanna watch a movie?”

“I’m not fucking watching your romantic comedy shit, Eva.”

.

They watched a disaster movie called ‘San Andreas’ starring The Rock.

“This is the worst movie I’ve ever watched,” said Isak. “What the fuck?”

Eva laughed, and he surprised himself by laughing, too.

“I can’t believe this bullshit. Who made this? Like how did his daughter survive that? Makes me no
sense,” Isak was almost angry.

“Ha! Well, she’s hot as fuck. And you don’t kill hot characters,” said Eva.
“Uh, I guess?”
“What? You don’t think she’s hot?” said Eva.
“I never said that!” Isak scoffed.
“So is she hot or not?”
“Yes, she is. I guess,” Isak rolled his eyes.
“What about me?”
“What the fuck, Eva?” Isak was so tired.
“I mean objectively speaking.”
“I’m not answering that.”
“Isak.”
“Fine, you’re hot. Can I sleep now?”
Eva laughed before scooting closer.
“Can I sleep here? I share a wall with Nils, and he has his girlfriend over every night cause he’s leaving for his Eurotrip next week. I can’t sleep.”
“Ugh, fine. Whatever. But don’t dream of stepping into my room again when he walks out of this apartment,” said Isak.
“What if he lets one of his friends take over his room again? What if we get one of those loud girls who stay on the phone all night?”
“Not my problem, Eva.”
“Ugh, fine.”

“Eva?” Isak whispered in the dead of the night.
“Yeah?”
“I like boys.”
Isak couldn’t see it but he could tell from her voice that she was smiling.
“I like them, too, half the time.”

Isak only ever told one person that he liked boys. And that person was Jonas.

It was a cold Tuesday in January and Isak had just left Erik’s place. By the time he was climbing the stairs to his apartment, there was a new story on the older boy’s Instagram.

He was in bed with her, his girlfriend. They were cuddling, fooling around, laughing, giggling. Isak
watched all ten seconds, four or five times before he decided that the pain was probably enough.

He never made it to his apartment. He turned around and headed to the nearest bar instead. It hurt too much. He told himself that it didn’t, but it did.

Isak hadn’t answered his calls and texts that day, but the older boy showed up at the end of one of his classes with a huge smile on his face. Erik never waited for him after class.

“What are you doing here?”

“I miss you,” said Erik.

He took him back to his place and had him pressed so hard onto the mattress that Isak cried from pain.

Erik never kissed him. Not even once.

Isak was drunk. He had whiskey. He never had whiskey.

“Jonas! Jonas! It’s me,” he cried on the phone.

“Where the fuck are you?!”

“I don’t fucking know!”

Jonas found him in some park somewhere and took him home.

“Isak, bro. What the hell happened? What were you doing?!”

“I was getting fucked, bro!”

“What the fuck?!”

“I’m so fucking tired, Jonas!”

“Jesus, what did you drink?!”

Isak was in his bed and Jonas was taking off his shoes.

“Listen, I know we don’t hang out that much anymore, but you can tell me anything. You know that right?” said Jonas.

“Anything?”

“Yeah. Anything.”

“I like boys.”

One of Isak’s shoes fell on the floor and Isak’s heart fell with it.

But moments later, Jonas was taking off his socks, too.
“That’s cool,” said Jonas.

“I used to be in love with you.”

“I’d be in love with me, too.”

“Piss off.”

Isak laughed for the first time in weeks and told Jonas about Erik the next day when he sobered up.

He then blocked the older boy’s number and shoved him whenever he saw him on campus.

Erik eventually backed off.

Maybe he found somebody new.

Isak couldn’t sleep, not even with Eva using him as a body pillow.

The next morning, he left with her almost an hour before his usual departure time.

He won’t be on this bus at least.

Isak was struggling to keep his eyes open at the bus stop while Eva talked about some guy who wouldn’t leave her alone at work.

“It’s like he doesn’t get it, you know? He keeps flirting with me, and I’m like I’m not interested leave me alone. But he thinks I’m flirting back? Ugh. Men.”

When Isak stepped into the bus, he nearly choked. Even.

What in the actual fuck?

“You okay?” said Eva.

“I’m fine.”

Even looked almost as surprised to see him. He looked at him for a moment before averting his gaze.

“What is it?!’ Eva was growing impatient.

Isak pulled out his phone and texted her.

Even is on this bus.

“What? Where?!” said Eva.

“Shhh!”

Ev

Eva Mohn

07:23

Are you fucking kidding me Isak??
Look at this guy

Wtf

Are you seriously playing hard to get with this hottie?

I can’t believe you

Stfu wtf?

Omg

?????

He fucking hates me

Isak

Look at how he’s looking at you

My point exactly!

i think he wants to punch me

Isak sweetie

no

Trust me

I’d recognize that look anywhere

???

He wants to fuck you

“Eva! What the fuck?!” Isak all but shouted on the bus.

When he looked around, Even was staring right through him.

Fuck my life.

“How’s my baby boy doing today?” said Jakob who practically ambushed Isak the moment he made it to the cafeteria.

“Piss off, Jakob. I’m not your fucking baby boy.”

“Oh feisty. I see. I like it.”

“I’m seriously not in the mood,” said Isak.

“Yeah, I bet. Just wanted to check on you. I know most people think you’re the devil’s incarnation
now or whatever, but I’m team Isak.”

“Thanks, I guess,” said Isak.

“I mean it. I’m sorry to see you feeling like shit and stuff.”

“Not your fault, Jakob.”

“You look terrible. Did you sleep?”

“I’m fine.”

Eva Mohn
09:48

Ok but for real if you don’t want him
Can i have him?

Piss off eva

;)

So you want him huh?

I have work to do

Isak started by working on bugs raised by the QA team. He wanted to concentrate on things that would usually get him riled up so that he could stop thinking about how terrible he was feeling.

Lynn Skavlan
10:37

Psst

Turn on NRK P3

;)

Isak didn’t know why but he did as he was told.

Even was on the radio. His voice was deep and nice. And Isak felt incredibly sad and guilty.

*Why am I listening to this.*

Even was charming and funny and just *cool*. He also seemed quite popular. People were calling in from all over the country to ask him about his bipolar.

Isak never listened to that interview, so he didn’t have much context. But Even talked about it with
confidence and maturity. There was no hint of self-pity in his voice. He wasn’t ashamed. He wasn’t afraid. He was content. He was at peace.

Isak was overwhelmed.

“Next up, we have Kari from Trondheim. Kari are you on the line?” said Even.

“Hi! Yes, I’m here Good morning, Even.”

“Good morning! How’s your day so far?”

“Awesome now that I get to talk to you,” said Kari from Trondheim.

Even laughed, and it was deep and amazing, and Isak felt it in his bones. He rolled his eyes.

“I’m glad you’re talking to me, too,” said Even. “So what’s up?”

“I just want to tell you that your interview yesterday really inspired me. I listened to it later because I’m in uni and I have classes at 14:00. But I just want to thank you. I suffer from depression, and sometimes I feel like it’s a curse, you know? Like I’ll never make it in my personal and professional life. But yeah I guess you inspired me.”

“Kari, thank you very much for your kind words and I’m so happy that my story resonated with you. I struggled for the longest time to get to where I am today as I already mentioned yesterday. But I’m glad I can use the platform I’ve been given to communicate such messages to people.”

“Also you have the nicest voice!” said Kari.

He does. Doesn’t he.

“Hello Anne. How are you?” said Even.

“Great thank you. I actually left a couple of messages on the facebook page, but I don’t think you’ve looked at them,” said Anne from Bergen.

“Oh? What were your messages about?”

“There’s a rumor circulating online that some junior person you work with has targeted you with some very rude comments on mental illness. Is that true? And if it is, how did you deal with it? I don’t think you addressed that in your interview yesterday.”

What. the. fuck.

“There are rumors about me online?” Even laughed. “I must have made it in life.”

“Haha. Are you kidding? There are instagram accounts dedicated to your laugh,” said Anne.

“My laugh?”

“Yes, someone compiled segments of you laughing. It’s very sweet actually,” said Anne.

Even was laughing again.

“I’ll make sure to check that out. My mom will probably like it,” said Even.
Anne laughed, then seemed to have remembered her question.

“So the rumor?”

“False like most rumors. Don’t believe everything you read online, haha,” said Even. “NRK’s recruiters are very dedicated to fostering the culture of openness and respect in our workplace.”

Isak felt stuck in his chair, and for some reason he couldn’t stop listening. Even’s voice was soothing and he had a way with words. He also seemed like the kindest soul to ever walk the surface of the earth.

_He could have thrown me under the bus._

Even laughed and entertained and played Tom Misch, Majid Jordan, Chance The Rapper, and Nas, and he was just so eclectic and wholesome.

_How come you’re fine and I’m not._

“Oi, Even, my man! Bakka says hi! I wish you were still around. You sound cool as hell,” said Jørgen from Oslo.

“I miss Bakka, too. Haha. I’m sure you’re cool, too,” said Even.

“By the way, did you know that this guy who works at Ett Bord is getting harassed because he looks like you?”

“Haha, what?”

“I’m not even joking. He goes to acting school and he apparently told some people that he almost auditioned for SKAM,” said Jørgen.

“That’s very funny. But please don’t harass someone because of me. You can just come bother me instead,” said Even.

“Too late. I think people stopped going in for you and are now going for him. He sounds like a chill dude. His name is Henke or something.”

_Bakka? Nils went to Bakka._

Isak went to his second roommate’s facebook page, navigated to Messenger, then realized that he was being dumb.

_What am I doing?_

---

_F jakob added you to “Even vs Henke”_

Jakob: voting closes at 16:00

Even: hahahaha
Lynn: Even <3

David: Even

Sara: I actually looked up this Henke guy and OMFG
Sara: I vote Henke

Andre: are you guys always this bored?
Jakob: Henke btw

Lisa: Isak
Jakob: Isak is not an option here
Lisa: Isak is always an option. What’s up with you today?
Jakob: shit you’re right.
Jakob: Isak <3

Amalie: Even
Anna: Even
Chris: Even’s chill
Alexander: Even. My mom loves your show
Even: hahaha

Even

Sara: :OOOOO
Lisa: kjfdhjfdkj
Andre: fml why is my team like this
Jakob: :( (<:/3
Jakob: (Isak there’s a 3rd option: Jakob)
David: u’re so desperate
Jakob: so?
Jakob: @ isakyaki
Jakob: hello

Even

Lisa: flsksdldshj
Lynn: :p
Even: guys do you know anything about that rumor one of my listeners mentioned during my show earlier?

Lynn: looks like we have a snake among us

Sara: Must be Andre. He hates all of us

Andre: I’m right here! And Jakob is the crazy competitive one who wants to cross all of us, not me!

David: yeah but jakob worships isak so

Jakob: can’t really argue with that :’)

Sara: omg imagine if this Henke person ended up auditioning for SKAM and actually got to work with Tarjei

Lisa: omg kfdkjfjkd. Isak and Even doppelgangers HAHAHA

Jakob: i don’t like this ;/

“Hi. Sorry, I’m late,” said Isak, stealing quick glances at Even.

Even wasn’t looking at him. At all.

It’s fine. I deserve it.

Okay, so since we’re fucked. Lynn and I have decided to do some team building exercises and stuff. For some unknown reason, Jakob had decided to join us,” said Andre. “And by unknown, I mean Jakob is doing the most to spend all of his time with Isak.”

Isak would have normally rolled his eyes, but he was glad Jakob was there.

He gave him a ‘thank you’ look and Jakob nodded.

‘I got you,’ he mouthed.

Alright, so first up is 4 truths 1 lie,” said Lynn. “Each one of us will get four pieces of paper. We all have to write four true things about ourselves and one lie. We’ll go around and try to guess which one is the lie.”

Isak wasn’t in the mood. So he wrote:
I have abnormally high tolerance to alcohol
I can rap
I sleep 3 hours a night
I can balance chemical equations
I can code

“You can’t rap!” said Jakob. “That’s the lie.”


“Uh, yeah I don’t think you can rap either, but the tolerance to alcohol would also surprise me,” said Lynn. “But then three hours of sleep?”

“You think you can rap but you suck at it, but it’s okay because you look cute doing it. You can obviously code and balance chemical equations since you’re in the biosciences program at UiO. And you sleep three hours a night because you fall asleep on the bus and in the toilets. You can’t hold your liquor for shit though. So yeah that’s the lie,” said Even.

Everyone fell silent for a few moments before Even’s own eyes went wide.

Isak hadn’t seen him lose his cool yet.


“Did you stalk him or something?” said Lynn.

“Something like that,” said Even.

“Are you guys back to being friends?” said Jakob.

“No,” said Even.

Isak had nothing to say.

What the fuck. How do you know this shit.

“So?” said Andre.

“Uh, I guess I can’t hold my liquor,” said Isak.

Even

I repeated my 3rd year in high school
I was in a relationship with a girl for 4 years
I tried to kill myself once
I hate Gabrielle’s music
Romeo + Juliet is my favorite movie

Everyone felt awkward when they got to the ‘tried to kill myself’ option, so they all ignored it. They all voted for different things. Jakob doubted Even had been in a relationship with a girl for four years. Andre didn’t think Even repeated his third year. And Lynn doubted that Romeo + Juliet was his favorite movie.

They all stared at Isak in anticipation.

“You like Gabrielle’s music,” said Isak.

Even finally looked at him.

“Huh?”

“You like her, don’t you? You probably jam to 5 Fine Frøkner,” said Isak. “You read books in people’s bathtubs. You definitely like Gabrielle.”

When Even tried to stifle a smile, Isak did his best to stop himself from smiling, too.

“Do you two know each other from before?” said Jakob. “What the fuck is this?”

Jakob added you to “Team Building - Intern Edition”

Jakob: ok so we decided to do this for all interns
Jakob: idk if you heard but team 3’s been doing team building exercises
Jakob: i thought it’d be cool for everyone to join
Andre: he actually crashed ours and stopped it because he was afraid Even might touch Isak’s dick
Lynn: lmfao
Lynn: but true
Jakob: oh fuck off
Sara: lol i’m in sounds fun
David: no one be touching my dick :)
Lisa: I’m opening the HR complaint page
David: piss off Lisa
Chris: i don’t have time but have fun
Alexander: ditto
Even: I’ll be there :)

Lisa: i can’t handle this sexual tension ANYMOOOOORE
Jakob: lisa :)
Lisa: sorry i’m team Even
David: Team Jakob. He’s pathetic
Lynn: lmfao
Even: there’s no team Even :
Lisa: I live for this angst
Chris: you guys are weird

Even left the conversation

Sara: did he just
Lisa: ooooh i take it back. I don’t want angst guys :;

You have left this conversation

Isak spent his days working and avoiding everyone. He also listened to Even’s shows just for good measure.

The truth was that Isak was still feeling terrible at work. He still felt like everybody judged him and pointed fingers at him. He couldn’t sleep. He barely ate. He was so stressed and worried and anxious all the time.

“Tie your shoelaces, kid,” said Kristin. “This is the fourth time this week. What the hell? Do you sleep?”

He just wanted to be on good terms with Even so that he could breathe again.

So on a thursday afternoon, he took a deep breath then headed to the radio studios.

“Hi,” said Isak, standing over Even’s desk.

“Uh, hey.”

“Can we talk?”

“Do we have to?” said Even.
They headed towards the staircase where Even had found him a few weeks prior after he got that call from his mother’s facility.

They stood awkwardly by the stairs.

“What’s up?” said Even, barely looking at Isak. “You okay? You look tired.”

“Oh. I’m fine,” said Isak. “Basically, it’s too awkward between us. And I don’t want it to be anymore.”

“Okay.”

“Oh, uh. I don’t know but you already filed a complaint against me so I think it’ll be okay if you ask them to move me to another team. What do you think?” said Isak.

Even finally looked at him.

“Isak, I did not file that complaint against you.”

“Uh. Then who else would? You’re the one who has mental-” Isak suddenly stopped talking.

“Geez,” Even sighed. “I don’t know how you do it but you manage to stab me in the heart every fucking time.”

“Fuck, that’s not what I meant. I’m sorry.”

“It’s fine. I’m used to it by now,” said Even. “Oh, and your idea is terrible.”

“Why? I think you can use the mental illness card and get this small favor. What do you think?” said Isak.

“The mental illness card? Oh my god, Isak. You’re killing me.”

Fuck ME.

Isak hadn’t slept in days. He could probably mention that but it would just sound like excuses.

“I’m sorry. Fuck me. Just forget it. I’m gonna go,” said Isak.

He turned around so fast that he tripped over his untied shoelaces and nearly fell down the stairs.

Isak quickly regained his balance. But before he could get back on his feet, Even’s arms were around his waist and air had been knocked out of his lungs.

Their chests were pressed against one another. And for a moment, it really hurt to breathe.
Isak stared at him with wide eyes, parted lips, and a heaving chest.

“Uh, I,” Isak mumbled. “I’m fine. Let go of me.”

But Even wasn’t letting go. He was staring at him with fire in his eyes and Isak felt like combusting right then and there.

*Oh my god.*

Even’s eyes roamed his face and landed on his lips. Isak almost whimpered.

**No. You don’t get to manhandle me.**

Before he could overthink it, Isak grabbed Even’s shirt and pulled him closer.

“Fucking hell,” Even groaned, his arms tightening around his waist. “What are you doing?”

“I don’t know,” Isak whispered, eyelids droopy from both exhaustion and just *Even.*

He nearly yelped when Even suddenly backed him up against the wall.

“What are you doing?” Isak mumbled.

Even’s hands roamed lower down his back, and it took all of Isak’s self-control not to moan. The taller boy then leaned in to whisper in his ear.

“Two can play this game, baby,” breathed Even.

“Fuck,” Isak moaned.

His neck was exposed at an embarrassing angle. His head was thrown backwards. His lips were parted. His eyes were closed. He was uncomfortable in his jeans. He had given up all control. He was ready.

*Touch me.*

“You and I...” Even whispered.

“Yeah?” Isak mumbled with his most embarrassing voice.

“It’s not happening.”

Even suddenly let go of him. And the loss of contact was so brutal that Isak nearly fell.

“I have work to do,” said Even before turning around, opening the door, and leaving the staircase altogether.

Isak wished he had fallen down the stairs earlier.

---

**Even Bech Næsheim**

15:17

You should tie your shoelaces

I can’t stop thinking about it
Isak made it home an hour later than usual because of an issue in production. He was embarrassed, angry, and with a terrible need to lock himself in the bathroom and take care of the mess in his pants.

“Isak!” Eva opened the door and her voice was higher than usual.

“Uh hi, what’s wrong with you?” said Isak, his eyes squinting.

“Did you check my messages?” said Eva.

“My phone died like 30 minutes ago, why?”

“Uh, so Nils left for his eurotrip and his friend who’s taking over his room for the month is here already,” said Eva in the most annoying high-pitched voice.

“Cool. Can I come in now? What’s your deal? What the hell?” said Isak walking past her.

“Isak, wait-”

“Well fuck me,” said Even, standing over his oven doing what seemed like cooking. "The universe. I'm telling you."

“What the fuck is this?!” said Isak.

Even looked him up and down before his eyes settled on the front of Isak’s jeans.

“Oh, you’re still walking around with that?” said Even with a grin.

“Fuck you! What the fuck are you doing in my apartment?!” Isak all but shouted.

“Isak, meet Nils’ friend from Bakka, Even,” said Eva. “He’s going to be staying in Nils’ room this month.”

“Are you fucking kidding me?!”

Chapter End Notes

I went full k drama on you guys. I'm (not) sorry :(. Haha.
Hope you liked this. Leave me a comment if you did or if you didn't. That's ok too. I LOVE LOVE the comments on characterization because it actually helps me stir stuff in the right direction, too.
I really wanted to bring back 'Even trying to hate Isak' because I think he finally got the memo that this is a 'Hate to Love' AU lol. I will reply to all the comments I promise <3 I have no time ;___; but I read all of them and die 9498489 times a day and they made my DAYS at work honestly <33
Love you guys <33333
.
Who filed the complaint against Isak?
Who'll sleep in whose bedroom?
Who's running into whom naked in the shower?
Who's giving up first?
On a scale from 1 to Jakob, how in love are you with Isak?
ok I'm going to stop rambling kjfdkjkjdf ily guys
.
Stay tuned for more stuff and keep sending me prompts. They help me so much kjfdkjf
(tag them so I can give you credit <3)
Chapter Summary

"Better?"
"Better."

Chapter Notes

omg the reaction to the previous chapter was INSANE lol. I just? Thank you for being so passionate about this story. I read all the comments and did my best to answer all asks. haha. I guess it really is a Hate To Love when people root for other ships haha. Hope you like this.
Also: the new season is starting Monday, so idk what I'm doing. I don't know if you guys will keep reading but I'll do my best to end this verse as soon as possible. *hugs*

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Even Bech Næsheim

13:34

Hey do we have matches?

Can’t find any in the kitchen

Stop texting me

For the record i didn’t know you lived here

ok

You don’t believe me?

No i don’t

You think i came here on purpose?

Stop texting me

Ok

“Don’t you think you’re a bit harsh on him?” said Eva, lying on her stomach on his bed.

“Are you serious? So what, you’re like on his side now?” said Isak.

“There are no sides, Isak. All I’m saying is that you’re being a bit rude.”
“What? How? I’m just telling him to stop texting me. Like he’s obviously pulling my leg asking about fucking matches. Like what for? Our oven is electric, what the hell?”

“He has some scented candles in his room. I think that’s why he wants matches,” said Eva.

“Wait, scented candles? And how do you know?” Isak was confused.

“Uh, he got some stuff for the apartment today to say thanks, I guess? He got me some candles, too. They’re lovely and they smell great. He’s so nice,” said Eva, smiling to herself.

“Oh my god! He got to you, too? Is he secretly trying to ruin my life and steal all of my friends?”

Eva rolled her eyes then turned around so that she was sitting on the bed, too.

“Isak, I love you. You know that. But you need to chill. Not everything is about you,” said Eva.

“Why is everyone telling me this? You’re all making me sound like the most self-centered prick in the universe.”

“Anyways,” Eva rolled her eyes again. “I talked to him this morning and he really had no idea you lived here. He just asked Nils if he could take over his room while he looks for a new place to stay because of some drama.”

“What drama? What’s wrong with his old place?” said Isak.

“Didn’t ask. Perhaps, you should.”

“I’m not talking to him.”

“You’re such a child, Isak.”

“Give me a break. He made my life a living hell at work. Everybody hates me and thinks I’m satan or whatever. He’s also always teasing me and making me feel like shit whenever I open my mouth. He’s so confident and has everything figured out. And whenever I try to apologize, he dismisses me or gets offended by something new,” said Isak.

Eva didn’t reply. She just looked at him like he had two heads.

“What?”

“Geez. You’re really something, Isak. I’m sorry, but I think I’m team Even for the next two hours.”

“How dare you?”

“He has everything figured out? Did you even listen to his interview on the radio?” said Eva.

“No, why? Did you?”

“Of course I did. Everybody’s talking about it lately. Also, you know you tend to put your foot in your mouth, right? Sounds like you really hurt him whenever you brought up mental illness.”

“What? I never meant any of it like that. Plus, he’s fine now!” said Isak.

“Isak, it doesn’t matter how you meant it. Bipolar doesn’t go away because you take your meds. It just controls some of the symptoms, but you never know what’s going to happen. It’s a constant battle. He’s not just fine. And even if he was, you can’t say shit like that. You keep reminding him
that he’s mentally ill whenever you see him. I’m pretty sure he knows that already. Like let it go. Start treating him like an actual person,” said Eva.

“What the fuck? Why are you attacking me? And since when do you know so much about mental illness?”

“Sana and Noora educated me a while ago, and by educate I mean they yelled at me. Even also explained some stuff during his segment.”

Isak took his pillow and smothered himself with it.

“I’m so sick of talking about this,” said Isak.

“I’m gonna go hang out with Even, now.”

“Are you serious?”

“Yeah.”

Isak spent the rest of his saturday trying to concentrate on a Narcos episode, but he couldn’t with Eva and Even giggling in the living room.

He put his laptop away, spread his limbs on the bed, and stared at the ceiling.

*Am I that big of a dick? Did I really hurt him?*

He tried recalling every single event that had happened between them. Even always asked him if he was okay, whether he was angry at him or not. He always noticed that Isak wasn’t sleeping and that he looked tired, no matter which hurtful words had made it past Isak’s mouth that day. He couldn’t help but think back to their moment on the bus. Isak had been so tired and Even was just so nice and warm and there for him. The only times the older boy had actually been mean to him was always right after he heard Isak say something about mental illness.

*Fuck me. Maybe I’m a little rude.*

Isak opened his laptop again and googled ‘bipolar’. He felt a bit silly for not doing it earlier.

*Fuck me.*

---

**Even Bech Næsheim**

20:34

Hey

You here?

?

Can we talk?

I’m a bit busy
I know you’re home
Stalking me?

Wtf your light is on
:p

Anyways im coming to your door now
I’m busy

I don’t care

Isak crossed the apartment and stopped in front of Even’s door. He suddenly felt self-conscious when he realized he was wearing shorts.

He knocked once, and Even was out of the room and in Isak’s face in a matter of seconds.

He closed the door behind him and Isak couldn’t help but wonder what he was doing in there.

“Hi!” he said, breathlessly.

He was wearing jeans and and a gray shirt, and his eyes were seemingly stuck on Isak’s legs.

“What are you staring at?”

“Uh, sorry. Uh, can we do this later? I’m a bit busy,” said Even.

“Uh, I-”

“Even! I can’t find my bra!” said someone behind the door.

“Oh,” was all that made it past Isak’s mouth.

“Shit,” Even muttered.

“Even?” repeated the girl in his room.

“I see,” said Isak.

“I told you I was busy,” said Even.

“Yeah, uh. I’m going back to my room now.”

“Even, are you hiding me from your roommates, what the hell?” said the girl.

“Geez, Sonja. Just wait a second,” said Even.

But Isak was already back in his room.

_Fucking asshole._

_Eva Mohn_
“Isak, why is he an asshole for having a girl over?” said Eva.

“He’s like rubbing it in my face. What a dick,” said Isak.

“You said he tried to hide it from you, though,” said Sana.

“Piss off. He could have told me through text but he let me come to his room.”

Sana rolled her eyes.

“Grow up. Not everything is about you,” said Sana. “Seriously. How do you live with him?”

“He makes a good body pillow,” said Eva.

“What were you going to tell him?” said Sana.

“I don’t know. I wanted to say I’m sorry and stuff,” said Isak.

“Well, maybe do it when you go back home,” said Sana. “Stop being so petty. You’ll feel better, too.”

“Yeah, it sounds like something happens whenever you try to talk to him and it keeps making things worse. Just tell him,” said Eva.

They were right. But something suddenly clicked in his mind.

“Wait, what the hell? How does Sana know everything?” said Isak.

“Isak, sweetie,” said Sana, rolling her eyes. “I always know everything.”

“Are you kidding me? Eva, did you tell her?”

“Well, she did tell me that your new roommate is the famous new radio guy who also happens to work with you,” said Sana. “And she mentioned that you two don’t like each other. Why?”

“Nevermind,” said Isak.

“Is there something else?” said Sana.

“No.”

“Okay.”
Even Bech Næsheim

00:25

Hi

I just wanted to say that i’m sorry if i ever made you sad or if i ever hurt you. It was never my intention. I realize now that i was a dick. So consider this my official apology. No excuses no bullshit. Just sorry. You don’t have to accept it but i wanted you to know that i’m sorry.

Okay

Ok?

Yeah

Did Eva write this for you?

Screw you

lol

Yeah im sorry too for following you and for calling you out in public

I should have done that privately

It’s ok

Ok

So truce?

Yeah

Cool

Cool

Are you sleeping at 5am again tonight?

None of your business

Ok so it’s that kind of truce

yup

01:26

Nice legs by the way

Go fuck yourself

hahaha

“Good morning!” said Even. "Happy Sunday!"
Isak rubbed his eyes and dismissed him to go to the bathroom. 

Too early for this shit.

“I made eggs,” said Even when Isak got back.

Eva was sitting at the kitchen table, her eyes sparkling as she looked at Even.

“Uh, no thanks I don’t eat so early in the morning,” said Isak.

“I wasn’t offering,” said Even. “This is for Eva.”

Ouch.

“Uh okay.”

Eva giggled. “Are you two still fighting?”

“No,” said Even. “But we’re not bestfriends either.”

“What he said,” said Isak. “I’m going back to bed.”

“Hey Isak,” Even called after him as he made his way to his room.

“What?”

“I meant it,” said Even.

“What are you talking about?”

“Nice legs.”

“Oh fuck you!” Isak all but shouted, suddenly embarrassed by his shorts while Eva choked in her seat.

---

Even Bech Næsheim

07:34

What time are you taking the bus?

Why

Cause i want to take a different bus

Ouch

I don’t want people to get suspicious

About what

Us living together?

Isak we’ve been taking the same bus for weeks

Whatever
And we don’t “live together”
You’re subletting my roommate’s place that’s all
Don’t tell anyone
I mean it bech næsheim

Your boyfriend will find out though

???? what

Jakob

He’s not my boyfriend fuck off
Worry about your own girlfriend

???
Sonja?
She’s not my girlfriend??

She was asking for her bra

So what?

whatever

Jealous?

Fuck off

_____________________________________________________________________

They ended up on the same bus, nearly pressed against each other because they had stepped into a packed one.

When they got to the following bus stop, people started pushing around them until their chests were fully pressed against one another.

“I’m having flashbacks,” said Even, not even looking at him.

“I hate you so much,” Isak mumbled against his jaw while Even laughed.

“Good morning, sunshine!” said Jakob, hanging over Isak’s desk.

“Piss off,” said Isak.

“Oh, I see that you’re grumpy as ever. How was your weekend?”

“Listen, Jakob. I think we need to talk.”

“About what?”
“Come on,” said Isak, dragging him somewhere more private.

“I really don’t like how you keep teasing me,” said Isak.

“What do you mean?”

“Like you keep calling me ‘baby boy’ and ‘sunshine’ and shit. And I don’t like that. I know it’s some sort of game to you, but it isn’t to me,” said Isak.

“Oh. Uh. I didn’t think it made you upset. I’m sorry,” said Jakob in a regretful voice Isak had never heard him speak in. “I wasn’t teasing you. I promise.”

“It’s fine. In many ways, you’re the only one who has my back in this place,” said Isak.

“Yeah well. I feel shitty about calling you out in public that first week and I really like you, so.”

Isak suddenly felt awkward. *Wait what.*

“I like you, too, *bro,*” said Isak.

“Bro?” Jakob laughed. “You really know how to break a man’s heart.”

“Jakob, seriously. What the fuck?”

“For a smart guy, you’re kind of dense,” said Jakob.

“Uh, I.”

“See you later, Isak.”

Jakob walked away and Isak couldn’t help but feel overwhelmed.

Okay.

It was nearly time for Even’s show, and Isak had his headphones on and his browser window minimized.

“I caught a bit of a cold, so my voice is a bit hoarse. Sorry about that,” said Even.

Isak sank into his chair and closed his eyes.

*Jesus fucking christ, why are you apologizing about THAT.*

“Hi Even. I can’t believe I got picked, oh my god!” said some girl from Sandvika.

“Hello, how are you today?”

“I’m good. I just wanted to tell you that my friends and I all love your show and that we plan our activities around it now.”

“Haha. That’s very flattering. Thank you,” said Even.
“Also your voice sounds so sexy today.”

*I hate everyone.*

.“

“Even, what’s your favorite song of the moment?” said Adam from Bergen.

“Uhm. It’s not really a new song but I often find myself listening to ‘Learn From Each Other’ by Majid Jordan,” said Even.

Isak quickly scribbled the song on a piece of paper, then felt flustered by how fast his reaction was.

*Calm the fuck down. What are you doing.*

“Oh, any reason for this choice?” said Adam. “Any special someone?”

“Well, maybe. Who knows? Haha.”

*What.*

.

*Thought I knew what it was the first time I saw you*

*But I only found out when you walked away*

*Yeah, it's easy to fall into a cycle*

*Yeah, and it's easy to say that you don't wanna change*

.

*See we can only learn from each other*

*And we can only grow here together*

*I only know how to be myself when I'm with you*

*Yeah, we can only learn from each other*

.

*I know there was love opening to the madness*

*But even the madness can't keep me away*

*I always thought you were a person of substance*

*Yeah, but then when you left, you had nothing to say*

.

Isak closed his spotify and looked around. His heart was beating like crazy and he had no idea why.

---

**NRK Sucks Balls 2019**
Lynn: what’s everyone doing after work?
Lisa: drinking to forget
David: ?
Lisa: my ship sinking
Andre: a ship sank??
Sara: lol are you talking about? Evak?
Jakob: Evak?
Lynn: Evak?
Sara: Even+Isak = Evak
Lynn: isn’t is Isen? Isak+Even= Isen
Sara: DELETE THIS
Sara: Isen? Isen?!

David changed the groupchat name to ‘Evak vs Isen’

Lisa: It’s EVAK! Wtf is Isen?
Lisa: anyways i listened to your show Even
Lisa: i didn’t know you had someone ;((
Even: lol i don’t
Lisa: who was the song for?
Lynn: interesting
Even: nobody in particular ;)
Lisa: ohmgyd
Lisa: let me pull up the lyrics
Jakob: Lisa why are you being so annoying today :)
Sara: oh man i can’t
Even: thank you for listening to my show by the way guys. I have another one tonight. I’m filling in for Nora at 18:00
Sara: I’ll tune in :ddddd
David: i got you bro

You changed the name of the groupchat to ‘NRK Interns 2019’

Sara: why are you being so boring Isak??
Sara: also why is jakob so quiet lol
Sara: did you give him admin rights??!!
Sara: jakob did you confess your LUUV?

Even Bech Næsheim has left this conversation

You have left this conversation

Isak rode the bus alone, quickly put on his headphones around 18:00, and tuned in to p3 for Even’s show. He hadn’t even come to terms with the fact that he was now listening to all of his shows despite ‘hating’ him. Even was very funny and charming and actually had a great taste in music. His voice was deep and relaxing. It also did other things to Isak but he wasn’t going to admit that out loud anytime soon. He didn’t know why, but he started looking forward to his shows.

.“Hi everyone. This is Even filling in for Nora. Hope you don’t mind, haha.”

.“Hi, Even. I prefer to remain anonymous if you don’t mind,” said someone who had called in.

“It’s all good. How’s your evening so far?”

“Good good. Thank you. I’m actually calling to convey a certain message if that’s okay.”

“Of course,” said Even.

“So everybody and their dog knows about your story now, and I first heard about you from my co-workers and couldn’t help but look you up. You seem like a very genuine and nice person. And I’m very happy that you’ve made it,” said Anonymous.

“Thank you very much,” said Even.

“Now to my point. And I hope you don’t take it the wrong way. But I was very offended by how you told your story. It was very patronizing to me, a person who has had to deal with a bipolar person in my family. I know it differs from one person to another, but dealing with it was very daunting and toxic for me emotionally. I had to take care of this person and be there for them. And every day I was reminded by how hard it was on them, and how they never chose this life. But you know what? I never chose this life either. I sacrificed years feeling like utter crap every day, and not even allowing myself to live because I had it better, and at least I don’t suffer from bipolar. But I just. I don’t know. When you mentioned the people in your life, I felt like it was incredibly unfair of you. You also came off sounding very ungrateful. I mean no offense but you sound like those people who yell ‘Oh look at me my life is so hard, My life is so difficult’ but never look at others around them who might not have it as bad as them, but still have it bad. I just think that while your story inspired many, it also made many others feel like shit for not being there for the mentally ill people in
their lives or for choosing to stay away. I don’t know but I don’t appreciate being guilt-tripped on national radio. I’m sure you’re a good kid but you sound very selfish and unprofessional to me.”

**What the fuck.**

There was a long pause, and for a moment Isak wondered if Even was still on air.

“Uh, I’m very sorry that the way I told my story has made you feel that way,” said Even, his voice visibly shaken. “I never meant to sound condescending or tone deaf, and I apologize for coming off as patronizing or making you or anyone feel like I was disrespecting their experiences. I realize that everyone battles their own demons and I would never ever want to undermine that. I will do my best from now on to be better at expressing myself. I apologize once again.”

“Uh, no. I didn’t mean it like that. I—”

Even’s response had a complacent effect on the anonymous caller who seemed to be feeling bad.

**Good. Burn bitch.**

Isak was so riled up. He was angry because the caller sounded older and very patronizing. She had no right to call Even out on air like that. Isak probably agreed with most of what she had said, but then he hadn’t listened to Even’s interview and she was just too mean and she seemed to be holding a grudge against someone she associated Even with.

Calls started coming in from all over the country to defend Even, and he eventually started playing songs and not taking any of them.

Isak stared at the encouraging texts pouring into their intern groupchat and wondered if he should send him something, too.

He looked up then realized that he had missed his stop. *Fuck.*

.

Isak jumped in his bed when he heard the door unlock.

**He’s here.**

“Hi, Even!” said Eva in the living room.

“Hello,” said Even. And although he couldn’t see him, Isak knew it wasn’t his usual bright ‘hello’.

He didn’t have time to wear pants, so he left the room in his shorts.

“Hi, Even,” he said once he reached the living room.

“Uh, hi,” said Even, his eyes stopped on Isak’s legs again and smiling. “What is this? Showing some skin to make me feel better?”

Eva laughed.

“Piss off!” Isak grabbed a pillow from the couch and put it in front of his shorts.

“I will. Sorry. I’m feeling a bit weird,” said Even.

“Uh, I listened to your show,” said Isak.
“Really? I figured you would have just heard about the mess from the groupchat.”

*Fuck. I could have just said that.*

“Whatever. Are you okay?”

“I’m fine, Isak. But thanks for asking.”

“Sure.”

.

Isak couldn’t sleep that night. He kept seeing Even’s sad face and wondering if he had ever felt like that because of what he said. He also couldn’t believe how similar the anonymous caller’s story was to his and how rude they were to Even about it.

*What did Even say in his interview? Am I as blind as this person?*

He left his room around three in the morning to get some water and nearly had a heart attack when he ran into someone. *Even.*

“Jesus christ, you scared the fuck out of me!” Isak gasped.

“Oh sorry,” said Even, whispering.

“Why are you whispering?” said Isak.

“Eva’s probably sleeping.”

“Oh, yeah right.”

Isak realized that they were still in each other’s faces in the now dimly lit living room.

“I’m, uh. Kitchen,” Isak mumbled.

“Yeah, sorry.” Even moved out of the way, and let Isak brushed past him.

He expected him to say something about his legs again, but he just made his way to the living room and sank into the couch.

“Can’t sleep?” said Isak.

“Yeah.”

“Welcome to my world.”

“Why don’t you sleep? What’s on your mind?” said Even.

“We’re not friends, Even.”

“Right. Forgot for a moment,” he chuckled and Isak chuckled, too.

“Goodnight, Even.”

“Goodnight.”
Isak and Even took the bus together the next day. It was less packed, so they didn’t have to be pressed against each other.

There were two free seats when they got to a particularly busy station, so Isak quickly made his way to one of them and curled against the glass. When he looked up, Even was looking at the seat next to him with a question in his eyes. Isak shrugged and rolled his eyes, and very soon their shoulders were pressed against one another.

Isak had gotten used to not sleeping much, so he barely dozed off on buses anymore. His body was adapting and he did his best to not think about how scary that was. He was staring out the window and looking at the busy people making their way to work and school when Even’s head fell on his shoulder.

Oh.

Even had fallen asleep and it was the most ironic thing in the world. Isak was almost tempted to pull out his phone, take a picture, and blackmail him with it. But he was afraid he might wake him up if he moved.

Why do I fucking care.

But he did. Even had once let him borrow his chest for a twenty-minute nap on that same bus. The least he could do was return the favor.

Isak adjusted himself so that Even’s head wasn’t rolling around, and after a few minutes of resisting, he finally allowed himself to look at him.

Even looked so peaceful and small and innocent sleeping like that.

Without putting any thought into it, Isak reached up and cupped Even’s cheek with his hand, making his head settle deeper into the crook of his neck. But when he tried to remove his hand, Even’s own fingers curled around it and brought it back to his face.

Uh.
Okay.

It was an uncomfortable angle, but it sure was nice. Now Isak didn’t have to feel bad for Even always having his back and never getting anything in return.

“Uhh, what the hell? Am I dreaming?” shouted David.

“What?”

_Fuck. fuck. Fuck._

Isak quickly shoved Even’s head off of his shoulder and got up from his seat.

“What the fuck? Oh my god! Are you two cuddling on a damn bus? Is this a prank?” said David.

“We weren’t cuddling what the fuck! He just fell asleep what the fuck!” Isak was hysterical, as Even was regaining consciousness.

“Oh hey, David,” he said.

“Are you two? What?”

“Calm down. Isak lost a bet, and I made him let me use his shoulder as a pillow,” said Even, very nonchalantly.

“Huh, a bet?” David squinted his eyes.

“Yeah, we’re on the same team and do team building exercises, remember?”

Isak had nothing to say.

---

**NRK suxxxxx 2019**

08:49

David: lisa are u here??

David: you’re gonna LOVE THIS

Shut the fuck up DAVID

Even: oh boy

Jakob: what

Lynn: uhh

Sara: is it EVAK?

David: Isak and Even were fucking cuddling on the bus this morning

Lisa: WHAT KFDKFDJKDKLF

Jakob: ???
We weren’t cuddling wtf
we sat next to each other on the bus

David: don’t bullshit me valtersen

Lisa: this just made my entire morning

You guys are so annoying
like don't you have a job to do or something?

11:57

Even: Isak i have your lunch. you forgot to grab it from the counter this morning

Even: want me to bring it to you?

Jakob: what?

Lisa: jkjkjkjkhjdfdh?

Even: fuck. this is not Isak's chat

are you serious??

Even: yeah i have your lunch

I MEAN ABOUT MESSAGING ME HERE FUCK

David: I TOLD YOU THEY’RE A THING

Lisa: fkdkfddhjkdjkkjfdk

Even has left this conversation

You have left this conversation

Isak tuned in for Even’s segment that day but was surprised to find out that someone else was filling in for him.

_Uhm okay._

He later on found out that the team felt it was better to sit down and reflect on Even’s initial interview and evaluate whether it was really biased.

Isak thought it was incredibly unfair but Even was taking it like a professional.

.

All the interns were gathered for their sync-up.

"I can't believe SKAM is ending after this season," said Sara. "What will you do, Isak? You basically don't have a job anymore."
"Excuse me! My job is not Geoblocker. I can do other stuff. It's just a project. Plus, it won't end right now. There's a season left," said Isak.

"But aren't you sad it's ending? It's like the show of our generation, almost," said Lynn.

"Uh, I can't relate," said Isak.

"You were nearly crying yesterday watching re-runs in the living room though," said Even.

Isak grabbed the snickers bar he was eating and threw it on Even.

"Geez. I don't know what the hell the deal between you two is. But you have some anger management issues, Isak," said David.

Even laughed.


"Uhm, guys. Can we focus on your work and not your personal lives for a second? I have to run to another meeting after this," said Anne, the coordinator.

"Yeah let's talk about someone else who might lose their job," said Chris.

*Huh? Even?*

"Yes, Even. Any news?" said the coordinator.

"Uhm. I suggested formally apologizing on air and explaining myself a bit further. But we’ll see if it gets approved. I'm suspended for now," said Even with a smile.

*What? How can you smile right now?*

"Suspended?! That’s bullshit, what the hell?" said Sara.

"Let’s not use swear words," said Anne.

"I know it might sound unfair but after that call I realized I was perhaps coming off too strong and not taking into consideration other people’s struggles. I'm not like suspended for real. I just want to use this time to reflect and stuff. That person’s concerns were legitimate," said Even.

"Oh, drop the fucking act, Even," said Isak.

"Excuse me?"

*Shit. Here we go.*

Everybody turned around to look at Isak, and Jakob was making hand gestures to tell him to stop whatever it was that he was about to do.

"That person was an asshole whether her concerns were legitimate or not," said Isak. "She was rude and cornered you on air. The attacks also sounded personal. Like she doesn’t even fucking know you and she was saying that you’re selfish and shit. Like shut up!"

Everybody was shocked by his little tirade, including himself.

"I get where you’re coming from, Isak. But maybe it’s best not to judge the caller like this either? I
mean you know nothing about her struggles,” said Anne the coordinator.

“I do, though,” said Isak.

“Huh?”

*Might I should just come clean?*

“He means, uh, like he understands her frustrations as someone who’s generally an asshole to Even,” said Jakob.

*What?*

“That makes no sense, Jakob. What are you hiding?”

“Nothing,” said Jakob.

Isak only realized that he was shaking when he looked at his hands. When he looked up, Even was staring at him with something he couldn’t quite figure out in his eyes.

“Thank you,” said Even.

“You’re welcome.”

For a moment, it was just the two of them in the room.

It was around 23:00 and Isak was in his bed thinking about everything and nothing. His heart was clenched inside his chest, and he didn’t know why everything had to be so complicated all the time. He promised himself he would visit his mother on Saturday just for the heck of it.

He made his way to the kitchen and lingered in front of Even’s room for a moment. Alright maybe for a few moments.

*Why do I care so fucking much. What the fuck.*

He was about to knock when the door flew open.

“Hi!” said a beautiful blonde girl with short hair.

“Uh, hi?”

“I’m Sonja. You must be Isak.”

“Oh, yeah sure,” said Isak.

She was beautiful and Isak wasn’t jealous at all.

“Even couldn’t sleep, so I stayed until he dozed off. It would be cool if you didn’t wake him.”

He was flustered and intimidated and envious and he didn’t know why.

She made it to the door, then turned around to look at him.
“He has a big heart,” said Sonja. “He really does.”

“Uh, okay..”

When Isak made it to the kitchen at midnight, Even was in the living room drinking beer.

“Am I rubbing off on you?” said Isak.

“Looks like it,” said Even. “You’re a bad influence.”

“I am, aren’t I?”

They laughed then Isak grabbed himself a beer before making his way back to the living room. Even patted the space on the couch next to him.

“I won’t bite you,” said Even. “Unless you want me to of course.”

“Fuck off.”

Isak sat down beside him, and for a moment they just drank their beers in the almost dark room.

“I feel like fucking shit,” said Even.

“I know.”

“How?”

“I don’t know. I can tell your real smile from your fake one now,” said Isak.

“Interesting.”

“I’m serious.”

“Sure.”

“So you listen to my shows, huh?” said Even.

“Piss off. It was just that one time.”

“What about the time I dedicated a song to you?”

“That was for me? The hell?”

“So you did listen.”

“Leave me alone. Dammit,” said Isak.

Even laughed, and Isak couldn’t help but laugh, too.
They had more beers, and soon the coffee table in front of them was filled with empty bottles.

“Are you supposed to drink this much?” said Isak.

“No. Not really.”

“Okay.”

Isak was probably drunk because one of his legs was on Even’s knees and he was talking about Jonas.

“So like did you two ever? Uh?”

“What?” Isak scoffed. “No never! I was just. I was sixteen and he was so hot, fuck.”

“Wow, you’re drunk,” said Even.

“No, I’m not!”

“Yeah sure.”

“Piss off! Why do you always tease me like this?” said Isak.

“What are you talking about?” said Even, smiling.

“Nothing. Ugh. I hate you!”

Even was laughing again, so Isak threw his other leg on his knees. He was almost on his lap.

“Isak, what are you doing?”

“I don’t know. Whatever.”

He took another sip from his beer and nearly spilled it everywhere. Even took it from his hand and placed it on the table.

“You’re a mess,” he said.

“Piss off.”

Even chuckled then reached out to put a hand in Isak’s hair before immediately taking it back.

And then silence. Isak’s heart clenched and he hated it. He absolutely hated it. So he took Even’s hand and put it back in his hair.

“Isak..”

“What?”

Even cradled his head for a moment then took his hand away.

It burned. For some reason, it burned.

“Why won’t you touch me?” Isak mumbled.

*Why do I sound so pathetic.*
“Because I don’t want to lead you on,” said Even.

_Huh? That’s all you fucking do._

“That’s all you ever do,” said Isak.

“I’m sorry,” said Even. “I’m sorry. I’m sorry for the staircase and the closet and stuff. I can’t help it. But I can’t do this.”

“Is it your girlfriend?”

“What? No! She’s not my girlfriend. I told you.”

“Then why? Why am I never good enough?” said Isak.

_I need to shut the fuck up._

“Shit, baby that’s not why. What the fuck. No,” Even pulled him a bit closer, and his hand was now cupping Isak’s cheek.

“I’m never good enough,” Isak repeated. “It’s okay.”

“Hey, you’re good enough. I promise you. I promise.”

Isak had burned so many bridges already, so he decided to burn a few more.

He moved awkwardly until he was sitting on Even’s lap then grabbed his face with both hands.

“Then. Why. Won’t. You. Touch. Me?” he breathed every word with all the tension that was bottled up in his body.

“Shit.”

“Touch me. Touch me. Please,” Isak begged.

So when Even’s fingers dug into his sides, he whimpered and nearly melted.

“You kill me,” Isak mumbled.

He could feel Even’s breath against his cheek. They were so close. So so close.

_Kiss me._

“I can’t-” Even whispered as if he had heard his plea. “You’re more than enough. You’re just not good for me.”

_Ouch._

It felt like a slap and Isak nearly fell off Even’s lap.

“Wow. Shit. Okay.”

“I didn’t mean it like that,” said Even.

“It’s fine. Seriously.”

Isak was about to get up and leave, but Even wasn’t letting go of his waist.
“Let go,” said Isak.

“Can we just. Like. Just stay here tonight? I can’t sleep and-”

“What?”

“Can we just sleep here?” said Even.

“On the couch?!?”

“Yes.”

“I have a bed.”

“We can sleep in your bed instead if you want,” said Even.

“What the fuck is your problem? I meant why would I sleep on a couch with a guy who very specifically said I’m not good enough for him when I have a bed,” said Isak.

“You’re right. Forget it. Sorry,” said Even.

He let go of him, and Isak almost fell twice on his way to his room.

 FUCK YOU. FUCK YOU. FUCK YOU.

It was nearly one thirty in the morning when Isak left his bed.

 Fuck it.

 “What are you doing?!” said Even as Isak sank under his covers and wrapped his arms around his back.

 “Let’s just sleep,” said Isak. “Let’s just fucking sleep.”

 “What the hell?!”

 “Shut up, Bech Næsheim. I can’t sleep. You can’t sleep. So let’s just cuddle and sleep, okay?”

 “Isak...”

 “Shut up.”

 “Let me face you at least.”

 Even turned around in his arms until they were face to face, then pulled him into his chest.

 “Better?” said Even.

 “Better.”

 Isak wanted to scream because it felt so right. Even’s arms were wrapped so tightly around his shoulders and he just felt so safe and so at peace. No one had ever held him like that. Not even fucking Erik.
So he snuggled closer against his neck and just stayed there with his arms around Even’s waist.

“You’re going to be the death of me,” said Even.

“Cool.”

“Cool? Cool!?”

“Shut up, Even.”

“You smell so good,” said Even. “I love your scent.”

“Ugh. What is your problem, exactly?”

“I’m bipolar.”

“Jesus, what the fuck. Don’t joke about that! The hell!”

Even laughed then hugged him tighter.

“I’m allowed to joke about it. Also, look at your baby ‘woke’ reaction.”

“Baby woke? Shut up.”

“I still hate you,” said Isak, with his heart in his throat and his fingers digging so hard into Even’s skin that he was probably leaving bruises.

“If this is your definition of hate, then I hate you, too,” said Even before pressing a kiss to his temple.

For the first time in weeks, Isak slept.

Chapter End Notes

*hugs*

I had so much planned for this verse but I don't know if I'll be able to hold your interest for long enough and if I'll be able to keep up with writing when the new season is airing. The show usually consumes me, so I don't know what I'm going to do ;____;

Will you guys keep reading? haha I'll do my best to wrap it up by next week.

*hugs*

Thank you for your continuous support <3

--

Isak is opening up/being supportive, and allowing himself to be vulnerable around Even. Thoughts?

Jakob is backing off but will it last?

Shenanigans involving the roomie situation will escalate, guesses?

It's not the end of the 'hate'. I promised something to someone and I will deliver it lol. Can you guess what it is? :p

A party is happening next chapter. What do you want to see :dd? <3 *hugs* I'll do my
best to update tomorrow.
The kitchen counter

Chapter Summary

"I meant something like this."

Chapter Notes

You guys!! HAPPY S4 kick-off day!! I'm so stoked and excited I might dieeee! I tried updating asap because I know I go crazy livewatching. The response to the last chapter was mindblowing! I don't even know what to say except thank you. I hope you enjoy this <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Did you catch a cold? You’re coughing,” said Jakob in the printing room.

“Huh? I’m fine,” said Isak.

“Who catches a cold during the summer?” said David.

“I just coughed like twice. Chill,” said Isak.

“Wait -” David’s eyes went wide.

That Morning

Isak rolled around in his bed and felt incredibly weird and out of place for a good three seconds.

This is not my bed.

When he finally opened his eyes, a pair of blue ones were staring at him.

“Uh.”

“Morning sunshine,” said Even, beaming with his arms around Isak.

“Wow. What the hell am I doing in Nils’ bed?”

Even’s face suddenly fell.

“Oh. You, you don’t remember?”

Isak remembered. He was just being weird.

Fuck. I can’t pretend yesterday just didn’t happen. Fuck me. I’m never drinking again.

“How cool. How are you feeling?” said Even, his hand reaching up to tuck Isak’s hair behind his ear.

“Uh what are you doing?”

“I’m touching you. Isn’t this what you wanted?” said Even.

“Oh piss off,” Isak shoved him and the taller boy just smiled.

“So how are you feeling?”

“Well-rested? I feel weird. What time is it?”

“6:54? We have some time,” said Even.

“There’s no ‘we’.”

“Yeah, I mean you know. ‘You’, ‘space’, ‘me’ have some time.”

Isak rolled his eyes then disentangled himself from Even’s grip.

“Shit, I hope Eva’s still sleeping. She can’t see me here,” he mumbled.

“Why not?”

“Even, there’s absolutely no way she’ll see this and not misunderstand,” said Isak.

“See what?”

“Whatever,” Isak sighed.

He was about to leave the bed when Even’s arms locked around his chest and pulled him back in.

“What the fuck?!” Isak yelped.

“Let’s sleep a bit more,” said Even.

“No, let go of me. I have to shower.”

“I can join you for that, too.”

“Why are you such a dick? You can’t just say shit like this and then tell me I’m not good enough for you or whatever,” said Isak.

“Oh. Sorry,” Even’s tone was suddenly very serious. “Isak, I hope you know that that’s not what I meant by that.”

“Just stop fucking with my head,” said Isak.

“Okay,” said Even, unlocking his arms from around Isak.

But Isak wasn’t moving.

“Hm?”

“I guess we can sleep a bit more,” said Isak.
He couldn’t see it but he knew that Even was smiling against his hair.

“I see that morning wood for me or?”

“Fuck off, Even!”

“Oh my god?! Did I miss an episode?!” Eva screamed when she ran into Isak trying to leave Even’s room as quietly as possible.

“Fuck my life.”

Isak was on the bus and Even was standing opposite of him. Whenever he looked up, Even smiled at him until his eyes crinkled.

Stop. Stop smiling like that.

He was growing more and more flustered in public transportation when Eva texted him.

---

**Eva Mohn**

08:16

But like????

Did you two??

Did you hook up?

Did you do it??

Shut up

Noo!

Isak you came out of his room in ur shorts

I was just sleeping

Wtf why are you lying to me??

I won’t tell sana i swear

We just slept i’m not lying

I can’t believe i took you back as a friend just for you to treat me like this

Piss off -___-

---

**Even Bech Næsheim**
We cool? Yeah why?

Just checking Uh?

Wanna grab lunch today? What is this

An invitation to lunch Why

Cause I want to have lunch with you? Because this is weird

Why are you squinting your eyes? So no?

Because this is weird I’ll think about it

Wtf it’s lunch Fucked you

not an invitation to fuck

Why are you squinting your eyes? Really? :p

Because this is weird Oh fuck off

Wtf it’s lunch Oh fuck off

not an invitation to fuck

Why are we texting on the bus

Stop texting me

Oh we’re back to the stop texting me mess

Why are we texting on the bus

Stop texting me

Oh we’re back to the stop texting me mess

Why are we texting on the bus

Stop texting me

Anyways let me know when u make up your mind

Why are we texting on the bus

Stop texting me

Anyways let me know when u make up your mind

Yes

K

K? K???
I’m going to start using lisa’s ‘dhgkhskksd’ to respond to you

---

David changed the groupchat name to “Evak Is Real”

11:34

David: ok so guess who caught a cold!!??
Lisa: nobody cares david :) 
David: fuck off i’m not talking about me
Lynn: ??
Sara: Even has a cold we know that already
David: yeah but guess who ELSE?
Lisa: ISAK?? Fdfdkj
David: bingo

What? I’m not allowed to catch a cold now? Wtf

Even: Isak you caught a cold? 
Even: fuck i forgot i was sick
Even: so You+Me lunch? Yes?
Jakob: … 
Lynn: lmao wtf is going on
David: ?????
Lisa: kjfdjkj
Sara: looks like your ship is fine Lisa lol

Wtf Even

Even: shit not your chat again

Jakob has left this conversation

Sara: oh my god
Lynn: holy shit did jakob just give up dkjifikd

You have left this conversation

Isak sat by his desk and contemplated all the ways he could make Even pay for making yet another
“wrong chat” mistake.

So when Even stopped by at noon, he nearly slapped him with his keyboard.

“I’m mentally throwing my keyboard at your face right now,” said Isak.

“Wonderful. Hungry?” said Even.

“I never said yes to this.”

“You never said no either,” Even smiled. “Come on it’s just lunch. I won’t say anything weird I promise.”

.

Isak and Even were sitting around a table outside, and the sun was shining.

“Why do you want to have lunch so badly?” said Isak.

“Because we never got to do it. Something always happens and we never grab lunch.”

“I see.”

“Why are you always saying no?” said Even.

“Uhm. You ditched me. The first time. I don’t like being ditched.”

“Oh.”

“Yeah.”

“Sorry.”

“It’s cool.”

“I didn’t mean to eavesdrop by the way. I was coming to your desk and I saw you talk to Jakob, so I figured it wasn’t anything personal, but yeah,” said Even.

“It’s fine.”

“Hm. If you ever want to talk about it. I’m available,” said Even without really looking at Isak.

“Uh. Okay. Awkward.”


“I do. And you say shit like ‘I love your scent’, so excuse me.”

“Pfft. What’s wrong with that? I mean I do love your scent.”

“Are you listening to yourself? Jeez, you said you weren’t going to say anything weird,” said Isak, rolling his eyes.

“Listen whenever we get too close, I lose my fucking mind. It’s like your scent has some effect on me.”

“My scent? Jesus, I’m going back to work,” said Isak.
“Okay okay, nevermind. Just sit down.”

“Fine.”

Isak sat down, took a bite of his sandwich, then sneezed.

“Shit, you really caught it, huh,” said Even.

“Whatever.”

“I just don’t want you thinking I did all of this to get you to get sick and sabotage you,” said Even.

“What? I never thought that. What the hell?”

“You do seem to question all of my motives.”

“The only thing I question at this point is the fucking ‘wrong chat’ crap. Like are you doing it on purpose?” said Isak nonchalantly.

“Hmmm,” Even mumbled before biting into his food.

“What?! What does that mean? Are you doing it on purpose?”

“Maybe,” said Even, smiling.

“What the fuck? I hate you!” Isak got up from his seat and glared at him.

“I hate you too, baby.”

“You’re a fucking asshole,” Isak shouted as he walked away, trying to hide the blush creeping its way to his cheeks.

Baby.

.

You’ve been added to ‘Not Isak’s Chat’

Not Isak’s Chat

14:35

Lynn: hey guys

Lynn: i’m throwing a party at my place this saturday

Lynn: you’re all invited

Lynn: except david

David: wtf??

Lisa: you suck man

Chris: lol

Andre: wow that feel when you’re invited and David isn’t
Thanks for the invite lynn
Don’t know if i’ll make it

Even: We’ll be there
Lisa: kfhjkdflkdflk

Fuck off Even

Even: ‘Isak [space] me’ will be there

Piss off

Sara: i feel like i missed several episodes
Sara: where’s jakob?
Andre: yeah..
Jakob: I’m here :)
David: ... bro
Jakob: thanks for the invite lynn
Jakob: not sure i’ll make it
Sara: what?? You’re the OG of the intern class you organize everything
Sara: you have to
Jakob: i’ll see haha
Lisa: this love triangle has got me clenched
Anna: lol
David: who is anna
Lynn: this is why you’re not invited david
Even: what love triangle haha

Jakob has left this conversation

David: damn Even you savage
Even: ??

You have left this conversation

Isak had his code review in the afternoon and Kristin praised him so much that his face stayed flushed the entire time.

“Why are you always surprised when someone tells you you’re doing a great job?” she said.
“Embrace it. You’re really good, Isak.”

“Thank you,” he mumbled.

Isak was so happy for the rest of the afternoon. His team seemed to have forgotten that he was an insensitive asshole who had an HR complaint filed against him.

The closer he got to Even, the more confused he was. He was so sure that Even had filed it because he couldn’t pinpoint anyone who held a big enough grudge against him to do that.

He took a leap of faith and asked Kristin if he could know when the complaint was filed exactly.

“Hmm. I don’t know if I’m supposed to tell you this but I don’t give a shit. It was actually filed the Friday of that first week late in the afternoon,” she said. “It took some time to get to me cause you know HR. But it was in my mailbox the following Friday.”

“Oh.”

Isak was suddenly obsessed. It was filed right after their first sync-up. It was probably one of the interns.

*What the fuck. Who did this.*

Isak was making theories and trying to psychoanalyze everyone when he got a text from Even.

---

**Even Bech Næsheim**

16:24

Wanna watch a movie tonight?

No

/: why not?

You do realize that this is what you call ‘leading me on’ right?

So friends can’t watch movies now?

We’re not friends

Right

We’re cuddle buddies

That was once

Get over it

Also i’m busy

?

I’m trying to figure who filed the complaint

???: you still haven’t figured it out?
Isak was on the bus and Even’s show was about to start. It was his first show back, and Isak could tell that he was nervous from his voice.

Somehow, all the calls they picked up had nothing to do with Even, and it almost seemed like production screened the callers before forwarding them.

Even laughed and entertained and talked about random things. When Nora asked him why he was so happy that day, he paused for a moment.

“Uhm. I don’t know. Life is good right now,” said Even.

“Oh, exciting things happening?” said Nora.

“You could say that. But let’s not talk about me. There’s a 2017 song that’s been stuck in my head
today and I’d love to share it with you guys if you don’t mind.”

“Of course.”

.

Even played ‘Get It Together’ by Drake, Black Coffee, and Jorja Smith and Isak couldn’t help but sink into his seat.

*This fucker.*

.

*I’ve been hurt so many times
It got to a point when I decided
I can’t do this anymore
I need someone to hold me
I need someone that needs me
I need someone that loves me

.*

*You need me to get that shit together
So we can get together

.*

*You know, we don’t have to be dramatic
Just romantic

Do all the little things, little things

.

“So SKAM is ending, huh?” said Nora. “What do you think about that as someone who was somehow close to the target audience?”

“Yeah, bummer. SKAM really shaped our generation in many ways, and I’m sad to see it go. But I respect Julie Andem’s decision and integrity as a showrunner,” said Even.

“Did you ever watch the show?”

“Yeah. I love Adrian Eskett. He’s probably my favorite character,” said Even.

“He did resonate with many people and he was played by Tarjei. What a phenomenal young actor!”

“Yes, absolutely. Tarjei if you’re listening to this, I’m a big fan,” said Even.

Isak frowned.
What the fuck. Why am I annoyed?

“Also fun fact, but our geoblocker looks exactly like him,” said Even.

What. the. fuck.

“Geoblocker?” Nora asked.

“Yes, the developer in charge of blocking content outside of Norway,” said Even.

“That’s very funny,” said Nora.

“Yes, it’s very ironic. By the way, Isak if you’re listening to this, that song was for you.”

Oh my god. I’m going to kill him. This is war.

You have been added to “Isak and Even are getting fired”

Isak and Even are getting fired

23:25

David: omg you guys are wild

WHAT?

Lisa: omg isak was it you

I don’t know what you’re talking about

lol

Sara: was it because Even gave you a shoutout on air? Hahaha you two

I didn’t do anything

Even: Isak where did you find that picture

Lisa: lmfaoo kdkjfdkjd

Lynn: what are you guys talking about?

David: check the NRK p3 facebook page

Lynn: my phone is slow af just send me a screenshot

David:
Lynn: AHHAHAHAHAHAHAHA kjfdkjkdflfdjkd
Lynn: is that Even
Lynn: im dyinnggg

Omg who did that

:/

Even: geez isak hahaha

Even: you might lose your job though
You too!

You’re not supposed to say who’s working on what

Plus no one cares about the facebook page
I’ll delete it in the morning

David: this is too much i can’t stop laughing

Even: where did you get that picture

Whatever

Even: you stalked me?

Lisa: what is happening

Even: open the door isak

Fuck off
Even was knocking on his bedroom door.

“Piss off,” Isak shouted.

“I’m opening the door now. So if you’re naked or something this is your last warning,” said Even.

“What do you want?” said Isak sitting up on his bed, now that Even was in his room.

“That was very funny. I’ll give you that.”

“I can’t believe you called me out on national radio. You’re a dick!” said Isak.

“I didn’t call you out,” Even scoffed. “I gave you a shoutout.”

“Do you have any idea how many people found me on LinkedIn and Insta?” said Isak. “I have so many comments from your fans now. What the hell.”

“Oh my god. I didn’t think about that, sorry.”

“Okay, you can go now,” said Isak.

“Uh. What are you doing this weekend?”

“Why?”

“Just answer the damn question, Isak,” said Even.

“I’m busy Saturday during the day, why?”

“Can I come?”

“No.”

“Why not?” said Even.

Isak’s face fell and the taller boy could probably tell because his face fell, too.

Because I’m visiting my mother.

“It’s personal,” said Isak.

“Uh, okay. We’re going to Lynn’s party though, right?”

“I’ll think about it,” said Isak.

“Okay. Goodnight.”

“Goodnight.”
Isak couldn’t sleep. He was nervous about seeing his mother after his last visit. He thought about canceling but he had already called Emilie to tell her he was coming. He turned around in his bed and tried watching something random on his phone.

He tried talking to Jakob but he wasn’t replying. Okay.

He turned his light on and surfed the web mindlessly until he got bored. He eventually put his laptop away and curled in his bed.

Around one thirty in the morning, Isak’s door opened very slowly, and he just knew.

“I’m not drunk tonight, Even,” said Isak, with his back to the door.

“Good, I can grope you then.”

“Piss off.”

Even laughed, then his weight suddenly made his mattress sink beside Isak. He wrapped his arms around Isak’s chest and hugged his back.

“This is really fucking weird, Even.”

“I just want you to sleep.”

“Why do you care?”

“I just do.”

“I can’t breathe,” said Isak. Even was hugging him too close.

“Me neither,” said Even.

Isak didn’t know why but he let Even hold him. It was nice. He was flustered and his heart was beating so fast and his face was probably crimson red, but he didn’t care. He felt so safe. So good. So at home. Their breathing matched and Isak’s heart felt too big for his chest.

“What are you thinking about?” Even whispered.

“Right now?”

“Yeah.”

“You,” said Isak.

“Oh.”

For some reason, Isak couldn’t help but melt when they were too close. His walls just crumbled and he couldn’t care less about sounding pathetic or needy or desperate.

He wanted to turn around and face him, but he knew he would end up doing something stupid like beg him to kiss him or something. So he stayed still in his arms.

“What are you thinking about?” said Isak.

“You.”

Even’s arms tightened around him and it took all of Isak’s might not to gasp.
“Goodnight, Isak.”

“Goodnight, Even.”

.

“Shit,” Even muttered against his hair the moment he opened his eyes in the morning. Isak was about to ask when he felt it against this lower back.

Oh.

Even buried his chin in Isak’s neck, and he could feel himself lose control, too.

“Morning wood, huh,” said Isak.

“You’re not doing any better yourself,” said Even.

“Piss off.”

Isak disentangled himself from his grasp and ran to the bathroom with his hands in front of his shorts.

“Your little legs I’m telling you.”

“Fuck you!”

.

“Isak are you two fucking? Just tell me,” said Eva.

“Oh my god! Oh my god! No. What the hell!” Isak nearly choked on his cereals.

“What the fuck, you sleep in the same bed! Don’t think I haven’t been noticing.”

“I just. I don’t know. I was drunk one time and the other times he came into my room!” said Isak.

“Do you make out or something?”

“No! We never did anything at all!”

“Oh. Nothing?”

“Nothing.”

“That can’t be healthy,” said Eva.

“What are you talking about?”

“Anyways, just tell me before I find you showering together or something,” said Eva.

“What are you talking about?! We’re not showering together. Piss off!”

.

Isak was on his way to see his mother when he realized he forgot his phone in the bathroom. Shit.

He quickly climbed the stairs back to the apartment and ran into the bathroom where someone was
taking a shower without thinking.

“Sorry Eva, I’m just grabbing my phone,” he said a bit loud so that she could hear him over the running shower.

“What?” Eva replied from her room.

_Shit._

“Awkward,” said Even, his head now peaking from the shower curtain.

“Isak, are you taking a shower in there?” said Eva who was now behind the door.

“Uh, yeah!”

_Fuck. fuck. Fuck._

“Can I grab my hair dryer?”

Isak panicked, climbed over the bathtub, and pulled the curtain.

“Yeah whatever!” he shouted.

Eva came into the bathroom and grabbed her hair dryer.

“You usually lock the door. What’s up with you?” said Eva.

“Forget,” Isak mumbled.

He was completely soaked and Even had both hands on his mouth to stop himself from laughing.

_Fuck my life._

“Oh my god!” Even cried when Eva closed the door behind her.

“Shut the fuck up!” Isak looked at himself to assess the situation.

“Your hair is fucked.”

“Do I look like I care about my hair?” Isak bit back.

“Well maybe not right now, but like usually.”

“I hate you so much,” Isak sighed.

“I hate you, too,” said Even, smiling.

Isak finally looked at him and he looked good. _Like really really good and really really naked._

“You’re naked.”

“I am,” said Even, with a grin on his face. “And you’re staring.”

Isak didn’t know what possessed him but he couldn’t help it. He couldn’t look up.

“Geez, Valtersen. You need to calm down,” Even teased.
Isak looked up and was overwhelmed by how wet and naked and hot he looked.

“Fucking hell, I need to get laid as soon as possible.”

“I can volunteer.”

“You can piss off.”

“Ouch,” said Even with a hand on his chest. *His bare chest.*

“I’m leaving,” said Isak, leaving the bathtub and reaching out for a towel. “Great, I’m going to be late now.”

“Don’t take the towel!” Even shouted after him as he was leaving the bathroom.

“Sucks to suck, Even.”

It all happened the same way it always did. Isak got to the facility, chatted awkwardly with the nurses, pretended he wasn’t dead inside, smiled when he saw his mother, told her about his days and tried to ignore the fact that she wasn’t listening at all. He squeezed her hand and told her that she looked pretty. And she smiled at him and said that he looked handsome. He apologized the same way he always did, and she asked him ‘what for’ the same way she always did.

*For leaving you here. For resenting you so damn much.*

He stayed a bit longer and noticed how her eyes were a bit empty, a bit hollow. Sometimes, she was there. Sometimes, she wasn’t.

“I’m sorry for scaring you last time,” she said.

“It’s okay. I’m just glad you’re okay.”

She asked him if he made new friends and he told her that he did. For some reason, Even popped up in his mind and he smiled at the irony of the situation.

She asked him why he was smiling and he said that he met someone.

“Someone?”

“Yeah,” he smiled.

“Are you happy?”

“No, not really,” he admitted.

*He doesn’t want me. Nobody ever wants me.*

Isak was emotionally exhausted and considered just going home and sleeping until Monday. But Even wasn’t letting him.

“What are you doing? Get ready,” said Even.
“I’m not going,” said Isak, lying on his stomach on his bed.

“Why not?”

“I’m tired. I don’t feel like it.”

The mattress sank under Even’s weight, and Isak just wanted to be left alone.

“Are you okay?” said Even, sitting on the edge of the bed.

“I’m fine. I just want to sleep.”

“Where were you today?”

“None of your business, Even,” Isak mumbled.

Maybe if I’m rude enough, he’ll go away.

Even’s hand was suddenly in Isak’s hair and he almost gasped.

“What are you doing?” he asked, his face still against the pillow.

“I’m touching your hair,” said Even. “It’s soothing. I like it when people touch my hair.”

“What are you talking about?” Isak turned his head to finally look at him.

Even was wearing a white t-shirt and those jeans. He looked good.

“Come on. Let’s go out,” said Even. “You’ll feel better I promise.”

“You know nothing, Even.”

“Yes, yes, I don’t even know you. I know the song by now. I’m gonna hang out with Eva now and I’m leaving in like an hour. Let me know if you change your mind,” said Even.

Isak really tried resisting but he felt like crap, and Even looked lovely with his hair done like that. So he left his bed and joined him.

“Do we have to get there at the same time? It’s gonna look weird,” said Isak.

“Baby, I’m sure half of them think we’re secretly married,” said Even, smiling.

“Call me baby one more time and I’ll fucking punch you.”

“Ow, easy there, baby,” said Even.

Isak punched him in the shoulder and watched him laugh.

“How dare you?” Even scoffed.

“Go fuck yourself, Even,” said Isak, walking away ahead of him to the bus stop.

“Isak.”

“What?”
“You look so fucking hot right now.”

Isak’s entire face flushed and he hated it. He hated that he had to hide it because he didn’t want Even to know just how much power he had over him. Just how he would immediately drop to his knees if Even ever asked.

_I hate feeling this weak. Fuck._

.

Isak stood awkwardly in the kitchen with his beer and chatted with Chris who seemed to be the only person who couldn’t care less that he arrived to the party with Even.

“So how’s your project going?” said Chris.

“It’s shit, man. We’re screwed. We still haven’t even decided on what we’re doing,” said Isak.

“Yeah well. My team is in a tough spot, too. But at least we have Jakob.”

“Yeah, I wish I were in his team,” said Isak.

“By the way, did you ever find out about who filed the HR complaint against you?”

“Uh, no. Not really,” said Isak, taking a sip. “Wait, how did you know about it?”

“Uh, Jakob mentioned it,” said Chris.

“Oh yeah. Cool. Cause I don’t remember telling other people,” said Isak.

“Yeah, Jakob’s a cool dude. It makes sense that you’d tell him.”

_Wait._

.

“Hey Jakob,” said Isak when he spotted him near the fridge. “You made it. Nice.”

“Uh, yeah. Hey. What’s up?” said Jakob.

_No baby boy? No nothing? Interesting._

“Nothing much. I guess I don’t see around anymore.”

“Yeah. Busy with work and stuff,” said Jakob, looking at his feet.

“I have a question for you but I don’t know how to say it without sounding like a dick,” said Isak.

Jakob’s eyes went wide, and that’s when Isak knew.

“You filed that HR complaint against me, right? It was you.”

“Uh. What.”

“I never told you about it but you somehow knew. You even texted me about it. I never told anyone except Even and that was only because I thought he filed it,” said Isak.

“Isak..” was all that made it past Jakob’s mouth.
“Wow.”

“I’m sorry.”

“So it was really you.”

“Yeah. I just. It was the first week and I didn’t really know you that well. I’m sorry,” said Jakob.

“What the hell? Do you realize how fucked up that sounds to me right now?”

“I know. It’s just. You know there’s a quota for return offers for full-time jobs, and I was so focused on getting a job and just eliminating competition that I didn’t really think. I’m very sorry.”

“You tried to sabotage me to get a return offer? I can’t believe this.”

“You won’t understand but I really really need this job, Isak. I’m sorry I crossed you. I really am. I tried withdrawing the complaint the following week because I felt like shit, but it wasn’t possible because I did it anonymously.” said Jakob. “I had your back ever since. I meant everything afterwards.”

“That makes no sense. You let me fucking think it was Even. Why would you do that?”

Jakob sighed then downed a Tequila shot.

“You know why.”

“What?”

“For fuck’s sake, Isak do I have to like say it out loud?!” Jakob almost yelled.

“What’s going on here?” said Even, who had made his way to the kitchen.

“Nothing,” said Jakob, before sighing and walking away.

Isak placed both hands on the kitchen counter and let out a deep sigh.

So that’s how Eva felt in our first year.

“What happened?” said Even.

“How did you figure out it was him?” said Isak.

Even made his way to the fridge and opened himself a beer.

“It was obvious. He baited you during that first week and called you out about your comment on mental illness during the sync-up. He’s smart. He’s a dick, but he’s impressive.”

“What?”

“I feel like he wanted to cross you but then ended up falling for your pretty face,” said Even. “I love me some cliches like that.”

“What the hell are you talking about?”

“You know in movies when one character is trying to destroy this other character, but they end up falling in love instead. I love that. I’d probably root for Jakob under other circumstances,” said Even.
“In love? Other circumstances? What the fuck?” Isak rolled his eyes, then turned around so that he was facing Even.

“Yeah. I can’t let him have you. You know,” he smiled and Isak’s knees started giving out.

Even was in his face and all of his senses were suddenly heightened.

“No, I don’t know. Enlighten me,” Isak breathed.

Even placed both hands on the counter on both sides of Isak’s waist and leaned in.

*Jesus. We’re in public.*

Isak’s face was probably flushed but he couldn’t care less. Not when Even was this close.

Even leaned in a bit more until his lips were touching his ear.

“He can’t have you cause you’re mine,” he whispered.

Isak nearly melted in his arms, but Lisa’s loud screeching when she walked into the kitchen made him shove Even away.

“Oh my god! Did i just interrupt a moment?!”

Isak was probably drunk. He wasn’t sure but he agreed to take part in stupid drinking games, so he probably was.

Even sat in front of him and kept smiling and making his insides burn.

“Okay so this it like truth or dare, except we don’t give a shit and we just want everyone to hook up,” said Sara.

“Oh boy. This is going to be fun,” said David.

“Seriously why did you come, David?” said Lynn.

“Oh piss off. I’m the life of the party!”

Sara and Lynn were kissing, and it was awkward because they weren’t into it at all, and Isak couldn’t help but cringe at their embarrassment.

*Why do people play these games? Why do people do this to themselves?*

“Even, you have to kiss a girl around the room,” said Sara.

*Excuse me.*

“Oh, why?” Even was confused.

“Cause it’s the rule of the game. You got the side with the pink color,” said Sara.

“Oh, isn’t this game a bit sexist? Why is pink for girls?”
“Shut the fuck up, Even,” said David. “Just pick a girl and kiss her.”

“Can someone pick someone for me?” said Even.

“Lisa,” said Isak.

*What am I doing.*

Even stared at him in confusion.

“Really?”

“Really,” said Isak.

“Oh my god what is this?” Lisa asked.

“This is a kiss,” said Even before getting up on his knees and bringing a hand to the back of her neck.

He kissed her on the mouth, and Isak couldn’t help but stare at his big full lips as they all but overwhelmed Lisa’s. Lisa who barely kissed back.

*Good girl.*

Even opened his eyes mid-kiss just to look at Isak, and he nearly died on the spot.

*What a dick.*

“Okay, Isak. Kiss a girl,” said David.

“Ugh, fine. Who?”

“Lisa,” said Even.

“Oh my god, is today my lucky day or what?” said Lisa.

“Fine.”

Isak scooted closer to Lisa, then leaned in and pecked her on the lips.

“Done,” said Isak.

“That was a bit disappointing to be honest,” said Lisa.

“Oh piss off. I’m sorry I didn’t eat your face like Mr. Bech Næsheim here.”

Isak couldn’t help but blush when David kissed Chris on the mouth. It was as if they didn’t care at all. He was jealous of their ability to not care. He was jealous because simply watching them made him feel like disappearing.

His eyes remained wide for a good while before it was his turn.

“Isak, kiss a boy,” said Lynn.
“What?”
“What do you mean ‘what’ you know the rules by now.”

“Uh, who?”
“Even. Kiss Even,” said David.

“What?”
“It’s the fucking game. Just do it.”

“Uh. Ok.”

Isak was about to collapse. He was so nervous and Even looked annoyed and reluctant. It was ridiculous but Isak was a bit drunk and his heart broke a bit.

“Touch me. Kiss me.”

He remembered how desperate he had sounded that night on the couch.

_He doesn’t want this._

Isak looked at Even with so many questions in his eyes. They were both on their knees face to face, and the whole room had fallen silent.

“Kiss him. We don’t have all night, Isak,” said Sara while Lisa held her breath.

“Uh, okay.” Isak didn’t know what to do with his hands.

Even’s stare was crushing. He almost looked angry. He considering cupping his face and just pecking him quickly, but he was too nervous.

_It’s just a fucking kiss._

Even’s hands were suddenly on his face and Isak let out an embarrassing sound.

“Oh my god!” Lisa yelped.

Even pulled him in and Isak’s hands instinctively curled around his wrists. Their faces were getting closer and closer, and his heart was about to burst inside his chest.

_Yes. Please. Kiss me. Kiss me please._

Isak closed his eyes and parted his lips and completely let go. _Please._

So when Even suddenly let go of his face and nearly pushed him away, he could almost hear his heart break against his ribcage.

“Oh, I—” Isak was a bit shocked, and when he opened his eyes, Even was staring.

“Not like this,” he whispered.

Even then turned his attention to the rest of the party. “I’m sorry but this is stupid. Can’t we do something else to opt out of it?”
The entire room had fallen silent.

Isak felt embarrassed and humiliated. He had let himself look desperate in front of the entire intern class. He was so ready. *So fucking ready.*

“Oh, you can opt out of it. I mean it’s Isak’s dare,” said Lynn.

*Yeah, it's my dare.*

Isak looked around the room, then without thinking and with his heart still shattering inside his chest, he moved towards Jakob and kissed him on the lips.

Isak and Even walked together to their place without uttering a word.

Isak was so angry. He was so embarrassed and so angry. He knew that he should have never left his room that night. He knew that he had already used all his emotional quota for the day and that he should have just slept.

Even was silent beside him. Silent but angry, too.

*Fuck you.*

“Okay, what the hell happened?” said Eva the moment they came through the door.

“Nothing,” they both answered at the same time.

“Okay…”

Isak couldn’t sleep. He was way too riled up. So around three in the morning, he left his room to grab yet another beer from the kitchen.

He nearly screamed when he bumped into Even.

“Fuck,” he muttered.

“Sorry,” said Even.

Isak didn’t answer. He just brushed past him and made it to the fridge.

“The cold shoulder, huh?”

“Fuck you, Even,” Isak bit back.

“Well, fuck you too, Isak.”

“Excuse me?” Isak turned around to face him, his back pressed against the kitchen counter.

The small lamp in the living room was their only source of light.

“You heard me.”
“What the fuck? Are you angry because I kissed Jakob? Are you serious?”

“Yes.”

“What in the world? How dare you?” Isak said. “Contrary to what you believe, I’m not yours. You don’t get to be pissed.”

“Isn’t that what you wanted though? You know how I feel about him,” Even said.

“The fuck? I had to kiss a boy, and since you couldn’t stand the idea of kissing me, I just decided to kiss someone who wouldn’t mind.”

“Jakob didn’t want that either,” Even said.

“Oh piss off! It was just a dare. Plus he stabbed me in the back. So like he could do me this one small favor.”

“It’s like you’re not even fucking listening,” Even said.

“Well maybe I don’t want to listen. Maybe I’m tired of you leading me on and calling me baby and touching my hair and holding me until I sleep and asking me if I’m okay and making me want to die whenever you come near me, only for you to say that I’m not good enough for you. Maybe I’m just done with that!”

“Fucking hell, Isak. Seriously.”

“What? You couldn’t even fucking kiss me during a stupid game. Like. What’s so wrong with me? Why am I so undesirable? I just want to understand!”

Isak nearly screamed when Even’s arms wrapped around the back of his thighs and lifted him off the ground.

“What the fuck!”

Isak was now sitting on the kitchen counter, with Even standing between his legs and his heart all the way up in his throat.

“You’re exasperating,” Even said. “I never said I didn’t want to kiss you. I just didn’t want to kiss you like that.”

Isak couldn’t breathe. Even’s fingers were digging into his sides and he was on a stupid kitchen counter with his legs hanging around Even.

“I, uh. What the fuck do you think you’re doing?” was all that Isak could manage before Even closed the distance between them and pressed their lips together.

Fuck.

The moment their lips touched, Isak felt shivers down his spine and electricity running through his veins. Even all but sighed against his lips. He kissed him as if he had been waiting to do so for the longest time. He kissed him as if he had been choking under water and was finally coming up for air.

Even’s right hand was in Isak’s hair and his other one was gripping his thigh so hard that Isak was sure he was leaving bruises.
Isak was overwhelmed. He didn’t know what to do. His hands stayed on his lap as Even sucked on his bottom lip.

_Jesus. What the fuck do I do._

“Kiss. Me. Back,” Even groaned against his mouth.

His right hand was cupping Isak’s cheek and his thumb was grazing his lips.

“Open up, baby,” Even whispered, parting Isak’s lips with his own fingers.

It was all it took for Isak to moan.

So he parted his lips and kissed him like he had been meaning to ever since he saw him in the cafeteria. He kissed him like he didn’t give a damn what anyone thought. He kissed him like he had never kissed anyone before: raw, and rough, and desperate.

“Fuck,” Even groaned.

Isak pulled him closer between his legs and locked them around his waist. One of his arms was around Even’s neck whereas his other hand was in his hair. Isak yanked so hard that the taller boy yelped.

So Isak tugged even harder. _Yes._

But when Even flicked his tongue inside his mouth, he all but melted in his embrace.

_Shit._

Even kissed him again and again and again until they were no longer kissing but simply making out in the kitchen.

Isak pushed and took as much as he could and didn’t realize he was nearly grinding against Even, whose hands were now roaming his lower back, until he almost fell off the counter.

But then Even’s hands were under his thighs again, and he pushed even further down the counter.

“Jesus,” Even laughed against his lips.

Isak laughed, too. For some reason, he just laughed, too.

They kissed until Isak’s lips hurt and until he could no longer breathe. They kissed until their heaving chests were burning and until their breathing matched. They kissed until Isak felt intoxicated and everything was just Even Even Even Even Even.

Even eventually pulled back and pecked him again once or twice, maybe three times. Isak couldn’t open his eyes. He just couldn’t. So he kept them shut until Even’s fingers settled under his chin, lifting it up.

When Isak opened his eyes, Even looked wrecked and disheveled and beautiful and ethereal.

_I’m so gone._

“I meant something like this,” Even whispered. “I wanted to kiss you like this.”

“Oh, I.” Isak’s eyes were wide and he couldn’t think of any words.
“Goodnight, Isak.”

That night, Even went back to his room and took Isak’s heart with him.

Chapter End Notes

First of all: That meme is all @mythicalsksam on twitter and this tweet. It made me laugh so hard. I had to.

ayeeeee. Happy SKAM day!!! lol I can't believe I wrote 6K in a few hours but here we are <3

I read all of your comments and I was so so overwhelmed. Thank you so much guys. I hope I didn't sound like I was cutting this verse short, because I would never do that to my characters. I just meant I would write faster and not sleep and update more often to be done before things get heated in S4 lol, or maybe write more sporadically I don't really know how to deal lol. I also didn't mean to sound like I was fishing for validation/compliments <3 sorry if I sounded like that but thank you so much. I cried writing your comments hahaha.

I'll continue writing even if I only have 10 readers honestly. You guys make my days, and I wouldn't want to leave you hanging. (Over 100 comments on the last chapter?? oh my god!!!! And in less than 24 hours? Idk what to say haha). Thank you so much for everything <333

Onto the chapter. I hope you liked this. Sorry about Jakob. It was my plan from the beginning. Things will get interesting after this. lol. I hope you like the rest. Hint: Erik makes a comeback next chapter.

And I didn't realize how long this got until I saw the word count. I'm sorry haha. I try including as many prompts/ideas as possible. So here you go 'shower-anon?/Scent-anon?/song dedication- anon' and many others <3. Also "I meant something like this" is very clearly inspired by Nick/Jess from New Girl and their epic first kiss.

- Groupchat: Tag yourself. I'm Lisa, sometimes David.
- Jakob: Many of you kind of guessed he had filed the complaint. Any guesses on what's coming next? (also who spread that rumor online)
- Even: what is he doing lol. also what do you think about savage!Even?
- Isak: he just wants to be luved and he really loves his mom (and he has no idea how much that kiss hurt jakob lol)
- Even didn't want their first kiss to be a dare. Of course.
“Can I just say it?”

Chapter Notes

hi guys. thank you so much for the incredible support/feedback/comments/kudos/tweets/tumblr messages etc... You guys are awesome! Sorry this is kind of late. This season is already consuming me and i work 8 to 7 :(( (*hugs*)
Hope you like this *dodges flying objects*

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“What’s up with you?” said Eva who sprawled on the couch in front of the TV.

“What do you mean?” Isak scoffed defensively.

“You’re acting so weird,” she said, squinting her eyes.

“What the hell?” Isak furrowed his brows.

“You’re all quiet and smiley and weird. Plus, you’re walking around in those shorts. You never walk around in those shorts.”

“Oh piss off!” said Isak.

“Oh my god, why are you blushing?”

“I’m not blushing, what the fuck!” Isak shouted.

He was about to lie some more when someone started unlocking the front door of their apartment.

“Shit. Fuck,” Isak panicked, eyeing his room in the distance and trying to figure out if he could cross the flat before Even saw him.

“What the hell is up with you?” said Eva.

Too late.

“Hey,” said Even, smiling before closing the door behind him.

Fuck me.

“Uh, uhm, hi,” Isak stuttered.

Even’s gaze was focused on Eva as he greeted her properly and complimented her red nail polish or
something, and Isak’s heart was stuck in his throat. He was nervous. Way too nervous.

Even’s eyes were suddenly on him, and he felt like fire had been set to his insides.

“Hey you,” said Even, beaming and staring at his legs for a bit too long.

Shit. Shit.

“Uh, hey,” said Isak, feeling the heat coming up to his face.

They just looked at each other for a few moments, Even smiling and Isak trying to keep it together. Suddenly, Eva screamed.

“Oh my god! Did you two finally hook up? Oh my god! Is this why Isak has been acting all cute and shy all morning? Oh my god!”

“Shut the fuck up, Eva!” Isak yelled, his face probably the color of her nail polish.

“Oh my! And the eggs! Is this real life? Did you two fuck the tension out?”

Isak grabbed a pillow and shoved it in her face while Even laughed like the damn sun.

“Fuck off! Both of you!”

That Night

“I meant something like this. I wanted to kiss you like this.”

Isak couldn’t tell how long he stayed on that damn kitchen counter simply waiting for his chest to stop heaving and for his breathing to even out.

He eventually gave up. Because he couldn’t breathe, and his heart was about to burst in his chest. He couldn’t think and he couldn’t breathe. He was too overwhelmed. Too overwhelmed to even get angry at Even for leaving him there and taking his entire soul with him.

His heart was beating fast, so fast. There were freaking butterflies at the pit of his stomach, and Isak had no idea what anything meant anymore.

He had been kissed before. He had kissed and he had been kissed before. But nothing ever came close to what he had just shared with Even. Not even close.

Fuck my whole life.

When Isak finally hopped off the counter, his knees nearly gave out. He was disoriented and he felt intoxicated.

He threw himself face first on his bed the moment he reached his room and muffled a scream into his pillow.

Calm the fuck down. Calm the fuck down. Calm the fuck down.

He turned around, stared at the ceiling, and could feel his heart shrinking and clenching and hurting. It hurt so good.
He pulled out his phone and stared at Even’s chat. He stared and stared and stared until a text actually came through.

**Even Bech Næsheim**

03:47

I can’t sleep

Me neither

What are you thinking about?

You

❤

Isak stared at the heart emoji and breathed long and hard for three minutes before making up his mind.

**Even Bech Næsheim**

03:51

Come to me

Isak hit send then nearly threw his phone away. He was nervous but kept waiting for it to vibrate in the distance.

When five minutes went by with no answer, his chest started deflating and he curled into himself in his bed.

*Of course.*

The moment his bedroom door opened, Isak’s heart was back in his throat and his breathing had grown erratic again.

He stayed where he was in his bed with his back to door and waited until Even slid under his sheets. He didn’t know what to do, so he waited. He waited for him to touch him or hug him or do anything at all really.

*Touch me. Touch me.*

But Even never moved beside him.

Then it hit him. Even had made the first move. The ball was in his court. It was up to him now.
When he turned around, Even’s face was mere breaths away from his and the lights outside his window cast ridiculous shadows on his cheekbones.

Isak couldn’t breathe and Even was probably holding his breath, too. Because the moment Isak brought a hand to his face, the taller boy let out a desperate sigh that sent shivers down his spine.

“Hi,” Even whispered.

“Hi,” Isak breathed.

Isak probably kissed him first, but he wasn’t sure. Isak didn’t know anything anymore except that nothing felt as good as kissing Even at that moment, his hands around his neck and in his hair, bodies melting into one another.

Even groaned against his lips, and held onto his hips, and pushed his tongue inside his mouth, and Isak lost all control. His head was spinning with want and nothing but Even Even Even.

Their kisses were less hungry this time, less urgent, less pressing. Even kissed him slowly, carefully, almost as if he wasn’t sure. So Isak pulled him closer and closer and closer until Even was on top of him.

“Kiss me,” Isak begged when their lips finally broke apart. “Kiss me.”

“Fuck, you’re so beautiful,” Even whispered.

“Just kiss me,” he begged again.

Even kissed him until he couldn’t help but moan. His hands touched him everywhere while Isak’s fingers threaded through Even’s hair. He cradled the back of his head until he moaned, too.

“Shit, I love it when you do that,” Even mumbled.

“I know,” Isak whispered before rolling them around until he was straddling Even.

He wrapped his hands around his neck and kissed him slowly while Even’s hands roamed his back.

“You’re driving me crazy,” Even whispered against his neck before pressing the softest kisses there. “I want you. I want you so bad.”

Isak closed his eyes and stopped trying to assert whatever control he had in mind.

You can have me.

So when Even’s head left the pillow and met him halfway for an open mouthed kiss, Isak let him wrap his arms around him and flip them around so that he was lying on his back once again.

Isak realized he had never gone so long with Even without saying anything to him. But he couldn’t think of any words. He couldn’t speak. He could barely breathe.

“Are you okay?” Even asked.

“Uh, yeah,” he mumbled.
Even’s hands then grabbed his hips under his shirt, right above his shorts, and Isak moaned like he had never been touched before.

“Uh, I...”

Isak was embarrassed and flustered and breathless. He was so hard. It was almost surreal.

“Baby...” was all that made it past Even’s mouth.

Isak expected him to joke about it but he just sat on his legs and brought his fingers to Isak’s waistband.

“I, What-”

“I want to take care of you,” said Even. “Can I?”

Are you fucking kidding me.

Isak thought long and hard about what to say next. He didn’t want to sound desperate. He really didn’t want to sound desperate.

“You can do anything you want to me,” Isak nearly moaned.

Jesus fucking christ. You need to chill.

Even kissed him again. He then kissed his cheeks, then his neck, then his temple.

“I just want to take care of you,” he said. “That’s all I want to do.”

Isak nearly yelped when Even slid his boxers down his thighs.

“You’re perfect,” said Even.

Stop.

He then nearly died when he took him into his mouth.

 Fucking hell.

“I just want to take care of you.”

Isak was embarrassed. He couldn’t last long. Not with Even looking like that between his thighs. Not with his lips looking like that around his-

“Stop!” he moaned.

“No,” Even groaned, his voice hoarse and his hand firmly pressed against Isak’s stomach, holding him in place.

“I’m gonna-”

“Yes, come for me,” said Even. “Let me taste you, baby.”

“Jesus, you can’t say shit like that!”
“Fuck.”

“Yeah,” said Even beside him on the bed.

“Shit.”

“That good, huh?”

“Shut up,” Isak shoved him away then hid his face in the pillow.

Even laughed then pulled him into his chest and kissed his temple.

“We’re so gross,” said Isak, trying to hide his smile.

“Yes, we are.”

Even hugged him tighter and Isak melted in his arms. He couldn’t help but curl into him and breathe him in and close his eyes and revel in the intimacy. No one had ever held him like that. No one.

When Isak woke up the next day, Even wasn’t there.

Okay.

Of course.

He stayed in bed for fifteen more minutes, then accepted the fact that he just had to suck it up.

“Good morning,” said Eva who looked like she was about to leave the apartment. “You’re up early for a Sunday.”

“I, uh, yeah,” said Isak. “Good morning.”

He stopped dead in his tracks when he realized that Even was is in the kitchen. He didn’t know what to say or do, so he simply stood by the entryway.

“Good morning,” said Even, breaking into a soft smile when he saw him. “I made eggs.”

“Good morning,” Isak mumbled.

Even was wearing a white t-shirt and jeans, and he looked breathtaking. Isak was flustered and he hated it.

“Here,” Even pointed to the table for Isak to sit, then put a plate of scrambled eggs in front of him. “Bon appétit.”

Eva squinted her eyes at them, then made her way to the fridge to grab something.

“Isak doesn’t eat this early in the morning,” she said, closing the fridge just as Isak was bringing the eggs to his mouth.
“What the hell?” said Eva.

“Grown up points,” said Even.

“Anyways, I gotta run to Vilde’s for breakfast. See you in a couple of hours.”

The moment the door closed behind Eva, the air was suddenly filled with tension and Isak didn’t know what to do.

Even pulled up a chair next to him, and his heart gave a leap in his chest.

Chill.

“Hello,” said Even.

“Uh, hello,” Isak ate his eggs and wouldn’t look him in the eyes. “Going somewhere?”

“Yeah. I’m leaving soon. Will be back tonight though.”

“Okay,” said Isak, before taking a sip of his coffee and trying not to look like he was dying inside.


“I’m not nervous.”

“Okay,” said Even, his hand reaching up to touch Isak’s hair.

Isak instinctively leaned into it and couldn’t believe how flustered he felt.

Fuck me.

“Can I kiss you?” said Even.

“What?”

“Can. I. Kiss. You.”

“Why?”

“Because I want to.”

“Uh. Okay.”

Even kissed him so tenderly that Isak’s toes couldn’t help but curl. He melted under his touch and he couldn’t believe just how powerless he felt.

What in the world is this.

Even pecked him a few more times, ran a hand through his face, then got up from his chair.

“See you tonight, Isak.”

“Uh, yeah.”

Isak spent the rest of his day in his room waiting for a text or for anything at all. And when his phone
buzed with a new direct message on Instagram from the last person he wanted to talk to, he couldn’t help but frown.

---

**Erik**

16:03

This guy in line in front of me just bought 5 snapbacks and i thought of you

Miss you

---

_Fuck off!

_.

“So like, how was it?” said Eva.

“What do you mean?”

“Is he a good kisser? He looks like a good kisser. Those lips man. Seriously, if you don’t want him I can totally take him.”

“Piss off, Eva!” Isak shrieked. “He’s like in the other room!”

“He’s taking a shower. We have time. How was it? Was it like hate sex?”

“What the fuck! We didn’t do that!”

“Oh. Really? That’s kind of disappointing. So what did you do then?” said Eva.

“I don’t want to talk about this!”

“Oh come on! I won’t tell anyone. Plus I’m sure you’re dying to tell someone. I won’t tell I swear.”

“Piss off, Eva!” said Isak as he was walking away.

_.

“He like ate my face,” said Isak.

“Oh my god!”

“Stop screaming!”

“Okay, okay. What else?” said Eva.

“I don’t know. That’s it.”

“Why are you doing me dirty again, Isak?”

“What the fuck. That’s it.”

“Was there tongue?” said Eva.

“I’m not answering that! What the fuck!”
“There was tongue. Like lots of it. I can’t believe he left me on the fucking counter.”

“The counter?! Our fucking counter?! Oh my fucking god!”

“Stop screaming, Eva!”

“Then he said ‘I meant something like this’,’ said Isak, blushing and trying to look anywhere but at Eva.

“I’m fucking dying! I can’t believe he pulled a Nick Miller. I’m dying!”

“Nick, who?”

“Nick Miller! The lazy guy from New Girl!” said Eva.

“What the fuck are you talking about?”

“This TV show called New Girl. Their first kiss was almost exactly like yours.”

“What?”

“Where were you today?” said Isak, lying on Even’s chest in his bed right before midnight.

“Uh. I don’t know if we’re there yet,” said Even, smiling.

“Uhm, okay,” Isak shoved him, then let himself be pulled back in.

“Ugh, so much attitude,” Even laughed, hugging him tighter and pressing soft kisses to his hair.

“Whatever.”

“Where were you yesterday, then?” said Even.

“Fair enough.”

“Even, do you watch New Girl?” said Isak.

“New what?”

“New Girl.”

“What’s that?” said Even.

“A TV show.”

“Hmm.”

“Do you?” said Isak.
“Maybe?” said Even, smiling.

“Oh my god I can’t believe you! Did you seriously try to recreate their first kiss, what the fuck!?”

They slept in the same bed again, and they kissed again, and Isak couldn’t help but slip his hand in Even’s pants.

“Isak-”

“Shh.”

Isak realized that simply touching Even and watching him lose all control was enough for him. That the sight of his parted lips reaching for Isak’s was enough. That the gasps that escaped his mouth were enough.

*I’m so gone.*

“I’m actually born in 97,” said Even.

“Huh?”

“What?”

“Really? I thought you were only one year older,” said Isak.

“Why? Does it suddenly change things for you? Do you only hook up with 96’ers?” Even teased.

“Piss off,” Isak replied, but it sounded so weak.

He was *giggling.* *For fuck’s sake.*

Even hugged him closer and wrapped his arms around his shoulders and planted ridiculous kisses all over his face.

“You’re. So. Fucking. Cute,” said Even between every kiss.

Isak only got smaller and melted even more.

“Like who are you?”

“Shut up!”

Isak spent his days smiling to himself, gasping whenever Even came up behind him and squeezed his waist, and fighting the urge to just lunge at him and tell him everything that he’s never told anyone.

Isak no longer glared at everyone and no longer sighed dramatically and told every single person who approached him to piss off. He couldn’t focus on anything and jumped whenever he got a text. He was a mess.

Eva caught him with his face buried in his own pillow trying to breathe in Even’s scent one day, and he nearly had a heart attack.
Isak was terrified that people at work might find out, so he left for work before Even sometimes. “Ouch,” Even would text him. Then Isak would smile and feel dumb for the rest of the morning.

---

**Even**

15:15

Hey

Hi

You look so fucking hot all concentrated like that

Stop lurking around my desk

the things i want to do to you right now

fucks sake i’m working!

i bet i can give you a boner just by texting you

i’m turning off my phone now

❤️❤️

““You’re so soft. It’s crazy. What the hell did Even’s dick do to you?” said Eva one morning.

“Fuck off. Oh my god!”

“You’re the softest boy on the planet,” said Even in between kisses.

“Shut up.”

“Look at you. You keep blushing. I can’t believe you.”

“I’m fucking leaving!” said Isak.

But then Even held grabbed his waist again and shoved him very gently against the wall. They were in the staircase -- their staircase -- and Isak had trouble breathing again.

“Remember the last time we were here?” said Even.

“Yes.”

“I was such a dick to you. I’m sorry.”

*It’s okay.*

Isak looked into Even’s eyes, brought his hands to his neck and pulled him into a deep kiss. He gave it his all. He put everything he had into that *damn* kiss.

So when he realized he had succeeded in making Even flustered and lose his ‘cool’ for half a second, he almost pumped his fist in the air.
“What was that for?” said Even, nearly out of breath.

“I’m sorry, too.”

---

**Erik**

08:03

Btw i heard you work at NRK this summer that’s amazing

I’m proud of you

You’re so smart. I always told you that.

---

That morning, Isak and Even rode the bus together and he still didn’t know what this thing that they had was, so he just stood beside him in silence.

One of Even’s hands suddenly came to rest on his hip and Isak choked on nothing but air.

“You okay?” said Even, beaming.

What a dick.

“I’m fine,” said Isak, his entire face probably flushed.

“Pink is definitely your color,” said Even.

“Oh, piss off.”

---

**David added you to ‘Jasak Rise’**

**Jasak Rise**

09:43

David: happy payday losers

Lynn: Jasak?

David: Jakob+Isak = Jasak

Lisa: Isn’t Isakob? Isak + Jakob

Even: I think it’s Jope

Sara: Jope ?

Even: Jakob+nope

---

**Even has left this conversation**

David: HAHAHAHAHAHAHA

Lisa: omfg
Lynn: it’s too early for this

Jakob changed the groupchat name to ‘NRK Interns 2019’

You have left this conversation

Even Bech Næsheim

09:48

You’re fucking ridiculous

But you smiled didn’t you

:p

✿

✿

What is that

A smiley

&lt;/3

Haha

10:23

I think that was our first conversation where you didn’t tell me to go fuck myself

Who are you

Go fuck yourself :)

:’)

There you are

That’s my baby

Fuck off Even

✿

✿

Isak smiled at his desk like an idiot. He couldn’t stop. He tuned in to Even’s show and laughed at his bad puns and scribbled down the song names and tried to ignore the fact that he was acting like a teenager with a crush.

Get your shit together.

The thing was that Isak had no idea what he was doing. Sure, the kissing and the touching and the
getting each other off thing was great. It was really great, but he didn’t know what it meant. He didn’t know if he wanted to know what it meant.

---

**Erik**

14:09

I just want to talk

---

Even was the first guy after Erik who had ever given him the time of day. Isak only ever pined and it never ended well. Erik had hurt him so badly that Isak promised himself that he would never put himself in a similar situation.

Isak didn’t know how to explain his connection with Even. It was just there, in his face, screaming. It was undeniable, unavoidable. There was no way around it.

Perhaps Even was right. Perhaps the universe really tried to bring them together.

“Song of the day? Hmm, that would be Electric by ‘Alina Baraz ft Khalid’,” said Even.

```
Darker than the ocean, deeper than the sea
You've got everything, you got what I need
Touch me, you're electric, babe
Move me, take me from this place
Movin' to the tempo, show me what it takes
Speeding up my heartbeat, playing in the flames

Kiss me, we're on fire, babe
Love me, take me to outer space
```

---

**Even Bech Næsheim**

14:23

How do you like the song

what song

yeah right :p

idk what you're talking about
“Next up, we have a caller from Oslo. Hello!” said Even on the radio but nobody was answering.

“How?!” he repeated. “Looks like the line got cut unfortunately. So let me play this one-”

“How?” said a male voice. “Even?”

The owner of the voice was probably older than forty, Isak guessed, munching on chips as he started growing anxious.

Even wasn’t answering this man.

“Even, can you hear me?” said the caller.

“Uh, hello. Yes, uh, this is Even speaking,” he nearly stuttered. “How are you today?”

Isak realized that Even was nervous and that he must have recognized the person’s voice.

“I’m good. How are you, son?” said the caller.

Isak didn’t know why but he switched to listening on his phone, locked his computer, then made his way to the radio studios.

What am I doing?

“I’m doing very well. Thank you very much for calling in. Would you like to request a song today?”

Even’s voice was completely detached and there was no warmth to it. He sounded like he was reciting words, like he was dead inside.

“Even,” said the caller. “I listened to what that woman said and I just want to tell you, her, and everyone listening that you’re not selfish and that you’re not ungrateful.”

“Uh, I’m sorry, sir -”

“No. I just really need everyone to know this. I thought you were wonderful in your interview. If anything, you gave me way more credit than I deserved. I just want you to know that I’m sorry. Okay?”

Isak had no idea what this person was talking about, but Even wasn’t answering and he only grew more worried by the second. The next thing he knew, Isak was running around the building.

The feed suddenly cut to some random song Even would never play in a million years.

Isak couldn’t find him and after searching all the staircases and asking everyone on his team, he decided to give up and head back to his desk.

Wait.

He suddenly remembered one place he forgot to check.
“How did you find me?” said Even, sitting on the bench that was now their bench, smoking a cigarette.

“I wasn’t looking for you,” said Isak, standing awkwardly in front of him.

“Yeah right,” Even gave him the saddest smile. “Did you listen to the shit show?”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” said Isak. And when Even laughed he mentally bumped his fist in the air.

“I know you listen to all my shows, Isak. I know you’re like my biggest fan.”

Isak rolled his eyes, “Oh please!”

They laughed, then Even threw the cigarette on the ground and stepped on it. Isak kept waiting for him to look up but Even kept his eyes on the ground.

Was that your father? Are you in bad terms? Are you okay?

Isak had a million questions but Even looked small and distressed and sad, so he did the one he could think of.

He walked towards where Even was sitting, stepped between his legs, pushed Even’s head against his stomach, then wrapped his arms around his shoulders.

Isak had ten seconds of total panic in which Even was not reacting at all.

You fucked up.

But just as Isak was about to step back and run to find the highest roof to jump off of, Even’s arms wrapped around his waist and pulled him closer.

They stood there for a while just breathing, Even hugging Isak’s waist, and Isak playing with his hair, soothing.

“You’re not gonna ask?” said Even.

“I’m not gonna ask.”

“Thank you.”

“You probably guessed but that was my dad,” said Even.

“What about him?” said Isak, absentmindedly playing with Even’s hair in Nils’ bed.

“We don’t really talk. Like at all.”

“Well, I can definitely relate to that,” said Isak.

“It’s weird how similar we are, don’t you think?” said Even.
“Why are we so fucked up?”

“Well, I don’t know if I told you but I’m bipolar.”

“Shut up, Even!”

“I’m a mess,” said Isak in the dead of the night with Even holding him.

“Hm?”

“I’m fucked up.”

“How?”

“I abandoned my own mother,” said Isak. “I couldn’t do it anymore.”

“What do you mean?”

“I think she broke me by being broken. I wanted to be there for her. I really wanted to. But it kind of killed me, you know,” said Isak.

Even’s arms tensed up around him, and Isak nuzzled against his neck.

“I wish she was more like you. You know. Like stable and having everything figured out and under control,” said Isak. “I don’t know. It would have made my life so much easier. I really couldn't do it anymore. I had to start living, you know? And-”

Isak paused.

“Even, am I being a dick again?” he asked.

Even didn’t respond. And when Isak looked up to look at his face, he avoided his gaze.

“Even? Did I-”

Even suddenly leaned in and kissed him. Just a peck, but it was enough to melt his worries away.

“You’re not being a dick,” said Even. “You’re amazing. You’re fucking amazing, and I’m sorry.”

_Uh. okay._

_-------------------

**Erik**

00:05

Do you still have my number blocked?

I really miss you

_------------------

The next day, Isak woke up alone in Nils’ bed.

“Even already left,” said Eva. “He left before you woke up I think.”
“Oh okay.”

**Even**

08:48

Left early huh?

What’s up with you

Even never responded and Isak decided to not overthink it. He couldn’t concentrate on his work and was checking his phone every three minutes.

*Stop being so clingy and weird.*

.

Isak couldn’t find Even anywhere. He later on found out that he was taking a day off and that Sebastian was filling in for him.

*Okay.*

**Even**

11:32

Are you sick?

Text me

Even never did. And he never came home either.

**Even**

23:29

Where are you?

What’s going on?

.

Isak couldn’t sleep that night, and he only realized that it was his first night sleeping without Even curled around him when he instinctively reached out for his arm and couldn’t find it.
03:21
I can’t sleep

07:47
Are you coming to work today?

David added you to ‘Is Even Ok?’

Is Even Ok?

13:24
David: I heard Even’s taking another day off
David: what’s up with him
Lynn: There are rumors online about that man who called him
Lynn: Some people think it’s his father
Sara: Some people on jodel think he’s his lover or something
Chris: what
Anna: huh
David: look at this topic catching everyone’s attention
David: Isak my mans what’s up with your boy

I don’t know
Lisa: :( it’s a bit weird that he disappeared right after that call
Lisa: I hope he’s ok
Lisa: what if he’s having an episode
Sara: omg like you mean he’s manic?
Lisa: or depressed? I don’t know
Jakob: he looked fine to me the other day
David: Yeah i don’t think so
Lisa: Isak? What do you know

I don’t know anything
Lynn: :// i hope he’s okay
Lisa: yeah
Isak was so desperate and anxious and worried that he called Even on the phone.

“Even?” he said the moment someone picked up. “Are you-”

“Hi, this is Sonja. Isak, is this you?”

“What.

“Uh, hi. Yeah,” he mumbled.

“How are you? Even is taking a shower right now. Want me to deliver him a message or something?”

Fuck you.

.

When Isak saw Even at work the next day, he was both relieved and angry.

Where were you.

Even was laughing with someone in the cafeteria, and Isak wanted to combust.

I thought something happened to you.

.


He took him in. Even didn’t look any different. His hair was still perfect and the only difference was the fact that he wasn’t smiling.

“Hi, Isak. I’m good, thank you. Was feeling a bit under the weather these last couple of days,” he said in a very monotone voice.

“Oh, okay. Uh, why didn’t you come home these last-?”

“I’m late. I have to go,” Even interrupted him. “Talk to you later, okay?”

Even brushed past him and Isak heard his heart break.

Even

13:34

I get that you have shit going on

But you can’t ignore me forever

16:39

Hi Isak. I don’t know, but maybe things are going a bit too fast..

I know that it’s my fault, but I need some time, I’m sorry.
Isak walked home with rage inside his chest. He was angry. Angry and sad and heartbroken and
tired, so fucking tired.

“Are you okay?” Eva asked.

“I’m fucking amazing!” he replied before slamming his bedroom door.

“Uh, okay. What the hell?!”

Even never came back. He never came for his stuff either. And for a whole week, it was just Isak,
his thoughts, Even's stuff, and the pieces of his broken heart.

He drank the shittiest wine at one of Lynn’s shitty parties and held onto his phone the entire time.
Even didn’t show up. Of course he didn’t. Isak was pathetic. He only went to the party because he
thought he would see him. Of course.

“Are you okay?” said Jakob.

“You can fuck off, Jakob,” said Isak.

“Shit okay. Sorry.”

Isak considered calling Even just for good measure but then put his phone down and drank some
more.

Isak was drunk out of his mind. Everything hurt. Everything fucking hurt. He was so lonely. So
lonely and so alone.

---

**Erik**

can I come eovver?

The moment Isak stepped into Erik’s apartment, he could feel a foreign sense of self-preservation
kick in.

*Turn around. Turn the fuck around.*

But he didn’t. He let Erik lead him to his bedroom, and he let him strip him of his clothes, and he let
him lay him on the mattress -- the all too familiar mattress.

Erik grabbed his waist and Isak wanted to scream.

*No. Not like this.*

He held both hands in Erik’s face and tried to come up with words.

“What is it?” said Erik.
“Kiss me?”

“Hm. Okay.”

It only took one kiss for Isak to nearly shove him.

Not like this.

He quickly climbed out of the bed, put on his pants, collected whatever items looked like his from the floor, and tripped on his way to the door.

“What the fuck, Isak?!” Erik called after him, grabbing him by the wrist.

“Don’t fucking touch me!”

“What’s your problem?”

I’m drunk and I’m fucking hurting you piece of shit.

The phone rang once, twice, three times. Isak was about to hang up when he picked up.

“Isak?” Even’s voice was deep but, oh so soft.

He suddenly forgot how to speak.

“Isak, are you okay? Jakob has been texting me nonstop saying he can’t reach you. He said that you looked fucked up.”

Isak didn’t know what to say.

Why do you fucking care?

“Hello? Isak?! It’s like 2 in the morning. Where are you? Are you okay?”

I’m not.

“Isak?!”

“Help me. Please.”

It was all a blur after that. Isak was sitting on the stairs leading to Erik’s apartment with his limbs sprawled around him. He held onto his phone so hard that he didn’t notice someone trying to get him on his feet.

“Isak, what the fuck?”

Isak couldn’t see. He could barely hear.

“Jakob?” he asked.

“Jakob? JAKOB?!”
Isak woke up curled around Even in his bed. It was still dark outside.

_Am I dreaming?_

It wasn’t a dream. Because nothing felt as real as Even’s hand on his cheek.

Isak wanted nothing more but to shove him and tell him to _fuck off_ and kick him out and scream in his face. But he was so tired. So tired, and so drunk and so lonely and so alone. So he leaned into his touch and held onto him like the entire world was ending.

“Isak, I’m—”

Isak didn’t want to hear it. He didn’t. So he grabbed a fistful of Even’s shirt, buried his face in Even’s neck, and sighed against Even’s skin.

“I love your scent, too,” Isak mumbled.

When Even’s arms wrapped around him, Isak finally _fucking_ cried.

He couldn’t recall the last time he had cried. But for some reason he couldn’t stop.

“I’m sorry. I’m so sorry,” said Even, hugging him tighter.

“Fuck,” Isak’s voice cracked. He couldn’t stop crying.

“It’s okay. It’s okay. Just let it all out.”

Isak wrapped his arms around Even’s waist, dug his fingers into the fabric of his shirt, and melted into his embrace. He cried until he could no longer remember what he was crying about. He cried until he no longer could.

When Isak stopped shaking, he finally left Even’s neck to look at him.

“Kiss me?”

They kissed and Isak didn’t know what it meant but he took it. Anything Even was willing to throw his way, Isak would take.

“What are you thinking about?” said Even.

“I hate you with all my heart right now,” said Isak.

“I know.”

Isak brought his hands to Even’s face then pulled him into another desperate kiss. He didn’t care. He just didn’t care anymore. All the walls and all the meanness and all the hurt and all the self-preservation _bullshit_ and all the sharp edges and all the bottled up _crap_ he kept inside. He couldn’t give _less fucks._


“You can say anything you want to me.”
Isak took a deep breath, then completely let go.

“I love you,” said Isak. “I don't know what love is, but I think love you.”

“I think I love you, too,” said Even.

They kissed until those empty words meant something. They kissed until the sun rose. They kissed until Isak fell asleep.

The next day, Even’s things were gone from the apartment.

Chapter End Notes

First of all, I'm sorryyyyy for using the texts from the show kjfdkj ("Come to me" & Even's "I need time" texts)! Someone wanted angst and since this is 'Misunderstandings-land', this is perfect for it. (everything will be ok don't worry haha) (We're also bumping that rating up a bit, here. lol.) They're really getting to know each other here. Isak is acknowledging that their connection is kind of cosmic and he's just so heartbroken, he can't deal. Even ruined anybody else for him, even Erik. It hurts, but what is love if not a bit painful (don't hit me please)
- Even is trying to walk away. He's trying to stay away. Why? You might have guessed it: he's not okay. He's not as stable as Isak thinks he is. He doesn't want to destroy him. He doesn't want to ruin him and break him the way his mom did to him.
- Isak is soft for Even. It doesn't matter how grumpy he is. He is soft for Even, always. I don't make the rules.
- Sorry team Jakob again guys
- We still need to find out who spread the rumors about Isak online
- Even's past/his dad. Any guesses? haha
- Next chapter involves pining and a certain somebody calling Even's show and leaving him shook. (Yes). It also includes something a lot of you asked for lol I'm not gonna say it but I'm sure you figured it out.
- Erik and Even face to face is happening.
- Return of the memes.

Hope you liked this. Sorry for the wait. I'm flying across the country tomorrow night and I won't be back until Monday night :___:. I'll try to write during my 6 hour flight if my friends fall asleep and don't look at my screen HAHAHAHA. I'll also try at night when everybody's sleeping but I can't promise anything :(( Thank you guys ILYYYYYYY so mUCH and I read all your comments (i literally do my best to stay calm at work sometimes haha fdjhfdkjdf <3333 I'm sorry I'm so busy to respond but ughhh you make my days honestly kjdfjdf). To the people who asked to translate this, thank you so much and yes please go ahead <33333
“Good morning,” said Jakob with a hint of nervousness in his voice.

“Good morning,” said Isak, very neutrally and barely looking at him.

It was Monday and he was making himself coffee in the pantry.

“Uh, how was your weekend?”

“It was okay,” said Isak.

“How are you?”

“I’m fine, Jakob.”

“Oh, okay. Uhm. Have a good day, then.”

Jakob was walking away when Isak had a change of heart.

“Hey, wait,” said Isak.

“Hm?”

“Thank you for the other night,” he mumbled.

“What?”

“Thanks for looking out for me and texting people and stuff when I was drunk,” said Isak, feeling a bit embarrassed.

“Anytime. I’m glad you got home in one piece,” said Jakob, smiling. “Even texted me.”

Fuck.
“Uh yeah. I got stupid drunk. That was dumb of me. I can’t do alcohol.”

Jakob smiled, and for a moment they were back to their first few weeks when having a friend felt nice.

“I noticed,” said Jakob, still smiling.

Isak recalled what Jakob told him the day he asked him to stop the teasing. He recalled how he had been there for him when he really didn’t need to.

“I’m sorry for being a dick to you,” said Isak, now looking at the floor. “I kind of deserved to have that HR complaint filed against me. It was sort of a slap to the face but I started thinking twice before saying shit, you know.”

“I still feel like shit about that,” said Jakob.

“It’s cool. Really.”

They stood awkwardly around the coffee machine.

“So..” Jakob mumbled.

“So.”

“Friends?” said Jakob.

I could use a friend right now.

“Hm. You better not stab me in the back again,” said Isak, teasing.

“Only if you promise not to kiss me to make Even jealous again,” Jakob teased right back.


“Oh shut up. I came to terms with the fact that you two are madly in love or whatever. I’ll get over it,” said Jakob. “I can’t compete with him.”

Isak’s face was probably flushed but he couldn’t bring himself to deny anything.

“Do you really like me, uh, like that?” Isak mumbled.

“Yeah.”

“Why?”

“You’re fucking cute,” said Jakob.

“Fuck off.”

Isak realized that if he hadn’t met Even, he would have probably had a thing for Jakob. Maybe. Well. Maybe not. Isak couldn’t even picture it. But having a friend was nice. Even if that friend kept criticizing his taste in music.

“You need to stop listening to your stupid macho rap shit,” said Jakob.

“Piss off.”
“Did you listen to the Khalid album I posted on my wall?”

“Who?” said Isak.

“Khalid. Even plays his songs all the time.”

*Whatever.*

“So his stuff is gone,” said Eva after work.

“Uh yeah,” said Isak.

“What happened?”

“Uhm. He left,” Isak shrugged.

“He still had ten days. Why did he leave this early?”

“I don’t know,” said Isak, going back to his Fanta can on the kitchen table.

“Why are you so calm about this?”

“Why wouldn’t I be?”

“Isak, did you two break up or fight or something?” said Eva.

“Break up? We were never together to begin with.”

“Whatever. I mean is this related to you two?”

“Probably,” Isak shrugged again.

“You’re so frustrating. What the hell is going on?”

“Nothing. Even packed his shit and left because I’m a horrible person or whatever. Or maybe it was his girlfriend. I don’t know. He said something about things going too fast,” Isak took another sip. “Anyways, I’ll get over it.”

“Isak..” Eva’s expression suddenly softened as she tried to reach out to grab his hand, but Isak quickly got up.

*I don’t want your pity.*

“Alright, socializing hour is up. See you.”

He went back to his room and lay in his bed until the sun rose.

.

The first time Isak saw Even after his drunk incident and his ‘I love you’ incident, his mind went blank. His limbs wouldn’t move, and he stayed glued on the spot. He was paralyzed.

Thankfully, Even didn’t see him. He was talking to someone from the radio team. Sebastian or *something*. He looked good. No, *scratch that*, he looked great. He looked breathtaking.
It hurt. It hurt a lot seeing him smiling like that. But for some reason, Isak couldn’t hate him. He just couldn’t.

“I think I love you, too.”

Isak knew that it meant nothing. He knew it. Even had already told him that he wasn’t good for him. Sonja was probably his girlfriend, and Isak was probably just a thing on the side. It was probably just physical attraction for Even, or experimenting or whatever. It was probably just a game. It was probably nothing. But why did Isak feel like everything was going to be okay? Why did those words pop into his mind whenever he thought he got used and dumped the same way he had always been? Why did it somehow feel real?

Isak couldn’t concentrate at his desk. All he could think about was the pain in his chest.

Get over it. He doesn’t love you. Get over it.

Every song. Every damn song reminded him of Even.

___________________________________________

You were added to ‘Jasak Lives’

Jasak Lives

11:43

Lynn: hey guys i just saw isak and jakob laughing in the cafeteria

Lynn: so i thought we should celebrate their friendship coming back to lyfe this saturday at my place

Lisa: Wait what? Wasn’t Isak yelling at him at your party last friday?

David: is it because he saved Isak’s life after he got completely wasted at your party?

Andre: you just want a reason to throw another party don’t you

Lynn: :P

Lynn: get ready for wasted Isak 2.0 in 3 days

Chris: i’m pretty sure isak told jakob to fuck off at one point

Mari: Isak told everyone to fuck off at some point

David: ^who are you?

Lynn: DAVID

Jakob: hey guys :P

Jakob: i like this groupchat name :PP

Lisa: THERE HE IS
Lisa: ayyyyyeee
Lisa: is it true??
David: are you back to openly pining after isak?

Jakob: yes :’)
Lisa: aahhhhhhhhh
Andre: jesus
David: DRAMAAA. Where is Even???
Lynn: Even u there?
Lynn: loved your show monday and today
Even: Thanks Lynn
Lisa: oooh
Even: Do you guys have any song recommendations for upcoming shows?
David: Even did you hear your boy isak got wasted last friday?

You have left this conversation

Isak put his phone down and went back to work.

Fuck you.
He hadn’t listened to Even’s shows after he left. He couldn’t. It still hurt.
.
“Everything okay with you and Even?” said Andre who had stopped by his desk unannounced.

“What the hell?” said Isak.

“We still have this project to finish and I’m under the impression that you guys are back to being dramatic assholes.”

“What the fuck is your problem?!” Isak bit right back.
Andre rolled his eyes.

“I can’t with your teenage bullshit, Isak. Anyways. Just show up to the team meeting tomorrow.”
.
Isak couldn’t sleep. He didn’t want to see him. He hadn’t seen him in five days. He was too anxious. He was too scared he might fall apart. He was too scared Even might see right through him. He was too scared even was going to be just fine while he crumbled before his eyes.
I can’t sleep

Isak threw his phone away when he got the text. He then crawled back to it and typed a quick reply before deleting it right away.

*I miss you.*

He didn’t reply.

It went exactly how Isak imagined it would go. He nearly choked when he saw Even, then spent the following thirty minutes staring at his phone and pretending to be unaffected.

Every time he looked up, Even was staring right through him.

*Don’t look at me.*

“What’s up with you and Even?” said Lynn during lunch break.

Everyone ate before them because they got stuck in a meeting that ran over.

“What are you talking about?” Isak mumbled.

“You two look miserable. Are you fighting?”

“Miserable? What?!”

“Well, maybe not you. But he does,” said Lynn.

*The fuck.*

“Huh? He looks fine to me,” said Isak, taking a bite out of the sandwich Eva had kindly made for him.

“Maybe if you actually took a second to look at him instead of acting like he didn’t exist, you would notice,” said Lynn.

*Fuck you. You know nothing.*

“What’s up with you and Even?”

“Also his shows are a bit sad lately. I don’t know. He looks down compared to usual. But maybe that’s just me,” said Lynn, sipping on her Diet Coke. “Isak, be honest with me. Did you dump him?”

“What the fuck?!”

*He left ME!*
“Did you leave him because of his bipolar?”

“Lynn, I’m going to seriously need you to stop talking because what the fuck?”

“I’m sorry for sounding like an asshole but that’s what the rest of the interns think.”

You don’t fucking know shit! He left me! He left ME!

“So did you?”

Isak thought long and hard about what to say next. He didn’t want anyone talking about him at the office, but at the same time he didn’t want to lie.

“No. I didn’t.”

I would never leave him.

---

Even

01:57

I’m sorry

---

Isak realized he was a lost cause. He realized that as much as he was hurting, as much as Even was obviously messing with his head, he somehow still cared for him. He cared. He cared a lot.

So when he saw him at the entrance of the Marienlyst building, he stopped and took the time to take him in.

Lynn was right. Even didn’t have that natural happy aura to him. He still greeted everyone he ran into, but his smile was weak and dimmed. It wasn’t half as warm. He was making an effort. It was fake. Isak knew that much.

Even didn’t look as gigantic as he usually did. Isak knew that he hadn’t shrunk overnight, but the way his shoulders were a bit slumped made him look smaller.

There was a frown between his eyebrows and Isak wanted to reach out and smooth the skin there. But Even had suddenly disappeared into the elevator.

Isak finally left the corner where he was hiding and took a moment to breathe.

You’re so pathetic.

---

NRK Summer Party

13:21

Jakob: hola guys

Jakob: i just heard from my mentor that the annual summer party is happening in two weeks

Jakob: get pumped!!

David: SUMmer party?
David: Are they renting a pool?
Sara: gross! I don’t want to see David in shorts
David: why does everyone hate me
David: and i dont wear shorts lmao. Speedos baby
Lisa: gross
Jakob: no it’s not a pool party
Jakob: it’s like a fancy thing. It’s probably gonna be in an events hall or something
Lynn: sounds lame af
Lynn: after-party at my place
Andre: Is it like a networking event? Will we be able to talk to the execs?
Jakob: idk i heard the famous radio DJs will be in it
Even: Yeah some of our VIPs are gonna be there
Lisa: Hei Even *-*
Even: ha ha hi
Sara: Will you be at this summer party?
Even: Yeah. My whole team’s going. I might be able to play some tracks for a bit too
Lisa: *-*
David: look at this guy. Why does everybody love you
Even: Haha.
Even: By the way guys, don’t hesitate to send me song recs to play during my show.
Even: I got complaints that my playlist is getting a bit gloomy lately lol
David: Play the latest Taylor Swift song
Anne: please don’t
Lisa: Anne? What’s wrong with the latest tswift song?
Lynn: Rihanna - Work
Mari: Beyonce - Drunk in Love
Sara: Anne of the North - The Dreamer
Andre: Kendrick Lamar - The Heart Part 4

Khalid - Saved
Lisa: SHIT WHERE MY HEADPHONES
Lisa: Chris can I BORROW YOUR HEADPHONES???
Jakob: you did listen to Khalid after all :D

Sara: Hi isak i don’t see you anymore i miss you

Yeah

Sara: wanna have lunch tomorrow?

Ok

that would be chill

Even has left this conversation

Lynn: damn

David: so like who dumped who im very confused

Jakob: Guys did you watch the last Mr. Robot episode? Crazy shit

David: stop deflecting jakob

You have left this conversation

Lynn Skavlan
15:36

He played your song

;)

Even played the song you suggested in the chat during his show

Cool

The hard part always seems to last forever

Sometimes I forget that we aren't together

Deep down in my heart, I hope you're doing alright

But from time to time I often think of why you aren't mine

But I'll keep your number saved
Cause I hope one day you'll get the sense to call me

I'm hoping that you'll say

You're missing me the way I'm missing you

So I'll keep your number saved

---

Even

03:15

I miss you

---

I miss you, too.

.

It hurt less as days went by. Isak focused on work and barely saw Even at all. Andre did most of the work for their team and ended up deciding on something boring. Isak didn’t care so he just agreed to let him drive. To his surprise, Even didn’t care either.

Isak caught glimpses of him around the cafeteria or near the pantry or by the main hall. He looked tired and detached. Isak could tell that he wasn’t sleeping. Isak could tell-

Why do I care.

---

Team 3

14:32

Andre: hello team 3

Andre: wow what a dead chat

Andre: anyways i have an idea for our team building crap

Lynn: ugh what now

Andre: Even do you think we can attend one of your shows? Like we can just sit in the corner and watch you do radio stuff

Andre: I just want us to see how it all works and stuff

Lynn: this is weird wtf Andre

Andre: what?

Even: uhm I’m not sure I’ll have to run it by my people

Andre: we’ll just stay behind and stuff

Lynn: what is this about?
Andre: piss off lynn

Not sure i have time

I have code reviews then

Andre: don’t lie to me Valtersen. I know you listen to all of Even’s shows

Go fuck yourself andre

Andre: oyy calm down

Lynn: Andre is this about your girlfriend’s obsession with Even?

Andre: wtf

Even: haha what

Lynn: Andre’s gf is obsessed with your show i think he wants to score cool points

Andre: that is absolute crap lynn shut up

15:48

Even: spoke with my mentor

Even: she said it’s chill

Andre: AWESOME

Andre: When?

Even: Tuesday next week?

Andre: PERFECt

Isak sighed.

No.

.

It was the weekend and Eva managed to drag Isak to a few parties.

He didn’t drink. He just poured water into his cup and chatted with Sana for an hour or so before heading back home.

He missed Lynn’s party on Saturday and didn’t even think about Even until later that night.

Progress.

Even

23:23
I miss you. It's killing me.

I miss you, too.

Isak was watching a new show on Netflix Sunday afternoon when he got a call from Emilie the nurse.

“Isak, are you okay? Where are you running to?” Eva shouted after him.

He left the apartment with mismatched shoes. He couldn’t care less.

“She’s not doing too well. Your dad visited this morning. And she, uh, she asked for you,” said Emilie.

“It’s okay. Thanks for calling me,” said Isak.

“Of course. I’m sorry if I scared you.”

“How are you, mamma?” said Isak, sitting down on the chair opposite of her.

She wasn’t looking at him.

“How?”

“I hate you,” she said.

Three simple words. He had heard them so many times before. But it still hurt. It always hurt.

“What?”

“You’re just like him.”

“Mom, I’m-”

“You left me. You left me here to die, didn’t you? You wish I could just die, don’t you?”

Isak didn’t sleep that night. Whenever he saw his mother -- whether it went well, whether she was kind, or whether she was cruel --- it always took a toll on him. He always left a piece of him behind.

“You okay?” said Eva.

Isak smiled.

“I’m okay. I’m always okay.”

He wasn’t.
Mondays were ruthless. They were even more so when Isak didn’t sleep a wink the previous night. “You okay?” said Jakob. “You look even worse than usual.” They were at the cafeteria, and Isak was getting eggs. 

Yes. Eggs. Whatever. He didn’t invent eggs.

“I thought I was fucking cute. Whatever happened to that?” said Isak, surprised by his own ability to crack a joke.

“Oh!” Jakob scoffed. “Look at you being cheeky, what the fuck! And eggs? In the morning? Who are you?”

“Piss off.”

Jakob laughed then threw an arm around his shoulder as they made their way to the staircase.

“You’re still fucking cute. You would just look cuter if you actually slept.”

Isak was about to shove him and push his arm away when they ran into Even.

Oh.

“Oh,” said Even.

Jakob removed his arm and greeted Even.

“Good morning to you, our very own rising star!” said Jakob.

But Even wasn’t even looking at him. Isak could almost feel his eyes piercing through his skin.

Don’t look at me like that.

Isak tried to avoid his gaze but it was useless so he stared right back. Fuck it.

“Eggs?” said Even, his smile weak but still there.


They smiled at each other. And for a moment, it was just the two of them.

“Uh, I-” Even mumbled.

“Uhm, I have to go,” said Isak, before brushing past him and leaving both Jakob and him behind.

Fuck. I don’t need this. I’m taking the fucking elevator from now on.

Isak listened to Even’s show for the first time in more than a week.

Even didn’t sound as tired as Lynn made him think he did. He spoke really fast sometimes and almost didn’t make sense at others. But he was still Even. Isak found himself smiling at his monitor. He didn’t care. He just didn’t care.
“Song of the day?” Even paused. “Hm. It would be **Allan Rayman - 25.22**”

“Any reason?” said Sebastian, his co-host for the week.

“Yes. It’s for someone I owe explanations to. So if you’re listening, this is for you.”

```
I'd love to love you, baby
I'd love to love you
I love to love you, baby
I'd love to love you

I never wanna let you go
And I am the reason that you let me go
I am the lover, I'm the undertow
I never wanna let you go
And I am the reason that you let me go
I am the lover, I'm the undertow
I ain't got time no more
```

Fuck you. What the fuck do you even mean.

```
So like what do you use github for exactly?” said Sara.

“Why do you need to know this, seriously,” said Isak, yawning. “Is this why you threw a meeting invite on my calendar for? What the hell?”

“I just do! My mentor said I get tunnel vision and I need to know more random things. So I’m asking everyone what they’re working on and stuff.”

“That makes no sense. Github has nothing to do with your shit.”

“Whatever, stop being grumpy. Just tell me.”

“Ugh, fine. Github is a web-based version control repository.”

“Translation?”

Isak rolled his eyes.

“It allows devs to control changes to code and to manage functionality and like uhm, It just helps us
not lose versions and commits and stuff.”

“I have no idea what you’re talking about,” said Sara.

“Yeah well~”

Isak was interrupted by his phone vibrating in his pocket. He was about to shove it back in his pocket when he saw ten unread messages and a missed call from Emilie.

Fuck. fuck. Fuck. fuck. Fuck.

.

Isak ran away without so much as a warning with Sara yelling after him.

.

“What’s going on?! Is she okay?” Isak yelled into the phone in the staircase.

“Yeah. She’s fine now. But she had a violent outburst earlier,” said Emilie.

“Shit.”

“Isak, I’m sorry if this interrupts your work or anything. You did specifically mention that you wanted to be notified whenever anything happened but we can change that.”

“No. no. I want to be notified,” he said.

“Okay.”

“How is she? Is she? How bad is it now?” he nearly mumbled.

Emilie stayed silent for a few moments.

“It’s not good, Isak.”

.

Isak took a few minutes to just breathe.

Why is everything so shit?

Isak was tired. He was so tired of nothing ever going his way. He was so tired of feeling tired and alone and bitter and alone.

NRK Internzzz 2019

16:32

Sara: isak is everything ok?

Sara: you ran away so fast after that phone call what’s going on

Lisa: ???

Sara: shit this isn’t Isak’s chat
David: wtf is this a real mistake that real people can make

You have left this conversation

Jakob
16:33

everything ok?

Shit. fucking Sara.

Isak stayed in the staircase for fifteen minutes. He couldn’t breathe. He could barely keep his eyes open. He was so tired. So exhausted. He just wanted to cry.

He remembered how he had cried like a child in Even’s arms that one stupid night.

Where’s Even when I need him.

Isak walked around the less frequented buildings for a while, waiting for the tears to finally fall, maybe. Maybe if he cried, he’d stop feeling like he was about to blow up. Maybe.

He eventually gave up and headed towards the elevators. He was too tired to even take the stairs.

What a pathetic fuck.

He clicked the button and waited. He waited and waited and almost fell asleep waiting.

When the doors finally opened, his eyes did, too, and his heart almost dropped out of his chest.

Even.

There he was standing in the elevator, his head resting against the wall, alone, looking tired but beautiful. As always.

Isak couldn’t take it. Not today. Not right now. So he got in the elevator, stayed close to the door, and turned his back to Even who remained behind him.

Isak couldn’t breathe and Even wasn’t saying anything.

How I wish you could hold me right now.

Isak was tired. So tired and so alone. He hadn’t slept in weeks and everything was fucked.

Why can’t we be together? Why don’t you want me? Why am I always in pain?

Isak couldn’t take it anymore so he finally spoke.

“I miss you, too,” he mumbled in defeat, his chest nearly heaving, looking at his own feet, back still turned to Even. “I fucking miss you.”
Isak stared at the door. Still breathing through his nose, still hyperventilating, still unable to breathe. He stared at the door that was about to open and wished for time to just stop. Just for a minute. *Can it just be the two of us just for a minute.*

When Even moved behind him, Isak’s knees nearly gave out. When Even’s chest nearly pressed against his back, his heart made a leap. And when Even’s hand reached out from behind him to push the Elevator Stop button, he nearly collapsed.

*The Stop button? Who does that? Who the fuck does that?*

“I’m-”

Even was suddenly everywhere and Isak closed his eyes. They weren’t touching but his skin still burned. He could feel him everywhere behind him. He could feel his heat. He could feel him.

Isak kept his eyes shut and threw his head backwards. And when Even’s arms finally wrapped around his waist, he melted into his embrace and curled against himself.

Even hugged his waist so tightly that Isak forgot how to breathe. The taller boy then buried his face into the crook of his neck.

Isak whimpered. He couldn’t help it. He whimpered and brought his hands to Even’s arms, gripping tightly.

*I’m so fucking tired of pretending to be okay. I’m so-*

“Hello? Does anyone in the elevator need assistance?” said someone through the voice system. “Why was the emergency button pressed?”

“Shit.”

Isak quickly got out of Even’s hold and pulled the button back up.

Isak was walking through the floors like a madman. He was about to cry. The tears were finally coming. He could feel it. He needed to just explode.

*Good. Let’s get this over with.*

He had left the elevator as soon as the doors opened, not even glancing back at Even.

*One good cry and I’ll get over this bullshit.*

But Isak couldn’t stop walking. He roamed the floors like a ticking bomb, his chest heaving, but his eyes still dry.

He rounded a corner and saw his mentor Kristine. She was probably going to wonder what he was doing on the radio floor when he was supposed to be finishing his tech doc.

*Fuck. Just fuck.*

Suddenly, a hand curled around his wrist and dragged him forward.

*Even.*
“What the fu-”

“Shut up, Isak.”

.

Even lead him to a studio and closed the door behind him.

“What the fuck do you think you’re doing?” said Isak.

Even quickly turned around and pushed him against the door.

“What-?”

His arms suddenly wrapped around Isak’s shoulders as he hugged him.

“Will you just stop with the tough act?” Even sighed into his hair.

“What the-” Isak mumbled against Even’s neck.

“Just breathe. Just cry or scream or whatever. Okay? This room is soundproof. No one will hear you.”

Isak wanted to shove him. He really wanted to. He really, really wanted to. But his body wasn’t having any of it. Because he was now holding onto Even for dear life. He was gripping his back so hard, and digging his fingers into his skin, and pressing so hard that he was surprised Even wasn’t pushing him away.


Isak cried silently and Even stayed until his tears dried.

“Uh. Thank you,” Isak mumbled.

“You’re welcome.”

“I don’t do this often by the way.”

“What? Cry?”

“Yeah.”

“I wish I could say the same,” said Even.

“Uhm. See you tomorrow, Even.”

“Yeah, see you tomorrow.”

.

“I heard you’re attending Even’s show tomorrow. Like in person,” said Eva, later that night.

“Uh, yeah,” Isak shrugged. “How did you find out?”

“Lynn mentioned it.”

“What the fuck, how do you know Lynn?”
“She goes to UiO, too, and I went to her party last Saturday,” said Eva.

“Huh?!”

“Anyways, are you two cool?”

“I don’t know.”

“What? So what like you don’t hate him anymore?”

“I don’t hate him,” said Isak.

_I don’t hate him._

“But he’s been such a dick to you, what the hell. How could you not hate him?”

“I don’t know. But I don’t I guess.”

Isak sat on a chair between Even and Lynn and he was so nervous that he thought he might die.

“Do we have to sit here? Like can’t we sit on the floor or something?” said Isak.

“We figured we’d introduce you guys. It might be fun for today’s show,” said Sebastian.

“What?!”

“So today’s a special show because we have Even’s teammates in the live room right now. They’re not allowed to talk about their projects but you guys can ask them questions about working at NRK and stuff like that,” said Sebastian. “Even, wanna do the honors?”

“Sure, we have Andre, Lynn, and Isak with us today. We’re team three, aka the best team,” Even laughed.

_What a load of bullshit._

Even made it sound like they were the best of friends in the universe, and calls soon started pouring from all over the country.

“Does Even look as good in person as he does in pictures?” asked a caller.

“No, not really,” said Andre.

The entire studio bursted out laughing and the listeners quickly became huge fans of Andre.

“Oh my god, are you Isak, THE Isak?”

“Huh?” Isak looked at Even alarmingly.

“He is most definitely THE Isak, but what do you mean by that exactly?” said Even.

“Is he the guy who geoblocks SKAM and who looks like Tarjei?” said the caller.
Isak brought his palm to his forehead. He had almost forgotten his two seconds of fame whereby people started stalking him online.

The entire studio laughed, though. Including Even. Even who looked in his element for the first time in ages.

Isak couldn’t stop cracking jokes and rapping badly and being ridiculous and people loved him for some reason. Very quickly, most questions were destined to him, and Even just stared at him in awe.

“I’m sorry for being so tongue-tied today guys, I just had no idea Isak had this much fire in him,” said Even. “I told you on our first day that you belonged on the entertainment side.”

“Oh piss off!” said Isak.

“Oy! Language kiddo, haha,” said Sebastian.

Isak was having a good time and he almost thanked Andre for suggesting this stupid idea in the first place.

Things were going great. They were going great until they weren’t.

“Hello Even and Sebastian. I’m sorry to break the trend here, but my question isn’t for Isak,” said the caller who seemed to be a middle aged man.

“Hello,” said Even. “How is your day? Would you like to request a song for someone today?”

“No. Not really. I’m here to ask you a question, Even.”

The tone wasn’t too reassuring. Uh okay.

“Of course. Ask away,” said Even.

“I’m wondering why you’re not replying to my posts on the facebook page.”

“Oh, I apologize about that. The team unfortunately doesn’t have time to go through all the messages and -”

“It doesn’t really matter right now. I’m glad my call went through and I’d really like to share my thoughts if that’s possible,” said the man.

“Go ahead,” said Sebastian.

“I just bought a car lately and I had to pay so much tax. It was ridiculous. I was very furious and realized that I didn’t know where our taxes went you know. So I looked it up. Now, it’s funny but I only got the idea to call because of your guest today who apparently works on that show SKAM. It’s very absurd to me that my taxes go into financing a show for horny teenagers, but that’s a thought for another day.”

What the fuck.
“What struck me the most was how much expenditure goes into mental illness programs. It’s quite ridiculous. Instead of paying for things that matter, my money goes into making sure lazy people continue to be lazy,” continued the caller.

“I’m sorry to interrupt, but-” Even interjected.

“No, wait let me finish. I know you’re gonna bring the mental illness card into this as you’re bipolar or whatever. I know that. My neighbors know that. Hell, even Denmark knows that because you keep mentioning it every day.”

What in the fuck is this guy. Why are you attacking him?

Isak wanted to say something. He really did. He winced when he saw Even’s face fall at the ‘mental illness card’ comment.

“I’m sorry, sir, but it’s not bipolar or whatever,” said Sebastian. “Bipolar is a very serious disorder that is very difficult to deal with.”

Even stayed silent, his eyes empty.

“That’s not my point. I’m not saying that the kid is lying. I’m pretty sure he really is crazy in a way. But that’s not because of the disorder. There is no disorder. Just think about it. Bipolar is the latest fad. Have you ever heard of someone bipolar 25 years ago? No. Because this thing didn’t exist. It’s just something made up by the mental health business to prescribe medication to people and keep them coming in and paying more money. And last time I checked, we all have good days and we all have bad days. Now don’t get me wrong. I’m not just saying this about bipolar. It’s probably the case for most mental illnesses or whatever they call them. There’s no such thing as mental illness.”

The studio had fallen silent. Andre’s eyes were wide. Sebastian was silently yelling at their producer to mute all microphones so they could decide what to say next. Isak could hear voices through Even’s earpiece. Someone was suggesting playing a song while someone else was coaching Sebastian on what to say.

Even wasn’t even there. His eyes were empty. His soul seemed to have left his body. Nobody even tried to give him directions. They just left him alone.

Isak was so angry and Even was shaking beside him. He wasn’t sure what he was doing but he grabbed Even’s hand under the table. Even looked at him with glassy eyes, so Isak laced their fingers together and nodded.

And when Even pressed back against his fingers. Isak knew.

I got you, too.

“Uhm, sir, this is Sebastian speaking. First of all, thank you for calling in to share you opinion-”

“Hello asshole, this is Isak.”

“What the fuck?!” someone yelled in his earpiece.

“I’m not really a host here and as I’ve mentioned before and I’m just a tech guy for the summer. I’m probably getting fired after this. But here goes nothing. I just want to make sure that everyone knows that I say does not reflect NRK’s views or whatever. First of all, I don’t know how old you are but you seem very ignorant. The taxes you pay on your car do not go into mental health programs, you dense piece of shit. Second, how dare you disrespect Julie Andem by saying that her show is about
horny teenagers? What is wrong with you? Third, how dare you call in and say the dumbest things I’ve ever heard in my life on national radio? P3 targets teens so I don’t know what the hell you were thinking calling and making every teenager that struggles with mental illness feel like shit. Honestly, I’m going back to my desk after this and tracking your call. Fifth, or wait is it fourth? Anyways, doesn’t matter. Bipolar, a fad? Most mental illnesses are not real? Kindly, go fuck yourself, sir. You don’t know what these people deal with every day. How they have to take medication every freaking day just so that they don’t feel like peeling off their own skin, medication that sucks the life out of them and makes everything dull. We’re talking about diseases that specialists can diagnose and that can be treated with medication or therapy if they’re really lucky. Mental illness isn’t some fucking conspiracy that justifies your high taxes and that makes sleeping at night a bit easier. No. It’s real and it breaks families and people and lives. You don’t know shit! Also your comment about everyone having ups and downs? Oh my god. Bipolar isn’t about crying because the guy you have crush on has a girlfriend. No, it’s about literally wanting to jump off a building because you can’t take it anymore. It’s about feeling larger than life itself. And 25 years ago it was called Manic Depression, you dumb shit! The term bipolar was coined recently in the 80s and it started becoming used because of stigma and assholes. There's no such thing as mental illness? What the fuck?! You have managed to disrespect every single person who has been exposed to mental illness in one way or another. And I can’t believe you thought for even a second that it was a good idea to pick up the phone and to call into the show today. I can’t believe it.”

Shit.

Isak let out a huge breath when he was done talking. It was all a blur. He felt like he had blacked out. He couldn’t believe he had just done that.

His palm was sweaty and Even was squeezing so hard.

I’m getting fired anyways.

“Anything to add, Even?” said Isak.

Even smiled then got closer to the microphone.

“Yeah, fuck you, sir.”

You have been added to ‘EVAK WHATHTEUFKC’

EVAK WHATHTEUFKC

14:47

Lisa: JKFDJHFKDJDJFDJFDKFD

David: oh my GOD

Chris: holy shit

Anne: isak wow

Sara: omg Even are you ok?

Mari: oh my god :O

Jakob: WOAAAAAAAAAAAH
Good knowing you guys :)

Andre: i don’t know if i hate my life for being on the same team or if i love life

Lynn: I CANT BELIEVE I WITNESSED THAT

David: That ‘FUck you’ at the end was epic Even

Even: hahaha i dont wanna take all the credit

David how dare you

It was basically my show wtf

Even: haha

Jakob: Isak you’re so cool <3

Lisa: for real that was so badass

Sara: i can’t believe you did THAT!!!!

Sara: omg it was almost out of character for you

You can’t say i’m out of character

I’m not a fucking character

Sara: how did you even know all that stuff?

Google exists

Also reddit

Wikipedia

Google

Sara: so humble

Jakob: Even bro you good?

Jakob: that man was fucked up

Even: i’m ok

Even: i was just a bit shocked

Even: i thought it was a prank or something

What a fucking douche

Anyways cant wait to get fired im sick of all of you

Lisa: fired?? Everybody’s talking about you! I wouldn’t be surprised if buzzfeed contacts you soon to write a piece about you
Jakob: <3

Jakob: proud of you. Look how far you’ve come

Jakob: from being an ass to being woke, beautiful

Even: i like buzzfeed. I like their stupid quizzes

Jakob: me too haha

Even: hahaha <3

Lisa: wtf is this are you 2 bonding over your love for isak or

You have left this conversation

Eva Mohn
16:13

ISAK LADIDSLKFJKFDJFDL
IM SO PROUD OF YOU
I LOVE YOU

---

You’re paying rent alone next month

Jonas Noah Vasquez
17:02

Issy

Someone just posted a link on their facebook and it showed up on my newsfeed

Looks like you’re famous now???

You’re so cool

<3

Send your famous friend something from barcelona tho

Isak played it cool but the truth was that he couldn’t believe he had said those things either. His heartbeat hadn’t slowed down from the moment he took Even’s hand in the studio. He was shocked by own outburst.
Sara was probably right. It was out of character for him. He wasn’t that guy. He was selfish and he didn’t care. But why. Just why was he always so unpredictable when it came to Even. Why did Even always make his blood boil in his veins, whether it was anger, lust, protectiveness, or just simply caring? Why did his mind and body react so impulsively when it came to Even?

He couldn’t even face him. And the moment the broadcast was over, he ran back to his desk and tried to ignore the fact that he had just yelled at a listener on live radio.

Isak had nothing to lose at this point. And he only felt braver as minutes rolled by, so he pulled out his phone and typed.

---

Even

17:17

Why did you leave me

Because i love you

---

*You can’t love me. You don’t even know me.*

.

Days rolled by and Isak kept checking his e-mail for a termination notice but nothing was coming through. He then remembered Kristine’s comment about HR being slow and things taking a week, so he relaxed back into his chair.

Jonas wasn’t lying. He was quite famous now. Not as famous as Even, but almost. There was even an instagram dedicated to him now. People had pulled his old facebook pictures and posted them online.

*What the fuck is wrong with people.*

His little rant was apparently trending on some website called Tumblr, and a tweet with a translated video of his tirade had over 14 thousand retweets.

---

Isak’s Termination Party

13:14

Lynn: Isak’s termination party at my place tonight

Lynn: bring your own booze

Jakob: isak hasn’t been fired yet

Lisa: only a matter of time

Lynn: Isak you coming?

David: lol what if he doesn’t show up to his own termination party

I’ll be there :p
David: THAT'S THE SPIRIT
Can i invite my roommate?

Lynn: of course!
Lynn: Eva?

yeah

Even: i miss Eva :)
Mari: ?
Mari: can i bring my boyfriend
Lynn: sure whatever
Jakob: i'm inviting a bunch of friends too
Lynn: guys invite anyone. I'll invite other people too

It was Friday night and Isak hadn’t felt that good in a while. He was wearing a black t-shirt and actually laughing genuinely for what felt like the first time.

Jakob and Lynn weren’t joking. They decorated the entire place and even got him a cake that said “Congratulations on getting fired”.

“Who wrote that on the cake?” said Isak.

“The lady at the cake place,” said Jakob. “She was very amused.”

“I bet.”
Jakob smudged his face with cake icing and Isak nearly shoved him hard.
Isak was cleaning himself when Even came into the kitchen and sucked the air out of the room.
He was wearing a simple white t-shirt and jeans, and he looked nice. His torso looked interesting.

“Are Even’s nipples always that hard or?” said David next to him.

“Oh fuck off,” Isak’s face flushed.

“What? It’s like he’s showing them off. Also who’s that girl with him?”

Sonja.

Fuck you you fucking fuck.

.

Isak tiptoed around Even and changed rooms whenever he caught a glimpse of his ridiculous quiff.

“Even’s looking for you,” said Lynn.
“Whatever,” said Isak.

“Oh, wait. Someone else is also looking for you,” she said.

“What?”

Erik.

What the fuck?

“Isak, this is my dear friend Erik. He’s my best friend’s boyfriend. He was at one of my parties during the beginning of summer. Erik, this is Isak, my coworker and friend.”

Erik smiled and held a hand out for Isak.

“Nice to meet you. I heard your segment on the radio and I really wanted to meet you in person,” said Erik.

What the fuck is he playing?

Isak shook his hand for half a second before taking his away.

“What the fuck are you doing?” Isak mumbled.

“I panicked and came up with something to get Lynn off my back,” said Erik.

“Okay. I’m gonna walk away now.”

“Who was that guy the other night?”

“What?”

“The guy who came to get you the night you left me with blue balls,” said Erik.

“None of your business,” Isak bit back.

“He wouldn’t let me touch you. Do you two have a thing?”

“What the fuck?”

“Stupid question. You wouldn’t have come to me for sex if you did, or would you? Are you into that now?”

“You can fuck off, Erik. And just for the-” Isak was about to talk some more when Even popped out of nowhere.

“Hello.”

It was embarrassing how one word could send shivers down Isak’s spine.

“I’m Even. I don’t believe we’ve been formally introduced,” he continued, holding a hand out for Erik who eventually took it.

“Erik,” he said. “Are you one of Isak’s friends? Do you work at NRK?”
“Yeah. Radio.”

“Oh! You’re THE bipolar guy!” said Erik.

“I go by Even.”

“Oh, do you? I could swear your segment is called the ‘bipolar guy’.”


“Threatened? Please. I’m just trying to be friendly.”

*What are these two doing?*

“You have an interesting way of doing that. Is offending people your go-to strategy?” said Even, still smiling.

“Oh, I offended you? Sorry dude. I thought you were all out and proud about the bipolar thing.”

“Will you stop being a fucking dick?!” Isak interjected. “Just fuck off, Erik.”

“I’m sorry I’m not a big fan of the guy who nearly attacked me outside my house when all I did was try to help your drunk ass.”


“I thought you were done with crazy people in your life. What are you doing Isak?” said Erik.

“Fuck you!” Isak shoved him hard in the chest.

“No, fuck you!” said Erik, bouncing back and now in Isak’s face.

Even’s hand was suddenly on Erik’s chest.

“I never use my hands on other people, unless it’s to pleasure them of course, but I might have to make an exception for you if you don’t back off,” said Even, very calmly.

Isak was fuming.

“I don’t need you to fucking defend me. I can take him,” said Isak, fishing for cold water in the fridge.

“I know you can,” said Even.

“Fuck you.”

“Why are you mad at me?!?”

“Fuck you, Even.”

“What the fuck?”

“I’m going back to my party. Go find Sonja or whatever.”

“She’s busy with her boyfriend,” said Even.
“What?”

“How many times do I have to tell you Sonja’s not my girlfriend? We used to be together but we both moved on and she’s my best friend now,” said Even.

Isak stared at him with squinted eyes.

“Still. Fuck you.”

“Isak,” Eva mumbled next to him.

“What?” Isak groaned.

“I think Even is about to walk here and fuck you against the wall.”

“Fuck off! What's wrong with you!!”

Isak didn’t have a single sip of alcohol but he felt drunk under Even’s stare.  

_Fucking hell._

.

Isak left Lynn’s apartment to get some air and took the elevator. Just as the doors were about to close, Even managed to slide through them.

“For fuck’s sake,” Isak groaned.

“Want me to take the next one?”

“You’re exhausting.”

“Why are you so angry?”

“Because you’re being a dick, Even.”

They both stayed silent for a few seconds before Even spoke again.

“So Erik’s your type huh?”

_Fuck you._

“Did you fuck him that night?” Even continued.

“Fuck you!” Isak shoved him in the chest so hard that his back hit the wall.

Even didn’t react. Instead, he just stared at him like he wanted to eat him alive.

Isak stared right back, with fire in his chest, his heart in his throat, and EvenEvenEven on his mind.

_Shit._

“Isak…”

”Fuck it!”
Isak pushed the elevator emergency button like his life depended on it, and thanked the skies that no other alarm got triggered besides the one in his damn mind.

“Fuck it!”

Isak kissed him first. He grabbed his face with both hands and kissed him like the sky was about to fall down on their heads.

Even sighed against his lips, and his hands were now on his sides, gripping gently.

No.

Isak pulled back for a second to look at him. He was grinning.

“Fuck you, Even!”

“Fuck, baby.”

His grip tightened. Even’s back had suddenly left the wall, and he was pushing Isak against the elevator door before meeting him halfway for another filthy open-mouthed kiss.

Isak wrapped his arms around Even’s neck and pulled him closer while Even licked into his mouth.

“I fucking hate you,” Isak moaned between kisses.

“I fucking hate you, too.”

Even pushed him so high up the door that his hands were nearly holding the back of Isak’s thighs. Is he trying to fucking lift me.

Isak obliged. Because he was horny and needy and because why not. He let him press him harder and higher against the door and wrapped his legs around Even’s hips.

“Shit, baby,” Even moaned.

“Shut up.”

Their kisses got messier and Isak had ruined Even’s quiff by running his hand through his hair. They were both panting against the door and Isak knew, he just knew, that it wasn’t going to end well.

So when Even reached out with one hand to touch him over his jeans, he whimpered and nearly lost all control.

“Fuck!” he moaned before biting Even’s lower lip.

“Ouch.”

“You’re mine,” Isak mumbled, before kissing him again.

“I’m yours.”

“You’re mine and I’m yours.”

“I’m yours and you’re mine,” Even repeated. "Mine."

When Isak realized he physically could not stand being in his clothes anymore, he pushed Even
away and pulled the emergency button, adjusting his clothes.

When they reached the bottom floor, David was there with Lisa and they started screaming when they saw Isak’s face.

*Shit.*

Even grabbed his hand and they ran to their apartment with a silent promise on their mind and the most uncomfortable feeling in their pants.

“Your ass in these jeans, fuck me!” Even muttered behind him as they climbed the stairs.

“Fuck you, Even!”

“Jesus, the way you moan drives me mad,” Even groaned against his lips as they stumbled into the apartment.

His grip was strong. His grip said ‘I’m here and I want you and I’m going to have you.’

“Fuck you!” Isak repeated, his eyelids heavy with lust and his heart about to burst.

“I didn’t realize we went from ‘go fuck yourself’ to ‘fuck you’.”

“Fuck. You,” Isak said again, propped on the kitchen table with Even between his legs, his chest heaving.

“Yeah?”

“Yeah,” Isak breathed.

Even’s hands roamed his back as he kissed his neck, and Isak was about to combust.

So he took matters into his own hands and started unbuckling Even’s jeans.

“Babe, what are-”

“Fuck you, Even,” Isak was probably sounding like a broken record.

Even kissed him deep and hard, and Isak most likely moaned at the back of his throat.

“Baby, what do you want? What do you need?”

“Fuck. Me. I need you to fuck me.”

Isak never imagined he would ever spend a Friday night sprawled on Nils’ bed with his legs wide open for Even Bech Næsheim who was kissing his inner thighs. But there were many other things he had never imagined either.

Even had undressed him entirely after Isak blew him, and the younger boy couldn’t believe that he almost climaxed from simply getting undressed.
Calm down. Calm down.

“Perfect, so perfect.” Even whispered while kissing every inch of his skin.

Isak was flustered and embarrassed and he couldn’t believe how gentle Even was. He kept kissing him everywhere and Isak just wanted to scream.

Just fuck me.

So when Even went lower between his legs and spread him and kissed him there, Isak nearly choked.

“What the fuck!?”

“What?” Even looked up.

“Oh. uhm. What are you doing?” Isak was completely flushed.

“I’m about to eat you out, baby.”

“Oh my god! What?”

“What? Does it make you uncomfortable? I’ll make you feel good I promise. If not I can just use my fingers and with enough lube we can-”

“Oh my god! Shut up!” Isak yelled as he shoved his head back down there.

“Isak, are you crying?”

“No! Fuck!”

“Babe, don’t cry. I’ll rim you every day if you let me.”

“Please, stop talking.”

“Okay, back to eating you out.”

“Ugh. Shut up!”

“I can’t believe how perfect you are,” said Even.

“Don’t talk. Stop talking. There’s no talking during hate sex,” said Isak

“Hate sex? Baby, I’m going to make love to you.”

“Get out of my house!”

The moment Even sank into him, they both stopped bickering and smiling and teasing each other. Tears started spilling from the corners of Isak’s eyes, and he couldn’t help but wince in pain.

Dammit.
Even kissed him then wiped his tears then kissed him again. He was looking into his eyes, and Isak felt like he was about to implode because he had never had anyone look into his eyes during sex. Never.

They didn’t even talk about it. It just seemed like the most natural thing. Even positioned himself between Isak’s legs and whispered, “Like this?”

“Like this,” Isak answered before wrapping his arms around his neck.

The kissing was good. So good. Isak moaned with no reserve. He moaned because he wanted to. Because he felt good and because it was Even. Isak never moaned like that.

He wrapped his legs around Even’s waist and pulled him closer, always closer.

“Baby..”

“Yeah?” Even groaned. “Feel good? How are you feeling?”

“So fucking good,” Isak moaned, then reached up to kiss him again. “Don’t stop baby.”

“I won’t.”

Isak pulled his hair and scratched his back and yelled out his name and asked for more. More everything. Always more.

“More, please!”

“What do you need?” Even whispered against his skin.

“You. I just need you.”

Even wrapped his arms around Isak’s back and pulled him towards his chest until he was nearly on his lap.

Isak was overwhelmed.

*Never tried this before.*

He was overwhelmed because he could feel Even everywhere inside him.

“Shit,” he moaned.

Even’s arms locked tighter around his back as he thrusted into him with all his might.

“Even..”

“Yes, baby.”

“Shit.”

“I know.”

“Fuck.”
“You feel amazing,” Even groaned before kissing him again and again. “So soft, so perfect.”

“You fuck me so good,” Isak mumbled before realized what he had just said.

*Chill. Fuck.*

Isak had burned so many bridges already so he bit Even’s shoulder.

Chill. Fuck.

Isak was on his back again and he was about to cry. He no longer had control over his body. None whatsoever.

He was about to come undone. He was about to make a mess without even being touched. *How.*

Even was so deep inside him that Isak could still feel him everywhere.

“Even.”

“Yeah.”

“Baby.”

“Shit I lose it when you call me that.”

Isak kissed him because Even was so beautiful. So *damn* beautiful towering over him like that, and looking like the moon and the stars, and giving it his all as if the world was about to end.

Even who had stopped staring into his eyes after that one long kiss. Even whose eyes were teary and who tried to hide it but Isak had already seen it. Even who was still thrusting into him but who looked like he was about to cry.


Even finally looked at him and Isak had never felt so sure of anything. So he took his face in his hands and kissed him deep and soft and slow.

“I will never leave you,” Isak breathed and watched a single tear roll down Even’s cheek. ”Stop leaving me, cause I will never leave you.”

“I can’t lose you,” said Even. “I can’t.”

And when his voice cracked, something within Isak cracked, too.

“You won’t.”

"Isak, I'm not okay. I don't have anything under control!"

Isak rocked against him and brought him down for another soft kiss.

"We'll figure it out," Isak breathed. "We, Even and Isak, will figure it out."

____________________________________________________________________

Eva Mohn

02:34
There's clothes in the hallway

Wtf happened

We fucked into oblivion.

Chapter End Notes

First of all, the radio exchange with the man actually happened in 2015. Except that the man was not a caller. He was a FOX News Radio Host and the caller had bipolar. You can read more about it here It's quite outrageous and baffling and I couldn't believe this the first time I read it.
Some of Isak's response is inspired by the author of the article's response.
I have more things to say but it's 4:41AM and I have work in 3 hours lol. I'll update these notes later <33
Hope you liked this and thanks for the incredible support <3333. I did my best to include many anon prompts so keep sending me those lol
Next chapters will include actual talking about wtf is going on. Haha. It's my birthday week (lol) so i might be MIA because of stuff people organized but i will do my best to answer asks and comments illy guyyysss *hugssss*
leave a comment if you felt a thing <33 *runs*
Radisson Blu

Chapter Summary

"I would die for you."
"I would die for you, too."

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the wait <3 This is kind of long and unbeta'd so sorry for any mistakes as usual. I just got home from my birthday celebration hahaha (it's 6am wtf) and wanted to post it asap. hope you like this lol.
warning: sexy times and not so sexy times.
*nervoussssss*

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You have been added to ‘#EVAKCONFIRMED’

#EVAKCONFIRMED

02:47

Lisa: shit who added them?

David: i did

Lisa: Why???

David: WHAT? They should know we’re talking about them

Sara: isak is gonna leave this chat in 3, 2, 1…

Lynn: no offense but if david and lisa said is true isak and even are probably busy right now

Sara: ?

Sara: OH MY GOD IM SO STUPID haha of course

David: Jakob buddy how are you holding up

Jakob: haha all good :))

Jakob: I’m taking Anna home. She’s fucked up

David: ohhhhhh dont do anything gross!!

David: something tells me you like to make your move on drunk people
Jakob: wtf?? Never??

Andre: go to sleep guys

Lisa: HOW CAN I SLEEP WHEN I KNOW ISAK AND EVEN ARE DOING THINGS RIGHT NOW

Chris: i bet they’re just sleeping

Lynn: -___-

Chris: Isak looks tired all the time they’re probably sleeping now

Hey guys. Muting this chat right now

I’m sorry

I’ll turn it back on tomorrow morning

Sleep well everyone

David: ?????

Lisa: Lol what??

Sara: why is isak so polite?????

Jakob: hey Even

Hey Jakob

Lisa: KJFDKJFDKJFDHK

Lynn: omg lol

David: HAHAHAHAHA

Isak’s sleeping

Goodnight

Lynn: that’s so fucking cute i’m dying

Isak woke up disoriented but well rested. His lower back hurt when he tried to shift in his bed, and he quickly realized that he was sore. Why am I so sore?

Oh fuck!

When Isak opened his eyes, Even was right there propped on his elbow staring at him and smiling softly.

They weren’t in his bed. They were in Nils’ bed.

It all came back to him at once. The anger and the kissing and the lifting and the pulling and the tugging and the kissing and the passion and the fucking and the loving. It hit him all at once and his face flushed. He didn’t know what to do.
“Uh, hi,” Isak mumbled.

“Hi, baby,” said Even before placing a hand on Isak’s cheek and pressing a soft kiss to his lips.

_Oh._

Isak gasped embarrassingly, and he was feeling hot all over.

“You stayed,” Isak mumbled.

“I stayed.”

“Uh, cool.”

“I’m not going anywhere,” said Even, carding his fingers through Isak’s hair. “You’re stuck with me.”

“Okay.”

“Okay,” said Even with a big smile on his face. “Did you sleep well?”

“Yeah, you?”

“Couldn’t sleep,” said Even.

“What? Why?”

“You’re so fucking hot. I couldn’t sleep.”

_What the fuck. who says that._

Isak was so gone and so _weak_. So weak and so horny. He wasn’t feeling shy anymore all of a sudden.

“I want to kiss you,” Isak blurted out.

Even laughed and Isak was angry for half a second.

“Baby, you can do anything you want to me,” said Even.

_This little shit._

“I said that to you once.”

“I remember,” said Even, beaming.

_Fuck off._

Even probably expected him to say that, because when Isak sat up and smiled instead, his eyes widened.

“No ‘go fuck yourself’? Who is this?”

Isak rolled his eyes before pushing Even’s shoulders down until his back was to the mattress. He then straddled him.

“Oh wow.”
Fuck it.

Isak looked at Even’s blue eyes for a moment before leaning down to smother his face with kisses.

“Stop. Talking. Even,” he punctuated every word with a peck on his face.

Isak couldn’t believe it but Even almost looked flustered.

“Oh, you like this?” said Isak, now kissing his neck.

“Yeah. Shit,” Even groaned, pushing his hips forward, grinding against Isak.

Fuck, that’s hot.

“Hmm. What happened to the hot Even Bech Næsheim who never gets phased by anything?”

“Babe, you think I’m hot?” said Even, now gripping his hips.

“Fuck.”

Isak gave up and kissed him on the mouth quite desperately. One of Even’s hands grabbed his face and forced his lips open even wider by stroking his cheek.

Isak’s hands were on Even’s neck, and Even’s other hand was gripping his waist so hard that he couldn’t help but grind frantically against him.

“Hmm baby,” Isak moaned.

“Yeah.”

“You’re so fucking hot, Even.”

“If you keep talking I’m gonna have to fuck you again.”

Shit.

“Oh yeah?”

“Yeah,” Even groaned.

“Can we shower first though?” said Isak, eyes dark with lust.

“Why? You’re gonna make me come so hard again, and we’ll need another shower.”

Isak’s face flushed.

Do you have to be so blunt. Fuck.

“Oh, I’ll shower then. You don’t have to.”

Isak was about to leave Even’s lap when his hands gripped his waist again.

“Of course I’ll shower. But what is this really about?”

“Uh, I. Uh,” Isak stuttered.

“Isak?”
"I, uh, want you to that thing again. Uh. If you want."

"That thing?"

Isak couldn’t even look Even in the eyes. He felt like his heart was about to stop.

"Oh my god, Isak, do you want me to rim you again?"

"Ugh, fuck."

"I didn’t mean in the fucking shower!" said Isak.

"Hold onto the wall to keep your balance, baby."

"Wha-

Even turned him around then dropped to his knees behind him in the shower.

One touch and Isak was gone.

"Fuck!"

"No! Let’s fuck in my room," said Isak.

"Oh, look who’s blunt now," Even teased.

"Shut up, Even."

Isak realized that it was his first time having sex in broad daylight. He suddenly felt self-conscious, too naked, too exposed.

He pulled the sheets around them whenever he could.

"What’s wrong, baby?" Even groaned.

Even’s *fucked out* voice made Isak’s legs tremble.

"Uh. Nothing. Fuck!"

Isak did it again. And when Even’s hands left his face to suddenly grab the sheets and throw them on the floor, Isak’s eyes went wide.

"What are you—"

"Isak. Dammit," Even kissed him and Isak sighed into it, his lips remaining parted long after the kiss.

"You’re fucking perfect. Every inch of you. Perfect. Okay? You don’t need to hide anything."

"Uh, I."
Isak felt silly for being so self-conscious and for being so stupid when Even was literally *inside him*. He tried to say something, anything. But Even’s thrusts were getting faster and he quickly forgot his own name.


“Perfect. You are so fucking hot,” Even whispered in his ear, his breath hot, and his voice deep, so *fucking* deep.

Isak was losing all control and he simply didn’t care anymore. So he stopped gripping Even’s neck and brought his hands down to grip his buttocks instead, bringing him even closer between his legs.

“Woah, yes,” Even gasped. “Fuck, that’s hot.”

“Deeper,” Isak moaned.

“Shit. You’re so hot. I want you to feel sexy all the fucking time. Okay?”

“Okay.”

“I’m gonna make you come now.”

“Shit.”

“Are you guys shooting a porno in there?” said Eva on the other side of the door.

Fuck.

“Hi,” said Eva, eating a sandwich on the couch.

Isak couldn’t even look her in the eyes, so he hid behind Even who was all smiles.

“Missed you, Eva!” said Even.

“Missed you, too. Although I was kind of mad at you for making Isak miserable these last weeks.”

“Piss off!” Isak finally spoke.

“Oh he speaks!” said Eva.

“I’ll make it up to him,” said Even.

“Oh, judging by all the ‘please harder fuck yeah’ this morning, I think you’re almost there Even. I don’t even want to know what you did last night.”

Even laughed and Isak disappeared into his room after yelling ‘fuck you both’ and slamming his door.

“Even! Did you reply to the groupchat using my phone?” Isak yelled before even reaching the living room.
But Even wasn’t there.

“T’m in Eva’s room!” said Even.

“Uh, what are you guys doing?” said Isak.

They were both sprawled on her bedroom floor smoking a joint.

“We’re having quality gossip time,” said Eva. “And smoking Even’s good shit.”

“Uh what? Since when do you smoke?”

“I do, occasionally. Why?” said Eva.

“You used to give Jonas so much shit!”

“Yeah well, we’re in uni now. Plus, Even’s stuff is really good.”

Isak couldn’t help but frown. Should you even be smoking weed?

“Why are you frowning? Even was gushing over you. Very cute,” said Eva.

Even laughed, then got up to his feet, walked over to Isak, and pecked him on the lips.

“Hey baby, still mad?”

Isak’s face flushed, and Eva was squealing on the floor.

“He calls you baby? Oh my god!”

“He calls me baby, too,” said Even, beaming.

“What? Isak?! No way!” said Eva.

Isak rolled his eyes. “Whatever! Even why did you message the group from my phone?”

“Did it bother you? I’m sorry. I won’t do it again.”

“Uh, no. It’s okay. I don’t know.”

Even smiled at him and Isak nearly melted. He hated it. He hated the effect he had on him. Just a day ago he was feeling miserable and heartbroken.

“What’s up? What are you thinking about?” said Even, his brows slightly furrowing at Isak’s obvious distress.

Don’t frown.

Isak sighed, reached up, and ran his thumbs over Even’s eyebrows, smoothing them.

“Don’t frown,” said Isak. “I don’t like it when you frown.”

Even stared at him with wide eyes while Eva literally rolled on the floor.

“What is this cute shit I’m witnessing? Who the fuck is this boy and what happened to Isak?”
“When I’m with you, I feel like everything’s okay,” said Isak, slightly embarrassed. His head resting on Even’s chest in his bed.

“Really?” said Even, holding him closer.

“Really.”

Even leaned down and kissed him on the lips.

“Good cause I feel that way, too.”

“Really?”

“Yeah. Lately, I only feel good when I’m with you,” said Even.

“Then why did you leave?”

“Because I didn’t want to put you through that stuff again.”

“What stuff?”

“The other night when you talked about your mom and stuff. I just. I felt like. I felt like I was trapping you. I’m everything you’re trying to run away from,” said Even.

“That’s not true.”

“Isak. I just don’t want to ruin you.”

I’m ruined already.

“I’m going to be fine. Shut up,” said Isak before leaning up to kiss him.

They kissed for a while, softly, gently. just lips brushing against lips. Nothing sexual. But for some reason, Isak felt just as intoxicated.

Isak closed his eyes and let himself revel in the intimacy. He held onto Even’s neck with one hand while Even cradled his head.

They kissed until Even’s phone buzzed on the nightstand.

“Everything good?” said Isak.

“Shit,” Even sighed.

“What is it?”

“My dad.”

“He’s texting you?”

“Yeah.”

“Oh okay.”

Even put the phone down then turned to his side to face Isak.

“We’re a shit show. My family and stuff, I mean,” said Even.
“Why?”

“Take a guess. It starts with ‘B’.”

“Uh. Bisexual?” said Isak, jokingly. He knew he meant bipolar.

Even laughed.


He smiled but it wasn’t a smile. Isak wasn’t sure what he was doing but he sat up a bit higher and reached up to cup Even’s cheek. And when he did, Even’s face fell. No fake smiles. No bullshit. Just Even.

“What happened?” Isak nearly whispered.

“Hm. He couldn’t handle it. Me being crazy and stuff. He just couldn’t accept it. Growing up I was kind of a trophy child you know. I was kind of hyper sometimes and people thought it was weird, but my dad loved it and he always had my back. He was so proud of me. He showed me off to his friends and coworkers. We did a lot of things together. He was, you know, like my hero and stuff. We were really close.”

Even paused and Isak knew that it was hard for him so he stroked his face and nodded silently.

“Uh, when I was diagnosed with bipolar, he kind of made it about him, you know. It was like ‘why me? Why does my son have to have this? Why couldn’t it happen to some other guy?’ Of course he didn’t say this to me but I had ears and the kitchen where he vomited all of this to my mom was right there. I knew it wasn’t my fault but I couldn’t help but feel bad for being such a disappointment to him. He tried for a while. He tried. But it just wasn’t possible I guess. He stopped bringing me along to his work events and stuff. He stopped boasting about me. He stopped showing up to my crap. He stopped talking to me. He stopped looking at me. He barely came home. And it was okay. I could take it. I didn’t really care. I mean I was in high school at that point so fuck parental validation at that point, right? But then I overheard him talking to his friend on the phone. They were wondering where I was and he said I was studying abroad. Ha! Can you believe it? He sent me away. He lied. He was so ashamed of me that he lied.”

I’m so sorry.

Isak carded his fingers through Even’s hair and played with it, smoothing and soothing.

“So yeah I guess I became a bit reckless after that. I couldn’t take it. I just. I felt like shit. He was ashamed of me, so I became ashamed of myself. I was really depressed for months. I couldn’t do anything. And things got even worse between my parents. My mom couldn’t handle him being away all the time, and he gave her this sort of ultimatum. Him or me. She picked me. And they split up I guess. Never got over that shit. So yeah.”

“Shit, I’m so sorry,” said Isak holding him closer.

“It’s okay. I mean I did fuck up one time. I was hypomanic and I felt so fucking fantastic and great that I went to his workplace to tell him that I was cured and that he had no reason to feel ashamed of me anymore. I went to his office and all his friends and coworkers saw me. He was so angry but I didn’t understand why. I was feeling amazing. I just wanted him to be proud of me again. I just wanted him to know that he didn’t have to lie about my whereabouts anymore. It didn’t end well. I got so angry when he wouldn’t understand, that I set off the fire alarm. I also fucked up his desk. I don’t remember that part but he did. He dragged me outside and said that I ruined our family because
I was sick in the head. He said that he stayed away because it was toxic for him, because he should be able to choose to stay away. I might have shoved him too hard. I don’t know. I was fucked. It hurt too much. I just. I don’t know. I don’t remember what I did exactly but it was bad because he quit his job from all the embarrassment I caused him. Anyways. I don’t know why I’m telling you this but it really fucked me up when he called into my show the other day.”

Isak didn’t realize he was holding his breath until Even stopped talking.

“I’m so fucking sorry. Fuck. I’m sorry. That’s why you were so fucking angry when I said that stuff to Jakob. I’m such a piece of shit. I’m sorry,” said Isak, panicking.

“Isak, you’re not my dad. You didn’t abandon your child. You don’t have to feel bad.”

“Still. I said so much crap. Fuck.”

“I don’t care anymore,” said Even. “I only feel okay when I’m with you. I don’t care about what you said before.”

“Oh, okay. I,” Isak didn’t know what to say so he asked him more questions. “Uh. So he just decided to reach out to you now that you’re famous?”

“Hm. Yeah, I guess. He tried reaching out before the call. He found out where I lived and started showing up. I saw him out the window the first time and asked one of my roommates to tell him to leave. But he kept showing up every fucking day.”

“That’s why you’re looking for a new place,” said Isak.

“Yup.”

“And that’s why you took over Nils’ room.”

“Yes.”

“Oh, okay,” Isak mumbled.

“What’s up?” said Even.

“I don’t know, but when you first moved in I really thought you did it to mess with me or something. I thought you knew I lived here,” said Isak. “I don’t know. Sometimes it sounded like you knew stuff about me before we even met.”

“Oh, you’re disappointed it wasn’t about you?” Even smiled.

“Oh piss off.”

“Really? You’re telling me to piss off while I pour my heart out to you and share my daddy issues with you?”

Isak laughed and kissed him because he could.

“I fucking hated you when you called me out with that ‘daddy issues’ comment in that first sync up meeting,” said Isak.

“I know. I’m sorry.”

“Little did I know you had daddy issues, too,” said Isak, smiling.
“Ugh. Fuck our daddies,” said Even.

“What the fuck?” Isak burst out laughing. “That sounded so weird.”

“Oh yeah?” Even sat up a bit and pulled Isak into a deep kiss, nearly licking into his mouth.

“What was that for?” Isak panted after their lips parted.

“I’m your daddy now.”

“Fuck off!”

“Are we fucking tonight?”

“No, you’re sleeping!” said Even.

“What the fuck. It’s barely midnight!”

“Shhh! You need to catch up on all those sleepless nights!”

“But—”

“Sleep!”

“I just”

“No, Isak!”

“Can I at least suck your dick?”

“Fuck,” Even gasped. “Since when are you so blunt?”

“I want to suck you off.”

“Isak..”

“I want you to come in my mouth.”

“What the fuck!? Who are you?”

Isak blew him and didn’t even need to be touched to climax, too. Even’s grunts and moans and flushed face were enough.

Isak slept like a baby.

They rode the bus silently on Monday. Isak leaned against one of the doors while Even stood in front of him, smiling like the fucking sun. If the sun smiled at all. Isak melted and smiled, too. It was so nice. Everything was so nice. Whenever they got to a stop, Even pulled him closer by the waist as people got into the bus. Their chests would remain pressed against one another until the doors closed and Isak could lean against them again.
“You know, that’s dangerous. You shouldn’t do that,” said Even.

“Oh yeah?”

“Yeah, the door literally says ‘Don’t lean on the door’.”

“It’s okay, I’ve always done this,” said Isak.

“And people don’t call you out on it?”

“No. I guess I’m cute.”

Even laughed.

“Yes, you are,” he said, leaning forward and gripping Isak’s waist gently.

His face suddenly flushed and his eyes went wide. They were in public in a packed bus during morning commute, and Even’s hands were on his hips.

“Uh.”

“Oh,” Even seemed to have realized something and quickly removed his hands. “Sorry, I didn’t realize we were, uh. Nevermind.”

No.

Isak didn’t like displaying affection in public and this whole *openly into dick* thing was still very new to him. But Even looked sad for a moment even though he was smiling, and Isak couldn’t help but wonder.

*What if he thinks I’m ashamed of him? I’m not ashamed of you.*

“Even,” Isak said.


*Baby.*

Isak didn’t know what he was doing but he reached up and cupped Even’s face in both hands.

“Isak, what are you-”

“Kiss me.”

Isak asked but he kissed him first. It was sweet and soft and gentle, and Isak didn’t *give a fuck* that people were watching and complaining and disapproving.

*Fuck everyone.*

Even sighed against his lips and grabbed his hips and nearly pressed him against the door.

“That’s dangerous,” said Isak, still cupping his face.

“You’re dangerous.”

“Oh yeah?”
“Yeah,” Even whispered, all smiles.

“How dangerous?”

“Uhm ‘You’re going to cause my death’-dangerous.”

“I like that.”

“Oh yeah?” said Even, pecking him again.

“Yeah-”

“For fuck’s sake! You guys are cute, but not during my morning commute, honestly! What the fuck?” said a random woman next to them.

“Oh, sorry,” Even mumbled while Isak died behind him.

“I can’t believe I’m feeling lonely and miserable at 8 in the morning, shit!” said the woman.

“Oh okay,” Even laughed. “Sorry, I didn’t mean to laugh.”

Isak held his breath until they got to their stop and his face never got back to its regular color.

“Fuck me.”

“That was very funny,” said Even. “Even randos on the bus think we’re cute.”

“We’re cute?”

“The cutest.”

“Good. Because I’m competitive,” said Isak.

When Isak got to his desk, he nearly had a mental breakdown when he saw the condoms, the Vaseline, and the post-it sitting on top of them.

Dear Isak

CONGRATS ON THE SEX

Here’s to more sex.

- Intern Class 2019

David added you to ‘CONGRATS ON THE SEX’

CONGRATS ON THE SEX

09:06

David: hope you liked our gift

Oh my god fuck you
Lisa: :/ we spent so much time deciding on a gift

Lynn: lmfaoooo did you actually go through with it?

Lisa: yeah david even showed up early today to put condoms on Isak’s desk  

WTF IS WRONG WITH YOU

Sara: HAHAHA you guys are crazy

Chris: What? I’m missing stuff

Lynn: David, Lisa, and Andre bought Isak condoms and skin stuff

Chris: lol you didn’t get anything for Even?

David: we did lol

Andre?? Andre is into this shit too?

Andre: yeah dude I’m all for you getting laid and getting off my back  

Wtf?

Andre: we can’t afford tension in our team

Anna: lol what did you get Even?

Even: lol

???

Anna: ?

Jakob: ^

Lisa: kfjdkjfd

David: i had trouble picking a brand cause i never use that stuff. but i hope you liked it Even

Even: i like it but i’ll consult with Isak :)

Mari: What did you get Even?? I’m curious

Lisa: L U B E

WTFFF

Fuck off

All of you

David: new drinking game

David: take a shot whenever isak tells someone to fuck off or piss off or go fuck themselves

Lisa: we’ll be wasted in like an hour
Things were going great. Really great. Isak was doing well at work, too. And the termination notice never came.

Isak listened to Even’s shows and giggled like an idiot when he played ‘I Just Had Sex’ by the Lonely Island.

---

**Even ❤**

14:07

Why are you like this

You love it

:(

I’m meeting with kristine at 15:00

I’m getting fired

No you’re not

I fucked up on national radio

I fuck up too

No but you don’t say inappropriate stuff

I do!

No you don’t

Ok i will then

If they fire you they’ll have to fire me too

What

Talk to you later. Song’s about to end

---

There was no use denying it. Even was right. Isak was his biggest fan and he was probably going to tell him someday. Even talked about the latest album by The Weeknd and shared his favorite tracks and answered random questions.

When Even announced that Magnus from Oslo was calling from Sweden, Isak nearly choked in his seat.

*Magnus?*

It was indeed Magnus, his very dear friend Magnus who was in Sweden for the rest of summer.
Oh my god. Why.

“Hello Magnus. How are you? How is Stockholm?” said Even.

“It’s fucking amazing, man! Swedish girls are so hot!” said Magnus.

“I’m glad you’re enjoying your time there. How come you’re calling all the way from Sweden?”

“Oh I just started listening to your show after you had my friend on the show. You know, Isak. We’re like best friends!” said Magnus.

Isak rolled his eyes and pulled out his phone to text him to stop.

“Really? What? Looking forward to meeting you then, Magnus,” said Even.

“I won’t be back until he’s done with his internship though.”

“Oh, don’t worry. We will meet,” said Even.

Abort. Abort.

“Anyways, man. I just wanna tell you that I think you’re cool as fuck. My mom is bipolar, too. And she loves you. You’re really cool,” said Magnus.

“Thanks, Magnus. I really appreciate it.”

“Also when we meet you’ll have to hook me up with some girls.”

Even laughed, and Isak was cringing so hard.

I swear not all my friends are like this.

“Oh I’m not sure how I’d do that,” said Even.

“Come on! I’m sure you’re drowning in pussy right now.”

Magnus for fuck’s sake this is national radio!

Even laughed again before answering. “No, not really. Not at the moment.”

“What? You’re not getting any pussy? No way!”

Isak wanted to really die and save Even from this awkward call.

“Nah man. I’m getting ass and dick though.”

What the fuck!

Even ❤

14:38

WHAT THE FUCK EVEEn

;P
What
❤️

WTF you can’t say shit like that on the radio
If they fire you they fire me ❤️
Besides you outed yourself to everyone now
I don’t care :3 ❤️
You’re unbelievable

I know
I’m so horny right now though
Meet me in 10 in the bathroom next to Mari’s desk?
I have a meeting with kristine in 20 minutes :( 

Oh
Yeah i forgot
They can’t fire you you’re so smart
Anyone can code Even

I guess we’re both losing our jobs then

When Kristine first summoned him for an impromptu meeting, his heart nearly dropped.

Fuck, here we go.

“First of all, you messed up,” said Kristine.

“I’m sorry.”

“No, wait until I’m done.”

“Uh okay.”

“HR wants me to tell you that you can’t call a listener ‘a dumb piece of shit’ on air. But that’s not why you messed up. You messed up because you should have dragged him longer.”

“What?”

“What a piece of shit!” said Kristine. “I was so angry! My brother has clinical depression and what that man said was just so outrageous. I would have told him to fuck off too if I were in that room.”

“Oh,” was all that Isak could say.
“Anyways. I heard you’re an internet sensation right now. NRK can’t fire you or suspend you because it will make them look like dicks when you’re an international hero right now. So they yelled at the person who let you into the live room without prepping you instead.”

“What? Oh no!”

“Whatever. They’re still happy because of the ratings and stuff. The morning show team at NRK P1 actually wants you on one of the morning shows,” said Kristine.

“What?! P1? What the hell?”

“Yeah, it’s kind of huge. You don’t have to but yeah you’ll get an e-mail soon from their team. Just wanted to give you the heads up.”

“Oh okay.”

Isak couldn’t believe it. P1 was the most popular radio channel with nearly two million daily listeners. What the fuck.

“You should only do it if you’re comfortable with the harassment that comes with it,” said Even later that night, a joint pressed between his lips.

“The harassment?”

“Yeah some people are not very nice.”

“Huh?”

“The facebook comments on the page drive me insane sometimes. Some people don’t realize we’re real people you know.”

“Oh.”

Isak grabbed his phone and tried to navigate to the said facebook page, but Even quickly yanked his phone away.

“Nah don’t read that stuff.”

“Why not?”

“I don’t know. It’s just silly,” Even put the phone away and dumped the joint in a mug. He then pulled Isak onto his lap. “We have more important things to do.”

“Yeah. Like what?” Isak teased right back, grinding against him ever so slightly.

“Like using the free lube.”

“Oh. What did you have in mind?”

Even leaned forward and whispered into his ear.

“I wanna fuck you against the wall.”

Jesus fucking hell.
Isak choked on air.

“Uh, shit. You never cease to surprise me,” said Isak.

“Yeah?”

“Yeah. Fuck,” Isak moaned as Even gripped him harder. “You’ll give me my phone back after that or?”

“No. We have too many things to do.”

“Really? What else?”

“We can switch.”

“What?!” Isak’s eyes went wide.

Even laughed then grabbed Isak over his boxers.

“Even-”

“Isak, I’m holding your dick in my hand right now. Dicks are amazing things and they feel amazing things when they are in use. You can use your dick to do things, Isak. I can teach you.”

“Oh my god!” Isak shoved him. “I know that. Shut the fuck up.”

Even laughed so hard that they almost fell off the bed.

“I thought you were my daddy now,” said Isak.

“Yeah and your daddy’s going to fuck you now. I’ll teach you some other time.”

“Fuck off!”

Isak loved the banter. He loved the endless teasing and the back and forth and the joking. He loved it. But his favorite moment was always when they got quiet and he was reduced to an incoherent mess while Even sank into him. No words, just grunts and moans and groans. It was too intense, too overwhelming, too everything.

Even only got more insatiable as days went by. He was never too rough. He was always gentle. But it was too intense, too fast, too much, all the time, all the fucking time. Isak felt like he was falling into the void, like gravity was no longer a thing. Isak lost all control and was in a sex trance for an entire week.

The dirty talk only got dirtier, and Isak was convinced he was ruined for anyone else. He was convinced that this was the best sex anyone had ever had. So he held onto Even’s shoulders and neck and thighs and onto the door and the desk and whatever he could reach, while Even lost himself in him whispering nonsense into his ear.

“So fucking hot baby, fucking hell.”
“You’re perfect like this, fuck.”

“Turn over, need to look at you.”

“Babe. Shit. I want to stay inside you forever.”

“I can’t fuck anyone else ever again.”

“Shit when you arch your back like that”

“I’m obsessed with your ass, fuck.”

“You’re so beautiful.”

“I love your dick so much.”

“Fuck, Isak. You’re so hot.”

Isak whimpered, his legs shaking every single time. He was all *fucked out*. He reveled in all the praises and all the attention and all the *sex*. He was always so tired that he fell asleep almost as soon as he was done showering. He was getting a consistent seven hours of sleep now.

“You’re glowing lately,” said Jakob. “Finally getting a decent amount of sleep?”

“Oh, yeah,” said Isak, blushing at the memory of Even pushing his his knees further apart that morning on the kitchen counter after Eva left.

“How come?” said Jakob.

*Even fucks me to sleep.*

“Even! Do you remember where I put my laptop?” said Isak before reaching Eva’s room.

Even and Eva hung out in her room regularly now while Isak prepped for a code review.

“Oh, what are you doing?” said Isak, standing under the doorframe.

“I’m painting Even’s nails. Can’t you see?” said Eva who was very concentrated on doing Even’s right hand.

They were both sitting on the floor.

“Why the hell?”

“Because he wanted me to?” Eva replied.

“Huh?”

“What? You don’t like this?” said Even, smiling. “Are you going to dump me now that I put on nail polish?”

“Oh no,” Isak was overwhelmed and confused.
“Why do you look so confused?” said Even.
“I don’t know. It’s weird.”
“What’s weird?”
“Nail polish for like, uh, dudes.”
“Dudes?” Even laughed.
“I mean you know. Shit.”
“Why? Because it’s a girly thing?”
“Uh, I don’t know. Yeah. I guess,” said Isak, shrugging.
“That’s a harmful generalization. Gender stereotypes are never a good thing.”
“Uh,” Isak didn’t know what to say.
Even was definitely a dude. And he wasn’t girly, whatever that meant. And-
Isak realized that he had no idea why it bothered him.
“I guess,” Isak shrugged.
“Your laptop is probably under the pillow on the couch,” said Even.
“Oh okay. Thanks.”

Eva only did his right hand, and when Even ran his fingers through his hair, Isak realized that he fucking loved the black nail polish.

It was Wednesday and they were having their intern sync-up two days earlier because the Summer party was on Friday.

“Alright, I’m quite busy this week so this is just to remind you to behave, to dress well, and to control your drinking. I won’t have it if any of you passes out at the party!” said Anne, the coordinator.

She had somehow grown more confident throughout the summer. Good for you, Isak thought.

NRK was holding this party at the Radisson Blu in the Plaza, and Isak didn’t want to go.

“Can we skip it?” said Isak.

“What?!” Even scoffed beside him.

“Oh shit, you’re playing in this thing. I’m sorry I forgot.”

“Everybody should show up. Unless you really don’t want a return offer,” said Anne.

“I’m sorry I forgot,” said Isak, propped on the window ledge by the deserted costumes corner.
Even was standing between his legs.

“It’s okay. That’s not why I want you to come.”

“Hm?”

Even smiled before pressing a quick kiss to his lips.

“What?” said Isak.

“I may have a surprise for you.”

“Huh?”

Even kissed him again, this time with more intent, sliding his tongue inside his mouth and squeezing his thighs.

“Baby, trying to get me all hot and bothered?” Isak whispered chasing Even’s lips.

“Yeah.”

“What’s the surprise? Are you going to dedicate some cheesy song to me?”

“No,” Even bit his lower lip and Isak whimpered.

“What is it?”

“It’s a surprise.”

“You’re a fucking tease,” said Isak.

“Yes.”

“I’ll make you regret this. I’m the master of teasing!”

“Looking forward to it,” Even smiled.

Isak laced his left hand with Even’s right and watched him melt.

“Cute,” said Even.

Isak brought their laced fingers up and looked at his black nails.

“You hate this, don’t you?” said Even.

*What.*

“No, baby,” Isak smiled before disentangling their fingers.

“No?”

Isak held onto Even’s hand and shook his head.

“No.”

He then watched Even’s face decompose as he took his index finger and his middle finger into his mouth.
“Isak, oh my god. What are you doing-”

“I’m sucking on your fingers, babe,” said Isak, looking directly into Even’s eyes and sucking on his fingers as slowly as he could. “This nail polish thing is doing things to me.”

“Jesus fucking christ, Isak!”

“That’s what you get for teasing me!”

“Think you can choke on my fingers?”

“Oh my god, Even!”

They both laughed and teased each other some more. Then they made out with Even pressed against his front between his legs until David found them and starting snap chatting the whole thing.

David added you to ‘EVAK SEXTAPE’

EVAK SEXTAPE

17:06

David: Hypothetical Evak sextape. Rate from 1 to 10.

Lisa: 10

Sara: 8

Lynn: 9

Mari: 7

Lisa: that’s homophobic Mari!

Mari: what the fuck?

Chris: 9 :p

Andre: 4

Even: hHAHAHAHAHA

Jakob: 8 (10 for Isak, 6 for Even)

Anna: 8

David: boys you can vote too

Even: 99999++++

Infinity

Even: Infinity++++++
“You look nice,” said Isak.
That was a lie. Even looked amazing.

“You look breathtaking, baby,” said Even. “Your ass in those pants.”

“Shut up.”

“Can we wear more suits from now on?”

“No.”

“Ouch.”

“Baby, stay still. I’m trying to fix your tie,” said Isak.

“I can’t stay still when you’re right here in front of me,” said Even.

“Well I can’t concentrate when you look at me like that. And if I can’t concentrate, then you’ll go to the party with a messy tie, then you’ll get fired, then I’ll get fired. Is that what you want?”

Even laughed. “Okay. I won’t look at you then.”

“Uhm.”

“If it’s that distracting, then I-”

“What’s the point of fixing your tie if you’re not looking at me then, Even?” said Isak.

“Oh, you’re right.”

“Of course I’m right.”

“Isak, I don’t even need to wear a tie to be honest. I’m a cool radio host,” said Even.

“Then why have I spent the last fifteen minutes trying to do this?”

“Because I wanted to look at you all concentrated and to stand between your legs?”

“Good answer.”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah”

They were about to kiss again when they got interrupted.

“You guys are so cute. It’s disgusting. Can we fucking go now?” said David, who had also stopped by Isak’s apartment to get ready.
The party was lame, and everyone was being boring and wearing suits and networking, and Isak was bored. He was probably bored because Even wasn’t around and because he was stuck with Andre. He drank a bit and smiled awkwardly at people from his team.

Kristine got completely hammered in less than an hour.

“Kristine, are you okay?”

“Yeah, this is the only time I get to get shitfaced kid,” she said.

“Oh,” Isak laughed nervously. “Do you want me to get you some water?”

“No, I need to keep drinking. Did you know that we’re getting paid for the time we spend at this lame party, Isak?”

“Oh really?”

“Yeah, I’m getting paid to drink alcohol. It’s amazing!”

“Okay,” Isak was panicking.

“Your boyfriend is very cute by the way,” said Kristine.

What.

“What?”

“Your boyfriend. Even’s your boyfriend, right?”

“Uh.”

I don’t know. We haven’t talked about this.

“Everyone here knows it. A lot of the VP team people gush about you, too. Don’t tell anyone I said that!” she said before nearly falling over.

“Oh my god. I’m getting you some water.”

“You know your interview with the P1 morning show is just the first step towards NRK buying the rights to ‘Isak and Even: minute by minute’.”

“What?”

“Fuck, I’m being super inappropriate right now. Isak, please don’t report me to HR.”

“I won’t.”

---

Even ❤

20:23

How are you holding up?

I miss you!
I’m taking over the playlist soon

You look hot

Fuck

What

Where are you

Look up

Oh shit haha

Hi

Hi

Hope you’re ready for me

Always

This song’s for you baby

I think this song was written for us

Or like for us 3 weeks ago

mmmkay

Ignore the ‘girl’ stuff

Wish more songs were gender neutral

lol

❤

Even took over and the very first song he played was ‘Die For You’ by The Weeknd.

You know what I'm thinkin'

See it in your eyes

You hate that you want me

Hate it when you cry

You're scared to be lonely

'Specially in the night

I'm scared that I'll miss you

Happens every time

I don't want this feelin'
I can't afford love
I try to find reason to pull us apart
It ain't workin' 'cause you're perfect
And I know that you're worth it
I can't walk away, oh!

I would die for you
I would lie for you
Keep it real with you
I would kill for you, my baby
I'm just sayin', yeah
I would die for you
I would lie for you
Keep it real with you
I would kill for you, my baby

Even ♥
20:35

Haha
Did it hit you in the feels

Shut up ♥

You killed me with that Khalid - Saved song request
:p
I'm sorry i made you feel that way

Go back to work!

I would die for you
I would lie for you
Keep it real with you
I would kill for you, my baby
I'm just sayin', yeah
I would die for you
I would lie for you
Keep it real with you
I would kill for you, my baby

Haha okay
Go back to work

My baby
Isak i would die for you

Shit okay
Lol

Have you been drinking?

I would kill for you

Even?
You’re freaking me out lol

Ok back to work haha

❤

“Hello!” said Jakob. “You look dashing.”

“You don’t look too bad yourself,” said Isak.

“Ha. How are you?”

“I’m good. A bit bored.”

“You can leave.”

“Yeah uh, I’m waiting for, uh,“

“Even?”

“Yeah,” said Isak, feeling a bit shy for some reason.

“Why are you being weird about it?”

“I don’t know.”

“Isak, everybody knows you two are together. You guys are actually cute.”
“What? What the fuck.”

“I mean it. At first, I really didn’t like any of it cause I thought he was a dick to you. But he really cares about you. So you know. I’m ultimately team Isak,” said Jakob.

“I don’t know what to say.”

“You don’t have to say anything. Also what do you think about Anna?”

“Huh?”

“She’s not as cute as you of course, but she’s cute, what do you think? I walked her home a few weeks ago and I guess I felt something? I don’t know. Should I make a move?”

“What?!”

“Isak, are you jealous?” said Jakob.

“Uh, no? I just. I didn’t think you were into, uh.”


“Piss off.”

---

Even ❤️

21:34

When are you donee??

I’m dying

Last song :p

I’m gonna press play and come down.

Press play?

Don’t you have a playlist like wtf

Isak

Fine!

---

The last song was a cheesy electro song or something.

*What the hell, Even.*

The screens showed: ‘HEDEGAARD - That’s Me’.

*Danish DJ interesting.*
Who do you call when you need someone?
Who do you touch when you need some love?
Who do you want as your one only?
Yeah that’s me
Yeah that’s me

Even

21:40

Where are you?

Coming

What’s this song

Yeah that’s me
Yeah that’s me
Fuck you to sleep like a melody
You never need another remedy
Who do want as your one only?

Lol
Okay
I see

But where are you?

In front of you

Isak looked up and there was Even walking towards him in the distance. Tall, and gorgeous, and glowing. He looked fucking amazing.

Ugh. I’m feeling things.

Isak wanted to kiss him. Isak wanted to walk towards him and kiss him. He wanted to meet him halfway. And Even probably wanted that, too. Because he stopped his big strides and barely moved now, his eyes still bored into Isak’s.

Fuck.

Your rhythm is Ecstasy
Your touch is insanity
Your body is sex to me

We don’t ever want to be alone

Follow every lead and take me home

Isak’s legs started carrying him before he even made up his mind. Even watched him and grinned.

Shit. This is happening.

Isak didn’t even register the people around them anymore. He couldn’t see anything but Even in front of him. He couldn’t hear anything but his heart threatening to burst out of his chest and the stupid song lyrics emanating from the speakers. For a moment it was just the two of them. Just the two of them crossing a gigantic room in a gigantic hotel to get to each other.

Day and Night

Rhythm’s right

You and I

Making love like worship

Baby worship

Isak wasn’t sure what happened exactly, but they finally met halfway and their lips crashed with so much passion that he couldn’t care less about every single person he worked with watching them.

Even cupped his face in both hands and Isak pulled his hair as he moaned into his mouth.

Shit.

They kissed until Isak felt intoxicated.

“Even, let’s get out of here.”

“Yes.”

“What are you doing?”

“We’re taking the elevator,” said Even.

“What? Uh why? The exit is this way.”

“I feel like checking into a fucking suite.”

“What?”
It turned out that Even had booked them a suite. A *fucking* suite.

Isak was flustered and confused by the gesture. They hadn’t even talked about some basic things.

*What is he doing.*

“Hi,” said Even beside him in the elevator.

“Hi.”

They watched the city sink below their feet as they rose higher in the glass elevator. The view kind of breathtaking.

“Wow,” Isak whispered.

Even smiled then took his hand.

“You make me so happy. So fucking happy,” said Even.

He then hugged him, and Isak felt overwhelmed, so overwhelmed. His heart was about to burst. He couldn’t take it anymore.

So when they parted, Isak kissed him as gently as he could.

*You make me so fucking happy, too.*

.

The bed was bigger and more comfortable than his crappy mattress. That was Isak’s second thought. His first was that Even was going to kill him flicking his tongue like that all around-

“Shit, Even!” his hips shot upwards.

“Baby. I wanna make you lose it,” he whispered.

“Lose what.”

“Your damn mind.”

“I already did, fuck!”

.

It was too much. Even was too much. He kissed him everywhere. *Everywhere.* Isak’s entire body was trembling and Even’s big hands held firmly onto his thighs as he pushed into him as if the universe was imploding.

“Oh my god!”

“Am I hurting you?!”

“No. No!”

“Fuck. Isak.”

Isak couldn’t believe how lucky he was. Even looked so *damn* beautiful towering over him like that.
Sweat dripping off his forehead, hair completely messed up, eyes dark and full of lust, voice deep and \textit{fucked out}, hands big and firm and sweaty. He couldn’t believe it.

Even was hot and they had undeniable sexual chemistry. The sex was good. Really really good. And in just a few weeks, they had done the wildest things together.

But what made Isak lose it and nearly cry whenever Even ended up between his legs or on his lap or pressed against his back arm around his waist or \textit{whatever} wasn’t the fact that he was hot. No, it was the butterflies at the pit of his stomach. It was his head spinning with all the possibilities. It was all the love, the crazy stupid love he felt in his heart for this boy. This ridiculous boy who loved too much and wasn’t loved nearly enough.

\textit{Fuck. I would die for you.}

Isak was in love with Even. He loved him with all his heart. He loved him with all his damn \textit{messed up} heart. He loved him. He loved how caring and kind he was. He loved how he was there for him when he really didn’t need to. He loved how he always knew that something was wrong, that he let him sleep on his chest that day on the bus, that he held him until he cried, that he knew when he needed to cry, that he held him until he slept, and that he made him food and made sure he ate it. He loved that Even cared about him even when he was supposed to hate him. He loved that Even always asked how he was doing no matter how much Isak had hurt him. He loved that Even was just so wonderful and said things like ‘I love your scent’. He loved how passionate he was about the things he loved and believed were right. He loved how much he loved his job and entertaining people and spreading positivity and love and good vibes around him.

Isak loved Even. He loved the way he bit into sandwiches, and the way his eyes always crinkled when he smiled, and how soft and beautiful he looked in the morning, and how hard he gripped him when he got too turned on, and how he made him love songs he never would have listened to in a million years. He loved the way he walked and the way he talked and the way he smiled and the way he did everything. He loved him. Isak loved him.

“I would die for you, too.”

“Huh?”

Isak grabbed Even’s neck and brought him down for a desperate kiss. He pulled his hair so hard that Even moaned into his mouth. Isak was so emotional. He felt like crying. So he hugged him closer as fire spread in his chest.

“Isak, baby. What’s wrong?”

“Fuck.”

“Isak?”

“I love you. I love you so fucking much. I’ve never felt like this before. I fucking love you.”

It sounded like a sob, probably because it was. His chest was heaving and he felt like he was losing his damn mind.

“Fuck, baby. I love you, too,” said Even, kissing his face everywhere. “I would kill for you, Isak. I would do anything for you.”

“Geez, calm down,” Isak laughed then realized he was crying. “What the fuck is wrong with me?”
“Nothing. You’re perfect. You’re my dream. I love you.”

“What?”

“You’re my dream. You’re my miracle, baby. You’re my whole universe.”

“Even, wha—”

“I love you.”

Even kissed him with so much love and passion that Isak forgot why he was confused a few moments prior.

Even rocked his world. He always did. And when they both tipped over the edge, Even said the most random thing.

“Marry me.”

“What?!” Isak laughed.

“Marry me. I’ll be good to you.”

“Even, what the fuck are you talking about? I don’t even know what we are.”

“What do you mean?”

“Uh, I don’t know. Are we officially together?” Isak felt dumb because he had just kissed him in front of his entire workplace and Even hadn’t left his place in weeks even though Nils was back, and he was wearing Isak’s clothes and-

“Isak, of course we’re together.”

“Am I your boyfriend?”

“Isak, you are my entire life.”

“Okay,” Isak smiled to himself like a teenager with a crush. “You’re ridiculous.”

.

Isak fell asleep but Even kept pacing around the room naked.

“Come sleep.”

“I have to do something really quick. I forgot my camera in the DJ booth.”

“Even, it’s almost midnight. Get it tomorrow.”

“People are still there. The party doesn’t end until 1.”

“Even. Just text someone to get it for you.”

“I’ll be right back.”

“Ugh.”

Isak dozed off again. He was too tired. But he woke up two minutes later with wide eyes and half a
heart because he realized that Even walking out of their suite completely naked wasn’t a fucking dream.

.

What the fuck what the fuck what the fuck what the fuck.

Isak couldn’t breathe and the elevators weren’t coming.

Even. What the fuck. What the fuck is going on.

He couldn’t breathe and he took the stairs for three floors before realizing it would never be as quick as the elevator that wasn’t coming.

Fuck. fuck . fuck.

His eyes were about to pop out of his head. He had no idea what was going on but he knew it was bad. He knew it. He knew it in his bones. Even was completely delirious. Completely gone.

What the fuck. Fuck me. Fuck.

Isak was still in the elevator when he got a text from David and then every single person he knew at the office.

David

00:01

Isak WHAT THE FUCK EVEN JSUT CAME BACK TO THE PARTY COMPLETELY NAKED

WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON

Where are you?

SHit

I THINK HE’S MANIC?

ISAK WHERE ARE YOU

They’re callING SECURITY

Isak couldn’t read the rest of the messages because he was curled around himself on the floor in the elevator. He couldn’t breathe. He had pressed the emergency stop button. He couldn’t function. He couldn’t process it. He couldn’t deal with it.

As soon as he pressed back on that button, he would have to deal with it. It was all too familiar. The panic and the worry and the ‘ what the fuck is going on’. All too familiar. He hated this part. He hated it. Whenever his mother completely lost it. He lost a bit of himself, too. He was scared. He was terrified. I can’t do this.

“You make me so fucking happy. I love you. You are my entire life. You’re my dream. My miracle. I would die for you.”
Isak was suffocating.

*I would die for you, too. I fucking love you, too.*


Isak pressed the button down, wiped the tears off his face, gripped the sheets he had taken from the room, and ran to the events hall of the hotel.

He ran, pushed past the entertained drunk people, shoved the annoying ones who wouldn’t budge, and fell on his knees in front of Even who was curled around himself, arms wrapped around his knees.

“Son, you need to step away,” said a security guard.

“You can fuck right off!” Isak nearly shouted.

“Isak?” Even’s voice broke him. “Isak what’s happening?”

Isak did his best to stop himself from bursting into tears. *Baby. Fuck.*

So he wrapped the sheets around Even and covered his body and hugged him close, so close. He stayed curled around him until they were physically forced apart.

Isak cried like a child because, “Fuck all of you! What the fuck are you staring at?! Don’t fucking touch him! Don’t you dare fucking touch him you piece of shit! Where the fuck are you taking him?!” Isak sobbed and pushed and fought.

.

“You’re my dream, too, Even. You’re my fucking dream.”

.

“Isak?”

“Sleep,” said Isak, pulling the duvet over him. "Just sleep. I got you."

Chapter End Notes

Managed to update on my birthday. SUCCESS
i'm sorry. you knew this was happening. isak has to be exposed to Even at his worst as well as at his best to know just how much he loves him.
I hope you don't hate me too much. Sorry for all the sex stuff. I always feel hella awkward writing 'smut' even though it's mostly dialogue and vague motions haha. I really wanted to emphasize Even's hypersexuality. i tried incorporating prompts again. i combined nail polish and the finger thing ahem lol. so that's for you anons. the 'drinking game' thing is from a comment on this chapter haha. And Even talking to Isak about switching it up is directly taken from a twitter conversation I saw on my TL hahaha so that's for my boy @ufostiles. the daddy comments are for a bunch of you let's be honest.
This fic will have 3 more chapters, maybe 4 haha. An Even chapter is tradition so that's happening too. Even's backstory is not really done yet. And we still have to find out just what kind of comments he gets online and who started the rumors about isak online. Hope you liked the magnus cameo ha.

Leave me prompts or word vomit or insults or anything really hahaha. I'm sorry i suck at answering comments for this verse i literally have no time ;__; but they mean so much to me and i read all of them and try to incorporate your feedback and prompts. Also if you want to translate this, feel free to do so and thank you SO much.

Alright, I really wanted to get this out on my birthday hahaha. I hope it made you happy? Have a great Sunday <333333 love you guys
Isak's heart, body, and soul

Chapter Summary

He loves me. He loves me not.

Chapter Notes

Hello. Back at it again with a 2:39AM update haha.
Hope you like this.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

November 2019

“How are you?” said Sana, biting into her slice of pizza at the campus cafeteria.

“What do you mean?” said Isak, trying to look as nonchalant as possible but probably failing miserably.

“Don’t play dumb with me, Isak.”

“What the hell?”

“You know he’s back on air at NRK, right?”

Yes.

“Huh? Who?”

Sana sighed then turned her attention back to her pizza.

“Whatever. We don’t have to talk about it if you’re going to act like this,” she said.

“Good. Because I don’t want to.”

Isak went back to his books and didn’t notice that Sana left him a Fanta can on the table until after she left. On the can sat a note.

Remember that I’m always right. Call him.

.

Three Months Earlier

Isak was in David’s car, or maybe it was Mari’s. He wasn’t sure. He wasn’t sure because he couldn’t really see. Tears wouldn’t stop streaming down his face, and his entire soul hurt.

David was driving, or maybe it was Chris. He wasn’t sure.
Jakob was hugging him in the backseat, and Lisa was holding his hand while he breathed through his nose.

_Calm down, Isak. Calm down. Calm down. Calm down._

The police had taken Even away, and they were all headed to the station.

The moment the car stopped, Isak knew he had to put a stop to his existential crisis. He knew he couldn’t afford to have one. He knew he had to put on his big boy mask and big boy shoes. He had done this before. He had done this all too many times before.

He had dealt with his mother’s episodes alone from age sixteen. He could do this. This was nothing. He had dragged her countless times out of public spaces while she kicked and screamed. He had looked for her for hours at a time until he lost count. He was the responsible adult. He was the parent, and she was the child. He wasn’t allowed to cry or to panic. He had to remain calm. He had to remain composed. For her. For him. For them.

_You’ve done this before. Focus. Calm down. Focus._

Isak didn’t miss the surprise on Jakob and Lisa’s faces when he stepped out of the car and stood tall, not crying, not shaking anymore.

_I can do this._

And he did.

.

Even’s mother showed up with tears all over her face. And to his surprise, she recognized Isak immediately. He didn’t know how, but he didn’t ask any questions. They didn’t have time. There was no time.

They took Even to her house. And when Jakob and David asked Isak if he was coming, he turned around to look at Even’s mother and asked if he could stay.

“Of course you can.”

.

Isak didn’t sleep that night. There was no time. There was no sleep to be had.

Even woke up right before seven in the morning and Isak was pressed against his back, still watching him, still touching him.

“Isak?”

“Sleep. Just sleep. I got you.”

.

By eight in the morning, Even was crying in his arms and it broke Isak’s soul. It broke him. He had never seen or heard or experienced Even crying. He couldn’t take it. It hurt too much. It hurt too _damn_ much.

But Isak didn’t cry. He didn’t tear up. He didn’t budge. He barely breathed. There was no time. This wasn’t about him. This wasn’t his battle. This wasn’t about his pain.
So he hugged Even closer to his chest, and ran a hand over his back until he fell asleep.

Even slept for three days. Maybe four.

Isak missed three days of work, maybe four. He didn’t know how to deal with everyone. He was probably fired. He hadn’t looked at his phone or even charged it for that matter since that night.

There was no time.

“When was the last time, uh, he..” Isak couldn’t finish his question.

“Two years ago,” said Even’s mother. “He hasn’t had a single episode in two years.”

“Isak, I think you should go home. You should go to work, too,” said Even’s mother after she made him eat a sandwich. “I think it’s what Even would want.”

Isak considered making a case against that but realized he was being clingy and weird. His mother could take care of him, surely.

But what would that make him? He had promised Even that he wouldn’t leave him.

“It’s what Even would want.”

When Isak left, Even was still sleeping.

He pressed a soft kiss to his forehead, and when Even snuggled closer, Isak took a seat next to his bed and watched him for a good ten minutes. He watched him and ran a hand through his hair.

It’s killing me. Seeing you like this is killing me.

When Isak got to the bus, he finally broke down. It started with one tear and ended with him sobbing hysterically in public transit while leaning on that damn door.

“Are you okay?” said a kind woman, a hand on his shoulder.

“No. I’m not. Everything hurts. Everything hurts!”

When Isak got home, he was greeted by a hysterical Eva, a relieved Vilde, and an angry Sana.

“Where were you? Where the fuck were you? Why weren’t you picking up?” Eva shouted in his face.

“I’m sorry, Eva. I honestly forgot to check my phone and it died a few days ago anyways.” Isak was clutching his phone. “I didn’t think about charging it and-”

“Isak, are you crying?” said Sana.
“Uh, no-”

Isak was crying. Going by the definition of crying at least. Tears were falling down his face and he didn’t know how or why. He was just so exhausted and so sad and so tired of wearing his big boy mask and his big boy shoes.

“Isak..” Eva mumbled.

“Well, this is weird. I think I’m tired,” Isak chuckled, wiping his face in his shirt.

*You chuckle now?*

“Isak, have you been eating enough vegetables lately?” said Vilde.

“What the fuck?”

“You look very pale and unenergized,” she said.

Isak rolled his eyes, and pushed past the girls to get to his room.

“I’m fine. It’s not me I’m worried about.”

He was about to close his door when Eva spoke again.

“How is Even?”

Isak stopped dead in his tracks. He was so focused on Even that he didn’t think about how the outside world had reacted to the news.

“What do you know?” he said in a very detached voice.

“We know everything, Isak,” Eva replied, now avoiding his gaze.

“What is everything?”

“Everything is everything.”

“What does that even mean?!”

Isak could feel tears in his eyes. He could feel fire in his chest. He could feel rage in his blood. It all burned.

“There’s stuff on Jodel,” said Vilde.

“What else?”

“Uh..”

“What else, Vilde?!”

“The whole thing is on video on facebook,” said Sana.

.

Isak smashed his phone against the wall and Vilde all but screamed in shock.
Eva stayed silent while Sana picked up the phone from the floor and put it on the coffee table.

“That’s a brand new phone,” she said.

“Do I look like I give a fuck?!” Isak yelled.

He half expected her to blow up in his face, but she put a hand on his shoulder instead.

“I’m sorry you’re hurting. This really fucking sucks,” said Sana. “People really suck.”

Isak had only left Even’s side that night at the hotel to yank people’s phones away. But it was too late. Some of them had been filming long before he even came down.

It was all his fault. It was right there in his face. He knew what it was. He knew it. But he stored it in the back of his mind instead.

He ignored the signs. He ignored all the red lights screaming at his face. He let himself believe he was some sort of a sex god, instead. The sex. God dammit. All the sex.

Fuck you. Isak. Fuck you.

Isak had taken his sweet time breaking down in the elevator. If he had taken control earlier, maybe all those photos and videos wouldn’t be all over the internet, maybe.

He didn’t know why he was doing this to himself. Perhaps it was because he was feeling too guilty and felt like he deserved to be in even more pain.

Isak was in his room and thought for a second about how he would find this footage on facebook. But he didn’t even have to look because it was right there at the top of his news feed. All of it. Even naked and confused and hysterical right before Isak showed up. Isak could be seen towards the end, kicking and screaming and pushing and crying. Right before he shoved the person’s phone away.

You should have broken the damn phone, you dumb shit.

The comments made Isak want to crawl back into his own skin.
What the fuck.

“Don’t read the comments. They’re just silly.”

Isak spent his entire night reading every single comment that was ever left on Even’s show’s facebook page. He read them all. Every single one. They were all there. Even the cruel ones.

Isak couldn’t believe it. He couldn’t believe it. Hundreds of comments had been questioning Even’s mental state for weeks, almost months.

Even never told him about any of it, but he answered some of these comments himself.
Why didn’t you tell me?

Isak spent his night online, reading through every rumor, every disparaging comment.

How do people not realize how hurtful this is? How do people log into their accounts and leave the meanest shit like this?

The internet knew about him, too. He scrolled all the way up to the very first rumors that Even had mentioned in the chat about Isak. And he was mentioned consistently throughout the page.

Someone was reporting every single change in their relationship anonymously, and it eventually ended up on facebook.

There were details about some of their public fights, and Isak’s first instinct was to call Jakob.

“Was it you?”

“What?”

“Jakob, did you post that shit online? About Even and me?” said Isak.

“What the fuck? No? Why would you even say that?”

“Oh, I don’t know? Maybe because you’ve stabbed me in the back before?”

“Isak, I told you that was before I even knew you. I promise you it wasn’t me.”

“I don’t believe you.”

“Isak, that’s pretty hurtful.”

“I don’t give a shit, Jakob! You hate Even. I know you hate us together. I know it!”
Isak yelled at every single person who picked up the phone and managed to make himself several enemies in one night.

The next day he showed up to work, people stared at him as if he had two heads.

What the fuck are you looking at?

“I’m sorry I wasn’t here. I-”


“Thank you.”

When Isak got to Even’s mother’s house, he was still sleeping. So he climbed into bed with him and hugged him close, so so close.

I’m sorry you’ve been keeping all of this to yourself.

“How are you feeling?” said Isak, a week or so later.

“I wish I could make my thoughts stop,” said Even. “I wish I could stop fucking thinking.”

“You can,” said Isak. “Just stop.”

“I can’t,” said Even, face still buried in his pillow. “The only way is to die.”

Eva Mohn

21:45

I miss you

Are you coming home tonight? No

Isak you need to think about yourself too Wtf does that even mean

You’re giving up everything for him So what

Isak No
You’re the last person who should lecture me about fucking relationships

ok

22:15

Sorry

It’s ok

I’m so scared

Why??

What’s wrong

isak?

I think he wants to kill himself

What??

Are you serious???

I have to go

I miss you too

Isak couldn’t sleep. He was terrified. He was terrified because Even wasn’t feeling better. He never left bed. He was cranky and didn’t eat and didn’t move.

It killed him. Even barely looked at him. And when he spoke to him, it was to ask him to leave him alone.

It hurt. It really did. But Isak knew that the bad would always lead to the good. He knew it in his heart. He knew it in his soul. Things would get better.

*He loves me.*

“Are you okay?” said Lisa, now sitting in front of him at the cafeteria.

“Oh, you guys are talking to me now?” said Isak.

“Isak, you’re the one shutting all of us out,” said Lisa. “We’re here for you. Whenever you feel like it.”

“You guys must really enjoy this, huh. How’s your ‘*Evak*’ episode of the week going? Are you entertained enough?” Isak’s words felt like barks even in his own head.

“Isak, believe it or not but we really care about you.”
Isak worked, went back to Even’s mother’s house, and ran to his mother whenever he got a call. He was exhausted and his heart hurt. But there was no time for him to feel bad for himself.

The first time Isak tried to kiss Even when he started feeling better, the older boy flinched and dodged it.

_Uh. I._

Isak smiled, kissed Even’s mother’s cheek, then cried the entire way back home. He cried silently until he got to his room.

_He just needs time_, he told himself.

_He loves me._

“Hey, Isak! Did you know about this?!”

“Piss off, David.”

“Stop with your angry teenager bullshit for one second, yeah? For the millionth time, I did not spread fucking rumors about you and Even,” said David, nearly out of breath after running to catch Isak’s in the staircase. “Can I talk to you now?”

“What do you want?”

“He quit,” said David.

“Huh?”

“Even quit.”

“Why didn’t you tell me? Why don’t you talk to me?” said Isak, as soon as he got to Even’s old room.

“You wouldn’t understand,” said Even, not even looking at him.

“Fucking try me, Even! Try me. Give me a fucking chance because I want to understand. I really do! But I can’t when you keep shutting me out like this!”
Even looked tired. He was wearing the same shirt he wore for days, and his eyes were empty. He was a shell of the boy who once sucked the air out of every room he walked into. Isak was ready to cup Even’s face. He had practiced in his head all day. He was going to make him look into his eyes. He was going to make him.

But Isak wasn’t ready for Even’s hands to cup his face instead.

“Wha-”

“Why are you here, Isak?” said Even, boring his eyes into Isak’s.

“What?”

“I don’t get it. Why are you always here?” Even’s eyes were glassy and his tone was icy and Isak’s heart couldn’t take it.

*How can you ask me that. How can you-*

“I can’t fucking breathe, Isak. I can’t breathe with you around. I can’t think. I can’t,” said Even, every word feeling like a stab to Isak’s chest.

*I’m here because I love you and because things will get better and because I said I would be here for you and-*

Isak’s chest was heaving and he was probably about to cry, because Even suddenly let go of his face and apologized.

Isak didn’t know what to say or do because he couldn’t breathe.

*He loves me. He just needs time.*

“I love you,” Isak blurted out, face filled with tears and heart filled with cuts and lungs filled with poison. “That’s why I’m here.”

Then Even laughed. He *laughed.*

*How dare you.*

“You don’t love me, Isak. You don’t even know me!”

It hurt. It really did.

“What the fuck is your problem?” Isak all but yelled.

“My problem? Isak, are you serious? Do you need a full list?” Even smiled but it wasn’t a smile. “I lost everything, Isak. I managed to lose everything on the same night. I lost my job and my reputation and my dignity and fucking everything. Everybody has seen my ass online. And that’s okay. I don’t care about that. But my mother does. And I promised I wouldn’t let her down. I did. She chose me. And for what? For her friends to call her and tell her that her son has lost his fucking mind? And my mentor, Synne? She really really put her ass on the line for me. She believed in me! She believed in me like no one did before! She could have hired anyone else but she gave me a fucking shot. She took her chances, and I let her down! I let her down just like I let everyone down. I lost my goddamn mind, Isak! I greeted our entire workplace naked. Nobody comes back from that. Nobody! So that’s my problem, Isak. I realized I’m nothing but a worthless piece of shit who’s sick in the fucking head! A shot at a normal life? Use my platform to educate people on Mental Illness? Just what the fuck was
I thinking? The whole country must think I’m a fucking joke now. I lost everything, and I don’t know how to fucking deal with any of it! I don’t have a fucking clue, Isak! My dad is probably so fucking relieved that he walked away right now! And you! Fuck, baby. You. What I did to you! Just what have I—"

Even had stopped screaming in his face because Isak had gotten on his tiptoes and wrapped his arms around his shoulders, hugging him tight, so tight.

Even had started crying the moment he mentioned his mother. And Isak was so heartbroken that he didn’t dwell on the fact that Even was so convinced he had lost everything.

You still have me.

Even melted into his embrace and it took all of Isak’s strength not to cry, too.

We’ll figure it out. We’ll figure out.

Even’s fingers dug into his back. He pressed so hard against Isak’s chest and sobbed for so long against his neck that Isak knew they were going to be just fine.

“Just cry. Let it all out. I got you.”

He loves me.

So how are you guys?” said Eva, watching Paradise Hotel re-runs on the couch.

“I don’t know,” said Isak.

“It’s been a month,” said Eva.

“I know. But he’s still down. He eats and talks and stuff, but he’s so hard on himself. He barely leaves his mother’s house.”

“That sucks.”

“It does.”

“But how are you?” said Eva, poking his chest with her index finger.

“What do you mean? I’m fine.”

“You look miserable.”

“Piss off,” Isak shoved her gently.

“Isak, you can tell me anything. You know that, right?”

“Whatever.”

“He doesn’t look at me or talk to me anymore. We haven’t kissed since that night,” said Isak after his fourth beer. “He won’t let me touch him. He flinches when I try, Eva. He flinches.”

“Seriously? But you’re always sleeping over at his place?”
“Yeah, I guess we touch when we sleep. That’s the only time he’ll touch me,” said Isak.

“What do you mean touch you?”

“Like cuddle and stuff. He actively ignores me all day but then cuddles the shit out of me when the lights are off.”

“Isak, you’re not a body pillow. Just talk to him.”

“He’s too emotional and sad all the time. I don’t want to overwhelm him.”

“Isak! You two used to fuck like the horniest teenagers in Norway, and now you barely touch at all. You need to talk!”

“Yeah well that was because he was manic.”

“What?”

“We used to fuck all the time because he was manic, not because he really wanted to,” said Isak.

“So like when you’re manic you don’t mean the things you do and feel?” said Eva.

“I don’t know.”

“Isak, how long were you two together before he had his episode?”

.  

No.

No.

He loves me.

He loves me.

.

“Hey,” said Isak. “How was your day?”

“Good,” Even smiled.

Isak couldn’t help it. He reached up and cupped Even’s cheek.

I missed your smile so much.

“I missed your smile so much,” he said.

Even smiled and leaned into his touch.

“I missed your touch so much,” said Even.

Isak’s heart was pounding in his chest. It was pounding so hard and so loud.

I miss us. What happened to us? Kiss me. Baby, please kiss me.

But Even never did. He smiled and went back to drawing instead.
“You know, a few years ago I wanted to be a movie director,” said Even.

He was sitting by his desk, doodling, while Isak looked up classes for the fall semester on his laptop.

“Really? What happened? What made you change your mind?” said Isak.

“I didn’t change my mind. I just thought radio sounded cool, too.”

“Hm?”

“You know. The fact that people who are stuck in traffic in the morning get to listen in and laugh and get the news and listen to music. It’s quite magical, don’t you think?”

“I wouldn’t say magical, but yeah I see.”

Isak closed the laptop because this was the most he had gotten out of Even in weeks.

“I really wanted to make movies but I figured that I couldn’t even direct my own life, so why bother trying to direct other people’s,” said Even.

“What do you mean?”

Even put his pencil down and made his way to the bed next to Isak. He lay down and spread his limbs while Isak propped himself on his elbow and turned to face him.

“We’re all directors of our lives. That sort of thing. It’s just that some of us are better at it than others. You know?”

“Bullshit,” said Isak.

“Hm?”

“That would be incredibly unfair. It’s like you’re born with it or you’re not. That’s kind of crap. I can’t direct for shit either.”

“That’s not what I meant.”

“I know. I’m joking. What I meant is that I don’t think we get a say in what happens,” said Isak.

“Huh? So you believe in predetermined stuff? Like fate and stuff?”

“Nah. More like whatever can happen will happen.”

“Elaborate?” said Even.

“You know, parallel universes and stuff. Infinite possibilities with each one forking a new parallel universe. Infinite parallel universes. Isn’t it cool?”

Even sighed and looked at the ceiling.

“That really makes me feel like shit,” he said.

“Why?”

“Because in another universe, I probably didn’t walk out of that suite naked,” said Even.
In another universe, I understood what was going on and helped you prevent it.

That night, they held each other closer than the previous ones. Isak breathed him in and Even held him so tightly that he relaxed in his arms and fell asleep for the first time in weeks.

_He loves me._

“So our project is kind of shit,” said Lynn.

“It is,” said Isak.

“It’s okay. Everyone was so shocked by Even’s thing that nobody really cares about interns and their stupid projects this year.”

“I guess,” Isak shrugged.

“So how are you?”

“I’m okay. Why does everyone keep asking me this?”

“Cause you don’t look okay? Maybe?” said Lynn.

“Whatever.”

“How’s Even?”

“He’s doing better,” said Isak.

“Hm. I gotta be honest with you. I didn’t expect you two to stay together through this.”

“Uh, what?”

“I don’t know. I figured you’d either leave him because it got too much or he’d leave you because he realized it was all mania driven,” said Lynn, taking a sip from her diet coke can.

“What the fuck?”

“What the fuck that you’d leave him, or what the fuck that he’d leave you?”

“What?”

“I guess the latter since you’re not telling me to piss off.”

“Lynn, you lost me again there. What are you talking about?” said Isak.

“Uh, no offense, but from I’ve gathered all you two did when you were together was fuck like horny teenagers, after which he came crashing really hard. Hypersexuality is a symptom of mania, so I thought maybe that’s what it was you know. I mean it wasn’t just me. It was a bunch of us, but—”

“I have to go,” said Isak before dumping the rest of his lunch in the trash can.

_He loves me. Fuck you._
Isak couldn’t sleep that night because Lynn was right. All they did was *fuck like horny teenagers*. Nothing more.

*We’re more than that!* He thought to himself at first. But *were they?*

It all started as a simple thought. A simple thought that became a not so simple thought. Isak couldn’t focus at work. He couldn’t focus in conversations. He couldn’t focus on anything but the all too consuming thought that maybe, *maybe*, Even didn’t love him. That maybe, Even wouldn’t die for him.

*He loves me?*

“It’s killing me,” Isak admitted to Lynn after four or five drinks. “It’s killing me and I can’t breathe. It hurts so much. So fucking much, Lynn. You have no fucking idea!”

“Oh, I think I do.”

“What?”

“Nothing.”

“What do I do? If he’s going to leave me, then why hasn’t he already?”

“I think he feels guilty,” said Lynn.

“What? Guilty for what?”

“For leading you on maybe? For making you fall for him when he didn’t necessarily feel the same?”

“I think I’m getting dumped,” said Isak.

“What?!” Eva shrieked next to him on his bed.

“Yeah.”

“What happened?”

“I think he was manic the whole time. He never felt anything for me,” said Isak.

“That’s not possible.”

“It is.”

“No Isak. He’s crazy about you. He literally spent hours reciting poetry about your hair,” said Eva.

“That doesn’t mean anything.”

“Isak. Perhaps, you should just talk to him?”
“I just. I don’t know.”

*He loves me? He loves me not?*

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**Even ❤️**

18:34

Are you coming over tonight?
I have something to tell you
Would rather do it face to face

Isak ignored his texts. He knew what they meant. He ignored his calls. He didn’t go see him.
If they didn’t meet, then they wouldn’t talk, and Even wouldn’t dump him.

---

**Even ❤️**

13:49

You’re ignoring me
I just want to explain

**Even ❤️**

19:56

You’re killing me

**Even ❤️**

23:28

I spoke to lynn
And i’m sorry
For everything

*He doesn’t love me.*

Isak couldn’t believe it. He couldn’t.
He didn’t go to work and shot Kristine an e-mail saying that his turtle died. He didn’t have a turtle and he wasn’t even sure what it meant.

Isak didn’t see Even for a whole week and he didn’t sleep for a whole week. He was pathetic. His heart hurt too much. He was irritable and felt on the verge of tears every minute of every day.

So when he saw Even waiting for him at the bus stop after work, his heart nearly stopped.

Even looked amazing. He didn’t look pale anymore and he was wearing Isak’s favorite jeans.

“Hi,” Even waived in the distance before walking towards Isak.

“Hi, what are you doing in-”

Isak couldn’t finish his question because Even had grabbed his face with both hands and kissed him.

It wasn’t a filthy kiss. It wasn’t a passionate ‘tongue and moans’ kiss. No. It was a sweet kiss. It was a ‘hey baby how was your day at work’ kiss. And Isak couldn’t breathe all the same.

“Hi,” said Even.

“Uh, hi,” Isak’s face was flushed and he felt intoxicated. “We haven’t kissed in-”

“I month twelve days and about sixteen hours,” said Even.

“Yeah. That.”

They walked to Isak’s apartment, silently, side by side.

“How have you been?” said Isak.

“Busy.”

“Doing what?”

“Trying to get my shit together,” said Even.

“Oh, I see,” said Isak.

“I met up with my dad.”

“Really?”

“Yeah. It went well, I guess,” said Even.

“I’m happy for you.”

“Thank you.”
“Even, what happened to us?” said Isak. He had stopped walking and absentmindedly reached out to grab Even's hand.

“I did,” said Even, lacing their fingers together. “I happened to us.”

The moment they got to his room, Even kissed him like there was no more air in the universe but what was trapped in Isak’s lungs.

He felt overwhelmed. Overwhelmed because he didn’t know what it meant. But even more so because he had missed Even and his touch and his hands and his lips and his touch, so much, so damn much. He had missed him so much that he couldn’t care less about what it meant.

“Isak..”

“Just kiss me. Please.”

Isak broke down the moment Even kissed him breathless after undressing him completely. Isak was exposed and naked and empty and hollow, and he knew what it meant now. He couldn't afford to not care about what it meant now. He knew. He knew, so he kissed him right back and cried against his skin. It hurt so good.

Don’t leave me.

Even was so careful and so caring and so Even. He kissed him like he mattered. He kissed him like he was precious and important. And Isak broke into tears because he was so emotionally drained and because he couldn’t believe this was happening.

Don’t leave me. I’m begging you.

Even was crying, too now, and it was the most ridiculous thing in the world. They both went from the horniest teenagers in Norway to this absurd version of themselves that wasn’t ready to let go but had to all the same.

You said I was your dream. You said I was your entire life.

They made love like two lost souls that only knew how to exist within one another. Isak didn’t believe in soulmates. But goddamn it. What was Even then? If not the missing piece. If not the only other piece.

They didn’t talk. They didn’t fuck. They made love. And if that wasn’t the absurd thing in the world.

Don’t leave me.

Every kiss. Every touch. Every brush. It all burned into Isak’s skin. It was all carved into Isak’s heart and body and soul. Isak who had never felt anything quite like this before. Isak who couldn’t even bear thinking about the end, the fall. About what would happen when they were done. So he held on a little more, and chased his lips a little longer, and rolled his hips a little slower.

Your touch. Your touch.
One final kiss. And Even was crying, and Isak was sobbing.

He turned his back to him because his heart, body, and soul were all on fire, and he couldn’t take it. He couldn’t.

_Just go if you’re going to go._

Even got up, got dressed, and kneeled before Isak. He wiped his tears and kissed him one last time. _For real this time._

“You’re leaving me again,” Isak cried.

“I am,” Even cried right back.

“You never loved me.”

“Loving you is all I ever did.”

.

Even left and took Isak’s heart and soul with him.

_He never loved me._

2 Months Later

Isak’s heart was pounding in his, ears and he was nervous, so so nervous.

“You got this,” said Sana. “Just say one word. Nothing more.”

She then tapped him on the shoulder before getting up to retreat to Eva’s room.

.

“That new Kaytranada track is absolutely sick! Don’t you think?” said Even.

“Absolutely. What a tune. What a tune!” said Sebastian. “Alright, let’s take one more phone call.”

“Hello, Adrian from Oslo? How is it going?” said Even.

Isak couldn’t breathe. He couldn’t breathe.

“Hello?” said Even. “Oh looks like we’re having connectivity issues-”

_One word._

“Hello,” said Isak, his voice shaking.

“Oh hey, Adrian. How is it going, man?” said Sebastian.
Isak couldn’t breathe, and Even wasn’t answering.

_Fuck me._

“Adrian?” Sebastian repeated. “You still on the line?”

Isak didn’t know why he bothered in the first place.

_Why did you call in. Why? Why are you so pathetic? Why would you listen to fucking Sana! Why are you just, fuck!_

But then he froze. He froze because Even spoke again.

“Isak,” Even’s voice broke. “Isak, is that you?”

_Oh._

Chapter End Notes

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I'm sorry.
First, I'd like to preface this by thanking all of you who read my stories and my notes haha. I was a bit upset after my last update because I was kind of accused of 'fetishizing' their relationship (I'm not even sure what this word means anymore) when all I wanted to do was portray a blossoming relationship between two individuals who are madly in love, one of which was experiencing mania and hypersexuality. I have nothing but utmost respect for Julie's work and for Isak and Even's cosmic love so I hope you all know that <3. It was just one comment though and I apologize for being so dramatic haha. <3

ok onto the chapter:
Sorry about all of this. There's a lot of stuff going on but the summary is:
Miscommunication. I'm sure you guys have guessed, but Even does in fact love Isak, and he's leaving for a different reason. Feel free to speculate haha.
Who's the rat/snake of the intern class?
When will Isak finally watch Even's interview?
How long has Even been dealing with people's hurtful comments in the internet?
What happened during those 2 months.
Will Isak apologize to Jakob and realize that he was cruel again?
Stay tuned.

---

We're no longer in the internship era unfortunately. Isak's back to uni but Even is a fulltime radiohost now. What was Sana's plan? :p How did Even get his job back? (the comment about the girl who claimed her ex was a pervert was a comment I personally read on the skam p3 page after episode 8, and it made me so angry/sad i will never forget it)
Comments are appreciated and make me very happy and I will actually start replying now *hugsss* Thank you for reading (also what time works better for you guys in terms of updates? someone mentioned that morning updates are not practical)
“He loves you.”

December 2019

“What made you want to become a radio guy, Even?” said Lynn.

Isak was sitting in his corner, looking down at his hands, desperately trying to hide the fact that he was about to implode right there on Lynn’s apartment floor.

“Like why radio? What made you audition for the job at NRK?” Lynn continued.

_He wanted to make movies but he thinks the radio is cool, too._

Isak was about to get up and come up with some bullshit excuse to finally bail on this intern reunion party when Even answered her question.

“Uh. It was for Isak,” said Even.

“What?” said David.

“You mean when you reapplied for full time or?” said Mari. “What about the first time before we started interning together?”

“It was Isak back then, too.”

August 2019

“Isak! I just saw Even leave the apartment on my way back here. Are you two-”

Eva probably stopped talking after she saw Isak curled around himself in his bed, in his sheets, his
sheets that still smelled like Even. She probably stopped talking because she guessed that he was naked under those sheets. She probably stopped talking because Isak hadn’t even reacted to her barging into his bedroom.

“Isak?”

Isak couldn’t breathe. Everything hurt too much. Even was gone and his heart was broken. He was crushed.

“Isak, you’re scaring me,” said Eva. “What the fuck happened? Why aren’t you talking?”

Isak couldn’t see her but he heard her bag hit the floor and he heard her footsteps. She was approaching the bed.

Stay away from me.

“Isak. Oh my god. Did he- Did he hurt you? Isak talk to me. Did he-”

It took him a few seconds to process what she had said.

What the fuck. No. He would never hurt me like that.

He wanted to say something, but he was too crushed to even move or leave the pillow where his face was buried. He was crushed.

“Isak!”

So when Eva grabbed his face and turned his head towards her, he couldn’t even push her away. He couldn’t lift a finger. He was crushed.

“Oh no. Oh my god. Isak, what happened? Why are you crying?”

Nobody will ever love me. Nobody ever wants me. I gave him everything. And he left me.

Isak never said a word but he let Eva hug him over the sheets. He let her because he was too crushed to push her away.

________________________

Even ❤

21:21

In another universe, we are together for all eternity

Remember that

I still feel you in me

I’m sorry for ruining you

I’m sorry

________________________

In another universe, it was real and you loved me.

Isak cried all night. He didn’t sob. He just couldn’t stop the tears from falling all over his face. He
cried until he felt numb, until his soul somehow left his body. He had never cried that much. Not even when his father left. Not even when his mother had her first official scary breakdown. He was crushed.

He didn’t even take a shower until the next day. He hadn’t slept a wink, but his hypothetical turtle was already dead and he couldn’t miss work.

The first few days were the hardest. He couldn’t eat. He couldn’t sleep. Everything hurt. He had been there for Even for over a month. Even had been the only all too consuming thought in his mind for months.

He couldn’t remember who he was when he wasn’t looking forward to seeing Even, or avoiding Even, or kissing Even, or doing anything that somehow involved Even.

Yet there he was. Stuck in his memories and his feelings when he was supposed to just forget about him and move on. When he was supposed to accept the fact that he was nothing but a symptom, that it was never real.

“I can’t believe it’s our last week,” said David.

“Yeah, it’s crazy,” said Sara.

“These last few months went by really fast. I hope you enjoyed your time here,” said Anne, the coordinator.

Isak couldn’t focus on the rest of the conversation even though it was their last sync-up before everyone wrapped up their work and went back to uni. He just stared at the tiles on the floor instead.

“Hey,” said Chris, tapping him on the shoulder.

“Uh, hi,” said Isak.

“You okay?”

“No. Not really.”


“Uhm. I don’t know.”

“What do you mean you don’t know?” said Lisa.

“Uh. We broke up,” said Isak, shocked by his own words.

It was Isak’s first time saying it out loud, and goddammit it hurt. It hurt so damn much. He had never even acknowledged that they were together in the first place. He just didn’t care anymore.

“Isak, you okay?” said Jakob.

“No, I’m not. But I will be.”

Jonas and Magnus were back from their summer travels, and for a moment things were okay.
Jonas figured everything out first. Of course.

“Isak, what’s wrong?” he asked when Magnus went to the kitchen to get some beer while they were playing Fifa.

“Nothing.”

“Bro.”

“I don’t want to talk about it right now, Jonas.”

“Okay. We can talk about it whenever you want.”

“I had a thing with someone at NRK this summer,” said Isak after Jonas beat him.

“A thing?”

“Yeah, a thing.”

“Is it Even?”

Isak smiled. “Yeah.”

“Handsome dude,” said Jonas.

“What the fuck?”

“What? He is!” Jonas laughed.

Isak laughed for the first time in a while.

“What happened?” said Jonas. “I mean besides the obvious stuff I saw on facebook.”

“Uhm,” Isak took a deep breath. “He left me.”

“What?”

“Yeah, he broke up with me,” said Isak, now looking at his feet.

“Why?”

“It wasn’t real for him. It was just because he was manic.”

“No way.”

“Yes, way.”

“Did he tell you that?” said Jonas.

“He didn’t have to.”

Isak went out with Jonas, Magnus and some other boys and ended up at a party. Isak smiled at some people he recognized from class and cracked lame jokes. But after fifteen minutes, all he wanted to
do was go home and watch an episode of Friends.

“What the fuck, bro? This girl has been staring at you all night,” said Magnus. “She wants it.”

_Not interested._

“I’m tired. I’m just gonna head back.”

“What the fuck? Are you fucking gay or what?” said Magnus.

_Fuck’s sake._

Isak didn’t answer. He just shoved him and walked away. He would text Jonas later.

“Wait, Isak! What the hell?” Magnus shouted after him.

“Leave me alone, Mags. Just drop it,” said Isak, speed-walking away.

“Isak, just wait!”

Magnus ran after him and made him stop.

“What do you want?”

“Isak,” Magnus grabbed his shoulders and tried to catch his breath. “Are the rumors true?”

“What?”

“The shit all over the internet. Like is it true? I wanted to bring it up but Jonas threatened to murder me.”

“What shit, Magnus?”

“You and Even.”

_Awesome._

Isak considered his options. He didn’t have many but he still went over them in his head.

“There’s no ‘me and Even’ anymore,” said Isak.

“Uh. So like there was before or?”

Isak paused for a moment before breathing out a “Yeah” in defeat.

“Oh. I see. Okay. That’s cool,” said Magnus. “He’s a hottie.”

Isak was kind of surprised by his reaction. _Wait. That’s it?_

But then Magnus regained his senses.

“But wait what the fuck? Since when? Since when are you gay, what the fuck? Did it happen this summer? Like did you just realize you like dick or what? Or do you just like Even? I’m so confused, what the fuck!? You literally hooked up with that hot girl I really liked Heidi or something. I saw it. I was right there! You stole her from me!”

“Magnus, we were in fucking Nissen.”
“So what? Like do you just suddenly become gay? I just want to understand.”

“For fuck’s sake.”

**Magnus added you to ‘Boys Night’**.

**Boys Night**  
17:19

Jonas: what is this about again  
Mahdi: no  
Magnus: what do you mean no? I haven’t even said what we’re doing  
Mahdi: still no. I literally just got back to Oslo  

What’s going on

Magnus: we’re having a boys night tonight  

Wtf

Jonas: wtf

Magnus: we’re helping Isak get laid  

Wtf mags

Magnus: you’ve been the worst at parties lately and people are starting to avoid us  

Hate to break it to you but I’m not the reason girls don’t want you magnus

Jonas: lol

Mahdi: he’s right

Magnus: What the fuck i’m trying to help. Why are you being a dick

Jonas: what did you have in mind

Magnus: we’re going to a gay bar

Jonas: ?

Mahdi: ??

What the fuck magnus!!!!!

Magnus: wait you guys know Isak is gay right?

**You have left this conversation**

Isak got over Magnus outing him to Mahdi rather quickly. And after four hours of drinking and
talking about the hypothetical Swedish girls that Magnus banged, he found himself at a gay bar. Mahdi was particularly excited.

“So what’s your type?” said Magnus. “What are we looking for? Are you like the man or the woman in the relationship?”

“What the fuck?” said Mahdi, while Jonas brought his palm to his face.

Thankfully, Jonas dragged the two other boys away after thirty minutes or so.

“I’ll take these two fools home,” said Jonas.

“Okay.”

“The guy by the counter is looking at you, by the way.”

“Piss off Jonas.”

The guy by the counter was indeed looking at Isak. Isak who was dressed in a light gray shirt and skinny jeans. Magnus had insisted on the skinny jeans. He should have known this was his plan all along.

The guy was shorter than him. He was also probably smaller. He had delicate feminine features and dark hair. He was nothing like Even.

Isak stared back for a good three minutes before giving up.

*I don’t want anybody else.*

The guy walked towards him, and Isak panicked.

“Hey.”

“I have a boyfriend,” Isak blurted out.

*Well.*

“Uh, okay,” said the guy.

“I have to go.”

*I guess I have a type.*

.

Classes started and Isak couldn’t concentrate.

“What are you thinking about?” said Sana.

*Him. I’m thinking about him.*

“Stupid question I know,” said Sana.

“Huh?”

“You’re thinking about Even, aren’t you?”
“Yeah,” Isak admitted.

“How is he?”

“I don’t know.”

“He hasn’t contacted you?”

“No, Sana. He broke up with me, remember?” said Isak, getting slightly annoyed.

“What is he?”

“If you talk to Sonja?”

“I don’t know. She might know if he’s okay or where he is.”

“First of all, why should I ask? Second, how do you even know about Sonja?”

“Uh, I don’t know. Eva mentioned something.”

Isak squinted his eyes at Sana.

“What are you hiding from me?”

“Nothing,” said Sana. “I have to go.”

.

Isak spent his days missing him, missing his smile, missing his laugh, missing his touch.

He felt weak and helpless and empty. He was so hurt, yet some nights he realized he would take

Even back in a heartbeat. In a heartbeat.

“Hello sunshine!” said Jakob, tapping him in the back and bringing him back to reality.

“Ugh, how did you find me?” said Isak.

“You sit in the same spot in the library and I happen to go to this school, too. Remember?”

“How did you know I’d be here in the first place?”

“I know your schedule by now.”

“That’s creepy, Jakob.”

“Yeah well, I’m a bit desperate and you still won’t go out with me.”

“Jakob,” Isak sighed and rolled his eyes.

“Fine! Fine!”

“I know I apologized for being a dick to you, but this is not what I meant when I said let’s be friends

again,” said Isak.

“I know. I just like teasing you,” said Jakob. “You look really hot today, by the way.”

“Why are you such a dick?” Isak sighed loudly.
“Why? Cause I called you hot? Isak, I just want you to feel wanted and appreciated.”

“What the fuck?”

“I just. I don’t know. I think a lot about the stuff with you and Even. And I don’t like what it did to you.”

“Jakob, what are you on about again?”

“He was crazy about you. He really was. I still don’t understand why he left. And for some reason you’re convinced he didn’t love you,” said Jakob.

“I never should have drank with you the other night and told you all this shit. Ugh.”

“No but listen. He did. I’m sure he did. He told me to fuck off multiple times. I know what I’m talking about,” said Jakob.

“What?”

“It doesn’t matter now. But I’m telling you. Whatever made Even run away wasn’t because it wasn’t real or whatever. That’s the dumbest thing I’ve ever heard. I just. I don’t know. I’ve been thinking about this, and I think something must have happened with him. I know the online stuff was really hard for him. But I think you should.”

“What online stuff?”

“You know, the comments and the bullshit. I read some of it sometimes and I couldn’t imagine how he felt, you know. I tried commenting from time to time, too. But the hate was overwhelming. I think it fucked him up. I mean he deleted all his social media recently, right?”

*What does that have to do with me? Why would he leave me as a result of that?*

The first time Isak saw Even after their breakup was at a coffee shop a month later.

Isak was buying some plain pastry because he had skipped lunch yet again when he realized he was short of money.

*Fuck.*

He felt bad because he had already taken a bite out of it.

Isak rummaged through his backpack, hoping to find enough coins in one of the obscure pockets. He kept looking until the line grew longer and longer behind him.

*Fuck. this is so embarrassing.*

“I’ll get this for him,” said someone behind him.

Isak dropped his phone when he heard his voice.

*Even.*
He couldn’t breathe. It had been a month but it felt like years. He couldn’t breathe and Even wasn’t looking at him.

Isak wanted to run away. So he did. He grabbed his phone and his backpack and left Even and the pastry behind.

It all happened so fast that he didn’t even have time to take him in, to look at him, to check if he was okay. He couldn’t even tell what he was wearing.

---

Even ❤️

15:15

Hi
I hope you’re doing well
Just got back to Oslo
I was in Copenhagen with my dad
I hope everything’s good at school

What the fuck?

Isak was angry. He was angry and sad. Seeing Even after all that time felt like a punch in the face. He had imagined bumping into him countless times in his head, but it rarely ended with him literally running away.

Isak couldn’t help but think about what Jakob had said.

What if something actually happened.

---

Even ❤️

15:34

How are you?

I miss you so much
My whole soul is aching
And I know I have no right
But I miss you

Fuck you.

.

Isak skipped class and rolled around in his bed. His bed that still somehow felt like his and Even’s.
Isak never used the pillow that Even used. He barely left his side of the bed. He was lost.

*I miss you, too. So much. So fucking much.*

“Did you call Sonja?” said Sana, struggling to peel some carrots in Isak’s kitchen.

“For the sixteenth time, why would I call her?” said Isak, drowning in his oversized sweater, limbs sprawled on the couch.

“I think something’s up with him and she might know?”

“What the fuck, Sana? You need to stop reading theories and shit online. Also why are you peeling carrots in my kitchen?”

“I’m practicing. Also, I don’t read theories online.”

“Sana, I know you think you know everything but you don’t even know him,” said Isak just as someone buzzed in for the building door.

“Eva always forgetting her fucking keys,” Isak sighed and got up to buzz her in.

“You’re right. I don’t know him that well. But I know he wouldn’t hurt you like that for no reason,” said Sana. “He’s a good person.”

“What the hell? And you got that from listening to three of his radio shows? Oh, please,” Isak rolled his eyes.

“Nah. He used to be friends with my brother. Used to hang out at my house all the time,” said Sana nonchalantly.

“What?!"

“What?” Sana shrugged.

“Sana are you fucking kidding me?”

“Is there a hint of humor in my voice?” said Sana.

“Why didn’t you tell me before?”

“Why would I tell you?”

“Sana, what the fuck?”

“Isak, it doesn’t matter. Just call Sonja or call him, actually.”

“No! Just stop fucking meddling in my business! And for the record, he did have a reason for leaving. It was because he never felt stuff for me. He was manic the whole time.”

“What the fuck, Isak? That’s the dumbest thing I’ve ever heard.”

“Oh piss off!” said Isak, just as Eva knocked on the front door. “It’s open!”

“What did I miss?” said Eva after coming in, two giant bags of chips in her arms.
“Isak won’t call Sonja,” said Sana.

“Oh, I take it the intervention didn’t go well?” said Eva.

“Yeah considering he’s being a child again.”

“What the fuck? Intervention? Is this what this was?”

“Isak. Call Sonja,” said Eva. “I’ll text you her number.”

“How do you even have her number? What the hell?”

---

**Vilde Hellerud Lien**

16:13

Hi Isak!

I’m sorry about your breakup. Eva says you look like shit

You should listen to the breakup playlist i posted on my facebook

You will feel better :)))

---

Wtf vilde

---

Isak listened to it and moped. Every song felt like it was written for him.

.

**Unknown Number**

20:29

Hi Isak. It’s Sonja. I hope you don’t think it’s weird. I would really like to chat if you time this week. It’s important.

---

*What the fuck.*

.

“How have you been, Isak?” said Sonja, looking pretty as ever, sipping on her coffee.

“Uhm. I’m good. Thanks,” said Isak.

“I know this is awkward but I really wanted to see you.”

*Funny. But I almost texted you first.*

“Uh, okay.”

“You probably guessed but this is about Even.”

“Uhm. Is he okay?” Isak nearly mumbled.
“No, not really. I mean he wasn’t around for a whole month. He took off with his dad and he didn’t tell anyone,” said Sonja. “He just got back. I saw him a few days ago and he looked miserable. I don’t know. Why did you two split up?”

“What?”

I’m so sick of answering this fucking question.

“What?”

“He left,” said Isak.

“And you let him?”

“What the fuck?”

“Isak, of course he’ll push you away after an episode. That’s evident. You’re smarter than that,” said Sonja.

“What the hell are you talking about? He was manic the whole time. He never fucking cared about me,” Isak nearly shouted.

Whenever he said it, it felt like stab in the heart.

“What the fuck are you talking about, Isak? Are you serious right now? Is that what you think?”

Isak was shaking. He was so sick and tired of everyone calling it “the dumbest thing they ever heard”.

You think I don’t fucking know that?

“Isak! Isak, seriously. Even has had a crush on you for fucking ages. I know mania and I know him. We were together for four years. I know him. This isn’t it. It isn’t. Trust me.”

Shut the fuck up. Everyone just shut the fuck up!

“Just,” Isak sighed. “What the fuck do you want from me? Just what am I supposed to do? Why is everyone giving me shit about this? I’m the one who was left behind, remember?! I don’t know what to fucking do. You think I’m fine? You think everything’s all good for me? Because it’s not. I’m miserable, too! I don’t fucking sleep and I don’t fucking eat and I feel like I’m dying every day!”

“Isak..”

Isak left his seat and grabbed his stuff.

“No. Just. Fucking leave me alone, please.”

.

Why is everyone so convinced that he loved me. Why is everyone giving me shit.

Even ❤

20:29
Where is he the man who was just like me
I heard he was hiding somewhere i can’t see
Where is he
The man who was just like me
Heard he was hiding somewhere i can’t see
And I’m alone
And I realize that when i get home
I wanna go through my red and my cherry

I love you
With everything that I have
Everything that I am
I love you
Don't ever doubt that

If you loved me. Then why did you fucking leave me.
.

Even ♥

02:13

Kodaline - All I Want

All I want is nothing more
To hear you knocking at my door
’Cause if I could see your face once more
I could die as a happy man I'm sure
When you said your last goodbye
I died a little bit inside
I lay in tears in bed all night
Alone without you by my side
But If you loved me
Why did you leave me
Take my body
Take my body

Thanks Vilde. I guess.

Even never texted him after that. Isak became busier and busier with classes, and Eva barely let him breathe, dragging him to every party and every social gathering. When Eva took a day off, Magnus or Jonas would take over.

Just let me breathe. I won’t break.

Hours became days, and days became weeks. Isak lost sense of time. He didn’t really care anymore. He stared at his phone every once in a while, hoping for a text, or an update or anything at all really.

He checked facebook every day to see if Even reactivated. He checked Jodel and Twitter and even that weird website Tumblr.

Nothing. Even was nowhere to be found or seen.

He typed a few texts, then deleted them. It hurt too much. Months later, it still hurt so damn much.

_____________________

David added you to ‘HOLY SHIT OMFG’

HOLY SHIT OMFG

10:03

David: OH MY GOD!!!

David: EVEN IS BACK ON AIR?? WTF??

Lisa: Holy fuck i was just about to create this gc!!

Lisa: NRK hired him back?? What

Anna: hey guys long time no see

Jakob: Wow I’m mindblown right now

Mari: Even :((( <3
Sara: is Even in this chat??
David: NO his facebook is still deactivated!
Lynn: Hey guys what’s up
Lynn: oh Even is back that’s awesome
Andre: ...
Andre: you sure lynn?
Lynn: ??
Chris: Isak buddy you here?
Lisa: i heard Even will be co-hosting with sebastian?
Lisa: you think it’s because they want someone to fill in for him in case he’s having a bad day
Jakob: lisa wtf
Lisa: what

You have left this conversation

Isak knew his phone would blow up as soon as the news dropped, and it did. Everybody and their
dog was texting him about it, so he just turned off his phone for the day.

He was having lunch with Sana at the cafeteria when she brought it up the first time.
“We don’t have to talk about it if you’re going to act like this,” she said.
“Good. Because I don’t want to.”

That day, she left him a note: Remember that I’m always right. Call him.
.
The first time he listened to Even’s show, Isak nearly cried. He couldn’t take it and quickly turned it off.
Simply hearing his voice and his laugh was too much. Way too much.

How can you laugh when I forgot what it feels like to smile.
.
The third time around, Isak managed to listen to ten minutes before turning it off. Even sounded
happy and stable and healthy. He didn’t bring up his episode or anything at all. They took calls but
they almost seemed scripted, as if the producers heavily screened the callers before allowing them on
daire.

They asked listeners to call in with the most ridiculous excuses people came up with to bail out on
something, and the answers were hilarious. And when a woman called in and said that one of her
junior employees told her his turtle died as an excuse for missing work, Isak choked in his seat in
Kristine. Oh my god.

Even was warm and welcoming and kind and he could make anyone smile. His laugh was contagious and pure and everything good. Isak wanted to cry because he missed him so damn much.

*I'm so happy you're laughing, baby. I'm broken but as long as you aren't, I'm happy.*

---

**Even ❤**

16:12

In another universe, you really had a turtle and it never died because i took care of it

:)  

What is that?

A smiley

❤

I love you

I miss you

---

Isak tuned in every day. He listened to all the songs and added them to his playlist. He laughed at all the jokes. He watched all the recommended movies. He never missed a show. He listened in his classes and laughed when he wanted to laugh.

People thought he was losing it. And he probably was.

Isak realized that he loved him, still. And that he would always love him. No matter how broken his heart was. No matter how much it hurt.

Even wasn’t Erik and he wasn’t every person who ever hurt him and left him bleeding in the dark. Even showed him how to love and how to want more for himself. Isak never felt as safe as he did in his arms. And if it wasn’t real for Even, then at least it was for him. He could make it real for both of them.

Days rolled by and Isak started giving up on his own theory. Perhaps Sonja was right. Perhaps he should have fought for Even. Perhaps Even wanted him to fight for them instead of crying and asking him to leave if he was going to leave. Perhaps he loved him. What if he did? What if Lynn was full of shit? What if Even loved him?

---

**Lynn Skavlan**

20:23

Hey

Do you have time this week?
Can we talk?

“Hey. How have you been?” said Isak. “Throwing any wild parties in your house lately?”

Lynn wasn’t looking at him. They were at the Kaffebrenneriet next to Isak’s house and neither of them ordered anything.

She was running her index finger across her face from her forehead to her cheek all the way down to her chin, and Isak was distracted by her weird motions.

“Yo. What’s up?” said Isak. “Everything good?”

“No. Not really.”

“What’s wrong?”

“Isak, I know why you texted me. And I talked to Even and I’ll make it up to him,” said Lynn.

“What?”

“Just. I know what you’re going to say. Andre and Even figured it out and they already gave me shit.”

“What the fuck are you talking about?” Isak was confused.

“Are you telling me Even didn’t tell you?”

“Tell me what?”

“For fuck’s sake.”

Isak paused for a second and took Lynn in. She was a mess. She was fidgeting and nervous and on the verge of tears.

What did you do?

But then it hit him.

“For a smart guy you’re a bit slow’

Of course Even figured it out before him. Of course.

“It was you,” said Isak.

“Yes.”

“You spread those fucking rumors about Even and me?”

“Yes.”

“The first rumor about someone being an asshole to Even at the office. That was you, too?”

“Yes.”
“What the fuck, Lynn?!”

“I’m sorry.”

“What the hell? Are you fucking serious? What? But you. You were always on my fucking side. What the fuck?!”

“I’m sorry.”

“Lynn?! Please explain, because I don’t understand shit right now! You always wanted me to talk to Even and be with Even and do stuff with Even. Why would you do that? And the shit you told me before we broke up? Was it? Did you. Fuck, Lynn. Did you try to break us up?”

“Yes.”

“What the fuck? Why?!”

“Because I hated you.”

“What?”

Isak had left his seat and his chest was about to explode and there were probably tears in his eyes because What the fuck. I thought. I was so sure that. Fuck. What. Oh my god Even.

“Isak, do you have any idea what you did to Aina?”

“Who?!”

“Isak, you dumb piece of shit.

“You destroyed her. She no longer had any self-esteem. She knew about you. Of course she did. We all did. But for some fucked up reason, she could never bring it up to that piece of shit. She couldn’t leave him. She was convinced he would grow out of it. But he constantly ditched her to go fuck you instead. Do you have any idea what it does to people? To know that the one person you love would rather be fucking someone else? She missed an entire semester of classes. She was depressed. She developed an eating disorder. I fucking hated seeing her like that. And you. You don’t even fucking care. All you think about is yourself.”

“I, uh. I-”

“Don’t fret! When I first recognized you, I really wanted to fucking kill you. But you seemed so sad and so innocent and so tired. So I thought maybe I got it all wrong. But then you said that shit to Even in the first week, and I realized that you’re exactly who I thought you were. And I invited Erik to a few parties just to see what you would do. And gosh. It’s like you don’t even consider Aina a real person. It’s like she’s just ‘the girlfriend’, like she’s the villain in your epic gay love story. Newsflash. She’s real! And she’s the main character of her own movie, too.”
Isak couldn’t process what had just been dumped on him.

“I can’t do this right now.”

“No. Just listen. I know what I did was shitty. And I’m a shitty person. And I always lose control when it comes to Aina. She’s like my little sister, or I don’t know. Maybe she’s more. Fuck, I don’t know. I just know that I would do anything for her. But I feel like shit about you, too. I didn’t realize just how bad it was fucking you two up. You’re selfish but you’re not a bad person. You’re just clueless. And I’m sorry. I’ll make it up to you.”

“Fuck off, Lynn,” Isak pushed his chair and started walking away.

“He loves you. He really does. And I said some shit to him. That’s probably why he left. I’m sorry to both of you.”

If he loves me, then why isn’t he coming after me.

“You should call in,” said Sana one morning.

“What?”

“Call his show.”

“Why the hell would I do that?”

“To get him to call you.”

“Huh? That’s the dumbest thing I’ve ever heard,” said Isak.

“Or he could just text him,” said Jonas.

“No. No. We all know Even is super extra. Isak needs to get on his level,” said Sana.

“I see your point. But how is he going to get selected, as a caller I mean,” said Jonas.

“He’ll just have to trust the universe.”

“I’m not fucking doing that. There’s no way I’m outing myself to the whole country on live radio,” said Isak.

“You don’t have to. Just lie about your name,” said Sana.

“Huh? Then how will he know it’s me?”

“If he doesn’t recognize your voice, then you should probably forget about him.”

“Sana!” said Eva.

“What?”

“You’re just going to make Isak even more insecure now,” said Eva.

“I’m not fucking insecure. What the fuck?!”
“Listen, bro. I think Sana’s right. Just call his show and say ‘hello’ or something and hang up,” said Jonas.

“What the fuck, Jonas?”

“Trust me. If he really cares about you, he’ll call.”

“Why do you all love Even so much? What about me? I need new friends!”

“I see you hanging out with that dude from the school of Journalism. What’s his name?” said Jonas.

“Jakob.”

“Yeah, he seems chill. You should invite him to our pre-games sometimes.”

“I’m leaving.”

Isak was about to pass out. He was too nervous. He was clutching his phone in his room. And when his call actually got picked up, he nearly hung up.

“What’s your name?” said one of the producers.

“Uh. Adrian.”

“Hello, Adrian from Oslo? How is it going?” said Even.

Isak couldn’t breathe. He couldn’t breathe.

“Hello?” said Even. “Oh looks like we’re having connectivity issues-”

One word.

“Hello,” said Isak, his voice shaking.

“Isak,” Even’s voice broke. “Isak, is that you?”

Baby.

Isak hung up. Of course he did.

And that’s how the epic love story of ‘Isak and Even: On Air” started online.

Magnus added you to ‘Operation Evak’

Operation Evak

15:29
Magnus: Isak you HAVE to make sure NRK pays you for this shit

Magnus: i hope you realize that you just started a movement and that people will be tuning into this from all over the world

Magnus: omg it will be like SKAM!

Jonas: Bro I almost spat my drink when he recognized you

Sana: I admit I wasn’t expecting him to literally call out your name

Jonas: Sana you’re a genius

Eva: I’M IN CLASS RIGHT NOW AND IM DYINNG

Noora: Why am I in this groupchat

Mahdi: can someone provide some context

Vilde: I’m confused too but Isak everyone in my class is talking about this right now

David: HEY GUYYSSS there’s another Evak fanclub out there??

David: Jakob added me

Jakob: heyyy! Thanks for adding me Jonas

Jonas: anytime

Lisa: hey guys oH MY GOD ISAK IM CRYIN

Lisa: Where’s lynn???

Andre: Lynn is a rat

Lisa: ??

Noora: Idk half the people here. I’m leaving

Eva: Lynn is a rat?

Magnus: is lynn hot?

Jonas: bro

David: let’s focus! Let’s create a facebook group and call ourselves the OG Evak fans

You have left this conversation

Isak might have started a movement. But Even didn’t call him.
Not only didn’t he call him, but there were now rumors online that Even had moved on to a pretty blonde girl.

Sonja?

Isak was ready to fight. But when he saw the picture on Jodel, he realized it wasn’t Sonja. The girl had long blonde hair. She was gorgeous.

Isak was upset and disappointed and angry. I’m so stupid.

He spent fifteen minutes looking for Vilde’s breakup playlist.

“Today, we’ll switch things up a bit and we will call people instead of receiving calls,” said Even on air.

What.

A few people in Isak’s class turned around to look at him.

What are you looking at?

And when his phone started vibrating on the table, everybody started screaming in his class.

Oh my god.

“Looks like the person is busy and not picking up unfortunately,” said Sebastian. “Let’s move to-”

“No, wait,” said Even. “He has class.”

This fucker.

“Hello,” said Isak, and he could hear the screaming from the auditoriums all the way from the hallway where he had ran to.

“Hi Isak,” said Even.

“Hello.”

“How are you?”

“Good and you?”

“Good. Good. Any song requests today?”

“Coaster by Khalid.”

Even played the damn song and Isak’s heart broke all over again.

As time passes, I feel so low

Searchin' for pieces, covering up the holes
I'll fight for your love, I'll fight for your soul
I'll throw all of my cares away for you
I'll be there to wait for you
Maybe you weren't the one for me
But deep down I wanted you to be
I'll still see you in my dreams
All the things that I did for you, just wasn't it for you
So I'll be coasting, roller-coasting
Through my emotion
I will be coasting, roller-coasting
I'm hoping that you'll come back to me

Moving on seems harder to do
When the one that you love moves faster than you
I gave you my all, I showed the proof of your lies
And you weren't worth it, you don't deserve me
As time passes I'm feeling high
You're not the one I'm thinking of tonight
I may not be over you, but I'll try inside
I'm feeling better now, finally feeling special now, oh

I noticed you weren't the one for me
You weren't the one for me
So don't come back to me

When the song ended, Sebastian took over and Even never spoke again.
David: isak ouch wtf
Lisa: </3
Eva: Isak omg that was so fucking brutal
Mari: Did he ever lie to you?

What?
Mari: the song says he lied to you and that he doesn’t deserve you

Fuck.

Isak never really paid attention to the rest of the lyrics. And he felt like crap now. Great.

Even ❤️
15:32
I didn’t mean the part about lying and not deserving me and shit
It’s ok
It’s true
I don’t

Even

Why did you break up with me

Because i didn’t want to ruin you

I’m already ruined

I’m sorry

Why didn’t you give us a shot

In another universe maybe we could
Have been

FUCK THE UNIVERSE EVEN
FUCK IT
FUCK THIS SHIT

What do you want isak
I just want you

I will just hurt you

And you will hate me

I will never hate you

**Lynn added you to “NRK Interns Reunion”**

**NRK Interns Reunion**

20:34

Lynn: Hello losers

Lynn: It’s time for a reunion party what do you think

Andre: fuck you lynn

Jakob: wtf andre?

David: always in

Mari: aw that sounds good

Eva: Hey guys hope you dont mind if i crash

?? Eva??

Eva: what?

Lynn: Invite your friends.

Sara: interesting

Chris: I miss Isak! I’ll show up if he’s there

I’m not coming

Eva: Yes you are

Magnus: YEs you are

Jonas: You are

Sana: You are.

WTF??? What are you all doing here??

Isak got dragged against his will to Lynn’s apartment. Even walking there was painful. It all reminded him of Even. When they got to the elevator, Isak wanted to choke.
Fuck me. I don’t want to be here.

“Hey Even!” said Eva as soon as he opened the door.

What the fuck is this?!

Isak stared at his phone all night. He refused to look up because whenever he did, Even was somehow right there in front of him, staring into his soul.

I don’t know what this fucking means. Why are we here.

“Truth or dare, Even?” said Lynn.

“Truth.”

“What made you want to be a radio guy?”

He wanted to make movies, but he thinks radio is cool, too.

“It was for Isak,” said Even.

Isak looked up in panic.

Not now. Fuck. I want to go home.

“What? What about the first time when you auditioned?”

“It was for Isak, too.”

“What?” said Isak.

“I’m only supposed to answer one question,” said Even. “Guess we’ll have to wait for my next turn for a follow-up question.”

Even smiled and Isak felt butterflies in his stomach.


“Truth or dare, Isak?” said Lynn.

Fuck you.

“Truth,” said Isak.

“Do you hate Even?”

Fuck you.
Isak took a deep breath, brought his beer to his lips, and chugged.

“Isak, bro!” Magnus sighed, while Jonas and Eva facepalmed.

“That’s lowkey savage,” said David.

Isak finished his beer and put it down. When he looked at Even, he was devastated.

“I don’t hate Even. I would never hate Even,” Isak finally said.

“Oh.”

“Truth or dare, Even?” said Isak.

“Truth.”

“Who’s your new girlfriend?” Isak was so drunk. He could have asked about the radio stuff instead but he was tipsy and he forgot and he wanted answers for the one thing on his mind.

“What?”

“The blonde girl in Jodel. Who is she?”

Jonas and Jakob both poked Isak, probably as an attempt to get him to shut up.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about. I don’t go online anymore,” said Even.

“Oh fuck off!”

“Oh my god, I think I know what you’re talking about!” said David.

“Huh?”

“That’s not Even! That’s his doppelganger. The guy who works at Ett Bord. Remember him? He goes to acting school and has some stalkers. He looks exactly like Even and he has a girlfriend who’s blonde. People clarified that on Jodel later,” said David.


“Yeah.”

“Fuck me,” Isak muttered. “I need water.”

_Fucking stupid piece of shit._

.

Isak sobered up after an hour, but Lynn still insisted they played Truth or Dare.

“I’m not playing.”

“Yes, you are!” said Eva, Magnus, and Jonas at the same time, while Sana texted someone on the couch.

.
Even’s eyes never left his face. They were on him the entire night and Isak felt them burn through his skin.

It was so unfair. So unfair because there he was, looking lovely and perfect in his white t-shirt and plaid shirt and his perfect hair. God his hair. Isak wanted to run his hands through it. He wanted to ruin it. He wanted to pull and thread his fingers in his soft locks.


“Truth or dare, Even?” said Lynn.

“Dare.”

“Kiss someone.”

Isak barely had time to register Lynn’s dare and to process what was going and understand why everyone’s eyes were suddenly on him. And for a moment, he was back to that night. That damn night when Even wouldn’t kiss him in front of everyone because *not like this*. That damn night when his heart broke because he felt humiliated. That damn night when he was ready, so ready, and so eager, and so desperate.

*Kiss me please. Kiss me,* was the only thought on his mind that night. And there he was, frozen on the spot because it was he only thought on his mind this night, too.

*Pick me. Kiss me. Pick me. Fight for me. Choose me. Love me.*

So when Even stopped in front of Jakob who was sitting next to Isak, his heart nearly dropped out of his chest.

*I’m getting the fuck out of here.*

“You mind?” Even said to Jakob.

*Somebody help me fucking disappear.*

But Even wasn’t asking to kiss Jakob. No. He was apparently, asking him to move. Because Jakob was out of the way now, and Even’s hands were suddenly on Isak’s face, and *your touch, your touch, baby, your touch.*

Isak whimpered and Even was on his knees in front of him, and Isak’s knees gave out, and he closed his eyes because *yes, kiss me, kiss me, please, baby, i miss you. I miss you. Gosh I miss you.*

So when Even brushed his thumbs over his cheekbones, Isak nearly broke down, because he missed his touch so much, so much.

And when Even finally pressed their lips together, he felt like his soul and heart finally reconciled with his body. He finally got them back.

*I love you. I missed you. Gosh I missed you. Don’t leave me again. Please don’t leave me again.*

Isak barely kissed him back. He wasn’t sure. He was paralyzed. His mind went blank. He held onto Even’s plaid shirt and whimpered in his arms, still fighting it. Still resisting it.

So Even kissed him again, and again, and again, until Isak melted under his touch, until a tear rolled
down his cheek, until his heart started pounding in his ears.

*Your touch. Your touch.*

Isak cried and he couldn’t open his eyes because everybody was probably watching. Because everybody saw how much of a mess he was. Because Even was right there, in front of him, kissing him, after all this time, after all the hurt and pain and bullshit.

Even was right there, in this universe, in this *damn* universe, and Isak didn’t know what to do.

“Baby?” Even’s voice broke, and Isak’s eyes immediately shot open.

“Even,” Isak cried.

No one was around. They had all left. Isak didn’t understand how he didn’t hear any of them leave, but they were all in the kitchen now, while Isak and Even stood on their knees on the floor in the living room.

“I’m so sorry. I’m so sorry, Isak.”

“Fuck you!”

“I know.”

“I miss you so much,” Isak broke down.

Even hugged him and Isak buried his face in his neck and held on so tight, so *fucking* tight.

“I miss you, too.”

.

When they broke apart, Isak grabbed his phone and his jacket and put on his shoes.

“Where are you going?” said Even.

“Home. Call me when you know for sure. Call me when you know it in your heart that you want me back. Call me when you’re ready to give us a shot. When you’re ready to tell me everything. Because I’m not going back to you if you’re gonna leave me in the dark again.”

“Isak.”

"No, Even. You know I never stopped thinking about you. Not even for a second. I felt like shit for months and I still do. You don’t get to come here and scheme with fucking Lynn and my friends behind my back and kiss me and then dismiss me later because you don’t want to ruin me. You don’t get to do that anymore. Call me when you know for sure. I will always have your number saved. I will wait forever if that's what it takes. But not like this, Even. Not like this. Not until you know for sure that we deserve a chance."

Even looked at him with tears in his eyes from where he was sprawled on the floor

"And you know what I have you saved as on my phone? 'Even Heart Emoji'! Can you believe it? After all this time. I could never bring myself to change it. I can never do that."

"Isak.."
“I’m drunk. I’m going home.”

“Song of the day?” said Even. “A classic.”

Isak adjusted his earphones and tried to look like he was paying attention in class, but no one ever did when Even’s show was on.

“Are you going to play some sad obscure crap from the nineties again?” said Sebastian, laughing.

“Oy! Have some respect! How is ‘Fake Plastic Trees’ by Radiohead obscure crap?” said Even. “And no, today we’re going back to 1969.”

“Oh boy,” Sebastian sighed.

“Isak, my love. This one’s for you.”

Now Playing: The Jackson 5 - I Want You Back

*Oh, baby, give me one more chance
To show you that I love you
Won’t you please let me
Back in your heart

Oh, darling, I was blind to let you go
Let you go baby

Cause now since I see you it is all
I want you back

Yes, I do now

I want you back

Oo oo baby

I want you back

.

Class was dismissed that day.

Chapter End Notes

Hiii. Thank you for reading <3.
Where do I begin. Yes, Lynn is the rat. She was the rat all along. She, too, hated Isak
but she couldn't hate him for too long. This is obviously a nod to the Isak haters (on the show as well) who say that he never faces consequences and gets away with things. Erik will also make a comeback eventually because we need to tie that storyline and wrap it up nicely.

-Lynn said something to Even, and that something helped him make up his mind and leave for good. What was that thing?

-What happened during that month with his dad in Denmark? Would you guys like to know?

-You guys probably noticed by now. But Even kind of knew Isak from way before they met at NRK. Thoughts? haha

-Isak loves Even. He does. He loves him with all his heart and his struggle this chapter is realizing that Even loved him, too. Isak would take Even back in a heartbeat, but by the time we reach the end, we realize that, no he wouldn't. That he wants Even to really want it and be convinced that they deserve a shot. He wants Even to realize that Isak would never leave him and that he doesn't care if it hurts sometimes. He wants the whole thing and doesn't want a heated kiss because he misses him.

-Sana.. lol. I had to include nods to S4, you feel. Also chapter 10 came out before the clip revealing that Sana and Even knew each other. So i managed to actually surprise myself by thinking about Sana pushing him to call Even before knowing haha.

-Idk if you guys noticed the meta stuff with Henrik lol. Sorry. I had to.

-Isak's turtle gets a nod and might make a comeback

-Isak og Even: Minutt for Minutt, is a thing now at NRK lol. Stay tuned for more.

-What did you think of Magnus and the squad joining forces?

-Do you think Lynn will redeem herself?

-Do you want that Even POV chapter or

Haha love you guys <3

Leave a comment if you felt a thing <333 Or if you didn't feel a thing. Leave a comment if you guessed it was Lynn haha (many of you did actually haha) *hugs*
Even's Mind, Heart, and Soul

Chapter Summary

"I'm a child of the universe and I deserve to be here."

Chapter Notes

i’m sorry for this. It's messy <3
I hope you like it *hugs*
It's Even <3
I hope you get a sense of how much this character means to me.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Now

“Hello Even and Sebastian! My name is Hanne and I’m from Trondheim!” said a caller.

“Hello Hanne! How are you?” said Sebastian.

“I’m good thank you. I just got out of one my classes actually,” said Hanne. “I’m super happy I got selected.”

“We’re happy to have you,” said Even. “So what would you like to request today?”

“Uhm. I actually have a question for you Even if you don’t mind.”

Even froze. He didn’t like this. He didn’t like being singled out on air. He never knew what they were going to say. He was never nearly prepared enough.

“Of course, Hanne. What’s on your mind?” said Even.

“Uhm. So the thing is I’m in my third year in high school, and it’s almost Christmas you know. But I’m really lost and I was wondering if you ever felt this way. I mean I feel like I have no idea what to do with my life. I don’t know what I like and what I don’t like. I’m not sure if I want to go to Uni or if I should just stop now and find a job. People tell me that I should do what I love, but I’m not sure what that is.”

“Oh no,” said Sebastian. “It’s okay to be lost at that age.”

“I mean I’m very anxious and stressed lately because I realized that for the first time in my life I have no idea what I will be doing at this exact time a year from now. I don’t know. My friends seem to have everything figured out while I just feel so overwhelmed. I wish I knew what I wanted to do. And I’m sorry I’m asking you this question, Even. I know you guys aren’t therapists or whatever and I know that Sebastian did media school and went to uni. But I remember you saying in your interview that you got here through an unconventional path. I was just wondering what that path was. Like how did you know that you wanted to end up in radio? I’m sorry I’m rambling.”
Oh boy.

Even took a deep breath.

“Hey Hanne. Don’t worry about rambling. I do that, too,” said Even. “And I’m not sure I can provide you with the answers you are seeking. Only you can find those. But I can tell you that I felt lost, too. Maybe a little too lost, even. I was still lost a year ago, really. I didn’t really know what I wanted to do until December 2018. Maybe two months before that.”


“I met someone.”

Then - 14 Months Earlier

Even felt trapped under his skin. Trapped in his thoughts. Trapped in his body. He felt useless and hopeless and empty. Some days were good and others weren’t. Some days he felt larger than life. He felt like he could do anything. He wore a t-shirt in October and walked for hours until the air in his lungs felt a bit too much. Some days he felt inspired and wanted to do everything. He drew and downloaded illegal copies of Adobe premiere and tried to make video edits and borrowed Sonja’s DSLR and shot random sequences and locked himself in his room for hours, hours, and hours, creating, creating, and creating.

Some days he stayed in his bed or in front of the TV and did nothing. Some days it all felt too much, and the guilt became too much, and everything was just too much.

His mother would watch him from the kitchen and smile. And Even would smile back.

I’m sorry. I’m sorry you chose me.

Even stuck to his medication for the most part. But sometimes he just wanted to feel. He just wanted a spark. He just wanted a sneak peek of what it felt like on the other side. So he drank and smoked and allowed himself the occasional slip-ups. He lived on the edge. Not quite there yet, but almost there.

Sometimes, when it got too dull and too gray and too suffocating, Even smoked a bit too much and drank a bit too much. But it was okay. He still kept it under control for the most part. He did.

Sometimes he just wanted to peel his skin off. He couldn’t bear being stuck in the confines of his mother’s house, of his mind’s demons. He couldn’t bear the fact that he couldn’t manage to keep a job for more than a few months. He loved working at coffee shops. He loved the people. Most days, he loved people. But then he would remember. He would remember that he didn’t get into film school and that he wasn’t going to make movies, and that no matter how big he dreamed, dreams were just that: dreams.

Even only ever had dreams but none of them came true. What’s the point then? What’s the fucking point?

So Even gave up. He gave up on his dreams. Every single one of them.
Sonja stuck by him and Even was so grateful for her existence. She was his bestfriend. She always knew what to say. She knew him better than he knew himself sometimes.

But Sonja also dragged him to social gatherings, and asked him about his meds, and monitored his moods, and felt too controlling at times. It was just too much sometimes.

It was halloween and Sonja forced him to take her to a party at UiO. He couldn’t figure out a costume, so she asked him the one question that mattered.

“If you could be anything or anyone for a night, what would you be?”

“God. I would be God.”

“Huh?”

“You know. I could do anything. Anything I wanted,” said Even.

Even got a few weird glances from people but he didn’t care. Tonight he was God, and God didn’t care.

Tonight was a good night. He had a few beers and high fived people he knew and talked to people he didn’t. He couldn’t quite figure out why people seemed so interested in what he had to say sometimes. But he liked it. He liked people. Most of the time, he did.

“Whose party is this again?” he asked Sonja.

“Nils’.”

“And who is that exactly?”

“Nils. You guys were in the same class in Bakka. 2STB.”

“Oh yeah. Shit,” said Even. “Wait. Fuck. Does this mean the guys are also here?”

“No. I don’t think he knew them that well. Don’t worry. Besides, it’s actually Nils’ roommate’s party. Her name is Eva.”

“Oh okay.”

Even was talking to a girl named Heidi. She was very nice and very pretty. She had short blonde hair, blue eyes, and she was pulling on his beard.

He liked her. He could almost picture her in his bed. He could.

But then his eyes went somewhere else behind her and stopped on a boy dressed as Julius Caesar, or what looked like an attempt to dress as Julius Caesar.

The boy was laughing. He was laughing, and Even’s heart smiled.

Cute.
The boy had dimples and his hair looked soft and bouncy. This boy was the cutest thing and he was rapping along to some song. It was awful. Really bad. But Even loved it.

Heidi pulled on his fake beard again, and he was suddenly reminded of her existence.

“Wanna get out of here?” she said.

“Uhm. I’m sorry. I think I’ll stay.”

“Who’s that?” Even asked Sonja.

“Who?”

“That boy over there.”

“In the greek costume?”

“It’s not greek what the fuck? It’s the romans!”

“Whatever, Even.”

“Who is he?”

“I don’t know. Want me to find out?” said Sonja.

What am I doing.

“What the fuck is this?

It was a book to prepare for technical programming interviews. Even had messed up. He couldn’t understand anything. He sighed, spread his legs as much as the bathtub allowed him to, and read the Foreword.
Even decided that he liked the author. She was honest and she seemed to be very successful.

“And you, reader, are probably preparing for an interview, perhaps tomorrow, next week, or next year. I am here to help you solidify your understanding of computer science fundamentals and then learn how to apply those fundamentals to crack the coding interview.”

The words ‘next year’ were circled.

The last words of the foreword were: ‘It’s okay to not be flawless.’ Next to them the words ‘Bitch please!’ were scribbled by hand.

Even laughed and decided that he liked whoever this book belonged to.

He was about to flip the page when someone came in. Even quickly pulled the shower curtains when he realized it was two people. Even couldn’t really see but there seemed to be kissing involved.

Kissing and oh, moaning?

A boy was moaning and what a sweet sound.

“You like that?” said another boy.

“Yeah…”

“How much do you like it?”

“I like it so much.”

Even felt like the biggest creep in the universe but he couldn’t help but peek. He had a feeling. A hunch.

It was the boy from earlier. It was Julius Caesar. And he looked completely drunk. He couldn’t even stand on his feet. The other boy wasn’t dressed up for Halloween, and he had him pinned against the wall, his hand tightly wrapped around his wrist.

That must hurt.

Even decided that it was enough creeping for the night, and he was about to announce his presence when the other boy’s phone started ringing. Guess not.

“Shit!”

“What is it?” Julius Caesar whined.

“I have to go.”

“No! Please don’t go. Erik, please please stay.”

“It’s Aina. I have to.”

“But, please please-”

“Isak, stop being such a baby! I have to go!”

This Erik dude left and Even didn’t know what to do, so he waited for Isak to leave, too.

He didn’t.
Even pulled the shower curtain to peek again, and Isak was sitting on the toilet with his head in his hands, wobbling.

“Hey. You okay?” said Even.

“What the fuck!” Isak screamed then fell off the toilet seat.

“Oh shit!”

Even tried to sit up in the bathtub and realized that this was the most bizarre situation ever. This Isak kid was sprawled on the floor and he was drunk out of his mind.

“Are you okay? Did you hurt your head?” said Even.

“No, just my heart. I’m all good. Thank you, uh, hm. What are you supposed to be?” said Isak.

“Take a guess.”

“God?”

“You’re quick for someone who’s completely wasted.”

“I’m not wasted. How dare you?”

“No offense, but you’re lying on the floor.”

“I don’t like you,” said Isak.

“Wow, okay.”

“Who are you? Do I know you?”

“No, you don’t.”

“Can I see your face? Your beard is weird.”

“No. I’m afraid I can’t reveal my identity,” said Even in a fake serious tone.

“Again, I don’t like you,” said Isak.

*I think I do though.*

“Why do you have my book?” said Isak, now sitting up and resting his head against the wall behind him.

“This is yours?”

“Yes.”

“Do you live here?”

“Yes. Why?”

“No reason.”

“Fuck, I’m so drunk,” said Isak.
“I noticed. Any particular reason for this very bad decision?”

“I hate my life,” said Isak.

*Wow okay. We’re doing this?*

“I hate my life, too.”

“What’s your name?”

“Even.”

“Cool. I won’t remember that, though. Can I just call you God?”

“Oh, sure.”

“So my book. Why do you have it?”

“I’m doing some reading,” said Even. “I like reading at parties.”

“You’re very fucking weird.”

Even laughed.

“I heard.”

“So you code, too? That book cost me a leg. You’re not stealing it,” said Isak.

“Oh. No, I don’t code. Do you?”

“Yeah. I’m learning.”

“Why? Are you in uni for this stuff?”

“No. I’m in Bioscience.”

“Then why learn how to code?” said Even.

“Because I’ll get a job easily and I’ll make lots of money.”

“Makes sense.”

“Hm.”

Isak dozed off right then and there and his head fell out to the side and almost hit the floor if it weren’t for Even’s killer reflexes and long arms.

“Shit,” Isak muttered.

“You’re about to pass out. How about some water?”

“What the fuck? Who are you?”

“I go by God.”

“What the fuck? Oh my god?”
“Yes, that’s my name,” Even laughed.

Isak drank water and climbed into the bathtub with him, facing him.

“Uhm I don’t think this can fit both of us,” said Even.

“Shut up! It’s my bathtub.”

“Fair enough.”

“Can I see your face? I’ll forget it in the morning I swear. I had like thirty beers,” said Isak.

“That’s a lot of beer.”

“Yeah.”

“Are you going to throw up?”

“Maybe.”

“Shit. Please don’t throw up on me.”

“I’m not gay,” said Isak.

“Uhm. Okay.”

“Shit. Fuck. Did you? Were you here when Erik and I? Fuck,” Isak brought his hands to his hair and he was so cute.

“Yes, I was here.”

“Creep.”

“Yeah, I guess I deserve that.”

“Do you go to UiO?” said Isak.

“No.”

“Where do you go?”

Nowhere.

“Nowhere,” said Even.

“Why?”

“I can’t do anything. I’m not good at anything. I can’t commit to anything.”

Why are you telling this kid your life story.
“Bullshit,” said Isak.

“Huh?”

“You can do anything.”

“Uh, I appreciate the vote of confidence but it’s not that easy,” said Even.

“Why?”

“What do you mean why? Some stuff you just can’t do,” said Even.

“Like what?”

“Like rapping for example. Not everyone’s good at it. Some people just suck at it,” said Even.

“I can’t relate to that,” said Isak.

“I’m sorry but you were pretty bad earlier,” said Even, laughing.

“How dare you?! Excuse me?! I’m the master of rapping!”

Gosh, he’s cute.


“Find something you’re good at then.”

“Can’t seem to find that either.”

“Bullshit. You're just lazy.”

“Huh?”

“I’m pretty sure we can find you something,” said Isak.

He shifted in the tub and nearly climbed on top of Even’s legs.

What is this boy doing.

Isak lost control of his limbs again and nearly fell on top of him if it weren’t for Even’s hands holding his arms in place.

“You good?” said Even.

“Yeah.”

“What are you doing?”

“I’m trying to see if you’re good looking under all the hair and the long beard,” said Isak.

“And?”

Isak sighed and leaned back against the tub.

“I’m sorry but you don’t have a future in film or television.”
Even laughed so hard that someone knocked on the bathroom door.

“Excuse me?!”

“Yeah, something tells me you’re pretty ugly underneath all that,” said Isak, shrugging.

“Woah!”

“But don’t worry, I think you might have a chance in radio.”

“Radio?”

“Yeah. You have a nice voice. I like your voice,” said Isak, hiccuping.

“Really?”

“Yeah. It’s relaxing and shit. Like you’re my friend or something. Like you can tell me stories and stuff.”

“I think you need more than a nice voice to make it in radio,” said Even.

“So you agree? You think you have a nice voice?”

“What?”

“I’m sorry. My roommate made me watch this movie ‘mean girls’. I’m sorry. I’m very drunk right now.”

“It’s okay.”

“Shit, I feel it coming!” said Isak.

“Wait, what?”

“Fuck, I’m gonna throw up!”

Isak threw up on the floor and Even counted his blessings that none of it got on him.

“Fuck my life!”

“Well aren’t you a mess?” said Even. “Let’s get you cleaned up.”

Even left the bathroom to inquire about cleaning supplies and when he got back, Isak was fast asleep in the bathtub.

Oh well.

It went exactly as planned. Even couldn’t stop thinking about him. Hours became days and days became weeks and weeks became months.

“Still thinking about that kid?” said Sonja.

“Sonja, I’m losing my shit,” said Even.
“Why don’t you ask Nils? He’s his roommate.”

“You know why. I can’t have nice things.”

“Even, that’s bullshit.”

“I’ll get over it.”

He didn’t.

The Audition

Even was nervous but he had spent months preparing for the audition. He might not have gone to university but the position had an open call and anyone could apply for the Summer Host position at NRK.

‘You can do anything.’

_I can do anything._


Even felt pretty down for a while. He hadn’t heard back from NRK for two weeks. He was so sure he hadn’t gotten it. He told Sonja it was a lost cause. Dreams are just that: dreams.

He was crushed. He was crushed and he hated himself for allowing himself to dream again. He had worked so hard for months to get this. He had poured his entire soul into this.

Nobody wants a fucked up kid like you.

They knew he was bipolar and he just figured they probably laughed when he left.

Nobody wants you.


Even cried when he got the call. Even never cried.

And for some reason, the only person he could think about was the strange kid in the bathtub.

Thank you.


First Day at Work

When Even saw him on the first day at NRK, he nearly choked on the spot.

_Are you fucking kidding me?_

Isak didn’t recognize him. Of course he didn’t. Even still had an entire game plan. He waited for him in the bathroom and lured him in with his emergency joints.

Even was so happy. He hadn’t been this happy in so long.
This has to mean something. This can’t be a coincidence.

Even knew he was there as a developer, but he thought that any occasion to casually drop that Isak’s face was ‘cute as fuck’ was a good one.

Things were going well, really well. Even was taking chances.

It has to mean something. It has to. I can have things now. I can dream, too, now.

“I know interviews are inspiring and stuff. But honestly, don’t get involved with mentally ill people if you have a choice. If you care about yourself at all, you’ll run in the other direction,” Isak said to Jakob.


It burned. It burned so much. It was a slap in the face, a punch to the gut, a reminder. A not so gentle reminder from the universe: no one wants a fucked up kid like you.

Now

Even’s palms were sweaty and he kept curling his hands into fists. He was nervous. He was fidgeting. Even never fidgeted.

He waited in front of Isak’s auditorium wearing three more layers than he probably should have. He liked the comfort of having additional layers on. He liked the warmth and the sense of protection. He felt safe in his hoodie and his second hoodie and his jacket and his scarf and his beanie. He felt safe and sheltered. He also secretly hoped that no one would recognize him.

Isak was going to come out the door any second now. Jakob had given him a few tips, and Even ignored how he seemed to know Isak’s schedule and buildings at the top of his head.

“Thanks,” said Even.

“Anytime,” said Jakob. “Oh, and he’s super grumpy after Elementary Biology. Something about the assistant professor being a dick. Just a heads up.”

“I think I’ll be fine. Thanks Jakob.”

The moment he locked eyes with Isak, everything suddenly came into focus. He smiled. His heart smiled. Isak always made his heart smile.

Hi baby.

Isak stopped dead in his tracks and gasped. And for a moment, they were the only two people in the hallway.

People probably recognized him because phones were suddenly out, and Isak went from a deer caught in headlights to walking towards him with intent and dragging him away by the wrist.
Even felt ridiculous, but simply having Isak’s fingers curled around his wrist and pressing against his pulse made him happy.

“What are you doing here? Are you crazy?” Isak whispered as they were leaving the building under people’s intense stares.

“Yes, I am in fact crazy,” said Even, smiling. “I thought you knew that already.”

“Gosh. Fuck. I’m sorry. That’s not what I meant.”

Even laughed.

“I know. It’s okay. I like teasing you.”

Isak was still dragging him away, fingers still curled around his wrist.

“Hey, slow down,” said Even.

“Huh?”

“Why are we running?” said Even.

“I just don’t want people talking and rumors spreading and shit,” said Isak.

“Okay, but-”

Even twisted his wrist under Isak’s hold and grabbed his hand.

Isak stopped and gave him that look. That ‘I don’t know what this is but please don’t stop’ look.

*Burn my soul. Why don’t you.*

Even regained his senses, smiled, and laced their fingers together.

“Like this,” he said.

Isak’s chest seemed to have deflated and his face was flushed. And *gosh,* Even loved his flushed face. He loved it *so much.* He had dreams of his flushed face. He wrote poems about his flushed face. He would start wars for his flushed face.

“O-okay,” said Isak.

They walked hand in hand to the nearest Kaffebrenneriet and ordered two black coffees. Even had initially suggested going to Isak’s apartment, but Isak froze on the spot.

*Shit. You dumb fuck. Of course not.*

“How are you?” said Even.

“I’m good and you?”

“Good, good,” said Even.
“How did you find my building and figure out when I was done with class?”

“Uhm, Jakob.”

“That fucker,” Isak muttered to himself.

“Easy there on the language,” said Even, teasing.

“Oh piss off,” said Isak, smiling. “You love it when I swear.”

“I’m afraid you and I have very different definitions of the word ‘love’,” said Even, laughing. Laughing until he realized what he had just said.

Isak’s face fell and Even’s heart fell with it.

“Well shit! This isn’t going well,” said Even, chuckling nervously.

“Well, you’re kind of shit at this,” Isak smiled.

_I love your smile. I want you to smile forever._

“I liked the song you played yesterday,” said Isak.

_Imagining You Back!

“Which one?” said Even, teasing and raising his eyebrows.

Isak rolled his eyes.

“Oh you know, that Kaytranada song “Leave Me Alone” or something.”

_ouch._

“Ouch.”

“What?” Isak smiled.

“Really? That’s the song you liked?” said Even.

“Yeah, why? Did you play something else?”

“Yeah, I did.”

“Can’t really recall.”

“I want you back,” Even blurted out.

Isak gave him that stunned look again, as if he didn’t know that’s what Even was there for.

“I want you back,” Even repeated, this time with no hint of humor in his voice.

He took Isak’s hand and looked into his eyes. He had never been so sure of anything, ever.

“I want you back,” he said a third time.

When Isak took his hand away, something within Even broke. But it was okay, because it was all just glued back together anyways. It wasn’t completely healed yet.

“Isak.”

“Even, uh, listen. I’ve been thinking about this. And I think I want you to hear my side of things. And it won’t be that different, really. But I just want you to know,” said Isak.

“Uh, what?”

“The stuff with Lynn. I talked to Lynn and she said that she told you things and that it was probably the reason why you left. And at first I didn’t really think about it because I was so shocked that she’d stab me in the back like that, but it’s all I can think about lately.”

“The stuff with Lynn was bullshit and I should have talked to you-”

“No, Even. It wasn’t,” Isak interrupted him.

What.

“She’s right,” said Isak.

No.

“I’m not a good person. In fact, I’m probably a bad person.”

Uh what?

“She’s right. I’m selfish and I only think of myself. I knew Erik had a girlfriend and I never really considered her a person. I secretly hoped she would just disappear, you know. I just hoped he would leave her and be with me. But he never did. And I hated her instead of hating him. Every time he called me to his place, I knew she’d be the one spending the night but I still went. I never took a second to think about how she felt. I just hated her. She was like the villain in my story and I was so jealous and bitter and dumb,” Isak took a long breath, looking at his hands the entire time, not sparing Even a single glance.

“I deserve it. The shit Lynn did to me. I deserved it,” he continued.

“Isak.”

“But you didn’t deserve any of it. You got dragged into this shit and I’m sorry. I’m sorry for the stuff online because you have enough crap to deal with. I’m sorry for always putting you in these weird situations, you know. And I understand why you left and stuff. Like I’m pretty terrible and I never told you what really happened with Erik. And all the stuff I said to you when we first met. And-”

“Isak!”

“No, Even. I just. I don’t know why you suddenly changed your mind. But I just wanted you to know stuff. You know. This is me opening up to you because I want you to open up to me, too. I really do. And I just wanted you to know that I know I’m a terrible person. I do and I-”

Even couldn’t take it anymore. He couldn’t bear seeing Isak like this, blaming himself for everything that ever went wrong, for some asshole who couldn’t make up his mind’s mistakes. So he left his chair and cupped Isak’s face in both hands.
“Isak, stop talking.”

“Shit.”

Isak looked down again. So Even brought his chin up and made him look at him. His eyes were sad, so sad.

*Don’t be sad. I’m sorry I’m making you so sad.*

“Baby.”

“For fuck’s sake. Don’t baby me right now, Even,” Isak mumbled, voice cracking.

“You’re not horrible and you’re not a terrible person. Okay?”

“Even, I’m serious—”

“So am I. This isn’t why I took off. Isak, I don’t give a fuck about fucking Erik. I don’t care what you did five months ago. I told you already. I don’t care.”

“But—”

“That’s not why I left, Isak!”

“Then why did you, Even?!”

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**Then - 4 Months Earlier**

**The Breakup**

“Hey Even!” said Lynn as she opened her apartment door. “We all miss you at NRK! How have you been?”

“I’m good thanks. Is Isak here?” said Even, trying to look inside.

“Uhm, no. Why would he be here?”

“I don’t know. I can’t reach him and Andre said you two grabbed drinks at your place a few days ago.”

“Uhm. Yeah we did that. But he’s not here. You can come in if you want. I’m making tea.”

Even didn’t have time, but he had trouble saying no sometimes.

“Is everything okay between you two?” said Lynn.

“I can only stay for a bit. And yeah of course!” he said.

“Hm. Are you sure?”
“Yeah, why?”

“I don’t know if I should bring this up but I feel like I have to.”

“What?”

“Isak. Uhm. He doesn’t look okay,” said Lynn, sipping her tea.

“What? What do you mean? You mean he looks sick?”

“No. But we were drinking the other night. And I guess you were right about him not handling his alcohol because he was such a mess.”

“Oh really?”

“Yeah. He got drunk and he was crying. I don’t know. It’s kind of a weird thing to say, but I think you broke him, Even. He was crying so hard. He couldn’t even breathe. And he said he couldn’t leave you because he was scared it might break you. He said he was tired and exhausted but that he could never leave you because he would die for you.”

Even’s heart broke right there over Lynn’s coffee table. All of it. Shattered. It hurt to even breathe.

There it was. His biggest fear. His biggest fear in the entire universe, staring him in the face, right there splitting him open. His biggest fear. Hurting Isak and making him feel trapped.

“Oh,” Even managed.

“If you love him, and I think you do, but if you love him, you’ll let him go. You should have seen him. He was sobbing. Poor thing. And he’s getting harassed online, too. I also heard you made him do weird sex stuff when you were manic. I don’t know how he’s handling that.”

Even walked home with half a heart.

Of course. Isak had promised he would never leave him. He promised. Of course Isak wouldn’t leave him. Isak who was so caring and so gentle and so there. But without ever smothering him, without ever asking him if he was feeling better and making him feel even worse. Isak who somehow knew exactly what to say to calm him down and make the world feel less dark, less big, less sad. Isak who waited and waited and waited. Isak who tried to kiss him and who smiled even when Even turned down his lips. His lips. Even only ever wanted to kiss them. He only ever wanted to chase them and claim them and bruise them.

But Even was so unsure. He didn’t know if he could bear putting Isak through this. He wanted to push him away and he tried. All of his insecurities and tucked away demons screamed at him to push him away. But he couldn’t bear the thought of Isak being sad and feeling left behind. Isak who thought he was never good enough. Isak who had begged him for a kiss, for a touch, for anything on that goddamn couch. Isak who believed he was never good enough for anyone.

Gosh, baby. You’re more than enough. You’re my whole world. I would do anything for you. Anything.

So Even stayed. He stayed and he tried his best to keep the voices in his head down, to stay strong, to fight his demons. All of them. One by one. He did.
But when Lynn tore him open. When Lynn all but grabbed his head and made him look and stare at what he was doing to the one person he loved more than he loved feeling the wind on his skin on summer nights, he all but broke down.

A shot at love? To love and be loved in return? What the fuck was I thinking? What the fuck am I doing to you?

Even was a ticking bomb, an impending doom, an inevitable disaster. He knew it. He had always known it. All he ever brought to people around him was doom and sadness and pain.

And Isak was no exception. Isak who flushed and completely withered under his touch every single time. Isak who nodded and said yes to everything. Isak who said yes when Even wanted to pin him against the wall. Isak who said yes when he claimed him on a goddamn sink. Isak who chased his lips in the dark like it was his favorite song. Isak who curled into him like he was a fucking part of him. Isak who melted into his skin and moaned like the world was ending and said yes, yes, yes, always, yes. Anything Even asked for, Isak said yes. Isak who could no longer say no. Isak who was everything. Isak was everything.

I ruined you. I’m ruining you. I’m ruining you.

“You’re leaving me again,” Isak sobbed by the edge of his bed.

“I am.”

Even was positive his heart would never recover. What a sight. Isak, all broken and sad and destroyed, tears all over his face, heart at his fingertips, hands shaking. Looking small and fragile. Looking like he would never recover.

This is for you. I’m doing this for you. I don’t deserve to be here. I don’t deserve you. Baby, I don’t deserve to have you.

The world was ending. It was the end of the world.

Even pressed their lips together one last time and left his entire soul right there on Isak’s bedroom floor. He squeezed Isak’s hand and gave it to him. He handed it to him. His heart. A silent promise. A silent gift. A silent parting gift.

Here is my heart. In your hands. It is yours. Forever.

He left empty and hollow and broken.

The world was ending. It was the end of the world.

When he got home, he texted him. He texted him about how they were probably together for all eternity in another universe. In a universe in which he wasn’t so f***ed up.

He wanted to send a song and he almost did. But he changed his mind at the last second. You don’t need this.

Sleeping At Last - Already Gone

I didn’t want us to burn out, I

I didn’t come here to hurt you, now I can’t stop
I want you to know
It doesn't matter
Where we take this road
But someone's gotta go
And I want you to know
You couldn't have loved me better
But I want you to move on
So I'm already gone

Now

“Oh,” was all that made it past Isak’s mouth.

They were still at Kaffebrenneriet and Even had just told him why he left.

Isak took out his phone and stared at the screen and Even didn’t know what to do. He didn’t know what to do because Isak was staring at his cracked screen and his hand was shaking.

“Isak.”

“I’m, uh, I’m gonna go home for a bit,” Isak pushed back his chair. “I’m sorry. I just. It’s dumb but I can’t breathe.”

“Isak...”

“I’m sorry.”

“Isak, why are you sorry? Wait...”

“I’ll call you later, okay?” he smiled at him, but Even he didn’t miss the tears in his eyes. “I promise.”

I hurt you again.

Isak left and Even took his head in his hands.

Why is everything so fucking complicated.

.

The Comeback

Even loved hosting his radio show. He loved it so much. He loved making people happy and keeping them entertained and informed. He loved having a platform to spread positivity. He loved it.

He appreciated Synne, his summer mentor, going out on a limb and heavily trying to recruit him for a full time position.
“What? Are you serious?”

“Yes,” said Synne on the phone.

“But. But I went fucking crazy last time. This makes no sense!”

“Even, we want you back. It doesn’t have to make sense. You’re hardworking and people love you and your show. There’s no reason for us not to give you a return offer. Shit happens. People will just have to get over it.”

“But why? Why would you take such risks on me?”

“Even. You’re more than “the bipolar kid”. You’re more than that, okay? Call me back if you want the job. But don’t take too long. I have to run to a meeting now.”

Even thought about it. He thought about it long and hard in his father’s apartment in Copenhagen.

Getting away was good for him. He was surprised Synne had managed to reach him.

He thought about it long and hard. He asked his father and he said he would support him no matter what. Even was still getting used to this whole ‘supportive father thing’. And when his dad gave him a drawing that Even had made for him when he was a child that said ‘daddy’, Even laughed until his sides hurt.

He laughed and laughed and laughed until he cried.

Gosh. I miss you.

He missed Isak so much, his whole body was aching.

Even accepted the offer. Of course he did.

I want to make you proud. I want you to see that that night didn’t mess up things for me. I want you to know that what you did or didn’t do that night didn’t ruin anything for me. I want to show you that I can do anything. That just like you said, I can do anything.

Now

Even loved being a radio host. But today he didn’t. The only thing he could think about was Isak’s fingers shaking over his broken screen a few days earlier.

“You sound a bit down today, buddy. Did your turtle die, too?” said Sebastian.

“Ha! Nah, I keep thinking about SKAM ending, man. Sad stuff,” said Even.

His playlist was playing and he sank into his chair while Tom Misch was on. He looked at his phone and thought of Isak’s hand shaking again. He couldn’t stop thinking about it. He couldn’t.

“I’ll call you.”

Isak never did.
“Alright, let’s take one more call from, uh, Escobar?” said Sebastian, a bit unsure.

Isak?

“Hello, uh, Escobar?” said Sebastian.

But no one answered on the other end of the line.

“Hello?” Sebastian repeated. “Oh, let’s move to another-”

It’s him. I know it.

“Hi Isak,” said Even.

He could hear his heart pounding in his ears.

“Hi Even,” said Isak.

Sebastian put his hands over his mouths to muffle a laugh mixed with a scream while their producers high fived each other.

“How are you today?” said Even.

“I’m good. How are you?”

“I’m okay,” said Even. “I miss you.”

The two interns sitting in the corner of the control room squealed and Even smiled to himself.

I hope you’re feeling a thing or two.

“I miss you, too,” said Isak.

Fuck me.

“Oh my god!” Sebastian sighed. “High schoolers all over the country must be losing their damn minds right now.”

Even lost it, too. He melted. He always did when Isak surprised him like this.

“Do you have any song requests today, Isak?” said Even.

“No. I just wanted to call. I said I would call you.”

“Oh.”

“I have to go. I have class,” said Isak. “Have a nice day.”

Oh my god.

Isak hung up and Even had to take a minute to breathe because he was dying.

“That was adorable. I don’t even know,” said Sebastian. “Even, are you okay?”

“Nah, man. I’m dying.”
Are you trying to kill me??

Maybe

مرة

I love you

The routine was good. It kept things in focus for Even. He looked forward to his shows and to his daily conversations with Isak. They happened mostly through text or phone.

Even wanted to see Isak. Gosh, he wanted to. He really did. But he wasn’t sure if Isak did. So he waited. He waited for a sign or for an invitation. He waited.

"Why are you acting weird?" said Even on the phone.


"Yeah, you’re talking funny. Are you nervous?"

"No, I’m not. I’m just. I’m not used to speaking on the phone with you. It’s weird."

"How is it weird?"

"I don’t know. We never used to do this," said Isak. "And hearing your voice on the phone is weird."

"You don’t like it? You don’t like how I sound on the phone?"

"What the hell, Even?!!"

"What?" Even smiled to himself.

"Whatever. I’ll get used to it. Just give me some time."

"Okay. I can do that," said Even.

They were silent for a few moments, and Even moved to the window and drew a heart on the glass.

"Isak?"

"Hm?"

"What are you thinking about?"

"You," said Isak.
Even’s heart smiled. Isak always made his heart smile. And this question, this stupid question, was Even’s favorite in the world because Isak always had the same answer.

“What are you thinking about?” said Isak, his voice small and shaky.

“You. Always you.”

“Shut up.”

“Are you blushing?” said Even.

“What the fuck? No!”

“Yes, you are.”

“Ugh, I hate you!” said Isak, and Even knew he was rolling in his eyes. He knew it.

“And I love you,” said Even.

Isak stayed silent on the end other end of the line, and for a moment Even panicked.

“Even.”

“Yes?” Even held his breath.

“I love your voice on the phone.”

“Oh wow. What is this? Hello? Who is this?” said Even.

“Shut up!”

Pick up.

“Oh looks like Isak isn’t picking up today,” said Sebastian. “Is this the end of Isak and Even: Minutt by Minutt?”

“He’s probably in class right now,” said Even.

“That never stopped him from picking up before,” said Sebastian.

Ouch.

“Alright, since Isak is very busy today, I will be playing his song request for him,” said Even.

“Oh, he told you already?”

“Yeah, it’s one of his favorite songs.”

Now Playing: Jennifer Lopez - I Luh Ya Papi

Got that hourglass for you, baby, look at these legs

No brakes, go green, no red
If you wanna kill the body, gotta start with the head

Put it on you, I'mma need about 4-5 beds

'Cause I love my papi

I didn’t see it

But I see it now

I think I love you

And I need you now

Ain’t had none like you in a while

I luh ya papi, I luh ya papi
I luh ya luh ya luh ya papi
I luh ya papi
I luh ya luh ya luh ya papi
I luh ya papi
I luh ya luh ya luh ya papi
Yeah that my papi
I luh ya luh ya luh ya papi

David added you to ‘I Luh Ya Papi’

I Luh Ya Papi

15:24

David: EEEVVVVENNNNNN
Lisa: I’m dyinggggg
Eva: omffggg

:;p
What?

Jonas: bro
Vilde: love that song
Isak: EEEVVVEENNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN
Isak: i WAS TAKING MY FINAL EXAM WTFFF

I luh ya, mami

Isak: -_____- EVEN WTFFF

Eva: OHGOD

David: EVEN TOPS???

Lisa: YOU OWE ME 50 BUCKS DAVID

i never said that

im sorry i didn't to say mami like that!

Isak Valtersen has left this conversation

---

Then - The Madness

Isak was Even’s favorite person in the world, and he had hurt him so deeply. So so deeply. Even didn’t know if he could forgive himself.

He knew he was slipping right before his public meltdown. He knew. He had known all along. That night when Isak told him he wished his mother was more like him, alarms went off in his head.

You’re going to ruin his fucking life. Run. Run as far as you can.

And he did. Every single time. He did. He closed his eyes, and he closed his heart and he left it on Isak’s front door.

I can’t have nice things. I can’t have love. I can’t have you. I don’t deserve to be here.

Even repeated the words in his head. He convinced himself that it was for Isak’s own good. And it was. It really was. He truly believed it. Isak didn’t need this. Isak didn’t need to have him in his life.

Even was a bomb, a ticking bomb. And he needed to stay as far away as possible.

But Isak made it so hard, so damn hard. Gosh, I would do anything for you.

Even came back running like a lovesick fool whenever Isak did so much as bat his eyelashes in his direction. He dropped everything and came running, the only words in his head being ’fuck it fuck it fuck it’.

Isak who was so sweet and so pliant and so generous but who didn’t even know it. Isak who was convinced he was a terrible person. Isak who didn’t know that Even would burn the whole damn universe for him, all of it. I’ll burn it to the ground.

I would die for you. Even had meant it. Even was slipping into madness, but he knew it was love. He knew it in his heart, in his soul, in every fiber of his being. Isak was right there in his pulse, in his bloodstream, and he made everything so worth it.

Isak who curled into him and folded like a delicate piece of paper. Even stayed awake in awe just
staring at his face and running his hands across his skin. His skin, gosh, his skin. Even was obsessed. He was on the verge of madness. And what a sweet way to descend into madness. What a sweet way to go. With Isak in his arms moaning and reaching and touching and yearning.

He was so lovely. His boy. So perfect and so lovely underneath all of the rough edges.

Even wanted nothing more than to shield him from the world, from his demons. He wanted to take all of his worries away and take care of them instead. Even was so used to pain. So used to it that taking on Isak’s was nothing. It was nothing at all.

Isak who couldn’t sleep unless Even wrapped his arms around his waist and squeezed. Isak who somehow managed to become a part of him, the only part that mattered. Even had never known it could be this overwhelming. He had never felt anything quite like this before. All of his thoughts were consumed by Isak. All of them.

What a sweet way to go. What a wonderful way to go.

.

The fall was so brutal that Even could do nothing but cry in Isak’s arms early that morning.

I’m sorry I’m sorry I’m sorry.

The helplessness, the guilt, the despair. It was too much.

All of it came back running to the surface. All of his insecurities. They were still there at the back of his mind.

You don’t deserve to be here. You’re not a child of the universe. You’re just a lost soul who doesn’t deserve a place here.

Now

“I want you back,” Even meant it. He did.

So he waited. He waited for Isak to say yes. Isak who was learning to say no, and it made Even so happy.

Baby ❤️❤️❤️

18:13

Hey

I’m waiting by the bus stop

:O0000

:)

“What are you doing here?” said Even, resisting the urge to wrap him in a tight hug.

“I finally listened to the show I missed last week,” said Isak. ”The one with the girl asking for advice
about the future."

“Oh.”

“Oh? What is that supposed to mean?”

“Isak.”

“Fuck! Are you serious?!”

“What?”

“Shit, what the fuck? Were you talking about me?! Were you at Eva’s halloween party in my apartment last year?” said Isak.

“Uh, yeah,” Even mumbled.

“What? Why didn’t you tell me? Why don't you tell me shit?”

“I don’t know. I was going to when I saw you at NRK but things kind of went south,” said Even.

“I can’t believe you! Were you the famous guy who dressed up as God?”

“You remember me?” said Even, his heart making a leap in his chest.

“Oh, no. But Eva always talks about the guy who showed up as God to her party.”

“How did you know it was me?”

“She described you as a giraffe-looking God,” said Isak.

“Now you’re just hurting my feelings.”

"But then you knew I lived there when you moved in! You knew! And the four truths one lie shit! That's why you knew!"

"We can talk about that later," said Even. "I'm still not over the giraffe-looking God thing."

Isak laughed and Even’s heart smiled.

“Gosh, I missed you,” said Even, bringing both hands to Isak’s face and cupping it.

“I missed you, too,” said Isak, his hands curling around Even’s forearms. “So much.”

Even wanted to kiss him. He really did. So he leaned in and pressed their lips together right there at the bus stop in front of all the people he now worked with.

*Gosh, I missed this.*

Isak sighed against his lips and wrapped his arms around his neck, pulling him closer. And Even’s knees nearly gave out.

“Baby,” Isak mumbled.

Even gave that *damn* kiss his everything. He poured all of his heart into it, every brush, every stroke, every little bite.
“Even, baby- Wait”

“Hm?”

Even kissed him again, a bit deeper this time, a bit more forceful, a bit more tongue.

Isak sighed into it, then pulled back entirely.

“Isak?”

He leaned back in and pecked him on the lips.

“Slow. Let’s take it slow. Okay?” said Isak, panting, his face flushed and his lips parted and his eyes sparkling.

“Okay.”

Anything you want.

.

They walked towards Isak’s apartment and when they rounded a corner, Even could swear he heard someone taking pictures on their phone.

Isak had apparently heard it, too, because he was no longer by his side. No, Isak had apparently teleported and was now walking toward this boy who was taking pictures of them.

“Isak!” Even yelled after him.

“No! I’m done with this bullshit!”

Isak lunged at the guy and snatched his phone away.

“Give me back my phone!” said the guy.

“Oh fuck off! I will after I delete this,” said Isak.

“Isak seriously-” said Even.

“No! This shit will end up online again and I’m sick of these people doing whatever the fuck they want to you!”

“Give me back my phone!”

“Fuck you!” Isak nearly shoved the guy away.

“Geez, I knew your boyfriend was crazy but I didn’t know you were a psycho, too!” said the guy.

Fuck’s sake.

Even was too late. Isak had already shoved the guy so hard that he lost his balance and fell on the floor.

“What the fuck did you just say?” Isak’s eyes were dark and he was towering over him. "What did you just call him?!"

Even had never seen him this angry.
“Isak! Drop it!”

“No, fuck you! You don’t even know him! You don’t even know us! Get a fucking life!”

Isak then threw the guy’s phone on the ground and Even thought he heard it crack.

*Oh boy.*

“You will regret this!” said the guy, still on the floor.

“Go fuck yourself!”

“That was messed up, Isak. You can’t attack people on the street,” said Even.

“I can and I did. Not the first person I fight because of this online bullshit. Don’t worry.”

“Isak, are you trying to get mugged? What the hell? Just ignore it. Do what I do. I don’t look at anything anymore.”

“Shit,” Isak sighed. “I’m sorry. I’m losing it. I just. I’ve been reading all of this shit lately and it’s driving me crazy.”

“Like what if someone hurts your pretty face? You should think about me sometimes,” said Even.

“Oh piss off,” Isak shoved him.

"Also, I thought 'Go Fuck Yourself' was reserved for me. I'm hurt."

"Ugh."

“Go,” Even was holding Isak’s hand.

They were standing in front of Isak’s apartment, and Even knew he wasn’t going to be invited in. He didn’t want to be, really.

“I’m sorry,” said Isak.

“What for?”

“I’m not ready, yet. I’m sorry.”

“It’s okay,” said Even.

“I just. It still sucks when I go into my room sometimes. The day you left. It fucked me up,” said Isak, looking down at their hands.

“I’m sorry.”

“It’s okay,” said Isak, looking at his feet.

Even leaned in for a kiss but Isak looked the other way.

*Ouch. So that’s how it feels.*
“I’m going now. I’ll call you,” said Isak with a smile.

“Okay.”

Isak didn’t call and Even’s heart was withering inside him.

Two days went by, and what if he doesn’t want me anymore. What if that encounter with that guy in the street turned him off? Fuck. Just. Shit. What if I’m too late?

It was the fourth day, and Fuck. What was I thinking going over to your place, having sex with you, and then leaving you? Just what the fuck, Even!

A week later, Even thought maybe this is for the better. Maybe this is the way it’s supposed to be. Maybe we’re better off this way. Maybe I’m just meant to miss you my whole life and never actually have you. It’s okay. I’m okay.

Or, maybe he just needs time. Maybe he just needs time.

“You okay there, Even?” said Sebastian while a song played.

“Always,” Even smiled.

My whole being aches.

“Oh wow, look at this. Looks like we have an incoming call from Isak Valtersen,” said Sebastian.

“What?” Even couldn’t help but gasp live on air.

“Yup. It’s all yours, Even.”

“Hello?” said Even.

“Uh, hey. It’s Isak.”

“Hi, Isak. How are you?”

“I’m good. I miss you,” said Isak. “How are you?”

Gosh.

“I’m good. And I miss you, too,” said Even.

“Awww. Just when are you two going to make up?” said Sebastian. “This is keeping me up at night.”

“Right now,” said Isak.
“What?” Even was suddenly running out of words.

“We’re making up right now,” said Isak.


Shut up. Don’t ruin this.

“Any, uh, any song requests today?” said Even, trying to keep it together.

“Yes. I have to thank Vilde Hellerud Lien for this. So if you’re listening. Thanks, I guess,” said Isak. “I’m requesting ‘Miss you’ by Gabrielle Aplin and I’ll wait for you at KB!”

Now Playing: Gabrielle Aplin - Miss You

So what you been doing?

I thought that I saw you, I guess I was wrong

Are you doing the same thing?

Convincing yourself you’re better alone

And I could tell you how you never left my mind

Then you tell me that you miss me and I'm like

Oh God, I miss you too

It's all I ever do

I'm coming back to you

And I won't let go

Oh God, I miss you too

We got making up to do

I'm coming back to you

And I won't let go again

Oh, I won't let go again

.

Even ran out of the studio the moment the song ended.

Oh my god! Oh my god!

His heart was pounding in his chest and he couldn’t stop smiling. He couldn’t.

I’m coming back to you. And I won’t let go again.

Isak was everything. Even adored everything about him, down to the smallest, most insignificant thing. People thought it was weird. People thought he was crazy in love. They thought it was
excessive and that he was borderline obsessed. But Even didn’t care.

Even loved Isak with all his heart and soul. Isak was the whole universe in focus. Isak was the light that was missing from his life. Isak filled the void in his soul. Isak was his everything and he was going to get him back.

*I deserve this. I deserve to be here. I’m a child of the universe and I deserve a place here. I deserve love. I deserve nice things. And I deserve you.*

.

15:43

Even must have run too fast because Isak wasn’t there yet. So he waited and waited and waited while anticipation kept building inside his chest.

He held onto his phone and smiled. He smiled wide. So wide. *Gosh. Finally. Yes.*

*I’ve waited for so long. I can wait a little more.*

Baby ❤ ❤ ❤

16:38

No pressure ❤ ❤ but where are you?

❤ ❤ ❤ ❤ ❤

16:58

Isak???

17:13

Did you pull a prank on me? Lol

Another turtle emergency? :p

Jakob A.

17:23

Even!

Are you here???????

EVEN!!!!!!

Yes

What’s up?
It's Isak!!!!!

Some guys he’s been fighting were waiting for him after his class

He got jumped

IT'S BAD

Even's biggest fear. Right there staring him in the face. Isak, hurt, because of him.

*You can never have nice things and you bring nothing but pain.*

Chapter End Notes

PSA: leave me songs you think Even would play during his show in the comments!!!
I'm trying to do a thing :p

Gosh I feel so weird about this chapter. Getting into Even's headspace always messes me up a bit. (Edit: a day later, I'm still feeling down) So some of this was probably incoherent/repetitive/messy. Some of it is on purpose though. I hope you liked it. This is way too long. I didn't realize how long this was until I was done. Sorryyyyy.

It's Even's turn to deal with the silence. And it hurts. In this universe, Even truly blames himself for everything that's ever gone wrong for people around him. He always seems so well put-together but he is suffering so much inside. He's not okay. He truly truly believes that he doesn't deserve anything good, that he is poison, that he is doomed. He smiles and looks confident. But he is ruined deep down. It hurts.

Leave a comment if you knew he had seen him at a party before HAHAHA
-We don’t see Isak much here because POV but stuff was happening in parallel so stay tuned for that.
-I thought of this storyline a week or so ago when I saw this gif of Even saying "I am just going to hurt you and you will hate me" from the Minutt for Minutt clip, and it made me SO SAD because it's his worst fear. And the spoilers now kfdjdlf. brb
-Even knew about Erik all along. thoughts?
-Return of the bathtub
-(ISAK WILL BE FINE. he's a strong lil bean <3)
- Have YOU ever felt lost? Have you ever taken a look around you and realized that people surrounding you have everything figured out but you don't?
- I love your comments SOOO MUUCHHHHHH AND I LOVE YOUUUU

This universe is ending. Leave me prompts/ideas/things <3. I'll do my best even though I'm drowning in work lately.
The bathtub

Chapter Summary

"I'll be your home."

Chapter Notes

poured my soul into this. hope you like it. <3
warning: mentions of past suicide attempt

Isak POV. We pick up right where we left off with 'I want you back' in chapter 11.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

_The Jackson 5 - I Want You Back._

Isak couldn’t believe it. He couldn’t believe him.

_Gosh, Even. You cheesy little shit._

He smiled to himself. He grabbed his books and his things and ran across campus, desperately trying to hide his grin. His heart was beating so fast in his chest. So _damn_ fast.

_Even. Even. Even._

He listened to the song on repeat for the rest of the day, smiling and thinking about what he should do. The ball was in his court. Even’s message was clear. He wanted Isak back. It was all up to him now.

_Of course I want you back._

.

Isak typed over twenty texts and deleted all of them. He didn’t know how to initiate any of this. He wanted to run back to Even but he knew he had to hold his ground. It had taken him so much effort to keep himself from taking Even back right then and there in Lynn’s apartment.

But he had to be strong. He needed Even to know that he never wanted to go through that kind of heartbreak again. That he couldn’t bear Even leaving him in the dark again.

_I want all of you. I want everything. You can’t keep toying with my heart. It’s all or nothing._

.

“Gosh, when he played ‘I Want You Back’ I screamed while in line for coffee,” said Eva.

“Whatever,” Isak rolled his eyes.
“Did you call him?”

“No.”

“Why not?”

“I’m thinking,” said Isak.

“About what?”

“About everything. I don’t know what I’m doing. I still don’t know why he left,” said Isak, now putting his book down and leaning further into the couch.

Eva grabbed her tea mug and sat down next to him.

“You said it was because of Lynn. Didn’t you ask her what she told him?”

“No,” said Isak. “I don’t know, fuck. I think I know what she told him.”

“Hm?”

“It’s just some shit I did before. I don’t know.”

“What are you talking about?” said Eva.

“Fuck,” Isak sighed.

“You don’t have to tell me. But I won’t tell. I promise.”

“I used to see this guy, before,” said Isak.

“Oh.”

“Yeah. He had a girlfriend.”

“Oh wow,” Eva laughed. “Homewrecker Isak. I like this!”

“It’s not funny, Eva.”

“Okay. Sorry.”

“Lynn is his girlfriend’s bestfriend and she wanted to get revenge or something,” Isak shrugged.

“What the fuck?”

“Yeah, so she’s been fucking with us.”

“What? That’s messed up,” said Eva.

“Yeah, but I think she told Even about ‘Homewrecker Isak’.”

Isak finally looked at Eva and she had given up on her tea.

“Isak, this is bullshit. I don’t think Even would leave because of something like that.”
“I don’t know.”

“You should talk to him. You guys should talk. Do you ever talk?” said Eva.

Isak had an exam and didn’t listen to Even’s show the next day. He was planning on doing that as soon as he got home.

He was leaving the auditorium when he saw Even. Even who was waiting for him.

_Shit._

Even looked so beautiful and warm and wonderful. Isak wanted to hug him, or kiss him, or both. He dragged him away when he noticed that people started taking pictures.

When Even told him why he left, when he told him what Lynn had said, Isak felt like breaking down. He really did. He did because it had never crossed his mind, not even for a second.

“I thought you couldn’t leave me because you promised. So I broke that promise for you. I did it for you,” said Even.

*I’m going to fucking kill her._

Even looked so broken while telling him. The simple thought of Even being through that much pain made his insides turn with rage.

But a realization suddenly hit Isak. It hit him in his core: Even loved him. He did. He left because he loved him. Not because he didn’t.

_I’m so fucking stupid._

Isak couldn’t breathe, and Eva had told him that he should tell Even how he felt more often, so he told him. He told him that he couldn’t breathe and that he would call him.

He then left and didn’t shed a single tear until he got to his room.

Isak slept for a whole day. He missed class. He couldn’t concentrate. He just wanted his thoughts to stop for a second or two.

Even didn’t think Isak was a terrible person. But as much as he wanted to believe that, he still felt like he was.

---

Aina Bråten

01:24

Hello. This is Isak and I think you know who I am. I don’t know if you’ll ever read this, and it might just stay in your message requests forever. But I wanted you to know that I’m sorry for what I did to
you. I was very selfish and I’m very sorry. I never meant to hurt you. You didn’t deserve that.

PS: Break up with your fucking boyfriend. Erik is a fucking asshole.

Isak squeezed the phone and hoped he would get picked. He secretly knew he would, though. The producers could probably recognize his number now.

“You know who I am.”

“Escobar,” said Isak.

Even knew it was him. Of course.

Gosh, I love you.

“I just wanted to call. I said I would call you,” said Isak.

He hung up and his cheeks stayed flush for an entire hour after that.

David just added you to “ISAK PLEASE FOR FUCKS SAKE”

**ISAK PLEASE FOR FUCKS SAKE**

15:13

David: Isak i swear im losing appetite now
David: please just get back together bro
David: that phone call was fucking adorable
Lisa: ^
Eva: IM STILL SCREAMING IN MY CLASS
Eva: WHO KNEW YOU COULD BE SO CUTE
Lisa: isak we’re sorry we plotted behind your back at lynn’s party
David: just get back together so i can sleep at night
Andre: why do you care so much David?
Andre: so weird
David: I JUST DO OK
David: they’re like my babies
Magnus: Isak!! Did you listen to his show from two days ago???
Magnus: the one with the girl who asked him for advice about the future
Uh no i had an exam
Magnus: Even is INSANE i love him
Wtf?
What did you just call him
Magnus: Fuck that's not what I meant
Magnus: shit.
Magnus: I meant he has balls
David: balls ( °﹏° )
Fuck this shit im leaving
Andre: Is Even in this chat?
David: No his facebook is still deactivated
Lisa: it’s probably a good thing with all the shit going on in the fb group right now
What shit?
Lisa: / there’s new rumors about his time in bakka
What?
Lisa: it’s not pretty
David: it’s probably bullshit
What are people saying??
Lisa: uhhh. That he tried to kill himself back then
David: it’s probs bullshit isak
Andre: shit
Jakob: fucking hell
David: ??
Andre: fucking lynn again
You think it’s lynn? @andre
Andre: i don’t know
Lisa: ????
David: ???? huh??

You have left this conversation

Isak’s smile was suddenly gone.

Shit.

Even had ever so casually said that he tried to take his own life during their Team building exercise months earlier. The only people who were there were Isak, André, Jakob, and Lynn.

Isak doubted Lynn would leak something like that online, especially after their talk at the cafe. She seemed to mostly hate Isak, not Even. This had nothing to do with Even.

Isak ran home and opened his laptop.

Isak was reeling. People were so horrible to Even and he couldn’t understand why. He couldn’t
understand how anyone could be this mean to Even. Even who did nothing but smile and spread positivity and warmth around him

Fuck all of you. This is his fucking life, not gossip material you fucking assholes.


Even started calling him on the phone and it was the most bizarre experience for Isak. He melted whenever Even told him that he missed him or that he loved him.

How is it so easy for you.

Isak knew that Even was waiting for him to invite him over or to initiate physical contact or to simply suggest a meetup. But Isak wasn’t ready. He wasn’t ready because he knew he would just end up in his bed, in his sheets, in his arms, legs wrapped around his waist. He knew it. Your skin. I miss your skin.

Isak couldn’t sleep and the rumors only got worse. Some people were recording all of Even’s moves, posting pictures online, and speculating. He hated that Even couldn’t take a damn walk outside without getting photographed. He hated all the theories. He fought almost everyone who said horrible things about Even online. But deep down, he couldn’t help but panic. Because he didn’t know either.

He didn’t know how to get Even to tell him about the time he tried to take his own life. He didn’t know if he wanted Even to tell him. He didn’t know if he could be strong enough for him.

Isak grew even more restless when Even reactivated his Facebook Messenger. He didn’t want him to see people’s comments online, and he was relieved whenever Even said he didn’t read them.

Isak was eating lunch with Jakob when he heard some people in the table next to them talking about Even.

“My brother went to Bakka,” said a girl with long dark hair. “He said Even went completely psycho but yeah he didn’t even graduate from Bakka.”

“Why does he say he graduated from Bakka then?” said a boy wearing a jacket similar to Isak’s. “That’s kind of fucked up. Why wouldn’t he correct the listeners who think he went there.”

“Who gives a fuck?” said some girl. “Seriously why is everyone so obsessed with this guy. Just leave him alone. Who cares if he went to Bakka or Nissen or whatever?”

“He might be scamming NRK. And do I need to remind you that NRK gets its money from us?”

“Shut up. You don’t even pay real taxes,” said the second girl.

“Whatever. I still can’t believe NRK hired him back. I think they’re doing it for ratings. They know we’re all just waiting for him to crash again, so the whole country is tuning-.”

Isak wasn’t sure when he left his table. But Jakob was now holding him back with all his strength, and he had just kicked the boy who was wearing his jacket so hard that he fell off his chair.

“Isak, what the fuck?!” Jakob yelled behind him, arms tightly wrapped around his shoulder blades.
“Let go of me, Jakob!”

“What the hell?” said the boy on the ground.

“Fuck you! Leave Even alone!”

“Oh my god! It's Isak, Even’s boyfriend!” said the girl with the long dark hair.

“Isak, are you crazy? You can’t kick people in the cafeteria because they said something about Even. What the fuck?” said Jakob.

“Didn’t you hear what he said? You didn’t hear-. He said that Even doesn’t deserve his fucking job. He said they’re just-. Fuck. I hate people so fucking much! I can’t believe this shit- I just-”


Isak couldn’t breathe. He was so angry and so sad.

You don’t even fucking know him. He has a heart of fucking gold. Why is everyone so fucking cruel.

Isak was done with one of his exams, so he headed home around 16:00 and fell face first on his bed. He then remembered the one show he had missed and put on his headphones.

“I met someone,” said Even.

“Someone?” said the listener.

“Yeah. I went to this halloween party and met this boy who was dressed as Julius Caesar. He was completely drunk but he told me some wise words,” said Even.

Julius Caesar? What the fuck?

“How did you meet him?” said Sebastian.

“Uh, I was in a bathtub. I have this thing that I’ve been doing for the longest time. Whenever I go to a party that I find too overwhelming, I’ll look for a book in the house and go read it in the bathroom. This apartment had a bathtub so it was ideal,” said Even, laughing.

“I have no idea whether you’re joking or not right now,” said Sebastian. “So what did this Julius Caesar guy tell you?”

“He told me that I could do anything and that he was sure there was something I was good at. I just had to find it, in time,” said Even.

“A random boy dressed as Julius Caesar told you this?” said Sebastian.

“Yeah. He also said I had a nice voice and should try radio,” said Even, laughing. “It changed me.”
Isak sank into his bed.

*What the fuck. How many guys were dressed as Julius Caesar for Halloween 14 months ago?*

*“It was Isak. Back then it was for Isak, too.”*

*Fuck.*

Isak walked to NRK’s headquarters and waited for Even by the bus stop. It was so nice. Isak was the boy Even talked about on his show, and Isak couldn’t believe that he forgot about it. He couldn’t believe it.

*I’m never drinking again.*

Their whole encounter was just so wonderful. For a moment, Isak really forgot that they weren’t back together. So when Even kissed him, he melted into it and pulled him closer.

*Gosh, I missed this.*

The kiss got more heated and Isak’s head started spinning. He could already see himself panting in his sheets, moaning and whimpering and asking for more.

*No. Not like this.*

“Slow. Let’s take it slow. Okay?” Isak panted.

“Okay.”

Isak couldn’t control himself when he saw a boy taking pictures of them in the street. He just couldn’t. All he could see were the hundreds of mean comments that were going to be under that picture on facebook. All the theories, and the *bullshit*. Isak wasn’t going to have any of it.

He wasn’t sure how it all went down but he lunged at the boy and broke his phone. This was his fourth time getting into a physical altercation for Even and Isak was starting to sorry about his anger management issues.

*Fuck. I need to chill.*

“I’ll call you,” he told Even.

And he meant it. He just needed some time to figure himself out. Isak realized that when it came to Even, he lost all control. And it was starting to scare him.

It scared him because not only was he incapable of saying ‘no’ when it came to Even, but he was also apparently assaulting anyone who dared to speak badly about him.

He barely recognized himself. He was too overwhelmed. Too powerless. Too *in love*?

Isak was too in love. It was undeniable. He would fight the entire world for Even, the entire *goddamn* universe.
Gosh, what is this.

Isak decided to visit his mother on Saturday. It had been a while and Emilie sounded particularly excited on the phone.

“My son,” said his mother the moment she saw him, and something warm and overwhelming settled inside his chest.

“Mom,” Isak took her hand. “I missed you.”

“I missed you, too. So very much.”

He pulled his chair closer to hers, and when she touched his face, he nearly broke into tears.

Fuck.

“What’s wrong?” she asked.

“Nothing.”

“Isak,” she caressed his face. Her touch was so gentle, so tender, so motherly.

Isak had missed her so much.

“Son. I am your mother. You can tell me anything.”

Isak felt himself choke up.

Shit. Don’t break down. Not in front of her. She doesn’t need this. She doesn’t need to know any of this.

“Isak?”

“I’m so lost. I’m so scared.”

You had one fucking job.

“What’s on your mind? What’s wrong?” she asked now both hands on Isak’s face.

“I’m-”

“Isak?”

He took a deep breath and looked down, unable to meet her eyes.

Perhaps it’s time.

“I need to tell you something,” said Isak.

“What is it?”

It’s time, yeah.

“I’m so sorry it might break your heart. I’m sorry,” said Isak.
“Nothing you do could ever break my heart.”

“Mom, I-,” he paused.

“Tell me.”

“I love someone. I love someone with all my heart,” he blurted out.

“Isak. But that’s wonderful.”

“I love a boy, mom,” said Isak.

_There it is. It’s out there now._

“And I know. I know you believe in God. And I know you think boys who like boys belong in Hell. But mom, I promise you. I promise you, mom. If anyone’s going to Heaven, if there’s such a thing as Heaven in the first place, it’s him. It’s him. He’s so wonderful, mom. And I love him. You would love him, too.”

Isak didn’t realize he was tearing up until her fingers brushed against his skin. And when he finally looked up, she was tearing up, too.

“Isak.”

“Mom. I’m sorry. I’m sorry I’m such a disappointment to you. It’s okay if you don’t love me anymore. It’s okay.”

“My son,” she wiped another one of his tears away. “From the first second I saw you on June 21st in 1999 at 21:21, I have loved you and I always will.”

“But.”

“You’re so loving and caring. I’m proud of you.”

“How- How aren’t you reacting to this? Aren’t you shocked? Aren’t you angry?” Isak was bewildered.

“I was waiting for you to tell me.”

“You knew?”

“Of course I knew,” she brushed her thumb over his cheekbone. “I’m your mother. Of course I knew.”

“But.”

“Isak, I know I haven’t been the best mother in the world. And for that I am sorry,” she said. “You once chose me. Now let me choose you.”

Isak teared up in her arms and it felt so good to be held by her for once. It felt so great.

For the first time in weeks, Isak slept that night.

.“

“When are you talking to Even?” said Sana.
“Why do you care?” said Isak.

“He sounds very sad in his shows lately. He sounds like he’s waiting for you to call or something.” said Eva.

“What did you do Isak?” said Sana.

“You think it’s because of Isak? I’m worried he might have read the rumors online,” said Eva.

“What rumors?” said Sana.

“You don’t read rumors online?” said Eva.

“Do I look like I read rumors online?” said Sana.

“What are you all doing in my room anyways?” said Isak. “Also why is Noora here?”

“Noora and Sana are now bestfriends who hang out together all the time,” said Eva.

“Since when?” said Isak.

“Sana and I have a lot in common, I’ll have you know,” said Noora.

“I don’t really care to be honest. Can you guys leave my room?” said Isak.

“I’ll also have you know that we’re girls,” said Noora.

“Gosh. Why is this my life? What’s next? Is Vilde going to barge in, too?”

“Hei Isak!” said Vilde after opening his bedroom door.

“Are you fucking kidding me?”

“Rude! Is this how you thank me for providing you with breakup songs to give to Even?” said Vilde.

“Wait what?” said Eva.

“Ugh!”

“I heard you’re fighting people at uni,” said Noora.

“Whatever,” Isak rolled his eyes.

“Violence solves nothing, Isak. You can’t go around punching people.”

“Yeah well, apparently talking about things doesn’t solve stuff either,” said Isak.

“Just be careful. You might get jumped,” said Sana.

“I’ll be fine.”
Noora, Eva, and Vilde went to the store to buy alcohol and left Sana and Isak alone.

“So. How’s Even?” said Sana.

“I don’t know. I haven’t talked to him in days,” said Isak.

“Why not?”

“I’m just. He's giving me space and time to think. I want to like myself. I want to be okay with myself before we can start again. I don't know.”

“What do you mean?” said Sana.

"I really don't want to talk about this with you. But it's like. I was so hopeless when he left and I realized that it's because I didn't really like myself. I felt like a crappy person. I want to be able to like myself before facing him."

“Uh, wow. I never thought I'd hear you say something like this. But, uh. I don't think he knows that. He might be thinking that you don’t care about him anymore,” said Sana.

“Huh?”

“Just keep in mind that he feels a lot and thinks a lot. And sometimes, you can be a bit harsh with him.”

“What the hell are you talking about Sana?”

“I just don’t want to see him hurt again. Keep him in mind while you’re thinking. I can see that he’s giving you space. But while we all know that you’re crazy about him, he might not know that,” said Sana.

“That’s absurd. Of course he knows-”

Oh.

.

“Sana?”

“Yes?”

“Did you know that Even tried to take his own life?”

“Yes.”

“Fuck,” Isak sighed. It was all too real now.

“Do you know why?” he asked.

“Yes.”

“And you’re not going to tell me.”

“I’m not going to tell you,” said Sana.
I broke up with my fucking boyfriend

Good. You deserve better

So do you

A week. A whole week without talking to Even, touching Even, and being near Even. An entire week, and it had been Isak’s week. It wasn’t Even distancing himself, no. It was Isak.

Isak woke up on the seventh day feeling happy and content. He knew now. He knew that he loved Even and that Even loved him and that there was no reason for them not to be together.

His mother still loved him and Aina didn’t want to murder him. And for the first time in months, Isak felt at peace with himself. He felt at peace with who he was. Isak liked himself.

So he headed to school a bit early, and got ready to take the last exam of the semester.

---

**Vilde Hellerud Lien**

10:17

Hey Vilde

Do you have a playlist for like happy songs?

Like the opposite of your breakup playlist

Hey Isak

You’re up early :d

Oh you mean like a reunion playlist?

Huh?

Like you broke up but now you’re getting back together

Yeah whatever

Gabrielle Aplin - Miss You

No not pining crap

It’s not!

Just listen to it :D

10:28
This is the cheesiest song i’ve ever heard

But it’s so cute
Is it for Even?

Isak picked up the phone as soon as he left the auditorium and called Even’s show.

“What’s your name?” said the giddy producer he got every single time.

“Isak. Isak Valtersen,” he said.

“Oh my god!” he heard someone squeal in the background.

“Hi Isak. How are you?” said Even.

Gosh I miss you I miss you.

“I’m good. I miss you. How are you?” said Isak.

“I’m good and I miss you, too,” said Even.

Baby, I’m so sorry I kept you waiting. Thank you. Thank you for waiting.

“Awwww. Just when are you two going to make up?” said Sebastian. “This is keeping me up at night.”

“Right now,” said Isak.

“What?” said Even.

“We’re making up right now,” said Isak.


“Any, uh, any song requests today?” said Even.

“Yes. I have to thank Vilde Hellerud Lien for this. So if you’re listening. Thanks, I guess,” said Isak. “I’m requesting ‘Miss you’ by Gabrielle Aplin and I’ll wait for you at KB!”

.

Isak ran out, and as soon as he got to the stairs, he saw them and he knew. He just knew.

Fuck. Not now.

.

“I have somewhere to be,” said Isak to the four boys he had either punched or kicked in the previous ten days. “Can this wait?”

What the fuck is this. A coalition? How lame.
“Yeah, we heard you on the radio. Sorry. Don’t think this can wait,” said the guy who was still wearing the exact same jacket that Isak owned.

Take it off.

It wasn’t Isak’s first time taking a beating, honestly. It wasn’t even that bad. He was mostly angry about missing his epic reunion with Even, and a little bit about them breaking his phone although the screen was broken already. So he threw punches left and right and groaned when he felt knuckles against his cheekbone.

Shit. That’ll hurt later.

It didn’t last long. People intervened and luckily these idiots thought it was a good idea to corner him on campus.

Dumb shits.

“Your’re smiling? Smiling?” said one of them.

“You guys are just proving my point honestly,” said Isak.

“What?”

“You know. That you’re stupid as fuck. Also, that you should get a life.”

Isak kept smiling until one of them called him a ‘fag’ and another called Even a ‘psycho’.

“What the fuck did you just say?!”

He lunged at the two boys, and got tackled by a third. There was blood now. And his head was spinning.

Shit. This is not good.

“What the fuck? You hit his head against the pavement! Are you fucking insane?!’ someone yelled while Isak struggled to stay conscious on the floor.

“Shit, I didn’t mean to!” was the last thing Isak heard.

When he came to, he was at the Student Health Center and Jakob was towering over him.

“Oh my god! Isak! Oh my god!” he yelled when Isak opened his eyes.

“Relax. I’m fine.”

“Shit! I was so worried! When I saw you like that bleeding on the floor I thought they fucked you up!” said Jakob.

“Bitch please,” said Isak, laughing.

He tried to sit up and quickly realized that his head really hurt.

“Fuck,” he muttered.
When he looked at Jakob, he looked worried.

“What?”

“Uh, I might have done something stupid,” said Jakob.

“What?”

“I texted Even and I might have exaggerated this a bit.”

“What?! For fuck’s sake!” Isak groaned. “Give me your phone!”

“What? You wanna read the texts?”

“No! I want to text him. Those fuckers broke my phone,” said Isak.

“Oh okay.”

Even Bech Næsheim

18:14

IF YOU LEAVE ME AGAIN BECAUSE OF THIS BULLSHIT I SWEAR TO GOD BECH NÆSHEIM

Jakob Wtf???

Baby

It’s me

Isak?

Where are you

Shit i’m here baby! I’m outside the building with the health thing

Wtf happened????

Can someone let me in

“Do I still look hot or what?” said Isak.

“Fuck, baby. What the fuck?!” Even lunged at him and wrapped him in a hug so tight that Isak was almost grateful for getting jumped.


“You scared the fuck out of me, Jakob!” Even yelled.

Even never yelled.

“Sorry dude. When I showed up he was unconscious and bleeding on the floor,” said Jakob.
“What?! Bleeding on the floor? What the fuck?! Who did this?!” Even was hysterical. “I’m going to fucking kill them.”

“Even,” Isak grabbed his hand but he was still reeling. “Even, look at me.”

“I can’t believe this shit. Are these guys after me? Is this what this is about? Shit. I’m so sorry!”


Isak could feel him melt at that. Baby. Even completely melted and stopped yelling and being so not Even.

Jakob coughed a few times then excused himself.

They were alone. Isak was sitting up in the bed and Even was sitting by the edge.

“Hey, I’m fine,” Isak grabbed Even’s chin and made him look into his eyes. “Just a few bruises. But I’m fine.”

Even roamed his face and his blue eyes looked sad, so sad.

Don’t be sad. Please.

“I’m so sorry. I knew this would happen. I’m sorry bad shit keeps happening to you because of me. I’m sorry-”

“Shut up,” said Isak. “This isn’t because of you. This is because of me. I’m stupid and I can’t control myself when it comes to you.”

Even’s fingers hovered over Isak’s face. And when he tried to brush them against his skin, Isak winced.

Shit. I guess it’s more than a few bruises.

“Baby. I’m sorry,” said Even.

“Not your fault. I promise.”

“But still-”

“You think I’m ugly now? Is that what this is? You don’t want me anymore?” said Isak, smiling.

“Are you kidding me? Even all bruised up, you’re still the hottest boy on the planet,” said Even, “Oh yeah?”

“Yeah.”

“Care to kiss the hottest boy on the planet?” said Isak.

“I would but your upper lip is all fucked up, baby.”

“I don’t give a fuck,” said Isak right before pulling him into a desperate openmouthed kiss.

Yes. Yes. Yes.

Isak’s hands cupped Even’s face while Even’s grabbed his sides. Isak winced in pain.
“Shit, I’m sorry,” Even mumbled.

“Shut up,” Isak whispered against his mouth.

He pulled him closer and buried his hands in Even’s hair, his perfect perfect hair. Even kept his hands pressed against the mattress and licked into Isak’s mouth, softly, gently, **Even**-ly.

*Gosh I missed this.*

Isak whimpered in his arms and his entire body was on fire both from the pain and from **Even**. His head was spinning. But he didn’t realize it was something other than **Even**, **Even**, **Even**, until he nearly collapsed in the bed.

“Isak, what the fuck?!”

“Shit, I’m dizzy,” said Isak.

“We’re going to a hospital,” said Even.

“No. It’s dumb!”

“We’re going! Now!”


“No but you don’t understand,” said Even. “He needs to get his head checked now! He could have a concussion. He could have an internal bleeding! He can’t wait thirty minutes!”

Isak rolled his eyes and sighed.

“I’m very sorry and we’ll do our best to get him checked as soon as possible depending on the severity of-,” said the nurse.

“Severity? He almost passed out earlier, what more-”

“Even, stop. This is embarrassing,” Isak mumbled by his side.

“But-”

“Chill.”

“Ugh. Ok.”

And you are?” the Doctor asked Even.

“Uhm, I’m, Uh-” Even stuttered before glancing over at Isak.

“He’s my boyfriend,” said Isak, smiling.

*That’s right.*

“I am?” said Even, beaming.
“Yes, you are.”

“Fuck me. I love you,” Even blurted out.

Isak laughed so hard that his sides started hurting again.

“I love you, too.”

The Doctor stood there and looked at them for a moment with a confused expression.

“What just happened here?” he asked.

“Isak and I just got back together,” said Even.

“Why does your voice sound familiar?” said the nurse.

“Fuck,” Isak sighed.

“Oh my god!!”

.

Even walked him home, and when they got to his apartment Even leaned in and kissed him on the cheek that didn’t hurt.

“What was that for?” said Isak.

“A goodnight kiss.”

“Goodnight kisses should be on the mouth.”

“Not necessarily,” said Even.

“Necessarily.”

“As you wish.”

“Just kiss me,” said Isak.

Even kissed him as requested, and when he slid his hands in Isak’s back pockets, Isak all but gasped in his arms.

“Wow.”

“I don’t know where to put my hands. I don’t want to hurt you,” said Even.

“Even, that was a ‘fuck yes’-wow,” said Isak.

“Oh okay.”

Even kissed him again and Isak threw his arms around his neck this time, pulling him closer, always closer.

“I missed this, baby. I missed you,” Isak mumbled against his lips.

“I love you so much,” said Even, pressing their foreheads together.
“I love you, too.”

Even pulled back and kissed Isak’s forehead, making his entire face flush.

“I’ll see you tomorrow?” said Even.

“Uh, I, uhm,” Isak held onto Even’s shirt.

“Isak?”

“Wanna come in?” said Isak.

“Uh, Isak.”

“No let me rephrase this. Even, I want you to come in.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yeah.”

“Okay.”

It wasn’t half as awkward and painful as Isak imagined it would be. Even fit right in. He followed close behind and didn’t leave Isak’s side, not even once.

He helped him change out of his clothes as Isak’s limbs hurt all over.

“I can do this by myself,” said Isak.

“Let me take care of you,” said Even.

“I’m not a baby.”

“Yes, you are. You’re my baby.”

That night, they slept. Isak curled into Even and sighed against his neck. He breathed him in. He smiled against his skin. He breathed him in and melted into his embrace and just breathed. For the first time in weeks, Isak breathed.

Even held him as if he was about to lose him. Even held him as if he was about to evaporate. He held him so close and so so tight. He held him so tight that it hurt a bit. But Isak didn’t care.

_Gosh I’ve wanted this for so long._

It was their first time sharing a bed in nearly four months. Isak couldn’t help but choke up and cling and curl and snuggle and melt and breathe and cling so hard.

_I want to be a part of you. I want to be with you forever._

They were hugging now, with Isak’s head buried in Even’s neck and their chests pressed tightly against one another. There was nothing sexual about it. Isak was just overwhelmed because Even’s chest was heaving.
“Even,” he mumbled, trying to leave his neck and grab his face.

But Even only held on tighter, pressing Isak’s face deeper into his neck.

“Even, baby.”

“No,” Even’s voice cracked.

What.

“Even-”

“Gosh, Isak,” Even sobbed. “I love you so much, and I’m so sorry for everything.”

Why are you crying? Why are you-

“Even, what the h-”

“Fuck. Sometimes I feel like it’s too much. Like I love you too much. Like it’s not possible to love someone this much. But I do. That night when I said you were my dream. I wasn’t lying. I wasn’t. You are. I swear,” said Even.

“You’re my dream, too,” Isak held on tighter. “I promise.”

They slept.

.

Things were good. Eva only screamed for ten minutes when she found Even in their apartment, and David only sent five boxes of condoms. Isak was happy and he was glad those morons decided to jump him after his exams had ended.

He spent the days leading to Christmas on the couch while Even cooked for him and babied him and did everything for him.

“I love this,” said Isak. “I should fight people in the street more often.”

“Isak.”

“Kidding.”

.

They kissed and smiled and nothing more.

“Slow. Let’s take it slow.”

They were taking it slow and it was nice.

.

Even’s eyes were getting cloudy again and Isak could tell. He could tell when Even got sad because he would avoid his gaze and kiss him breathless when he asked questions.

Even also made sure Isak didn’t go on facebook or other social media platforms by cracking jokes and snatching his laptop away jokingly, and it broke Isak’s heart.
He knows. He saw this shit. He saw it.

Isak didn’t know how to get Even to open up to him. He just wanted him to tell him what was on his mind.

Give me your troubles. Just give them to me. Let me share the burden with you.

Days rolled by and Even still smiled and smiled and smiled. He went to work and entertained people and dedicated songs to ‘his boy’ and gave people advice and Isak loved him. Gosh, he loved him.

But then he would see how the light would flicker in his eyes, how he would get lost in thought from time to time while they were eating, how he would look at Isak for a little too long when he thought Isak wasn’t looking then would avert his gaze immediately.

Baby, what’s on your mind.

It was New Year’s and Eva was throwing a party in their apartment. Even was compiling a playlist and everybody was trying to get invited.

“Wow our party is like a big deal now,” said Nils.

“Yeah, it’s all Even,” said Magnus.

“Excuse me! I made the facebook invite!” said Eva.

“Yeah I meant Eva and Even.”

Isak smiled and ran a hand through Even’s hair where he was sitting in the kitchen. Even who had spaced out a bit.

“Hey,” said Isak. “What’s up?”

“Nothing,” said Even, leaning in for a kiss.

“Wow, so you guys like kiss in front of everyone and stuff?” said Magnus.

“Yes, we do,” said Isak.

“And we will in New Year’s, too,” said Even.

“Why New Year’s specifically?” said Isak.

“You know at midnight. You kiss your true love at midnight in New Year’s,” said Even.

“Oh god, did he just say ‘true love’?” said Magnus while making a gagging sound.

The party was overwhelming. There were too many people everywhere, and Isak didn’t recognize most of them.

Even smiled for a good while, gripping Isak’s hips and being wonderful to everyone as usual. But Isak didn’t miss how his smile faltered when some people started taking pictures of him and trying to
include him in all of their snapchats.

*Fucking leave him alone!*

Isak was having a debate with Sana around the types of molecules in the brains of cockroaches when he realized that he could no longer see Even.

He panicked for a moment. It was almost midnight and he knew Even wouldn’t miss it. He let Sana have her small victory and headed towards the kitchen looking for Even.

He wasn’t there.

“Hey, have you seen Even?” Isak asked Jakob.

“Uhm, no? But I think I saw him go into your room earlier?”

“Thanks.”

Even wasn’t in his room either.

*What is going on.*

Isak was about to put on his coat and go look for Even outside when he remembered. He remembered.

Isak knocked on the bathroom door twice before adding, “It’s me.”

“Door’s open,” said Even.

“Hey,” said Isak.

“Hey.”

Even was in the bathtub reading a book with only the small dimmed light on.

“You didn’t lock the door,” said Isak.

“I was hoping you’d come,” said Even.

Isak smiled.

“There isn’t enough light. You’ll hurt your eyes,” said Isak, walking towards the bathtub after locking the bathroom door.

“I’m not really reading,” said Even.

“What are you doing then?” said Isak.

“Thinking.”

Isak climbed over the bathtub opposite him, and Even folded his legs to make space for him.
“What are you thinking about?” said Isak.

“You.”

“I’m right here.”

“I know,” said Even.

He sounded so sad.

Isak sat up on his knees and scooted closer to Even, placing his hands on Even’s folded knees.

“Even. What’s wrong, baby?” Isak asked as gently as he could.

Even let his head fall between his knees and Isak’s heart broke. He looked so small.

“You saw it, didn’t you?” said Even.

“Saw what?”

“What people are saying. Everybody knows. Everybody knows that I tried to end my life,” said Even.

*Oh baby.*

“Hey, Even,” said Isak, trying to get him to look at him. “Look at me. Hey,”

When he looked up, Even’s eyes were full of tears.

*No.*

“No. Please don’t cry,” said Isak.

“I’m sorry.”

“What are you sorry for?”

“I don’t know. I just. I feel like I don’t deserve any of this. I don’t deserve you,” said Even. “I keep fucking everything up. And I don’t want you to be scared.”

“What are you talking about?”

“I try to run away from my past but it keeps catching up with me. And now it’s fucking things up for you, too. I mean you got jumped for fuck’s sake. I can’t get over it.”

“Nothing is being fucked for me. I got jumped cause I’m dumb. And your past doesn’t change anything for me. It doesn’t change a thing. I promise.”

“Isak. I’m sorry,” said Even. “I want to tell you everything. I want to tell you so many things.”

“Take your time. I’ll wait,” said Isak. “Okay?”

“Okay.”

Isak then took him in his arms and hugged him tight, so tight, right there in his bathtub. Even hugged him back and spread his knees apart so that Isak could fit between them.
They hugged like that for what seemed like an eternity, Isak running a hand across his back and soothing while Even gripped his fancy New Year’s shirt.

It was almost midnight and people outside the bathroom were starting the 23:59 countdown.

When they pulled apart, Isak wiped Even’s tears and smiled at him with all the love and care he could muster.

He then leaned in and pressed a soft kiss to Even’s forehead, feeling him melt in his arms.

“You deserve everything,” Isak whispered in the almost dark bathroom. “Everything you want in this world, you deserve.”

“Gosh, I fucking love you,” said Even. “I fell in love with you in this fucking bathtub, and I will never stop loving you.”

“I fucking love you, too.”

And at Midnight, they kissed. They kissed like two souls that could never bear to be kept apart. Like two souls that had been merged into one by some obscure forces in the universe. They kissed in that bathtub like the entire world around them had been obliterated, like nothing could ever matter as much. They kissed like two lovesick fools that happened to find each other in the midst of a crash, in the midst of some epic war that no one was ever meant to survive. They kissed like two bruised souls that could only be healed by each other. They kissed and kissed and kissed until they healed. Until they mended each other’s minds. Each other’s hearts. Each other’s souls.

_I will be your home. I will shield you. I will care for you. And I will love you. Forever._

**Now Playing: Tom Odell - Heal**

Chapter End Notes

If any of you know me, you know that the Even reveal in 4x04 kind of killed me a bit inside. I mean this was part of this AU before this was revealed but still. Writing this chapter kind of killed me haha. *fandom hug*

I love Even with all my heart and soul and I hope that some of you can tell. Writing his pov always takes a toll on me and I was down all day thursday. and then the clip friday. woah. sigh.

Isak is healing in this chapter. He has his talk with his mother and he reaches out to Aina and he starts healing. He fights stupid boys and realizes that he doesn't care as long as Even is okay. He realizes that he would do anything for Even. It was important for me that he liked himself before getting back with Even. I received comments about how he suffered a lot and how he relied a lot on Even to be happy. I wanted him to reach peace with himself before he got back with him.

Isak is healing Even the same way Even healed him. The bathtub is truly where Even fell in love with Isak and now Isak gets to fall in love with Even for the thousandth time in that same bathtub.
The next chapter was going to be the last. But I don't know. I feel like I have more to say? I don't know. Do you mind an extra chapter?
haha love you guys.
Please leave me song recs in the comments. They help me a lot. Thank you to the person who suggested 'Heal' by Tom Odell <3
I hoped you felt something. Love you all.

EDIT: Many of you are asking me if I'll write after this universe. I don't know :(. This season is getting very intense and I'm so consumed by it. I will come back. I promise. I just don't know when. (When inspiration hits lbr. Prompts are welcome as always. They give me so much inspiration <3333) *hugs*
Chapter Summary

"I want to give you your dream back."

Chapter Notes

Hope you like this <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Even ❤ ❤ ❤ ❤

10:23

Where are you? :(((
Babee
Woke up alone :/
Babyy
<3
Baby
My love

Oh my goD! STOP
WTF
My love?? wtf
I’m at uni

???
Classes don’t start til tomorrow

I got an email
Administration stuff
I’ll be home by lunch
You better get cooking :p
What administration stuff?

Thought you registered for classes already

Nothing important

Gotta go

Isak

What is it??

Ugh fuck me

Ok it’s the fight thing

???

They got the guys who jumped you?

No?

No?

They’re arguing I hit them first or whatever

I’ll be fine

Don’t worry

Isak wtf you ended up at the hospital

I didn’t “end up” at the hospital

You DRAGGED me there

:(

You could have had a concussion

gotta go

Isak :

Love you

Bye

Love you? :O

Who is this

Shut up 💖

Isak managed to only roll his eyes twice while people he had never seen before told him he was lucky no one reported him for violence on school grounds. A total of five people had complained
that he physically assaulted them while classes were in session.

_Pfft. I only touched like four of you._

Isak signed some document promising to never do it again, and got off with only a warning given
that he was the one who sported bruises out of everyone involved.

He had a little scar on his left cheekbone and he didn’t even mind because Even loved it.

_Even._

Isak was _so stupid_ for him. It was almost pathetic.

He watched him talk about this _stupid_ movie for hours with lights dancing in his eyes. Even could
make the weirdest things sound _so_ interesting. And _gosh_, Isak loved listening to him. He loved it _so_
much. He sat on the bed and watched as Even talked with his hands and his arms and his entire
body. Isak watched and watched and watched, and his heart got bigger and bigger after each passing
second.

Even was so giving and so generous and always smiling. He smiled _so_ bright and _so_ wide that Isak
couldn’t bear thinking about all the pain he must have endured. _All_ the pain and suffering and
loneliness. It kept Isak awake at night sometimes. It kept him up because he was terrified. Terrified
that Even might just disappear from his sight while he slept. So he snuggled closer and wrapped
Even in _his_ arms and held onto him for dear life.

_I never ever want you to be sad again._

.  

The next morning Isak woke up with an obvious problem between his legs.

“Oh,” said Even as Isak pressed against him, nuzzling against his neck, still half asleep.

“Shit,” Isak muttered after coming to.

“That excited for classes huh?”

“Shut up,” Isak smiled.

They hadn’t done anything sexual ever since they got back together. Nothing but kissing and making
out when Isak got too carried away. They barely touched, and it felt like torture.

Isak felt like _dying_. He wanted it _so_ bad but he didn’t know how to initiate it or ask for it. And Even
was so careful. So _so_ careful.

The last time they had made love, Even left him. And the one before that, Even left naked in the
middle of the night and had a public meltdown in front of everyone they worked with.

_Fuck me._

Isak threw the cover off himself and rolled over to the side to leave the bed, already anticipating his
alone time in the bathroom.

“Hey,” Even whispered, reaching out to grab his wrist.

“Hm?”
“Where are you going with that?”

“That?”

“You know. That.”

“Uh, I. I’ll go wash up first,” Isak mumbled.

But he felt weak, so weak with Even’s fingers pressing against his pulse.

_Dammit. I’m-

“Baby,” Even whispered and it shot through Isak’s spine.

“Hm?” It sounded like a moan. And Isak was so embarrassed but he was only human.

When he turned around to look at Even, he felt his face flush. His eyelids felt heavy. His skin felt prickly. His body was on fire.

_Dammit.

“Baby,” Even repeated, now grabbing both of his wrists and pulling him towards him on the bed.

“Yea-”

“Let me?”

“Uh.”

“Wanna blow you,” said Even, gently laying him on his back. “Can I?”

_My god.

Isak didn’t know what to do, so he pulled him down for an open mouthed kiss, sighing against it. And when Even’s tongue slid into his mouth, he let out that damn moan he had been holding in.

_Yes.

“Baby.”

“Gosh, fine! Fuck it,” Isak groaned.

Even settled between his legs and pulled down his boxers so slowly that Isak couldn’t help but writhe in anticipation in the bed.

“Slow,” Even whispered, pushing Isak’s shirt up and kissing his stomach all the way down to his v-line. “Slow, baby. Wanna do it right.”

“You’re going to kill me,” Isak moaned.

“Oh no, wouldn’t want you to miss the first day of class,” Even smiled.

“Baby, fuck class,” Isak groaned, his hips leaving the mattress.

Isak should have asked sooner because, _Yes. Baby you’re the best I’ve ever had. Dammit._
He was reeling with Even between his thighs, looking like he was born to drive him over the edge, his big hands squeezing his sides right above his hips, keeping him in place, keeping him going, his fingers marking him.

“Even-,” Isak moaned.

But Even didn’t talk. He was too focused, brows furrowing, cheeks flushed, eyes teary, lips pink and wet. It drove Isak insane. Isak who was doing his best not to push his hips upwards.

“Gosh! Fuck! I’m close.”

“Yes-,” Even mumbled.

“Kiss me,” Isak moaned as soon as Even all but climbed back from between his thighs to look into his eyes.

“You made such a mess,” Even smiled.

“Shut up.”

“I’m gonna have to do laundry,” said Even before bringing his hands to Isak’s face and kissing him breathless.

Isak wrapped his arms around Even’s neck and his legs around his waist and pulled him closer.

“Sorry about your shirt,” Isak mumbled against his lips.

“Baby, fuck my shirt.”

They made out lazily until he could no longer ignore Even’s bulge pressing against his stomach.

“You have to go to class,” Even muttered when Isak reached out between them to grab him over his boxers.

“We have thirty minutes,” Isak whispered against his skin, desperately chasing his lips.

“You need fifteen minutes to even get there.”

“I’ll take a cab,” said Isak.

“A cab? A cab?! In this economy?!"

“Oh my god, shut up!” Isak giggled while Even pressed kisses to his neck. It tickled.

“Ticklish?”

“Stop distracting me,” Isak breathed, before pushing Even off of him to the side and rolling them over so that he could straddle him.

Even’s eyes went wide and Isak smiled before leaning down to kiss him, lips parting in obnoxious pops only to meet again.

“Isak,” Even panted. “School-”

“I don’t give a fuck right now, Even. It’s for my own sanity.”
“Gosh, Isak!”

“Let me. Please! Baby, please.”

Isak didn’t take a cab, and he ended up being late for his first class.

“You’re smiling too wide. You’re scaring me,” said Jakob during lunch.

“I’m happy. Sue me,” said Isak, before taking a bite out of his sandwich.

“How is EVAK?” said Magnus.

“Good. We’re good,” said Isak, smiling to himself.

Gosh. It felt good.

“Wow,” said Jakob. “You’re not telling me to piss off. What is going on? Who are you and what did you do to the boy I like?”

“Piss off, Jakob.”

“What the fuck is wrong with you man?” Magnus said to Jakob. “He’s practically married to Even.”

“Shut up!” Isak rolled his eyes before nervously pressing ‘Post’ on Instagram.

Isak was in the library desperately trying to disentangle his earphones because Even’s show was going to start any second now, when he noticed people giving him looks.

What now.
“Alright you guys might not see this, but Even won’t stop smiling like an idiot in the studio over here,” said Sebastian.

“Oh come on!” Even laughed, and Isak could picture his smile perfectly in his mind.

“I can’t even see your eyes, man. You won’t stop smiling! Is it the picture Isak posted on Instagram?”

Even laughed in his ears, and Isak melted in his seat.

Mine.

Now Playing: LANY - ILYSB (Stripped)

And you need to know

You’re the only one, alright alright

And you need to know

That you keep me up all night, all night

Oh, my heart hurts so good

I love you, babe, so bad, so bad

Oh, oh my heart hurts so good

I love you, babe, so bad, so bad
Isak stared at the Facebook post for a good five minutes before closing it and shrugging. *They’re just jealous.*

But by the end of the day, he couldn’t help but feel a bit down, a bit insecure, a bit sad. *What did I ever do to these people?*
“Hey,” said Even, hands reaching to cup Isak’s face, lips finding his own in moments. “Missed you.” Isak squeezed Even’s sides and sighed against his lips where he sat on the couch.

“Missed you, too,” Isak mumbled before kissing him again, a bit too desperate, a bit too needy, a bit too clingy.

“What’s wrong?” said Even.

“Nothing,” said Isak, smiling and leaning in closer with his chin up, silently asking for more kisses.

“You’re so cute,” said Even.

“I am?” Isak smiled.

“Hmm,” Even nodded, before pressing their lips together.

“You guys are disgusting,” said Eva from the kitchen. “Gosh, I feel so fucking lonely.”

“Piss off, Eva.”

“Did you listen to today’s show?” said Even.

“Of course.”

“What did you think?”

“I think that girl who was wondering if she could get pregnant from sitting on a dirty toilet seat is crazy,” said Isak.

“Oh my god! You should have seen Synne’s face in the control room. She was laughing so hard I thought she was going to suffocate,” said Even, playing with Isak’s hair in his bed.

“I laughed out loud at the library. People were giving me looks,” said Isak, snuggling closer.

“How’s the job hunt going, by the way?”

“I’m probably going to accept that coding gig for that research lab,” said Isak.

“Why not work as an assistant in the bio lab?”

“Money’s not good enough.”

“Huh? Since when do you care about money?” said Even.

“Excuse me! I’m realistic. Of course I care about money. You need money for everything.”

“That’s a bit shallow don’t you think? Money can’t buy everything.”

“Ugh,” Isak rolled his eyes. “Let me guess. Money can’t buy happiness?”

“Yeah, that,” Even laughed before rolling over to tower over Isak. “Among other things.” He then leaned in and kissed him breathless, hands cupping Isak’s face.
Shit. Isak loved feeling his massive hands on his face.

“You’re naive for an older guy,” said Isak after their lips parted in an obnoxious pop.


“You haven’t noticed? I don’t fuck with guys my age,” said Isak, smiling.

“Oh yeah?”

“Yeah,” Isak whispered, pulling him closer between his thighs and wrapping his legs around his waist. “They don’t know how to treat me right.”

“Fuck.”

“Did that get you going?” Isak laughed.

“Yeah,” said Even, kissing his neck.

“What did it for you? The age thing?”

“Nah. My kink is you knowing how you want to be treated, baby,” said Even.

“Oh my god!” Isak shoved him. “Do you have to ruin everything?”

They laughed and rolled around in bed until their clothes came off and Even took him into his mouth.

“Am I treating you right, baby?”

“Even, stop talking.”
You don’t even know me.

“So are you guys fucking again?” said Eva, making Isak choke on his cereal.

“What the fuck, Eva?” Isak shrieked.

“What? You’re shy now?”

“Why are you asking me this? What the hell? That’s none of your business!”

“Hm. I guess you’re not.”

“Excuse me?!”

“You sound sexually frustrated. Are you still traumatized from your last time?” said Eva.

“What?! What the hell are you talking about?”

“Isak, you were wasted two weeks ago and told Jonas and me that you’re horny, but that you can’t go through with it cause it reminds you of the last time you guys had sex.”

“Fuck my whole fucking life. I’m never drinking again.”
Isak bought new sheets and new pillows and shuffled furniture around so that the bed was against the window.

“What’s this?” said Even.

“I’m redecorating. It’s getting boring,” said Isak.

“Redecorating? What? Who are you?”

“Ugh. I’m serious. Research shows that you need a little bit of change every once in a while. It’s proven scientifically that.”

Isak stopped talking because Even had just pressed against him from behind, wrapping his arms around Isak’s waist hands, hugging his stomach tight, so tight.

“What are you doing?” he mumbled.

“I’m holding you. Wanna hold you. Had a long day,” said Even, burying his head in Isak’s neck.

“Everything good at work?” Isak’s hand reached up to touch his hair.

“Yeah,” said Even, rocking him gently. “I don’t know. This whole fame thing is starting to get to me. I think.”

“Hm?”

“People only call to find out shit about my life. I feel like my show doesn’t really serve a purpose. It’s just gossip time. I don’t know. I think Sebastian wants out.”

“What?!”

“Yeah, I don’t know. I feel terrible for thinking this. But I’m feeling trapped? I don’t know. I really really love my show. But I can’t help but feel like I can do more.”

“Of course you can,” said Isak.

He then grabbed Even’s hands where they lied on his body, and tried to disentangle himself from his hold to turn around in his arms.

“Hey,” Isak whispered. “You okay? Did something specific happen?”

Even sighed then walked backwards to the edge of the bed and sat down, still holding Isak’s hands.

“Hm, not really,” said Even, looking at the floor. “This man called in today and asked me about what kind of films I would have made if I made it to film school and it kinda brought me down. Reminded me of the day I sold my Canon C100 gear.”

“Hey,” Isak ignored the flush creeping its way to his face and straddled Even, sitting on his lap.

“You can always re-apply. You can always buy another Canon.”

“Nah. It’s too late for that. And I don’t think I could ever bring myself to buy another Canon. ANd It’s not even about that. I just. I don’t know. I wish I hadn’t made that whole bipolar announcement, you know. I wish people treated me like everybody else.”

Isak didn’t know what to say so he just hugged him.
“We’ll figure it out.”

“Isak?” said Even in the middle of the night.

“Hm?”

“You can tell me what bothers you, too. I want you to tell me when something makes you stressed.”

“I’m not stressed,” said Isak.

“Babe, you can’t sleep.”

“You can’t sleep either!”

“That’s because I have stuff on my mind. What’s on yours?” said Even.

“Nothing.”

“Isak.”

“Let’s just sleep, okay? Please” said Isak, before pulling him into a deep kiss and then burying his face in Even’s neck. “Can we talk about it tomorrow?”

“Okay.”

Even ❤ ❤ ❤ ❤

13:19

Why didn’t you tell me about the mean shit on facebook :((

What

Jakob just showed me :

Ughhh can he mind his own business for once

Isak

Baby :(((

Don’t worry about it

I don’t care

Is this what’s been keeping you up at night lately?

NO!

I have class now

Bye

❤
I love you

I do

You have been added to Even “EXTRA” Bech Næsheim

Even “EXTRA” Bech Næsheim

16:17

David: dude i fucking love you

Magnus: ME TOO

Jakob: respect

Jonas: awesome <3

Even: lol

Lisa: khfksdjkdlsj

Andre: dude

Chris: cool of you to stand up for isak man

Wtf???

What?

Eva: JKDSLKDS

Wtf is going on???
“I can’t fucking believe you!” Isak yelled.

“What? You don’t like my instagram aesthetic?” said Even, beaming.

“You’re just-”

“You’re just-”

“Just what?”

“Nothing. I don’t know. Ugh.”

Isak threw his backpack on the floor and climbed on the bed.

“Isak, are you upset? Do you want me to delete it? I mean I did think that it might actually initiate some backlash but I don’t know. Fuck, I’m stupid. I should delete it,” Even rambled.

“No. That’s not it. I don’t care about people. I just.”
“Just what?”

“You deleted your social media for a reason and now you’re creating it again and I feel weird about it,” said Isak. “I don’t want you to see people’s shit online. People are too mean.”

“I’m a big boy,” said Even. “I’ll be fine. I promise.”

Isak sighed then opened his arms big and wide.

“What?”

“Let’s make out,” said Isak.

“Hm, what for? What earned me this pleasure?” said Even, smiling.

“For showing me off on social media.”

“Oh you like that?” said Even as he climbed over the bed to join him.

“Yeah. I like that,” said Isak.

“I think I know something else you might like.”

“Even-” Isak’s face was flushed.

And he reached up to the drawer to grab a condom and other necessities when Even’s hand curled around his wrist.

“Slow, baby. Let’s take it slow,” Even whispered, pressing kisses to his stomach.

“But-”

“Slow.”

Even fell asleep right after blowing him, and Isak couldn’t help but feel disappointed.

*Can we just fuck.*

“I’m not fucking cranky!” Isak all but yelled.

“Wow dude, you need to relax,” said Mahdi.

“You all suck.”

“You need some dick, man,” said Magnus.

“What the fuck?”

“I don’t know. I read that homosexuals get very cranky when they don’t get dick,” said Magnus.
“Bro what the fuck?” said Mahdi.

“Just what exactly do you read, man?” said Jonas, facepalming.

“You should just do it, man. You should tell him. Straight up!” said Jonas, once the boys left for their classes.

“What are you talking about?” said Isak.

“Isak, I was there the night you got drunk and complained about being too horny,” said Jonas.

“Shit.”

“Just tell him. I’m sure he’s horny, too,” said Jonas.

“What the fuck?”

Isak didn’t know how to tell him. He didn’t know. He felt too awkward. He couldn’t stand being rejected again and spending a whole night fuming. So he thought about it long and hard.

“Spill it,” said Sana.

“Forget it,” said Isak.

“What is it? I pretty much helped you two get back together. Spill it,” said Sana.

“I don’t want to talk about this with you, what the fuck.”

“What? You think I can’t handle it? Is it because I’m a Muslim?”

“What the fuck, no!”

“Spill it.”

“You should call his show and request the most suggestive song ever,” said Sana. “He’ll come running.”

“That’s the worst idea I’ve ever heard,” said Isak.

Vilde Hellerud Lien

13:23

Hey

Let me guess

Another song emergency?
“Hi, Isak,” said Synne, Even’s producer. “Good to hear from you. Even’s supposed to take one more phone call before you. But you’ll be up next.”

“Oh cool,” said Isak.

Something must have happened because he was suddenly on air before the other supposed call.

“Hi,” said Sebastian.

“Oh shit, Isak? Is that you?” said Even. “Synne must be pulling a prank on me today.”

“She switched phone calls ha!” said Sebastian. “What’s up Isak?”

“That’s not my name!” said Isak, still fuming.

“Any song requests today?” said Even.

“Uh. I don’t know,” said Isak.

“Don’t chicken out.”

“Babe?” said Even.

Isak all but melted. I can’t believe you!

“Plz Don’t Go by Cashmere Cat and Jhené Aiko,” said Isak, before hanging up.

Now Playing: Cashmere Cat - Plz Don’t Go (feat Jhené Aiko)

We’ve come from so far away
And right now, I think we should say
You know there’s so much more to see
So don’t go home without me

Please don’t go, please don’t go
Please don’t go, please don’t go

I’d like to ride it, ride it
I'd like to ride it
I'd like to ride it, ride it
I'd like to ride it

You’ve been added to “kFHDJKDJFKDLKFD”

kFHDJKDJFKDLKFD

15:13

Lisa: ISAK YOU ICONIC BITCH JKFDJSFSDKJ
David: oh my god
David: i need to give you 50 bucks
David: fuck
Lisa: #confirmed
Magnus: what did you guys bet on??
Jonas: wtf guys
Jakob: www.dictionary.com/browse/versatile
Eva: kjFKDKFD ISSAAKKKK DKJSDSK
Vilde: yaay to my song suggestion making it
Sana: “That’s the worst idea I’ve ever heard”
Noora: Who names a groupchat like that?
Mahdi: isak wow bro
Vilde: hey noora didn’t know you were in this chat :)
Eva: Sana in gc = Noora in gc
Magnus:
Magnus: me right now because isak is gonna stop being cranky
Eva: LMFAO Where did you find that
Magnus: i found it on twitter! Even has wild international fans
David: hahahahaha where are Isak and Even

**You have left this conversation**

“Hello,” said Isak, the moment he opened the door.

Even looked beautiful. He looked breathtaking. Isak was a mess.

“Hello,” said Even.

*Your fucking voice. I can’t.*

Isak wasn’t sure who surged forward first, but they were kissing now. Kissing with intent. Kissing with purpose. Kissing with an end goal in mind.

*I want to get lost in you.*

Even parted his lips with his thumb and let it linger on Isak’s bottom lip, his other hand on his lower back, pressing, urgent, present.

“You look so fucking hot like this,” said Even.

*Shit.*

Their kisses were sloppy and messy and wet and all tongue. They stumbled into Isak’s bedroom, lips never parting, limbs never disentangling.

Even pressed him against the wall and Isak buried his fingers in his hair and pulled, eliciting a moan and then another one.

“Slow,” Even mumbled.

“Baby, fuck slow. Fuck it.”

That was all Even apparently needed to hear because he was almost done undressing Isak now, not
taking his eyes off of him for even a second.

“Is this okay?” he mumbled.

“Even, this is more than okay.”

Isak didn’t know where he ended and where Even began. There they were, back to where they belonged, in those sheets, in that bed, sweating, and pushing, and pulling, and touching, and taking, and giving.

“What do you wanna do?” Even whispered.

“Want you inside me.”

“Shit.”

“Please.”

“Gotta prep you,” Even whispered in a kiss.

Isak’s whole face was red, so so red.

“I. Uh. Already did that,” he mumbled.

“What?” Even’s eyes went wide.

“Ugh,” Isak grabbed his shoulders and flipped them over.

“Isak.”

“Wanna ride you,” he said before leaning in for a kiss. “Wanna ride you, baby.”

“Wait. What are you doing? Condom-”


Isak couldn’t take it anymore, so Even met him halfway, arms tightly wrapped around his waist, holding him in place, firm, steady.

“Slow,” Even whispered in his low voice and Isak lost all control.

“Shit.”

“Deep and slow.”

Isak held onto Even’s shoulders as they both sat up, Isak on Even’s lap.

“Baby,” Isak mumbled.

“I got you.”
“Oh god.”

“That’s not my name,” said Even.

“Oh my god, shut up!”

It got too much and Isak knew it. He knew it would get too much. He knew he would end up breaking down at some point. *Gosh* the last time they had been this close, this intimate, intertwined, Even broke his entire soul.

But Isak knew. He knew he would do it a thousand times over if it meant they got to be together at the end. If it meant they got to go back to that same bed and do it all over again.

“Even-” Isak moaned.

“Yes, yes. What do you want?” said Even, hair damp, eyes dark, lips pink.

*Dammit*. Isak loved this look on him. He loved his disheveled look so much.

“I want you. I just want you.”

They made love like they meant it. Slow, deep, passionate, desperate, and intense, so so intense. They made love like they couldn’t stand not being part of one another.

Isak pulled and pushed and scratched and held on for dear life.

*I just want you.*

**Now Playing: Daniel Caesar - Get You (Feat Kali Uchis)**

*Through drought and famine, natural disasters*

*My baby has been around for me*

*Kingdoms have fallen, angels be calling*

*None of that could ever make me leave*

*Every time I look into your eyes I see it*

*You're all I need*

*Every time I get a bit inside I feel it*

*Ooooooooh, who would've thought I'd get you*

*Ooooooooh, who would've thought I'd get you*

*And when we're making love*

*Your cries they can be heard from far and wide*
It's only the two of us

Everything I need's between those thighs

Every time I look into your eyes I see it

You're all I need

Every time I get a bit inside I feel it
Hi <3

EVEN WTFFF

YOU SAID THAT PICTURE WAS FOR YOU

I’m sorry

There seemed to be some doubt online

Just wanted to address it :( and answer people’s questions you know
“You’re working too much,” said Even.

“I’m fine,” Isak rolled his eyes.

“You’re stressed all the time.”

“Whatever. I just have a lot of stuff to do.”

“Isak, why are you working twenty jobs. You don’t even spend money on anything,” said Even.

“I’m saving up.”

“What for?”

“Someone has to think about our future,” said Isak.

“Baby, I have a salary,” said Even, smiling.

“Shut up.”

“I can spoil you. Do you want me to spoil you?”

“Stop!”

.

Some nights, Isak woke up in the middle of the night and stared at Even’s face for a while. He ran his hand over his skin and stroked and soothed.

*I want you to dream. I want you to have everything.*

.

Even woke up in cold sweats one night, chest heaving, hair damp, eyes wide, and Isak held him as close as he could. He held him until his breathing evened out.


They faced each other in the bed, Isak stroking his hair and pressing occasional kisses all over his face. He didn’t ask questions. He just waited.

.

“I know it looks like I’ve always had everything figured out. But there was a time when I didn’t,” said Even.

Isak ran his fingers through his hair and nodded. *Go on.*
“I don’t know how to talk about this. Not just to you but to anyone. Not even to myself,” Even continued. “I don’t know. It’s like I stored it at the back of my mind. I turned it into trivia, into a fun fact about myself. What the fuck.”

Isak pressed against his skin. *I’m here. I’m listening.*

“There was a time when everything was too much and nothing was worth it. It hurt too much to even breathe. I just didn’t want to be part of the universe anymore, you know. It wasn’t worth it. Everything just hurt all the time. I lost all my friends and I lost myself. I didn’t know what was wrong with my brain and with my thoughts, and I felt like suffocating. I didn’t see a future. I didn’t see a way out. I just wanted a way out.”

Even was shaking and Isak’s heart was breaking.

“You don’t have to tell me if you don’t feel ready,” said Isak. “You don’t have to tell me anything.”

Even squeezed his hand and moved closer.

“I want to tell you everything. I want you to know everything,” said Even.

“Okay.”

That night, Even poured his heart out to Isak. And Isak found out once again just how golden Even’s soul was, just how deserving of everything he was. That night, Isak realized that he would truly go to the ends of the world for him. He would do anything for him, anything.

“Happy birthday!” said everyone as Even blew all of his candles.

Isak watched him in awe as he blew every single one of them, one by one, slowly, taking his time. Isak put all twenty three candles on the *damn* cake. He wanted twenty three, one for each year. Each year mattered.

“What’s wrong?” Isak asked.

“Nothing. I’m just so happy,” said Even, reaching up to wipe his teary eyes.

“Why are your eyes teary, then?” Isak moved closer to him in the kitchen and cupped his face.

“Because I’m so happy,” said Even, looking into his eyes, into his soul. “Like I never used to care about birthdays, but to see this many people insist on literally celebrating my life sounds so absurd and foreign to me. I don’t know. I just keep thinking—”

“Thinking what? What baby?” Isak was probably crying, but *gosh*, he didn’t care. He loved him with all his soul.

Even wrapped him in a tight hug and buried his face in his neck. Isak could feel his tears against his skin.

“I keep thinking that I’m so happy to be alive,” Even whispered. “I’m so happy I survived. I’m so happy I lived long enough to meet you. I’m so happy.”

Isak choked up and and held onto Even with all his strength.
"I'm so happy you're alive, too. You deserve to be here."

Only Isak’s gift was left, and he was nervous. *Gosh*, he was nervous. Jakob insisted that it was the right thing to get and he even ran it by Jonas and his artsy friends.

Even looked at him in anticipation.

“You didn’t have to get me anything,” he said.

“I wanted to.”

Isak was nervous, so nervous. He thought he was about to pass out, and for some reason Jakob looked just as nervous.

But then when he saw the look on Even’s face, when he saw how tears quickly gathered around his eyes and how he smiled with so much love and fondness, all those countless hours of work in the previous month seemed so worth it.

*I’ll do it a thousand times over.*

Isak expected Even to be a little bit upset because *he didn’t have to*. He expected him to smile and laugh and say ‘I can’t accept this’. He expected a million things. But he didn’t expect Even to walk towards him in the crowded room and nearly pick him up off the floor for a desperate kiss in front of all their friends. He didn’t expect that. He didn’t expect all that passion and despair. He didn’t expect Even’s tears and Even’s fingers digging into his skin and Even’s lips chasing his own and whispering sweet sweet promises against his skin.

He didn’t expect that.

“Holy fuck, you got him one of those fancy fucking cameras?” Magnus screamed.

Canon EOS C100.

“Why? You didn’t have to-. This is expensive as fuck-. I can’t accept it-. We have to return it. It’s like-. Isak this makes no sense. Is this why you’ve been working to death? Isak-”

Isak cupped his face and sat on his lap.

“I see it in your eyes, Even. I see it when we walk down the street and you frame a shot with your thumbs and index fingers. I see how long it takes you to take a damn video on your phone, how you pay attention to detail, and how you always want something to tell a story. I see you writing stories in your notebook before we go to bed and jotting down directing notes. I see you. I just. I feel like I gave you something in that bathtub last year and you took it and turned it into something so great. And you might like it now, but I think you want to do more. I think you never got over your first dream, and I think I don’t want you to. I want you to dream. And I know I’m just being weird and scary and everyone thinks I lost it. Sana literally said this is like asking you to marry me. But I don’t
know. You’ve done so much for me without even realizing it, and I want to do something for you. I want to give you back your dream. And you don’t have to pursue it. If you don’t want this camera, we can return it. I promise I won’t be sad or upset. I promise. But I really really wanted to do this for you. I wanted to. I really wanted to. I just want you to know that I believe in you and that when I said you can do anything, I really meant it. I don’t know. I’m rambling. I’m sorry. Oh gosh, you probably hate it. It’s probably the wrong model. They said this is what film students get. Shit. Fucking Jakob. Did he sabotage me again? I’m. I don’t know. Even?”

Even kissed him again, all tears, and love, and stupid stupid love. This time with no one else around. He cupped his face and he kissed him, and Isak felt it in his heart, in his soul.

“Yes,” said Even.

”What?” said Isak, slightly disoriented and emotional and disheveled.

“I’ll fucking marry you one day.”

“Even, that’s not what I meant. Sana is so out of touch with reality-”

But his words died down again because Even was kissing him.

.

“One day, I will give you the world,” said Even. “I promise.”

.

Even kept his promise.

Chapter End Notes

EDIT: It's not 4am now so I can form coherent thoughts haha. I hoped you liked this. Leave me a comment if I made you laugh or feel anything at all <3 I took some of the fb comments & the chat stuff I took directly from what I received/saw on twitter/fb. Will Even go to film school? How is he keeping his promise exactly? Meet the parents? Did you pick up the meta stuff? haha It was important to me to talk about Even's past attempt but without sensationalizing it. It's subtle but you should be able to understand what's going on :(. I tried to do it as respectfully as possible.

I'm so sad thinking about the end of this verse. I originally said I wouldn't write during the season, but look at me almost 100K later lol. I'm even sadder thinking about how I probably won't be able to write a new verse until the season ends. Your support and words of encouragement mean so much to me. I'll never forget how I got over 100 unique comments on the chapter right before the season started airing haha. It definitely kept me going. And sometimes I'll be tired but I'll read a comment that touches my heart and I'll start writing the following chapter right away. You inspire me.

What is the ultimate ending for Isak/Even in this verse in your eyes? Leave me thoughts <3. Thank you for all your song recs. I'm updating the spotify playlist. This fic has
reached 56K hits and has over 2700 kudos with only 14 chapters. WHAT?? Wow. This is INCREDIBLE to me honestly thank you *hugssss*
The Universe

Chapter Summary

"I'm your biggest fan."

Chapter Notes

I'm so sad to let this go. This is the longest chapter I've ever written. You wanted a long chapter and I couldn't say no. Haha. I'm sorry if you don't have time to read all of this. I had so much to say <3
Sorry for the long wait. I had to travel to my commencement ceremony haha.
Hope you like this. My heart is full. My heart hurts. Alt Er Love.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Now

Lynn Skavlan

08:12

Hei Even

Turn on NRK 1

:)

“Hello Isak. It's so good to have you here with us,” said Synne, her familiar voice spreading warmth and comfort all around Even’s chest.

His chest. His chest was about to implode.

“Hello, Synne. Thank you for having me,” said Isak. “It feels good to be back.”

Even’s heart all but fell the moment Isak’s voice came through his speakers while he sprawled his limbs on the bed.

“Oh we’re cool enough for you now?” said Synne in a teasing tone.

“Oh come on,” Isak laughed.

As long as you laugh. As long as you remember how to laugh, baby.

“The last time we extended you an invitation to guest on the morning show you didn’t even reply,” said Synne in a teasing but friendly tone.
“Oh,” said Isak, sounding flustered and a bit taken aback. “I completely forgot about that. I’m sorry.”

Even brought his hand to his face and felt the light stubble there. He hadn’t showered in a few days. He hadn’t shaved either. This was getting a little bit out of hand.

“It’s all good. It was a while ago, anyways,” said Synne. “So what’s Norway’s favorite accidental celebrity been up to, and why finally decide to guest on our show?”

“Oh, I’d say the ‘favorite’ part is debatable,” said Isak in a light chuckle. “And I’m actually here to make a public service announcement if you don’t mind.”

“Oh, of course,” said Synne.

Even sank into his mattress and pulled the sheets to cover his face.

Don’t say it. Don’t say it.

“Even. Come home.”

_Before_

“You can film stuff other than my face with that thing you know?” said Isak, rolling his eyes at Even from where he sat on the kitchen table.

_Gosh, I love it when you do that._

“Oh really? I didn’t know that,” Even smiled before putting down the camera on the counter and making his way to where Isak was sitting.

“Well, look at you learning new things every day,” Isak smiled and turned his attention to Even, nearly shoving his cereals away from him on the table.

His hair was all fluffy and bouncy and soft, and Even wanted to run his hands through it. So he did.

“Yeah, I’m not sure I like today’s pro tip though,” said Even, squatting in front of Isak’s seat, both of his hands still in his hair. “Only wanna use this camera on your face.”

Isak smiled and it did things to Even. He loved it when Isak smiled like that, all shy and vulnerable and wonderful. Even was sure no one ever got to see Isak like this. And it did things to him.

“Good morning baby,” Isak mumbled, his eyes on Even’s lips.

“Good morning.”

They kissed and it was the sweetest thing.

Even loved these small moments. He loved them so much. He couldn’t even explain it. It was too much. Isak was too much. The way he blushed when Even looked at him and curled around himself when Even touched him, even after all this time, even after all these months of just being together. It was too much. He couldn’t believe the effect he had on this boy.

Even was no longer squatting. He was on his knees in front of Isak’s chair and he was pulling at his hair because it made Isak moan, and because Isak loved it when he did that. So he did. Gently, carefully, as always.
Isak left his chair and was on his knees too now. And *what a ridiculous way to spend a Sunday morning*, but Even was too happy to even care. Isak parted his lips, and sucked on his tongue, and moaned into his mouth, and it took all of Even’s self-control not to reach out, wrap his arm around his waist, and lay him on the floor.

“Babe,” Even mumbled between kisses, his hand still in Isak’s hair.

“Yes?”

“Want you,” Even breathed into his skin. “Want you, baby.”

“You can have me.”

They had sex in the kitchen that day. And it was probably the hottest and most hilarious thing they had ever done. Eva was probably going to be furious if she ever found out. But she was on a cabin trip with the girls to cheer Sana up about something they wouldn’t share with Isak and him.

“Door,” Isak panted, his legs around Even’s waist where he sat on the kitchen counter.

“It’s locked.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes, baby,” Even breathed against his skin. “Wouldn’t want anybody else to see.”

“Yeah? Why? What are we gonna do?” Isak laughed, pressing hungry kisses all over his jawline and neck.

Isak heaving on the kitchen counter, face flushed, hair damp, and legs wide open was probably the hottest thing Even had ever seen. Sometimes, Even couldn’t believe his eyes. Sometimes, Even was convinced that he was dreaming, that he was in a coma living a fantasy and that he was going to wake up any minute now. But Isak was right there every time, digging his fingers into his skin, pulling his hair, arching his back, pulling him closer between his legs, asking for more, whining, and pleading, and always asking for more.

Isak was always there reminding him, *this is real. You’re right here. Do you feel me? Do you feel me around you? I’m right here.*

Isak bit his shoulder and held onto him and Even nearly combusted at the sight of his shorts around his ankles, meeting him halfway for every thrust, meeting him halfway for every damn thing. *Gosh I love you. I love you.*

Sometimes, Even cried when Isak held onto him too tight, when he whimpered in his arms, when they got too intertwined, when he didn’t know where he ended and where Isak began. Sometimes, he couldn’t help but tear up because *how is this real? What are the damn odds?*

Sometimes, his thoughts overwhelmed him when they were making love. And Isak could always tell. He could always tell, and he brought him back every single time.

“Focus on me, baby. Focus on me,” he panted.

So Even did. He focused on him. He took him on the kitchen counter, and then against the table, and
the wall, and anywhere Isak wanted.

“The floor?!” Even asked.

“Yes, baby. The floor,” Isak answered.

Anything Isak wished for, Even gave. Anything he wished for, Even would give.

When they both climaxed, Isak laughed first and Even followed close behind.

“What are you laughing about?” said Even, pressing a soft kiss to Isak’s damp forehead.

“We just fucked all over the kitchen,” Isak laughed.

“We did.”

“Eva’s going to kill us.”

“Not if she never finds out,” said Even.

“Babe,” Isak reached out and pressed a soft kiss to Even’s lips, one of those kisses that made him forget his name. “Look at this mess. There’s no way she won’t notice.”

“I can clean,” said Even.

Isak chuckled.

“Just remind me to stay away from shared spaces next time,” he said.

“Yeah well when we get our own place we won’t have to worry about that,” said Even, not really stopping to think about what he had just said.

“Our own place?”

“Yeah.”

“What?”

“What? You don’t think we’ll move in together?” said Even.

“Uh. That’s not what I said. Uh. I don’t know,” Isak stuttered.

“Oh.”

They were still sitting on the floor, Isak nearly on Even’s lap, wincing a little bit.

“Oh no. That’s, uh, that’s not what I meant,” said Isak, panic in his eyes.

“It’s okay. I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have brought it up out of nowhere like this. Uh. I shouldn’t have just assumed stuff. Uh. I”

Isak stopped his train of thought by pressing a soft kiss to his lips, one of those butterfly inducing kisses. Even sighed into it, closing his eyes and gently squeezing Isak’s thighs.

When they finally parted, Even opened his eyes as slowly as he possibly could. And when he did, Isak’s was staring at him with a soft smile.
“Even.”

“Yes.”

“Of course we’ll move in together,” said Isak.

“Yeah?”

“Yeah.”

“And we’ll fuck everywhere?”

“We’ll fuck everywhere,” said Isak.

“You know I love you right?” Even blurted out.

“I heard,” Isak smiled. “Now get off of me. We’re gross.”

“Round two in the shower?” said Even, his arms tightly wrapped around Isak’s back.

“You mean round seven?” said Isak, disentangling himself from Even’s hold. “I think I’m done for the week. I don’t want to show up limping to class tomorrow.”

“Hey, don’t say that,” Even frowned. “Did I hurt you?”

“Stop being a drama queen,” Isak shoved him gently, then got off the floor. “Gonna have to give you a taste of your own medicine soon.”

“Oh you’re gonna fuck me?” said Even with a huge grin, still sprawled on the floor.

“Not what I had in mind but I might as well,” said Isak.

“Don’t stress. I’ll teach you.”

“Oh fuck you,” Isak rolled his eyes.

“You just did, baby.”

“Shut up.”

So guess where we’re making out all summer?” said Isak, nearly bouncing from excitement.

He had just surprised Even at work.

“What?”

“Just got a call from NRK. They want me back this summer,” said Isak with a blinding smile on his face.

“Huh? As a developer?”

“Yes.”

“Isak, but you want to do biomedical stuff,” said Even.
“Oh, I don’t care. It’s just an internship. Besides, I’ll get to be with you.”

“Isak.”

Even realized that Isak really and truly loved him. He realized that Isak loved him so much that he lost sight of his own goals and aspirations sometimes. Isak worked himself to death to get him a camera, and now he was about to accept a job he didn’t want just to be near him.

Even knew Isak was going to be upset but he told him anyways.

“I need you to dream, too,” said Even.

“What?”

“You can’t just live your life for me. You can’t take a job just to be near me. Get the job you want and I’ll come be near you anyways.”

Isak was upset and didn’t talk to him for a few hours.

Baby ❤ ❤ ❤ ❤ ❤

16:23
Black or white?

Oh my god

What are you doing

Shopping

Where do you always find this stuff??

I don’t share my secrets

Wtf

White

Why not black?

Use your brain baby

:O

Oh shit you’re right

Why do they even make ones in black

You’re so smart

❤

I’m sorry i was a dick earlier :(  

It’s ok

You’re right

I said no to NRK
Things were going great. Even had unofficially moved in with Isak, Eva, and Nils and kept his room at his mother’s house. He had moved back in with her after he got back from his trip to Copenhagen to see his dad.

They barely went there because Even could see how Isak associated his mother’s place with his depressive episode from the previous year, with that time when Even wouldn’t leave bed and Isak wouldn’t leave his side, right before Even left him and broke his heart.

Even knew their living arrangement wouldn’t last forever. He was looking for a new place to live, but Isak was convinced he had seen his potential roommates’ names on those facebook groups that were obsessed with them.

“I’m telling you. These people will install cameras and broadcast us to the world,” said Isak.

“You need to stop being so paranoid, babe. Not everyone is obsessed with us.”

“Excuse me,” Isak scoffed. “I can’t even get a freaking coffee without someone recognizing me. Do you remember what those recruiters asked me during my interview for this internship? They asked me if you were going to visit sometime. So insulting.”

“Baby, you said it was a joke,” said Even. “You even laughed about it and you accepted the job.”

“Well I don’t think it’s funny anymore,” Isak shrugged. “It’s only been a week but my supervisor already asked me if you were coming like three times.”

“Might have to stop by to make your co-workers happy then,” said Even.

“Don’t you dare.”

Even dared and showed up to Oslo University Hospital with champagne.

Isak got an internship in the biomedical research department for the summer, and his face flushed when Even leaned in to peck him on the lips in front of his co-workers.

“I hate you,” Isak whispered.

“You love me,” Even smiled.

“And champagne? What the fuck?”

Even loved how enthusiastic Isak got about science, and he was beyond happy that Isak turned down the return offer from NRK.

He was replying to an e-mail when a woman in her forties approached him.

“I hope this doesn’t sound rude or anything, but can I get a picture? It would mean a lot to my son,” she said.

“Oh, yeah of course,” said Even, shoving his phone back in his pocket. “What’s your name?”

“I’m Bente and my son’s name is Bjørn. He got diagnosed with bipolar last year and he’s your
biggest fan,” said Bente.

“Oh, how is he doing?” said Even, not really sure how to react to this information.

“He’s doing well. It was difficult at the beginning but we’re working with the doctors. It’s getting better. And you’re such an inspiration for him. You handle yourself so well. Sometimes I wonder what we would have done if you weren’t around.”

“Oh, uh, thank you very much,” said Even.

He took a few pictures and smiled and scribbled his signature on a piece of paper. He was flustered. He didn’t know how to react to this kind of attention.

“If you need anything don’t hesitate to reach out to me,” said Bente. “I already gave my contact info to Isak.”

“Oh, uh, how’s Isak doing?”

“He’s doing great. He’s a brilliant kid. He’ll go far for sure.”

“What’s up?” said Isak on their way back home.

“Nothing. I feel weird.”

“Hm?”

“I don’t know. I didn’t realize some people literally look up to me. It’s so weird. I’m nothing special,” said Even.

“Yes, you are.”

“It’s too much pressure. Like before this I was only worried about letting my mom and you down. Now I have the whole country to worry about as well.”

“Hey,” Isak stopped in front of him and cupped his face. “Fuck everyone. You don’t need to worry about anyone.”

Now

“I don’t know if you’re listening, Even. But if you are, I just want you to know that I meant what I said in my text,” said Isak.

“Isak, are you here to answer your boyfriend’s text on live radio?” said Synne.

“No. No. I’m sorry. I have other stuff to say.”

“Okay, go ahead.”

“Thanks,” said Isak. “This is very awkward but I just want to ask everyone to stop harassing our friends and families online. Please don’t go to where my mother’s staying, please. I beg of you. It’s very disrespectful to the entire establishment even if you just take pictures from outside, please.”

Even sank even deeper into his sheets and groaned. Fuck me. Just fuck me.
Before

Even kept delaying finding an apartment. He couldn’t really afford to live in a one-bedroom apartment in the middle of Oslo. NRK didn’t pay him that much.

“I found the perfect place,” said Isak, one day after work.

“Hm?”

“It’s a one-bedroom. Nothing fancy but it’s close to both our jobs. It’s a fourth floor walk-up but I think we can do it. It’s also in our price range.”

“Our price range?”

“What? You think I’m letting you get us an apartment all by yourself?”

“Isak. Uh.”

“There’s an open house tomorrow at 17.00. We’re going. And before you ask me who I am and what I did to your boyfriend, Jonas found us this place.”

The apartment was small and cozy but Even loved it. He could already picture where everything would go. He could already picture Isak split open for him in the living room. He could already picture cuddling with Isak in front of the TV. He was about to tell Isak that he wanted the place when he realized that he could no longer see him.

He found him in the staircase, clutching his phone and struggling to breathe.

“Isak, what’s wrong? What’s wrong?!?” said Even, cupping his face.

“It’s my mom. I have to go!”

“Let me get my shit, I’m coming with you.”

“You don’t have to. I’ll see you tonight, okay?” Isak said weakly with tears in his eyes. He was shaking.

“Baby, what are you talking about? Of course I’m coming.”

Even felt like suffocating in the care facility. Something at the back of his mind screamed at him, You’ll end up here. It’s only a matter of time.

But Isak’s hand was shaking in his, and everything was brought back into focus.

This is not about you. This is about Isak.

Marianne was sleeping when they got to her room. One of the nurses wrapped Isak in a tight hug, and he let her.

Even leaned against the wall as Emilie explained to Isak what happened and went over how violent her outburst was. Even had to bring a hand to his chest when she said that Isak’s mother hurt herself,
and he let out a sigh of relief when she mentioned that it was by accident. Her arm was bandaged and she was sleeping soundly.

Isak thanked Emilie and she blushed when Even shook her hand before leaving them in the room. He watched Isak sit by the bed, and for a moment he felt like he was intruding, like he should leave. But Isak didn't mind. He let him see him at his worst, all disheveled and fragile and shaking and crying. Even walked towards his chair and squeezed his shoulder. And Isak reached up and held his hand for a moment.

“I'll be outside if you need me,” said Even.

“Thank you.”

Even couldn’t breathe. He had never seen Isak like that.

*Is that how you feel when I'm slipping, too?*

“He’s strong you know,” said somebody beside him. *Emilie.*

“Oh hi,” said Even. “You mean Isak?”

“Yes. He’s so brave, that kid. He shows up in the middle of the night sometimes if I call him.”

“Oh. Yes, he has the biggest heart.”

“He does. I’ll never forget the first time I saw him. He was a crying mess. He didn’t want to leave her here,” said Emilie, a soft smile on her lips. “Oh gosh, what am I talking about. I shouldn’t be saying stuff like this. I’m sorry.”

“No, don’t worry. It’s okay,” said Even. “How is Marianne?”

“She’s surviving. Some days are better than others you know. She’s doing her best. She wants to make it up to Isak but she doesn’t know how.”

“What do you mean?”

“She just feels really bad about how much he suffered because of her.”

Isak left the room and sank into Even’s open arms.

“Oh, baby. How are you?” Even whispered against his neck, pressing a gentle kiss there.

“I’m okay. I’m so tired,” said Isak, hugging him tighter, so much tighter.

“She’s gonna be okay.”

“I know.”

Even rocked them gently in the waiting area and ran a hand all over his back, soothing.

“Thank you,” Isak whispered.

“What for?”
“For being here with me, for being here for me.”

“Always.”

.

Isak went back to visit his mother in the following week and Even insisted that he wanted to join. He bought flowers and his heart was beating like crazy in his chest.

“Hi. I’m Even. Nice to meet you,” he said awkwardly in a way that just wasn’t him. He was nervous.

“Nice to meet you, too,” said Marianne with a soft smile. “You’re my son’s boyfriend?”

Isak’s face flushed and Even smiled.

“Yes, that would be me.”

“Good. I could tell the moment you walked through that door.”

“Really?”

“Yes, I thought ‘that boy is going to Heaven’.”

.

Marianne was delightful. She was warm and gentle and Isak’s cheeks remained flushed the whole time. She kept referring to him as ‘her son’, and Isak coiled every single time. Gosh, he was the cutest and Even just wanted to shower him with love.

Isak stepped out for a moment to get water and Even was left alone with Marianne.

“Tell me about yourself,” she said.

“Oh, uh. I’m twenty three years old. I currently work at NRK but I’m hoping to get into film school next year. I believe in love and I will marry your son one day,” said Even.

She laughed and Even laughed, too.

“I like you.”

“I like you, too,” said Even.

“You know you’re almost exactly like I imagined you when he told me about you. You have a beautiful soul. I can tell.”

“Oh, thank you,” Even blushed. He never blushed.

“Just don’t hurt him, okay? I’ve done enough of that myself,” said Marianne.

“I, uh, I won’t.”

“He gave up everything for me. I was in a bad place and he took care of me when I was supposed to take care of him.”

“It’s not your fault,” said Even.
“Oh well, he’s free now. And he has someone looking out for him. That’s all I want.”

Suddenly, breathing became a bit difficult for Even.

He’s not free now. He has me to take care of now. He’s giving up everything for me now.

“Are you okay?” said Marianne. “You look pale all of a sudden.”

Now

“If everyone could also stop sending death threats to Lynn and Erik, I would appreciate it. Jakob also has enough fruit baskets to last him a lifetime. And yes I’m reading from a piece of paper because I was practically forced to do this. Also if someone could translate this into English and post it on facebook or something because half of this stuff is not even from Norwegians,” said Isak on the radio.

Even got up and got dressed. Fuck this shit.

Before

**Operation Evak Move-in**

**09:32**

David: Alright I hope everyone’s awake and ready to roll

Lisa: I’m sorry I’m gonna have to bail i’m so hungover

Magnus: We’re already at the Evak headquarters what are you guys doing

David: I’m on my way bro

Mahdi: David did you bring tape?

David: yeah got it

Chris: Can someone let me in? I’m downstairs

Isak: what the fuck is this

I might have asked for some help moving our stuff

Isak: ???????? I’m at work what the hell

Eva: Nice bathroom Isak. Hope you don’t break this sink too

Isak: you’re there too??

Vilde: You get so much sunlight i’m so jealous

Isak: wtffff

Jakob: I got you guys a housewarming gift <3
Isak: wtf
Lisa: can I join the threesome?
David: pfft! You’re not even here to help
Eva: Anyone seen Sana?
Eva: Noora you in this chat?
Noora: I’m here. Can’t help with the moving sorry :/
Noora: I don’t know where Sana is
Eva: well that friendship was short-lived
Vilde: lol
Jonas: Sana’s on her way. She just texted me.
Isak: ????? who else is in my freaking apartment

Isak: IS THAT CHRIS BERG????
Isak: Wtf?????
Eva: :p
It took them some time to settle into their new apartment. Mostly because Isak didn’t want to open the boxes and just wanted to make out everywhere. He eventually came around, rather begrudgingly, but he came around.

Even sat there and went through the comment section once, twice, and then a third time. He couldn’t believe how awful people were. He couldn’t believe it.

And when he read the comment about being ‘unstable’, he couldn’t help but feel like he had just gotten stabbed.

Wow. Glad to know that’s how people see me.
It was okay. Things were okay. Even didn’t care. He knew. He knew that Isak loved him and that he loved Isak and that they were going to last forever. He knew that Isak couldn’t care less about fame. He knew that Isak was wonderful and loved him for him. He knew that his bipolar didn’t invalidate his feelings. He knew it.

But why did it feel like he was ruining Isak’s life. Why did it feel like he was trapping him. Why.

Even’s thoughts overwhelmed him. He didn’t know what to do, and sometimes when Isak concentrated on a book and didn’t pay attention to him, Even worried that he might get bored of him some day. He worried that one day Isak would wake up and decide that he wanted to have more and explore more and know more. It made no sense but Even worried. And he knew that it wasn’t fair. But he couldn’t help it.

What if one day you wake up and decide that you want more. What if one day you wake up and don’t want me anymore.

“Do you want to try new stuff?” Even asked one night.

“What do you mean?”

“I don’t know. We can spice things up.”

“Even, I’m pretty sure our sex life is spicy enough,” said Isak, rolling over to rest on Even’s chest.

“Yeah, but maybe there’s more that you want to do? You’ll tell me right? If you want to do something? I’ll do anything you want.”

“Hey,” Isak brought his hand to his face and ran his thumb on his cheekbone. “What is this about? I’m sure I tell you what I want every time.”

“Yeah. But like if you want something else, don’t feel weird. Like if you want I don’t know. If you want to have a threesome or something?”

“What?!”

“I mean I don’t know.”

“Even, are you telling me that you want to have a threesome right now? What the fuck? With who?” Isak left his chest and sat up.

“No! No. No! That’s not what I meant! I just want you. I mean. It’s for you. Like. I keep thinking how you’re stuck with me. And it’s not fair to you. And-”

“Even, what the fuck! I don’t want to sleep with anyone else. I don’t want to do anything with anyone else. Are you serious?!”

“I’m sorry. I’m sorry.”

“Even have you been reading shit online?” Isak asked.

Even closed his eyes and ran a hand over his face. How am I so freaking transparent.
Isak sighed and snuggled back against him.

“Fuck them! It’s probably some sad girl who knows nothing and who’s obsessed with the idea of two men banging. Honestly fuck everyone,” said Isak.

“I’m sorry,” Even mumbled.

“It’s okay.”

Even became obsessed with proving everyone wrong. He wanted everyone to know that Isak was a wonderful person who truly cared about him, but he didn’t know how to do that. He didn’t know how to tell him how much he meant to him. He didn’t know what he would do if he didn’t get into film school yet again. Even didn’t know a lot of things.

“Are you- Are you smoking weed right now, Even?!” Isak yelled the moment he got into their apartment.

“Uh what?”

“Even, what the hell?” Isak walked towards him and yanked it from his hand. “You know what this shit does to you. It messes with your brain.”

“I just wanted to go somewhere for a second. I’m sorry,” said Even. He felt a bit disoriented. A bit all over the place.

“Babe, what’s going on? You’re so weird lately.”

“I’m fine. Don’t worry.”

“I don’t want to tell you what to do. I don’t want to be controlling and annoying, but you know what this does to you,” said Isak.

“I know. I know. I’m sorry.”

Isak was right. *What the fuck was he thinking.*

Baby❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️

19:23

I have a surprise for you

Oh no

Oh no????

You know I don’t like surprises :((

Look at this
Is that the surprise?
A postcard?

No i just saw it and i thought of you

lol
Please don’t buy it
You buy the most random shit lately
Gotta save up

Ok I won’t buy it :p

What’s the surprise then
Where are you

Can’t tell you
Will ruin the surprise

Now I’m worried lol

:p

❤

Even was excited. He was excited because he knew Isak would love it. It still hurt and he was told to wait before showering and to keep it covered.

“Where’s my surprise?” Isak asked the moment Even crossed the door, smiling.
“It’s right here,” said Even.

“Oh it’s you? You should have said it earlier. I was worried for nothing.”

Isak crossed the living room to where Even was standing by the door and wrapped his arms around him. Even winced. *Ouch.*

“What? Did you fall?”

“No. No,” said Even.

“Why are you in pain?”

“Follow me,” said Even, making his way to the bedroom.

He lay on the bed and removed his shirt.

“Hey, I’m liking this,” said Isak.

“Oh yeah?”

Isak climbed on top of his legs and kissed him.

“Yeah,” he breathed.

Isak reached out to unbuckle Even’s belt and he couldn’t help but jump.

“Slow,” said Even.

“What? Why are you wincing?”

Isak’s reaction wasn’t what Even expected. He didn’t expect a frown on his face. He didn’t expect concern in his voice.

“You got a tattoo.”

“I got a tattoo,” said Even.

“A tattoo that says my name, right above your hipbone,” said Isak.

“Yes.”

“Why?”

“What do you mean why?” said Even, burying his fingers in Isak’s hair. “Because you’re my forever. You know that.”

“Even, you didn’t have to ruin your skin to tell me that.”

“I didn’t ruin anything.”

“Even,” Isak breathed then looked down at the tattoo. “I don’t know what to say.”

“You hate it?”
“No, it’s not that. It’s just.”

“It’s too much?” said Even.

“I’m sorry. I wasn’t expecting this.”

“Oh.”

Isak sighed then yanked Even’s boxers down.

“What are you doing?”

“I’m gonna blow you now,” said Isak.

“What?”

“I’m still processing this but you just told me that I’m your forever or something. Now I’m hard.”

Even laughed.

“I don’t know why me saying cheesy stuff turns you on but I like it.”

.

One thing lead to another and Isak was now panting on top of him, straddling him, sinking around him.

“E-Even.”

“So good for me, so good for me baby,” Even panted, one hand reaching up and holding Isak’s neck, the other on his hip.

Even couldn’t handle his flushed face and his little moans anymore, so he sat up and flipped them over.

“Feel good?”

“Yeah, baby. Fuck me,” Isak mumbled.

And he did, slowly, deeply, with as much passion as he carried in his heart. His skin was on fire and his hipbone was hurting, the tattoo still very much a bruise. But Even couldn’t care less, not when he was sinking into Isak, not when Isak looked like that. Not when he could feel him like that. They had long given up on condoms. Everything was just too much all the time.

Even didn’t know how long they kept going but Isak had already climaxed. Maybe twice. He looked tired and uncomfortable. When Even’s brain finally snapped back into focus, he realized that Isak looked like he was in pain.

“What’s wrong? What’s wrong!”

“Oh gosh,” Isak lamented, bringing an arm up to hide his face.


When he moved Isak’s arm from his face, he was crying.
“Oh no. What did I do? What did I do?! Isak? Isak, please.”

But Isak reached up, wrapped his arms around Even’s back, and pulled him down for a tight hug. Tight so tight.

“You’re slipping away from me,” he cried into his neck.

“Baby, what are you talking about?”

“I don’t know how to stop this. I’m sorry.”

“I’m fine! I’m totally fine! What?!”

“Can we go see your doctor tomorrow? Please?” Isak pleaded with tears all over his face.

“We can do anything you want.”

“I’m sorry. I just don’t want to lose you.”

“You won’t lose me,” said Even, before pressing a kiss to his forehead. “I’m fine. And I’m right here.”

That night Even got the best idea ever. He now knew how he was going to make everyone see what a wonderful person Isak was. He knew. So he sat down and he wrote and wrote and wrote and wrote.

“Come back to bed,” Isak pleaded.

“I have to finish this,” said Even.

“Please. Even, please!”

“I promise I’m almost done.”

“Even-” Isak’s voice broke and Even’s head turned so fast that his neck almost snapped.

“What? Are you okay? What’s wrong?”

“Please, sleep with me. Please, baby. Please? Let’s just get some sleep?”

Even obliged. But as soon as Isak fell asleep, he left the bed and wrote some more.

He kept this going for almost a week. He would put Isak to sleep then climb out of bed to write.

Now

“I would really appreciate it if people could stop showing up to where I work. It would be awesome. I really like my job and I don’t want to be fired,” said Isak. “And you can speculate about my sex drive all you want but please don’t tag my friends on Instagram. It’s very freaking embarrassing.”

“I’m very sorry to hear about what you’re going through,” said Synne.

“Oh, it’s okay. I’m getting the hang of it. I’m just doing this because of a prank.”
“What?”

“Yeah. My friends Magnus and David sent you the e-mail about me wanting to come here. Sorry for the confusion. I hate both of you by the way,” said Isak.

Even shoved his phone in his pocket, adjusted the earphones, put on his shoes, and smiled at Isak’s last words.

“Also Even, if you’re listening, David says he’ll cut off your balls if you don’t call in right now,” said Isak.

Before

Even was in the studio and Sebastian looked at him weird.

“What?”

“Are you okay?” said Sebastian. “You look like hell and you go on tangents during the show.”

“What?! I’m fine. What are you talking about?” said Even.

“Even, this is the fourth time you’ve treated the entire team to lunch. What’s going on?”

.

Even was talking about the latest Xavier Dolan movie with a listener when Synne told him in his earpiece that he had to cut it short and play a song.

“Why?” he asked out loud, live on air.

Sebastian frowned at him and the listener seemed confused.

“I’m having a great time talking to this listener about this movie and I don’t want to interrupt that to play a song,” said Even.

.

“What’s up? Are you okay?” said Synne after the show was over.

“What do you mean? Of course.”

“You just yelled at me while you were live on air, Even. I don’t call that being okay.”

“I didn’t mean to yell. I’m sorry I got carried away,” said Even.

“I don’t care about that. I’m asking you if you’re okay. You don’t look too good. Have you been sleeping? Are you taking your meds?”

What the fuck.

“Of course! What kind of question is this? I know I’m bipolar but I’m not a kid!”

.

“Hi baby,” said Isak, greeting him with a soft kiss.
Even felt himself relax instantly. *Gosh, what would I do without you.*

“Hi,” said Even, his hands reaching up to cup Isak’s face.

“How was your day?”

“I don’t know. I lashed out at Synne and now I feel bad.”

“What happened?” said Isak, looking soft, soft, so soft.

“Not important,” said Even, leaning in and pressing their lips together. “Wanna make out?”

“Yes.”

They had sex for hours again, and Isak cried again, quite hysterically this time. Even was insatiable.

“We’re going. We’re going to see your doctor. I don’t give a shit, Even!”

The doctor said that he was probably experiencing hypomania and that he should be careful, that he probably shouldn’t even be working right now. Even didn’t know what it meant. He stopped listening right after that. He nodded and let Isak lead him out.

He was fine. This doctor didn’t know what he was talking about. He was feeling completely normal.

“Hi Even, this is Thomas from Oslo,” said a listener.

“Hello Thomas, how’s your day so far?” said Even.

“Great. Great.”

“Wanna request a song? Have something on your mind?”

“No for the song, but yes for the latter,” said Thomas.

“Okay. What’s up?”

“I just wanted to say that I admire how you deal with all the overwhelming stuff people throw your way. Especially online. I read the comments sometimes and I feel bad but I like how you’re handling it,” said Thomas.

“Oh. Thanks.”

“Yeah. I mean I get why some people are upset. I’m not a huge fan of your boyfriend myself, but I don’t think attacking him or you is a smart idea,” said Thomas. “I mean you’re human beings after all.”

Even stopped listening the moment he heard that this guy didn’t like Isak.

“Why don’t you like Isak?” said Even.

“What?”
“You said you’re not a huge fan of him. Why not?”

“Even, what are you doing?” Synne asked in his earpiece.

“No, I just want to understand because I seriously don’t get how people can be such assholes to a person like him. I don’t fucking get it, like you don’t even know him. You don’t even know us. Hell, you don’t even know me!”

“Uh, I think what Even means is that-” Sebastian started.

“No! I’m done with this, man. I need people to understand what this does to a person. I need people to stop for a minute and realize what their words do to him. I just need them to- I don’t even know,” said Even.

“Yo, man I never harassed you or anything,” said Thomas.

Sebastian quickly put on a song and Even’s microphone was suddenly on mute.

“What the hell?” said Synne.

Even leaned into his chair and pulled out an empty pack of cigarettes. His emergency joint was there. Thank God.

“What do you think you’re doing?” said Sebastian.

“Lighting a joint?” said Even.

“You can’t do that here!”

“Why not?”

The rest was a blur. Even wasn’t really sure what went down and what didn’t. But Isak was pressed against his side and dragging him outside under everyone’s judging eyes. Isak looked so concentrated, so unaffected, like he had done this a thousand times.

He wrapped an arm around Even’s waist and dragged him out of the building with intent as people’s cameras went off.

The fall was rather brutal. He had gone through worse but it was still brutal nonetheless. It hurt. Everything hurt. He had blacked out. He couldn’t remember a thing from a good couple of days.

“I’m sorry,” said Even.

“It’s not your fault,” Isak mumbled, running a hand through his hair.

“It is. People are right. I’m unstable. You deserve someone who isn’t unstable. I can’t do this to you.”

“Shut up and stop worrying about what Becky said,” said Isak.

“Her name is Becky?”
“I don’t know. That’s what people are saying on the internet.”

Even slept for days. He tried remembering what he did during those weeks but he couldn’t recall everything. He felt too tired, too lethargic, too paralyzed.

Isak gave him space during the day and curled around him at night.

Even loved him with all his heart, but sometimes he wished he could spend a night alone.

Isak seemed to be able to read his mind because he left him one night to sleep at Eva’s.

“I’ll be back in the morning,” he said

Even latched onto him the moment Isak crossed the bedroom door the following day.

“Don’t leave me again,” he whispered against his neck.

“Oh, I won’t.”

“What did I do? Tell me,” said Even.

“You don’t remember?”

“I do but some of it is mixed with dreams, and I don’t know what to trust.”

“Are you sure?” said Isak.

“Yes.”

“Oh. So you replied to every comment on my insta and on yours. You went on facebook and wrote some stuff there, too. You wouldn’t leave the studio that day and I had to come get you. We went to a party and Erik was there and you dragged us to the couch where he was sitting and we made out for like half an hour. That was actually nice. Erik was furious. You e-mailed the Film school some script you wrote last month according to Jodel and then posted it on a public website. You also sent some expensive gifts to my mother and got me a turtle,” said Isak. “But yeah could have been worse.”

“Wait,” Even’s eyes went wide. “I posted the script?!”

The world was ending and Even didn’t know what to do to stop the fire from spreading. It was uncontainable. This was it. He fucked up.

His phone started buzzing an hour later and it didn’t stop for a whole week. But Even didn’t even care about the others. What he cared about was Isak. Isak who couldn’t even look at him. Isak who was mortified and who now flinched when Even tried to touch him.

“I’m sorry. I’m so sorry. I just wanted. I wanted people to see you. I wanted people to stop saying that you’re using me. I wanted them to see what a wonderful person you are,” Even pleaded.

“Baby, who gives a fuck about people? Just. Why did you do that? You wrote a script about our story and you included everything. Everything! About everyone! You talked about Lynn and Jakob and my mom and even fucking Erik and Aina! You didn’t even change the names. Even, I don’t
know how I’m gonna face anyone after this. And my mom? Even, that wasn’t your story to tell! I never told anyone! And now. Fuck. I don’t know what to do! The whole country knows my entire life story.”

“I’m sorry. I wasn’t thinking. Please forgive me. I’m sorry.”

“It’s not me you should be apologizing to, baby,” said Isak, a hand cupping Even’s face.

Even packed a bag and crashed at Sonja’s.

“What are you doing here?” she said.

“I fucked everything up,” said Even.

“You can stay in the spare room. And yes I will walk around without my bra on.”

“It’s fine.”

Baby ❤ ❤ ❤ ❤ ❤

10:34

You left? You fucking left?

Are you kidding me??

I’ll be back

I’m at Sonja’s

I left a note

I’m sorry.

I just need time to fix this mess

I’m sorry i’ll be back

just come home

we’ll fix it together

i can't even look at you right now i feel terrible

i’m sorry

it's okay

really?

really
Isak didn’t contact him for a whole week and Even felt like he was suffocating. He wasn’t fixing the mess. He was just sleeping and taking mindless walks around town when everyone went to bed.

Lynn Skavlan

14:39

hey I just want you to know that it's okay and that i don't blame you

I’m sorry I dropped your name like that in that script

It wasn’t my story to tell

It’s ok

I deserve it

no you don't

how are you?

heartbroken

Aina found out when she read your script

She found out what i did

And she's not talking to me

she'll come around

when she realizes how much you care for her

i really love her you know

i know

she'll come around ❤

i'm sorry again

❤

NRK interns 2019

15:14

Lisa: oh my god did Even just create a groupchat

David: Even :(  

I’m sorry everyone
I’m so sorry
I wasn’t thinking
I don’t know what to say

Jakob: It’s okay man
Jakob: :)

Chris: is that your impression of me man?
Mari: what impression? You weren’t even on the script
Chris: exactly!
Sara: Even really digs Jakob from his script I was surprised
Jakob: :’))

David: yeah considering he’s always trying to steal his boyfriend
Jakob: when have I EVER??
Lisa: Even <3 I just want you to know that it’s okay and that none of us resent you
Lisa: I do sound psychotic in your script though
David: So who’s playing me in your movie?
Sara: More importantly who’s playing Isak and Even!
Lisa: Tarjei should play Isak obviously
David: OH MY GOD And we should get that Henrik guy to play Even!!!
Lisa: JKFDKJKFD they already ended up on a project together last year right??
David: GENIUS

Baby ❤ ❤ ❤ ❤ ❤

21:21

Isak. My love

I know you hate it when I call you this but I know you secretly love it. I’m sorry I put you in a shitty situation again. I never intended to do that. Sometimes I wonder what you see in me. Sometimes I wonder why you love me so damn much when all I do is hurt you over and over again. Sometimes it kills me to know that you love me, and sometimes I wonder how much better your life would be if you had never met me, if I was no longer part of this world. I don’t know. Sometimes I just wonder. I was so sick of people bringing you down and being so mean to you when you’re the best thing that ever happened to me. I was scared you might get tired of the constant harassment and that I would lose you. I was so scared and i didn’t think. I’m sorry. I just couldn’t bear the thought of losing you, of being alone again. But we’re all alone anyways, aren’t we? I understand if you can’t forgive me. I
revealed all your secrets and your entire life to the whole world. I’m sorry.

In another universe, you never met me and you’re probably happy right now. That’s my only consolation in this moment.

I love you. I’m sorry.

Even

baby come home

you'll never be alone again i promise

just come home

Even struggled to fall asleep. And when he woke up in the morning, it was to a text from Lynn telling him to put on NRK 1.

Isak was a guest. Synne was hosting -- she almost never hosted. And his heart was breaking.

Now

Even was on the bus, still listening to the show. He was wearing one of Isak’s snapbacks, but some people still recognized him.

“Actually Magnus and David are here as well today. They’re in the control room,” said Isak.

“Should we bring them in?” said Synne.

“Sure, if it’s cool with you,” said Isak.

“Want to play a song while we get them set up?”

“Yeah sure,” said Isak. “I can play whatever I want?”

“Whatever you want,” said Synne.

**Now Playing: Vanessa Hudgens - (Baby) Come Back To Me**

Even listened to the whole *damn* song and smiled to himself like an idiot. *Gosh I love you.*

“So Magnus, you’ve been friends with Isak for a while?” said Synne.

“Yeah. The longest time. Woah it’s so cool to be here. What the fuck?!” said Magnus.

“Language,” Even heard Isak whisper.

“Oh shit. Sorry! I called once back when I thought Even was into tits,” said Magnus.

“That’s enough,” said someone else in the room.

“It’s okay Jonas, I got this,” said Isak.
“Oh. Sorry I forget that he might still be into tits. Whatever,” said Magnus.

“Magnus, do you wanna say what you’re actually here to say, man?” said Isak.

“Oh yeah, right. Hi. My name is Magnus Fossbakken, and Vilde if you’re listening, please be my girlfriend.”

“Gosh!” Jonas interjected again.

“Kidding! Kidding everyone!” said Magnus. “I’m actually here to say something I’ve been meaning to say for a while but never had a chance to.”

“Go on,” said Synne, rather begrudgingly. Even was all too familiar with the changes in her voice and her tone.

“My mother is bipolar,” said Magnus. “I’ve lived with her my whole life and she’s the coolest person in the world. She’s doing great by the way!”

“Oh, that’s wonderful to hear, Magnus,” said Synne.

“Yeah. She really likes Even and she became so attached to him and the show that she created a facebook to check on him and stuff. But lately this shit has been too much, you know. And it really started affecting her as well. What people say about Even’s bipolar as if it made him brain-dead, like he’s not even human. Did you know that people call him ‘unstable’ and stuff. That’s just so mean. Like. What the hell? And people saying that Isak deserves better? Did you meet Isak? He’s insufferable. He’s lucky Even bears him. But yeah. I just want people to know that their shit has started to keep my mom up at night and I don’t like it. So shut up.”

“Shut up? Really man?” said David. “When you said you were gonna make everyone shut the hell up, I kind of expected more.”

“What?!” said Magnus.

Even laughed and Isak laughed and Synne laughed, and everything was just great for a moment.

Even got out of the first bus and waited to transfer into the second one.

“What about you David? Have anything to say?” said Synne.

“Yeah, well. I just wanted to say that I’m a bit hurt that people favor Jakob over me. I mean I presided the Evak club for the longest time while he was snaking in the background. I don’t get it,” said David.

“Oh my god,” Isak sighed and Even just knew that was rolling his eyes.

“What? It’s true!” said David.

“Is the person waving in the control room Jakob?” said Synne.

“Yeah,” said David. “Everybody’s here actually. You see that sad girl in the corner holding a turtle? That’s Lisa. She’s co-president. When you guys responded to our prank e-mail, I sent it to our groupchat so we’re all here.”

Synne was laughing but she still managed to ask ‘why?’

“Because we want to be here when Even shows up,” said David.
“You don’t know that,” said Isak.

“I do,” said David. “I bet he’s running here right now.”

This fucker.

“How did you manage to bring a turtle in here by the way?” said Synne.

“We put her in a box,” said David. “She’s Isak’s turtle by the way. Her name is Escobar. Even got him a turtle after his other turtle died.”

“My turtle did not die!” said Isak. “It was a lie! How many times do I have to tell you?”

“Sure, Isak. Can I request a song?” said Magnus.

“Sure,” said Synne. “It’s time for a musical break anyway.”

Now Playing: Gabrielle - 5 fine frøkner

Even made it to the NRK buildings and suddenly remembered that he hadn’t been back since his meltdown almost a month earlier. He freezed. Shit. what now.

He made it to the bench, his and Isak’s bench, and sat down.

“Dude, you could have requested any song and you requested 5 fine frøkner?” said David.

“Piss off, I panicked,” said Magnus.

“Disappointment after disappointment,” said David.

“Speaking of disappointment, why isn’t Even calling?” said Magnus.

Dammit Mags.

“I think it’s time for us to go boys,” said Jonas. “Let’s give Isak a second.”

“Isak I have a few people on the line who would really like to talk to you. Would you like to take a phone call?” said Synne.

“Uhm. I’m sorry but I’m not really ready for stuff like that. I hope you guys don’t think I’m rude.”

Oh baby.

“No it’s okay.”

“Thank you,” said Isak. “I want to say something though. I know that everyone knows everything about my life now. And I was upset for a moment, but I don’t care anymore. I just don’t want people in my life to be hurt by this. Please if you want to take stuff out on anyone, just do it on me. Also my mother is not crazy. She’s mentally ill and I will hunt down anyone who says shit about her or Even. I’m just letting you all know. Other than that, I don’t really have a deep message to share. This was literally a prank. I’m sorry for wasting everyone’s time. People listening must be really confused—”
“Oh, sorry Isak. But I think. I think we have an incoming call from, uh, Even?” said Synne.

*Let’s do this.*

“Oh.”

Even’s heart was beating like crazy and he was leaving the bench now, making his way to the studio. He just had to end Isak’s suffering.

“Hello?” said Even, his heart in his throat.

“Uh, hi,” said Isak.

“Hello Even,” said Synne. “How are you?”

“Very well thank you,” said Even. “Sorry for bailing this past month.”

“All good. Feels weird having you on the other side of the line.”

“Yeah,” Even chuckled. “Uh Isak. You there?”

“Yeah. Hi. How are you?” said Isak.

“I’m on my way. You sound great on the radio, baby,” said Even.

Isak laughed and Even started running across the building because *fuck it.*

“Are you running?” said Isak.

“Yes.”

“Good.”

.

When Even made it in front of the studio, his heart was bursting with so much love and so much fear that he forgot how to breathe. He couldn’t believe this. He couldn’t believe it. Isak was out there cracking jokes on national radio when Even had single-handedly ruined his life and the lives of every person they knew.

“I gotta go,” said Isak.

“I’ll take over,” said David. “I have more stuff to share.”

Even took off his headphones and shoved them in his pockets. He barely had enough time to throw his snapback on the floor and run a hand through his hair before a flying Isak came through the door and lunged at him.

Even lifted him off the ground and wrapped his arms around his back and laughed. *Gosh, he fucking* laughed, because he could and because he wanted to and because he missed laughing. He missed it so *damn* much.

Isak laughed, too. His arms around Even’s shoulders and his legs now around Even’s waist, holding on tightly, his face buried in his neck.

“Missed you. Oh god. I missed you,” said Isak.
“I missed you, too. Baby, I’m sorry. I’m sorry I let you deal with all that shit alone,” said Even.

“Stop apologizing. Just stop fucking apologizing,” said Isak, his face leaving his neck, his two hands coming up to cup Even’s face. “Kiss me.”

Even kissed him and everything was alright in the world again. Isak threaded his fingers through Even’s hair and moaned against his mouth, while Even placed his hands on Isak’s under thighs to keep him from falling.

They kissed like that for a while, right in front of Even’s favorite studio, all promises and regrets and ‘sorry’s and ‘it’s okay’s. They kissed with no care in the world. People were probably watching them now, but people also knew their entire story, down to the most embarrassing detail. So who cares.

Even thought he heard David squeal so he opened his eyes mid-kiss, and when he did Isak’s were still closed. He was panting and he was beautiful, so beautiful.

Even choked up because he didn’t know what he had done to deserve this.

“Gosh, I’m so fucking sorry,” he lamented again.

Isak unwrapped his legs from around his waist, climbed off, and grabbed Even’s face in his hands.

“It’s okay. I don’t give a shit. I promise,” said Isak. “Hey. Hey, look at me.”

Even met his eyes and felt like combusting.

“You’re not alone,” said Isak. “Do you hear me? That stuff in your text about being alone is bullshit. You’re not alone, okay?”

“Gosh,” Even sighed and leaned into Isak’s touch. “I don’t know what to do to make this thing go away. I don’t know.”

“Doesn’t have to go away. Now you can go and make a movie about us,” said Isak. “You can even make it your film school project. What do you think?”

Even laughed and wanted to come up with something witty to say, but Isak’s eyes were teary and he looked serious, and Even replayed his last sentence in his head.

“What?”

“I called to tell you but you weren't picking up and I didn't want to text you such big news,” said Isak.

"What are you talking about?"

"It came in the mail two days ago. You probably weren’t checking your e-mail,” said Isak, still cupping his face, still teary-eyed.

“What?” Even’s voice broke.

“You did it, baby,” said Isak, before leaning up to kiss him. “You got in. You’re going to film school.”

“No.”
“Yes,” said Isak, pressing one, two, three kisses all over his face.

“Oh my god! Oh my god! Isak are you fucking serious?!”

“I’m very fucking serious. I guess all that footage of me eating cereal in the kitchen got to the selection jury. Must be my eyebrows.”

“Oh my god! Holy shit! Holy fuck, kiss me!”

Isak kissed him and Even couldn’t believe this was his life. He couldn’t believe he started the day thinking everything was lost and ended it having everything he ever wished for.

Infinity

Baby ❤ ❤ ❤ ❤ ❤

17:23

Gold or black?

Where are you?

Wtf?

Shopping

Even we’re meeting my dad in 15 minutes!

I know. I’m on my way

Just saw these and thought you might appreciate the gesture :(

We're always using shirts with long sleeves

OMG Even!! I don’t want you carrying handcuffs in your bag while meeting my dad for the first time
Isak’s father was nothing like Even imagined him. He was rather supportive and nice. He was also quite warm yet detached. Even still resented him for leaving Isak behind to deal with everything.

“So how’s work?” he asked.

“Oh, nothing special,” said Isak.

“Oh, Isak is doing amazing! He’s only a uni student but they’re encouraging him to get his PhD. He’d be guaranteed a job in the research department!” said Even, with a little too much enthusiasm.

Isak gave him the look.

“Yeah whatever,” said Isak.

“I’m very proud of you,” said his father.

“Thank you.”

They walked home silently side by side when Isak reached out and grabbed Even’s hand.

“He’s nice,” said Even.

“Yeah, he is.”

“Are you okay?”

“Yeah, I’m fine,” said Isak.

They stopped walking without meaning to, and Even leaned down to pick up a dandelion off the ground.

He then cupped Isak’s face and tucked it behind his left ear.

"Pretty," said Even. "You’re so pretty like this."

He half-expected Isak to take it off, but he smiled and laced their fingers instead.

"You think?" said Isak, a blush high up his cheeks.

"The prettiest."

Isak laughed and Even's heart grew ten times bigger.

“I really wanted to do this,” said Isak. "Have you meet my dad."

“Why?”

“I’m gonna sound like a dick but I wanted him to meet you. I wanted him to know that I’m happy
and that I made it even without him,” said Isak.

Even smiled, brought their hands up to his mouth, and kissed the back of Isak’s.

“I’m proud of you,” said Even.

“I’m proud of you, too.”

“I also got us the handcuffs if you feel like wilding out tonight.”

“Oh fuck yeah.”

“Why are you wincing?” said Even, Isak still very much fully clothed, legs spread over the kitchen table.

“Oh, I might have done a thing.”

“Huh?”

“A tattoo? You got a fucking tattoo?” said Even.

“Yeah, well. You have one, too. And I was drunk and I missed you and you sent me that freaking text about me not wanting you anymore and wanting more, and I was so scared and so sad and upset, and my phone wouldn’t let me call you and I just. I don’t know. I went with Jakob and he held my hand by the way. I think he enjoyed too much up until he realized the tattoo spelled your name.”

“Gosh Isak!”

“It’s on my hipbone. No one will see it but you. I don’t care,” said Isak.

“You’re ridiculous.”

“I know.”

“So I’m your forever, too?”

“Yeah, something cheesy like that,” said Isak, before smiling into the kiss.

Even kissed his tattoo every night, every morning, every afternoon. Sometimes he sat on the couch and made Isak stand between his legs and pulled down his pants just enough to kiss his hipbone.

"I love this so much," said Even.

"Cause it says your name?"

"Cause it says you're mine," said Even.

"I'm yours."

"And I'm yours, too."
Classes started and Even enjoyed them so much. Saying goodbye to his crew at NRK and to all of his fans was the toughest part.

But Even knew that film school was his dream and that it wouldn't make sense not to pursue it. Isak was right. It was his first dream.

People only paid attention to him for the first two weeks before he started getting treated exactly like everybody else. Weeks went by and then months rolled by, and soon people’s obsession with him died down as well.

It felt weird at first, posting a picture on instagram and not having the same overwhelming reaction he usually had. But he got used to it. It was nice, very nice.

Baby ❤ ❤ ❤ ❤ ❤

18:24

Dinner and movie tonight?

Gotta work a bit late :/

You work late every night

Come on

I miss you

You see me every day

No..

I mean..

I miss you…

Oh

I have so much shit to do though :/
God! You’re the worst

Are you coming :p

On my way

Good boy

Fuck you

You will ❤

Ugh

❤

“How many years have you two been together, like four? How can you sneak out during my engagement party to fuck in my bathroom? What are you, seventeen?” said Andre.
“Sorry man,” said Even. “But have you seen Isak’s thighs in these jeans. I lost all control. I’m very sorry.”

“Oh my god! Shut up, Even!”

It was Andre’s engagement party. Isak was also getting his degree in a few days. So they had congratulatory sex everywhere.

Even was a bit buzzed from all the champagne. He barely even drank anymore but he still obliged in big occasions. Isak was completely plastered and hanging off his arm.

“Oh my god! It’s Isak and Even!” said some girl at the party.

“Hello,” said Even.

“Oh fuck this,” said Isak.

Even placed a hand on Isak’s mouth and smiled at the girl.

“Oh gosh, can I get a picture?”

“Sure,” said Even.

Another girl who seemed completely wasted came out of nowhere and yelled, “So who tops and who bottoms exactly?”

“Oh my god, don’t be fucking rude, Ingrid,” said the other girl.

Even was about to excuse himself and drag Isak away, when the younger boy spoke.

“We kinda share that. We’re quite generous to each other, you know,” said Isak in between hiccups.

Even smiled and pulled Isak away.

“Time to get you home and sober you up,” he said.

“Oh yeah, why?” said Isak.

“You haven’t been generous to me in a while,” said Even.

#CONFIRMED Isak is a larrie.

Even stared at the headline for a moment before shrugging.

I don’t know what this means.

"Even, what's a larrie?" Isak asked.

"I don't know."

“So when’s the wedding?” said Eva.
Isak nearly spilled his drink all over himself.

“What?” he shrieked.

“The wedding. Andre’s wedding? He got engaged, right?” said Eva.

Isak’s jaw dropped, and Even could immediately tell that it wasn’t the wedding Isak thought of. What.

“Oh, uh I don’t know. Like next year maybe? I don’t know,” said Isak.

“Babe,” said Even, sprawled on their bed a few weeks later.

“Hm?”

“Do you think we’ll get married?”

“What?” said Isak.

“I don’t know. Would you ever want to marry me?”

“What kind of question is this?”

“Just a question.”


“No reason.”

“Would you ever want to marry me?” said Isak, a few moments later.

“Of course.”

“Okay.”

Even was sleeping soundly when Isak woke him up in the middle of the night.

“Even! Even, wake up,” said Isak.

“What? What’s wrong?”

“Nothing. I just realized I’m turning twenty four in a few weeks.”

“Are you freaking out?” said Even, his voice still groggy from sleeping.

“No. I was just thinking.”

“About what?”

“Will you marry me?” said Isak.
“What?”


“Isak, it’s 4 in the morning,” said Even.

“Well, I don’t mean right now.”

“Isak, are you serious?”

“Yes.”

“Ugh,” Even muttered.

“Ugh? Ugh?!”

Even sighed.

“Open your top drawer,” said Even.

“What?”

“Just do it.”

Isak rolled over and opened his drawer and stayed like that for a while.

“What the fuck, Even?”

“Yeah.”

“A ring? What?! How long has this been here for?”

“A week? Maybe two?” said Even.

“What?”

“I was waiting for you to open it, but you never did.”

“Even, are you shitting me?”

“Does it look like I’m shitting you?”

They sat there in complete silence for a minute before they both bursted out laughing.

“Oh my god!” Isak lunged at Even.

“Is that a yes?” said Even.

"I asked you first!" said Isak.

"What?"

"What do you mean what?"

“YES!” they both yelled at the same time before entangling their limbs, and their lips, and their hearts, and their souls.
“We’re getting married? What the hell? What did you do to me?” said Isak.

“I’m pretty sure that in another universe, we get married at nineteen and twenty one,” said Even.

“That’s when we met.”

“Yeah.”

“Even, there’s no way any Isak in this universe would marry you then.”

“Nah, I mean in some universe, we met in Nissen when I transferred in my third year, and I seduced you when you were seventeen. We moved in together shortly after that. I then asked you to marry me right after you graduated,” said Even.

“There’s no way I would have fallen for you at seventeen,” said Isak.

“Oh, why do you sound so sure?”

“I just know.”

“Now I’m hurt.”

“I fall for you in every universe, baby,” said Isak, before pressing a soft kiss to his collarbone.

“Ditto,” said Even.

Even was nervous. He was nervous and his palms were sweaty and the tuxedo felt too small on him all of a sudden. Isak looked amazing in his. Even was really tempted to just bail and undress him as slowly as possible and-

“There’s no way,” said Isak. “Absolutely no way you’re missing this.”

“Ugh. It’s just a stupid award show.”

“Even, I’m about to hurt you,” said Isak.

“Fine!”

Everything was too much, the reporters, and the flashes, and the screaming, and the people from all these foreign countries. Even was overwhelmed. But Isak was right there holding his hand and answering the most awkward questions for him.
“It’s your first public appearance as a couple. How does it feel, Isak?” said a reporter on the red carpet.

“How about you ask my man here how he feels about his nominated movie instead, huh?” said Isak.

*Oh god.*

Even laughed and squeezed Isak’s waist. “He’s funny, isn’t he?”

The reporter didn’t laugh but Even did because Isak wasn’t taking *shit* from no one.

Surprisingly, however, Isak was also very nice and charming with people who weren’t just interested in gossip.

“So how do you feel about Even’s chances tonight?” said one reporter.

“Oh he’s going to win. And if he doesn’t I will probably pull a Kanye,” said Isak.

“This is embarrassing,” Even whispered between interviews.

“Huh?”

“It almost sounds like you’re a fan of mine.”

Isak smiled then leaned in to whisper in his ear.

“Baby, I’m your biggest fan.”

He then smiled softly and walked away to shake hands with someone.

*Gosh, I love you.*

The ceremony was nice and Even liked the presenter. And when the Kiss Cam segment started, Even knew. He just knew it would land on them.

“They might focus on us,” he whispered to Isak who was sitting to his right.

“The kiss cam?”

“Yeah. Wanna do it?”

“Uhm. Yeah whatever,” said Isak.

But the kiss cam didn’t land on them. It landed on Tarjei and Henrik instead, and they happily obliged.

“Are you fucking kidding me?” Isak scoffed beside him.

“I can’t believe my actors are stealing the spotlight away from us,” said Even.

His category was up next and Even was nervous. He was nervous and his hands were shaking, and
he only took a breath when Isak laced his fingers with his.

“No matter what happens. No matter what happens. Just remember that I’m proud of you and that to me you’re always the winner,” Isak whispered.

Even squeezed back and kissed the back of his hand. *I love you.*

Even didn’t win and he tried his best to smile and as the camera was focused on his face. He smiled and smiled and smiled but he was disappointed. Winning would have meant the world.

Isak frowned on live television and squeezed his hand the whole time.

They didn’t talk until they made it to the car. They even got them a driver. It was nice.

Even rested his head on Isak’s shoulder and closed his eyes.

“I’m sorry I didn’t win.”

“Shut up,” said Isak, cupping his face and making him look into his eyes. “Who cares what some old men in suits think? You’ll win next time.”

“Are you still my biggest fan?”

“I’m still your biggest fan,” said Isak.

“Even if the movie I made about you didn’t win?”

“Yeah,” said Isak. “You’ll just have to make the next one about me as well.”

“I can do that,” said Even, smiling.

“Wanna make out for an hour in the back of this car?”

“Yes.”

“Your boyfriend is so sweet,” said the car driver after Even tipped him.

“Husband. He’s my husband,” said Even with pride roaming around his chest.

“That’s awesome! And I loved *The Boy Who Loved too Much*. My girlfriend cried watching it,” said the driver.

“Thank you. I’m glad you liked it.”

“I’ll be watching your next movie as well!”

Even took off his clothes, fed Escobar, and climbed into bed behind Isak, pressing against his back and wrapping his arms around his stomach.

“Do you think we’ll be this happy forever?” said Isak.
“Yes.”

“Do you think I’ll cure some disease one day?”

“Yes.”

“Do you think we’ll always have it this easy?” said Isak.

“No.”

“And is that okay?”

“I think it’s perfectly fine,” said Even.

“I think so, too.”

“Good.”

“Can you believe we used to dislike each other?” said Isak.

“I never disliked you.”

“Well it’s funny cause I never disliked you either.”

“This had to be the worst Enemies to Lovers story ever,” said Even.

"Yeah, well who would believe we could ever hate each other? It's unrealistic."

"You got a point. I could never hate you."

“Make a movie about it,” Isak laughed.

“Already made two movies about us.”

“Alt Er Love was about us meeting in Nissen though. Make a third one about another dimension.”

“Alright. I’m gonna make one in which we meet in Argentina while backpacking,” said Even.

“Argentina? I would never go backpacking in Argentina. Have you met me?”

“Okay, how about we meet in Sweden during a school break before that?”

“Uhm. I don’t know about that either,” said Isak.

“Whatsoever, I’ll write it and if you hate it I’ll burn it.”

“I’m sure I’ll love it as long as we end up together,” said Isak.

“Oh we do,” said Even, rolling him around so that they were face to face. “In every universe, it’s always you and me.”

“Okay, this is getting way too cheesy. Let’s stop this conversation.”

They kissed. Simple as that.
It wasn’t always easy. Isak lost a patient once and smashed a plate on the floor. He slammed a door to his face, and Even had to break in from the bathroom window and hold him. Annie was Isak’s favorite clinical trial patient, and he was devastated for weeks.

Isak wasn't always all smiles. Isak broke down, too. Isak got tired, too. And when Marianne passed away, Isak lost the will to live, too. It took Even weeks to get him to smile again. It broke his entire soul, but he promised. He promised Marianne that he would take care of him. He promised that he would be his family. He promised.

Even had more meltdowns and some of them were caught on camera, too. He broke a rude reporter’s camera who insisted on talking about some wild rumor about their sex life, and it made the headlines.
Isak was only upset for two hours before he told him that the fucker deserved it.

It wasn’t always easy but it didn't have to be. What was the point of the highs if there were no lows?

.

Isak was upset for a whole day after reading his latest script.

"How dare you?" he asked.

"What?"


"Oh no baby."

"How could you do that?"

Even wrote about an Isak who never met his Even because his Even never made it after trying to take his own life. He wrote about an Even watching his Isak stumble through life, wondering why he felt so empty and so incomplete. He wrote about an Even who didn't give himself a chance and didn't give his Isak a chance. He wrote about an Even who gave up before his life had even started.

"I haven't sent the script to my team yet. I can just make it disappear. I don't care," said Even. "I don't want you to be sad."

"It's beautiful," said Isak. "You will win all the awards."

"You think?"

Isak nodded.

.

Even changed the ending. He changed it at the very last minute because they had to end up together, in every universe, in every story about them, in every movie about them. He made the Even in the story transcend time and space and logic and reunite with Isak at the end. And if it was absurd, then be it.

It was always Isak and Even. It didn’t matter when they met or when they didn’t meet. Their paths always crossed. They were always Isak and Even, Even and Isak.

"You will win," said Isak.

And he did.

Even didn’t think he would cry but he did. And when Isak wrapped him in a tight hug after they called his name, Even forgot that they were on live television and kissed him for a little too long.

“Babe, award, stage, now, go,” said Isak, with tears all over his face. “So fucking proud of you.”

“Gosh, I love you.”

“Go.”
To my best friend, my partner, my soulmate, and my husband, Isak. I would be nothing without you and I'm so happy you found me in a literal bathtub. I'm so glad you fought for me and for this, and I wouldn't be here if you hadn't convinced me to chase my dream. I love you and watching you save lives every day is my favorite thing in the world.
The End.

I'm so sad. I remember saying I wouldn't write while the show is airing and look at me 100K words later. I hope you liked this. This story is so important to me and I'm so happy it was important to so many of you, too.

I will edit these notes later. I'm drained. haha. I wanted to go ALL OUT and give them a grandiose ending. I hope it didn't turn you off.

Leave a comment if you felt a thing or if you laughed or if you smiled or if you didn't. I love you all so much. Thank you for the constant support. You keep blowing my mind. Every comment and kudos matter to me. Thank you.
Alt Er Love.

I hope I have enough inspiration to keep the Travel!AU going for you. *huggsssss*

Works inspired by this one
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