Paint Me a Picture (With Your True Colours)

by Evenbechbaesheim

Summary

A collection of moments set across Even and Isak's new life together, taking place in and around season 4 (and now beyond)

Alt er love <3
Isak frowns, rolling over to bury his face into the soft pillow beneath his head. Up until that point, he’d still been asleep, Even’s long fingers gently brushing down the curve of his spine, lulling him into a carefree, floating state. There’s something magical about the way Even touches him- Isak swears that there’s some kind of mystical power his boyfriend is hiding. It shouldn’t be normal that every time Even’s skin brushes against his, every electrolyte in his body lights up and starts firing on all cylinders. Even moves his hand away, and Isak feels like he’s going to implode.

Notes

Hey! So, I've sort of been following the SKAM fandom since the beginning of this year, and I instantly fell in love with it! I've been reading fanfic pretty much since season 3 ended, and now that season 4 has started (and been incredible) I've been dying to write something. Hope you all enjoy!

See the end of the work for more notes.
“What do you want to do today, baby?”

Isak frowns, rolling over to bury his face into the soft pillow beneath his head. Up until that point, he’d still been asleep, Even’s long fingers gently brushing down the curve of his spine, lulling him into a carefree, floating state. There’s something magical about the way Even touches him- Isak swears that there’s some kind of mystical power his boyfriend is hiding. It shouldn’t be normal that every time Even’s skin brushes against his, every electrolyte in his body lights up and starts firing on all cylinders. Even moves his hand away, and Isak feels like he’s going to implode.

His response is to whine.

“Too early.”

“Sorry,” Even lets out a quiet laugh, and resumes his position, fingers brushing around Isak’s neck and continuing their journey down to the small of his back, and up again. “I know you like to sleep more than anything else in the universe.”

“Even. I swear to God, if you don’t shut up talking, I’m leaving you.” Isak mumbles, voice muffled by the blanket as he buries himself into it further. He wasn’t kidding about the too early part. It doesn’t matter how fucking beautiful Even is- nothing is worth getting out of bed before midday on a Saturday.

“Jeez, okay, okay, sorry.” Even laughs again, met with a dull huff the moment he retracts his hand. That huff extends into a groan when Isak feels the bed shift beside him, as Even physically gets out of it, and starts padding around the room.

“No! Don’t leave. Come back to bed and love me.”

“Chill, I’m going to the bathroom. Then I’ll come back to bed and love you. Deal?”

“You suck.”

Even doesn’t miss a beat. “If you’re lucky.” And then, naked, he disappears out of the room.

For a second, Isak remembers another time he’d been so comfortable in bed when Even disappeared, naked. That had been a lot more anxiety-inducing than this, a sleepy, comfortable morning with his boyfriend in their apartment. Their apartment. It still felt so surreal to say out loud, let alone think about. They’d been living together for over a month now, but Isak still wasn’t used to not having Eskild barge in on them without warning, Linn complain that they were having sex too loudly, Noora shouting about everyone eating her food. Living at the Kollektivet had been fucking hell in the sense that he had no privacy, but that didn’t stop Isak from missing the little make-shift family they’d created.

Thankfully, Eskild hadn’t kicked him out of the groupchat. He still reads every message.
“Your prince has returned, and he’s brought gifts.”

“Is the gift silence?” Isak’s eyes are still squeezed shut, but he knows that by this point it’s far too late to try and chase the comfortable sleep he’d been so indulged in. Even with his eyes closed, he can sense his overgrown boyfriend as he makes his way around the bedroom—first over to the window, cracking it open and drawing back the curtains, letting in the morning sun. Then, he makes his way back over to the bed, but doesn’t lie down. Isak finally gives in, rolling over and opening his eyes with the intent to complain as Even slips underneath the sheets but remains sat up—but then he notices just what gifts Even has for him.

Two joints, rolled perfectly. Fuck—Even had even gone to the trouble to label one I and one E.

“I had a little left over from the stash I found in the bottom of my closet when we moved—and before you start whining, yours has way more in it than mine, since I’m not supposed to smoke or whatever.” He rolls his eyes playfully, but Isak can’t even pretend to be annoyed at how constantly thoughtful Even is about everything. If there was a boyfriend of the year competition, hands down, Even would’ve championed it from day one.

Isak lets out a long yawn before sitting up and leaning against Even’s side, taking the joint with the tiny I, and resting it between his lips. This is another thing he likes about having his own fucking apartment. Eskild had lectured him for hours about the neighbours’ complaints the last time he and Even had smoked in bed together. Apparently, little old Mrs Hild had threatened to call the police.

Up here, in apartment 6B, their only neighbour was a shut in middle-aged French hippie. They’d had a total of one conversation with her on the day they moved in, and the only thing she’d had any time to talk about was her eleven cats and dead ex-husband, George Clooney (apparently, no relation to the George Clooney). Isak doesn’t think they’d be ratted out for smoking weed anytime soon—because she’s clearly on something a whole lot stronger.

“Do you want music?” Even asks, joint already lit between his lips as he hands the lighter (a holographic-mirrored metal clipper that Jonas had bought them as a moving-in gift) over. Isak shakes his head, and after lighting his joint, lays himself against Even’s bare chest, forcing his boyfriend to at least sink down into their bed a little. At least this way he can get baked, and fall back to sleep comfortably. Even won’t mind.

“Nei, nei— it’s cool. I like the quiet.”

It isn’t just because Even is warm and Isak doesn’t want him to get up and find the wireless speaker. One of the main things he genuinely does enjoy about their apartment is the fact that it can be so quiet all the time. When you live with three other people, especially someone as extra as Eskild, there’s always a commotion. Now, with just himself and Even, the only people talking are them. Isak had never gotten sick of Even’s voice before.

He nuzzles into Even’s chest, trying to get closer whilst simultaneously trying to avoid burning his boyfriend with the lit end of the joint. Even’s arm tucks around him and curls at the juncture of his hip, using his thumb to rub small comforting circles into the skin. The steady rise and fall from Even’s chest as he inhales and exhales the smoke is actually quite relaxing too—he feels like a baby being rocked to sleep.

“Here.” Isak feels Even’s body shift slightly as he reaches over to the nightstand and picks up the small ashtray they left there. They don’t smoke like this often—Isak always feels guilty, like he’s obliged to make Even stop but scared of offending him by treating him like his ex. Still, they keep a little ashtray and a lighter and some papers for the odd craving. So far, they’d both been fine. Even hasn’t had an episode since Christmas.
“Thanks baby.”

Anxieties are always going to exist when you’re a fresh-out-the-closet seventeen year old insomniac with an estranged father and mentally ill mother, dating and co-inhabiting with your twenty year old manic-depressive bipolar boyfriend of the year whilst you both still attend high school. Isak’s more than happy to let all those anxieties slip away with every drag. He loves all the stupid imperfections about their relationship. When it’s bad, sure, it can be really awful, and they’ve both been on the receiving end of that. But Isak’s always stuck by his point that he doesn’t mind how bad it gets- because it just makes the good times feel incredible.

This is definitely one of the good times. He and Even stay silent whilst they smoke together, and shit, Even wasn’t kidding about his joint being way stronger. Sure, Even’s eyes are a little red, and every so often he’ll huff out a breathy laugh, but Isak’s entire body feels like it’s floating underwater. Every touch of Even’s thumb at his hip feels like silk dragging across his skin. By the time they’re both done, Isak isn’t tired, but he isn’t awake either. He looks to the little alarm clock on their nightstand, but the numbers blur at the edge and glow an angry red. He thinks it reads 10:25.

“You’re high as shit.” Even laughs at him, and Isak can’t even make his mouth work properly to say words. He feels fucking high as shit- and it probably doesn’t help that they went out to a party the night before, so he’s already got alcohol and God-knows-what-else in his system. Still, even if he could speak, Isak doesn’t know what to say. He’d rather just laugh, as Even lays him down on his back and hovers above him, pressing kisses into his face and his neck and down his chest until the soft giggles turn into quiet, hushed moans and keens; mumbles of more and please and yes.

Neither of them have the energy nor the coherency to actually get inside anyone- but Isak will settle for a lazy rut between the sheets until he’s coming all over them both. Even doesn’t take long to follow, and afterwards, they are finally still.

“We should probably get up and shower.” Isak mumbles, finally feeling the blood start to rush through his body again. As usual, Even’s left him completely boneless. It usually takes him a few seconds to remember how to breathe- let alone talk. It doesn’t help that the weed is enveloping him into a soft, suffocating hug too.

Even is laid flat on his back, but he turns his head so he and Isak can maintain half-lidded eye contact.

“Sure.” He says with a shrug. “Or we could just stay here. Like this. Forever.”

Isak ponders over the proposal.

“Well. We’re pretty gross. And we’ve run out of weed already- and it’s not even midday,” he pauses, making the effort to look like he’s really thinking it over, whilst Even laughs along beside him. “but… I’m so fucking comfortable and still kinda high so I don’t think I’m ever going to be moving again. Thanks for that.”

“Thanks for being so fucking beautiful and enticing then.” Even practically assaults the side of his face with a harsh kiss, and Isak laughs, squirming away from him. The rest of their morning is spent the same way- after a reluctant shared shower that somehow manages to remain PG- the pair climb back into bed and just lay together, talking and laughing quietly until the middle of the afternoon.
Søndag, 11:23 // Bacon Cures Everything

Chapter Summary

Isak isn't feeling too good. Even takes care of him.

Søndag. 11:23

“Oh God. I think I’m pregnant.” Isak retched again, spilling the very limited contents of his stomach into the white toilet bowl that he had been sat at, hunched over, for the last twenty-five minutes since they’d woken up. Even was quite calmly sat on the edge of the bathtub, brushing his teeth with one hand, rubbing Isak’s back gently with the other. Not that it was helping. “You bastard,” Isak continued. “I let you come in me and this is the thanks I get? A little baby Bech Næsheim clawing away at my insides? I want an abortion.”

Even clutched his chest and gasped. “You’d kill our beautiful baby? Isak, how could you? I want a divorce!”

Isak wanted to laugh, but his insides were hurting far too much. As a smile attempted to tug at his lips, he felt his stomach spin, and wretched _again_- but all he could do was dry heave. There wasn’t anything left to throw up.

“I hate you so much. Why did you let me finish all that Tequila?”

“I tried to warn you.” Even spat a mouthful of toothpaste and saliva into the sink before rinsing his mouth out, and then emptied the small cup that held both their toothbrushes and filled it with water, which he handed to Isak. “But no- you were all, _nei_ Even, _I can drink Eva under the table_ Even, _I can handle my shots_ Even, _I’m not drunk_ Even, _take me upstairs and fuck me in the bathroom_ Even—”

“- alright, alright! I get your point.” Isak pouted as Even crouched down to where he was slumped on the floor, holding the cup to his lips and tilting it, forcing Isak to drink. He couldn’t lie and say the water didn’t feel like pure relief slipping down his throat and into his upturned stomach. At least he didn’t feel like wrenching anymore. “I was drunk. I was so ridiculously drunk. If Vilde put me on her snapchat, I’m suing.”

“Oh no, she got you good.” Even reached up, flushing the toilet and closing the lid now that Isak was done puking his guts out. It was surprising to Isak, how comfortable he felt having Even sit there and watch him vomit loudly. He supposed that was what just happened when you started living with someone. You took them for everything they were- even the grossest parts.

Isak rested his head against the cool plastic of the toilet lid and groaned, as Even held his phone in front of his face and showed him what was quite clearly a video of himself, Eva, and Magnus, drunkenly attempting to play _Bop It!_ in the middle of a house party. The other guests around them were either amused, or distantly irritated. Clearly, they didn’t care.
“Magnus and Vilde ended up breaking the light fixture in the bathroom when they were hooking up, which the girl wasn’t too happy about,” Even narrated the next series of snaps, which were all photos of wires hanging out of a ceiling and Magnus’ guilty expression underneath them. “-oh, and here’s you again, telling the camera how much you love Jonas.”

“Oh God.”

“And then this part’s my favourite-” Even smirked, tapping the screen so it skipped to a video of Even, sitting on the couch talking to some pretty girl that Isak didn’t recognise. He frowned, wondering what about this snapchat video in particular was so special- until he saw himself, stumbling over, all but throwing himself into Even’s lap. Not that Even seemed to mind, laughing and wrapped his arms around Isak’s waist as his face was peppered with drunken sloppy kisses.

“When someone else gets within a hundred feet of your boyfriend.” Isak read the video caption out loud, before banging his head against the toilet bowl softly. “Fy faen. I hate Vilde and I hate myself. I’m never drinking again.”

“Sure you aren’t, baby.” Even patted his head adoringly, and planted a soft kiss in Isak’s curls. “Now please, get up off the bathroom floor and shower, because you look pretty gross right now. I’ll make you some breakfast. Bacon is a perfect hangover cure.”

“Have I ever told you how much I love you?” Isak mumbled as Even climbed to his feet, before reaching a hand to pull Isak up as well.

“Not today.” Came Even’s reply, kissing him once on the forehead. Isak smiled, but it still hurt a little bit to keep his eyes fully open for more than a few seconds. The light was too fucking bright in their all-white-bathroom, and every tiny noise that wasn’t Even’s soothing voice assaulted his ears like the rushing of heavy traffic.

“I love you.” He said, and Even beamed as he headed out of the room.

“I love you too, mannen i mit liv.” He called from the hallway, and Isak couldn’t help but grin to himself. Sure, hangovers sucked, but having Even around to take care of him made them just that little bit more bearable.
Fredag, 23:09 // The Storm

Chapter Summary

Slightly angsty chapter. This time from Jonas' POV.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Fredag. 23:09

When Jonas opens his front door, he’s already pretty irritated. He doesn’t know who the fuck would have the audacity to be knocking on random doors after eleven pm on a Friday. He’s glad at least that his mom isn’t awake, and hadn’t heard and started yelling. However, the incessant knocking had disrupted his game of FIFA, and now those snotty American kids were probably slating him over Xbox Live in a language he could barely follow.

He doesn’t know what he’s expecting really. Stupid kids probably, running around and knocking on doors for fun. But one glance at the frosted window above the front door tells him that it’s still raining too hard for any kids to just be out playing. It’s the worst rainstorm Oslo’s seen in a while. Magnus had been convinced they were going to cancel school, and Jonas has to admit, he was almost starting to believe him. The rain had been chucking it down in heavy buckets since midday, and hadn’t yet show any signs of stopping. As the darkness of a spring night set in, the thunder had rumbled and flashes of light night had struck around the city. Jonas had laid back in his bed and wonder which God was so ultimately pissed that he had to reign down on them with such vigour.

When he opens the door, he has an inkling.

Isak’s curls are soaked, pressed against the flushed skin of his forehead. He’s deathly pale, likely from the cold, but his cheeks are flushed red with exhaustion. There’s rainwater smattering his face and his hair and his clothes, but Jonas can see through that as he sees through everything else Isak ever does, and stares at the ghost of tear tracks that stain from the corners of his eyes to his cheeks. He’s wearing a cotton hoodie, completely soaked through, a pair of jeans Jonas hasn’t seen in years, odd socks, sneakers. He doesn’t even have his snapback on, let alone a bag.

Jonas just stands there and stares at him, rainwater dripping off the end of his button nose.

“Even…” Isak squeaks, body stiff like a spooked cat. Jonas is reluctant to even take a step forwards, as if Isak’s just going to scuttle off away from him, back into the wet night. “Even and I… we had a fight. I didn’t know where else to go.”

There’s a pause of silent understanding between them both. Jonas looks at Isak, and Isak looks back at Jonas. Behind them, in the distance, thunder cracks. Jonas had thought it was the Gods who were angry. Now he isn’t so sure.

“Come in.”
Isak shuffles past him, running a hand through his wet hair anxiously as he tries to kick his sneakers off in the safety of the (now slightly damp) porch. Jonas doesn’t even bother asking questions, just lays a heavy hand on his best friend’s shoulder in a way he hopes is somewhat comforting.

“Stay here. Make tea or… hot chocolate, or whatever. I’ll get you some dry clothes.”

Isak just nods, and then lets out a little sniff. Jonas can go along with the façade that it’s from the cold, and not because he’s trying really hard not to start crying again. It’s Isak, for God’s sake. Jonas can go along with just about anything.

An hour later, Jonas looks at Isak for the first time in a long time.

Of course, he sees Isak every day at school, and most weekends. They’re not as inseparable as they used to be, but that’s to be expected. Isak has a boyfriend now, which is a sentence Jonas never thought he’d be able to say. Isak has a boyfriend, who’s four inches taller than the rest of them and two years older, with a wicked smile and charming wit and manic-depressive bipolar disorder.

Jonas looks at Isak, who is sitting cross legged in front of the fireplace with one of Jonas’ old, faded WU-TANG CLAN T-shirts and a pair of basketball shorts, barefoot, a blanket wrapped around his shoulders. His hair is dry now, but where he’d rubbed at it so furiously with the towel Jonas had tossed him, it’s fluffy and soft like a fucking kitten’s, and the ends are just beginning to take on their signature curl. By this point, a year ago, Isak probably would’ve gotten a haircut. Apparently, Even prefers it long.

It’s not that Jonas is jealous of Even. He likes Even plenty- the dude is cool, and knows stuff about films and art and politics that none of Jonas’ friends have ever bothered to pay attention to. Even’s the only person in the group who’ll sit down with him at a party and make small talk about the oppressive weight of a capitalistic society on the masses whilst simultaneously rolling the perfect joint. Even more importantly, Even takes care of Isak, makes him happy, makes him feel safe. What with all the instability the last few years had brought his friend, Jonas is happy to see Even take over the full-time position of anchor, keeping the walls from crumbling and the roof from caving in.

He’s not jealous, not by a long shot. He’s just missed this.

Isak takes another sip of his hot chocolate, and sniffs again. His eyes are red, but not in the good way. Jonas looks at him- really looks at him for the first time in months, and he can finally put his finger on what is so different about Isak today.

With the light of the fire radiating onto his face, Isak looks impossibly young. He looks like the Isak Jonas had known for years, shy and secretive and damp. Since Even’s been around, Isak has been carrying this stupid, happy-go-lucky glow at all times. He doesn’t look afraid anymore- of his dad or his mom or even himself. Even’s here- so now he can accept. He can deal. He can love.

But now Even isn’t here. Isak clears his throat awkwardly.

“I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have just showed up here in the middle of the night.”

Jonas shakes his head. “It’s fine, Is.” It’s always fine. The day Isak stops showing up at his house
unannounced in moments of crisis is the day Jonas knows he’s failed his job of being a best friend.

“I would’ve texted but…” he trails off, forcing out a short, quiet laugh. “I forgot to pick up my phone when I stormed out. Even’s probably worried sick about where I am.”

“I texted him the minute you got here, idiot.” Jonas smiles, because when Isak turns and looks at him then, the glow is back, for a single second. His eyes light up, and that soft, stupid, love-sick smile crosses his face for the briefest of fleeting moments. Good. He’s probably thinking. Even isn’t at home worrying himself into an episode.

“Can I ask what the fight was about?”

Just like that, Isak clams up again. He even goes to the extent on curling into himself slightly, pulling his knees up to cover his chest, wrapping his arms around them. He lays his head sideways on top, avoiding eye contact.

It doesn’t matter how much eye contact he avoids. Jonas has known Isak long enough to be able to read him despite.

“It was stupid.” He mumbles. Jonas doesn’t even blink.

“Tell me anyway.”

Isak looks up at him then, and Jonas feels like he’s doing the same thing. Looking. Really looking. It’s been a while since it had just been the two of them, sat like this, in silence together. What with school starting up again, Isak and Even moving into their new place, and whatever the hell had been going on with Vilde and Magnus’ relationship- they hadn’t had a lot of time just to themselves. Isak stares at Jonas like he’s some sort of puzzle he can’t figure out, and Jonas squirms a little from the intensity.

“Even wanted Chinese food.”

“What?! That’s it?!”

“Ok, ok, ok- look, wait! That’s how it started-”

“You stormed out on your boyfriend because he wanted Chinese food?”

They can’t help themselves. They laugh at the absurdity of the situation. Jonas laughs because then he can forget the devastating look in Isak’s eyes when he’d stood on that doorstep, sopping wet and silent for a few seconds. Isak laughs probably so he doesn’t start crying again- because Isak hates showing emotion.

“Nei, nei… it was… I don’t know. One of those stupid fights that starts over something so meaningless but just… escalates, you know? Like… he started saying I was such a brat and I was yelling at him for thinking he’s so much better than me just because he’s older and he’s got money and then he got offended- you know he hates it when I bring up money but it’s like… I’ve spent a year being broke and begging my dad for money. Even’s mom and dad pay our rent without even asking. Can’t you see how awkward that makes me feel? He just doesn’t understand-”

“I understand.” Jonas sighs, because he can see Isak working himself up into a frenzy. It’s all flushed cheeks and wild hand gestures, hot chocolate left abandoned on the edge of the fireplace, eyes focused on the flickering flames, damp eyelashes. “Look, Isak, you know I understand. But Even’s never had to struggle, so it’s hard for him to see things from your perspective. Just like it’s hard for you to see how, when you’ve just been raised to have things, you get frustrated when other
people say they don’t want them.”

Isak blinks, and one tear manages to escape it’s confines. He wipes it away quickly, as if that just meant that Jonas hadn’t seen it.

“Look, Is… you and Even are fucking great together. All you need to do is actually listen to each other rather than just yelling over yourselves until someone storms out.”

“I know, I know.” Isak nods, swiping away at a few more stray tears. “It’s just… this is our first real fight since… since everything. I know it’s dumb and by tomorrow we’ll be back to normal but… that doesn’t stop it from feeling shitty now.”

“Well, I can’t fix that.” Jonas laughs softly, and thankfully, Isak smiles at him. Then, surprising them both, Isak crawls forwards, and pulls Jonas into a tight hug. It’s odd, because Isak had never really been that affectionate before. Magnus always wanted to hug everyone, and Mahdi was always a fan of the bro-pat in any area accessible and roughhousing, but Isak had never really participated. It had taken Jonas far too long to realise that he avoided intimacy with the boys so much because he was afraid of his own sexuality.

Jonas isn’t scared of Isak being gay. He hugs back twice has hard, and when Isak buries his head in the juncture of Jonas’ throat, he smiles, because it’s nice. Isak is warm and surprisingly soft and his curls are now dry and feathery, tickling Jonas neck. They sit there, in quiet embrace, for a few minutes, until eventually Isak pulls away and lets out a laugh.

“Thanks.” He says. “I needed that.”

“Me too.” Jonas nods. “Now c’mon, let’s go up and sleep.”

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Mandag. 08:56

On the following monday, the sun finally manages to fianlly fight its way through the rainclouds.

Jonas has got his earphones in, blasting some seriously old-skool Ice-T as he makes his way across the schoolyard towards Nissen. He’s cutting it a little close with the time, and is more than content to just stroll into school and wait for first period to start. However, he is pleasantly distracted when he looks through the crowd and spots Isak and Even, gathered at one of the benches.

Magnus and Mahdi and Vile and Sana are there too, all talking amongst themselves, probably teasing Magnus. He’s doing that stupid face that makes him look like the ‘:o’ emoji, and Vilde has her head thrown back, laughing loudly. But Jonas doesn’t look at them for long.

Even is sat on top of the bench table, feet planted solidly on the concrete. Isak is stood between his legs, holding Even’s face in his hands, kissing him sweetly and intensely. Even’s grip on Isak’s hips
is tight, pulling him in even though they can’t physically get any closer together. Between kisses they’re laughing, talking to each other softly. Isak brushes Even’s hair behind his ear and Even’s long fingers stroke down the small of Isak’s thigh adoringly. It’s the smallest of moments, but Jonas’ heart swells inside his chest.

Because Isak’s got that glow back.

They don’t even notice him until he’s right there next to them, but when they do, both their faces light up in smiles.

“Hey man!” Even reaches out and the two bump fists, but the look in his eyes says everything that his words don’t need to.

*Thank you. For looking after him.*

“*Jonas!*” Isak yells his name like it’s an announcement, catching the attention of Magnus and Mahdi and the girls, just as Isak leans forwards and pulls him into a brief, but tight hug. Even watches and raises his eyebrows, but his eyes and hands can’t stray from Isak for long- and when he catches that elated look on his boyfriends face, he gets the exact same glow.

Jonas just shakes his head fondly and watches the two become reabsorbed into their own, soft, couple-y world. He isn’t jealous of Even- he doesn’t need to be.

Because what Even and Isak have is very special. Jonas wouldn’t be surprised if it lasted for the rest of their lives. But what he and *Isak* have? Their friendship?

That’s *infinite.*

Chapter End Notes

comments + kudos much appreciated!!!!!!
Tirsdag, 15:45 // Pretty Please

Chapter Summary

Even is whiny. Isak gets him a surprise.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Tirsdag. 15:45

“Please?”

“Nei.”

“Please?”

“Nei!”

“Pretty please? With cherries on top?”

“Even- we are not fucking getting a puppy.” Isak glared at his boyfriend as they unlocked the door to their apartment building. Even had been whinging about the issue for their entire journey home, and Isak was just about ready to hit him over the head with his heaving backpack filled with thick textbooks.

“But Isak- it would be so cute!”

“I don’t care!” Isak laughed, jabbing him in the ribs with a pointed finger as they made their way up the stairs. It was the only downside to living on the top floor of an apartment block with no elevator, but Isak secretly liked the ten minutes or so they spent together every day, walking up and down the stairs. It wasn’t so fun when they were pissed at each other, or when Isak was drunk, stumbling home from a night at Jonas’ when Even would have to come down and collect him, before carrying him all the way up- okay, maybe that part was a little fun- but overall, he didn’t hate it.

“When would we have the time to take care of it? We both go to school every single day. It wouldn’t be fair.”

“Oh, what about a cat?”

“I hate cats.” Isak wrinkled his nose as Even pouted beside him. “Besides, Mrs Fucking George Clooney has about fifty of them. I’m sure she’d let you pet one of hers.”

Even grinned. “But baby I don’t want her pussy.” He teased, and Isak stopped in his tracks to shoot Even the full-body glare he truly deserved.

“You’re so disgusting.”
“I’m kidding- if we can’t get a dog or a cat, what can we have?”

“Nothing!” Isak huffed, and they continued walking. They’d only made it up four flights so far. That meant that there was at least another minute or so of pleading he’d have to put up with before he could escape Even’s clutches and lock himself away in their bedroom to study until Even managed to distract him.

(this usually took around fifteen minutes)

“What about a hamster?”

“We don’t need a pet, Even-”

“-not even a cute little chubby one? We could name him Magnus.”

“We’re definitely not getting a fucking hamster now! I see enough of Magnus at school every day, I don’t want to look at our hamster and think of Vilde’s tongue down it’s throat!”

“So there is a hypothetical hamster in our future?”

“Shut up.”

With one more fierce glare, Isak made it to their front door, and unlocked it with his key. Even was right behind him, a hand on Isak’s hip to spin him around and press a kiss to his lips the moment they stepped inside. Startled, Isak dropped his school back on the floor, along with his keys, just as the front door swung shut.

He was really trying to pretend to be annoyed with Even, but fuck, every time they kissed it was like his brain was transported halfway across the world. There was something in the way Even made his entire body tingle that couldn’t be taught.

“What was that for?”

“You’re always much more pliant after a kiss.” Even teased. “Can we get a goldfish?”

“I hate you.”

The next day, Even had to stay late after school to finish up his final project for film class and submit it on time to the teacher. That gave Isak a solid hour to construct his surprise before Even would even have the chance to get home.

The hour actually flew by a lot quicker than expected, and he was (very, very carefully) sprinting up the stairs and into the apartment by 16:38, knowing Even had already finished school and would likely be on his way. Once safely inside, he set up the surprise as quickly as he could. He’d just about finished, chest still heaving a little from his mad dash, when he heard the front door unlock.

“Honey, I’m home!” Even yelled out, in English. Isak rolled his eyes.

“Have you had a hard day?” he retorted, and Even let out a loud laugh. He could hear him in the
hallway, kicking off his sneakers and setting his bag down, peeling off his denim jacket, hanging it on the coatrack painfully slowly.

“Shania Twain, really? I didn’t think you listened to country music. Every day I question your taste level more and more and-.”

“Hurry up and get in here.” Isak interrupted. Usually, he’d play into their banter, but he’d worked hard on this stupid surprise, and Even was taking forever.

“Jeez, okay, okay, where’s the fire?” Even asked, voice growing closer. Isak all but held his breath when the door to the kitchen opened and Even stepped inside, a curious frown on his face. Luckily, the surprise wasn’t visible, with Isak stood in front of it. “No fire…” he mumbled, looking around the kitchen briefly and then to Isak. “…what’s up?”

“I got you a surprise.” Isak smiled, and Even’s face lit up.

“Is it a sexy surprise?”

Isak’s smile dropped. “Not everything is about sex Even- jesus!”

“Alright, I’m sorry.” Even laughed. “What is it then? Is something about to jump out at me? Have we won the lottery?”

“Your guesses suck.”

“So tell me the answer!”

“Fine,” Isak rolled his eyes, but moved aside so his surprise, sitting on the kitchen counter was revealed. “I went out whilst you were gone and picked you up a present.”

Even’s eyes lit up, and he stepped further into the kitchen. Sitting on the kitchen counter was a small, round goldfish bowl. Inside was a little fish- not a goldfish, it was completely black in colour with a surprisingly impressive fin and tail, which fluttered in the water.

“Baby!” Even cooed, looking excitedly between the fish and Isak like a kid on Christmas. “You actually got me a fish?”

“Well, you wouldn’t shut the fuck up about pets, so-”

“-I love him! Or her! or, whatever! It’s beautiful!” Jesus, Even was beaming. Isak hadn’t expected him to be so overjoyed by a simple fish that had barely cost him 250kr and a plastic tank. But then- Even was always full of surprises. He approached the fish tank slowly, before bending over to peer inside as the little fish swam in small circles. Then, he turned to look back at Isak. “Thank you, Isak.”

Isak shrugged, pretending that all the praise and doting in Even’s eyes wasn’t making his insides light up and his heart hammer behind his ribcage. “Yeah, well you’re cleaning the tank out by the way. And I can’t be held responsible for remembering to feed him. Or her- or… them, whatever. I don’t think fish care really care about gender.”

“I’m calling him cardamom, and for now, he’s a boy. I’m sure if he’s got any other preferences we can accommodate. Look at him Isak! He’s looking at me!”

“-I don’t know about that.”

“-sssh, Cardamom. He’s just jealous because you’re even prettier than he is.”
“What?!” Isak exclaimed. “Are you really saying that I’m not better looking than a fish?”

Even laughed again, and the sound made a smile stretch across Isak’s face. He watched as his boyfriend, after staring at the fish for a few more seconds, turned around and straightened up, before walking over to him and pulling him into a tight hug.

“Okay, fine. You’re very pretty Isak.” He teased. “Cardamom is second best in my eyes. You’re my favourite boy around here.”

“Fucking right.” Isak mumbled around the kisses Even was now placing on his face, each one getting closer and closer to his lips until he was tired of waiting, and turned his head, leaning up to kiss Even firmly.

“Seriously.” Even said after he pulled back, turning to look at Cardamom again, who was still happily swimming around his tank. “Thank you. I love it. Who would’ve thought you were so fucking thoughtful, ey?”

“Yeah, well don’t tell anyone.” Isak teased, folding his arms over his chest. “Maybe now you’ll be too busy doting over the fish to distract me from studying.”

But Even wasn’t listening. He’d somehow managed to wander back over to the tank whilst Isak was talking without being noticed. Once again, he was bent over, peering at the fish and tapping the glass softly. Isak just rolled his eyes fondly, and left the kitchen, leaving the two to bond. At least now he wouldn’t have to worry about failing biology.

Chapter End Notes

hope you enjoy!
Fredag, 08:30 // Alone

Chapter Summary

Even goes away for the weekend. Lonely, Isak invites the girls over. Some harmless gossiping catches him off guard. Sana helps.

Chapter Notes

Hey, so, I've decided to sort of abstain from mentioning the balloon boys in this fic until now. Obviously I want them involved (Yousana is currently breaking my heart) but I guess I'm sort of waiting to see how it pans out on the show with their backstory and all the Even drama before deciding if I want it in this universes canon or not. However, you can assume in this universe (and this chapter specifically) that Isak at least knows Even used to be friends with Sana's brother and the boys. He doesn't know anything else about their past.

Kudos and Comments make my day! Enjoy!

Fredag. 08:30 –

“Oh my- Isak, are you crying?”

“Shut up Even. I just have something in my eye.” Isak furiously wiped at the wet spot underneath his eye with the back of his hand, avoiding eye contact as Even cooed and laughed at him.

“It’s only a weekend, baby.” It was supposed to be playful, but Isak could hear the faint longing in his voice and feel it too when he was pulled into a soft hug, followed by a fond kiss to the side of his head. “I’ll be back. It’s just one stupid weekend with my parents in Germany- and I did invite you, don’t forget.”

“I know, I know.” Isak nodded, untangling himself from the embrace before he embarrassed himself even further by crying again. “I’ll be fine here on my own.”

“Are you sure?” Even asked. For once, he wasn’t teasing. He actually looked genuinely quite concerned. “Just say the word Is, and I’ll book you a ticket to come with us. It’s just a stupid wedding. My aunt won’t mind.”

“Nei, nei, nei.” Isak shook his head, waving off the suggestion. Sure, his entire heart was screaming yes, ball me up in your suitcase and take me with you! but realistically, he knew a weekend away from Even would hurt way less than the guilt of knowing that even more of Even’s parents’ money
was being spent on him. “I need to stay here, and study. I promised Sana I’d be around tomorrow. I’m just being silly because I’ll miss you.” He said.

And, this is the first time I’ll be in the apartment overnight alone, he did not say.

“If you feel shitty, call me.” Even pleaded, pulling him into one last hug before picking up his suitcase. His parents had texted over twenty minutes ago, saying they were outside, waiting in the car. Isak and Even had been dithering around a goodbye in the hallway ever since. “I swear Isak. Don’t be scared to call me, even if you think it’s dumb. I’ll miss you too you know.”

“I know, I will.” Isak sighed. “Now go- before your parents get mad!”

So Even went. Isak kissed him at least five more times before finally, he let Even escape his clutches and leave the apartment. Then, he just sat in the kitchen, staring onto the counter as Cardamom swam round in his bowl, over and over and over.

It took him a grand total of ten minutes before he pulled his phone out and texted Jonas.

16:35
Til Jonas
Wanna come over?

His phone vibrated less than a minute later.

From Jonas
Missing Even already?

Isak rolled his eyes. Was he that fucking obvious?

Til Jonas
Ha-ha. Hilarious. Seriously, I’m bored.

From Jonas

Soz bro, I’m out for dinner with family all night
Isak groaned, clutching the phone to his chest. So Jonas—his so called best friend—was too busy with his fucking parents? Great. Sometimes Isak wondered how regular people had the time for relationships and family and friends. He had his hands full with Even alone.

He knew Mahdi wasn’t around—another family engagement—and Magnus was probably with Vilde, so the boys weren’t really an option. Isak stared at his phone contacts for another few quiet moment. There was Eskild—but no, he’d just want to know more about Isak’s sex life, and that was a conversation he was actively trying to avoid.

It was in that moment that Isak realised he really didn’t have that many male friends. How had it taken him this long to realise he was definitely gay?

16:57

Til Sana

Hey. Wanna come over and study for biology?

-

From Sana

Wow, missing your boyfriend already?

Isak muttered curses under his breath. Wow, did everyone in their fucking friendship group really know just how pathetically in love he was? No wonder they’d all been staring at him expectantly when Even mentioned the trip only a few days before, at lunch.

Til Sana

Maybe…. Come over?

-

From Sana

I’m with the girls.

Isak bit his lip. On one hand, did he really want Vilde and Eva asking him more questions about Even and their relationship? Sometimes they were worse than Eskild. Also, Vilde being with Sana surely meant that Magnus was free. But then that meant spending the evening alone with Magnus. They were friends, and Isak loved the other boy dearly, but but wasn’t sure if he could handle that much Magnus in one evening.
Fuck it, he thought. What’s the worst that could happen?

Til Sana

Bring them :)

“Party!” Eva yelled as he opened the front door, waving a bottle of rose wine in his face. Isak rolled his eyes, but laughed. Typical Eva, he supposed. Vilde and Chris weren’t far behind, giving him gross kisses on the cheek and pushing past to set their own bottles of wine down on the counter. Sana was last in, offering him a small smile.

“Sorry. They weren’t exactly looking for a biology session.”

“Isak!” Eva was calling from behind them. “Don’t you boys have any wine glasses?”

“Just use a regular glass, stop being so pretentious.” Isak called back, teasingly. He couldn’t help but laugh at the girls and their rambunctiousness. They were honestly more noisy than the boys, but it was cute. Once he gave them all glasses and turned on some music in the living room, they were more than happy to make themselves comfortable on his and Even’s sofa plus the comfy beanbags they’d inherited from Isak’s old bedroom. From then, the gossiping started.

Isak just sat back in the sofa, sandwiched between Sana and Vilde, sipping from the lone beer he’d found in the back of the fridge.

“Where’s Noora?” he asked. That got them started, all throwing eye rolls and talking at once- shouting over each other as they squabbled over who was going to be the one to tell Isak.

“Enough!” Sana silenced them all with a shout. “Basically, Noora’s been in touch with William still. She stayed home to skype him tonight—

—but Chris told Eva that William has a new girl in London!” Vilde interrupted excitedly. “And, and Noora said to Sana that she hadn’t told us the whole truth about her and William! But they were interrupted.”

“Oh.” Isak nodded along, hoping he sounded interested. He liked Noora, but William didn’t really strike him as boyfriend material. Noora probably deserved someone a lot better than William fucking Magnusson. “Right.”

“Ja,” Chris added. “It’s fucked up. I don’t know what’s worse- if he cheated on her and she doesn’t know, or if he’s cheated on her and she does know, but still wants to have contact with him! What does that say about Noora?”

“Well, you know what they say.” Vilde said, breaking the brief silence that had followed Chris oddly insightful point. Even Isak was starting to take interest. Vilde looked awkwardly around the room, eyes lingering on Isak and then, strangely, on Eva, before darting back to the floor. “Once a cheat, always a cheat.”

“It’s true.” Chris shrugged. Isak felt his heart sink into his stomach.
“Nei- I don’t think so.” Eva shook her head. “It’s down to the individual. With William’s track record, sure- but... it’s not everyone Vilde.” She rolled her eyes. Eva wasn’t like Isak. She took peoples stupid comments and assumptions about her and let them roll off her back like they were nothing. After all the drama of first year, Eva had explained that she was simply done letting other people’s opinions bring her down. Isak, on the other hand, overthought every single thing that anyone he’d ever laid eyes on said out loud.

The girls dissolved back into chatter and trivial gossip about all the girls that William had allegedly slept with (Vilde included), but Isak just stared into his beer.

*Once a cheat, always a cheat.* It was taunting him, in his head. It was no secret how his and Even’s relationship had started. Even had cheated- and not just on some silly little girlfriend. He’d cheated on *Sonja*, the girl he’d been with since they were fifteen. *Four years.* That meant a lot to some people.

He and Even had barely made it six months. Did that mean it was more or less likely for one of them to be unfaithful? The thought made Isak’s stomach turn. He couldn’t imagine being with *anyone* that wasn’t Even, regardless of whether they were together. He was pretty sure that, by this point, Even had absolutely ruined his expectations for all future relationships (if there ever were any). Up until this point, he’d sort of just been riding on the assumption that he and Even were going to be together forever.

But what if Even cheated? Isak would have to leave him- but the thought of having to walk away made his chest feel tight. He’d barely been able to handle Even leaving for a fucking weekend wedding in *Germany*. What if he had to walk away forever?

“What’s wrong Isak?”

Isak turned and looked to Sana, who, instead of contributing to the girls ramblings, had apparently been staring at him for some time. Awkwardly, he nodded, and she narrowed her gaze.

“What’s wrong Isak?”

Swallowing thickly, Isak nodded.

“Isak and I are gonna get some more drinks.” She announced to the group. “Do you want anything?”

“Um, have you got any snacks, Isak?” Eva asked.

“Yeah- like crisps or something?”

“Nei, Chris- crisps are so unhealthy!” Vilde whined. “Isak, do you have any, uh *hummus*? Maybe with celery?”

Isak was frozen to the ground. He’d stood up when Sana spoke, but hadn’t taken a single step. Vilde’s eyes were so fucking round and intense, it felt like she was staring into his soul and reading his thoughts.

Thankfully, he had Sana.

“We’ll look around.” She said, linking arms with Isak and all but dragging him off to the kitchen. Then, with the safety of the door being closed and the girls frantic chatter drowned out, she folded her arms over her chest and glared at him, fiercely.

“What’s wrong Isak?”
“Nothing!” he protested, probably a little too keen-sounding, turning his back on Sana to rifle through the cupboards until he found a packet of Doritos, and then, behind a bunch of tinned produce, a packet of hummus that Even had probably forced him to buy.

“Clearly something’s wrong.” Sana was saying from behind him as he opened the fridge and routed through the vegetable drawers for Vilde’s fucking celery. “After Vilde started talking about William you went all silent, and spacey.”

“I was just trying to ignore Vilde and her whining. That’s all.” He lied, fishing the celery out of the fridge and laying it down on the small plate he’d taken from the cupboard, alongside the small pot of hummus. There. Hopefully that would keep her from making him have another existential crisis.

“Is this about the whole cheating thing?” Sana asked. Isak dropped the knife he was holding. He could practically feel the smug expression on her face from behind him. “Oh. So that’s what this is about.”

“You don’t know what you’re talking about Sana.” He avoided her eye as he turned around, picking the knife up off the floor and tossing it into the sink. Even looking at the empty sink made him want to fucking cry, because usually by this time, he and Even would be done eating dinner, washing up together. Even would sing cheesy pop songs and Isak would pretend he hated them. Then, they’d put all the dishes away and just be together for the rest of the evening, either watching TV in the living room or cuddled up in bed until they fell asleep.

Or maybe, Even was at his stupid hotel, flirting with some stupid guest girl or attractive bell-hop.

“Don’t listen to Vilde, Isak.” Sana said, sounding surprisingly sympathetic. “You and Even is nothing like Noora and William. William is an asshole. Even isn’t.”

“How am I meant to feel, Sana?” Isak huffed, finally giving in and lifting his head, looking her in the eye. “Even cheated on his girlfriend of four years with me. so what, does that mean that he’s just gonna wait four years and then cheat on me for someone else he finds interesting? Or what, is it just gonna happen even sooner, and-”

“-Isak, you sound like a crazy person.” She cut him off with a laugh. “This is Even, we’re talking about. He worships the ground you fucking walk on.”

“Yeah, well I bet he was like that with Sonja too.” He huffed, walking towards the door. Sana rolled her eyes.

“You forget that I knew Even when he was with Sonja.”

Isak stopped in his tracks. Slowly, he turned.

“You did?”

“Of course.” She nodded. “He and Elias were friends all through high school, which is where they met. Sure, in the beginning he liked Sonja a lot but… she was so controlling and Even was so not, you know? He’s the ultimate free spirit. Even and Sonja didn’t work out not because Even was bored or that he got tired or her or whatever. Even and Sonja didn’t work out because their personalities didn’t match. They just sort of… liked the idea of each other, I guess. The whole childhood sweethearts thing. Because everyone told them they’d be together forever, they just sort of were.”

“How could you possibly know all of this?”
Sana glared at him. “Isak, Even basically lived at my house. He and Elias were best friends, along with Mikael and Yousef and the boys. They talked about it all the time. The boys wanted him to dump her years ago.”

He wanted to ignore everything Sana said- just assume that she was telling him whatever he wanted to hear so he’d stop freaking out and they could have a nice evening- but deep down, Isak knew that Sana would only ever be genuine with him. It was all in her eyes. They were so dark and intimidating, but they had their own distinct softness and honesty. Sana wouldn’t lie to him. Especially not about Even.

“Okay, okay, you’re probably right.” He rubbed his hair with both hands, sighing. “I was just freaking out. It’s weird… this apartment without him in it. That’s why I invited you all over.”

“Uh… ja, we figured.” Sana replied. “Or what, did you really think I believed you wanted to study biology?”

There was a pause between them, before they both fell into a fit of laughter. Sana was covering her mouth with the back of her hand, eyes squeezed shut. Isak was laughing shamelessly, head thrown back, curls bouncing. It really was quite absurd- he and Even had only been together six months, but the thought of spending a single night alone had actually sent him down a spiral of paranoid turmoil. Jesus, maybe they were starting to get a little co-dependent.

“Hey- what happened to our snacks? Or have you just decided to throw your own party in the kitchen without us?” Chris yelled from the other room. Isak rolled his eyes, but smiled.

“Sorry, I was hunting for Vilde’s fucking hummus!” he called back, kicking open the kitchen door and walking back into the main room, Sana close behind.
Chapter Summary

Isak and Even text during class. Noora invites them to a party, but Isak likes it much better when he gets to keep Even all to himself.

Torsdag 13:43

Even<3

(13:43) Isaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaakkkkk

What do you want (13:43)

(13:43) You.

(13:44) Preferably on your knees…

Nei nei nei. (3:44)

Not happening (13:44)

We nearly got caught last time (13:44)

(13:45) So?????

(13:47) That’s all part of the thrill, baby ;)

It won’t be so thrilling when you end up on a sex offenders list for getting your dick out to a minor in a school bathroom, baby (13:47)

(13:49) And just like that, my boner is gone <;/3

I promise to blow you when we get home <3 (13:51)

(13:51) It’s back!

I’ll see you at 15:00 (13:53)
By the time 15:00 rolled around, Isak had more or less forgotten about their whole exchange. His day had gone on as normal, boring lessons, homework handed in on time, Sana bickering with him over who was smarter. The usual.

He was standing at his locker, putting his books away, when he felt someone warm appear flush against his back. Large hands stuffed themselves into the front pocket of his jeans and hot breath fluttered on his neck as a familiar deep voice mumbled, “Halla baby.” Into his skin.

“Hei.” Isak knew he probably looked like the most lovesick puppy when that smile crept over his face as Even pressed kisses into his skin, but he couldn’t help it. A few first years walked past them and stared, either out of confusion or jealousy (he’d caught plenty of the girls giving Even stares that were a little too longing for his taste) but they were chased away easily with a narrowed glare.

“Happy to see me?” he teased, as Even pulled him even closer into his chest.

“Very happy to see you.” Even nodded. “I’ve been thinking about you all day since you refused to blow me in the bathroom.”

“Ay, but I did promise to blow you when we got home, did I not?”

Even grinned, and Isak could feel it against his face. “You did, and I’m very grateful. Hence why I’m so happy to see you, so we can go home and I can get you on all four-”

“Hei boys!”

Even’s dirty ramblings (that were getting Isak a little hotter under the collar than he wanted to admit) were cut off by Noora, appearing behind them. Even and Isak turned as one, Even still flush against Isak’s back, probably trying to conceal the fact that he was at half-mast. Isak did his best to smile and hope she hadn’t noticed how compromising their position was.

“Hei Noora.” Even smiled, giving her a little wave. Thankfully, she didn’t seem too suspicious.

“I just thought I’d ask if you’re coming to Ingrid’s party tonight?”

Isak and Even looked at each other, and then back at Noora, and frowned.

“Party?” Isak questioned. “It’s a Thursday.”
“Ja, I know, super annoying.” Noora rolled her eyes. “But apparently she could only do it today. And now that we’re on a russebuss with her and her friends, we get invites to all the parties. According to Vilde its very important that we attend.”

Even started nodding, as if he was totally on board with the idea, but Isak certainly didn’t share his enthusiasm. The last thing that had been on his mind for a Thursday evening was to go to a house party and get wasted. He wanted to go home to his beautiful apartment and blow his beautiful boyfriend and maybe even get fucked into their beautiful mattress, all in time for dinner.

“Look, Noora-”

“-We’ll be there!”

Noora, a little thrown off by the very apparent discontent Isak was feeling as he turned around to glare at Even directly, nodded and gave them a small smile. “Cool.” She said. “I’ll, uh, text you the address. Jonas and the boys are going too, so… yeah. See you later.”

“Bye Noora.” Even waved. Isak waited until she was out of earshot before he physically detached himself from his boyfriend and shoved Even lightly in the chest.

“What?”

“You’re definitely not getting blown now!”

“Isaaaaaaak.” Even whined, but the smile in his voice was teasing “It will be fun. Besides, it won’t be till later. There’s still plenty of time for me to ravish you before we go out, okay?” he teased. Isak pouted.

“Whatever. Maybe I’ll just blue-balls you and then find a different, handsome giraffe-boy to ravish me at the party.”

Even grinned, and reached down to take Isak’s hand so the two could walk together. “You could never find a giraffe-boy as handsome as me, baby.” He said. “But I applaud your confidence.”

“Halla booooooooyyys.”

“Jesus Isak! Is that why you were so late?” Isak felt his cheeks flush pink as Jonas prodded the blossoming hickey on the side of his neck. Okay, so maybe he’d let Even ravish him a little bit before they left. Maybe he was walking with a slight limp. No big deal.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.” He sipped his beer and did his best to hide the proud smirk on his face. Sure, sometimes it was embarrassing to think that his friends had a pretty good idea of what he and Even got up to in their spare time, but also, it was nice to have the knowledge out there that Even was his, and vice versa.

“Don’t you two get bored of fucking at this point?” Magnus asked. Isak gave him an odd look.

“Do you?” he asked.
“Well… nei, but we don’t get to do it that often. Only when I have a free house! Vilde’s not let me over to her place yet.”

“You’ve never been to her house?” Mahdi spluttered around his drink. “Not even once?”

“I’ve been outside it! You know, to pick her up before we go out a couple of times-”

“Jesus Christ.” Jonas shook his head. “I don’t have the energy to get into how weird that is. Can we go back to ripping on Isak instead?”

“Well!”

“Seriously, what- is Even some kind of vampire now?” Mahdi was happy to continue with the teasing, reaching forwards to tilt Isak’s head to they all could get a better look at his neck, which was covered in red bitemarks and the beginning blossom of purple bruises. “Jeez, does it hurt?”

“Nei it doesn’t hurt.” Isak rolled his eyes. “Hopefully they’ll fade soon, we’re supposed to be having dinner with his parents this Sunday. If they’re still there, I’ll kill him.” He reached up to touch his own neck awkwardly, as if he could just rub the marks away.

“Nei, you love it really.” Jonas teased with a laugh, flicking his earlobe. “We all know you have a jealous streak Isak. We’ve seen you glaring at those first years.”

“Oh, Ja!” Mahdi laughed, and Magnus joined in. Isak just glared at his friends. “You’re getting a reputation with the first year girls, Issy. They all think you hate them.”

“I do hate them.” Isak huffed. “They’re always staring at Even like he’s their next fucking meal.”

“Speaking of…” Jonas raised his eyebrows and nodded over in the direction of the hallway, where party guests had gathered in clusters, sipping from red cups and trying to lay foundations for the inevitable drunken hook-ups that would come later. “…she’s definitely flirting with him.”

Isak whirled around to spot his boyfriend, stood to his back with the wall and a beer in his hand. He was chatting, looking vaguely but not completely interested in whatever the small girl in front of him was saying. Regardless, Isak was furious. She was cute- sure, with long blonde hair and a short skirt and an entire bottle of vodka in her hand- but the way she was leaning up into Even every time she spoke sent a shiver down his spine.

As if he could sense him staring, Even looked over and made eye contact. Then, he raised an eyebrow.

Gonna do anything about this?

Isak couldn’t turn that offer down.

“Catch you guys later.”

Jonas, Magnus and Mahdi just watched, amused, as Isak stalked across the room, over to where Even and the girl were standing. Isak didn’t bother waiting for a way to slip into conversation, just slotted himself at Even’s side and wrapped an arm around his back.

“Halla baby.” He said, smiling sweetly at Even before looking down at the girl, who was now glaring, distant confusion in her eyes. “Me and the boys were gonna go outside and smoke. You coming?”
“Of course.” Even grinned, pulling Isak in closer to him and tucking one hand into the back pocket of his jeans. “Sorry, uh Marnie-”

“It’s Marley-”

“-Yeah, Marie, whatever.” Isak smiled falsely. “See you around.”

“Isak! That was so rude!” Even laughed once they were out of the girls earshot, heading out towards the garden where a bunch of people (Jonas, Mahdi and Magnus not included) were smoking. “I can’t believe you’re so jealous, of a little first year-”

“You must notice how they all stare at you Even.” Isak rolled his eyes and huffed as Even sat down on the top of the small picnic bench in Ingrid’s garden, drawing Isak in to stand between his obnoxiously long legs. “They all want to hook up with you. Whether I’m there or not.”

“Good job I only have eyes for you then, isn’t it?” Even replied, resting his hands on Isak’s hips and holding him close. Isak avoided his eye, but it was hard when Even wanted to press soft kisses all over his face. And, to be fair, it did help. Isak actually felt quite reassured.

“Promise you won’t trade me in for a younger model?” he joked. Even laughed, but nodded.

“Of course not. You’re the only one for me, baby.”
Onsdag, 23:15 // Video Games

Chapter Summary

Even finds a way to distract Isak when he’s playing online one night.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Onsdag 23:15

“Magnus, for fucks sake, you were supposed to be covering me!”

It takes a lot of willpower not to throw his controller at the TV screen and smash the glass into pieces when Isak reads YOU ARE DEAD in capital letters. Sure, he’ll revive in a few seconds, but that doesn’t stop his kill-death ratio from plummeting significantly. Although, he probably shouldn’t have trusted Magnus with the task of covering his ass in the first place.

“Sorry Isak!” He hears over his headphones. Isak covers the mic attached with one hand and groans, loudly, before replying.

“Yeah, whatever. It’s cool. I’m back.”

It’s easy to lose himself in the game again. Personally, he prefers Fifa, but he knows Magnus and Mahdi love these dumb shooter games, and Isak has to admit, he’s not half bad at them. It’s so easy to become immersed with the giant TV Even had hauled from his home bedroom into their room at their new apartment, graphics glistening and illuminating his face in the dark room. He’s so immersed, he doesn’t even notice Even entering the room, finally done with work on his literature essay, until a soft t-shirt whips him in the face.

“Even! What the fuck?!”

Even giggles, like the overgrown child he is. “Sorry baby. You were so immersed, I couldn’t resist.”

“Is that Even? Tell Even I said hi!”

“Hi Even, bro!”

Isak rolls his eyes. “The boys say hi.” He mutters, begrudgingly, before turning his focus back to the game. He can practically feel Even grinning beside him.

“Can they hear me?” he asks.

“Nei.” Isak shakes his head. “You’re not close enough to the mic. But I’m sure they can infer, from this conversation, that you say Hi back.”

“Let Even talk on the mic!”
Even! Broooooooooooo…"

Isak does his best to ignore his friends, splitting his attention between the game and Even’s warm presence, settling in comfortably next to him. A lithe arm is thrown around Isak’s shoulder and he allows Even to pull him in a little closer, fingers stroking at his collarbones lightly.

“Are you going to be playing much longer?” he asks.

Isak shrugs. “I don’t know. Depends how much longer this game goes on- that’s if Magnus doesn’t fucking kill me! What the fuck Magnus? Team Kill? Not cool!”

“Shit that was you? Sorry man.”

Isak huffs, loudly, as Even chuckles beside him.

“Damn baby.” He laughs, moving his arm and instead rubbing at Isak’s shoulders gently. “You’re so tense. Is this game that stressful?”

“When Magnus is my fucking partner, yes, it is.” Isak taps the controller with his finger anxiously, watching the on screen countdown with a sharp frown as he waits to respawn. “Fuck you Magnus.”

“I said I was sorry! What’s Even saying about it?”

“Don’t worry about what the fuck Even is saying.”

“Aw, the boys are asking about me!” Even smiles, leaning his head against Isak’s briefly before kissing him on the cheek. Isak wants to pout and be grumpy due to Magnus’ complete idiocy, but that’s pretty hard to do when he’s got the best boyfriend in the fucking universe laying kisses on the side of his face, his jaw, his neck, his chest-

“Woah, Even-”

“Shh.” Even is already halfway down his body, now laid on his front with his fingers curling into the waistband of Isak’s boxers, looking up at him with the fattest, most self-assured smirk. Isak nearly comes on the spot. “You don’t want the boys to hear you, do you?” He whispers.

“Fuck.” Isak then remembers, in that moment both Magnus, and Mahdi, right on the other side of the microphone.

“What, do you need back up?” Mahdi asks.

Isak can feel the heat flushing to his cheeks as Even settles himself between his legs, grinning deviously before placing more wet kisses around his abdomen, punctuating them with little bites every so often that leave pretty red marks and make his toes curl.

“Nei-uh, nei, I’m good. I’ve respawned.” He stutters, hoping to God that it isn’t too obvious what’s going on, literally right under their noses. “Just, uh- try and get to the centre where the jesus-”

“Isak?”

“Are you okay?”

Isak is certainly not okay. Even has just, without warning, taken his cock out of his pants and licked a path right up it with his tongue, before latching those stupidly plush, full lips to the tip. Isak’s entire body had stiffened- in the good way- and his hips had bucked up. Even’s hands could take care of that though, gripping his hips so hard that Isak wouldn’t be surprised if there was finger-tip shaped
bruises left behind in the morning, before Even shoves him back down into the bed.

“Keep quiet then, Issy.” He teases.

“Isak!”

“Sorry- I nearly got shot.” He lies, breath beginning to follow in short pants as Even takes him in further, inch by inch until he’s nosing at the soft golden hairs around Isak’s crotch. Fuck, Isak’s going to kill him. First he’s going to come- then he’s going to kill him.

“Isak, cover me!”

His hands aren’t even working at this point, one’s buried itself in Even’s stupid, beautiful head of golden hair, and the other one is trying to drag his character around the battlefield, narrowly dodging enemy bullets. He’s only got one more life left (thanks to Magnus), so if he dies again- well, they’re fucked. The whole team is disqualified, and the mission they’d been working on all night collapses.

But then… if he dies, he can continue getting blown without having to bite his lip hard enough to draw blood in a bid to keep quiet.

“Isak what the fuck are you doing?!”

“Sorry boys, something came up.” Isak scrambles with one hand to steer his character into the centre of the battlefield where, predictably, he’s shot to pieces by the other team within seconds. Magnus and Mahdi erupt into twin roars, and this time, instead of YOU ARE DEAD flying up on the screen, it reads MISSION FAILED in black, bold font.

“ISAK WHAT THE FUCK MAN?!”

“ISAK WHAT ARE YOU DOING?”

“NOOOOOO”

“ISAK???”

“Something definitely came up.” Even leans up off with dick with a wet, obscene pop, before lunging up to kiss him on the mouth, whilst simultaneously yanking the headset off of him and tossing it to the other end of the bed. Isak barely has time to quit the match and disconnect from Xbox Live before he’s throwing himself onto Even, wrapping his arms tightly around the back of his neck and smashing their lips together, Even’s hands squeezing tightly at his sides and pushing him further into the bed until his head hits the pillows and his back is arching off the sheets.

“I hate you for making me fail that mission, but fuck- I love you so much.”

Even just grins, before biting the lobe of his ear.

“Love you too baby. Now,” he leans back, staring into Isak’s eyes with a smile that’s far too innocent for what he’s about to ask. "-do you want it hard from behind or missionary with your legs up by your ears?”

Chapter End Notes
Let me know if you enjoyed it (or didn't, i guess?) in the comments below! Also, I was asked if this was a prompt fic: It isn't really, but I'm open to consider anything you guys want to see in this universe. So feel free to leave little prompts in the comments if you are so inclined, and I'll write some!
Mandag, 08:04 // The Artist

Chapter Summary

Isak finds one of Even's drawings of him.

Mandag 08:04

"Isaaaaaaak, hurry up, we’re going to be late. Stop fussing with your hair!"

"I am not fussing with my hair!" Isak called back, glaring through the door of their bedroom as if Even could look through it and see him on the other side. It wasn’t his fault that since they’d moved, every time they tried to properly unpack the rest of their stuff, Even found a way to distract him. Half his clothes were still left in taped up boxes, and he really needed his red snapback, because Even had fucked up his hair by waking him up at seven am with a hard-on.

"I can’t find my hat!"

"Wear the blue one!"

"I don’t want the blue one.” Isak snapped, throwing open the doors of Even’s wardrobe. He crouched down so he could rifle through the stacks of clothes and hats and jackets balled up at the bottom. Turns out, Even wasn’t so good at folding his clothes either. It was one of the many things they’d just recently learned they had in common.

“A-ha.” He was happy to spot his hat, sitting on top of a very poorly folded pile of plaid shirts that he had never seen so much as touch Even’s skin. He picked it up and tucked it over his messy curls, content to leave for school- but was quickly distracted by a small, folded scrap of paper that had been laid underneath it.

"Isak, what- did you fall into the closet and end up in Narnia?” Even’s snarky tone was suddenly closer, right behind in the room.

“What’s this?” he ignored the teasing question, instead unfolding the piece of paper with a new sense of curiosity.

“Oh Isak- that’s nothing, it’s uh…” Even tried to stop him, but it was too late. Isak was staring. The drawing was staring back.

"Is this me?"

Of course it was. Isak could recognise his own face, for fucks sake. What shocked him wasn’t that the drawing was of him- he’d caught Even staring at him over the edge of his sketchpad too many times to count on both hands- it was that the drawing itself was just so… well… captivating.

“IT’s an old drawing.” Even, for once, was the blushing, stuttering mess, stood in the doorway of their bedroom with pink on his cheeks and fingers playing with the long sleeves of his denim jacket. “It’s not as good as some of my recent ones. It’s stupid. Whatever.”
“I love it.” Isak shook his head and smiled. “You actually made me look attractive!”

“Are you kidding?!” Even did that smile. The I-can’t-believe-your-shit, crinkle-eye, toothy smile, and Isak’s heart sang inside his chest. “Isak, you’re beautiful. That drawing pales in comparison to the real thing.”

“You’re such a sap.” Isak rose to his feet, drawing still clutched tightly in his hands. He couldn’t stop looking at it. The only drawings of Even’s he ever really got to see was the silly little cartoons he managed to sneak everywhere from Isak’s locker at school to the back pocket of his jeans. This one was so different- every line was done with such precision, the shading was inter-dimensional, the attention to detail was astounding. Little sketch-portrait Isak was staring at something intently, confusion on his face. He had on the same snapback Isak was wearing now, little curls poking out of the edges. “When did you draw this?”

“Before I even met you.”

Isak tore his eyes from the drawing, and looked back at Even, surprised. His boyfriend’s blush darkened.

“Sorry, that’s really creepy, isn’t it?”

“Nei! Not at all! That’s romantic as fuck, what the hell Even! Why didn’t you tell me? Are there more drawings like this?”

Even buried his face in his hands and groaned, before nodding. “Several, actually.” He admitted in a mumble. “I was sort of very heavily obsessed with you. I had to tell Sonja that you were a character from a movie so she’d stop asking who the boy in the pictures was.”

“Aw, Evi” Isak teased, moving closer so he could grab Even’s hands and pull them away from his face gently. “You had a crush on me. that’s so cute.”

“Shut up, you’re supposed to be the cute one.” Even laughed, as Isak leant up and rested their foreheads together. “Sure you’re not creeped out by my weird Isak-fetish?”

“Well when you put it like that-”

“I’m kidding, obviously.” Even narrowed his eyes. “I just thought you were so gross and disgusting that I had to draw you as accurately as possible so there would be some way to identify your existence in thousands of years when the stories of your grossness become urban legends.”

“I’m putting the drawing up on our wall to remind you of my gross face every day.” Isak replied with a smile, tapping Even on the lip once, fondly, before leaning up to kiss him. The kiss didn’t last for long, as neither could keep the stupid, giddy, love-sick smiles off their faces

“I’m sure I can handle that.” Even mumbled against his mouth, biting at his lip gently.

“Good.” Isak nodded, pulling away before the kiss could turn into anything more fun. “Now c’mon, or we’re actually going to be late for school.”
Lørdag 22:18 // Pepsi-Max Party

Chapter Summary

Isak is (very reluctantly) dragged to another pepsi-max squad party. Only this time, it isn't Even that needs to be fighting off female attention.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Lørdag 22:18

Every house party was starting to feel the same since the girls had shacked up with the Pepsi Max squad. Isak mostly did his best to keep a low cover, avoiding his ex-girlfriend (even the moniker of ex-girlfriend made him want to laugh out loud) and making out with Even in whatever bathroom presented itself as opportunity. Jonas and Mahdi were loving it, because the parties actually gave them a chance to meet girls that weren’t Eva, Vilde, Noora, Sana and Chris. They’d both been getting laid more than ever- and Magnus was happy to follow along wherever Vilde and her weird cat-noises were going.

Even too was in his element. He was an irritatingly social being, content to float around the gatherings and make conversation with anyone who came his way. Unfortunately for Isak, Even was also stupid hot, so all the girls were falling over themselves to try and talk to him, regardless of the fact that it was now a very known fact that they were together (thanks to the assault Even had taken on his Instagram only a few days before)

This party was slightly different. Isak had left Even in the (relatively) safe company of the boys, and had moved into the kitchen looking for Sana. He hadn’t yet found her, but he had found a box of beers labelled (TAKE ONE, SHARE THE LOVE!) so decided to stick around for a few minutes, searching for a bottle opener.

“Oh, here!” a voice said from behind him. Isak turned, suddenly finding himself almost nose-to-nose with a short, pretty girl with brown hair and glowing blue eyes. She was exactly the kind of girl he probably would’ve told the boys he liked, back when he was pretending to be straight- but those days were behind him, so instead of pushing for reluctant conversation, Isak just nodded in thanks and took the bottle opener from her hands.

“I’m Ari by the way.” She said, somehow leaning even closer. Isak took a step back, butt hitting the kitchen counter. Ari followed. “I’m sort of new around here. What’s your name?”

“Isak.” He replied, opening the bottle and taking a long drink. Hopefully, this wouldn’t take long, and he could go and find Even so they could make out in the garden for an hour or longer, and then take off early. The rest of the group found it hilarious how quickly they were turning into the old married couple who ate dinner every evening at six and were in bed by nine pm, but Isak didn’t care. As far as he was concerned, he was living his dream.

“So yeah, and then we ended up here. Guess I’ve just been waiting for the right person to show me
around.” Ari fluttered her stick-on eyelashes, and Isak realised in that moment that oh, she’d actually been talking. Not just talking. Flirting,

“Oh, cool.” He nodded awkwardly, trying to think of an excuse to duck out from where she had boxed him in and escape her sickly sweet perfume smell. “You should really, uh, meet my pal Jonas, he’d show you around.”

“Is he as cute as you?”

Isak blushed. Clearly, this girl was very new in town. As far as he was aware, the whole of Oslo had got the memo about how gay he was in the last few months.

“Cuter, some would say. Uh… dark curly hair and… eyebrows.”

“I prefer blondes.” She smirked, reaching up to touch Isak’s hair. Isak ducked his head away from her grabby hands. There were very few people he let play with his hair, and this Ari chick was not about to be one of them.

As she leant in to him, giving him a very full, unwanted view of her chest in the low-cut blue top, Isak turned his head to the side. She took that as a chance to lean into his face, and whispered lowly in his ear-

“—I’m sure you know how to show a girl a good time.”

At that moment, Isak’es eyes flew to the door and locked with the one person he’d been praying for. Even was stood in the doorframe, towering over the rest of the party, watching them intently. Something that looked like it could be jealousy, or maybe just amusement, flashed in his eyes. Isak gave him a strained look.

Seriously could do with some back up over here.

Even smiled, and sipped his beer, before making his way over. Ari leant away as Even swam into her view, and didn’t hesitate to look him up and down the same way she had Isak. That was when Isak decided that he hated her— but he couldn’t blame her. Even looked fucking good, as usual, in that stupidly tight white t-shirt that Isak had been meaning to burn for the attention it drew.

“Well, don’t you two look cosy!” Even raised his eyebrows. Isak let out the breath he didn’t know he’d been holding.

“Very.” He nodded awkwardly, and Ari looked between the two, stepping away slightly. They weren’t touching, but Even was close beside him. “But uh, Ari, this is Even, my—”

“-Even Bech Næsheim, nice to meet you, Ari.” Even cut him off, looking to Isak briefly with a mischievous glint in his eye before extending a hand for Ari to shake. “But please don’t let me interrupt the two of you.” He gestured to the limited space between them, feigning innocence as Isak narrowed his eyes into a glare.

Don’t you dare. He screamed, silently. Even smiled.

“Isak and I were just getting to know each other.”

“Even-”

“You two really would make an adorable pair though, wouldn’t you?!” Even clearly hadn’t got the message, or more likely, had chosen to ignore it in order to have his own fun. Isak wanted to strangle
him, because now, Ari felt comfortable enough to reach forward and touch the side of his hip, just for a second, making him tense.

“I’m kinda new around here. I just jointed the dance team.” She said, flicking her hair over her shoulder and smirking at Isak again.

“Oh you’re a dance girl? Just Isak’s type. Right Isak?”

“Oh sure,” It took a lot of willpower not to roll his eyes in Even’s direction, but Isak somehow managed to control himself. “but uh- what about you Even? I heard you’re very recently single.” He stressed the last two words very clearly, through gritted teeth. Ari frowned, noting the tension he was radiating. Even’s eyes danced.

“Oh is that what you heard?” he asked, raising his eyebrows. “Well, correct me if I’m wrong, but it sounds like you’re quite hopeful. Are you coming onto me, Isak Valtersen?”

“Uhm-”

“And what makes you think that?” Isak held his teasing eye-contact as Even’s face swam closer to his, both of them ignoring the very confused girl stood in front of them.

“Rumour has it you think I’m just spectacular. Apparently, you can’t keep your eyes off me, baby.”

“Rumour has it you can’t keep your eyes off me either.”

“Isak?”

They ignored her again. Isak had actually forgotten for a second that she was there at all, what with Even was leaning even closer to him with each teasing word. His boyfriend smirked, eyes flicking down to his lips briefly, before moving back up to his eyes.

“Wanna hook up?” he asked. Isak’s eyes were hooded and teasing.

“Never in a million years.” He said.

I dare you.

Even leant forwards and pressed their lips together, grabbing Isak by the waist to pull hem together. Isak didn’t miss a beat, wrapping his arms around the back of Even’s neck to arch up into him, smiling into their kiss and grabbing handfuls of the silky hair at the nape of Even’s neck. He vaguely heard a mumbled what the fuck from Ari, but couldn’t’ve cared less. Clearly, she’d got the memo, and taken off out of the room. Isak almost felt bad. Almost.

After a minute or so, Even couldn’t stop giggling, so they parted. Isak prodded an accusing finger in the centre of his chest.

“You’re such an asshole.” He shook his head. Even continued to laugh.

“Baby, please! I couldn’t resist!” his hands travelled lower, fingers just ghosting over the curve of his ass. “You know I wouldn’t have really let her make a move on you.” He leant in closer, words tickling Isak’s ear alongside his hot breath. Isak smiled. It was hard to be mad at Even when he knew exactly how to worm his way back into Isak’s good books.

“You’re mine.” Even mumbled against his ear. “Now and forever.”

“Lovebirds, get your shit together!” their moment was sadly interrupted by a drunken Eva, screaming
from the doorway. “It’s time for shots!”

Chapter End Notes

Wow, so the last two clips (obviously) broke my heart. Poor, poor Even- my heart breaks for him, and this really puts his behaviour with Isak in S3 and also Sonja's behaviour towards Isak into perspective! My heart wants to hate Mikael and disown him and his beautiful hair... but I feel like there's probably more to come with that part of the story, so I don't want to make pre-judgements on characters when the literal motto of this season is 'Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood' lol. In the meantime, my heart sings for yousana!!!!!!

If your question is any of the following: Are you going to bring the balloon squad into this story? Is Isak going to find out about Mikael in this story? Is Yousef+Sana going to be canon in this story? my answers are yes, yes and probably. I just want to bide my time and see how things work out in canon before I decide if i'm sticking to Julie's version of events or making this into my own AU.

So from now: Yes, I'm probably going to put in some more mentions of the balloon boys and Yousef+Sana. However the whole Even/Mikael situation I'm going to try and steer kinda clear of (but not complete radio silence) until we know more! I'm so excited to see what SKAM has to offer, and I put my utmost faith in Ms Julie Andem to deliver something beautiful.

If not I'm gonna AU the shit out of it lmao.
Chapter Summary

Isak and Eva hang out for the first time in a long time. The girls gatecrash and are full of questions about him and Even.

Chapter Notes

I'm always a slut for Isak and Eva's friendship. I don't know why S4 is pretending like they were never friends.

Lørdag 21:29

EVA

(21:29) Isakkkkkkkkkkkkkkyaaaaaakkkiiiii

Yes? (21:32)

(21:33) We never hang out anymore

(21:35) I’m scared you’ve replaced me with Even

Yours is still the only bedroom window I’ve ever climbed through (21:36)

If that’s any consolation (21:36)

(21:36) It is

(21:37) Wanna come over and hang out? Mom’s away.

Are you trying to sleep with me? (21:38)

Because last time I checked I was still not remotely interested in girls (21:38)
It had been a long time- too long, really- since Isak had hung out with Eva outside of school and shitty house parties. Really, he felt bad, because there had been a point in first year where they were so close, it was hard to believe how all that had dwindled and faded after she and Jonas broke up. Sure, most of the distance between them was Isak’s fault, created by a deadly combination of the intense guilt he felt over ending their relationship and the awkwardness he’d created by lying and pretending to be in love with her to cover up his embarrassing crush on Jonas, but it was all in the past now. Eva and Jonas were friends again. Even more so- Eva’s girls had become part of their everyday ‘group’, thanks to kosegruppa. Isak had to give it to Vilde- for once, she’d created something useful for them all.

He had half a mind to climb through the basement window for nostalgia purposes, but he’d grown a few inches and was a lot less puny than he had been during first year, so Isak settled on the front door. They were grown-ups now. He wasn’t far off eighteen, for fucks sake. His days of climbing into windows were long gone.

“Isak! Come in.”

Eva looked happy to see him. She had a bottle of wine already opened in her hand along with two glasses. He grimaced as he watched her pour it, but she just laughed and called him uncultured.

“Seriously Isak, you can’t drink beer forever. You’ll end up the size of a house.”

“I can’t force myself to like the taste.” Isak took the most minute sip. Surprisingly, it wasn’t awful. This wine was a lot lighter and fruitier than the ridiculously expensive fizzy stuff Even had bought when they moved into their apartment.

“Eskild drinks wine.”

“So because I’m gay and he’s gay, we both have to love wine?” Isak teased. “Gosh Eva, who knew you were so homophobic-”

“Isak! Don’t even kid!” she swatted him lightly with the magazine that had been laid on her dresser. “You know I’m far from homophobic.”

“I’m just messing with you.”

“Good. Doesn’t mean I’m not still heavily considering stealing your boyfriend though.” She smiled, devious, before leaning over the bed to grab her phone and put some music on. Isak rolled his eyes.

“Good luck stealing him. Somehow I think he’s more than happy where he is, with me.”

“Oh, is that so?” She raised an eyebrow. “You sound so confident- don’t worry, I believe you. I’m sure Even is very satisfied.”
Isak blushed at her suggestive tone. “That’s not what I meant!”

“But it is the truth?”

Isak took a bigger sip of his wine. And then another. Eva just laughed at him, and refilled the glass, before she was distracted by her phone buzzing.

“It’s the girls.” She told him, scrolling through the texts before quickly sending out a reply. “They were supposed to go to some revue party thing but apparently, it got cancelled.”

“Why didn’t you go with them?”

“Didn’t feel like it.” Eva shrugged. “I’m sort of partied out for a little while. They’re all starting to feel the same.”

“I know.” Isak rolled his eyes. “I know the Pepsi Max girls are on your russebuss but… they’re kind of obnoxious. The boys only go to try and sleep with them.”

It made Isak feel a little awkward, talking shit about the Pepsi Max girls when he knew that Eva was spending most of her time with them, but thankfully, she just laughed, still texting.

“Oh, I know that.” She said. “And they are sort of obnoxious, but… I don’t think they mean to be. And if we don’t party with them we kind of don’t party at all.”

“I thought you’d been hanging out with uh… Sana’s brother and his friends. That boy, uh… Mikael?” Isak really hoped he was coming off nonchalant as he took another large sip of wine. Thankfully, Eva was still looking at her phone, and the nerves weren’t too obvious in his voice. She shrugged her shoulders.

“I don’t think Sana really likes us hanging out with them that much. Plus we’ve been super busy with the bus stuff so… ja. I don’t know. I like them though. They’re pretty cool.”

“They went to Bakka, right?”

Eva nodded. “Ja, that’s what Sana says. Hey- Even probably knows them! They’re in the same year-97.” Her eyes flitted up to him briefly, so Isak nodded along, like all this was complete news to him. Clearly, Sana hadn’t told the girls how well Even and her brother had known each other. That meant that he wasn’t going to get much worthwhile information of out Eva, or any of them.

Isak was interrupted mid thought by a tapping on Eva’s window. They both looked up, frowning, to be met with four smiling faces on the other side. Isak groaned, but Eva just laughed, before standing up to unlock the window, letting Vilde, Chris, Noora and Sana climb through. Isak took another large drink from the wine glass, and his head swam just a little. Okay- maybe the girls had been right. Wine was stronger than beer.

“Hey Isak!” Chris was the first to greet him, as all the girls made themselves comfortable around Eva’s room, far closer to him than he was expecting. Chris flopped down next to him on the bed, bumping him affectionately with her shoulder. “How are you?”

“Good thanks.” He nodded. “And you?”

“Still bummed about Kaspar. Did you hear we broke up?”

Isak was drawing a blank. He barely knew Chris had a boyfriend. Slowly, he shook his head, and Chris sighed deeply. It was the first time he hadn’t seen her happy, head leant back against the wall
as the other girls shot her sympathetic smiles.

“Teach us how to have good relationships, Isak, please.” Noora whined, spinning around in Eva’s desk chair. Five pairs of blinking eyes flew to him. Isak took another drink.

“I don’t know. I hardly know what I’m doing. Even’s my first boyfriend- first real relationship.”

“Didn’t you date Sara?” Vilde asked. Eva laughed first, followed by small snickers from Sana and Noora. Even Chris was now smiling. Isak blushed.

“I wouldn’t call it dating. I was pretending to like girls and for some reason she liked me. Then she dumped me because I wouldn’t have sex with her. Hardly a relationship, Vilde.” He said. Vilde just stared at him, slight frown on her face. She looked like she was full to bursting with a thousand questions, but her lips remained sealed. That was one Pandora’s Box Isak did not want to open.

“Aside from Vilde, all of us have had miserable times with boys.” Eva sighed, pouring herself another drink as Chris produced a second bottle of wine and several cans of cider from her backpack, offering them around to the group. Within a few minutes, everyone aside from Sana and Noora were drinking, music still playing in the background.

As the girls pulled him deeper and deeper into conversations- all of which seemed to revolve around boys- Isak felt himself creeping up to the state of being tipsy. It was the fucking wine that Eva kept refilling his glass with. The more he drank the less he despised the taste- it was like magic! No wonder the girls spent so much time chugging the stuff at parties. It didn’t sit heavily in his stomach like beer did, and even better, didn’t make him want to puke. Yet.

“Ja, Kasper used to do it all the time. Plenty of boys do nowadays.”

“Magnus does.” Vilde added with a nod. “He said he didn’t think he’d like it very much, but surprised himself. I guess it’s because Jonas is like… known for it.”

“Not when he was with me he wasn’t.” Eva took another drink, much larger this time. Isak narrowed his eyes. He’d lost track of the conversation a few minutes ago.

“What do you think, Isak?” Chris asked, followed by rounds of laughter from the rest of the girls.

“I doubt Isak has much to say on the topic!” Sana said.

“Ja-” Noora added. “Giving head to girls is not Isak’s strong suit. Now, the other kind of head he knows all about.”

Isak’s entire face flushed red. So that was what they’d been talking about? He needed to start paying attention more. It was sometimes hard with the girls- all their voices sort of blended into one blob of noise. Vilde’s was particularly piercing, as she squeaked a laugh from where she was sat in a beanbag on the floor.

“Isak! Do you have any tips?”

“Sana was right- I don’t know anything about giving head to girls.” He shook his head, grimacing slightly. Even the thought of it made his toes curl, and not in the good way. His previous decision to try so hard to appear straight was looking more and more ridiculous in hindsight as time went on. Isak thought back to the hours he’d spent watching lesbian porn and kissing girls at parties waiting to feel something and shuddered slightly. It was all nothing in comparison to the way Even could make him feel with just a simple kiss.
“I think she meant could you give her some tips on giving head to a boy, Isak.” Sana said, and Isak nearly choked on his wine. That set the girls off, each of them erupting into laughter that was louder than the music. After a few seconds, Isak couldn’t help but join them, still very flustered.

It was just a completely different vibe, hanging out with the girls. Sitting with the boys, sure, sometimes Magnus asked stupid questions about the general logistics of how it worked, but they didn’t really talk about sex that much. Isak was perfectly fine with the fact that the boys did not want explicit details of what he and Even were getting up to in their private time. Aside from Eskild, who went out of his way to ask the most intrusive and borderline clinical questions about how things were going- Isak didn’t really talk about sex with anyone that wasn’t Even.

“Please Isak?” Eva asked, rolling onto her back on the bed to bat her eyelashes at him. “Everyone always says boys give better blowjobs because they’ve got dicks so they know what they like. We just want to inherit some of that great knowledge to put into practice.”

“No, I’m actually interested to see how this plays out.” Sana leant back in the chair she was sitting on, arms folded, clearly amused. “Plus it’s very cute how flustered you get.”

“If you want Isak, I can just give the girls a play by play of exactly what I walked in on that time when you and Even were-”

“Okay, okay, I’ll help you!” Isak cut Noora off before she could get into details about the unfortunate afternoon when Isak had forgotten to lock his bedroom door and she’d walked in to ask about laundry, receiving more than she bargained for. Thankfully, Noora was quite desensitised to explicit gay sex due to the amount of times she’d walked in on Eskild getting it on with his flavour of the month. It didn’t make the situation any less scarring for Isak.

“Right, let me just start by saying I’m no expert.” He took another, hearty gulp of wine, hoping it would help ease the awkwardness. All the girls were turned towards him, eyes staring, faces expectant. “Even’s is the only dick I’ve ever been near, apart from my own.”

“Damn. So you didn’t have a thing with penetrator Chris?” Vilde asked, sounding surprised. Isak frowned.

“What?”

Sana rolled her eyes. “Noora and Eva,” she glared at the two pointedly, and Isak’s eyes flew to the pair, who were blushing and trying to hide their giggles. “were convinced you had like a secret thing with him in first year after you were seen getting out of his car.”

“Seriously? Chris?” Isak exclaimed. “You thought I was hooking up with Christoffer Schistad?”

“Look! We didn’t have a lot else to go on to support our Isak-is-gay theory!” Noora threw her hands up, defensively. Isak’s eyebrows skyrocketed.

“You had a theory?”

Eva’s blush darkened. “Okay, well… the night of the bonfire, when Noora asked to borrow your phone we… uh… we saw like… your fucking gay porn collection.” She said. “Then we figured to be sure, we needed more evidence than that. And then we saw you in Chris’ car,”

“Oh my god.” Isak lifted up one of Eva’s pillows from behind him and smashed his face into it before groaning loudly. “I’m mortified. What the fuck?”
“Isak! Don’t be embarrassed!” Vilde’s voice was less than reassuring beside him. “Everyone watches porn.”

“Plus you were just about to describe to everyone present how to suck dick.” Sana added. That was slightly more reassuring. Isak removed the pillow from his face, and looked around at each other girls. Surprisingly, they weren’t laughing at him anymore. They actually seemed… remorseful?

“Sorry Isak.” Noora said. “It was dumb.”

“It’s fine.” He shook his head, genuinely surprised at how quickly the mood had changed. He’d never given the girls the credit they deserved before- they were all genuinely good friends. The kind of friends who cared enough about him to not outright ask if he was gay in the middle of first year. The kind of friends who at least pretended to be surprised when he got a boyfriend and confirmed to the world that he really wasn’t interested in girls at Christmas.

So yeah, maybe the girls were cooler than they all thought.

He leant back against the bed, and took in a deep breath. “Okay,” he nodded, picking up his wine again and holding it out for Eva to refill. “So what do you want to know?”

“Is Even’s dick huge?”

“How do you get it down your throat without choking?”

“How much does it hurt when you do anal for the first time?”

“Should I be putting his balls in my mouth? Or just like… licking around them?”

Isak blushed. “Too many questions at once.” He shook his head. “And… wow. Way more graphic than I was expecting.”

“Who else can we turn to for this kind of quality advice?” Eva said. “Isak, you’re our only hope. This has to be an open-policy, friendly, sharing zone.”

Isak groaned, but he knew she was right. He’d promised to at least give them all some advice. Of course, a year ago if you’d told him he’d be sitting on Eva’s bed drinking fruity wine and instructing the girls in explicit detail on how to suck someone’s cock, he’d not have believed it for a second- but there he was. Talking in explicit detail about how to give a fucking blowjob despite the fact that he’d only done it himself for the first time months ago.

“Right, so just start with the tip.”
gone home. The whole topic of sex had been covered thoroughly, and they’d gotten through the rest of the wine, and the beers. Isak was still a little tipsy, so Eva had offered him the chance to stay. It was odd, how nice it felt to be in the same bed as a girl without the pressure to pretend he was interested in her. Eva was laid beside him, close enough to feel her warmth, but far enough away to make him comfortable.

“What’s that then?” he yawned. It was well past one AM, and really, Isak was looking forward to sleeping, so he could see his boyfriend tomorrow and put some of his intensive knowledge into action.

“Is Even’s dick really huge?” She turned to face him, smiling deviously. Isak laughed.

“I’m not telling you that!”

“Come on. We’ve all seen you walking around school with a limp, Isak. Plus there are several photos of him where you can see the outline and it looks very impressive.”

“Oh my god!” Isak laughed, closing his eyes tightly as he imagined the girls pouring over Instagram and facebook, searching for photos of Even’s crotch. “How often do you all discuss and fantasize over my boyfriend’s cock?”

“We’re curious!”

“Fine. I’ll tell you, but you can’t tell any of the others and you can never bring this up again.” He turned to face her and opened his eyes. Eva was staring at him expectantly, eyes glowing in the dark. Isak didn’t feel like blushing anymore, and it wasn’t just the wine. Surprisingly, it had been quite refreshing to be so open with the girls. They didn’t push him to disclose every detail of his sex life, but they were curious in the best kind of way. The kind that made Isak feel like they actually gave a fuck. Maybe he wouldn’t ignore Eskild’s next text fishing for sex information.

“I’ll guard it with my life.” Eva whispered. Isak swallowed.

“The first time I saw it I literally froze. I remember thinking what the fuck this is going to tear me in half.”

“I knew it!” Eva laughed. “Chris and Vilde had some really backwards theories that secretly his cock was tiny, but Noora and I had faith. Sana said we were all insane.”

“Sana is the only sane one in your group.”

“She is.” Eva nodded, burrowing a little closer to him. For the first time, Isak really didn’t mind. He shifted closer to, and the two laid together, Eva’s head on his shoulder.

“I guess I was scared but… there wasn’t anything really to be scared of. The first time I sucked him off I did choke really badly though. Like for a second I thought I was going to die. After that it was fine though.”

“And now you’re a fucking sex god pro.” Eva teased. Isak would’ve rolled his eyes if he could keep them open.

“I’m more of a sex apprentice. But I’m no longer scared of Even’s dick, which is good. And I’d still love him even if it was tiny.”

“Aww,” Eva cooed quietly. Then, they were silent for a long time. Isak assumed Eva had fallen asleep, and was well on his way to following her, when suddenly, she spoke into the darkness.
“I’ve missed you, Isak.” She said. “I’m glad we can be close again.”

“Me too.” Isak whispered back. “Goodnight Eva.”

“G’night Isak.”
Tirsdag, 20:37 // Hair-Play

Chapter Summary

Isak likes it when Even plays with his hair. One evening, Even gets a wild idea.

Tirsdag 20:37

Nights like this were what he’d been living for, the past few days.

Even was sprawled out on the sofa, long legs just spread far enough apart to make room for Isak, relaxed on the floor between them with a pillow under his butt and his legs crossed. For some reason, he’d quite taken to making himself comfortable on the floor, wither he was laid out in front of their glass balcony door studying in the sunlight or just chilling in one of the beanbags, playing Xbox. In the evenings, when they watched TV together or ate shitty takeout foot, he was more than happy on a pillow between Even’s legs, head tilted back, and Even’s long fingers carding through his hair, massaging his scalp.

“Your hair’s gotten so long, baby.” Even yawned, and he wasn’t wrong. Isak had been avoiding the barbershop like a plague, purely for this reason. Even just had a thing for his curls, and always found an excuse to be touching them, when they were kissing, when they were relaxing, when they were fucking-

“Isak.”

“Oh. Sorry.” Isak blushed. “I was, uh, miles away. I know, it’s grown. I should probably get it cut.”

“Shut up, you know you keep it this long because you love me playing with it.” Even teased, scooping all his hair back into a handful. It was almost long enough to tie back in a tiny, baby ponytail. Isak tilted his head up and grinned, upside-down. Even let his hair go.

“Oh! I have an idea. Wait here.” He said, suddenly springing to his feet, making Isak whine at the lack of contact. What he really didn’t need right now was one of Even’s so called ‘good ideas’. All he wanted was for them to stay exactly as they were, frozen in time, forever. Was that really too much to ask?

Even returned a few minutes later with something clutched in his fist. Isak frowned, asking what could possibly have been so important that he felt the need to rifle through their bedroom drawers for five minutes, but Even kept silent.

“It’s a surprise.” He said. “Now just watch the TV and relax.”

However, Isak could not relax when he felt a sharp tug at his hairline only a few seconds later.

“Ouch!” he yelped, tilting his head back again, this time to glare at Even. “What the fuck are you doing?”
“Okay, you caught me,” Even laughed, fingers still clutching onto the strands of his hair tightly pulling his head back up. “I’m braiding your hair!”

“What?!”

“Are you unfamiliar with the concept of braiding, Isak?”

“No! I know what it is, I just don’t see why you would be doing it to me of all people?” Isak huffed in response, as Even continued the short little tugs at his hair, undeterred by Isak’s complaints. “Even… why?” he whined. Even tutted.

“Isak, you insist on making me play with your hair so much, can’t you just let me do the two cute braids? Look, I even went to the trouble of finding these elastic bands for you!” as if to prove his point, he held the braid tightly with one hand and used the other to drop a small black band into Isak’s lap. “You’ll look so adorable, I promise.”

“You suck.”

“I will if you let me do this.”

Isak looked up and glared again. Pulling his hair gently, Even forced his head back down, and Isak let him.

“Now stay still. It will only take a minute.”

Isak huffed, but ultimately gave in. usually, it was easier to just let Even do whatever he had his mind set on than argue with him. He sat, somewhat patiently, as Even pulled and tugged at his hair, braiding it from the top down to the bottom, where it was fastened with the tiny elastic band.

Then he moved on to the other side, humming quietly as he worked. Isak’s face remained set in his glare. He would admit, the first braid wasn’t feeling so tight anymore now that it was finished, he was just used to soft strokes and gentle massages from Even’s fingers, not harsh little jabs as his hair was tugged over and over, Even’s fingernails nicking at the skin of his scalp occasionally.

“How do you even know how to do this?”

Even shrugged. “Got bored I guess. I was manic, and Sonja kind of had longer hair then. Not long, but like… not the short way she has it now. It was a little longer than this.”

“Oh.”

Isak didn’t ask any more questions after that. They continued on in silence until Even tied the band of the second braid and then got up, disappearing again for a few minutes before re-entering the room with a square hand-held mirror. Isak climbed up onto the sofa and Even flopped down beside him, holding the mirror out.

“So…” he asked with an expectant smile. “What do you think?”

From the front, Isak’s hair didn’t really look much different, except for the fact that it was mostly pulled back. However, it was still far too short for a braid that was neat at all, and stray curls were poking out at all angles. Surprisingly, this didn’t look bad.

“Here. Turn around. I’ll take a picture.” Even slipped his phone out of his trouser pocket and waved it in the air. Isak narrowed his eyes.
“I swear to God, if you send it to any of the boys—”

“-Relax,” Even laughed. “Gosh baby, you’re so paranoid.”

“Well, after the Instagram incident, I can’t trust you with photographic evidence of us as a couple.”

“Are you trying to hide me away?” Even joked, snapping a few photos as Isak turned to give him a clear view of the back of his head. “Am I your dirty little secret?” he leant in, break ghosting across the expanse of Isak’s neck, making him shiver and smile.

“Do I at least get to see your work of art?” he asked, turning back around and holding his hand out for the phone. Even grinned, laying it in his palm.

“Whether you like it or hate it, I really think it’s quite adorable”

“You know what…” Isak stared at the photo, analysing every short curl that stuck up out of the loose braids. The end where it was tied off barely brushed his neck. He was expecting more of a Rapunzel-type fantasy, but was pleasantly surprised that actually… it didn’t look half bad. “…I think I kind of like it?”

“Really?”

“Ja. It’s cute, and at least it stops my hair from falling into my face.” He shrugged. Even was beaming with pride.

“Aw, Isak! I’m glad you like my handiwork.”

Isak’s phone vibrated from the floor, and Even’s eyes flew to it. Isak frowned. The phone vibrated again, and then two more times.

“Even….”

“Okay- in my defence, you said the boys!”

**GIRL SQUAD (+EVAK) <3 [6 NEW MESSAGES]**
Even finds his old polaroid camera whilst unpacking, and what better model to use than his boyfriend, all laid out and glowing in the early afternoon sun?

Despite it being almost a full month since they’d moved out, Even still found that every day he stumbled upon a new box, waiting to be unpacked. Admittedly, he’d left his parents place in a hurry, far too excited about the prospect of seeing Isak’s face every morning to consider creating some kind of order to his packing- so every time he opened a box it was like a lucky dip of nostalgia and necessities he’d forgotten he’d missed.

“Anything interesting?”

Even shook his head. Isak had been sitting in the bed since waking up a few hours ago. He’d ventured out to the bathroom once to piss and brush his teeth, but aside from that hadn’t bothered moving, let alone getting ready. He just pulled on one of Even’s big sweaters and lounged around in his boxers, watching Netflix whilst Even fussed about.

“I’ve got this?” Even waved a small rubber cactus, one his dad had brought back from a business trip when he was younger. The only reasons he’d bothered to keep it were dumb and sentimental, but it did make him smile when he squeezed it and the familiar wheezing squeak rang through the room. Then, he tossed it over at Isak, who laughed and set it down on their nightstand.

“So a load of old junk? Wow babe, you really packed the necessities.”

“Some of us have hearts, babe.” Even hit back. Isak flipped him off and they both laughed. Then, comfortable silence fell, the only sound being Even routing through the box and the American voices from the laptop.

The box was mostly useless. Even found a few old t-shirts he’d forgotten about, a few more little nick-nacks that he placed around the room. Then, his eyes widened when he reached the bottom of the box, where he found a small black case.

“Score!”

“What’d you find?” Isak asked, craning his neck slightly to see what Even was holding. Even didn’t answer him immediately, just unzipped the case and pulled out his polaroid camera, turning it over in his hands a few times. “Another camera? How many do you own?!” Isak’s nose wrinkled in confusion. Even laughed.

“Isak- I’ll have you know this is one of my most treasured possessions!” he said, opening the back of the camera to check if there was any film left. “I was using instant photos before it became vintage and cool in like, 2014.”
He could feel Isak’s eye roll burning into him without looking up. “Treasured possession? Is that why it was at the bottom of a box of random crap?” he asked, snarky as ever. “And 2014? You’re such a hipster.”

“You love me.” Even replied, turning to face Isak before snapping a quick photo.

“Even, no,” Isak whined as Even took the printed picture between two fingers, holding it up in the light to see if it developed. Slowly, the grainy outline of Isak’s pout began to come through. Even approached the bed, laying the printed photo down on the nightstand before drawing the camera back up to his eye to snap another. Isak held his hands in front of his face. Even reached forwards and pulled them down.

“I’m not even dressed. I look gross.”

“You look cute!” Even laughed as Isak tried to shove him away. Sadly, his efforts were futile. Isak was surprisingly strong, but Even was just bigger in every way, and overpowered him fairly easily, pushing him into the bed until he was laid on his back besides the laptop, sweatshirt riding up around his hips so that a small strip of skin between his abs and his little white boxers that Even loved to stare at was on show. In the glowing mid-day sunlight that streamed through from the window, his skin lit up and his hair shone like spun gold and his eyes glowed. Even couldn’t resist. He snapped another photo.

“Even!” Isak groaned, but a smile was pulling at the corners of his mouth as he reached up, trying to grab the printed photo before Even could. He missed, by a mile, and Even lifted the photo up high above his head, grinning. “Are you going to insist on playing with that all day?”

“I want a whole scrapbook of just photos of you, like this,” Even smiled, laying the fresh photo down besides the developed one. He reached forwards, laying his hand on Isak’s hip before climbing onto the bed, knees either side of him. He pushed Isak’s (his) sweatshirt up slightly, stroking the soft skin that was revealed. “You look beautiful in the mornings.”

Isak’s flushed cheeks only darkened. He dodged Even’s eye contact, but couldn’t fight the smile from his face any longer. Even knew all about the praise kink Isak tried to desperately to hide from them both. That was why he complimented him at every possible moment, because the soft, drunk, dreamy look that would cross Isak’s face as he forced an eyeroll or shook his head was absolutely intoxicating.

He didn’t just want a photo of it. He needed a photo of it.

The flash rang out again, but Isak didn’t whine this time. He turned his head, finally meeting Even’s eye.

“I’m not getting out of this, am I?”

Even smiled, shaking his head. “Nope. Just keep doing that with your face.”

“Doing what?”

“That.” Even reached forwards, prodding at his cheek slightly so Isak would smile again, before snapping another photo. He wasn’t bothering to protest anymore, shaking his head and laughing.

“Gosh, you’re such a sap.” Isak teased. “What are you going to do with them all? Jerk off when I’m not here?”
Even laid the freshly printed photo back on the nightstand, before turning back to Isak and stepping back onto the floor slightly, to get a better angle of his boy, all laid out and pretty.

“Nei,” he said from behind the camera. “These ones I’ll probably stick in like a scrapbook or something, like I said. Then I can jerk off to whatever photos I take once we get this off.” He tugged at the hem of the sweatshirt slightly, fingers brushing over Isak’s hipbones. Isak grinned.

“Wow, that was meant to be insulting, but the idea is actually kind of hot.” He smirked. Even lowered the camera slowly.

“Seriously?”

*There* was that look again. Gosh- it made him tingle the way Isak couldn’t hold eye contact whenever they talked about anything vaguely sexual. The slightest hint of embarrassment mixed with arousal on his cheeks made Even’s insides light up. For a beer-guzzling, video-game obsessed grumpy teenage boy, Isak sure did pull off the innocent blushing good-boy-gone-bad virgin act pretty well.

His fingers were teasing the hem of the sweatshirt as he finally dragged his eyes over to meet Even’s, fidgeting as he laid back on the bed. The laptop was still playing in the background, and a new tension fell over the room as they both ignored the sound. Even couldn’t tear his eyes away, gaze darting between Isak’s beautiful face and the skin of his stomach that was slowly being exposed as he pulled the sweatshirt up higher and higher until it was bunching around his chest.

“I like it when you look at me like that.” He said quietly, eyes teasing. Even was frozen.

“Baby, I’ll never stop looking at you like this.”

That was all the reassurance Isak needed, apparently, because after that he sat up, yanking the sweatshirt off so that he was more-or-less naked, aside from the impossibly well-fitting boxers he was wearing, yet another victim of his inability to operate the washing machine. Now he was bare, Even’s eyes honed in on the tiny red hickies, noticeable now against his neck and chest, venturing lower, contrasting with his pale skin. Isak laid back on the bed, one arm up and tucked behind his head, the other teasing at the waistband of his boxers.

“Stay exactly like that.” Even’s tone was deadly serious, as he lifted the camera and snapped a photo, all but yanking the print out so he could take another, and then another, as Isak shifted slightly between takes, suddenly more confident than ever, eyes fixed on the lens. “Tilt your chin up slightly, yeah, right there-” Even instructed and Isak obliged without question, eyes fixed on Even silently for minutes.

In the end, Even had ten photos suitable for public view, and twelve that were certainly going to be kept somewhere safe- for his eyes *only*. Eventually, Isak had gotten bored of the camera being shoved in his face, and they both started to laugh at the ridiculousness of the situation. That was the last photo Even took- Isak laughing, one hand covering his face, smile peeking out through his fingers.

That was the one he stuck up on the bedroom wall.
Chapter Summary

Isak gets his revenge on Even for the Xbox thing.

Onsdag 21:10

"Ja, ja! I remember! Oh wow, it feels like yesterday. Time moves so fast."

It was really hard for Isak not to roll his eyes at that. It wasn’t fair. Even had been on the phone for almost two hours. What the fuck else was there to talk about?

When he’d mentioned that Clair- an old friend from his Bakka days- was planning on calling, Isak hadn’t paid it much mind. He had plenty of homework to be getting on with, and if Even was busy on the phone, then that worked in his advantage. It was becoming habit, shrugging off his actual schoolwork in favour of lounging around with Even and doing nothing all evening, which was much more appealing.

So Isak did his work. He wrote his whole chemistry presentation, finished his math homework, re-wrote his literature essay, did extra work for Spanish and then, when Even still wasn’t done, he even started planning his and Sana’s next biology experiment. The experiment that wasn’t due for three weeks.

It was official. He’d run out of homework to do.

Even had been in and out the living room throughout as time crept by. He was annoyingly restless, and could never hold conversation on the phone sitting still. Even was a pacer. Isak had watched him with a dull glare, walk through the living room, off into the kitchen, back into their bedroom, then out again. It was exhausting just to watch, not to mention fucking mind-numbing. Even himself hadn’t noticed, too lost in whatever conversation was so interesting that it had to stretch on for so long and make him laugh so loudly. Isak felt bad, because it wasn’t often that Even talked much about his Bakka friends. He knew Even had been close to Mikael, and Sana’s brother and his friends, but whatever had gone down that caused Even to transfer to Nissen and re-sit third year must’ve been pretty drastic, because he avoided mentioning them at all costs.

This friend was a girl. Clair. Apparently she’d been one of Sonja’s friends, and Isak wished that didn’t make him as stupidly jealous as he was.

He’d left the living room, instead retreating to the bedroom to maybe watch some of The Get Down on Netflix and get an early night- but he was finding it hard to focus. It just wasn’t as fun, watching things without Even wrapped up beside him, narrating his way through every episode, pointing out every cinematic feature in excruciating detail. Isak was finding it hard to focus on what the characters were saying without Even’s (occasionally helpful, not that Isak would ever admit it) constant analysis. Instead, he was paying less and less attention to the show, and more and more attention to Even’s conversation.
"God, I remember. We were like, what, fifteen? You were so wasted!"

His voice was closer now, just out in the hallway. Isak perked up slightly - perhaps Even was planning on bringing his perimeter search of the apartment back into their bedroom. If there was ever a chance to distract him enough to win his attention back, this would be it.

In theory, the whole idea was ridiculous - but Isak did need to get Even back for the Xbox live incident.

*I’m not jealous*, he kept telling himself. *I’m just getting even with him.*

That was why he was all but ripping his clothes off, wriggling out of his t-shirt and sweatpants in time for Even to walk into the room, still mid-conversation.

“Yeah, it’s not too bad. Nissen actually has some half decent film teachers, and-” he stopped speaking, eyes locking with a flushed looking Isak, laid out on the bed in his boxers. Even just raised an eyebrow. “-Sorry baby, are you getting changed?”

“Nei, nei- it’s fine.” Isak shook his head, stretching out slightly before rolling onto his front, dragging the laptop over so he could pretend to watch it a little more, whilst bending his leg so that his ass was lifted just slightly over the bed. “I’m just… hot. It’s hot in here.” He lied, and when he threw a nonchalant glance over his shoulder to see if Even was buying it, it was hard not to grin smugly - because Even was *looking.*

“Sorry Clair- what did you say? I- uh, Isak was talking.”

“I can go in the other room if you want?” Isak batted his eyelashes as Even rounded the bed, sitting down beside him, one hand rested in his lap awkwardly. Isak made sure that his new laser focus on the lower half of Even’s body, right down to the slither of skin exposed between the end of his t-shirt and the waistband of his basketball shorts, was very obvious. Even shifted slightly where he sat, but shook his head.

“Nei baby, you’re fine. If you’re watching something, I can go-”

“-Nei, I’ll put my earphones in,” Isak smiled, reaching over to grab the earphones off the nightstand. As he did, he made sure to arch his back and stretch, making his body as long as possible. Even’s eyes were practically burning into his back, as the voice on the phone continued to buzz until Even replied, half-heartedly.

“Ja, ja. He- uh, he was a funny guy.”

Isak plugged the earphones into the laptop, but didn’t bother unpausing the playback. Instead, he rolled over onto his back, stretching his arms above his head. When he opened his eyes, Even was staring down at him, the grip on his phone just a little looser. Isak smiled.

“Sorry. Am I distracting you?” he asked innocently. Even shook his head silently, and Isak rolled over again, so he was closer, right beside Even’s leg. He leant down, resting his chin on Even’s thigh. “Are you sure?” his voice was quiet. Even bit his lip, but shook his head.

*Liar*, Isak smirked.

“Nei- I am listening! I... uh, sorry- ja, go on.”

Testing the waters, Isak blew softly against the bared skin of Even’s thigh. As predicted (and hoped), his boyfriend tensed underneath him. He looked down at Isak, gaze intense, adam’s apple bobbing as
he swallowed around nothing. Isak held his eye contact, simultaneously laying a few soft kisses to Even’s thigh, before venturing higher, up to the crease of his shorts.

“Isak-” Even whispered, hand flying up to cover the phones microphone as Clair continued nattering. “Isak, what are you-

“Shh,” Isak silenced him, just as Even had done to him only a week prior. “You don’t want Clair to hear, do you?”

Even’s cheeks flushed pink. For a second, Isak wondered if he was actually going to tell him to stop, which he would (no matter how reluctantly). However, the smirk on his face spread into a grin when Even tilted his hips up, nodding for Isak to pull down his shorts.

Met with the soft material of Even’s boxers, Isak dove in, settling down comfortably on his front as he kissed around the imprint of Even’s cock, already half hard inside his underwear, tongue teasing at the flesh with only the cotton as barrier. Even bit down on his lip hard, tilting his head back against the headboard.

“mhm,” his voice was straining so beautifully, breath hitching as Isak’s fingers grabbed onto the waistband of his boxers and pulled them down, before kissing the head of his cock, looking back up to Even. “Ja, I know Clair. He was- ugh!”

That one couldn’t be helped, not when Isak had grabbed Even’s cock in one hand before lowering his mouth over almost half of it, humming gently.

“-nei, I’m fine-” Even’s eyes were squeezed shut as Isak went to work, one hand reaching forward to grab onto his hair tightly, tighter than he ever had before. Isak was usually such a wimp- especially when it came to his hair- so it was surprising when the sharp tug of Even’s hand at his scalp sent shockwaves through his body, making him moan and subsequently choke a little around Even’s dick. “I was just saying, um, he was ‘ugh’... he was the worst, you know? Ha, yeah-”

Isak pulled off, a long string of saliva keeping his lips connected to the tip of Even’s cock. He looked up, eyes a little wet, and blinked.

“Do that again.” He whispered, voice already wrecked. Even frowned- so Isak rolled his eyes and made what he wanted very clear. He pushed his head forward against Even’s hand, and Even seemed to then get the message, because another tug was made at his curls, and his eyes nearly rolled back into his fucking skull. Every time he thought he and Even had learned everything they possibly could about each other’s bodies, he was proved wrong. Isak knew now that he was definitely hard too, cock straining as he arched forwards, hips pressing into the bedsheets. He was hovering over Even’s cock without even attempting to take it down his throat again, instead panting over it desperately. Even was staring down at him, biting his lip with his eyes swelling, full of lust. But then- there was that fucking voice, still buzzing over the phone.

“Nei- I’m still listening.”

Isak couldn’t wait any longer. He lunged up, pressing his mouth against Even’s in a long awaited kiss, before he snatched the phone out of Even’s hand and pressed it against his own ear.

“Sorry, Clair. This is Isak and I’m going to need to steal my boyfriend back now. Bye!”

He ended the call, and tossed the phone over to the end of the bed. Then the laptop balanced precariously beside them was closed, and all but thrown onto the floor. Isak was sat in Even’s lap, his boyfriends hands tight on his hips as he pulled them together at every intimate curve, thankfully,
with a smile on his face.

“Am I *that* irresistible?”

“Shut up,” Isak laughed, shaking his head before tilting his head forward to meet Even with a wet kiss again. “I just wanted payback from the other day.”

“This feels like more than payback.” Even grinned against his lips, left hand moving down to grab at Isak’s ass firmly, before the other reached up and buried itself in Isak’s hair, tugging swiftly so that Isak’s whole head tilted back, and he *moaned*—high and needy like a fucking *girl*, as Even leant forward and assaulted his neck with kisses and sharp nibbles.

“You like this, huh?” he panted against Isak’s skin, pulling again as Isak nodded desperately. Even licked his lips before diving in again, this time kissing and sucking across Isak’s jawline, up to his ear. “Duly fucking noted baby. *Fy faen*, you’re so hot when you’re all needy like this.”

“Stop talking and fuck me, touch me- just *do something*, please.” Isak wanted to cry when Even finally took his advice, pushing him down onto his back before stripping him of his underwear, taking both his thighs in his hands and pushing them up, almost bending him in half. He reached forwards, taking both his cock and Isak’s into one fist, rubbing them together teasingly.

“Look at you…” he said, and Isak didn’t need to open his eyes to know what kind of smile Even was giving him, all fucking smug and cocksure. They’d done this so many times, that he had most of Even’s facial expressions down to a T- and he loved re-watching them every time. “-so jealous?”

“You were talking *forever*.” Isak frowned, breathing in sharply when Even’s hands left him. “Just like you are *now*, Even- *come back*.” He whined, opening his eyes to look over at where Even was now, turned around, rummaging through the drawer in their nightstand to find one of the seemingly endless supply of lube sachets they had tucked in there. It had been a moving gift from Eskild. Isak had never been so grateful for Eskild jumping to conclusions about his sex life than he was right then, in that moment.

“I’m here, I’m here.” Even laughed, moving back across the bed to hold Isak close, pushing his legs up so far that his knees almost hit his chest. “I’m sorry for taking so long on the phone. Next time you can just ask me to shut up, you know.”

“Hm, I know.” Isak nodded, bracing himself (physically *and* mentally) as he felt the first, lubed finger start circling his rim. “I just like this way a *lot* better.”
Mandag, 20:58 // Drinking is Bad (PART ONE)

Chapter Summary

Magnus parents are out of town. An innocent enough 'boyz night' takes a turn.

Mandag 20:58

*Drinking is bad. Drinking is bad. Drinking on a Monday is very very bad. You have biology tomorrow morning. Sana will kick your ass. Even will kick your ass. Drinking is bad.*

It was getting harder and harder to convince himself. Isak eyed the bottle of whiskey Magnus had just *found* in his father’s liquor cabinet stood beside the empty beer bottles that littered the coffee table. Isak wasn’t sure at what point in their casual ‘boyz night’ whilst Magnus’ parents were out of town had turned into *this*, exactly, but he was sure of one thing. He was *drunk*.

“Nei- you used the word ‘and’ in a sentence so you have to take another shot Isak!”

The drinking game Mahdi had introduced them to was ridiculously complex, and had far too many rules about what could and couldn’t be said for Drunk-Isak’s liking. Every shot was sending him further and further away from tipsy and closer and closer to obliterated. He didn’t have time to remember which sentence fucking conjunctions were prohibited and which were not.

“Isak’s drunk!” Jonas, also drunk, but not quite on the same level as Isak announced. Surprisingly, Magnus was the most sober one of the group, nursing his second vodka after they’d made it through the crate of beers. “Look at his eyes. He’s wasted.”

“Mmmnotdrunk.” Isak slurried, sitting up from where he’d been slumped into the corner of the couch. The moment he straightened his back, the entire room spun. Isak laid back against the couch. “Okay, maybe I’m a little drunk. Fuck, Even’s going to *kill* me.”

“It’s a Monday.” Mahdi laughed. “How did this happen?”

“I blame you Magnus.” Jonas shook his head and tutted, speech slurring. “I don’t know where you found this vodka, but I’m *telling* you, it must be fermented or something.”

Magnus’ expression was blank. “Oh, this isn’t vodka.” He shook his head. “Nei- this is that other spirit. It’s like vodka but… different. Oh, what’s it called.” He reached forwards, pulling the green glass bottle off the table and inspecting the label with narrowed eyed. “Absinthe. That’s what this is.”

“Absinthe?” Mahdi roared. “What the fuck man. Isn’t that shit like… 80% volume or something?”

“I mean this one says 65%, but that’s just the American thing, right? Aren’t you meant to half it or some shit?”
“That’s the proof, that you half!”

“You moron!”

“I’m definitely drunk.” Isak held his phone into his chest. He wanted to text Even, reminding him that he loved him more than anything in the universe, but he knew it would probably come out as a misspelled mess of letters, and then Even would probably come over to Magnus house and haul his ass out, carry him home, toss him down on their bed and make him scream-

“Isak?”

Isak frowned. “Did I say all that out loud?”

“You got to bed before Jonas cut you off.” Mahdi told him. “Thank God- but we can all imagine what comes next, don’t worry.”

“Oops.” Isak blushed, spluttering a nervous laugh. “Sorry.”

“If Isak’s this drunk, do you think he’ll finally answer my questions about who’s the man and who’s the woman?” Magnus asked. Jonas glared at him.

“Mags, sometimes I think you’re the smartest one in the group but sometimes I know you’re the fucking dumbest. Also you said and, so drink up.”

“Yeah, moron. The whole point of being gay is that neither of them are the girl.” Mahdi added. Magnus huffed, taking another large swig of his drink. Isak nudged him with his toe.

“Aw, don’t worry Magnus, I get what you mean. You want to know who’s the top and who’s the bottom? That’s the ‘official’ terms, according to Eskild.”

“Ja! That’s all I wanted to know!”

“Then don’t ask it in such a dumbass way.” Jonas laughed. “Oh, Isak said and! That’s another shot!”

“I hate this game!” Isak yelled, watching as Jonas poured two shots of whiskey, one of him and one for Magnus. He couldn’t count how many they’d all had, but it was a wonder that nobody had vomited yet. “Seriously, after this, no more shots.”

“Well, what can we play instead?” Mahdi asked. Jonas’ eyes lit up.

“Truth or dare?”

And that’s where they ended up. Magnus was sitting on the couch in his underwear after stupidly deciding to take a dare from Mahdi of all people (notorious for his creative and often intricate dares). Jonas had- under the duress of a dare- done four more shots in a row and was currently laying on his back on the floor, staring at the ceiling, and Mahdi had quite candidly revealed that the only girl he’d ever had sex with later turned out to be his second cousin.

“Isn’t that like… illegal?”

“Nei, Magnus it’s not illegal!” Jonas grimaced slightly, probably feeling the reeling effects from the whiskey in his stomach as he tried and failed to sit up. “You can marry your first cousin in most places. It’s just a little bit weird.”

“In my defence, I didn’t know she was my second-cousin. We found out like… months later that we had a family member in common and decided to never mention it again.”
“Guys, what if Vilde and I are cousins?”

Mahdi, Jonas and even Isak, completely wasted as he was, rolled their eyes.

“We all come from Africa anyway.” Jonas mumbled. “What about you Issy? Truth or dare?”

“I physically don’t think I can drink anymore without throwing up all over the carpet, so, uh, truth I guess.” Isak said, laid with his back against the arm of the sofa and his feet on Magnus’ bare thigh. Surprisingly, he seemed very comfortable just sitting there in his underwear surrounded by the other three boys. He didn’t even look cold.

“What’s the dirtiest thing you and Even have ever done?” Jonas asked with a slow-spreading grin, as if he’d been holding onto the idea for a little while. Knowing Jonas, he probably had. Isak didn’t even have the capability of coherent thought to blush. His eyes had also lost their ability to focus several minutes ago, so he just looked off into the distance at nothing in particular, trying to wrack his brain.

“I don’t know if I can think of the one most dirtiest thing. Like… I literally let him put his dick inside me. It doesn’t get much dirtier than that.”

“So you are the girl?!”

“Shut up Magnus.” Isak kicked him gently as the others laughed. “So yeah, I guess my answer is anal. Does that count?”

Jonas was quiet for a few seconds, thinking it over. “I’m going to say… no,” he shook his head, and Isak groaned. “What?! Anal is not that crazy. Most people have done it.”

“No comment!”

“Jonas!” Magnus was shocked. Jonas ignored him.

“I want to know something really scandalous- like… I don’t know, having sex at school or in a fucking… naughty-student meets hot teacher role-play or something. I can see Even being into that.”

“We didn’t have sex at school, but I blew him in the bathroom once.” Isak answered candidly, choosing to ignore the creepily well-thought out role-play suggestion. The other three boys gasped.

“Oh, what? It’s not that crazy- and we’re never doing it again, someone walked in and we had to literally hold our breath and hope he didn’t notice four feet in the stall next to him.” He stifled a laugh at the memory, but the boys were just staring at him, wide-eyed, in complete awe.

“Dude…” Magnus breathed, one hand clutching at his bare chest in complete shock and admiration. “That’s legendary. Even is the man! I wish I could get blown in the school bathroom.”

“That’s pretty wild.” Mahdi agreed. “Is that like you guy’s thing?”

Isak frowned. “What do you mean?”

“Like, do you go around and find all these risky places to do it? Is that your kink?” he teased. Isak rolled his eyes and laughed.

“Nei, it was very much a one-time thing. We tend to keep it at home, in our apartment.”

“I bet you two have desecrated that whole apartment.” Jonas chuckled from his position still laid on
the floor. “Even doesn’t strike me as the type of person who just has sex laying in a bed and leaves it at that.”

Isak didn’t answer vocally- he knew he didn’t have to, and also it was getting harder and harder to form words- but the blush that rose to his cheeks was answer enough. The other three boys erupted into laughter, clutching their chests and stomachs.

“Oh Isak, you’re so open when you’re drunk! It’s nice!” Magnus said. It took all the energy Isak had left to glare at him from across the couch. “I’m serious!” Magnus continued. “Now I know all about gay sex, so if I ever want to have it, I’m good!”

“There is a lot you don’t know about gay sex.” Isak huffed. “And if you ever are so inclined to… indulge in that kind of thing, I will not be the one teaching you.”

“Even will teach him-”

“-Over my dead body!”

“Jealous Isak strikes again!”

They all dissolved into giggles, laying around laughing and talking for a few more hours until Jonas made the executive decision to call a cab so they could all get home and catch a few hours sleep before school. Isak was so drunk by the time that they left that Jonas had to literally carry him on his back into the cab, and call Even when they were on their way so he could come down and collect his overgrown, wasted boyfriend and put him to bed.

Thankfully, Even didn’t seem to mind to much, standing at the door to their apartment building with an amused smile on his face as Isak stumbled out of the cab and into his arms. They both waved goodbye to Jonas, the cab sped off, and Isak pretended he was sober for about ten seconds until he nearly tripped up the first step of the staircase.

“Aw, baby, do you want me to carry you?”

“Yes.” Isak nodded, instantly wrapping his arms around Even from behind and hopping up onto his back before his boyfriend could change his mind. “But not because I’m drunk. Just because I’m … really really tired.” He mumbled, but most of what he was saying was muffled due to the face that his head was buried into Even’s shoulder. He might have just fallen asleep their too- because it seemed to only take them eight seconds before they were up six flights of stairs and Even was out of breath, setting him down and propping him up against the wall for temporary support as he fumbled with their door-key.

“Come on you drunken mess,” he grabbed Isak by the waist and steered him inside, peeling of his jacket and his hat and untying his shoes before he tossed Isak over his shoulder in a fireman’s lift, and carried him into their room. “-are you sure you don’t want to puke? You’ll feel better in the morning.”

“Nei, nei- I’m good right here.” Isak knew full well that he wasn’t moving an inch now that Even had so graciously tossed him onto their bed. He barely had the energy to crawl up to the top of the bed, flopping down face first into the pillows. He could hear Even laughing at him, and possibly the snap of his phone camera, but he couldn’t physically manifest the words to tell him to fuck off.

“Here, roll over and I’ll undress you.”

“Hm, sexy.” Isak hummed rolling onto his back so Even could unbutton his jeans. “Even, you’re so hot.” He could just about reach up to touch Even’s hair, brushing it back behind his ears as Even
pulled his jeans off, before he started wrangling with his shirt.

“Before you ask, you minx, I am not having sex with you like this.” Even laughed at Isak’s instant pout as he pulled the t-shirt over his boyfriend’s head before pulling the blanket out from underneath him, covering him graciously.

“Why not!”

“Because you’re drunk!” Even took his own clothes off quickly, leaving them in the same pile that he’d left Isak’s in, balled up on the floor, before climbing into the bed beside him and pulling Isak close to his chest. “Not only are you not in the right mind, you probably couldn’t even get it up! And, gross,” he tilted his head back, away from Isak’s face, “You smell like whiskey.”

Isak couldn’t be bothered to argue, mainly because he knew Even was right, and secondly because he knew Even was right- he’d been thinking about sex for the whole cab ride home, but even the feeling of Even pulling his clothes off wasn’t making his dick twitch an inch. He was way too drunk to get it up, and that sucked. But what didn’t suck was Even, settling himself against Isak’s back the second he rolled over to sleep on his side, wrapping his arms around his middle and cuddling him close.

“You’re cute when you’re drunk.” He whispered. Isak hummed in reply. Words could wait until the morning.
Chapter Summary

Isak still hasn't got the hang of their washer-dryer. Even isn't complaining.

Lørdag 12:28

It took them a little while, but eventually, Even and Isak found their way into a loose sort of schedule. Monday evenings were made for cleaning, Wednesdays are perfect for greasy kebab and the next instalment in Isak’s Cinematic Education, Friday nights are sometimes good for smoking, Saturdays for drinking- but not too much. Sundays, they’ve decided, are made for lazy cuddles, heated kisses and most of all, laundry.

Isak’s getting better at laundry.

Back in Kollektivet, it wasn’t too hard to avoid. Eskild always took pity on him eventually, and the giant piles of used clothes making clutter in Isak’s bedroom had offended him personally to the level where at least once a week, he’d walk in with the laundry basket and ask, begrudgingly, if Isak wanted anything washed. He’d gotten by like that for almost a year, and then Even had just turned over in bed one night with his eyes full of nerves and fear and had quietly asked him if he wanted them to move in together.

Isak couldn’t say no to that. Seeing Even every day without fail? Having sex whenever, wherever and however loud they wanted to? Simply just co-existing? It was his fucking dream.

Even wasn’t so generous with the task of laundry.

“I’m teaching you life skills!” he’d laughed in the first few weeks when Isak had pouted and complained that he hardly even knew how to work the basic washer they’d had at Kollektivet, let alone the fancy washer-dryer Even’s parents had bought them. “Isak, you’ll figure it out.”

Isak looked at his dried clothes, laid out on the bed and cursed the stupid machine.

Clearly, he’d fucked up the wash. Thankfully it was only underwear- but that didn’t change the fact that over half the pairs of boxers he owned had now shrunk. Isak held one black pair of briefs between two fingers up and scowled. They were clearly much smaller than when he’d last worn them.

Still, the other half of the underwear he owned was in the dirty pile, and despite how much Even would enjoy it, he couldn’t exactly go commando for the next two weeks. So, sighing, Isak stepped out of the bath towel he’d wrapped around his waist and pulled the boxer briefs on.

They were tight. Not unbearably so- but much tighter than they’d been previously. The waistband
was digging into his stomach just slightly, but he doubted it was tight enough to leave a mark. When Isak took a step back to adjust himself, he caught sight of his reflection in the mirror and stilled, before turning slowly.

Okay. He thought. *They do make my ass look good.*

“Isak, do you want tomato or chilli in your-” Even’s questioning stopped abruptly when the door to the bedroom flew open, and Isak physically flinched in surprise. “—sandwich.” He finished, brows furrowed. Isak blushed.

“I was just… getting dressed.”

“Into what? *Girls* underwear?”


Even folded his eyes, leaning against the doorframe. His eyes had been locked on Isak’s body since the second he walked in, making him feel self-conscious. Even just folded his arms over his chest and smirked.

“You know, I actually quite like the look.”

Isak glared. “*Of course* you do.”

“Nei, I’m serious! Your butt looks great. Well- it always looks great, but *baby*. You should dress like that more often.” It was supposed to just be harmless teasing, but Isak couldn’t help but feel flustered, especially with the way Even’s eyes were dragging up and down his body. He smiled.

“Whatsoever. Stop perving on me and put chili in my sandwich.”

“Jeez- and assertive too! I feel like such a housewife- only here to boost your ego with flattering compliments about your cute little butt and feed you meals!”

Isak batted his eyelashes playfully. “Pretty please?”

Even smirked.

“Kiss me first, then I’ll make you your sandwich with *chilli.*”

Isak didn’t feel so self conscious anymore. It was nice, knowing that his boyfriend loved his body so much. Even always found a reason to compliment him, wether he was dressed up for a night out or just slumped in the living room in sweatpants and a hoodie. Somehow, Even made him feel *beautiful* even when he looked like shit-

-Or when he had ridiculously tight underwear on.

Isak all but threw himself at Even, wrapping his arms tightly around the back of his neck and leaning up to pull him into a forceful kiss. Even reciprocated within seconds, hand sitting snugly on Isak’s ass, squeezing gently.

“Absolutely beautiful.” He murmured against the side of Isak’s face as he pulled away, giving one last pat to Isak’s butt before releasing him. “Now go away. Stop being hot so I can actually make your sandwich.”

Isak grinned. “Sorry *Evi.*”
“Well don’t you all look like shit.” Eva’s laugh was harsh, and far too loud as she and the rest of the girls settled at the end of their lunch table. Isak just glared at each and every one of them, beanie pulled tight over his hair and dark circles underneath his eyes. Surprise-surprise, Even had been right. Waking up at three in the morning to vomit for two hours hadn’t been fun and neither was the knowledge that the whole ordeal would’ve been entirely avoidable if he’d just forced himself to be sick before getting into bed, just as Even had suggested.

Jonas was pretending he wasn’t devastatingly hungover whilst simultaneously flinching every time someone so much as tapped their fingernail against the table, Mahdi was staring into his lunch as if his sandwich was made of worms, and Magnus— who’d woken up drunk— was full on asleep, head buried in his arms on the table as Vilde rubbed at his back gently.

“Don’t you think it was very irresponsible to get Magnus drunk the day before his Geography test?” she whisper-shouted, staring each of them down fiercely. All three of the boys glared at her, and from the other end of the table, the girls snickered.

“First of all, Vilde,” Isak spat her name like it was a curse word, and Vilde squeaked, offended. “-it was Mags’ idea. Secondly, we’re in the same class, and it was literally a vocabulary test. It doesn’t even affect our grade.”

“Hello sunshine! How’s your head?”

Isak had never wanted to punch Even’s beautiful face more than in that moment. For starters, how dare he be so happy when Isak was feeling so miserable? Secondly, his voice was way too loud, and thirdly, whatever soup it was that he was holding in a bowl looked a little too much like whatever it was that Isak had upchucked into their kitchen sink, minutes before leaving for school.

“Hasn’t had any complaints.” Jonas muttered under his breath, catching eyes with Mahdi and snickering. Isak glared at them two as Even looked between the boys blankly.

“Huh?”

“Nothing.”

“Hey, Jonas… I need to go to the bathroom.” Mahdi said with a smirk. Isak’s glare darkened, but Jonas avoided his eye, and mirrored Mahdi’s expression.

“Isak will show you. He’s pretty well acquainted with the boys room, actually.”
Isak moved to kick Jonas under the table, but his co-ordination, as it turned out, was still suffering from the effects of drinking, and somehow, he’d accidentally managed to boot Magnus in the knee, resulting in his friend suddenly flying up out of his sleep, arms flailing, one hand connecting with the side of Vilde’s head and the other one knocking over Noora’s hot tea.

“Shit- sorry!” he exclaimed, looking back and forth between the two incidents he’d created as the girls scrambled to wipe the mess up and Vilde gave him a black look. “Fuck- Isak, why’d you kick me?”

“Yeah Isak, why’d you kick him?” Jonas teased.

“You’re usually so kind and… selfless.” Mahdi added. “Ready to just… fall down onto your knees and give aid to those in need-”

“Sorry but what are we all talking about?” Chris broke the awkward silence that the rest of the group had been sitting in since Jonas and Mahdi had launched on their tirade of stupid blowjob jokes. The boys looked at each other and burst into laughter. Isak glared at them. Even stared at Isak.

“You told them?” he asked with a surprisingly bright smile. Isak had thought he’d be mad- but then, he’d forgotten how completely shameless Even was. The amount of photo’s he’d had to veto when they were trying to pick one for Isak to upload to Instagram before settling on a simple, fully clothed selfie, taken in school. It was only a matter of time before Even hacked his Instagram and uploaded one himself.

“In my defence, I was very drunk.”

“Told them what?” Noora asked, raising two perfectly arched eyebrows.

“Isak blew-”

“Nei!”

“So what, all the boys can know but we can’t?” Sana frowned at him across the table. Usually, Isak didn’t give in so easily, but he was so, so hungover. All he wanted to do was for everyone to stop talking and just shut up. Even looked at him, biting his lip tightly as if he was trying to physically hold the secret in. the boys continued snickering.

“I blew Even in the school bathroom.” Isak mumbled, and all the girls gasped. Even Chris, who was arguably the most sex-obsessed of them all. “That’s it. now can everyone please leave me alone so I can suffer?”

“That is so wild!” Eva exclaimed. “Oh my God, Isak, you’re such a minx!”

“I said the same thing!” Even leant back in his chair, smug. “It was thrilling.”

“Hey Vilde-”

“Nei, Magnus!” Vilde folded her arms over her chest. “Don’t even think about it!”

“Sorry Magnus,” Even smirked. “You just don’t have my cool, or sexual prowess.”

“Teach us, Even!” Mahdi slapped the table, forgetting for the briefest of blissful seconds how stupidly hungover all four boys were. In unison, they groaned, and the rest of the table laughed. Even threw an arm around Isak’s shoulder, and held him close.
“Don’t worry baby,” he said quietly, as the others dissolved into their own conversation and stopped
listening. “Next time I’ll blow you in the bathroom.”

Isak smiled. “I’ll hold you to that.”
“We need to talk.”

Never in his life had four simple words made Isak’s heart sink so rapidly. He’d been quite comfortable and relaxed up to that point, huddled up in the comforter with the laptop playing a movie quietly, Even warm and soft beside him. As far as he was aware- ‘we need to talk’ always meant something was wrong. As far as he was aware, he hadn’t done anything.

He and Even hadn’t argued since Isak ran to Jonas’ house in the middle of a rainstorm. Things had been good, and they’d gone back to the happy bliss period of a recently-moved-in couple. That evening, he had noticed that Even had been a little quieter than usual, but he figured he was just tired from school.

Now he was having a heart attack.

“Isak, relax. It’s not bad… or- not really.” Even gave him a small smile, but concern was still shining in his eyes. Isak certainly didn’t feel reassured, and reached forwards to pause the movie and close the laptop. Even reached over to the nightstand and turned on the small lamp so a dull, quiet glow shone around them.

“I just wanted to ask you about something.”

Isak nodded, mouth dry. He swallowed. Even avoided his eye.

“Just… I was thinking,” he was wringing his hands awkwardly, staring at his lap as Isak’s heart swelled, close to bursting inside his chest. “I haven’t had an episode since, like, Christmas, you know?”

“Ja, I know.” Isak nodded, still unsure where Even was going. “I’m really proud of you, baby. What’s wrong?”

“I was thinking about…” Even trailed off, tongue poking the inside of his cheek, as if he was literally testing the taste of the words before he could pluck up the courage to spit them out. “I don’t know- just… maybe I should… come off my meds?”
Isak’s eyebrows shot up his forehead.

“Why would you think that?” he asked. Even shrugged, staring straight ahead, into the darkness. Isak, for once, was the one who couldn’t tear his eyes away.

“Just… they fuck me up, Is. Sometimes they make me feel so… unattached, from everything. Like every emotion takes two times as much effort to be convincing.” He rested his head against the headboard, exhaling a long breath. Hesitantly, Isak reached forward, and took one of Even’s hands between both of his.

“Baby, I hate to play devil’s advocate but what if you haven’t had an episode since Christmas because you’ve been taking your meds?”

Even was quiet for a few seconds.

“Yeah. I guess I didn’t think about it that way.”

Isak shifted so they were even closer together, and leant forwards to tuck his head beside Even’s, chin resting on his shoulder. Even lifted up his arm and pulled Isak into him, and the two held onto each other for a few silent moments. Isak’s heart finally slowed inside his chest, but the worry was still prevalent. He didn’t know what to say. Even filled the silence for him.

“Sometimes it’s like… I take them, and everything around me goes on mute. I just think… is it worth not having the mania and the depressive episodes when the rest of the time I’m like… not real? Then other times I’m so grateful for them, so happy not to have to worry about like, slipping and hurting myself and putting the people I love in danger.” He squeezed Isak’s hand then, and although it wasn’t hammering at an unhealthy speed anymore, Isak felt his heart break just a little. “And sometimes I take them and I feel just fine. Normal, even. And that’s all I’ve ever wanted, you know. Just… to be normal.”

“Even, only you can feel what you feel.” He said quietly. “I think that being on the meds is good for you- but it’s your mind and your body. I don’t care about you being ‘normal’ or whatever. I’ll support you either way, I just want you to be happy.” He leant up off Even’s shoulder, instead pressing a kiss to the side of his neck. “Don’t rush into the decision. Really think about it for a while before you decide.”

“God, when did you get so wise?” Even’s response followed after almost a full minute of shared contemplative silence, and Isak was thankful to hear the slightest hint of a laugh in his tone. When he looked up, Even was staring down at him and thankfully, he was smiling.

“Uh since always. I’m wise as fuck. I’m the wisest boy ever. The master of advice.”

“You are.” He nodded. “I don’t know how I got so lucky to have you.”

Isak grinned. “My other boyfriend says the same thing.”

“Oi!” it was good, to see Even laughing again. Isak hadn’t been that nervous since Even’s last episode. It was culture-shock, almost, to realise how much of himself he had invested in the boy cuddled up beside him, and how easily his emotions could be unravelled with just a few choice words from the only person who mattered this much.

“I’m gonna keep thinking about it for a while.” Even yawned, pulling Isak closer to him and pressing a kiss to his cheek. “Then, I don’t know. I’ll talk to mamma before I decide anything. And you.”

“Don’t ever shut me out.” Isak was suddenly serious again, forcing Even to hold eye contact.
“Seriously, Ev. I wanna know everything about your meds and stuff. I love you, and your bipolar is a big part of your life. Except it’s not just your life anymore.”

Even raised an eyebrow, questioning. “It’s not?”

“Nei.” Isak shook his head, and smiled. He squeezed Even’s hand again, reminding him over and over, that he was there, and they were in this together. “It’s ours.”

Chapter End Notes

Happy (slightly early) birthday Tarjei! <3
Søndag, 15:33 // Michaelangelo

Chapter Summary

Even goes out and does something unexpected

Søndag 15:33

**EVEN <3**

What time are you coming home? (15:33)

(15:35) Missing me already?

Uh nei (15:36)

Just you disappeared without any explanation other than ‘it’s a surprise, you can’t come’ (15:36)

(15:37) Oh yeah. Well you’ll be happy to know that I’m done now.

Done with what?? (15:38)

(15:39) Isak, it’s a surprise…

(15:39) and don’t worry. It didn’t even hurt that much.

WHAT ?(15:40)

(15:40) Be home in 10. I love you

(15:41) <3

??????!! (15:42)

Isak hadn’t felt this anxious in a good while.

It was supposed to just be a simple, lazy Sunday, just like all the other lazy Sunday’s they spent together. Since moving in, lazy Sunday’s had been Isak’s favourite part of the week- because who didn’t want to lounge around with their ridiculously hot boyfriend and do *nothing* all day?
This Sunday had been different. Isak had been roused from sleep around midday by a fully dressed, very much awake Even, kissing his cheek and bidding him goodbye. When Isak had whined, still half-asleep, asking where the fuck he was going, Even had just winked and said it was a surprise. Like they really needed any more surprises in their relationship.

That had been over two hours ago, and Isak was starting to get restless. It didn’t help that Even was being unnecessarily cryptic over text- and he’d already contacted all their other friends and asked if Even was planning something wild. So far, he’d received no useful response other than Eva, who said that she’d overheard Even talking with someone from one of his classes about a ‘stencil’ he was working on. Isak had no idea what that meant, let alone if it was relevant.

By the time he heard the turn of the lock on their front door opening, Isak had gone over every single worst case scenario in his head. What if Even was slipping? Could he have gone out and done something regretful? Had Isak missed the signs? It didn’t hurt that much- had he gotten into a fight? Arrested? In hospital? For all Isak knew- Even could’ve run outside and got his fucking eyebrow pierced. It was a terrifying prospect. His face would be ruined- and fuck, would Isak have to tell his parents? Hi Mr & Mrs Bech Næsheim , sorry I’m a terrible caretaker of your son and I let him run out on a Sunday morning and get a lump of metal shoved into his face.

“Isak, I’m home!” Even’s voice called out, and Isak felt his blood physically stop boiling. Even was alive, and clearly not in hospital or in handcuffs. He stood up from where he’d been curled up on the sofa, debating how long he should wait before going out to physically search for him. Even walked into the front room, thankfully facial-piercing-free, and smiled.

“Wow, I didn’t think you’d be freaking out this much.”

Isak frowned. “Is it that obvious?”

Even approached him immediately after, laughing gently before pulling Isak into his arms and rubbing his hair gently. Isak buried his face into Even’s neck and just breathed in the scent of him for a little while, before he wrapped his arms around his waist and squeezed him tightly. Hearing Even wince in pain slightly as Isak nuzzled closer to him, he sprang back.

“What’s wrong? Are you hurt?”

Even was still smiling.

“Close your eyes.” He said. Isak’s panicked gaze shifted into a glare.

“Even, I swear to God-”

“-just close them! Please, for me?”

“Fine.” Isak huffed, closing his eyes. He could hear rustling, as if Even was taking his clothes off, and frowned. If all of this was some elaborate role-play designed to get into his pants, then Even certainly had another thing coming. His whole Sunday had been draining, and the last thing on his mind was sex.

At least, thankfully, Even wasn’t out of it. He was just being really fucking shady. Isak wasn’t sure which was worse.

“You can open your eyes now.”

Even’s shirt was off- but for once- his slim, toned chest wasn’t what Isak was focused on. Instead, it was his right arm, outstretched. His left hand was touching the skin of his bicep, gently, which was
wrapped in cellophane. On the inside curve of his arm, not too far down from his armpit, was something that certainly hadn’t been there before.

Isak’s jaw dropped.

“Is that a fucking tattoo?”

Even nodded. “Ja. Surprise! It’s me and you. Holding onto each other. What do you think?”

Isak was at loss for words. He took a step forwards, touching the plastic wrapped skin gently. When his finger brushed the tattoo, Even hissed lightly. Isak pulled his hand away.

Two hands, fairly anonymous reflections of themselves, reached out to each other from either side of a neat, rectangular outline. The tips of their fingers brushed at the inside of Even’s upper arm. It reminded Isak of that painting— the *Michelangelo* ceiling one that Even had as his laptop wallpaper.

“You hate it.” Even said, suddenly looking scared. Isak shook his head, finally looking up to meet his boyfriend’s eyes.

“Nei, I love it.” he said quietly. “This is what you were being so weird and secret about? You wanted a tattoo?”

“I’ve wanted one for a while,” Even shrugged. “But I could never decide on a design. Then one night I was looking at Michaelangelo’s *Creation of Adam* and I just… I don’t know, I just felt inspired. I thought about Halloween and when I dressed as God and we went to the pool and… *ja,* just… you’re my whole life, Isak. I was thinking about what you said… about it not just being my life anymore, it’s *ours.* So I figured why not share my body too? I was going to tell you but… I don’t know, I sorta got scared that you’d think— well… I just thought if I surprised you, you couldn’t say no, or—”

Tired of his rambling, Isak silenced Even by pressing a firm kiss to his lips. When he pulled away, his eyes were wet and shining. Even stroked his face gently.

“Why are you crying?”

“Cause I love it so much,” he sniffed and smiled, looking over at the tattoo again. “Seriously, Ev, it’s fucking beautiful. I’m jealous and I want one.”

“You really like it? You’re not just saying that?”

“I really like it.” Isak nodded, hugging Even again, but gentler this time, as not to rub against the fresh ink. Even hugged him back, dropping a kiss into his hair and the two stood together in a happy, warm embrace for a few moments until Isak pulled back, prodding him in the chest.

“What was that for?!”

“Freaking me out over text!” Isak laughed. “You cryptic motherfucker. I was going crazy sitting here, imagining all the things you could be out doing. Don’t scare me like that again.”

“Aw, babe, you were worried about me!” Even laughed back, pulling Isak against his chest despite the way Isak was half-heartedly trying to fight him off, pressing more kisses into his hair and along the side of his face. “You’re so cute.” He nuzzled his nose against Isak’s, holding his face in his hands so he could no longer turn away. “I love you so much.”

“Ay, whatever.” Isak didn’t bother fighting the grin from his face any longer. “Cook me something
to eat and I’ll forgive you.”
Chapter Summary

Things get worse before they get better

Fredag 14:30

“McDonaaaaallllldssssss!”

Isak rolled his eyes when Magnus had started chanting, but by the time they actually made it into McDonalds and he was still singing, it was becoming harder and harder not to reach across the plastic table and grab his friend by the collar, shaking the joy out of him.

“Magnus, for the last time… please, shut the fuck up.”

“Jeez Issy-” Magnus, never one to take much of anything to heart, laughed at him from across the table where he was rubbing shoulders with Jonas, the pair of them munching on their greasy burgers. Isak was poking chicken nuggets around with his hands without bothering to reach them to his lips. Jonas had been doing his best impression of a concerned parent for the best part of their afternoon. “-you’ve been in such a mood all week. What’s wrong, not getting laid enough?”

“I’d say it’s the opposite of that.” Jonas said, reaching across the table to pull at Isak’s collar, revealing the sea of fresh hickies that littered his pale skin. Isak huffed, ducking away from his hands as Magnus raised his eyebrows, surprised. It was no secret that Even’s sex drive had gone through the roof in the last week or so- but the teasing had gone from endearing to annoying. It was awfully hard to try and pretend problems didn’t exist when they were constantly being shoved in his face.

“I’m fine.” Isak lied. Magnus frowned.

“Is Even doing okay?”

Isak often hated the fact that Magnus had a bipolar mother, as awful as that sounded. He was just so damn intuitive about everything going on in Isak’s head, wherever Even was concerned. Out of everyone, he’d been the only one who hadn’t laughed two days ago at lunch when Even had jumped up onto their lunch-table and yelled out ‘Mahdi Disi is single and ready to mingle! Ladies form a queue!’ Isak had caught the concern on Magnus’s face then. He’d just chosen to ignore it when it was shot in his direction.

“He’s…” Isak trailed off, biting his lip nervously. It was hard to find the words. What was he
supposed to say. *Even's been in a good mood?* That shouldn’t have had to be such a fucking cause for concern. “He’s… been a lot.”

“Over-excitable?” Magnus asked. “High sex drive? Short attention span?”

“Shut up.” Isak closed his eyes, as if looking away could drown Magnus out. He could feel the frown on Jonas’ face without needing to look. “Mags. Please. It could just be nothing.”

“Or it’s an episode.”

“Wait- is Even getting sick again?” Jonas asked. Isak opened his eyes and instantly narrowed them.

“He’s not catching a fucking cold, Jonas.” He snapped, followed by an instantly regretful sigh. Thankfully, neither Jonas or Magnus had taken any of his bitching to heart, and he made a mental note to fucking thank them at some point for being such good friends. “I’m sorry. It’s just a lot right now. I’m scared my boyfriend is having a manic episode but I don’t want to bring it up to him because if I’m wrong, and he’s just in a good mood, he’s going to hate me.”

“Even would never hate you.” Magnus said, matter-of-factly. “He loves you, duh. You have every right to be concerned about him. Has he been taking his medication?”

That was another subject Isak had been trying to avoid. His conversation with Even about meds had been ringing in his ears for the last three weeks. He knew Even was desperate to come off them, and things had been so good, that Isak had almost agreed with him. But then, there was always going to be dangers with avoiding medication. As far as he was aware, Even wanted to ask his mother about it, and Isak had promised to support him no matter what his decision.

And now he was spiralling. Maybe spiralling. They couldn’t be sure.

“Can’t you just… I don’t know, take him to the doctor so it can stop?” Jonas asked. Isak glared at him.

“Jonas, it isn’t just a fucking switch that can be turned off and on. Even doesn’t just *have* an episode because he fucking *decides* to have one. It’s not something you *choose*.”

“Ja… I know that… I just…” Jonas trailed off, avoiding Isak’s eye awkwardly. Isak felt bad. He knew it wasn’t Jonas’ job to just *know* everything about manic-depressive bipolar disorder, but it frustrated him when people just assumed things about Even’s disorder that weren’t nearly true. “Sorry,” Jonas said. “I meant if he is having a manic episode, can’t you just… I don’t know… find whatever triggered it? maybe if you stop that… he’ll stop?”

“It doesn’t really work like that either,” Magnus took the words right out of his mouth, and Isak was relieved to have a break. He was sick of explaining Even’s illness to everyone they met. It was so refreshing to have someone else who just *knew*, and could help. “Episodes aren’t always just *triggered* by specific events. Sometimes it’s a build up of things, sometimes it’s meds, sometimes its… well, just because.” He shrugged, and Jonas nodded silently. Then, Magnus turned back to Isak. “How long do you think it’s been going for?”

“We don’t even *know* that he’s manic.”

“Isak, you’re smarter than that.” Magnus sighed. “He’s been showing signs all week. I figured you knew, and you were *doing* something about it.”

“-like what?!” Isak snapped. “Fucking… wrapping him up in a straitjacket and locking him in his room? What do you expect me to do, Magnus? I can’t just *make him stop.*”
“Nobody’s asking you to, Isak.” Thankfully, Magnus wasn’t nearly as much of a hot-head as him. He was incredibly calm, and it was a virtue Isak appreciated more and more each day. Jonas was still quiet, eyes trained on his Big Mac with a pensive frown. “You just have to keep an eye on him, make sure he isn’t getting too carried away. Talk to him, you know? Make sure he’s eating and sleeping. And uh… this is kind of awkward but, uh… just because Even’s sex drive is high right now doesn’t mean you have to-”

“I know that!” Isak cut him off, cheeks pink before things could get any more awkward. He’d already had a stilted, horrifying consensual-sex discussion with dad the first time he’d explained Even’s bipolar and the symptoms of mania. And then had been the mentally-scarring Gay Sex 101 he’d received from Eskild when he ‘accidentally’ walked in on them showering together back in Kollektivet. And he’d had the surprisingly un-stressful teach-us-how-to-give-blowjobs grilling session from the girls one night after too much wine. Still- he was done talking about sex with his friends for a good while.

“Everything is fine. I just want him to be okay.”

“He will be.” Magnus said. “But ignoring it and pretending it isn’t happening won’t make it go away. If he’s been manic like this more than a few days, that means he’s probably going to peak pretty soon. Do you think you’re ready for that?”

It was a question Isak had asked himself probably around a hundred times over the course of the week since Even had started showing symptoms. Am I ready?

The last time he’d seen Even during an episode had been disastrous. Of course, there were all sorts of confounding factors in that one particular incident: He didn’t know Even was manic, he didn’t know Even was bipolar, Sonja showing up, Sonja freaking out on him and the rest that followed. However, this time around, even though he knew Even’s disorder down to the basic facts, he still wasn’t sure if he was ready to tackle it head on. There was something else that was frightening him too.

“It’s different now, than last time.”

“Because you know?” Jonas asked. Isak shook his head.

“We live together, you know? So when- if,” he corrected through gritted teeth, ignoring the look of disbelief of Magnus’ face when he did so, “-if he spirals. If he’s manic- if he goes through his depressive episode for a week or a month or however long it might be… I’m one hundred percent responsible for him. I’ve got to make sure he eats and drinks water and showers and sleeps. I can’t just shove him off to his parents and visit him every few days- or leave him in the kollektivet and tell Linn and Eskild and Noora to keep an eye on him. It’s all on me… and… I guess that’s what’s making it so hard.”

He hadn’t realised how tightly he’d been gripping his drink until the plastic lid popped off, and the cardboard cup sagged, bent from where Isak’s fingers had pressed into it. the lid landed with a quiet clatter on the table, and Isak stared. He didn’t want to look up at Magnus and Jonas and see the disappointment on their faces at how fucking pathetic he was being. It was a vow he’d made to himself when he and Even had agreed to get the place together- he would take care of Even. And here they were, barely a few days into what might not even be a manic episode, and he was already failing.

“Hey. Isak?”

The softness in Magnus’ voice caught him off guard. Isak let go of the cup and looked up. Jonas and
Magnus were staring, sure, but it wasn’t contempt in their eyes. It was care.

“You’re not on your own.” Magnus said. “If you need anything, you can call, or text or whatever. We’ll be there.”

“Of course.” Jonas added. “Anything you need bro. We’ll help any way that we can.”

Slowly, Isak nodded. “Thanks guys.” He mumbled. His friends really were getting more and more fucking awesome and less and less idiotic by the day, and it was frustrating for Isak to know he couldn’t always give the same amount of time and energy and understanding back, because his thoughts were so preoccupied elsewhere. Silently, he prayed that his suspicions were wrong. Even would walk through the door to the apartment and be fine. He’d tease that Isak had bunked off school, risking his precious grades, to get McDonald’s with his friends. They’d eat dinner and maybe watch TV. Then they’d go to bed, and they’d cuddle, and everything would be fine.

It was a shallow, pathetic dream, but Isak clung onto it with everything he had. If he could do anything for Even now- it would be not to just assume. He prayed for the best. He prepared for the worst.

“When you think about it, how many other people auditioned for that role? There must have been hundreds, Isak- nei, thousands! But the directors took a chance and cast him anyway. And then, from that one, tiny moment of probability scales tipping in favour, a career was born. An icon, even!

Isak- baby, are you listening?”

Isak nodded, but he was struggling to keep his eyes open. It had been like this since the second they got home. He hadn’t been able to keep Even quiet for more than a few minutes. It didn’t help that he’d been following him around the apartment like a puppy all afternoon, making sure he didn’t get any wild ideas and end up doing something he’d later regret. Getting home from school was difficult enough- Even had stopped in front of every shop they passed, staring in the window, trying to tug Isak inside. Even, we don’t need a lawnmower. We don’t even have a lawn. Nei, cardamom doesn’t need a one kilogram bag of fish-food. Nei, Even, you can’t buy the actual shirt the shopkeeper is wearing). With the smaller purchases, he’d given in, knowing it would be easier than arguing. Even had bought five separate trashy magazines, a roll of hubba bubba (which he’d almost finished in record time, spitting the gum out every time his jaw ached before going back for more, five minutes later), a deck of cigarettes, a bottle of white rum (we can make Mojito’s, Isak! Did I ever tell you that I make the best mojitos?) and a swiss army knife. That last purchase had been confiscated the second Even’s attention was drawn by Cardamom, who was swimming in circles, and hidden behind the teabags.

From there, Isak had watched Even engage in conversation with their pet fish for almost half an hour. He’d dragged him away just as Even moved his hand in the bowl, ready to scoop the fish out and hold it to his ear.

Now, it was ten o’clock. Even hadn’t been able to get in bed.
Hoping it would sate him, Isak had suggested they shower together. Even’s eyes had lit up, and he’d all but ran into the bathroom, tearing his clothes off piece by piece and tossing them carelessly into the hallway. Isak trailed behind him and scooped them up.

And sure- he hadn’t even thought about saying no when Even started kissing him open mouthed, pushing him flush against the cool tiles as water poured down over their faces. Even was fucking beautiful, magical filth as he talked at a mile a minute about all the creative things he wanted to do with Isak from that moment until the end of time. Even was good at dirty-talk as it was, but this was to a new level. Isak listened to fantasies that had never even crossed his mind- whispers of tying him to the headboard with rope or spanking his ass cherry red until he cried- and unsurprisingly, the second Even turned him around and pushed inside of him he was completely on board with all of it, every last wild dream.

But the sex had tired him out. Shower sex was not easy, and his body ached from being bent and twisted in so many different positions. Even was almost impossible to please, turning Isak every which way and fucking him for barely a minute or so before he wanted to switch, lift him up, set him down, kiss his neck, his chest, his stomach. By the end of it, they weren’t even in the shower anymore- Even had all but dragged him out and bent him over the sink, fucking him enthusiastically with one hand buried in his hair, tilting his head up so Isak was forced to watch their reflection in the wall mirror. Isak didn’t bother looking at himself. He was focused on Even, who was grinning as he stared down at Isak’s back, eyes burning twin blue flames.

Isak’s eyes felt heavy as he sat in the bed, watching Even pace around the room in his underwear. He was still talking, even though Isak had tuned out a while ago. He was smoking too- which was a new development. After the conversation they’d had about medication, Isak had laid off of weed for a while. He knew there was no proven connection that marijuana fucked with bipolar- Even had told him that a thousand times, but there was sense in the idea that someone suffering from mental illness shouldn’t be ingesting mind-altering substances too regularly.

So Even was smoking the cigarettes he’d bought in the corner store. The deck was half empty already.

“Baby, don’t you want to come lie down with me?” he tried, hoping Even couldn’t hear the way he was grinding his teeth. Even didn’t respond straight away, cigarette hanging limp between his lips as he rifled through one of the boxes still left over from their move.

“My acrylics!” he announced, excited, pulling a few tubs of paint from the box and turning them over in his hands. “I knew they’d be somewhere!”

“Even” Isak said, louder this time, and finally caught his boyfriend’s attention. “We just had… like… really good, tiring sex. Aren’t you tired? Don’t you want to come lay down?”

Even pulled the cigarette from his lips and stubbed it out on the dresser. Isak winced as the ash burnt into the wood, but it was too late. The damage was done. At least now, thankfully, Even was climbing into bed beside him.

“Let’s watch a movie. You pick!”

“Nei,” Isak shook his head, yawning, but reached for the laptop anyway. “You choose baby. I like it when you choose.”

That had sparked the next debate Even had with himself. It took him twenty-five minutes to decide on a movie, openly explaining the pros and cons of each one to a more impatient-growing Isak. It was becoming harder and harder to just nod along and pretend things were okay. Things were most
certainly not okay.

But they just had to get through the night. Then, Isak could deal with whatever came next.

Eventually, they settled on Moulin Rouge— one that Isak had been forced to watch three times already. He’d never been a fan of musicals- but had to admit that Baz Luhrmann knew what the fuck he was doing. Even’s taste level was unquestionable- but it was hard to admire the cinematography when he talked the whole way through, pausing only briefly to reach over Isak to the box of cigarettes on the night stand, lighting up another and smoking it to the butt within minutes. At least this time he used the ashtray. Isak coughed at the smoky smell that settled over their bed. The sheets would definitely have to be changed.

Just when he thought Even was winding down (body slack, one hand down his boxers, eyes drooping) he sprang up, exiting the movie and switching it to another. It took a lot for Isak to hold in his groan. Even tried to explain his thought process, but it all came through as jumbled mess. Isak just wanted to sleep.

Isak didn’t want to leave Even alone.

“Please, lay down baby?”

Even obliged, still mid-commentary of their second movie, and shifted so that Isak could lay on his chest. From then, he was quiet, too distracted by the feeling of Isak’s hair between his fingers as he twisted and played with it.

“Fuck, you’re the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen.” Isak heard him whisper, but it was becoming harder and harder to keep his eyes open.

Then, another part of him, a smaller, shameful part- wondered if maybe leaving Even alone would be the best thing. Perhaps, by simply sleeping, the problem would disappear. He’d wake up, Even would be fine. They’d have cheese toasties for breakfast and joke about stupid internet conspiracy theories. They’d hang out with Jonas and the boys, maybe go to a party with the girls, and make out in the bathroom. They’d just be normal— maybe- and the words stung. Guilt flourished in Isak’s chest, but it was too late-

He was already asleep.

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Open your eyes.

Isak wasn’t sure which part of his subconscious had whispered it, but suddenly he felt compelled to awaken. His first indicator that something was very much not-right, was the fact that the light was on, making his eyes sting as he opened them.

Secondly, he wasn’t laid on Even’s steady rising chest anymore. His face was rested on one of their soft pillows, which had been slotted underneath him in Even’s absence. The laptop was still open, but the screen was black. Isak assumed it was dead.
Thirdly, there was a strange, almost chemical smell in the air.

“Even?” Isak called out, slowly dragging himself up as he rubbed the sleep from his eyes. He didn’t even want to know what time it was— but it certainly wasn’t morning. “Even?”

“Hold on, baby, I’m almost finished—”

Isak opened his eyes.

Even was still undressed, stood in front of the blank wall opposite their bed. He’d gone to the trouble to shove Isak’s dresser out of the way, making room for his paints, which were strewn messily across the floor along with a few brushes. One of the brushes was in Even’s hand, vivid orange paint glowing from the tip.

“Even…” Isak couldn’t muster up any other words. On their plain, white, wall, Even was halfway through painting what looked like—

“-It’s a sunset!” Even turned to him with a smile, nodding excitedly, blissfully unaware of the way Isak’s heart had shrivelled up inside his chest. “I just couldn’t get the image out of my head!” with his free hand, he rubbed at his hair, laughing once. “It’s so… wow— you know? It reminds me of you! I had to paint it.”

Isak was speechless. He reached across the bed for his phone, squinting at the time. 03:30AM.

For the first time, Isak was frozen completely in panic. He didn’t know what to do. He couldn’t run over and un-paint the sunset. He couldn’t snatch the paintbrushes from Even’s hands without hurting him or (worse) bruising his feelings. He couldn’t just call Magnus, and beg for advice at three in the fucking morning.

Even noticed him crying before he noticed himself. The paintbrush fell from his hand, hitting the floor with a quiet clatter and smattering vibrant orange paint across the bottom of the dresser.

“Fy faen.” He took a step forwards, dazed, staring. For a second, Isak thought that maybe he really had just ‘snapped out of it’, as if that were possible. Even just smiled at him. “Isak— you’re fucking beautiful when you cry.”

That was enough to break him. Isak sat in the middle of their bed and sobbed like a child as Even fumbled for the polaroid, snapping a few blurry photos before waving the stills around, shaking them as if that would make them develop quicker.

“Why aren’t you happy Isak?” he asked, suddenly stilling when he noticed that Isak’s tears hadn’t stopped falling. “Isak, don’t you like my sunset?”

Isak looked at Even. He really looked at him.

“He didn’t ask for this. A voice that sounded like Magnus’ said to him. It isn’t his fault. It isn’t yours either. You just need to be there for him.”

“I’m fine.” He lied, wiping the tears away with the back of his hand before forcing a smile. “The sunset is beautiful, Even, but it’s three in the morning. Don’t you want to lie down and sleep?”

“Is that what you want?” Even asked. “You know I’ll do anything to make you happy Isak. I’ve changed my mind. I don’t like it when you cry…” he was quiet, for the first time in so long, that Isak let out a breathy, delirious laugh at the sound (or lack thereof). Even sat down on the bed beside him, reaching forwards to touch Isak’s face, wiping the wetness away. “I hate it,” he said, suddenly

“I’ve stopped- I’ve stopped.” Isak reassured him, taking Even’s face into his own hands and leaning up, pressing a kiss to his lips that was greatly reciprocated. “I’m here, baby. Just lay down- for me? I want you to lay with me.”

“Okay, okay.” Even was nodding, allowing Isak to guide him down until they were both laid flat, Even’s head on Isak’s chest, Isak’s hand, stroking up and down his back. “Don’t you want the light off?”

“Nei.” Isak bit the inside of his cheek harshly, hoping that Even couldn’t tell how choked up he was. “I just wanna lay like this, and sleep. Can you do that for me?”

“I’ll do anything for you.”

“Good.” Isak breathed. “Just sleep Ev. Please. For me.”

“Okay, okay. I’ll sleep.” Surprising them both, Even yawned. Isak wanted to be happy- but the logical part of his brain reminded him of the truth. After the peak, there was always going to be the crash. This could be the last moment he saw Even, truly happy, for a while. Come morning, it was plenty likely that his depressive episode would kick in. that would be a new kind of hell- but looking down at the sleeping boy on his chest, Isak decided to stop being such a baby.

He could deal. He’d follow protocol. He’d text Even’s mom, let her know that her son was having an episode. He’d go to the store and buy some white paint to cover up that fucking sunset- or maybe he’d leave it, as a glowing reminder for Even at his worst that better times were coming. Maybe he’d ask Even to finish it. Maybe he would.

It could be a nightmare in the morning. The way things were going- of course, it was going to be hard. It was going to be sad. But Isak could deal. That was how much he loved Even. He could hold himself together with hot glue and staples if it meant Even didn’t fall apart, and afterwards, when it was all over, Even would finally know just how much he was loved in return.

Even did so much for him. Isak could at least do this.

YO-NASSSSTY

So, I know you’re probably asleep (05:34)

But Mags was right (05:34)

Even’s manic (05:34)

(05:35) Is he okay????

Woah why the fuck are you awake (05:35)
(05:35) I left my phone on.
(05:36) you know… in case you needed me, bro

   Dude if I wasn’t so tired I’d cry (05:36)
   You’re the best (05:36)

   Even’s asleep now but… he was bad.(05:36)
   Like… paint a sunset on our bedroom wall bad (05:37)

(05:37) fy faen dude
(05:37) what about now

   He’s finally asleep, which is good (05:38)
   I’m just… scared, idk (05:38)

   But I’ve got to do this and be strong for him and shit (05:38)

(05:39) he’s probably gonna crash tomorrow right?
(05:40) have a Major Depressive Episode

   Someones been googling… (05:40)

(05:41) haha. , yeah
(05:41) I felt bad for some of the stuff I said in mcdonalds
(05:41) so I did some research cos I wanna help you out

   Takk Jonas (05:42)

   He’ll be down tomorrow but… I can deal. He’ll be okay (05:42)

(05:43) If he’s like, just sleeping and not really talking…
(05:43) I can come over. Play fifa or something. Take your mind off it.
(05:43) I don’t want you to just sit home alone and wallow lol

   Yeah, that would be chill (05:44)
   Takk (05:44)

(05:45) Don’t sweat it bro
(05:45) fr you’re not alone
(05:45) we’re all here for you no matter what
(05:46) cos we love you and shit

   No homo B) ? (05:46)
you’re worse than magnus sometimes

LOVE YOU. Full homo <3 get some sleep

<3 (05:48)
Tirsdag, 22:15 // Voice

Chapter Summary

After two weeks of feeling down, Even finally starts talking again.

Tirsdag 22:15

It hadn’t been the easiest few weeks, but Isak had surprised nobody but himself in just how strong he’d managed to be for Even.

Of course, after the peak came the crash, and Even’s mania flattened into a dull, numbing depressive episode. Thankfully, it wasn’t as bad as Isak had been preparing himself for. Even mostly just slept, laid in bed, watched movies. He didn’t talk much, but he was still eating, sleeping, taking care of himself in the most basic sense. He got up almost every morning, showered, changed his clothes, and then just slipped back into bed. Isak just put his focus on making sure he was fed and watered- and then, when Even would let him, he’d crawl in bed beside him and the two would lie together in silence, until Even rolled over and went back to sleep.

It had been two weeks, but on the fourteenth day, Isak was surprised to find Even sitting up in bed, working on some of the school work Isak had been bringing home for him. He’d actually held conversation for more than a few, stilted minutes, and had dragged himself from bed and sat at the kitchen table so they could actually sit and eat dinner together. Halfway through, he made a crack about Isak’s terrible cooking, and they’d both laughed. That had been a relief. Just hearing Even’s laugh. Isak had forgotten how much he missed it.

The first week had been the worst, because Even had just simply refused to talk. Every time Isak spoke to him, asking him if he was okay or if he was hungry or if he felt like going to school, his only reply would be a blank, hollow sort of stare, followed by a sigh. In the second week, he’d upgraded to a few non-committal grunts, hums, shrugs. In the dead of the night, they managed to exchange a few whispered words. Just two days ago, Even had kissed him, and Isak had almost exploded. It had been two weeks since they’d kissed. How had he survived?

This was how:

They were laid in bed, Even flat on his back, looking forwards. Isak was laid on his side, beside him but not touching, watching his stare. He didn’t have to look to know what Even’s eyes were fixed on. He hadn’t been able to look away from the half-painted sunset for two weeks. Isak hadn’t either.

It didn’t matter that they didn’t talk, didn’t kiss, didn’t touch. Just having Even here, beside him, living and breathing made Isak’s fingers and toes tingle. His heart race sped up every time even drew breath. His throat got tight every time he blinked. He didn’t need physical contact to be sure of the love that radiated between them. Even was his everything. Words couldn’t compare.
“You're staring.”

His voice wasn’t so hoarse, this particular night, because he’d actually been talking again. They’d had several conversations- one over dinner, one about school work, one about maybe having dinner with Even’s parents next week. Isak wasn’t holding his breath for a miraculous recovery, because he knew life didn’t work like that, but it was nice, just to talk with Even again.

“Sorry.” He said. Even scooted over slightly so that they were touching. Isak took that as a sign to rest his head just on the edge of Even’s shoulder. Even ducked down, leaning against him.

“I love you.” He said. “Thanks for putting up with me.”

“I’m not putting up with you. I’m taking care of you, because I love you too.”

There was a few more seconds of silence. Then, Even shifted, rolling onto his side so that they could face each other.

“I know, I’m sorry.” He said, reaching across to rest his large hand on Isak’s cheek. Isak brought his own hand up to cover it, burying himself in the chaste embrace. “And I’m sorry about the wall. I’ll paint over it.”

Isak shook his head. “I kind of like it.” he admitted with a small smile, which thankfully, Even mirrored. “You said it reminded you of me.”

“It does.” Even nodded. “You are my sun.”

“Even-”

“I’m serious! You do so much for me, Isak.”

“I’m just doing what anyone who loves you would do.” Isak moved a little closer, butting his forehead against Even’s briefly as the hand on his face tightened slightly, a long thumb splaying out and rubbing across his skin. Then he leant back, head tilted up, and Even got the message, tipping forwards to kiss him, slow and gentle.

When he pulled back, he was smiling.

“I have an idea.”

Isak didn’t have time to question it before Even was letting him go, sitting up in the bed with the blankets gathered around his lap. Touch-starved, Isak didn’t wait to follow him, sitting up with his back to the headboard, legs crossed. Even reached across, pulling Isak’s legs into his lap, fingers tracing the skin over his shin bone.

“I know I haven’t talked to you much over the last two weeks-”

“-Even, I told you, I’m not mad or anything.”

“I know, I know!” Even’s fingers danced over his calves, up to his thighs and back again with gentle touches. “But I still feel bad. So, as consolation I’m going to give you a free ask.”

“A free ask?” Isak repeated, frowning. “What does that even mean?”

“I thought it was pretty self-explanatory.” Even teased, rolling his eyes playfully. “But it just means you can ask me one thing you want to know or ever wanted to know and I can’t lie. No matter what.”
“Are you implying that all the other times I ask you things you lie?”

Even laughed. “Stop being annoying, otherwise I’ll take it back.”

“Okay, okay, okay! Give me a second to think.” Isak reached across his lap, lacing his hand with one of Even’s. There really was a lot to consider. There was plenty of things he didn’t know about Even. They’d known each other less than a year. Every day was a new learning experience.

Plus, there were the things Isak wanted to know, but never wanted to ask about. Thoughts of Mikael and Sana’s brother rushed through his mind, but he held back. Not once had Even mentioned them, or many other friends from Bakka. Still, all that Isak knew was something had gone down whilst Even was having an episode, thanks to Vilde and her obnoxious prying. He wanted to ask, of course, but for Even not to tell him must’ve meant it was serious. He had a sneaking suspicion Sana knew, but she’d surely take the secret to her grave if Even wanted her to. Plus, it wasn’t her place to tell—just the same as it wasn’t Isak’s place to ask.

Even would tell him about all of that in his own time, surely. Isak just hoped it wasn’t as bad as he thought.

There was another question lingering on his mind, one he hoped wasn’t too intense for a silly offer of ask-me-anything. He wanted to bite his tongue— but if he didn’t take the opportunity now, he wasn’t sure he’d ever would. He and Even were in a relationship, after all. He had the right to know.

“Did you cheat on Sonja?” he blurted out before his brain was finished finding a more delicate way to broach the subject. Even raised his eyebrows. Isak blushed. “I mean—like, not with me. I know you cheated with me but, uh…. sorry, I meant—like, did you cheat on her before that. When you were together.” He rambled, but Even’s stare hadn’t changed. He was just looking, one stupidly perfect eyebrow raised in unreadable questioning. Isak suddenly felt hot, and his leg twitched in Even’s lap. Even didn’t let go of his hand. “I’m sorry. It’s a stupid question.”

“It’s not a stupid question.”

“Nei, it is,” Isak looked down at their interlinked hands, and sighed. “I’m sorry— I’m like, accusing you of being a fucking… serial-cheater. I don’t think that, I was just… curious, I don’t know. Like I said. It’s stupid.”

“Isak, look at me.” Even said, and reluctantly, Isak lifted his head so the two could lock eyes. “It isn’t a stupid question. And the answer is yes.”

Silence fell between them. Isak wanted to look away, but he couldn’t. Even held his stare. Their hands remained interlocked. Isak drew in a slow breath.

“How many times?” he asked quietly. Finally, Even looked away. He leant back, head knocking against the headboard, and swallowed thickly, adam’s apple bobbing.

“Sonja and I… our relationship was complicated.” He said. “I guess I would count it as cheating. She would say different.”

“How do you mean?”

Even shrugged, and sighed again, turning his head slightly to look at Isak again. “me and Sonja… it wasn’t like this.” He squeezed Isak’s hand.

Isak was beyond confused. He shook his head, nose wrinkled. “But… you were together for four years? I don’t understand.”
“We were very off and on, for four years.” Even corrected him, and Isak’s brow furrowed. “It drove me crazy. You know how much of a romantic sap I am.” He gave a somewhat bitter laugh, staring into space. “Sonja wasn’t like that at all. We were always fighting and breaking up and then… seeing each other a few weeks later at a party and hooking up again. For four years we were together, but I couldn’t even count on one hand the amount of times we broke up. Looking back on it now that I have you, and we have this…” he closed his eyes for a few seconds, sighing. “It feels like a colossal waste of time. We were always much better off as friends. Being… together. It turned our friendship into something unrecognisable. It was ugly. We were ugly.”

“So you cheated?” Isak still wasn’t sure if he really understood the whole situation. He thought about the time, albeit short, that he and Even had spent apart after they first started hooking up. He thought about how miserable he had been and how his chest had ached and his heart had raced when he saw Even, at the party, his lips on hers. Just seeing him kiss someone else had felt like a knife in his gut. He was sure Even had felt the same- but then here he was, talking about Sonja as if their lives were a tragic, bittersweet love-story. Cheating wasn’t love. In Isak’s eyes, it was the opposite.

“Not exactly…” Even shrugged. “I… I never hooked up with other people unless we were apart. Sonja didn’t count it as cheating because in her eyes we weren’t together- and it certainly didn’t stop her hooking up with other people, including some of my friends, whether we were ‘on’ or ‘off’.”

“Oh,” Isak’s voice was small, as he heard the slightest twinge of pain in Even’s voice as he spat the last few words. “I’m sorry.”

“It wasn’t your fault, Isak.” He shook his head, and gave Isak a small smile. “It wasn’t Sonja’s either. We just weren’t right for each other. We stayed together because people told us to stay together. Just because… I don’t know, we had the stupid childhood sweethearts dream. It was never going to last when she was getting naked on Skype with my lab partner and I was off figuring out my sexuality in gay bars.”

Isak felt a twinge in his chest at that. He’d been there, done that. It made him sad to think that Even didn’t have an Eskild to swoop in and rescue him before he did something he likely regretted.

“So you’ve slept with other people- girls, and boys?” He asked quietly. Even just nodded. “Not just her and me?”

He nodded again, looking a little sheepish.

“Uh… yeah. Sorry, is that like… a problem?”

“Nei- nei, whatever you did before we were together is your business Even.” Isak shrugged, shifting a little closer and pulling their joined hands into his lap. He looked down at their fingers, the way they interlinked so perfectly. Some days, it felt like Even had been made for him by whatever deity they believed in. Isak couldn’t imagine him in the arms of another- let alone imagine being with someone else himself. “Just… thanks for telling me.”

“I had a big sexuality freak out when I was your age.” Even kept talking, and it was so nice just to hear his voice after the weeks they’d had, Isak felt the overwhelming urge to cry. He was becoming such a cry-baby lately. Clearly years of repressed sexual and romantic desire had done a number on his emotional state and just being able to express it so openly was constantly overwhelming him.

“Sonja and I had one of our many breakups and then I went to a club and hooked up with this boy.” Even said with a small smile on his face, and for a second, Isak was jealous that he was even enjoying the memory. “Then I realised I was at the very least bisexual and told Sonja straight away… thinking she would totally disown me, but she didn’t! She was actually very supportive.”
“So is that it?” Isak asked, hoping that the dulling jealously simmering inside him wasn’t that obvious. “Me, Sonja, and the boy who made you realise you weren’t straight?”

Even removed his free hand from Isak’s leg, and held it up. It took Isak a few seconds to realise he was counting, and his jaw dropped. Even hadn’t noticed his silent outrage, too busy lifting and lowering his pinky over and over, as if he couldn’t decide the number between four and five.

Eventually, he settled on four. “You, Sonja, a girl called Nali who I actually met on a school trip to the National Gallery- she had some really interesting thoughts on Edvard Much and self-expressionism—”

“-and the boy in the bar.” Isak cut off, resisting the urge to growl like a fucking primal animal. He did not want to hear about some fancy art girl and how much Even loved her impression of the painting when the only thing he could analyse was a football game.

“And the boy in the bar.” Even nodded. “But, that’s just sex. I’ve hooked up with boys and girls besides that.”

“Wow, sorry, Casanova.” Isak rolled his eyes, dropping Even’s hand. Even just laughed, and it was so hard to be mad knowing how much time his boyfriend had spent being sad in the last few days. “And here’s me, the ultimate virgin.”

“Not anymore.” Even winked and Isak giggled, leaning forward to rest his head on Even’s shoulder. Even raised his arm and wrapped Isak in a surprisingly tight hug, resting his head on his chin. “In all seriousness,” he said after a few moments, voice buzzing against the back of Isak’s head. “I know you’re not my first, and I’m sorry, because I really wish you were- but you are my last, Isak. And I want to be with you forever- so you always will be.”

“Or,” Isak hummed, “If we do break up, you could just become a monk and be celibate.”

Even smiled, and nodded his head. “Or I could become a monk and be celibate, yes.” He squeezed Isak tighter. “I’d do it for you, baby.”
Hey! Just want to start by saying the response I've been receiving to this fic is lovely! The SKAM fandom is honestly amazing. I live for all your comments.

Someone asked a while back if I'd be open to taking prompts? At the time I didn't think anyone would care that much to. However I've started to see some people leaving prompts in the comments! So I figured, why not?

Of course, I still have plenty of future chapters planned for this fic and certain pre-determined character developments and events I won't stray from. The fic itself is already veering slightly off-canon to some s4 events, but I'm holding out that it will all sort of loosely fit when the show comes to its end in a month's time (cry).

So if anyone out there has any prompts that they'd like to see in this little universe, let me know via comment! I can't promise I'll write every single one. If it doesn't fit in with my personal canon / it's about something I don't feel 100% comfortable with etc etc, I'll be sure to let you know :) but I'm pretty open to most things.

(also this fic's rating is changing from M to E in the next few chapters. Just letting you all know :))

and happy ramadan to anyone out there celebrating and / or fasting !!!! You're doing amazing. Sana would be proud <3
Lørdag, 21:39 // Parents

Chapter Summary

Even and Isak go for dinner with Even's parents. Isak gets a little distracted by his own thoughts. Even has his own ways of relaxing him.

Chapter Notes

Smut in this chapter! Hence why the rating has gone from M, to E! Hope you enjoy!!!!!!

(Even's parents being super-rich is my personal headcannon. It probably isn't canon, judging by Isak and Even's tiny apartment. In my universe (is it really an AU? I guess) their apartment is much bigger.)

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Lørdag, 21:39

“…and then, he turns to me and says, nei- you booked Horlo, when you should’ve booked Harlow!”

At the sound of laughter, Isak shook the slurry of deep thoughts he’d been mulling over in his head out of focus, and looked back at Even’s parents. Even’s dad had been telling a story about work for the last ten minutes of their cab journey home, but he’d tuned out a little while ago. It wasn’t that Even’s parents weren’t nice interesting people- Isak loved them, and they treated him so well- it was just that he had been a little distracted.

It had been a perfect evening. Even’s mother had been complaining that her son(s) didn’t visit enough (I miss Isak, he’s a better son to me than you’ve ever been. At least he answers my texts!) so they agreed to all go out for dinner at some fancy restaurant in the centre of Oslo, and then head back to Even’s parents place and stay the night.

Even’s parents were pretty fancy people. Even was always insisting that his family was not that rich, but that was hard to believe when he saw that the menu at the restaurant didn’t even have prices, and the fact that Even’s mother hadn’t bothered looking at the bill before throwing down an American Express card and ordering an Irish coffee from the bar. Both Even’s parents worked in business management- both with their own long, complex titles and responsibilities that Isak didn’t really understand that well. His mother had been a nurse before she ended up being the one needing taken care of. His dad was a car mechanic. They’d never been poor growing up- but once his mother had to quit her job and half the family income was gone, Isak had learnt how to survive without some of the luxuries in life, such as the pearl bracelet Even’s mother wore or the golden tiepin his father had
It wasn’t that he had a problem with Even’s family having money. Even wasn’t a snotty rich kid who demanded his own way and his parents were honest, hardworking people. That was actually sort-of Isak’s problem. Even’s parents were so fucking *nice*. They’d taken him in with open arms the first day they’d even met, despite the fact that Isak was the one who’d ruined their son’s previous, four-year relationship. They were funny and entertaining and easy to talk to, and over dinner the more Isak enjoyed himself, the more and more he found himself thinking about his own parents. How they’d never laugh like this, at dinner in a fancy restaurant, with him as their son and Even on his arm. His father tolerated his relationship with Even at best, was inconvenienced by it at worst. His mother supported him because she loved him- but she could never *be* there for him the way he needed, not now, after everything that had happened. Isak had distanced himself from both of them, and ultimately, he was now paying the price for it.

“Are you okay?” Even nudged him with his arm, gently, once they got back into his bedroom. It had been a while since Isak had been there, and looking around, it felt surreal to no longer see the guitars hanging and the drawings stuck to the wall. It was just Even’s old bunkbed, his wardrobe, and a few pieces of furniture left behind that they hadn’t needed to take. Apparently, Even’s mom wanted to turn it into an office. The paint samples were already up on the wall.

“Isak?”

“Oh, sorry.” Isak shook his head. “Yeah I’m fine. Just… uh, spaced out for a second.”

“You’ve been quiet the whole ride home.” Even said, placing his hands on both Isak’s shoulders, forcing them to face each other. “What is it? You can tell me.”

Isak bit his lip, pondering what the benefits of lying would be. So far, in their relationship, lying and hiding their feelings had been nothing but trouble. Besides, by this point, Even could read him like a map. There was no point pretending to be okay when it was so obvious that he didn’t truly feel that way.

“Can we get in bed first?” he asked. Even nodded.

They undressed in silence, Even shooting concerned looks at Isak’s pale back every time he thought he wasn’t looking. Isak climbed up the ladder into Even’s tiny bed first and watched his boyfriend pad across the room in his boxers and turn the light off, before climbing up the ladder and joining him. Being a single bunkbed, they were pressed together at every curve, so Isak turned, and rested his arms over Even’s chest, laying his head there.

“What’s on your mind, Isak?” Even asked quietly, stroking his fingers through Isak’s curls.

Isak sighed. “Your parents, they’re so wonderful. They care about me so much and it’s clear how much they adore you.”

“Is that a bad thing?”

“Nei. Of course not.” He settled on saying instead with a sigh, before sitting up slightly on his elbows to stare down at Even. “It’s just… I’m sad that we can never have that same relationship with mine. They love me but… after everything that has happened, I can never be close with mamma and pappa like you are with your parents. And they can’t take you to fucking… fancy restaurants and

*on.*
buy you birthday presents and send you funny texts. It just isn’t the same.”

Even watched him, silently, as he spoke, and Isak didn’t have to ask to know that he was listening to every single word. Even was the perfect person to vent to- because he never interrupted, and he always understood Isak’s problems before coming up with reassuring rebuttals. It was patience unlike any Isak had ever seen before, and he certainly didn’t share the virtue himself.

“I’m sorry.” He hung his head against Even’s bare chest briefly. “It’s dumb.”

“Isak,” Even sighed. “I can’t fix the fact that you have a shitty dad or that your mom isn’t in the position to give you what you need. I can offer you my parents as substitutes, as they already love you more than they love me.” he leant down, and kissed Isak’s head. “However, I don’t want you ever thinking for a second that I think any less of you because of things with your parents. I hate seeing you beat yourself up about it. it wasn’t your fault that things didn’t work out the way you wanted.”

“I know,” Isak sighed, nuzzling his face across Even’s warm chest and dropping a soft kiss to the bare skin. “It just sucks that my parents are so fucking… complicated and yours are like… perfect. I mean look at your mom, for fucks sake. She practically radiates power.”

“She is a total Head-Bitch-In-Charge type, I’ll give you that.”

Isak laughed quietly. “You can’t say that about your mom!”

“She’s the one who’s got it monogrammed onto a fucking pillow in her office!”

“That is so cool.” Isak leant up slightly and smiled. He was more or less completely on top of Even now, chin resting on his arms which here draped over Even’s collarbones. He leant forwards and they shared another kiss, Even’s hand’s coming up to hold Isak’s waist and pull him close. “Your parents are cool.”

“Don’t tell them that, I’ll never here the end of it.”

“Serr, I love them.”

“And they love you. I promise.” Even whispered, thumb rubbing in small circles over his hip, quietly intimate, “Are you feeling less shitty now, baby?” Isak nodded, the dumb pet name making him instantly fucking swoon, as it always did.

“Yeah, thanks.” He was glad it was too dark to really see the blush on his cheeks as he mumbled, “- you always make me feel better.”

Even scoffed. “I can think of other ways to make you feel better.” He teased, hands moving round to rest on Isak’s butt, hiking him up slightly so that Isak was more or less straddling his lap. Isak’s mouth fell open as Even’s crotch brushed against his.

“Even! Your parents are here!”

“Their room is like, across the hall,” Even rolled his eyes, still smiling, fingers moving up to play with the waistband of Isak’s boxers. “Besides, it’s not like they don’t know we have sex.” He canted his hips up a little, so they brushed together intimately. The friction was perfect, but Isak was already biting his lip pretty hard to stop embarrassing noises escaping from his mouth. Even knew by now after all the times Eskild had teased them in Kollektivet that he was terrible at keeping quiet.

“Come on,” Even wiggled his eyebrows, sitting up slightly to kiss Isak again, squeezing his butt. “I
know you want to. I probably have some lube in my wallet.”

Isak glared at him. His brain was thinking logically, knowing it was a bad idea. His lower half was saying something much different.

“I want to be able to actually look your parents in the eyes come morning.”

Even grinned. “You better keep quiet then!”

He didn’t give Isak the chance to say much else before he flipped them so that Isak was laying on his back, Even hovering over him. He placed one more wet kiss to his mouth, followed by another to his neck before he was moving away and climbing down the ladder, routing around in the pocket of his jeans for his wallet, and the small packet of lube tucked inside.

They hadn’t had sex- not properly- since Even’s last episode. Obviously, Isak had given him time and space, knowing sex was probably the last thing on Even’s mind. Then, they’d been working up to it slowly. Just the night before, Even had spent an hour between his legs almost as if it was his way of apologising (despite how often Isak reminded him that he didn’t need to) eating him out until his soul fucking left his body.

So yeah, Isak was a little eager. He was still worried about Even’s parents hearing them, and the devastating embarrassment that would surely follow- but he’d missed his boyfriend’s insatiable libido. They were two teenage boys. What else were they supposed to do with all their time?

Even was hopping from one foot to the other, pulling his boxers down and all but running up the ladder of the bed by the time Isak had wriggled out of his underwear. He grabbed Isak by the back of his head and pulled him into a searing kiss, teeth grazing his lip in urgency. Isak thought he might have tasted blood, but didn’t have the time to complain when Even was turning him onto his front and kissing his way down his back until he reached the curve of his ass, grabbing at it in handfuls.

“Hello beautiful.” He whispered, and Isak burst out laughing. “What?” He could hear the smile in Even’s voice. “Didn’t I tell you your butt was my second favourite part of your body?”

“Only second?” Isak frowned. “What’s the first?”

Even pulled himself up to lay across Isak’s back again, and dropped a kiss on the tip of his nose. Isak rolled his eyes.

“My nose? Really?”

“Can you blame me?” he dropped another kiss onto the side of Isak’s face, and then his shoulder, whilst simultaneously fiddling with the lube sachet. “It’s so cute and the little bump at the end- wow. It’s a stellar nose, baby.”

Isak just laughed quietly, resting his head on the pillow Even had previously been laying on. It took him a few seconds to tear open the lube packet with his teeth, but Isak didn’t mind, not when Even’s dick was resting teasingly between his cheeks, and his own gaining friction from the sheets below. It was another benefit of Even’s parents being stupid rich. The thread count felt fucking incredible against his skin.

Finally, he heard the wet sound of Even rubbing his fingers together, slicking them up before he placed a few more wet kisses around Isak’s shoulder-blades, before attaching his mouth to his earlobe and nibbling lightly. Isak let out a breathy moan as he felt Even’s hand reach down to his butt and a finger darted out, circling his rim teasingly a few times before pushing in, right down to the knuckle.
Isak bit his lip. “You can do more.” He whispered. “Please, Ev, otherwise I don’t know how quiet I can keep.” He buried his head in the pillow, hoping that the sound of his breathing growing heavier was muffled as Even easily pushed in a second finger, scissoring gently.

“Still so open for me,” he was whispering, and his words alone nearly sent Isak into a moaning mess, hips bucking slightly, pressing himself harder against the mattress. “You were so good yesterday. I loved those little noises you were making.”

“Even,” Isak pushed back as Even’s fingers curled inside of him, brushing against that spot teasingly, but not pressing for long. “I swear to God, if you don’t start fucking me I will scream and wake up this whole house.”

“I feel like that’s a possibility either way.”

“Even.”

“Okay, Okay,” Even laughed quietly, kissing down Isak’s neck before gradually adding his third finger, stretching his hole as wide as he liked. He hadn’t lied about how open Isak still was after the gruelling session they’d been through yesterday. Isak’s vision had blurred and tears had ran down his face when Even finally let him come. Hopefully tonight would run a lot quicker- because something that intense would be impossible to contain.

He’d been so caught up in his thoughts as the minutes passed, he hadn’t noticed Even using the rest of the lube to slick himself up before he began sliding into Isak slowly, using his long fingers to hold Isak open, staring down at his opening like it was the holy fucking gates. Just looking back and watching Even’s face made Isak want to scream, so instead he closed his eyes and lowered his face back into the pillow, moaning quietly. Then, when Even pulled almost all the way out before slamming back in, he yelped.

“Shh, shh,” Even grabbed his hip with one, slightly sticky hand, and ran the other up his back soothingly, rocking in and out in small strokes that had Isak squeezing his eyes shut, clamping his mouth closed. Even’s hands ran up into his hair, tugging slightly for the briefest of seconds, and another moan fell out of Isak’s mouth.

“Baby, please, I can’t-”

“Here,” Even moved his hand round to Isak’s face, and covered his mouth entirely. Isak chose to ignore the slight kick he got out of Even’s large hands swallowing his face, finger brushing over his nostrils just slightly, making it a little harder to breathe. Ok, so breath-play was definitely going on the list of things they needed to try. Isak wouldn’t be so opposed to Even’s large hands wrapping around his throat or squeezing the tip of his nose. He loved just how big Even was in comparison to himself. Isak knew he was a fucking beanpole, a few inches above all his friends, but Even was like the fucking green giant. It was nice to be dwarfed, for once.

His dick wasn’t too bad either.

“Faen.” He heard Even panting above him as their skin slapped together, but Isak’s own noises were more or less completely muffled by the hand over his mouth. His eyes were shut tightly, and he’d shifted up on his knees so he could thrust back against Even with better force and rhythm. This had to be over relatively quickly-otherwise they were both just going to get louder and louder, leading to a very uncomfortable breakfast situation where he wouldn’t be able to look either of Even’s wonderful parents in the eye.

“I’m close- fuck.” Even suddenly whispered, voice choking. He stopped thrusting, pulling out
completely before turning Isak over, grabbing him underneath his kneecaps and pushing him into the bed. Isak threw his head back and bit his lip hard enough to draw blood- because in this position, when Even shot back into him he was slamming directly into his prostate with every thrust.

Even leant forwards as Isak’s mouth fell open, pressing their lips together. Isak could hardly kiss back, but at least Even’s hungry lips swallowed his moans. The second Even reached his hand round to tug at Isak’s dick, he was practically chewing Even’s lip in a bid not to scream. It didn’t take long, seven or eight rapid-succession pumps of Even’s fist before he was coming all over himself, gasping for breath. Even didn’t stop fucking him throughout, moving his head to bury it in the crook of Isak’s neck, groaning loudly when he soon followed.

He kept rocking back and forth, in and out of Isak in short, shallow strokes even after he had came, reaffirming the sticky warmth that sat inside of him. Isak was too exhausted to do much of anything- he just laid there flat and sighed deeply, until eventually Even eased out of him and climbed back down the bunkbed to grab a few tissues. Isak didn’t even protest when Even started cleaning him out- too weak and spent to bother to be embarrassed. His lip had dripped blood onto the pillow below them. Even crawled up his body and kissed him soundly, licking the blood away before dabbing the wound with the last of the scrunched up tissues.

“Great, what am I going to tell your parents in the morning when they ask why my lip is split?” he asked, joking- but his sleepy, amused smile was followed instantly by a wince as the cut pulled open. “*Fy faen, why do I let you talk me into these things?”*

Even kissed him on the tip of the nose. “Because you love me.” he replied, simply, before laying down so half of his long body covered Isak’s, the two of them sharing one, non-bloodied pillow. “Night baby.” Even whispered. Isak smiled through the dull pain.

“Night, Even.”

Chapter End Notes

SO THE LAST CLIP??

KILLED ME. Poor Vilde!!!! (something I never thought I'd say. I was really starting to dislike her due to her actions but wow...) I also feel terribly for Sana, she clearly didn't mean for all of this to happen- but like Eva said in s1, Karma is a bitch. I love Isak and Sana's friendship and their little chat at the bench was everything. Two teenagers, understanding each others vastly different perceptions of the world around them without arguing. Just understanding and mutual differences! I hope there's more Isak x Sana in the rest of the series. Best Buds (how cute) !!!

Let me know what you thought of the clip in the comments!!!! Also, like I said, I'm open to prompts! Have already started working on some you guys have left!
Onsdag, 23:42 // The Crush

Chapter Summary

Isak tells Even about his past feelings for a best friend. Isak’s grown up a little since first year.

Onsdag, 23:42

Isak likes these kind of nights.

When they’d first moved in together, niggling doubts and insecurities in the back of his mind told him it was only a matter of time before they grew sick and tired of each other. They’d turn into one of those couples – the ones who bickered constantly and sat on opposite ends of the couch, miles apart. The kind who didn’t watch the same TV shows and only had sex for something to do. Isak had been a little bit terrified on moving-in day, because what kind of seventeen-year-old just packs up and moves in with their first-ever boyfriend of a few months? Those kind of things only happen in Teen Dramas and fanfiction. Not real life.

But here they are. Isak checks the time on his phone and it’s close to midnight. A normal, boring Wednesday evening. They’d eaten together at the kitchen table. Isak had finished some schoolwork, Even had worked on his screenplay. They’d showered together, and not even in a sexual sense. Isak had creamed Even’s tattoo lovingly, stroking the solid black lines. They’d climbed into bed and just turned the TV onto some reality TV channel (Even’s biggest guilty pleasure was *Keeping Up With The Kardashians*) and simply let the noise be the soundtrack to their night.

It’s been months, and they still haven’t grown tired of this. Laying in bed, Isak’s head on Even’s chest. Even’s hands in Isak’s hair. The TV buzzing quietly. They don’t even have to talk at this point, more than content to just lay there and listen to the other one breathe slowly. Realistically, Isak knows they still have plenty of time to get sick of each other, but here and now, he can’t think of a single reason why they could.

He’s never felt so content.

“Your phone went off again, baby.”

Isak picks up the vibrating phone, squinting at the harshness of the bright screen.

“It’s just Jonas again.” He says, yawning slightly. “Checking in on me.”

He tilts his head up, just in time to see Even nod quietly, more to himself than to Isak.

“Jonas is a good friend.” He says.
Isak isn’t really paying attention. He’s texting Jonas back. “Yeah, he is.”

“No- like a really good friend.” Even says. “He’s done a lot for you, and me. Both of us. He’s a really good person.”

“Don’t you think I know that?” Isak laughs quietly, eyes still trained on his phone-screen. “I used to have the biggest crush on him for that exact reason.”

It’s a harmless comment. Isak doesn’t give it a second thought at he continues typing his reply. He’d just assumed that Even, smart as he was, had pretty much figured out his embarrassing, very much past obsession with his best friend.

But then Even stiffens beneath him.

Isak frowns, turning to look up again. Even is staring down at him, eyes wide.

“You had a crush on him? Jonas?”

He knows it’s stupid, and unnecessary, as it’s all in his closeted past- but Isak actually feels embarrassed, hearing somebody else actually say it out loud. He nods, sheepishly, pink staining his cheeks.

“Uh. Yeah.” He mumbles, nodding awkwardly. Then, even more surprisingly than his initial reaction, the fattest, most amused smile spreads across Even’s face. He sits up slightly, and Isak’s head slips down from his chest into his lap.

“You had a crush on Jonas?”

“Yes! God, how many times are you going to say it?” Isak rolls his eyes in a bid to hide his embarrassment, clutching his phone to his chest. “It was dumb and embarrassing and started in middle school when I hit puberty and suddenly it felt weird to share a bed with him. Then in first year it nearly fucking broke me so, I guess I got over it pretty quickly-”

“-broke you?” Even isn’t laughing anymore. He frowns, looking down at Isak, all forlorn and panicked. It’s adorable. “What do you mean?”

Isak just shrugs. It isn’t exactly a topic he’s talked to Jonas at length about. Maybe he didn’t really get closure. He just sort of got over it. They started second year, and Isak decided that maybe it wasn’t wise to fall in love with your best friend. Then, a few weeks in, he met Even and his world had been hurtling upside-down ever since.

He hadn’t even thought about those silly, kiddy feelings for Jonas in months. It was weird, how the infatuation had at one point threatened to ruin his other friendships. Now he had Even, it all seemed so stupid and pathetic and childish.

“I was just… I don’t know, it was a kid crush thing. I didn’t want anyone to know because I was super in the closet. Then he and Eva got together and… well… you know how that went down.”

“You broke them up.” Isak winces at his word choice, but nods anyway. It’s the truth, he supposes. The truth often hurts.

“I broke them up.” He confirms. “Because I was jealous. I wanted Jonas to myself- so I ruined his relationship. After that… well, it had to stop. It was too toxic. So second year started and I put all my energy into pretending to be straight.”
“…and then you met me?”

Isak grins. “And then I met you.” He nods, before sitting up, wrapping his arms around Even’s shoulders and climbing into his lap. “And everything changed.”

Even leans into his kiss gratefully and without question, but Isak can sense just from the way his mouth is moving that he isn’t done with the conversation. Isak doesn’t really want to think about Jonas and his stupid little crush when he’s in his hot, older boyfriend’s lap. But there Even is, pulling back, running his hands down Isak’s sides and staring at him with a new curiosity that swallows him whole.

“Did you ever tell him?” he asks, holding Isak’s hip gently. Isak looks away. He sighs. Shrugs. Shakes his head, eventually. Even’s just staring up at him, holding him closer, large hands wrapping themselves around him with almost a possessive edge that sends a jolt of electricity through Isak’s chest.

“Why would I?” he asks with a quiet shrug. “I don’t want things to be awkward. We’re friends and… I’m over it.”

“I’m not saying you have to…” Even shrugs. “Just think about it, maybe? It is Jonas, after all. He’d understand. And it might take a little weight off these shoulders,” he reaches his hands up, rubbing them over Isak’s shoulders and squeezing gently before pulling him forwards, kissing his forehead. “Just an idea. Sleep on it maybe.”

Even doesn’t mention it again. Their night pretty much returns to normal- Isak laid in the centre of Even’s chest, warm, loving fingers stroking up and down his spine underneath he bedsheets. The TV keeps buzzing in the background. Even’s breathing is steady and comforting.

But Isak can’t get it out of his head. Would it really be so bad if Jonas knew the truth? He’d been so open and candid and accepting when Isak had told him that maybe, the person he was interested in wasn’t really a girl at all. He hadn’t even blinked. Did that mean he already knew? The girls had made it clear that obviously, he wasn’t quite as convincing as previously through.

But then, this was Jonas. If he knew, he would’ve said.

Wouldn’t he?
Torsdag, 19:52 // Explosions

Chapter Summary

Even and Isak have their biggest fight, to date. Isak gets some advice from an unlikely source.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Torsdag, 19:52

“Baby, come on. The movie is starting!”

Isak just rolled his eyes fondly, opening up the cabinet in their bathroom to take out the toothpaste.

“I’m coming, I swear! I’m just brushing my teeth!” he called back, squeezing a pea shaped blob onto the brush.

Isak locked eyes with himself in the mirror, and even as he was brushing his teeth, he couldn’t help but smile. Everything inside of him felt warm. Things with Even had just been going so well recently. They were listening to each other, communicating, sharing everything. He’d told Even about his crush on Jonas, for fucks sake. Even had told him everything about Sonja without hesitation.

Isak didn’t even care about Mikael and the Bakka boys anymore. Clearly whatever had happened, happened long in the past, and if Even had moved on from it, so could he, and he wouldn’t push for details. Isak leant forwards to spit in the sink, rinsing his mouth out with cold water. They had no plans for the rest of the evening- just a movie and their bed and each other, Isak’s favourite kind of plan.

And then something caught his eye in the gap between the back of the sink and the wall.

Isak frowned, rinsing his toothbrush and laying it back on the side of the sink. Then, he squatted down, reaching behind the sink to grab what looked like a small cardboard box. It might have been a box of soap, or something, fallen down the edge. He and Even were awfully messy at the best of times, and paired with a dangerous laziness, they often found mess pushed into the tightest corners.

With the box finally in his grasp, Isak pulled, hard, and dislodged it from the narrow space between the pipe and the wall. He squinted, holding the box up to his face so he could read the small black writing printed on the white sticker.
“What the…” Isak muttered to himself, confused. There was a lot of long, complex medicinal phrases strewn across the box that he didn’t completely understand, but the printed label said more than enough. These were Even’s meds - the latest bouts of antidepressants he’d been prescribed after his last episode, only a few weeks ago. Apparently, the mood stabilisers weren’t doing their job well enough, so his doctor had given him a course of something different. Isak figured that the antidepressants might make things better. Things had certainly seemed better.

Even was taking his meds, and things were good - or at least, that was the mantra he was repeating over and over in his head as he opened the packet and slipped the little plastic-and-foil strip out, biting back a frustrated scream as he saw what he certainly did not want to see. Even had been prescribed the meds weeks ago, to be taken twice daily - so why were only four tiny holes made in the packaging?

The realisation hit Isak like a freight train, rattling every bone in his body. He didn’t know whether to drop the packet in shock or hold it tight enough to bend the carton.

Even hasn’t been taking his meds.

“Isaaaaakkkkk!”

Box still clutched in his hand, Isak turned and left the bathroom. He walked into the bedroom, where Even was laid on his side with a small bowl of popcorn tucked on his lap. He was completely at ease, movie paused, ready and waiting for Isak to just slip in beside him. He turned and locked eyes with Isak, still smiling. Isak didn’t smile back.

“Ready for the movie?”

Isak held up the box. Even’s smile promptly dropped.

“Why haven’t you been taking your medication?”

Isak couldn’t remember a time they’d fought like this. Not ever.

Even was bright red in the face, voice hoarse from how loud he’d been shouting. Isak was ignoring the angry tears that were dampening his cheeks and the way his curls shook every time he matched
Even’s tone of voice in favour of trying to make his point very much known, whether Even wanted to hear it or not. So far, it was becoming more and more apparent that Even did not want to hear it.

In one particularly explosive outburst, he’d smashed a glass when tossing his water across the room. Isak was resisting the urge himself to run over and sail his fist through the wall space only inches way from is boyfriend's pretty face.

He supposed this was the only downside to not being in a straight relationship. Two teenage boys meant two incredibly fragile egos hyped up on testosterone battling each other. Even looked like he wanted to brawl, chest heaving and hands shaking. Isak wasn’t sure that he’d bother trying to stop him if he did.

“Only you can feel what you feel, Isak! Those are the exact words you said to me. Or what- was that just a lie too?”

“It wasn’t a lie, Even. Can you stop being such a child for one second and think about the bigger picture here? If the doctor your parents pay to help you is telling you to take the meds, you should be fucking taking them. You had an episode only a few weeks ago!”

“It’s my body, Isak!”

“But just the other day you said it was ours! Or was that just a lie too? Was that just the mania?”

Even’s face dropped at that one, particularly harsh comment. Isak felt guilty, instantly, but bit back the instant apology that threatened to leap from his mouth. As of right then, Even didn’t deserve it. He’d been playing with his mental health like a game of fucking chess. Isak couldn’t just stand there and watch that happen- because if Even crumbled, he would never forgive himself.

“How could you say that to me?” Even’s voice went impossibly low- so low that, for a second, Isak felt afraid. He didn’t even sound upset. It was a new kind of anger all together.

Isak took a step backwards.

“Even how the fuck am I meant to feel? What do you want me to say?” he asked, exasperated, folding his arms over his chest. If they carried on shouting, it wouldn’t be long before the neighbours rang up with complaints. Isak’s throat ached and his eyes burned with unshed tears. He didn’t want to be angry anymore- but Even was making it so fucking hard because he wasn’t listening. Isak couldn’t’ve cared more. Even couldn’t have wanted him to care any less.

“I want you to support me.” Even replied, teeth gritted. “You said you’d support me in my decision. You said it was my decision-”

“I said after you talked to your mom and then I specifically remember saying not to shut me out. And I specifically fucking remember you agreeing with that. Or am I wrong? Am I just imagining that part or the conversation- or did you only listen to the part you wanted to hear? I can’t fucking believe you, Even. I really can’t. This is so beyond stupid.”

“So now- because I’m bipolar and the meds are making me feel dead inside- I’m stupid?”

“That’s not what I meant and you know it!” Isak raised his voice again. Even didn’t flinch. The anger dropped from his face and settled into a tired, dead glare. He ran a hand through his hair and looked away from Isak, off into the corner of the room.

“You know what Isak, I just can’t be bothered for this right now.” He said quietly “You’re clearly not ready to listen-”
"-I'm not ready to listen?" Isak pointed to his chest indignantly. “Fuck you Even. You’re the one acting like the spoilt brat here. I don’t even want to look at you anymore.” He turned his back, reaching to grab the jacket he’d tossed over their end of their bedposts earlier. Even rolled his eyes.

“What are you going?”

“Out.” Isak zipped up the jacket, loudly.

“What, are you going to run off to Jonas’ again?” he asked bitterly. Isak froze, and turned back around, stiff.

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

Even pursed his lips and shrugged. “Whatever you want it to mean, baby. Go and fucking run off to your first love or whatever Disney bullshit you think life is. Because I’m clearly such a fucking villain, you need Jonas to be your knight in shining fucking armour.”

Isak looked at Even then. Really looked at him, chest heaving, eyes narrowed, expression stony. Of course, neither of them had meant any of the insults they’d been hurling at each other for the last half an hour, but in that moment, it didn’t matter. Even had taken it to a level Isak would never have dared to. He wasn’t sure whether to commend him on his bravery or break down into tears.

“Fuck you, Even.” He settled on instead, before storming out of the apartment and slamming the door behind him.

“Here’s your tea, dear. I hope you like chamomile. It’s all I ever drink.”

Isak shifted uncomfortably on the pink, velour chaise lounge. Mrs George Clooney, or Adélaïde, as she’d called herself when she invited him in, sat opposite him in a small, brown armchair. The entire apartment was a swirl of contrasting colours and prints- bright green curtains that hung heavy to the floor, purple and yellow little porcelain tea mugs. Isak took a sip of his chamomile, and surprisingly, he didn’t hate it. If anything, it stopped his heart from racing just slightly.

When he stormed out of the apartment, Isak had quickly realised he didn’t really have many options of where to go. Of course, he couldn’t just run to Jonas, not with what Even had said ringing in his ears. He had his other friends- Eva and Sana and Magnus and Mahdi, but somehow, it felt embarrassing to just run off to them. Everyone else in their friendship group had this idealistic impression of his and Even’s relationship, and he really didn’t want to be the one to shatter it just yet.

So he’d dawdled in the corridor for ten minutes or so, weighing up his options, and that was when Mrs George Clooney had opened her front door, leaving out a saucer of milk for one of her many cats who’d apparently gone rogue. She’d spotted him, frowning slightly, and then, without words, waved him inside. She sat him down, made him tea, all without words. After the shouting match he’d had, Isak revelled in the silence.

The lighter in her hand sparked, and the scent of thick incense floated through the room, tickling
“What did you and your petit ami argue about?”

Isak grimaced. “Sorry, did you hear us?”

She let out a soft, quiet laugh, before nodding. “I think the whole building heard you. It sounded very heated and… passionate.”

Isak nodded. “It was.” Then, the two were silent again. Isak reclined in the uncomfortable chair just slightly. Mrs George Clooney just stared at him, sipping her tea, and Isak wasn’t sure what it was about her exactly, but suddenly, he wanted to spill his guts on her white mink carpet. “Even is bipolar.” He explained in a small voice. “He had an episode a few weeks ago and the doctor prescribed him some new meds to help deal with it but… tonight I found out that he hasn’t been taking them at all. He’s just been lying and pretending to take them, because he doesn’t like the way they make him feel- and I understand that, I really do but- if the doctors are telling him he has to take them… I can’t help but be worried for him, you know? And then he just got all upset, saying I wasn’t listening to him, I didn’t care about how he felt and–” he cut himself off, feeling flustered suddenly as he relieved the memories of the argument, breath speeding up slightly. Mrs George Clooney furrowed her brow. Isak took a deep, shaking breath. The last thing he wanted to down as stain her fucking velour chairs with his tears. “–it just got so personal. He said some things he probably doesn’t mean but… they hurt my feelings. And I made a comment about his bipolar that probably hurt him a hell of a lot too.”

“Sounds to me like you just love each other a lot.” Adélaïde said, after a few moments of thoughtful silence. Isak took another heavy sip of tea. “–and therefore, sometimes it’s hard to focus on anything else. Basic logic and other sensible things sort of pale into the background of everyday life when love gets involved.”

“I just want him to be okay, I guess.” Isak stared into the swirling tea. “When he’s manic, it’s like he loses all control of his own head and that’s awful. Then when he’s depressed… it’s like he doesn’t even want to be alive. Is it so bad that I want those feelings to stop?”

“No, of course not.” She smiled. “But your Even sounds very… uh, how you say, head-strong. He will make his own decisions. You just have to support him as best you can. and I’m sure he didn’t mean any of the bad things he said just as you didn’t. He’s probably just very scared.”


“It’s like you said,” she leant back in the armchair, just as one cat, a skinny Siamese with a blue collar and equally vibrant blue eyes hopped onto the arm of the chair and rubbed its head against her hand, demanding attention. “When your Even is ill he sometimes loses control of himself. That is probably very frightening. And then, when the medication that is supposed to control that makes him feel awful too, he probably feels like there’s nothing left. What you need is to find a middle ground between those two things, and only then you will truly be content.”

“Hmm.” Isak nodded. He looked down to the bottom of the teacup, where the dried leaves were swirling around in the water.

“I could read them for you, if you’d like.”

Isak smiled into the cup. Then, he shook his head. “Thank you but… no thank you. I think I’ve had enough of fate and destiny controlling things. sometimes you just have to fix things on your own.”
When he looked up at Adélaïde, she was smiling around her tea cup, red lipstick staining the yellow lip.

“You are a very wise young man Isak.” She said quietly, the cat, now sat in her lap, purring. “I believe you will do great things.”

“I should probably get back to Even.”

“You probably should.”

They stood up together, walking over to the door. Isak had to duck underneath the hanging beads in the walkway, and nearly headbutted a suspiciously low-hanging dream catcher. Still, despite it’s explosion of colour and clutter, Isak felt like the apartment was incredibly homely, and Mrs George Clooney- perhaps not so crazy after all- knew how to live free and happy.

“And Isak, remember this,” she said as he pulled open the front door and took a step into the hallway. “All men are ordures anyway. Even you. Even George, God-“

“Takk, Adélaïde,” Isak laughed, giving a small wave as he left the apartment.

“Au revoir, Isak.” “Au revoir.”

It took Isak all of about a minute to realise he hadn’t remembered to bring his keys along with him during his dramatic exit. So, swallowing his pride, he reached his fist to the door and knocked loudly. There was a minute of silence that made him nervous- but soon enough he heard the familiar padding of Even’s bare feet against their creaky wooden floors, and the click as the lock turned. Even pulled open the door and Isak held his breath.

The two stared at each other.

“I think we should talk.” Isak said. “Rather than shout.”

Even, looking more nervous than Isak was expecting, nodded and swallowed thickly, before stepping aside to let Isak in. From there, they stood in the hallway awkwardly, facing each other and not saying nothing. Isak licked his lips, waiting for Even to speak. Even looked everywhere but Isak’s face, downtrodden.

“I’m sorry-” they both finally spoke, at the same time.

Even’s face lit up then, and Isak smiled. Even reached forwards, pulling Isak into a crushing hug that was greatly reciprocated, and the two stood in the hallway locked in embrace for more than a minute before Even pulled back, before resting his forehead against Isak’s.

“I’m an idiot.” He said. Isak shook his head.
“You’re not an idiot, Even. You’re just... ugh, I don’t know. You drive me crazy.” Even let out a quiet laugh. “I worry about you so much. I’m sorry for all the horrible things I said. I was so… out of order, I don’t know what I was thinking-”

“Are you kidding, Isak? I’m sorry for all the terrible things I said. I never should’ve brought up the Jonas thing. I’m surprised he didn’t come back here with you to fucking... skin me alive.”

“I didn’t go to Jonas'” Isak replied, just as Even took his face between his large hands and kissed him once, chaste on the lips.

“Huh?” Even was visibly confused. “Where did you go?”

Isak looked down at the floor and laughed softly. “I just stood in the hallway for like, ten minutes because I didn’t know where to go. Then fucking Mrs George Clooney saw me and invited me in for tea.”

“Mrs George Clooney?! I thought she was like, a total shut-in?”

“Apparently not,” Isak shrugged. “She’s actually very nice. She gave me some advice. Then she sort of said that all men are trash in French but... overall the advice was good.” He reached up, stroking the side of Even’s face gently and tucking a stray, bouncing strand of hair behind his ear. “We had tea and chatted. I just want you to know that I meant what I said when I said I’d support you, about your meds. No matter what you decide. I just want you to be happy Even. That’s more important than anything.”

“It was stupid and childish to just not take the meds and hide it from you, Isak.” Even sighed, rubbing their noses together as Isak snaked his arms up and around Even’s neck so the two were pressed together. “You were right about me shutting you out. You were right about a lot of things.”

Isak shook his head. “We were both wrong.” He said. “And that’s why it all got so personal. Because we were both so, so, wrong we didn’t have anything else to say.”

“Well then… what do you suggest?”

Isak smiled and, as expected, Even leant in and kissed him again. Isak laughed- because the situation was just so ridiculous, and so very Isak and Even: Minute for minute. They were standing in the middle of their stupidly narrow hall, unable to keep their hands and lips and eyes off of each other despite the fact that they’d been hurling obscenities only an hour or so before. Isak didn’t care about any of that. Those minutes had passed. These minutes were entirely new.

“Let’s meet in the middle.” He said simply. Even didn’t question it. He just smiled, nodded, and then they kissed again.

“I still don’t know why we didn’t think of this before.” Even said, laid flat in their bed with one hand behind his head, Isak tucked into his side, and the other arm held above them, turning the medication box around over and over.
“It makes sense.” Isak shrugged, burrowing into Even further as if he could make a home inside his fucking chest, breathing in that Even scent—fancy aftershave and weed and sweat and coffee, pooled in the centre of his chest. Even’s smell was so fucking intoxicating, Isak swore he could overdose on it if he inhaled hard enough.

“One pill a day. I can manage that.”

“Halving your dosage should reduce the side-effects. Then, at your next appointment just ask the doctor to switch medication. Something less… suffocating. I’m sure I read something online about anti-convulsants helping with bipolar without having such severe side-effects. You should ask her.”

“You should ask her.” Even said. Isak frowned, craning his neck to look up at his boyfriend.

“Why would I ask her?”

“Because,” Even smiled, dropping the box beside them and reaching out to take one of Isak’s hands between his, lacing their fingers together. “I want you to come with me to my appointment. All my appointments, actually. We’re in this together so- I want you to be there with everything. If you want to, of course.”

“-Of course I do!” Isak exclaimed, all but jumping on top of Even, thighs either side of him as he wrapped his arms around the back of Even’s neck and hugged him tightly. Even wrapped his arms around Isak’s back, pulling them closer before rolling them both over, so he was settled between Isak’s legs, faces pressed together.

“Good.” He mumbled, suddenly quiet. Isak stopped giggling. Even reached up and stroked his face gently. “I love you, Isak.” He whispered. Isak stared at him, eyes heavy. In all honestly, it had been an exhausting roller-coaster of a night. But none of that mattered anymore—because they were back here, in bed together, where they would always end up. Tomorrow morning, they’d eat cheese toasties for breakfast, and Isak would forget to feed the fucking fish and Even would take his one and only pill for the day. Then they’d go to school, hang out with the boys, laugh with the girls, eat lunch, study. Even would complain about his physics teacher purposely giving him bad grades and Isak would roll his eyes, and tease him about how science was never going to be his strong point—no matter who taught it.

“I love you too.” He whispered back. “In every universe. Always.”

“Even when I’m an asshole?”

He nodded. “Even then.”

And then they slept.

Chapter End Notes

SO I JUST WATCHED THE CLIP!!!!!

I'm happy Even is reunited with his old friends and everything seems so chill!!!! (I'm
still bitter that there's not been much discussion about why the fight happened/ Even's SA/ Even and the boys reuniting but oh well... I suppose that's what fanfiction is for. Filling in the crucial blanks shows leave) Seeing Even and Isak comfortable and happy with their friends was great. Sana and Elias and all the balloon boys fasting was a really nice touch too!!!! I'm glad yousana seem to be heading towards their happy ending, and hopefully with all this love in the air the finale will be really heartwarming and special!

... and well... WILLIAM? P Chris? I don't even know what to say. I've never been a super die hard Noorhelm shipper but I don't HATE William's character. I kind of wish we'd been given more insight into his background to help understand why he behaved how he did in certain situations during S1&2. He wasn't the best guy but... IDK, back when season 3 was airing some people genuinely thought Even was the biggest player going. Explanation can really help everything- but I doubt with one one or two episodes left we'll get much exposition into William or Even or anyone really. It is Sana's season after all. (and William is sort of a dickhead)

BUT! Now I can totally have the balloon boys in my fic knowing they didn't treat Even badly n they're all cool again! I've already fleshed out a few chapters involving them, but feel free to leave prompts with Balloon Boy content you would be interested in reading! Hope you liked this chapter. It isn't all sunshine and roses for Isak and Even (despite how much I'd love it to be). They both still have a lot to learn about respecting and understanding each other. But they're LEARNING! And that's all that matters!

<3 (drop ur thoughts on the clip because I've seen so many conflicting opinions n I'd love to discuss!!!!!)
Fredag, 15:23 // The Lakehouse

Chapter Summary

Even and Isak are still reeling a little from their fight, so they take a few days off and head to Even's parents lakehouse for weekend away, just the two of them.

Fredag, 15:23

“Fy fæn.” Isak breathed, marvelling at the landscape as it came into view from the passenger side window. “Your parents really own this place?”

From behind the wheel of his dad’s car, Even nodded. “Ja, we used to come all the time when I was a kid. It’s a nice vacation spot.”

“You’re not fucking kidding.” Isak was resisting the urge to press his face against the glass like an excitable child, but as the lake-house came into view, it was hard not to reach out, as if he could touch it. The house was beautiful- summer personified, sat on the edge of the giant lake that they had passed. Surrounding it from all angles (bar the small dirt path they were driving down) was acres and acres of forest. There were a few other houses, over the other side of the lake, but the Bech Næsheim property was entirely isolated from the rest of the world.

Even slowed the car to a stop just outside the house before turning, smiling across the car at Isak. It hadn’t been the easiest few weeks for them. After Even’s episode and their huge fight, things had been tense. Of course, they’d been compromising- Isak was trying not to stress so much and Even was talking half his prescribed medication- but the tension that had surrounded them as a couple still hadn’t fully dissipated. Even their friends at school had commenting on it- saying they looked a little less sweet than usual. Neither Isak or Even went into detail about what happened, but the gang had come up with their own mostly correct conclusions about what was bothering them.

It has been Even’s idea to get away for a bit. Of course, it was entirely irresponsible to skip a whole day of school so close to exams, but they’d both agreed that they sort of just needed time to be alone together, away from everyone else and all the responsibilities that normal life held. So when Even promised the most secluded, isolated holiday-home ever, Isak had jumped at the chance.

“C’mon. I’ll show you around.”

Even made a big show of being a gentleman by carrying the bags (even though they’d shared the one mini-suitcase and dufflebag because so many of their clothes had become mixed up into a blurred pile of theirs) into the house as he pointed across the lake at the other clusters of houses in the distance, each with small boats parked at their private docks.

“Rich assholes stay over there.” Even sneered, gesturing vaguely at the distant houses across the lake. “During summer when we’d come down to the lake they’d jet over in their fucking speedboats
and hang out. I hated them all. They didn’t like me so much either. Thought I was way too pretentious.”

“Jeez, I can’t imagine why…” Isak teased, slowing to a stop as he looked at a framed photo of a young Even, blonde hair flopping over his brow and a disinterested facial expression. All it needed was a black and white filter. “Wow, is that a Beatles t-shirt? You’re soooo retro and cool.”

“Hey! I was retro and cool. And my dad is like, the biggest Beatles fan ever. He has original vinyl’s and everything.”

Even’s voice floated over from the kitchen, which was almost completely white and possibly half the size of their entire flat. Isak raised his eyebrows as he walked through the archway, looking at all the fancy, unused appliances that littered the sides, and the giant fridge. For a home they only visited a month or so out of the year, Even’s parents sure kept the place in check.

“Do you want anything to eat, baby?” Even asked, opening the fridge and looking through it’s (admittedly well-stocked) contents. “No take-out will come this far. I suppose I could always take the car and drive into town if you wanted to go out to eat.”

“Nei, I don’t mind.” Isak shrugged, taking a seat at the breakfast bar. “I’ll eat anything. You’ve already done enough for me by bringing me here.”

“This is for us, Isak.” Even said, taking a packet of grated cheese out of the fridge along with some bread that was left for them on the side. Apparently, Even’s parents had called in in advance and had the maid who looked after the place whilst they were away (yeah, they were that rich) pick up some groceries. “I’m still sorry for everything I said in that fight.”

“Stop saying that.” Isak smiled, hopping off the stool so he could stand behind Even, wrapping his arms around his middle and resting his face on the back of Even’s neck. “Thanks for doing this for me- or us- or whatever. Seriously. I love you.”

“I love you too.” Even patted his hand gently. “Now get off me so I can make us some cheese toasties, as that’s apparently all we eat, according to my parents.”

“It’s not far from the truth.” Isak laughed, detaching himself. “Cool if I wander around whilst you make food?”

“Ja, ja, knock yourself out. There’s plenty of embarrassing photos of me everywhere, which I know is what you’re looking for.”

“Aw, baby.” Isak grinned, backing out of the kitchen as Even smirked, pretending to glare back at him. “You know me so well.”

“Wait, no- I think the tartan dungarees one was my favourite.” Isak was having the time of his life teasing Even, as the two laid out on the balcony, sharing a joint. He laughed and choked at the same time, wafting the smoke away from his face with his free hand, the other one being buried in the
back of Even’s hair as he laid flat across his chest.

When Even laughed, his chest vibrated underneath Isak’s head, the sound of his voice and his heart, moving together, was beyond soothing.

“In my defence, tartan was in fashion—”

“-In 1987 maybe!”

“Okay, okay—” Even laughed, fingers drumming over the left side of Isak’s chest, brushing across his nipple every now and then. Isak wasn’t sure if Even was doing it on purpose or not. All he knew was that it sent the same bolt of electricity pulsating through his body every single time, traveling from his chest straight down to his dick. Even had already promised him on the drive in that they’d spend the weekend fucking in all the places he’d dreamed of, back when he was just a horny fifteen-year-old on vacation with his parents, now that he finally had the chance to be there without them.

Isak was actually quite surprised (and so very, very smug) to hear that Even had never once taken Sonja to the lake-house. Apparently, it just hadn’t felt right. With Isak, on the other hand, it was perfect. “-Here.” Even passed the joint back, and Isak took a deep inhale. It had been a long time since they’d done this, but Isak had missed it. sure, he was still silently fretting over Even and his beautiful brain, but he knew that they both needed to stop trying to control each other so much. That was what had ruined Even’s relationship with Sonja. Isak didn’t want to go down the same road.

Laid out on the balcony, smoking weed and whispering together, was like being transported to another universe that only knew serenity rather than conflict. The lake house wasn’t anything like being in Oslo. When Isak looked up at the sky above the house, actual stars glittered around them without the city lights to block them. If he squinted, he’d probably be able to see all the other Isak’s and all the other Even’s who were laid out just as they were, smoking away their own worries and insecurities.

“Hey, wanna know something funny?” he asked, after a few minutes of silence.

“Hm?”

“The girls grilled me about you the other day. When I hung out with Eva.”

“Oh really?” Isak huffed a laugh as he heard the smug grin in Even’s voice.

“What did you have to say? Only good things, I hope?”

“They more wanted to know about, like, how our sex life is going- they actually had a lot of questions about blowjob etiquette. It was quite funny.”

“They wanted to question you, about blowjobs?”

“Uh, ja. Apparently, I’m the expert- considering I both give and receive them on a regular basis.”

“I don’t know about regular—”

“-Hey!”

Even laughed again, pushing Isak back down when he sprang up from their position laid out over each other. “I’m kidding baby.” He reassured. “Half the time I’m too turned on just thinking about fucking you to be getting blown. But- when you do: 10/10. I promise.”
“Better be.” Isak mumbled. Even grinned.

“What else did they have to say?”

Isak rolled his eyes. “Not that I want to feed your massive ego any more- but they did have a very interesting conspiracy about your, uh… equipment that Eva told me about.”

“Ooh, really?” Even cooed like an excitable teenage girl. “What was it?”

Despite how long they’d been together, how often they both had and talked about sex and sex related stuff, how comfortable Isak was in Even’s presence, he still felt a blush heating up his cheeks before he was able to speak. Even was just so fucking open about everything, Isak sometimes had to remind himself that it wasn’t weird to just openly discuss their friends perverted ideas about their sex life.

“God, this is so embarrassing. Basically, the girls had this like… conspiracy that either you had a huge dick or a tiny one. Apparently Eva and Noora were convinced it was big because of ‘outlines in photos’ and apparently, I walk into school some days limping-”

“-which you do”

“-anyway. Then, Chris and Vilde apparently had some kind of backwards theory that secretly it was really small and I was just overcompensating. Sana thought they were all crazy.”

“Sana is the only sane one in the group.”

“That’s what I said!”

“So…” Laughed Even, nudging Isak with his shoulder slightly. “What was the verdict from the only eyewitness?”

“I told Eva the truth and swore her to secrecy.” Isak rolled over so he was laid on his front, however, this way it was much easier to lean into his mouth and press a few soft kisses across his lips.

“And that truth is?”

Isak rolled his eyes. Even smirked.

“You really want me to say it?”

“I do.” Even nodded. “For my massive ego.”

“Fine.” Isak pulled Even’s bottom lip between his teeth briefly, and looked him in the eyes. “I told her that yes, you have a big dick and yes- I like it a lot.”

The dumbest, proudest, smuggest grin spread across Even’s face. Isak didn’t know if he wanted to kiss him or punch him. Even’s hand gripped at his shirt from where it had fallen in the small of his back, drawing him closer.

“I’m glad you like my dick, baby. He likes you too.” He teased. Isak laughed, loudly.

“You’re such a nerd.”

“You love me.”
“I do. God knows why.” Isak kissed him again, shifting so he was almost crawling up Even’s body, slotting them together at every angle.

“I like that you talk about us with your friends.” Even muttered against the side of his neck. “I like that you aren’t embarrassed.”

“I’m still a little embarrassed. They were theorizing over your dick for several months.”

“Okay, well I meant in general.” Even laughed softly. His hand rested over the curve of Isak’s butt, squeezing gently. “I like that you don’t feel like you have to hide anything about who you are anymore.”

“I remember when we first got together, I would freak out whenever you so much as kissed me in public.” Isak laughed, remembering all the times he’d leant away from Even when they’d passed in the school corridors, back when everything was just so uncertain. It was crazy to think how quickly things had changed from Christmas to now, the start of their first summer together. “Now I’m here, getting frisky with you on a balcony, where anyone could fucking see us.”

“To be fair, there’s nobody about for like, a mile. And this is definitely on my bucket list of places to have sex on this vacation. It’s a solid, like, number four.”

“Only four?” Isak raised an eyebrows. “What’s numbers 1-3?”

“3 is my parents bed, just to be an asshole. 2 is in my dad’s car, again, to be an asshole-”

“-Even!”

“Come on. You can’t say the idea of parking up somewhere out in the grassland and getting it on where someone could just walk by with their fucking dog or sheep or whatever doesn’t get you excited.”

Isak rolled his eyes at the adventurous fantasy. Although, he couldn’t lie, just the idea of doing it anywhere with Even, whether it just be in their bed back home or somewhere much more risqué would always make him hot and bothered. That, and the feeling of Even’s crotch, pressed into his just perfectly.

“What’s number one?” he asked. Even’s eyes sparkled mischievously.

“In the lake. Or just on the edge of the water. See how long you can hold your breath again, maybe?”

Isak pretended to be annoyed for about three seconds, before laughter got the better of him. Even laughed along with him, before wrapping his arms around Isak’s middle tightly, and rolling them over so that Isak was on his back and Even was laying against him.

“But, for now,” he muttered into the crook of Isak’s neck, laying a few soft kisses and biting gently at the skin, “I’ll settle for number four, right now. We’ve got the whole weekend to do the rest.”
Isak is waiting for Jonas to come over- but Even has other ideas...

See the end of the chapter for notes

Isak bit his lip, glancing at the message on his phone for possibly the eighth time, as Even started kissing a trail of heat up the side of his neck.

*Be there soon broski*

“Fucking Hell,” he groaned, just as Even licked across the sensitive spot underneath his jaw. From where he was currently sat on their kitchen counter, Even between his legs with his hands pressing into his hips and ghosting just around the swell of his ass, if felt like every sense in his body had been kicked up to eleven. Since their cabin trip, it was like they’d fallen into some unconquerable blizzard of insatiable *libido*. Isak couldn’t remember more than two consecutive days they hadn’t fucked in the last two weeks. Not that he was complaining.

“Why does Jonas have to be so- *ah*- unspecific?”

“He’ll be a while, I promise.” Even mumbled against his skin. Isak rolled his eyes, and his hips, simultaneously.

“How could you- *uh, baby*- possibly know that?”

“I just know.” He could feel Even grinning against his skin as his hand crept down to ghost over his crotch, running his fingers over the silkiy material of his basketball shorts teasingly. “We’ve got enough time.”

“We *do* not have enough time to fuck.”

“I never said that!” Even laughed. “I could probably jerk you off though.”

“Yeah, but then there won’t be enough time for us both to come”

“Aw, Isak,” Even leant back, and then brushed their noses together fondly. “You’re so *considerate*.”

“Shut up and kiss me again, before I change my mind.”

Even gripped his thigh pulling him closer. Isak scooted forwards slightly on the counter so he could
wrap his legs around Even, ankles crossing just at the small of his back. Both hands reached up to wrap around his boyfriend’s broad shoulders, and Even’s hands ran up his sides, before teasingly creeping underneath his shirt.

“Fy faen, I could do this forever.” Even panted against his lips. Isak’s mouth fell open when Even’s hand travelled up, tweaking at his left nipple. That particular spot had been Even’s favourite recently-so much so that Isak had joked about getting it pierced. Well, it was mostly a joke. Not so secretly, he’d been staring at photos of boys with pierced chests on Instagram for hours at night and wondered if it really hurt that much. Besides, Even seemed pretty on board with the idea. It couldn’t’ve been worse pain than his tattoo.

Isak was interrupted from his thoughts and the feelings stirring in his crotch by the door to the kitchen suddenly flying open. Jonas’ giant eyebrows flew up his brow. "Woah! Sorry bro!"

“Jonas, what the fuck?!” Isak squeaked as Jonas darted out of the room, slamming the door behind him. Isak pushed an equally shocked Even away from between his legs, entire face and chest going over into a dark blush. Even didn’t seem fazed. He just laughed, very loudly.

“Your front door way unlocked! I just figured you’d left it open for me, sorry!” Jonas called, sounding embarrassed from his spot cowering behind the door. Isak looked over at a giggling Even, who was leant against the other side of the counter, covering his face to hide his laughter.

“Ugh- Even did you forget to lock it again?”

“This isn’t my fault!” Even exclaimed, pointing at him with a teasing smile. “This is all you, baby.”

“Sorry.” Jonas called, again. “Can I… come back?”

“Jonas just come in here.” Isak huffed. “We’re fucking… decent, I guess.”

“Well, speak for yourself-”

“.Even!”

The door opened slowly, and a very flustered Jonas stepped through, a small smile playing on his face as he shook his head in disbelief. Isak just buried his head in his hands. Even continued laughing.

“In all fairness,” Jonas said, after a very pregnant pause. “You did walk in on me and Eva that one time, at the cabin. So… payback?”

Isak lifted his head, and grinned at his best friend. Even raised his eyebrows.

“Ooh, what happened at the cabin?” he asked, looking between the two. Jonas smirked.

“Isak accidentally walked in whilst me and Eva were… uh… getting frisky.”

“Isak!”

“It wasn’t an accident.” Isak folded his arms across his chest, unable to hide the amused smirk from his face. It was a long time ago. he figured now was a good a time as ever to start coming clean about most of the secrets he’d kept in first year when he was too scared to even consider being gay. “It was punishment for you making me third wheel that whole trip.”

“What?”

“I’ll make it up to you.”

They laughed then, the three of them. Jonas, thankfully, didn’t make anything about the situation awkward, and for once, Isak didn’t feel awkward. Jonas was right. It was just like what had happened back at the cabin. He didn’t need to feel ashamed for the fact that he enjoyed having sex with his boyfriend, very regularly.

“I’m going to hop in the shower,” Even yawned, stretching his arms above his head and wandering over to kiss Isak on the cheek, before reaching around to squeeze his ass teasingly. Isak squeaked, and Jonas pretended not to notice. “Then I’ll head to work. See you later baby. Nice seeing you Jonas.”

“Later, Even!”

Isak pouted. “You will come say goodbye properly before you leave, won’t you?” he asked, looking up at his boyfriend. God he wasn’t even trying not to be a mushy, love struck mess anymore. His boyfriend. It was nice to think. Even grinned, and even Jonas was smiling at them both.

“Of course.” He replied, leaning down and kissing Isak again, this time on the lips. Jonas booed from the other side of the kitchen where he was searching through the fridge for something to drink.

“Nei, I’ve seen enough of EVAK to last a lifetime.” He joked. “I’m scarred.”

“Deal with it.” Even said, winking at Isak before kissing him again, on the tip of the nose. Then he left the room, and a few seconds later, Isak heard the shower spluttering to life. He looked at the empty space left by Even fondly, and shook his head. Jonas just watched him with a smile, pouring them both a tall glass of orange juice.

“You’re so fucking gone on him, you know that?”

Isak blushed, but nodded. “I know. It’s crazy.”

“It’s not crazy,” Jonas shook his head, taking a sip before handing the other glass to Jonas. “You seem so happy. Happier than you have in years.”

“I am.” Isak shrugged. “I guess it’s just nice to… be in love with someone who loves you back just as much. For once. Ha.” The last part, coupled with the awkward laugh, was supposed to stay in his head. However, the moment it slipped from his lips, Isak didn’t regret it. He didn’t even feel scared. Jonas was smarted than they all gave him credit for. Isak should’ve figured it out from the moment he came out and Jonas hadn’t even questioned it.

Jonas knew. He just had to know. Isak was just going to be the one to say it out loud for the first time and it scared him how not-scared he felt to do it.

“What do you mean?” Jonas asked. Isak rolled his eyes, the epitome of casual despite the lingering tingling of nerves in his fingertips.

“Come on Jonas.”

“What?” Jonas asked again, looking surprisingly confused. Isak frowned, staring at him, head titled. “Serr. What are you talking about?”

“You must’ve known?”
“‘Must’ve known’ what?”

Isak stared at Jonas, and Jonas stared back. For all the years they’d known each other, it was easy to know when the other was lying. Isak knew all of Jonas’ tells- he had for years.

He hadn’t spotted a single one of them yet.

“I thought you were supposed to be the smart one?” another nervous laugh slipped from his mouth before he could stop it. “You never figured it out?”

“Figured what out?” Jonas huffed, irritation growing rapidly. Isak’s mouth fell open- because Jonas really wasn’t kidding around. He genuinely didn’t fucking know.

Oops.

Isak swallowed thickly. He supposed it was now or never- finally his chance to come clean. What else could he have possibly said? There was no point in lying anymore. He didn’t have anything left to lose. His voice dropped to a whisper.

“I was in love with you, you fuck.”

Jonas froze.

“w-what?” he spluttered. Isak was surprised at the lack of embarrassment he felt. If anything, he felt free. It was like a fucking weight had been lifted from his shoulders, dissipating in the air. Oh God- if he knew it would’ve been like this, he’d have told Jonas months ago- if not years ago. Even really was that annoyingly-always-right boyfriend. It was becoming a habit.

“For like… the whole of first year, I was stupidly into you.” He confessed, hopping down from the counter. “And probably some of middle school too. Definitely the last bit of middle school. Obviously I’m not now but- yeah. I was sort of… very in love with you, Jonas. Or… I don’t know, I guess I thought I was.”

“I didn’t- I never knew…”

“Obviously.” Isak laughed awkwardly. “It was just dumb kid stuff, I figured you knew now. But don’t worry about it, serr. It’s not a big deal.”

“It’s a huge deal!” Jonas said, before closing the space between them in the kitchen and marching over to pull Isak in a surprisingly tight hug. “I’m sorry, Isak. I never knew, all that shit with Eva-God. I made you third wheel all the time! I figured you just had a crush on her or something.”

Isak laughed. “No, it’s fine Jonas. It’s all in the past. Clearly it all worked out in the end.” He gestured at the space around them vaguely, and Jonas finally released him from the bone crushing embrace.

“Isak,” he said, eyes intensely serious. “You’re my best friend, in the whole world. I am so sorry I never figured this out and fucking… dealt with it at the time. Fuck. I should’ve realised-”

“Jonas, stop freaking out for like, a second,” Isak laughed, reaching out to hold his friend steady, forcing them to lock eyes. “It wasn’t your fault I had a dumb crush on you when we were kids. Yeah, it kinda sucked that you were straight and I didn’t want to be gay and all that other stuff, but I’m not mad about it. In a way… that dumb crush sort of taught me what actual love was. I love you like a brother, man, and that’s always gonna stay the same. Yeah- when we went through puberty I sort of wanted to make out with you like, seventy percent of the time, but that’s not love, not really.
There wasn’t some big fucking… *heartbreak*. I just grew up and grew out of it. and now… well, I’ve got Even. And that’s *real* love. It’s different from me and you, you know?"

Jonas nodded, but he looked like a rabbit, dazed in front of Even’s dad’s car’s high-beams. Isak sighed slightly, before pulling his friend into another, more gentle embrace.

“Jonas, of course I love you still. But I’m not *in love* with you. I’m *very* in love with Even. I was never in love with you, I shouldn’t’ve said it like that and made you feel so guilty. I *thought* I was in love with you. That’s all.”

“Okay, okay,” Jonas nodded, starting to sound slightly more relaxed as he patted Isak’s back. Then, they separated. “Jeez, thanks for telling me though.” He rubbed at the back of his neck. “I wouldn’t’ve been able to keep it secret so long.”

Isak shrugged. “Even helped.”

That was enough to make Jonas’ eyebrows skyrocket again. “*Even* knows?”

Isak frowned. “Of course he knows. He’s my *boyfriend*, Jonas. He knows everything.”

“Did I hear my name?” Even, fully dressed and smelling like the body-wash they shared walked into the room casually, oblivious of the tension as he reached into the fruit bowl and picked out a crisp, red apple, along with the housekeys that laid on the side. “I’m just heading out. Came to say goodbye, as promised.” He smiled pointedly at Isak, chewing and swallowing before walking over to kiss him gently.

“Bye baby.” Even mumbled against his lips before pulling away, looking over at the other boy in the room. “Bye Jonas.”

“Bye Even.” Isak smiled sweetly. Jonas just waved stiffly. Isak caught the slight frown on Even’s face as he did, but sent a silent note of *don’t even ask* over with just his eyes. Thankfully, Even got it.

They were getting scarily good at non-verbal communication.

“Love you!” He called as he left the room.

“I love you too.” Isak called back. When the front door closed, Jonas let out a long breath.

“Even knows.” He repeated to himself, several times. “Even knows and he *doesn’t* want to smash my face in?”

“He understands.” Isak laughed, gesticulating vaguely. “He’s pretty good like that. He’s the one who said I should come clean about it all. I just assumed you’d figured it all out already. Clearly I overestimated you.”

“Wow.” Jonas exhaled, laughing nervously again. Isak felt bad for him. He had sort of just dropped a *huge* bombshell on his best friend without any warning. Clearly he needed some time to process all the thoughts and feelings Isak had gradually moved on from over the space of a year and a half. “I don’t know what to say.”

“You don’t have to say anything.” Isak shrugged. If he could do anything for Jonas now, it would be just to be *normal*, over anything. They didn’t have to rush into some big, meaningful recap of their past together. This was *him and Jonas*. They were fucking brothers, and they always would be.

Isak opened the fridge and took the carton of juice back out. Not bothering with a glass (he and Even rarely did, unless they had guests) he took a swig out of the carton and nodded over into the direction
of the living room.

“Fifa?” he asked. Jonas nodded.

“Fifa.” He agreed. And that was all that needed to be said, for now.

Chapter End Notes

My new favourite personal head-cannon is Isak with a nipple piercing hahaha. It WILL happen in this fic and it WILL happen soon.
Chapter Summary

Even’s got a new toy.

Tirsdag, 23:42

“I swear to God Even, if you don’t stop playing around with that fucking camera and start playing around with me, I’m moving back to Kollektivet.” Isak pouted from where he was laid back on the bed, wearing only Even’s hoodie and his underwear. He’d been ready to just lounge around and fall asleep for the best part of an hour- but Even had been far too enthralled with his latest toy to pay any attention to him.

“Sorry, sorry. I’m coming, I swear.” Even said, and Isak rolled his eyes. Like he was going to believe that when Even was still staring at the small, LED screen, still tinkering about with the settings and the contrast and all the other things Isak couldn’t’ve cared less about. Apparently, Even really needed this camera if he was going to start getting his portfolio up to scratch for film school. That had been his justification of spending almost 10,000kr on it.

“Even.”

“Testing, testing, one two three-” Even whirled round, pointing his camera at Isak and laughing from behind the lens. Isak huffed, lifting the hood of Even’s hoodie over his head and pulling the strings tightly so that only the tip of his nose poked out. Even just laughed louder, climbing onto the bed and effectively trapping him between two long, pale thighs. He poked his nose and Isak screwed his face up in protest.

“Baby, come on. What else would I want to film?” Even teased, tugging the hood down so Isak’s grumpy expression was bared to the lens. He looked up, directly into the camera, and raised his middle finger.

“That’s just uncalled for.”

“What else am I supposed to do?” Isak rolled his eyes, glaring at his boyfriend. Even didn’t take his eye off the eyepiece.

“Well, you could start by looking into the camera rather at me.”

“And why would I do that?”

“Because- you’re the star baby.” He fiddled with the focus, and Isak watched as the lens grew and
contracted around his swollen reflection. “The audience are gonna eat you up.”

“Audience?” Isak raised his eyebrows. “I don’t think any audience are going to enjoy a video of me in a hoodie and my boxers, telling you to fuck off.”

“Just me then.” Even grinned, reaching down with his free hand to stroke at Isak’s face. “I would certainly enjoy a video of you in your boxers telling me to fuck off. I love it when you get all whiny and demanding.”

Isak blushed. “Even. Stop trying to make a sex tape.”

“Who says I’m making a sex tape?”

“You!” Isak laughed. “Pointing this camera at me and touching my face like that. You’re trying to get me all… flustered for your personal spank-bank!”

“I’m not!” Even protested, but it was hardly believable when he pushed Isak in the centre of his chest so he fell down into the pillows, before his hand wandered lower, ghosting over his stomach before reaching for the hem of the hoodie, tugging it up slightly. Isak didn’t have the will-power to stop him- Even’s touch was still fucking electric as ever. He couldn’t resist it for a second, and would always, undoubtedly be keen for more.

“Even.”

“Isak,” Even parroted, fingers tickling at his abdomen, dangerously close to the waistband of his boxers. “How can I help myself when I have such a beautiful boyfriend? Hmm?”

“Charming me will not get you what you want.” Isak grinned, but he didn’t move to knock Even’s hand away.

“It worked pretty well when I got my polaroid out.” Even teased back, pushing his hoodie up so it began to gather around his armpits so his fingers could dance across Isak’s bare skin. “You loved being my little muse then. Why not now?”

Isak bit back a whine when Even’s fingers dared trail lower, just out of frame, brushing over his crotch for barely a second.

“I hate you.” He said quietly. Even smiled.

“I love you too.”

Then, he moved the camera from his eye, and darted down to blow a raspberry on Isak’s stomach, killing the mood and making him explode into laughter. Even used his free hand that wasn’t holding the camera to tickle Isak relentlessly until he was a sobbing, begging mess, squirming around the bed and pleading for him to stop.

“This is the most exciting sex tape ever!” Even laughed, tickling him underneath his neck as Isak tried and failed to fight off just one hand. “I’m so hard. What about you?”

“Even!” Isak shrieked. “Please, I hate you so much! Please, stop- Even, please, ah-”

“Okay, okay,” Even giggled, finally lowering the camera. He stopped the footage and Isak watched as the lens contracted back into the body. Safely off, he laid the camera back on their nightstand and flopped down face first on the bed, covering Isak completely.
Isak let out a small *oof* as Even’s fully weight came down on him, still shaking with laughter.

“You’re such an asshole.” He teased, shifting so he was slightly more comfortable, Even now lying between his legs with his head just tucked underneath Isak’s chin. He reached up with one hand to stroke through his silken hair, scratching at the scalp slightly, just how Even liked.

Like a cat, he hummed appreciatively. Isak just laughed.

“Do you think we’ll ever make a real sex tape?” he asked, innocently. Isak frowned.

“What kind of question is that?”

Even craned his ridiculously long neck (seriously, Isak was starting to refer to him as a giraffe more and more as each day passed) and smirked up at him.

“It’s a question. Would you ever make a sex tape? Preferably with me?”

Isak blushed. “I don’t know. I guess I’ve never really thought about it.” he said. “I guess I wouldn’t… be *completely* opposed to the idea. Like I said. I’ve never thought about it.”

“We should think about it.” Even tilted his head back down, resting on Isak’s collarbones comfortably, arms snaking around his middle to hug him tightly. “Not right now though,” he yawned. “I still haven’t tuned the exposure as perfectly as I’d like. And I’m also very, *very* tired.”

Isak scratched at his scalp again, and the same deep, throaty hum resonated in their quiet room. They laid their in comfortable silence for minutes Isak couldn’t count as his eyes drooped closed occasionally. Even’s heavy breathing on his chest was enough to keep him awake, in a state of complete bliss.

“You’re very cute when you’re tired.” He whispered, continuing to stroke his hair. Even didn’t answer.

He was already asleep.
It's midnight, and Even really wants to be the first person to wish Isak a Happy Birthday.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It’s dark, but Even doesn’t need the light to appreciate what he has beside him.

It’s hard some days, having to remind himself over and over again that yes, Isak is his, yes they live together, yes, Isak loves him just as unconditionally as Even loves Isak.

Some days he forgets all of that and wonders why Isak stuck around in the first place.

But that isn’t important right now. Even’s got a lot on his mind- he’s got to text the group chat and make sure someone picks up a shit ton of mustard and ketchup for their ‘park party’ because he knows Isak loves to drown his burger in it. He’s got to make sure he buys enough beer- because everyone said a crate of 100 was excessive, but what if they run out? What if Isak wants to get drunk and they don’t have enough? He’s sure he can pick up a second one before Isak finishes school tomorrow. He’s also thinking about the video. Would Isak love it? Hate it? Is it too soon to upload it- both in the sense of their relationship and the actual time? Would Isak even find it? because sure, The Boy Who Couldn’t Hold His Breath Under Water was a big deal to Even at the time they got together, but did Isak even see it that way? Did he care about silly little things like that? He’d rolled his eyes and laughed when Even set their WiFi password as yellow curtains. At the time, Even had figured he was laughing because it was cute. Now he isn’t so sure.

His heart is hammering in his chest, but as he picks up his phone and watches the clock tick over from Tirsdag, 20 Juni to Onsdag, 21 Juni his entire body relaxes, and he focuses on the sleeping boy beside him. Isak had been pretty sure of himself earlier in the night, promising Even he would definitely stay up until midnight to see his birthday in- but all it had taken was Even going down on him and the smallest, gentle kiss to the centre of his chest for Isak to fall into a happy, sated sleep, laid out beside him. Now, Even was simply awake, watching the snoring boy he loved so completely and entirely, sleep through the dawn of his 18th birthday.

“Isak,” he whispered, testing the waters. Perhaps he was only in light sleep. “Isak.”

The boy didn’t stir. Even edged closer, so they were nose to nose.

“Isak.” He tried again, a little louder this time. Isak frowned in his sleep, but his eyes didn’t open. Even huffed- he was trying to be fucking romantic, but Isak was making it very difficult by looking
so very adorable. He didn’t want to rouse him from his happy, deep sleep, but desperate times called for desperate measures. It wasn’t going to be Isak Valtersen, mannen I mitt liv’s, 18th birthday every day. Sacrifices would have to be made.

Even reached forwards, tickling his fingers over Isak’s abdomen, smiling when his boyfriend started to react, fidgeting slightly with a neat frown pulled over his brow.

“Isak.” He said again, louder still, shaking him slightly. This time, Isak groaned, and after a few seconds of protest, prised one eye open and glared.

“What is it? Is there a fucking fire? Is Donald Trump threatening to nuclear bomb the country?” he snipped. Even bit back a laugh, instead reaching up to cradle Isak’s head in one of his hands. He leant forwards, pressing their lips together and thankfully, Isak kissed back. Isak always kissed back, no matter what. Even if they were fighting, it was a guaranteed respite. Isak couldn’t help himself. He never turned down a kiss- not even when it was the middle of the night, he was still half asleep, and Even was pushing deeper- opening up his mouth and pushing is tongue against Isak’s, shifting up the bed so he was laid almost completely over him, stroking his hair and moving down to caress his neck.

Eventually, when Even finally pulled away, Isak’s eyes were completely open.

“What was that for?” he asked, skin flushed, a small smile showing his satisfied expression. Even grinned, and brushed their noses together.

“Happy Birthday.” He whispered back. Isak’s small, satisfied smile spread into a wide, blushing grin. He looked away, rolling his eyes fondly.

“You’re such a sap.” He whispered, but there wasn’t an ounce of malice in his tone. Even kissed him again, just because he could, and Isak wrapped around him like a clinging monkey, arms tightly around the back of his shoulders and legs hooked up around his waist, pulling Even into him. In that moment, Even didn’t care about ketchup or mustard or beer or youtube videos. He had everythign he needed right here in front of him, kissing him at midnight on his birthday because Isak secretly loved how much of a romantic sap he really was.

“Hey, now I’m not a minor you can get your dick out to me in any public place you want.” Isak joked against his lips. “We’ll get arrested for indecent exposure together.”

Even grinned into his mouth. “Sounds like a plan to me, baby. Happy 18th. I love you so, so much more than you could ever imagine.”

“I love you too.” Isak replied, before unentangling himself, pushing Even off him lightly. “Now fuck off and let me sleep. It’s midnight, and I’m the birthday boy, so you have to do whatever I say.”

Even just settled down beside him, and laughed softly into Isak’s ear before pressing a small kiss there.

“As you wish, birthday boy.” He whispered. “I hope you have the best day ever. Because you deserve it.”
SO THAT CLIP...

I started writing this immediately after watching the 'EVEN' clip and 'The Boy Who Couldn't Hold His Breath Underwater' twelve times in a row. It was so fucking beautiful and pure and sappy. Very, very Even.

So of course, I couldn't resist writing my own little 'EVEN' chapter, in honor of Isak's special day.

(LMK what you thought of this, and the clip, and Even's adorable YT video in the comments!!! I need friends to scream about it with!!!!)
Chapter Summary

Since I doubt we're getting much exposition on how the whole reconciliation with Elias & co. went down, I figured I'd add in my own version to comply with this little AU. Set during Eva's birthday party clip, two weeks ago.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Lørdag, 18:04

“Are you sure you don’t want to wait for Even?”

Isak glared at his best friend as they made their way onto Eva’s driveway. “I don’t need him to hold my hand, Jonas. It’ll be fine.”

He may have sounded confident- confident enough even to convince Jonas, who just raised his eyebrows slightly and gave a small, agreeing hum before reaching his fist up to knock at Eva’s front door- but the nerves in Isak’s gut were making his palms sweat and the hair on the back of his neck stand up. Of course, it was just Eva’s fucking birthday party. It was just friends, out in the sun, enjoying a few beers and some barbeque food.

Only this time, it wasn’t just going to be them. The boys and the girls and Isak and Even. Eva had invited the Bakka boys. The boys that used to be Even’s best friends. The boys that they had somehow stumbled into a fight with only weeks before.

Isak knew the fight was stupid- and entirely his fault. Sana had been kind enough to give him the heads up that the boys would be there and he’d reassured her that everything was chill- he’d even joked that he wouldn’t get jealous, like last time. However, just because he said it to Sana didn’t quite mean he totally believed it himself. For all he knew, all five of the strapping balloon boys were behind Eva’s front door, ready to jump him in retaliation. His eye had only just fucking healed. He wasn’t sure if ut could take another swing.

And Even wasn’t even here yet.

When Isak got the text- sorry baby, boss needs me to stay an extra half-hour. I'll swing by Eva’s then. Is that okay? - his heart had dropped. So- not only did he have to face five tall, muscly boys with pretty faces and fucking flouncy hair (okay so yes, perhaps he was still a little jealous of the whole Mikael situation, even after Even had explained it to him in full), he had to face them on his own.

“Gratulerer med dagen Eva!”
Isak was distracted by his thoughts by Jonas, leaning forward to hug his ex-girlfriend tightly as she invited them in. Isak followed awkwardly, and Eva noticed he was off immediately, shooting a few odd looks in his direction as he made his way into the garden where the small party was just starting out. The girls had mingled with the balloon boys, hanging around with drinks and food (noticeably not the boys or Sana, who Isak assumed were fasting). He and Jonas immediate magnetised to Magnus and Mahdi after making general greetings to everyone, but Isak could feel eyes in his back. It was like a spotlight had been thrown onto him- and every single pretty Bakka Boy had turned and stared him down as they’d entered the small garden.

Isak swallowed thickly, gratefully accepting the glass of champagne Chris handed him, necking it almost immediately. She cheered as he did so, and Isak gave back an awkward smile, as she poured him another glass. He checked his watch as she did so. Only twenty minutes until Even would arrive.

He could make it twenty minutes- right?

“Uh, Isak?”

Fuck. Isak squeezed his eyes shut, taking a breath before turning around slowly, now face to face with Mikael, Yousef and Sana’s brother, Elias. It was Mikael who had spoken- “Uh, you’re Even’s boyfriend right?”

Isak swallowed thickly, unsure where they stood with each other. “Uh, Ja.” He nodded stiffly. It wasn't the most comfortable of situations, but thankfully, none of the three boys looked like they wanted to jump him- yet.

“I, uh- look, I just wanna say like… sorry. For hitting you.” He scratched the back of his neck awkwardly, and as if he could sense the discomfort in the air, Jonas suddenly appeared from behind him, placing a hand on his shoulder.

“Hi.” He said, confident, extending a hand to the boys. “I'm Jonas.”

“Didn't get a chance to do this last time." Elias accepted his handshake, grip firm. "Elias.”

“Mikael.”

“Yousef.”

Isak looked between Jonas and the boys, dull tension sitting between them. “I was just saying.” He looked at Jonas. “Sorry, for the fight and stuff.”

“Oh, ja.” Jonas nodded, extremely sincere. “I’m sorry for all that too. There was no need to fight.”

“We totally agree.” Yousef nodded, resting a hand over his heart as the other two nodded along. “It was dumb and childish. We should all know better.”


“And, if you’re cool with Even, you’re cool with us!” he said, hands in the pockets of his shorts. He looked around the garden briefly. “Where is he?”
“He’s coming later.”

“Cool.” Mikael nodded. Isak wasn’t exactly thrilled with the small, wistful smile that grew across his face, but he supposed he could be happy with the fact that none of the boys were planning an explosive argument. Plus, he’d promised Even for the final time after the fight that he was done with jealousy. He’d let it ruin Jonas and Eva’s relationship. He couldn’t put Even through the same turmoil.

“Oh and Isak,” Elias said, after a few moments of silence. Isak noticed how he glanced behind them, over to where Sana was sat, before looking back at the boys. “Sorry for hitting you so hard.” He laughed nervously. “I, uh- I didn’t think you’d go down that easy.”

“He’s a lightweight, in all senses!” Jonas joked, thankfully relieving the tension, gesturing to the champagne in Isak’s hand. “Honestly, there’s a reason he only drinks beer.”

“I can handle a little champagne.”

“We’ll see about that in a few hours.”

By the time Even arrived, Isak didn’t feel quite so tense. Okay, so maybe the two-and-a-half glasses of champagne had helped that, but talking things out with the boys Even held so dear to his heart had made him feel a lot better too. Jonas and Yousef were right. There wasn’t any reason to fight. Isak had just acted like a brat. He was just thankful that the boys weren’t quite as belligerent as he’d proven to be, given the chance.

The moment he saw Even step into the garden, a drunk and animated Eva beside him, he didn’t hesitate to rush over, kissing Even before he had the chance to say halla. Even certainly wasn’t complaining, tugging Isak forwards by the beltloops of his jeans, smiling against his lips.

“You taste like champagne.” He said, pulling away and grinning as Isak made a small whining noise, tilting his head forwards for another kiss, which he was quickly granted. It made his cheeks heat up red, knowing how much of a needy baby he became whenever he hadn’t seen Even in a while, tipsy or otherwise.

“Are you drunk?” Even asked, a fond teasing smile spreading across his soft lips. Isak smirked.

“Maybe a little.”

“The boys are here, I see.” Even said, eyes trained somewhere behind Isak. He nodded slightly, and Isak turned, just in time to see Mikael, Mutasim and Elias, greeting Even with a slightly tense nod and a feeble wave. “I’m going to go over and speak to them, I think.” He leaned away from Isak, and for once, Isak didn’t whine when he broke contact.

He could see that Even was scared, even though there was nothing to fear. He could only imagine how anxious he must’ve felt, knowing that this was the first real interaction he would have with the boys he’d once been so close to in such a long time.

“Jonas and I cleared the air.” He told Even, head swimming only slightly as he broke contact. “They’re cool. We’re cool. But I think you should definitely speak to them. I’m going to go and catch up with the girls anyway but——” he hesitated before continuing, watching how Even’s eyes were trained across the garden, and his hands were fidgeting at his sides. “If you need me…” he reached out, touching the back of Even’s hand gently, catching his attention again with a soft smile. “I’ll just be over there.” He pointed to where the girls had gathered around the barbeque, trying to figure out how to light it as Jonas, Magnus and Mahdi laughed on.
Even took his hand and squeezed it lightly. “I love you.” He said with a smile. Isak nodded.

“I love you too. Now go. Speak to your friends.”

Even laughed. “No more champagne for you. I don’t want to have to carry you home.”

In response, Isak just took another heavy sip of his drink. “Just try and stop me.” he grinned, touching Even’s chest flirtatiously before sidestepping him, leaving Even behind to hang with the girls. He was worried, of course, that everything would crumble around them and he’d have to drag Even home with a bloody nose or black eye- just like Even had done for him weeks before. However, something told him that that wouldn’t quite be the case when he looked over minutes later, watching Even laugh with the boys, talking animatedly.

“Have Even and his friends made up?” Vilde asked excitedly, following his gaze. Isak just watched the group with a smile.

“Not yet.” He said. “But I think they will.”

Chapter End Notes

Gratulerer med dagen - Happy Birthday
“I’m telling you, Vilde doesn’t have a gag reflex. It’s a medical phenomenon!”

Isak rolled his eyes at Magnus latest sex-related rant. The other boys were always quick to poke holes in his theories and wild stories, but Isak usually stayed quiet. He didn’t need to brag about his sex life to be satisfied with it. Even blew his mind every morning, evening, occasional lunchtime when they ditched school to go home and fuck in the shower, the kitchen, the living room, the bedroom-

“Isak!”

“Huh?”

“Dude, you were like, totally spaced out.” Mahdi laughed, taking a sip from his beer. “We were asking you a question! What the fuck were you so lost thinking about?”

“Oh, shit, sorry,” Isak replied with a smirk. He wasn’t about to answer that question. At least, certainly not sober.

“Even, obviously!” Magnus grinned, elbowing him playfully. Isak just laughed.

“Perhaps. Sorry, what was your question?”

“Magnus is convinced Vilde doesn’t have a gag reflex.” Jonas filled in, patting Magnus on the chest. “We say it’s total bullshit. Everyone has a gag reflex.”

“So what?” Isak scrunched his nose up. “You just thought, shit- let’s ask the only person in the group who sucks cock?”

“Ha! No!” Mahdi laughed loudly, the other two quickly joining in.

“He has a point though…” Magnus nodded, suddenly falling serious as the other two continued giggling. “Isak, do you have a gag reflex?”

Isak just shook his head. “I’m not fucking answering that question. I’ve had enough of everyone wanting to know the ins and outs of my sex life.”

“We certainly do not want to know the ins and outs of your sex life.” Jonas laughed. “It’s just Magnus who is full of weird questions.”
“Oi!”

“But back to the point—” Mahdi interrupted. “There’s no such thing as no gag reflex. You just have a small dick!”

Isak left Mahdi and Magnus to their little argument. It was amusing, but he was too busy watching Jonas. He’d been a little quiet this evening. He’d been a little quiet in general, over the last week or so. Since the whole yeah-I-was-sort-of-in-love-with-you confession, things had been strange. Not bad, persae. Just strange. Jonas had been quiet, as if he was still absorbing it all, mulling things over. Isak couldn’t blame him. It was a pretty big load to drop on someone.

But this was Jonas. Isak knew that no matter what- things would get back to normal soon enough. He just needed some time. Isak could certainly give him that. Jonas would be back to normal in no time.

“Hey, jealous Isak is about to strike again—” Magnus said with a teasing smirk, and Isak frowned.

“Why’d you say that?”

“Even’s getting the moves put on him, again.” Mahdi laughed. All three of the boys were looking over behind Isak, where he assumed Even was standing, obviously getting chatted up by another whiny first year girl. Isak rolled his eyes, not even bothering to turn around.

“Serr, guys. I don’t care anymore. I’m trying to stop all this jealous bullshit.”

“No, you should take a look this time—” Magnus started, but Isak interrupted him, shaking his head.

“No, seriously! I’m done with it all.”

“But Isak—”

“But nothing.” He laughed. “I don’t care about the dumb first year girls. Even doesn’t have any interest in them. He’s a 97, for fucks sake. Why would he care about some little 00s girl?”

“Dude, look.” Jonas reached out, forcefully turning him around. “it’s not some dumb 00s girl this time.”

Isak’s eyes narrowed. His pulse skyrocketed. Sweat gathered at his palms.

It wasn’t some silly first year girl with a bottle of Malibu clutched in her fist and denim short shorts. It wasn’t a girl, full stop.

It was a boy.

“Oh shit- jealous Isak is back!” Magnus hollered, and the boys laughed along with him. Isak remained frozen. He stared at Even, stood against the wall talking and laughing- fucking giving it all that smile- as some boy, probably Isak’s age, perhaps even older leant towards him, grinning and nodding. He was fucking stunning, Isak wasn’t blind. He was cute- shorter than Isak in a way that made him look tiny next to Even, only reaching around his collarbones. His hair was rich brown in colour and wavy around his tanned skin, brushing the back of his neck. Isak could almost close his eyes and imagine one of Even’s large hands burying himself in it. He turned briefly, looking behind him as if someone had called his name, and Isak’s jaw dropped.

He was so fucking pretty. It wasn’t fair! His nose was small and turned up at the end. His lips were full and pouting- not like Isak’s own thin ones. His eyebrows were neatly groomed in a way that
made him look *naturally* perfect, but not prissy or vain. He was prettier than half the girls there, if not more. He also had a *fantastic* ass, very noticeable through tight, white jeans.

Isak had never felt more like a lanky, frumpy, reject than he did in that moment. Even the boys had stopped laughing, clearly realising that Isak didn’t find it so funny after all. A tense silence fell around the group, just as Even laughed extra loudly at something the boy said. Then, as if he could hear the internal screaming from Isak’s brain, he looked up and over at them. Even locked eyes with Isak, but his smile didn’t falter. He raised his hand and fucking *waved*, before turning back to the boy and continuing his conversation.

Isak nearly screamed out loud.

“Well, I’m sure they’re just *talking*—”

“Whatever, Mags.” Isak huffed. “I don’t give a fuck. Even can do whatever he wants.”

“*Isak,*” Jonas sighed as Isak marched over to the fridge and pulled out another beer, twisting the cap and chugging half of it. “Don’t be a *bitch,* come on—”

“*nei,* I will be a fucking bitch! Even clearly is much more interested in whatever fucking that *twink* has to say than me, so it’s fine. I’ll just go outside and smoke all his weed instead! Anyone coming?”

he reached into his pocket for one of the three pre-rolled joints Even had made for them (two with an *I,* dotted with a little heart, one with an *E*) before heading towards the door. The boys were calling after him, but Isak really wasn’t in the mood to listen.

He wanted Even to see him storm out and chase after him. Sadly, when he walked in stony silence, the fantasy didn’t quite come true.

Eventually, Eva joined him outside, but she didn’t smoke so there wasn’t much point of her being there. He’d smoked almost a whole joint to himself at that point- so it was becoming harder and harder to sort what was memory and what was speculation in his mind when he tried to explain the situation to her. She just laughed, and Isak continued to sulk.

“Heard of you going, Eva?” he heard Vilde’s voice distinctly from behind him, a few minutes (or was it seconds?) after Eva had left him with a sticky lip-gloss kiss on the cheek.

“To get Even and tell him his boyfriend’s outside pouting.”

Even was the last person Isak wanted to see by that point. However, the boys still hadn’t bothered joining him, so he took the second joint out of his pocket and lit it between his lips, before tucking Even’s one behind his ear, balanced neatly against his hat. Then, just as the lighter flicked, footsteps made their way towards him.

“So Eva tells me you’re upset with me,” It sounded like Even was smiling, so the frown on Isak’s face grew deeper. Even didn’t seem to notice, and took the joint from behind his ear, placing it between his own lips, before holding his hand out for the lighter, which Isak barely bothered to hand over, instead letting it hang in the space between them until Even reached across and took it.

“You shouldn’t be smoking anyway.” He muttered, refusing to even look at Even’s face. Even laughed softly beside him, and Isak heard the lighter spark.

“Is that so? Thank you, Dr Valtersen.” He mumbled around the joint before inhaling sharply.

“Fuck off, Even.” Isak shifted up the small bench they were sat on. Unfortunately for him, Even followed, effectively trapping Isak at the end, pressing their thighs together.
“What’s wrong baby?” He reached down at squeezed Isak’s thigh gently, before pulling his leg so it dangled over Even’s own. Isak pulled it back, and stomped his foot on the floor. Even raised an eyebrow, questioning. Isak pouted and looked away.

“Serr? What’s wrong?”

“You’re an asshole, that’s what’s wrong.”

“Is this why you’ve been avoiding me for the last hour?” Even laughed, again, and Isak had never thought he’d be able to despise his favourite sound so much. God, it must’ve been the combination of weed and beer swirling in his gut, but for once, he genuinely didn’t want Even within five inches of him at all times. That, and he was starting to feel just faintly queasy. If he carried on the way he was going, he’d likely have his head in the toilet by the end of the night.

At least Even couldn’t kiss him- his favourite and most effective way of making Isak forget he was mad- if he was vomiting. Isak took another heavy pull, coughing slightly. Even rubbed his back.

“If you don’t tell me what’s wrong, I can’t fix it.” he said. Isak rolled his eyes.

“Well, I don’t want you to fix it. I don’t actually want to talk to you, so.” He huffed, turning his body so his back was to Even completely.

“So? I want to talk to you!” The smile was still so evident in his voice and Isak wanted to scream when Even leant forward, resting is chin on Isak’s shoulder before laying a small kiss there. Even was fucking teasing him. Isak wanted to self-combust. “Issy. Tell me what’s wrong.” He laughed, leaning back. “Or, if you’re really going to be such a baby, I can go back inside and leave you out here all alone?”

“Yes, go.” Isak pouted. “Go back and find that boy- whatever his name was.”

“So that’s what this is about? Are you jealous? Again?”

Fuck. Isak shook his head. “I didn’t say that.”

“Yes you did!” Even laughed, reaching forward and tugging Isak’s shoulder slightly so they were forced to face each other. “You’re jealous because I was talking to Marc.”

“Marc.” Isak sneered. “That’s a dumb name.”

“His Sonja’s cousin. He recognised me and came over to talk.”

“Sonja’s cousin.” Isak huffed. “That makes me feel even better. Thanks Even.”

“I told him about you-”

“I’m sure he was thrilled.”

“he wants us to go over his place, for dinner. With him-”

“I’m not going.”

“-and his boyfriend, Alix. They’ve been together for five years.”

Isak bit his lip. “Oh.”

Even grinned. “Yes. Oh. Is that all I get? No- sorry, Even, for being a jealous baby and jumping to
Isak squeezed his eyes shut. “Ugh. It’s not my fault, Even! He was just so cute. How was I meant to compete with that? His ass was fucking amazing.”

“Baby, how many times? I don’t care how cute he is, or any of them.” Even laughed, touching his face gently and stroking his thumb across his cheek. “Your ass is the only one I’m interested in. don’t assume every time I’m talking to someone that I’m going to just… up and leave you like we didn’t sign a year’s lease on the apartment.”

“Wow.” Isak huffed a laugh, “Is that the only reason?”

Even rolled his eyes. “And because I love you more than anything else in the world. I’d hoped that part was obvious.”

“I know, I know. It’s dumb.” Isak huffed again, blinking a few times as smoke crept into his eyes. They felt heavy, and he didn’t need a mirror to know how bloodshot they probably were. They’d picked the weed up off of Mahdi’s guy and it was some pretty strong shit. Isak had smoked nearly two whole joints to himself in the space of twenty-five minutes. “I just… I feel like I’m not good enough for you.” He whined, shifting closer to Even again and swinging his legs over his boyfriend’s lap. Even patted his thigh, and lifted his arm, wrapping it around him. Then, he kissed the top of Isak’s forehead sweetly.

“You’re everything. I didn’t beg Sana to force you to join Kosegruppa and spend weeks leaving notes in your locker and then commit actual breaking and entering just to leave you for some pretty face in a crowd.”

Isak looked up at him and frowned. “So you admit he was pretty-”

“Isak, stop playing around!” Even laughed. “You’re it for me, baby. I’m serious. I don’t want anyone else. I only want you. Got it?”

“Well… if you say so-” he wanted to protest, but the feeling of Even’s lips brushing across the side of his face was far too tempting, and the weed was making his whole body crave the touch. Isak laughed as Even rolled his eyes, before reaching up to grab his face and kiss him firmly. Even kissed back, of course, joint still dangling between his fingers. He tasted like beer and weed and that minty gum he’d been chewing on- but to Isak it was better than any full course meal. He practically fell into the kiss, sitting up and swinging a leg over Even’s so he was straddling his thigh on the bench, opening his mouth and forcing Even to do the same, tongue prodding at his plush lips. After a few seconds, Even was laughing into the kiss, grabbing him firmly around the hips before forcing him back down onto the bench, out of his lap.

“Okay, okay- chill, baby. We can’t fuck out here on the bench in the middle of a house-party. At least, not yet. We’ve only been here an hour. It would be very impolite.”

“Later then?” Isak mumbled sleepily, raising the joint back to his mouth but missing by at least a few inches. Even laughed at him, exhaling smoke before reaching forwards to take Isak’s joint, stubbing it out on the edge of the bench. “No more weed for you. You’re completely fried. Let’s go back inside.” He tossed his own joint, now completely smoked out across the garden, into the grass. Then Even stood up from the bench and extended a hand for Isak to take, pulling him up to his clumsy feet.

“Fine,” Isak mumbled. “But as soon as we get inside I’m making out with you in the middle of the room so that everyone knows you’re mine.”
Even laughed, squeezing his hand tightly. “No complaints from me, baby.”
So, just like the rest of you, I've watched the final clip of SKAM (ever!!) around a thousand times and cried a bunch. Truly a beautiful end to a beautiful show :)

dthis is just a little note with some FAQs u may be having about this fic and it's canon and what not.

1. Am I continuing this? Is this ongoing? Is this complete?

as of right now, I have no intention to stop with this fic :) I have a bunch of chapters pre-written and more planned! So no, I won't be leaving this fic anytime soon and YES, prompts are still very welcome! I have no intentions of abandoning this fic or the SKAM fandom anytime soon. The way I see it, Skam ending so suddenly with so many open storylines leaves a whole infinity of possibilities. Fanfic is where short stories become mass universes, and I hope to continue that for SKAM as many others will <3

2. yousana, chris eva, noorhelm, jonas/eva

yousand is for sure canon in this fic. I love yousef a character and all the rest of the balloon boys, so i'm planning on featuring them and yousana much more!

Like many, I'm not exactly William's biggest fan- but that is mainly because i feel like we were never given much insight into his past / background / thought process. I don't hate William (despite some of the questionable things he does) therefore I'll probably keep noorhelm canon in this AU, but as more of a background pairing. He won't suddenly be part of the boysquad and everyone's best friend, but i'm not going to erase him completely lol.

chris eva, I will admit, was never my otp. Eva and Jonas rekindling is so awesome to me and I really want to explore that in this fic! So sorry to all the chris eva shippers! I'll be sticking to canon on that, but I'll still keep chris around because I like his character. Sort of like William, he won't be everywhere, but he exists!!

3. Evak

Of course, this is still 100% an evak fic and always will be. There will be angst, of course, because I want this version of their story to be just as realistic as SKAM has been for us. But they will always be endgame<3
Alt er love and thanks to SKAM, Julie Andem, the amazing cast and to all of you who read this fic and leave kudos and lovely comments! I read every single one. And I appreciate you all greatly!

(feel free to freak out about SKAM with me in the comments!!!!)
Onsdag, 14:55 // New Addition

Chapter Summary

Isak does something wild.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Onsdag, 14:55

“This is definitely, to date, the gayest thing we’ve ever done.”

“More gay than when we have sex?”

Isak was too nervous to shoot Even a playful glare, like he usually would. The room was colder than expected, but he assumed that was done intentionally for practical purposes. Goosebumps rose on the bared skin of his arms, and Even reached forwards, clasping their hands together. Isak swallowed, thickly, before nodding.

“Extremely.” his tone was deadly serious, contrasting with the soft laugh Even gave in response. Isak couldn’t will himself to join in, anxiety making him hold onto his lip between his teeth almost painfully. When he noticed, Even’s long thumb reached out and skimmed softly over the back of his hand. Isak wasn’t sure if it helped, or made him feel even more nervous.

“You know I promise not to laugh at you if you back out now, right?”

“Nei.” Isak shook his head, adamant. “I’ve committed now. You talked me into it very well.”

“Don’t say I talked you into it! This was your idea. I just supported it.”

“Okay, true. But right now you’re not the one on the table.” Isak huffed, biting his lip again, slightly harder as he felt the woman beside him- soft in the eyes despite the dark tattoos that covered every visible strip of skin- move even closer. “So I get to say whatever I want.”

Even didn’t argue.

“Are you ready?” she asked. Isak gulped, but nodded, squeezing his eyes shut and taking a slow, calming breath. Even squeezed his hand, and Isak squeezed back, twice as tight. He knew it was probably killing Even just as much as it was killing him- but at least it wasn’t his drawing hand. At least Even couldn’t bitch at him if it ended up broken.


“Ready.” Isak muttered, tensing.

“One, two-”
Isak screamed.

When he’d talked to Even about his serious consideration into getting the nipple piercing they’d joked about, he hadn’t actually imagined the pain being so severe. He’d had his ear pierced along with Jonas when they were twelve and it was cool and edgy, and despite quivering in fear and nearly pussying out several times, they’d both ended up very revealed when the pain wasn’t actually all that bad. He figured this would be the same- a lot of fear and anticipation building to an anti-climax as the needle slipped in and out before the little silver ball replaced it.

Even had gone out one day and got a tattoo. He said it hadn’t even hurt that much. And now that Isak was eighteen, it was time for him to make his own rash, crazy commitment to something he would probably despite in a few years time when it was no longer cool.

Isak decided in that moment that clearly, Even was superhuman. The pain was sharp and immediate and shocked him to the core. It was more shocking than the snap of his arm from when he’d fallen out of that tree at Jonas’ feet when they were eight. It hurt more than taking it up the ass for the first time in the middle of a fancy hotel room with Even’s reassuring hands running down the expanse of his back. It hurt more than when Mrs George Clooney’s Siamese had pounced on him in the hallway a week ago, sinking its razor-sharp teeth into his ankle.

“There you go, all over.” The woman who’d done their consultation, giving Isak the all clear to go straight through and have the piercing fitted after the relevant documents had been signed stepped away from him, smiling and cheery as she binned the needle and began to clean her station. Isak’s heart was hammering. He couldn’t decide if it still hurt or if he was just in complete shock. Even hadn’t said a word, but when Isak looked down from his position sat up on the bed-table, he realised he still had his boyfriends hand locked in a bruising grip.

When Isak relaxed his hold, Even finally spoke, voice shaking.

“Well, I’ve never made him scream like that before.”

The piercing lady chuckled, tucking a stray strand of vibrant red hair behind her ear. “You might after this heals.” She said, winking. “Lots of people say they get hypersensitivity after a nipple piercing. Give it 6-8 weeks though before you get up to anything too wild in that area to avoid infection.” Isak forced out a nervous laugh, but his body was still completely ridged. He didn’t even want to look down at his nipple after the indescribable feeling that had ripped through his body- but then the piercing lady was smiling at him and holding up a mirror, smiling and asking do you like it?

“Isak?” Even reached for his hand again. Isak blinked.

“Sorry, sorry I- uh, I think I just like... died a little inside. Oh my god. What the fuck- ” once words had started pouring from his mouth, Isak felt like he couldn’t stop. Word vomit. He stared at his reflection in the mirror and the Isak he saw looked completely different, despite the fact that the only physical difference was a small piece of silver jewellery through his right nipple, that was now beginning to throb. “I thought I was going to die. Why the fuck did it hurt so much? Oh my God-”

“Was it really that bad?” Even laughed. Isak shot him a particularly foul glare.

“Nei Even, I’m over exaggerating for fun. Of course it fucking hurt- she put a needle through my fucking nipple.”

“But baby-” Even was still laughing, eyes creased and smile shining. Isak hated how fucking beautiful he looked, making it impossible to ever be angry at him. “-it will all be worth it. hypersensitivity? That sounds fucking awesome.”
“Of course, as highlighted in the documents you signed—there is a small chance you can lose feeling in the area. That’s usually only if the piercing doesn’t take properly, so make sure you clean it a few times a day with this—” the piercing lady handed him a small bottle of fluid, rattling off facts like they were read from a list—and make sure not to wear anything too irritating in that area. Just soft, cotton shirts for a good few weeks at least. Of course, the overall complete healing time can be anywhere between nine and twelve months but… if you’re good, it should stop being painful in a few weeks. Just try and avoid snagging it on anything, okay Isak?” she was smiling, and Isak had to admit, her gleaming teeth and red lipstick was oddly reassuring to him. He nodded softly, with no objections, and allowed Even to manhandle his t-shirt back over his head, wincing when the material brushed the new barbells briefly.

“Looks so fucking hot baby,” Even mumbled in his ear after pressing a few kisses to the side of his face. “In like, two months I’m gonna be taking full advantage. I can’t wait” Those kind of promises definitely cheered Isak up. They made their way out of the piercing shop with a few words of thanks and set off down the street, heading back home, Even’s arm tossed over Isak’s shoulder. It was quiet between them, but not uncomfortably so. Isak was just still a little shocked— not only that the idea of getting a nipple piercing hadn’t sent him running to the nearest closet for how ‘gay’ it was— but also that he had someone like Even, who was so fucking supportive and encouraging of the dumb idea.

It was just a stupid piercing. Isak knew that in the grand scale of things, it didn’t really matter. It was just a stupid piece of metal shoved (albeit very, very painfully) through his fucking chest. But when Isak looked at Even that night when he stripped his T-shirt off, lifting the bottle of salt solution to his chest, the awe-struck, dazed look on his face was enough to numb the dull ache from his new addition. Isak supposed that it really wasn’t about the jewellery at all. It was about them, and him and the sudden self-realisation that he really wasn’t scared anymore. Not of a needle. Not of being gay. Not of being him.

Because he had Even. He didn’t feel afraid anymore.

Chapter End Notes

OK so everyone seemed so excited, so I had to write this. Many, many future sexy-chapters for Isak+Even+Isak's new piercing ;) (but only once it's healed as we wouldn't want our perfect angel child to get a bacterial infection)
Mandag, 18:54 // It's fucking sad, Isak

Chapter Summary

(prompt fill) Isak comes home to the sound of sobbing.

Mandag, 18:54

Things with Jonas had been better over the last few days. Finally, he had absorbed the (apparently) surprising fact that Isak had once had a fairly intense crush on him. It would take time to get over completely, but at least they were at a place now where they could talk- and even joke about it. Isak had hung back after school to grab kebab with Jonas and hang out at the skatepark. Isak had cracked a joke about how he used to follow Jonas along to the skatepark just so he could watch him get sweaty on the half pipe. And thankfully- Jonas had actually laughed, hard, practically snorting his garlic mayonnaise.

So things were good with his best friend again. They weren’t completely back to normal, and Isak wasn’t sure if they ever would be- but things were good. Now, he was ready to just head home and collapse in bed next to Even, maybe watch some TV and make out before going to bed, a typical easy, lazy evening.

However, when Isak unlocked the front door, he was immediately tense when he heard what could only have been quiet sobbing from the main room. He dropped his keys on the floor, springing into the room before he even had a chance to kick the front door shut behind him. It was distinctly Even-sniffling and breathing heavy, just in the other room. Something was wrong. Something must have been very wrong- because Even wasn’t a huge cry-baby like Isak was. For him to be crying- well, Isak could only fear the worst.

He burst into the room, chest heaving, heart in his stomach. However, he froze- staring at what was definitely Even, who was definitely crying- just not for any of the reasons Isak was fearing.

“What are you- are you watching-”

“Oh, Isak!” Even sniffed, suddenly conscious that someone was watching him. “I was just, uh,” he wiped the tears from underneath his eyes with the back of his hand, as if Isak hadn’t already seen them. “I just… Okay, look- I didn’t think it would get me as bad the second time but-”

“I can’t believe you’re crying at Brokeback Mountain. Again.”

“It’s fucking sad Isak!”

Isak laughed. He left the room quickly, jogging down the hallway to close the front door he’d left open in his panic. Now that he knew the world wasn’t ending- and in fact, Even was just crying like a baby at the sappy, tragic cowboy love-story he’d refused to watch for weeks until Eskild threatened
to ‘revoke his gay-card’, (whatever *that* meant). He would have to admit, as he flopped down next to
Even on the couch and threw an arm around his shoulder, the movie was fucking *sad*. The credits
were rolling, and another tear slipped down the side of Even’s face. Isak laughed, before reaching up
with his hand to wipe the tear away, before laying a gentle kiss on the damp skin left behind.

“You’re such a sap.”

“You cried like a *baby* when we watched it Isak!”

“Yes! And then I promised myself to *never* put myself through such turmoil again.” He laughed,
before laying his head on Even’s shoulder. “You put yourself through this.”

“Thank you for your words of comfort.” Even rolled his eyes. “Heartless pig.”

“I love you more than Jack loved Ennis.”

Even gasped. “Don’t even *lie* to me like that!”
Finally closing his textbook, Isak leant back against the chair at their kitchen table and sighed, more than relieved to be done with studying for the night. The school year was drawing closer and closer to its end. Soon, all he would have to worry about was summer, and spending as much time enjoying himself with Even and all their friends as possible.

Speaking of Even, Isak listened out for the shower, which was still running. He’d been in there a while- but Isak wanted to brush his teeth before bed. Even wouldn’t mind- he never locked the door when he was showering, always joking every time he went in that Isak was more than welcome to join him. Sometimes Isak took him up on the offer, but shower sex was such a complicated hassle (not to mention fucking tiring) he usually just avoided it. He liked it much better when Even was all fresh and soft and smelled nice- ending up sweaty and gross just an hour or so later. Then when they showered together, they were both far too tired to even attempt having sex. Isak liked those kind of showers better- when Even washed his hair and laughed, blowing bubbles in his face. It was just domestic and intimate. It was nice.

Isak didn’t think anything of it, pushing open the bathroom door and waving his hand about to dispense the steam.

“Isak?” Even called above the pouring water. Isak frowned. Even’s voice sounded a little… strained? He looked over at the shower curtain, staring at Even’s shadow from the other side. His hand seemed oddly placed. As if he was holding his-

Isak froze.

“Are you jerking off?”

Even’s head, sopping wet and grinning, came peeking round the curtain. “Ja, why? Did you need something?”

Isak spluttered, unable to get his words together. He didn’t know whether to be freaked out or turned on. Even seemed very casual about the whole thing, hand still moving slowly as he leant around the curtain.

Isak was flabbergasted, “You still jerk off?” he asked, shocked. Even frowned, and laughed at him.

“What kind of question is that? Of course I do! I’m a normal human being. Are you saying you don’t
“Does he?” Isak squeaked, unable to stop his eyes from darting between Even’s face and the shadow of his **dick** through the curtain. Even hardly helped— noticing immediately that Isak was looking and pulling the curtain aside so Isak could have a full view of his wet, shining body and his hard cock, very much standing to attention in his fist. “I haven’t jerked off in months! If I’m horny I just… wait until I get your attention.”

“Serr?” Even scratched his head with his free hand.

“Serr!” Isak mimicked his tone of voice. “What’s the point in jerking off when you have me?”

“I don’t know,” Even shrugged, and it was making Isak’s body even more confused with his mind when he noticed that he still hadn’t stopped. “Sometimes it’s just nice! Masturbation is very good for your mental state actually.”

“I can’t believe we’re even having this conversation whilst you’re holding your…” Isak shook his head in disbelief. Even closed his eyes, lost in the moment for a second as his thumb swiped over the tip of his cock. Isak bit his lip.

“Hmm.”

“You’re still jerking off? Now? Whilst I’m here?”

Even opened one eye to look across at him. “…is that a problem?”

Isak buried his head in his hands, unsure whether to laugh or to scream. All he knew for sure was this he was getting very turned on, very quickly. It was like watching a porno, but in real life. **HOT SLIM STUD GETS OFF IN STEAMY SHOWER SOLO.**

“I can’t believe you!”

“What?”

“Literally jerking off whilst I’m standing two feet away from you. Since when were you such an exhibitionist?”

Even laughed, hand picking up the pace slightly. “Since always!”

“Do you watch porn still too?”

“Not when I’m in the **shower**, baby.”

“Obviously not **now**, asshole.” Isak pouted, leaning against the bathroom wall with his hands tucked into the front pocket of his hoodie, rubbing against his crotch just slightly. He figured now, at this point, there was no point leaving. Even clearly wasn’t stopping anytime soon, so he may as well stick around for the finish. “I mean in **general**.”

Even shrugged, speeding up a fraction more as he closed his eyes tightly. “Sometimes. But usually I get distracted thinking about you.” That was enough to get Isak blushing again. He couldn’t help it. There was something incredibly ego-flattering about the idea of Even jerking off, thinking about him.

“You think about me when you jerk off?” he asked with a small smile. Even opened his eyes and turned his head to smile at him, before winking.

“Of course, baby. You’re the hottest little thing I’ve ever seen.” He teased. Isak’s mouth fell open
just slightly. He couldn’t tear his eyes away. Even’s hand was moving faster and faster. He rolled his shoulders slightly. His thighs were tensing every now and then.

“Are you close?” he asked, even though he already knew the answer. Even nodded.

“Can I? Do you mind?” he asked, nodding vaguely in the direction of his cock. Isak didn’t get it at first- but after a few seconds he understood, and his cock got even harder inside the confines of his jeans. Because Even was asking him for permission to come.

That was insanely fucking hot.

“Fuck yeah, baby, do it. For me.”

“Keep talking.” Even’s teeth were gritted and his hand was moving quicker and quicker, becoming more of a pale blur as the wet sounds echoed in the room, louder than the pouring water in the shower. Isak bit his lip, tipping his head back against the wall.

“Think about me when you do it?”


“I’m getting hard just watching you, now you want me to talk?” He laughed softly, fingers trailing down to play with the button on his jeans, just as Even turned to look. When his boyfriend groaned, eyes shut tightly, likely picturing it in his head Isak bit back a grin. “I don’t know what to say... I just want you to come for me.”

“Now?” He’d never heard Even sound desperate like this. It was usually the other way round- Even was the one who had him a whining, keening mess. Isak nodded.

“Now.” He said. “Come.”

So Even did. He shot a fairly impressive load against the wall of the shower, slowing his hand down considerably to pump out the last few drops, head thrown back, lip bit. He groaned, coming down from the euphoric high, and then turned to Isak with a grin.

“Fucking hell, baby.” He said. “That was so hot. Stay right there. I’m going to come and make it very worth your while.”

Isak couldn’t fucking be more excited. As Even rinsed himself under the head of the shower he practically fought his way out of his jeans, barely pulling off his t-shirt before Even, still wet and glistening was attached to him, kissing all around his face and down his chest before his had snaked forwards, reaching into Isak’s boxers.

“You say you don’t jerk off, so let me help you out,” he smiled into Isak’s neck, hair dripping onto his forehead. Beads of warm water trickled down Isak’s body, sending sparks through his still-sensitive nipple, but he was too overwhelmed by the feeling of Even’s hands to notice- one wrapping around his cock and the other reaching behind, grabbing his ass in a handful.

Isak giggled as Even’s hot breath blew against the sensitive spout under his jaw. “You know, this was not what I was expecting when I walked in the bathroom to brush my teeth.”

Even just shrugged, and starting jerking Isak off faster. “Seems like a better deal to me, baby.”
Torsdag, 12:38 // Pink or Blue?

Chapter Summary

Magnus has a sex-question for Even

Torsdag, 12:38

“Even, I have a sex question for you.”

“Oh god,” Isak groaned, rubbing his hands over his face. “Here we fucking go again.”

Jonas, Mahdi and Even all laughed along as Magnus looked between them for the backup that never (ever) came. He let out a high-pitched, indignant huff, before speaking again-

“What? We’re all friends here!”

“You’re right Magnus,” Even said, swallowing back his laughing fit. Mahdi and Jonas weren’t quite so successful, and continued on giggling from across the table. Isak just glared at them all.

“What’s on your mind, buddy?” Even asked. Magnus leant forwards, propping his elbows up on the table and resting his face in his hands.

“So you’re like… gay now-”

“He’s not gay. He’s pansexual. It’s not gay when he’s with a boy and then straight when with a girl” Isak snapped. Magus rolled his eyes.

“Ja, Isak. I know. My question is for Even-”

Even just grinned, knowing that Magnus meant well, and didn’t ever try to be offensive. If anything, he was the most eager out of the group to learn, and was constantly asking questions. Even didn’t mind giving him the answers. He leant back in his seat slightly, Isak fidgeting at his side. He didn’t have quite as much patience as Even did, and it was obvious.

“Lay it on me, Mags.”

“Do you think having sex is better with girls or with boys?”

The table went quiet. Even seemed to be deeply considering his answer. Jonas and Mahdi had stopped laughing, and actually both looked somewhat intrigued. Isak was staring at Even, jaw dropped, expression completely flabbergasted.

It took just a few seconds too long for him to notice.
“Why are you looking at me like that?” Even eventually asked, laughing nervously. Isak narrowed his gaze.

“Why is it taking so long to answer?”

“There’s a lot to consider!”

“What? why can’t you just answer boys- as in, me- straight away? Huh?”

“It’s not that simple Isak.” Even rolled his eyes, still smiling as Isak pouted and turned his head away. “If the question was, what’s the best sex I’d ever had personally, of course I’d say you, baby.”

“You better-”

“-but I’ve hooked up with other boys, and other girls. So there is actually more to consider than that.”

“Can you guys stop being cute for like, a second?” Mahdi huffed. “I’m now very curious to Even’s answer.”

“I’m also very intrigued.” Jonas added, smirking. “Isak, can you stop pouting? Even can’t just give a biased opinion because he currently has a boyfriend. It has to be entirely objective!”

“It’s true.” Magnus nodded. Isak’s continued glaring at all three of them for a few seconds until he realised it was futile. He gave in, rolling his eyes.

“Whatever.” He mumbled, taking a sip from his water. “Be impartial.” He told Even. “I promise I won’t get mad.”

“Good.” Even smiled down at him despite the fact that he didn’t believe Isak’s promise for a second, kissing him once on the forehead before turning back to Magnus to answer the question that had so enthralled all of them. “Now, on a practical level, having sex with girls is much easier-”

“-fuck you Even!” Isak snapped, startling everyone at the table before the boys dissolved into giggles. Isak wasn’t laughing. Even for sure was.

“Baby, you didn’t let me finish-” He laughed. “Girls it’s easier and quicker. Having sex with a boy takes more, um… preparation. But in terms of overall effect having sex with a boy is much better.”

He turned pointedly to Isak, and grinned smugly. Isak rolled his eyes, but his mouth was locked in a pleased smirk. Even raised his eyebrows suggestively, and Isak leant up, slotting their mouths together.

“Is it really?” Magnus, apparently, still wasn’t satisfied with his answer. Isak opened his eyes from the kiss to glare at his friend across the table, sat forwards on his elbows. “Like does it just feel better?”

Even winked. “Oh ja. Also… think about it, Mags. Boys know what boys like. Boys give better blowjobs just the same way that girls probably eat other girls out better than boys do. You know what you like,” he shrugged. “Isak knows what I like.”

“Even!”

“Hm.” Magnus hummed, mulling it over. “I guess that makes sense. I wish I was gay now.”

“You’ve still got plenty of time to be gay, buddy,” Jonas patted Magnus’ back and smirked. “You never know, you might like it.”
“Or, you know. Be bisexual or pansexual or one of the other like, million sexualities.” Mahdi added.
“You don’t just have to be straight or gay.”

“Also true.”

“Wow guys,” Even threw an arm around Isak, and beamed around at their little tight-knit group of friends with pride. “I’m actually surprised at how well informed you are.”

“We’re woke as fuck.” Magnus declared, quite proudly. Isak rolled his eyes fondly.

“Sure you are, Mags. Baby steps.”
Fredag, 21:12 // Never Have I Ever

Chapter Summary

Much to Isak's protest, the gang get into a pretty revealing game of Never Have I Ever before a party.

Fredag, 21:12

Isak gritted his teeth, taking a small sip of his beer. He shifted back a little, leaning more against Even, who was sat just behind him, on the ground. Everyone else was arranging themselves into an excitable circle, Eva doling out shot-glasses before setting down a sealed, litre bottle of Vodka in the middle of the group.

“This game is stupid.” He huffed, but clearly, nobody bothered to listen. It was the pregame before a big party- but they still had at least another hour to get drunk before leaving. Someone- Isak was sure it had been fucking Magnus, because who else- had come up with the idea of playing Never Have I Ever. Because apparently, nothing was fucking sacred, and they really wanted him to get shitfaced.

“Isak just doesn’t want to play because secretly all he and Even do is make out whilst Baz Luhrmaan movies play in the background.” Sana teased, and Isak glared across the circle at her.

“Sana, how can you support this?! Not only are you supposed to be my best buddy- there’s drinking involved! You don’t even drink!”

“Doesn’t mean I don’t enjoy you all getting drunk and exposing your secrets!” she smirked. “Plus, someone has to be sober enough to remember it all and save it for future blackmail purposes.”

Isak pouted, tilting his head back to rest against Even’s sturdy shoulder. “This game is just a fucking excuse to pry into your friend’s sex lives!”

“Uh, ja, that’s the point.” Eva laughed, taking her place in the circle between Noora and Jonas. “I’ll go first, since Isak is being a baby. Um, never have I ever done anal.”

“This isn’t fair!” Isak whined as Even, Jonas and surprisingly- Chris took shots. “You can’t just target me with biased questions.” He took his shot anyway, because he was a good sport. But Eva was still laughing at him, along with the others.

“Anal?” Vilde screwed up her face, staring at Isak. “Doesn’t it hurt?”

Isak threw his hands up in the air, a little clumsy. He’d had a few beers and smoked half a joint with Even before this. The shot was just waking him back up. “Why do you automatically assume that I’m the one who-”
“-ay, but she isn’t wrong though.” Even teased, bumping him with his shoulder. Isak’s face heated up red, and everyone else in the group cheered, laughing at him.

“Even!”

“I’m next,” Mahdi laughed, as Isak turned to glare at his boyfriend, who thought it was entirely appropriate to respond by kissing the tip of his nose. “Never have I ever given a blowjob.”

“Okay, now I’m starting to see how this can be a little unfair.” Even nodded, taking his second shot along with Isak, and all of the girls. Chris rolled her eyes.

“You guys are boring. Never have I ever done it in a public place.”

Isak wanted to puke when Vilde and Magnus shared a smirk from beside each other, holding their shot glasses to their lips. Then, from behind him, he felt Even shift as he reached forwards and took a shot himself.

“Even?”

“What?” Even laughed. “I did have a sex life before I met you, Isak. Sonja and I were together for four years. We had to keep it fresh.”

Before Isak could sulk any more at the mention of his boyfriend’s ex-girlfriend, Eva interrupted them.

“Vilde, Magnus? Care to explain?” she asked with an excited smirk, raising her eyebrows suggestively. Vilde’s cheeks blushed pink, and Magnus sat up a little straighter, clearly proud of his sexcapades. Isak was too busy glaring at Even to care. Even just grinned and kissed him again.

“We did it in my back garden.” Magnus announced triumphantly. Jonas scoffed.

“That’s hardly a public place.”

“Yeah,” Mahdi agreed. “That doesn’t count.”

“It does when Magnus’ grandfather caught us!” Vilde squealed, and the entire group leaned forwards slightly, laughing.

“He’s old! And he has catarax and like, dementia or something. He probably didn’t realise what was happening-” Magnus tried to protest, but Vilde was shaking her head adamantly, eyes wide and piercing.

“He told me I had a nice bra!”

“Oh God,” Eva giggled, before bumping Noora with her shoulder. “Okay Noora, you’ve been very quiet. Your turn.”

“Oh, I don’t know,” Noora shrugged. Isak had never really seen her as the partying type, and she usually wasn’t involved in silly pre-drink games. She liked to take a step back with Sana, and observe the others with shared, wry smiles and sarcastic quips. However, this evening, she seemed to be pretty involved. She was even drinking, even though she’d only had one shot. “Uh, never have I ever broken into some place.”

Isak and Even grinned at each other before taking their shots. Jonas took one too, along with Magnus and Mahdi. Chris was the last- shouting IKEA without much else in ways of explanation, before
drinking. Magnus huffed.

“I feel like we’ve forgotten about the whole- delving into EVAK’s sex life thing.”

“Fuck you Magnus.” Isak rolled his eyes. Jonas smirked.

“I’ve got a good one then. Never have I ever fucked in a kitchen.”

“Fuck you Jonas!” Isak threw his hands in the air, Even laughing behind him as he poured them both shots. Isak could no longer remember how many he’d had. For some reason, Even was still completely sober. Isak was beginning to feel far from it.

The rest of the group was laughing - nobody else had drank yet - but Eva was looking at Jonas with something mischievous sparkling in her eye.

“What?” he asked, thick eyebrows raised. She smirked.

“I think you’re going to have to pour yourself two shots, Jonas, because you’re fucking lying!”

“Oh shit!” Jonas’ eyebrows skyrocketed. “Wait, I forgot about that!”

“You fucked in Eva’s kitchen?” Magnus asked, completely awestruck as Eva took her shot and Jonas took too, the both of them nodding and smiling. Vilde make a small, offended sound.

“That’s so unhygienic!”

“Moving swiftly on.” Eva rolled her eyes, reaching for the bottle to pour everyone a round of fresh shots, since it was getting a little boring, having to wait for everyone to pour their own each round. “Uh, never have I ever used a sex toy.”

Nobody moved. Then-

“Do handcuffs count?”

Isak’s jaw dropped. “Even!”

“Oops! Sorry baby.”

The entire group erupted in laughter then as Isak’s face turned completely read. Eva pushed his shot towards him, grinning, and reluctantly, Isak took it.

“Fuck you all, I’m drunk.” He said, shaking his head. Even kissed him on the side of his face, laughing softly in his ear.

“He’ll definitely start revealing shit now,” Mahdi said, pointing at Isak who was swaying slightly where he sat. Even pulled him back so he had something sturdy to lean on. Noora shook her head and laughed.

“You guys are so evil. I think I might have to tap out and start taking notes with Sana.”

“The blackmail I’m collecting is amazing.” Sana smirked, looking at down at her phone as Noora got up and moved to the other side of the circle to join her. “Even and Isak, handcuffs.”

“It was one time.”

“-it was at least two times.” Even corrected him. “Remember? You had that mark on your wrist for
“That’s what that was?” Jonas laughed. “You told me you got a rash from wearing a new watch!”

“Well what was I supposed to say?” Isak asked, slurring his words just slightly. “Sorry Jonas, I’ve got a rash because my boyfriend handcuffed me to the bed and grabbed me by the-”

“That’s enough of that.” Even grabbed him by the face, effectively shutting him up by swallowing Isak’s small mouth in his palm, dragging him backwards so he all but fell into his chest, giggling. “Who’s next?” he raised an eyebrow, looking around the group. Magnus sat up a little.

“I’ve got another good one! Never have I ever-or,” he looked at Vilde and smiled, making Isak want to puke “never have we ever had sex more than twice in twenty-four hours.”

Isak and Even both drank. Jonas and Eva both drank. Chris drank. Noora drank, but only after Eva glared at her for a solid ten, tense seconds.

“Oooooh,” Mahdi looked around the circle, grinning deviously. “Who’s the winner of the sex-athlon?”

Eva held up a hand. “I don’t care. Jonas and I managed three.”

“Four,” Noora nodded. “And a half.”

“I’m twinning with Noora.” Chris reached across the circle and gave her a very vigorous high-five, that nearly send Noora falling backwards. Isak grinned, puffing out his chest, very proudly.

“You guys are losers,” he sneered, before reaching forwards to grab another shot, raising it in the air triumphantly. However, his arm wasn’t that steady, and half of it trickled down his sleeve. “Six times, midnight to midnight. Get on our level!”

“That’s not fair!” Eva laughed. “You’ve got that insatiable teenage boy libido!”

“And your own place!” Mahdi added. Isak didn’t care. He necked what was left of the shot and fell back into Even again, giggling into his neck. Even just shook his head and laughed softly.

“Oh my god,” Jonas shook his head in his hands. “Six times? That’s inhumane! I don’t think I could even jerk off six times in a day!”

“That’s legendary,” said Magnus, shifting his gaze from Isak to Even. “Didn’t your dick hurt after, though?”

Isak sat up abruptly. “Didn’t my ass hurt, more like?!” he frowned. Magnus barked out another laugh and soon enough, the whole group, Even included, was laughing at him. Then, after a few minutes, Even felt a strong hand wrap around his waist, pulling him to his feet.

“And that’s enough alcohol for Isak.” He laughed, holding him against his front tightly. “It’s been a lovely evening, but as you can see, Isak is fucking wasted.”

“No I’m not-” Isak tried to push away from him in protest, but the moment he wasn’t leaning on Even for support, he tripped, nearly faceplanting into the centre of the circle. Luckily, Even was there to catch him, laughing fondly as he cuddled Isak into his chest.

“We should probably head home.”

Isak grinned, changing tactics and deciding to grab onto Even’s shirt, turning around to face him
instead of squirming away. He kissed Even on the lips and the others wolf whistled teasingly. Isak craned his neck to look down at his friends. “That’s code for- we’re going home to fuck.”

Nobody laughed louder than Even. “Come on you drunken little minx, I’ll call us a cab. Bye guys.”

“Bye evak! Try not to get arrested for public indecency on your way out!” Chris called from behind them.

“Wouldn’t be the first time Isak found himself in handcuffs, apparently” Sana smirked, and that’s how they left it, the entire group howling with laughter and Isak stumbling his way out the door, Even holding him tightly.

In the morning, Isak wanted to scream when Even’s voice vibrated its way through his thick skull, piercing into his fragile, hungover brain.

“Never have I ever got so drunk at pre-drinks that I had to go home before the party.”

“Fuck you!”
Isak stared at the photo for the thousandth time.

It was cute. He knew it was cute and well worthy of the thousands of hearts all the girls had left underneath in the comment section. And it was nice, knowing that he could look at his Instagram profile and not feel seventeen year’s worth of fear due to the fact that there was not one- but six nods to Even on there. Five photos, and one sickeningly sentimental 21:21 post that he’d shown to Even proudly after secretly uploading it when he was in the bathroom.

“I can’t believe you missed 21:21 because you were in the bathroom.”

“Sorry Isak. I can’t control my bladder.”

So yeah- it was cute. The picture, Isak had no problem with, and he was definitely sure that his friends had no problem with it either. All he’d heard for a week afterwards was so cute! I love you guys together! Relationship goals!

It wasn’t the girls- or Magnus (being the EVAK #1 shipper)- getting him down about the photo.

It was Eskild.

He wasn’t doing it on purpose. His question hadn’t been particularly outrageous. He hadn’t even brought the idea across in his usual over the top, flamboyant, pushy and so very Eskild way. It was just a simple text after the photo had been uploaded.

**ESKILD**

(22:12) You and Even are so cute on Instagram

(22:12) I’m jealous

Hahah. Thank you guru ♥ (22:13)

(22:13) and the pink yellow blue???
(22:13) is Even officially pansexual now?

Knew I could count on you to notice (22:15)

Nobody else did (22:15)

(22:18) Guru notices all

(22:18) Tell Even Kollektivet misses and is proud of him ❤❤

❤️(22:19)

(22:20) Does this mean you're coming to pride this year?

His reply had kept it all very casual and not having-a-huge-gay-panic-attack. Not sure, I'll ask Even. Eskild, in a strangely out of character display of reservedness, hadn't pushed for more. Isak was sure he could sense his unease over the phone.

It wasn’t that he wasn’t proud. Because he was. Finally, he could put to bed the fear and the anxiety and the internalised homophobia. He wasn’t party hopping and kissing girls, waiting to feel something. He had Even- he was definitely gay, and they were happy, being very not-straight together.

But for some reason, still, inside, the doubting, shit-scared closeted Isak Valtersen still lurked, and there was no way in fucking hell he was going to a gay pride parade where actual real-life people could see him.

“Isak,” Even sighed, stroking his hair gently. “We don’t have to go-”

“-but I want to go,” Isak huffed, leaning up from where he’d buried his face in Even’s neck, hanging his head. “It will be so fun. Eskild will be so happy. And I’m proud.” He turned facing Even, who was watching him with concern sparkling in his pretty blue eyes. “I’m not scared anymore. It’s just that tiny part of me that I need to just… destroy, you know?”

“What if it wasn’t just us?” Even offered. Isak didn’t understand. “You know- instead of just us, and then Eskild, decked out in glitter and a push-up bra- we could invite the boys. The girls would definitely come too. I’m sure Magnus would be very excited to tick Gay Pride off his bucket list.”

“Magnus has a bucket list?”

“He’s shared many personal thoughts with me. I’m starting to genuinely worry he might have a small crush on me- but I’ll let him figure that out.”

Isak grinned. “I’m not telling Vilde.”

Even laughed. “Anyway. We could all go- as a group. And then, if it gets too much, we could just slip out and come home.” He reached forward, drawing Isak into his arms and hugging him against his chest where Isak fell limp, melting into Even’s touch as he always did. “How does that sound?”

Isak thought it over. Of course, six months ago he wouldn’t have dreamed of asking Magnus, Mahdi
and fucking Jonas along to a gay pride parade— but they’re been so supportive of him and his relationship with Even, there was no way in hell they’d say no. They’d all proven to him time and time again that there was nothing about Isak being gay they found uncomfortable.

It made the idea a little less scary, having his friends around. The girls had always been equally as supportive, and Even was right. They’d probably love it at gay pride. Drinking all day in the street? It sounded right up Chris and Eva’s alley, at least.

“Okay.” He said, after minutes and minutes of silent thought.

“Okay?” Even looked down at Isak, laid out across his chest. Isak justshifted, getting more comfortable against Even’s sternum, and smiled.

“Really.” He said, reaching across to pick up his phone from where he’d left it, laid on his pillow. “Let’s go to Oslo Pride. I’m texting Eskild now.”

**ESKILD**

*Even and I are coming to Pride (21:58)*

*And we’re bring along the boys and the girls (21:58)*

*(21:59) YASSSSSSSSS*

*(22:00) I’m so proud of u baby jesus*

*(22:00) I’ve already got your outfit planned. I’m not wearing anything latex (22:01)*

*(22:02) boo*

*(22:02) will you at least let guru paint little rainbows on your cheeks? ... (22:03)*

*I suppose that would be acceptable (22:04)*
Onsdag, 15:45 // FMK

Chapter Summary

Whilst Even’s working, Isak gets roped into a game of FMK with the girls. Unsurprisingly, they all have the hots for his boyfriend.

Onsdag, 15:45

Isak really wasn’t sure how he got himself into these situations. It had seemed harmless enough. Even wasn’t finishing his shift for another hour or so- so when Eva texted him asking if he wanted to come and hang out with them at the park where they were having a ‘wine picnic’ (which he assumed meant more wine than the actual picnic) he figured… why not?

*What’s the worst that could happen. It’s only the girls-*

This was the worst.

“*Fuck Marry Kill! It’s always so much better with people you know!*” Eva giggled, shoving him in the shoulder. Isak rolled his eyes, taking another sip from the wine the girls had *forced* him to like (and buy and stock up on in his and Even’s fridge hidden in the drawers where the boys couldn’t see) before speaking.

“It’s not the same. I’ve already found the boy I’m going to marry, so why even play? My answers will be the same every time.”

“Aw.” The girls chorused. Isak laughed. It was nice, the fact that saying such mushy and romantic stuff like *the-boy-I’m-going-to-marry* didn’t fill him with nerves and uncertainty anymore. Recently, he and Even had done nothing but go from strength to strength. Isak didn’t need a time machine or a crystal ball to know that they were going to be together forever. It just made sense that they *would*.

“I know, we’re disgusting. I don’t care.”

“You can still play a harmless game of FMK, Isak.” Vilde pointed out. “It isn’t cheating.”

Isak pouted. “This is why I miss *Sana-*”

“-Well, Sana is inside skyping *Yousef.*” Noora shrugged. “So you’re stuck with us. *Fuck Marry Kill-* Even, Jonas and *Penetrator Chris.* Eva?”

Eva tapped her chin thoughtfully. “That’s hard for me. I think I’d have to kill *Jonas*… which sucks. But I can’t have sex with him without bringing up the past. So it’d have to be Chris-”

“Yeah, that’s the only reason.” Chris- non-penetrator- laughed, nudging Vilde and sharing teasing looks. Eva ignored them both, tilting her sunglasses down her nose and wiggling her eyebrows in Isak’s direction, suggestively. “And *obviously* marry Even-”
“-I do not give you permission to fantasise about married life with my boyfriend!”

Eva grinned, laying herself flat in the short grass, a teasing smirk making itself at home on her face. “Too late.” She winked.

“I’d do the same, but swapping Jonas and Chris,” Noora said his name like a deadly curse, gagging into her cardboard cup of what Isak presumed to be tea- since she was still (mostly) abstaining from drinking after something to do with William’s brother. He hadn’t gotten the whole story yet. He had a feeling Even knew. He was always extra tender when he spoke to Noora- the same way that Eskild was. Isak hadn’t yet figured out why.

“Me too.” Vilde agreed. Chris nodded along with her. “What about you, Isak?”

“Marry Even, fuck Chris, kill Jonas.” He shrugged. The girls all frowned at him, even Eva, lifting her sunglasses off her face.

“Kill Jonas? You’d kill your best-friend?”

“I’d be saving him!” he argued. “Jonas doesn’t want to fuck me and I don’t want to fuck him. It would be incredibly weird. We wouldn’t be able to be friends again!”

“That’s Isak’s excuse, but secretly, he and Chris already had their rendezvous and he wants another go-”

“I did not fuck Christoffer Schistad!” Isak laughed, seriously amused at even the thought. He couldn’t believe just how seriously the girls had taken their investigations into his and Chris’ fabricated past. “I don’t know how many times I have to tell you girls. It didn’t happen. It won’t ever happen.”

Vilde frowned. “Not even a kiss?” she asked, perhaps a little too wistfully. Isak scoffed, shaking his head defiantly.

“Not even a kiss.” He reaffirmed. “Even is the first and last boy to get any of this.” He gestured to his face, pouting his lips and making the girls laugh before taking another small sip of the wine, straight from the bottle. So far, surprisingly himself yet again, he was actually enjoying the dumb game, despite the fact that it was very clear everyone in the group held some kind of not-so-secret torch for his boyfriend. Isak couldn’t exactly blame them. “Who’s next?”

Noora rolled her eyes. “Now he wants to play, huh?”

“Okay,” Vilde sat up a little. “Magnus-”

“-Kill.” Isak didn’t need her to finish the sentence, grimacing at even the thought of getting close with his other best friend. “I don’t care if Adolf Hitler’s the next name out your mouth. I’m killing Magnus.”

“Isak! That’s so unfair!”

“I agree with Isak.” Chris laughed. “Magnus is all yours Vilde.”

“I’m marrying Even.” Eva said. Isak glared at her.

“Leave my boyfriend alone! He wasn’t even an option!”

“I’d marry him too.” Noora added, smiling into her cup. “Don’t tell William.”
“I haven’t even said any other names yet!” Vilde whined. “You guys are far too unfocused to play this game!” she huffed, folding her arms across her chest. Isak rolled his eyes.

“Sorry Vilde. I can’t concentrate when everyone here apparently wants to fuck my boyfriend.”

Vilde blushed at his crudeness. “Well, Isak… he is very handsome-”

“He’s so good looking!” Eva gushed, springing to life and sitting up straight, re-joining the circle. “That bone structure- his fucking jawline is to die for. Isak- have you told him to consider modelling?”

“You’re all such perverts!” Isak laughed. “You can’t have him- simple as.”

“It isn’t fair.” Chris sighed, looking at Isak a little too dreamily for his liking. “All the hot ones are gay.”

“Even’s pansexual.” Noora corrected her, before shrugging- “So technically you still have a chance.”

“Technically nothing!” Isak exclaimed. “There will be no chances, I’m forbidding you all. Get your own boyfriends.”

“Some of us have boyfriends.” Vilde said smugly, linking arms with Noora. “We still can appreciate Even’s good looks though, whilst they’re not around.”

“Speak of the devil.” Eva smirked, and Isak turned, just in time to see Even making his way across the green, smiling at the group of them. *Fuck*, Eva was right. He was hot. Maybe Isak would have to ask him about the modelling thing- because Even was making the park his own fucking catwalk. It was like time slowed down as he approached, eyes locked with Isak’s even from twenty feet away, even through the dark tinted sunglasses that sat as little squares over his eyes, a small smile resting on his face. The girls were practically melting around him, flicking their hair around and grinning as they watched him on the approach. Isak hated them- but also loved them, very dearly.

“Halla.” Time corrected itself as Even greeted the group, hovering what felt like meters above where they were sprawled out on the grass. Then he sat down, long legs encasing Isak as Even settled behind him, leaning forwards to kiss his cheek gently. “Halla baby.” He said, quieter.

Isak grinned, smug as ever, as the girls shot jealous glares in his direction.

“See?” he said. “I told you. He’s all mine.”

Eva shook her head, laughing along with the rest of the girls as Even frowned, confused, but clearly amused. “Life is so unfair.” She bit her lip. “So, so fucking unfair.”
Fredag, 20:32 // Fancy-Dress

Chapter Summary

If there was one thing Isak couldn’t stand, it was fancy dress.

The last time he’d done this it had been easy enough. He let Emma pick their costumes considering how desperate she was for them to seem like a real couple in comparison to Sonja and Even-so, Julius Caesar and Cleopatra it was. Isak just figured Even (the king of over the top couple commitments) would want to do something similar and therefore, he wouldn’t have to put in any effort or thought into finding something to wear.

Sadly, the day before the party, Even casually mentioned he’d fixed himself a costume and had then casually asked what Isak was going as. So, without much on hand to throw something together last minute, Isak raced around to Kollektivet and let Eskild dress him up like an angel. It was either that-he said- or a sexy fireman. Isak took one look at the red hot-pants and comedically long ‘firehose’ attachment and settled on the small feathery wings and halo.

It didn’t occur to him until it was too late, and they’d already left for the party (Even walking just ahead of him with a cigarette between his lips, black leather jacket with The T-Birds embroidered on the back that he’d picked up from some vintage store and hair gelled within an inch of it’s perfect, fixed lifespan) that Isak was more or less wearing exactly the same costume Sonja wore the night of their first kiss. The night of the infamous pre-game where Isak and Even had abandoned their respective partners minutes before a party to break into a random persons swimming pool and make-out under the spotlights. It was one of their fondest memories, but the sudden reminder of Even’s ex-girlfriend made Isak feel a little sour.

Still, Even hadn’t mentioned it, and it was too late to change now. The costume was simple enough-a white t-shirt over white jean-shorts that brushed his knees, white sneakers and a pair of feathery wings Eskild had bought as a back-up outfit for pride, matched with a small head-band attached halo. It wasn’t anything special. Isak really didn’t give a fuck about fancy dress, and all he’d wanted to do since the moment Even had changed into his 1950’s American Greaser look was pull him back into their apartment by the beltloops and rip the jacket and the tight black t-shirt straight off him. Fy faen, his boyfriend was so fucking hot. It wasn’t fair. No wonder the girls all fucking wanted him so badly.

Isak took a slow breath as they made it to Eva’s place. The last thing he wanted to do was spring a boner in the ridiculously tight shorts Eskild had leant him. He’d been perfectly happy with a normal
pair of jeans- but Eskild had insisted the outfit be all white, and it was either these (a pair of skinny, white jean shorts) or a pair of very short broad shorts that were just a little too thigh-grazing for Isak’s liking. At least these covered his ass cheeks and didn’t show the outline of his dick.

“You okay, baby?” Even asked, tossing his cigarette into the street carelessly before lifting a hand to knock at Eva’s door. He raked his eyes down Isak’s figure slowly, teasing, lingering on his lithe legs just long enough to make Isak blush. He smiled, feeling the heat spread in his chest as the soft material of his shirt brushed past his nipple piercing.

“Ja. I’m fine. You just look good.”

Even smiled. “So do you. I can’t wait to take you home and-”

“Isak and Even!!!”

They were interrupted by Eva, throwing open the door and cheering, Vilde just over her shoulder with bright pink lipstick and a bottle of vodka in her hands. As usual, Isak and Even were the last people to arrive at the pre-game, and the quasi-party was already well and truly underway. Eva and Vilde were dressed in matching red-and-gold cheerleader costumes that Isak had seen in the window of every costume shop in the plaza, but were pulling them off surprisingly well with matching red scrunchies in their hair. Further inside, Isak was amused at the sight of Magnus, sitting at the table with Penetrator-Chris (seriously, Isak wondered, when did we add him to our group?) in matching American-Footballer costumes, complete with giant overbearing shoulder pads and plastic helmets, abandoned on the table.

Magnus glared as soon as he caught his grin from across the room. “It was Vilde’s idea!”

Chris laughed, reaching forwards to pat Magnus on the shoulder. “The things we do for love, right Mags?”

Love? Isak wondered to himself. As far as he was aware, Eva was still pretty unsure about the whole Chris situation, due to the fact that he was a massive fuckboy. That, and the fact that she’d slept with Jonas the week after her party. Not that she knew he knew about that. Jonas was just pretty terrible at keeping secrets. Also, the very public hook-up they’d shared at Sana’s Eid party spoke volumes about the unfinished business between them still lingered. Isak wasn’t sure where Chris fit into this equation- as he was pretty sure he’d seen the penetrator with his tongue down Emma’s throat not too long ago too.

“Hi Isak!”

He was distracted by Noora, tapping him on the shoulder and greeting him with a smile. He frowned, taking a step back and squinting at her costume.

“Take a guess.” She twirled the skirt of the long, Victorian-looking dark, navy dress. Her hair was pinned back in a neat bun and in her left hand, she held a plastic measuring beaker.

“Uh…fuck, I don’t know Noora. Can’t I have a hint or something?”

She glared at him. “It’s quite clearly Marie Curie!”

“Oh, right. Of course!” Isak said, even thought it was certainly not clear from a black dress and some science equipment that she was the Marie Curie. “Very… uh… highbrow, I guess? I’m not sure many of the people at the party are going to get it thought.”

“I thought she was Florence Nightingale.” Mahdi swam into their conversation, a half-hearted
attempt at a solid costume made up of a pair of camo pants and a not-quite-matching camo t-shirt. Still, at least he had a metal dog-tag around his neck. It was noticeably more thoughtful than the stunning lack of effort Jonas had put into his costume.

“Hm, let me guess,” Isak teased. “Flannel shirt over unironic slogan t-shirt, cargo shorts, beanie, vans and a skateboard? *Faen*, you make it harder every year, Jonas.”

“Ha-ha.” Jonas deadpanned. “Fancy dress is dumb. Skater-boi works every time because I don’t need to buy a new outfit and nobody ever questions it. Can’t exactly say that about *Marie Curie.*” He looked pointedly at Noora, who glared at him fiercely.

“*Marie Curie* is a feminist *icon-”

“-I didn’t say she wasn’t. Did you know she also slept with a married man who was the student of her dead ex-husband? That hardly seems iconic to me.”

Noora folded her arms across her chest, tilting her head up defiantly. “*Marie Curie*’s personal life doesn’t discredit her scientific brilliance, Jonas. I thought you of *all* people would be able to understand *that, so-”

“-Jesus, get a room.” Mahdi muttered under his breath. Isak barked out a laugh, but was quickly silenced by the sharp glares he received from both Noora and Jonas. He couldn’t really blame them. The fact that Noora had William and Jonas both had, and didn’t have, Eva made it very awkward whenever anyone pointed out how similar he and Noora were, or how well they actually got on. It was a tricky situation. Still, Isak was almost certainly sure that deep down, a small part of Jonas liked Noora in a more-than-friendly-way, however, it was significantly much much smaller than the part of him that still held a strong burning torch for Eva.

He could only imagine the political discussions that would fly over their dinner table.

“*Isak!* You didn’t tell me you and Chris had agreed to go matching!”

Isak frowned when he heard Even’s voice, looking back over to *Penetrator-Chris,* who was still laughing and talking animatedly to Magnus with a tipsy Eva sat in his lap, Jonas glaring daggers at the both of them. As far as he could see- there was no correlation between their costumes.

“*Isak!* We’re so cute!” suddenly, *girl-Chris* came bounding up to him in a red dress with a headband holding her hair back, cute red horns sticking up from the top. She threw her arms around him and laughed, before holding out her phone and recording a short video for her snapchat. Isak didn’t roll his eyes like he normally would when the boys or *Vilde* forced him to interact with their social media.

“*Angel and Devil.* Of course. Chris, you know me.” he rested a hand over his heart, leaning over to kiss her on the cheek. Chris laughed and pretended to swoon. Even cooed at them.

“You make quite the couple.” Sana’s voice appeared from behind them, and Isak turned, excited to see her. He *loved* hanging out with Sana at parties. Not only was she the best at keeping his drunken spilled secrets, she also had noticed the way she quietly looked out for everyone. Little things like picking up the drink Eva had left abandoned on the side in case someone interfered with it or picking up Magnus’ jacket when he left it on the hallway floor. She was dressed in a usual, very *Sana* all-black outfit and hijab with dark makeup and a small pair of black, satin cat ears on the top of her head. Isak rolled his eyes.

“Really, a cat?”
Sana huffed a laugh at him. “Isak, you hate fancy dress just as much as I do. Sorry I didn’t come dressed like a stripper.” She gestured to his outfit, and Even boomed a laugh.

“Oh, baby- she got you good there.”

“I can’t help that my options were limited to Eskild’s wardrobe.” He glared between the two of them. For someone who was supposed to be his best bud, Sana was forever teaming up with Even against him. “My so-called boyfriend didn’t want to be cute and do matching costumes.”

“Isak, somehow I didn’t think you’d want to be a pink lady.”

“I could’ve pulled it off!”

They laughed together, enchaining jokes and sipping their drinks as the small party went on. Isak was fairly proud of himself for not getting shitfaced at this particular pre-drinks, and was still very much on his feet as he lingered by the table, chatting to Magnus and Vilde, who had toned down their sickly-sweet heavy petting, for once.

It was all going so well. And then, well, Eva happened.

“Shit, Isak! I’m so sorry!” she gasped, staring at the giant red stain quickly growing in the centre of his chest. Not only was his t-shirt ruined- Isak could feel the wine seeping into his skin, and he grimaced, quickly pulling the t-shirt off as everyone turned around to stare at him. Isak wasn’t really paying attention to them, dabbing his bare chest with the wet shirt to wipe the wine away. However, when he looked up, every single person in the room was staring at him, silently. Isak looked over to Even, who was trying very hard to hide a smug grin.

“Why is everyone fucking staring?” Isak whispered to Eva, who was full on fucking beaming at him.

“I don’t know.” She grinned. “Maybe it has something to do with this?” she reached out, poking the left side of his chest. Isak looked down at his body with a confused frown, but he didn’t notice anything out of the ordinary. It was just his chest- small but toned, white but not pale, a little sticky from the red wine, and a piercing on the left side which nobody but himself and Even knew about- Isak swallowed, lifting his head to look back at the group.

“Oh.” He said.

“ISAK YOU GOT A NIPPLE PIERCING?”

There was no hiding it from there. Isak buried his face in his hands, laughing as what felt like the entire party converged on him, each laughing and begging to get a better look. Even didn’t move from where he was standing, locking eyes with a distantly traumatised Isak and shrugging a laugh.

“They were going to find out eventually.” He said. Magnus whipped his head around.

“You knew?”

“Of course he knew!” Mahdi shoved him playfully. “They literally live together. They’re probably naked like, eighty percent of the time.”

“Oh yeah!”

“Shut up. Please. I hate you all.” Isak whined, but it was too late to deny. Everyone had seen it, and
suddenly, he was assaulted with a barrage of questions as Eva scurried downstairs to get him a fresh shirt.

“How much did it hurt?”

“Is this like a kinky sex thing?”

“Does it bleed?”

“When did you get that?”

“Is it healed? Can I touch it?”

“Okay, okay,” Even laughed eventually, wading into the group as if he could physically shield Isak from the questions hurtled at him. Eva tossed a fresh white t-shirt over and sweetly, Even hooked it over his head before pulling him in for a soft kiss. “Nobody else gets to look at it except for me.” he said, and Isak grinned smugly, allowing Even to dress him. The t-shirt, being Eva’s, was more than a little tight and also a female cut, which wasn’t quite what he was intending to sport at the party, but it was better than nothing, and at least it didn’t sit above his bellybutton like most of Eva’s clothing.

“You look so fucking hot Isak.” Even whispered against the side of his face and that was enough to make the whole, brief humiliation worth it. Isak didn’t care what any of his friends thought about the new addition to his body- not that they seemed to be that bothered past the initial shock. All he cared was that Even fucking loved it, and told him so every single day. And Isak loved it too. Nothing quite beat the little rush of excitement he got every time he caught sight of it in the mirror.

-except, perhaps, the way Even was looking at him now, grinning, eyes raking over the way the shirt pulled tightly over his chest. Fuck- that was a good feeling too.

“How drunk are you?”

Isak smirked against Even’s lips, fingers curling in the bottom of his shirt. He hadn’t seen his boyfriend in a good forty minutes or so, but he smelt like beer and weed and perhaps a little bit of rum, and had suddenly appeared from around the corner and stumbled over to him. It was nice, for once, not to be the drunken mess who needed caring for. It was also nice to see Even be so carefree-enjoying himself without worrying so much about his medication or his final project or college or work.

“I’m not that drunk, I promise.” Even’s voice was surprisingly level, but his hands were wandering up and down Isak’s sides as lips peppered across his face in a way that was a little more flirtatious than usual for such a public place. Isak had long gotten over his fear of PDA around the time he got barrelled through his internalised homophobia- but Even still respected boundaries and didn’t usually push for much more than kissing and hand-holding when they were in public. Tonight, however, a little bit of drink and a little bit of jay had clearly given him a change of heart. “You’re just hot.” He
mumbled, and Isak tilted his head up so their lips could press together, opening his mouth to deepen the kiss.

He ran his fingers up Even’s taut chest to his shoulders, wrapping his arms around the back of his neck and arching into his touch as rap music pounded around them. Even had tight hold of his waist, pulling him close, hands slipping just under the tight fabric of Eva’s shirt and brushing across the extra-sensitive skin at the small of his back. Isak’s mouth fell open as Even squeezed him tightly, pulling them even closer so he could feel the bulge in Even’s crotch pressing against the waistband of his pants.

“Okay, okay,” he pulled out of the kiss, staring into Even’s eyes as his pupils danced. “Bathroom. Now.”

Even’s mouth quirked into a smile. “Seriously?”

“Yes.” Isak nodded, grabbing his hand and pulling him quickly into the hallway and up the stairs. People gathered at the staircase and milling around the upstairs rooms were looking as they rushed past, but Isak didn’t have the time to care. His boyfriend was hot, and they were both a little drunk and wow - why didn’t he realise how hot fancy dress was before? Even looked fucking amazing with his vintage high-waisted jeans and his dirty converse and tight t-shirt. He looked like Isak’s 1950s wet dream.

“You’re so fucking hot.” He laughed into Even’s mouth once the bathroom door was locked behind them and Even grabbed him by the hips. “I love you.”

“I love you too.” Even nodded, kissing him again and again in short, longing bursts. “Blow me?”

Isak rolled his eyes, but his grin didn’t slip. “So romantic. You’re lucky you look so nice in this outfit.” He grabbed the hem of the t-shirt, knuckles brushing against the soft hair around Even’s navel before dropping to his knees and unzipping Even’s pants as quickly as he could. Isak pushed his boyfriend by the hips until he bumped against the bathroom sink, and immediately began kissing around the outline of his cock as he wrestled his jeans down to his ankles. He grabbed the waistband of Even’s boxers and pulled them down just as fast, not bothering with his usual teasing. After all - they were in the bathroom of a fucking house-party. He wasn’t sure how long they had - so he’d have to make it quick.

He took Even into his mouth entirely without hesitation, pushing the tip of his cock to the back of his throat, gagging only slightly. It had been six months of this - not just blowing Even, but being sexually involved with him in general, so Isak knew all the cheap tricks that could make Even lose his mind as quickly as possible.

“Fy faen, Isak. You’re so amazing.” Even was falling apart above him as Isak continued his ministrations, smiling around Even’s cock when he felt a large hand stroke through his hair and grip tightly from the back. It was making him harden inside his boxers as Even started pulling and pushing his head in time with Isak’s movements, fucking into his mouth in short and fast thrusts, but not hard enough to make Isak choke.

That didn’t stop Isak from taking Even deeper, forcing his throat to relax as the tip of Even’s cock knocked around the back of his oesophagus. It had taken a while, but he’d gotten much better at training his gag reflex against reacting so sensitively. If it was still one of the first few times they’d done this - Isak would’ve been a coughing and spluttering mess at the way Even’s thrusts were getting deeper and faster as he chased his release but now, he considered himself at least a semi-pro in giving head - and he knew half the pleasure came from simply the visual. Whenever he dropped to his knees - whether they were at home, school or here, the shitty bathroom of a shitty party, Even
loved watching him with his lips around his cock, spit clinging to the corners of his mouth.

It didn’t take long- maybe ten minutes or so- for Even to shoot straight down his throat. Isak didn’t hesitate before swallowing, coughing only a little as Even yanked him up to his feet and pressed their mouths together before even giving himself a chance to pull his pants up. Isak laughed against his mouth, pushing him away so he could lean down, pulling Even’s boxers back up and tucking his cock inside. Even winced when Isak touched it, a little over-sensitive from coming so suddenly and so violently. Isak zipped his jeans up and pressed a gentle kiss to his lips. It wasn’t supposed to lead to anything further, despite the fact that he was still hard inside his white shorts. They were in a bathroom- and there was probably someone outside waiting to get in.

“Where do you think you’re going?” Even pulled him back as he tried to pull away, heading towards the door. Long fingers danced over his crotch, undoing his front button and pulling both his shorts and his boxers down to his mid-thigh before grabbing his cock in his fist.

“Fuck, Even- do we even have time?”

“I don’t care,” Even shook his head, teeth grazing the juncture of his neck and nibbling gently, making Isak purr. “That was the best blowjob you’ve ever given me.”

“No it wasn’t-”

“Okay, maybe it wasn’t.” he laughed. “But it was good, and you look hot with your little halo and your pretty eyes. Shit, do you think there’s lube in here?” he looked around, and Isak laughed, shaking his head.

“No way! You’re not fucking me.”

Even turned them around so Isak was against the sink before he opened the cabinet, reaching in and gasping in excitement before he pulled out a small bottle of lotion.

“This will probably work-”

“-Even, are you listening to me?” Isak, cock still out, laughed as Even turned the bottle around, reading the label to check if it was suitable for what they were- or were not- about to do. Isak watched with wide eyes as he drizzled some over his fingers. “Even. You’re not fucking me in a bathroom at a house party.”

“Who said anything about fucking?” Even asked, and Isak blushed as he was suddenly manhandled, turned around and bent over the sink. “I promise, I’ll just finger you nice and quick.”

“Fuck,” Isak bit his lip as Even’s hand stroked down the curve of his ass. “If you do this I don’t know how quiet I can keep, baby.”

“I’m pretty sure everyone who saw us run in here hand-in-hand have a pretty good idea of what’s going on.” Even laughed, before running his finger around the edge of Isak’s rim teasingly, pressing up against the back of him as his other hand crept round and stroked up and down his cock, teasing. “But like I said, I’ll make it quick.”

Isak grimaced at the dull burn he felt when Even slipped one, long finger into him. The lotion wasn’t quite as effective as regular lube, but it did the job well enough. It only took a few minutes before Even was adding a second, and dancing around with the thought of adding a third, pressing it against the others before pulling it away again and again as Isak clamped his teeth around his lip and grabbed the edges of the sink in bruising grip, doing his best not to scream.
“Even, shit- right there-” he hissed as the tips of Even’s fingers danced against his prostate. In response, Even pressed harder, and quickened his pace up and down the length of Isak’s cock until he couldn’t hold it in any longer and gave in- allowing a few of the noises he’d been keeping stuffed down inside to slip out as Even leant forwards and bit onto the side of his neck. Then- he curled his fingers around Isak’s spot, twisting his wrist against the base of his cock and Isak was coming, harder than he had since they’d last fucked, right into the bathroom sink.

“Shit.” He fell forward on his arms, head lolling around his shoulders as Even slipped his fingers out of him and grabbed a piece of toiler tissue off the side to clean him up before tucking his cock back into his pants neatly and turning him around. Isak felt spent, his legs were practically jelly and his eyes were hooded, head swimming with a mixture of post-orgasm haze and alcohol. “That was fucking amazing.”

Even kissed him. “You’re amazing.” He reached around, running the tap to wash Isak’s come away and rinse the lotion off his fingers, wiping them dry on the thigh of his jeans, before kissing Isak again, firm. “Back to the party?”

“Fuck you, I can’t feel my legs.” Isak laughed.

“We’ve been in here for twenty-five minutes!”

“-so we can take a second more.”

“Isak, are you in the bathroom?” a knock, paired with a (fortunately) familiar voice, surprised them both. Isak rolled his eyes. Eva and her perfect fucking timing. He didn’t bother answering, just watched in amusement as Even walked over to the door, pulling it open. He couldn’t only see the back of Even’s head, but the eyebrow raise from Eva and amused smirk gave him enough to picture the smug smile on Even’s face. He always got cocky when he got his own way- or, even more so, when he got laid. Which was unsurprisingly often.

“No, don’t let me interrupt.”

“There’s nothing to interrupt!” Isak called, before summoning the little power he had left in his body and walking over, pulling the door open so he could face her, hoping she didn’t notice the flush to his cheeks. “We were just talking. And now we’re not. So… ja.”

“Ja.” Eva parroted. “Sure you were just talking. The same way Jonas and I were just talking in the master bedroom ten minutes ago, right?”

“I’ll keep your secret if you keep mine.”

Eva grinned. “Deal.”

The next morning Isak’s both Isak’s head and lower back were a little sore, throat hoarse, and stomach growling. Why hadn’t he taken Jonas up on his offer of kebabs at two AM? Probably because he was too eager to get home and relive the events of the bathroom as quickly as possible. Sadly, he and Even were both too drunk and too tired to make it a reality, and had both collapsed, half dressed, into their bed the second they made it home.
“Thank God you’re awake.” Even groaned beside him, lips chapped, voice gruff and an arm slung over his eyes to shield him from the sunlight creeping in through the window. “Your phone won’t stop going off and I’m too hungover to move.”

Isak frowned, reaching blindly over to the bedside table to pick up his IPhone. There were a few texts from the various group chats he was a part of, but they were mostly just a general drunken slew of letters. He didn’t bother reading those, instead skipping to the most recent text, from Eskild.

ESKILD

(10:02) HOW DARE U

(10:02) GET A NIPPLE PIERCING AND NOT TELL ME? YOUR FAVOURITE GURU!

(10:03) EVEN LINN IS IN SHOCK AT THIS BETRAYL

(10:03) EVEN LINN!!!!!!!

(10:04) IS THIS WHY YOU WONT COME OVER FOR DINNER?

Isak laughed softly to himself, before turning to look at Even. “I guess Eskild got wind of my new piercing.”

Even smiled. “Is he mad you didn’t tell him?”

“Of course he is.” Isak typed a quick reply (sorry guru, it was supposed to be a secret! Even and I are free on Sunday?) before turning his phone on silent and laying it back on the dresser, rolling over to kiss Even sweetly on the cheek. “But I’m sure he’ll get over it.”

“I kind of liked it being our little secret.” Even smirked, turning over and pushing Isak onto his back so his chest was on full display. He loved the way Even looked at his piercing. So far, he’d been far too paranoid about it healing properly and the possibility of losing feeling in the nipple that he hadn’t let Even touch it- but now, watching Even’s eyes rake over his chest and his tongue unconsciously dip out between his lips just slightly, Isak felt both his nipples harden. He wanted Even to touch it. He needed Even to touch it.

Verbal communication was scarcely a necessity for them as the days and weeks went on. Even looked him in the eye for barely a second before he was lowering his mouth to Isak’s chest, kissing his left nipple sweetly before his tongue poked out, playing with the barbell gently. Isak’s mouth fell open and a shrill moan escaped from between his lips. It felt fucking amazing, pleasure overriding the slight tug of pain he felt as the bar was knocked about. It still, sadly, wasn’t ready for much action, so begrudgingly Isak took hold of Even’s head and pulled him off.

“Still not healed?” Even asked. Isak shook his head.
“Nope, still hurts a little bit. But it’s getting there.” He sighed, scratching the back of Even’s scalp gently. “Felt fucking amazing though. I can’t wait until it’s healed.”

Even grinned, leaning down to kiss him on the lips. “Me either baby.” He mumbled, hands dancing down from Isak’s chest to his waist, then over his hips and down his thighs. “But in the meantime—” Isak yelped in surprise as Even grabbed his legs, pushing them up by his head before leaning down, catching Isak’s lip between his teeth.

“I had a hot, drunk dream about fucking you until you couldn’t remember your own name last night. Care to make my dream come true?”

Isak grinned. “That’s one way to get over a hangover, I suppose.”
Onsdag, 17:04 // Family

Chapter Summary

Isak and Even go for dinner at Kollektivet

Onsdag, 17:04

From the day they’d broken the very, very devastating news that they would be leaving Kollektivet, Eskild had been harassing both Isak and Even about coming over for a ‘family dinner’. Isak had laughed- it was hardly like they never saw Eskild, he was always floating about at their parties, dragging a reluctant Linn along behind him and talking at a thousand miles a minute at whoever was close enough to hear him. However, it was a little weird for Isak sometimes to wake up in the morning and only be able to hear the sound of Even, snoring quietly beside him or the boiling of water in their new electric kettle, coming from the kitchen.

He did miss Eskild, and Linn and even Noora and her obsession with healthy eating and watching TLC shows at three AM when she thought everyone else was sleeping. It just so happened that every time they tried to arrange a dinner, someone wouldn’t be able to make it.

Until now.

Isak actually felt nervous, heart fluttering underneath his t-shirt as Even knocked on the door with a happy smile and a bottle of sparkling wine gripped tightly ion his fist. Everything so far was exactly the same- Linn’s hanging plants were miserably wilted and the creepy gnome Noora had taken with her from Madrid was still grinning up at them from his position at the ‘our neighbours have better stuff’ doormat Eskild had paid a ridiculous amount of money for on Amazon. Still, it felt different, knowing that this happy little familiar bubble was no longer his home.

Eskild opened the door, beaming as he pulled both boys into a tight hug and called them his children- just another thing that (thankfully) hadn’t changed. Noora was in the kitchen with William at her side, re-applying the red lipstick that Isak assumed she’d had permanently sprayed onto her face via some kind of medical procedure and talking excitedly as he nodded along, quietly happy. Linn was sat up on the counter, swinging her legs absentmindedly as they made their greetings, huffing as Eskild shooed her off.

“We’re having carbonara because I know it’s Even’s favourite.” Eskild beamed, gesturing to the pot of pasta that Noora was now stirring. “Although I’m sure it won’t be as good as the one he makes. It’s been hard to re-adjust to eating sub-par food now that the personal chef is gone.”

He cut his eye in Noora’s direction, and in turn she glared at him fiercely.

“Hey! My cooking is not sub-par!”

“Oh no, I was talking about Linn’s,” Eskild grimaced. “Positively awful. William, you remember the paella incident?”
“Don’t bring that up!” Linn huffed.

Isak just grinned, happy to dissolve himself back into the silly bickering that they threw at each other across the tiny room. Even’s hand was warm and comforting at his hip, holding them together as one. Every few seconds, Isak would catch Eskild looking at them from over his wine glass, beaming with pride. Every time, Isak smiled back.

“This is delicious Noora. Thank you.” Even wolfed down another mouthful of carbonara, creamy sauce splattered across his lips in a way that looked absolutely fucking sinful. Isak shifted a little in his seat.

“Thank you Even,” Noora beamed. “William helped a little bit.” She patted her boyfriend’s shoulder and William, characteristically quiet and brooding as ever, nodded before turning to watch Noora. He stared at her as conversation continued around them with absolute devotion swollen in his eyes. Isak had never paid much attention to William or Noora’s relationship with him, but the general consensus he ascertained from their group of friends was that it wasn’t exactly always in favour. However, he couldn’t deny what his own eyes were showing him. Despite the messy circumstances following their sudden move to London and subsequent re-return, William loved Noora.

It made Isak think of Even. He didn’t know how Noora did it- staying so strong whilst everything with her and William had been so uncertain, only a few months prior. He couldn’t imagine what he’d do without Even right by his side. He looked besides him to his boyfriend, oblivious to his staring as he practically inhaled the pasta on his plate (Eskild had been right, it was his favourite) Without thinking, Isak reached up and dabbed the spot above his top lip with his thumb and licked the sauce away, remembering far too late that they were in public.

“Uh. Sorry.”

“Gosh, you two are ridiculously domestic.” Eskild gushed. “It’s amazing. Never did I ever think such a grumpy boy could be so mushy.”

“He’s very mushy these days,” Even teased, beaming away at Isak. “The other day he even let me take pictures of him with my new camera.”

“Isak Valtersen?” Eskild threw a hand to his head comically. “This same Isak Valtersen? Allowing you to take actual photographic evidence of his existence, without whinging?”

Even nodded happily. Isak glared at them both.

“Never did I think I’d see the day. Linn, our baby-son has grown up, can you believe it?”

“Eskild, Isak is not our son. God forbid if I ever have a baby with you.” Linn replied, matter-of-fact as ever. “It would definitely end up dead or in jail.” She shrugged. Then, after a thoughtful pause and some glaring from Eskild at her side, she added- “Or both.”

“Why does nobody at this table love me? I feel like Even and William are the only ones who appreciate me!”

“That’s just because they’re the ones you flirt with the most.” Noora pointed at him accusingly with her fork, and the entire table dissolved into a collective laugh, even ever-so-stoic William, throwing his head back and covering his open mouth with the back of his hand. Isak laughed harder in the one sitting than he had in weeks, and it wasn’t for lack of trying. He rested his hands on the top of the table, and Even reached over to lace their fingers together. Nobody even blinked. Because finally,
after everything they’d been through together, Isak knew what it felt like for them to be normal.

Eventually, after their food had gone down, they migrated from the small kitchen to the living room. Eskild put on some music, Noora immediately changed it to something a little more relaxed in tempo (because, Eskild, she had argued, Britney Spears’ entire discography is not after dinner music), and Even left him to sit on the sofa and catch up with Linn. A few minutes passed, and then Eskild was raising his eyebrows and gesturing for Isak to follow him into the kitchen. Isak looked over to catch eyes with Even before he left, but his boyfriend was completely engrossed in conversation with Linn and didn’t even notice when Eskild and Isak slipped out of the room.

The kitchen door closed behind them, sealing them off from the rest of the apartment.

“Eskild.” Isak said, breaking the oddly stilling silence.

“Isak.” He replied, fondness laced in his tone, reaching up into the cupboard to pull out a fresh bottle of wine. Despite Isak’s protests, he poured two glasses, and slid one over. Isak took a sip, and then, satisfied with the taste, a significantly heavier gulp. “You do drink wine? I knew you’d grow up eventually.”

“Shut up.” Isak hummed around his glass, but didn’t wipe the smile off of his face. It was nice, having a simple one on one with Eskild, without the noise of the Kollektivet to interrupt. It had been so long since it was just the two of them stood in the kitchen as Isak shyly asked for life-changing advice that, yeah, maybe had turned out not to be true, but still had his best interests at heart. There was a lot Eskild had done over the year or so they’d known each other with his best interests at heart. Isak was still searching for the countless ways to thank him.

“Seriously though,” Eskild’s voice was quiet, tender. “I am very proud of you, Isak. You’re doing so well. Like a real grown up. You and Even are good, right?”

Isak smiled, as Eskild’s praise made his chest feel warm. “Thanks Eskild, seriously. It does mean a lot. It’s been… you know, hard in places. We had a pretty big fight a few weeks ago, storming out and everything.”

“Really?” Eskild’s eyebrows darted up his forehead. “My perfect little lovesick babies, storming off? What happened?”

Isak just shrugged his shoulders. It felt like an age ago, the whole falling out over Even’s meds, but it occurred to Isak in that moment that he hadn’t really talked about it with anyone else (aside from Mrs George Clooney, who he hadn’t actually laid eyes on since). He’d mentioned it briefly in conversation to Magnus, of all people, but this would be the first time he actually sat down properly and talked about it with anyone that wasn’t Even.

“I found Even’s meds, stuffed behind the bathroom sink. He stopped taking them and didn’t tell me. We fought about like, his health and stuff. We both said some things that probably shouldn’t have been said and then I stormed out. Had tea with our neighbour, talked for a bit and then I went back and we made up. Even went to the doctor and got his meds changed and now we go together to all his appointments.”

When it was put so matter-of-factly, Isak surprised himself at how easily he could downplay the whole thing. At the time, it felt like the bust-up to end all bust-ups. Now, in hindsight, the whole episode felt faraway and easily resolved.

“Oh, baby. Was that your first big fight?”
Isak paused, thinking it over. “I don’t think so. I’ve stormed out before- the first time I went to Jonas’. That was part of the second fight actually- he made a jab about me and Jonas in the, uh, heat of the moment I guess. It was dumb.”

“I’m sure it was. You know you can always come here if things get a bit too… I don’t know- claustrophobic in your little apartment.”

“I know that.” Isak smiled. Then, after a few beats of silence, he abandoned the wine on the counter and crossed the kitchen, pulling Eskild into a soft hug. His guru jolted a little in surprise, but quickly wrapped his arms around Isak’s slender back and pulled them together, tightly. “Seriously, Eskild,” Isak said, voice muffled by his shoulder. “I just wanna say thank you for taking me in last year. I literally had nothing and you could’ve just left me in that fucking bar and maybe none of this ever would have happened- maybe I’d never met Even or come out or got my own place or- well, I don’t know. All I know is that in this universe it did happen. And I owe you a lot for it.” he pulled back, swallowing stiffly as he noticed the tears swelling in Eskild’s eyes. Isak willed himself not to cry. He’d promised himself earlier that he wouldn’t.

And then Eskild pulled him back in, and all bets were off.

Eskild laughed into his shoulder as Isak dampened his shirt, squeezing him tightly as he rocked them back and forth together for another minute or so before pulling away, fanning his face and wiping the wet spot from underneath Isak’s eyes.

“You’re welcome, Isak.” He said. “You’re so fucking welcome. I love you a lot.”

“I guess I maybe love you too.” Isak smiled, shaking his head. “Can we quit being mushy now?”

Eskild beamed, eyes still glossy. “Never.” He shook his head, before reaching over to grab the bottle of wine from the counter along with his glass. “Now come on, let’s get wine drunk with our special little family and maybe cry some more. White always makes me emotional.”

“I prefer rose.”

Eskild scoffed, turning his nose up in disgust. “You would. You’ve been hanging around Eva for too long. Absolutely no taste.”

Eskild made his way over to the kitchen door, pulling it open with the wine and glasses balanced precariously in his long fingers when something else occurred to Isak:

“Oh, and Eskild-”

Eskild leant against the door so that it wouldn’t close, and turned to face Isak with a curious expression.

“Yes, my precious little baby jesus?”

Isak narrowed his eyes. “Ok, first, don’t call me that. Ever.”

“Fine. What is it?” Eskild huffed, rolling his eyes. Isak shook his head and smirked, looking down to the floor. It was a question that had been playing on his mind from the first time they’d met, and had continued to ring into his ears until now, when he was finally ready to hear the answer.

“Did you really always know I was gay?”

Eskild sighed, a small, fond smile finding it’s place on his lips.
“Isak, from the second I saw you crying into your cocktail in that Gay-bar, I knew you were gay.”

“No fair! I told you I didn’t know it was-”

Eskild ignored him. “You just had that look, Isak. That scared, closet-kid look. I’ve seen it before. I’ve had it before. Of course I knew.” He smiled, and Isak finally brought himself to meet Eskild’s eyes. Of course he knew. Of course he’d always known. It was Eskild. His Gaydar was almost as infallible as his heart.

“Now I have a question for you.” He said, nodding so that Isak would follow him into the hall. Isak rolled his eyes.

“Yes, Eskild? What now?”

Eskild reached forwards and prodded his chest. “How much did it hurt?!” he gushed excitedly, all the way back to the living room where an amused looking Kollektivet was waiting for him. “Show me it. Tell me. Tell guru everything, Isak! I want both of mine done immediately so I need answers!”
“Fuck, I should probably get home soon. I don’t need mamma breathing down my neck about missing lunch.” Sana mumbled, eyes fixated on her phone, just as it had for the last two hours they’d been hanging out together. Isak was sat beside her on the bench, smirking as she ignored him, leaning over slightly to catch sight of the screen.

Not that he even needed to look. Of course- it was open on Yousef’s chat.

“You can just tell me if you’re going home to make your skype date with Yousef, you know.” He said, and Sana’s cheeks instantly flushed pink. She looked up and glared at him through heavy eyeliner.

“Who says I’m skyping Yousef?”

Isak rolled his eyes. “Sana, anyone with eyes and ears knows you’re skyping Yousef like, every day. Not only do you spend like, eighty percent of the day texting him when you think nobody is looking- Elias complains about it to Even constantly.”

“Elias does what?” her tone darkened. Isak just laughed.

“Relax, Sanasol.” He teased. “It’s just a little brotherly over-protectiveness. Yousef is one of his best friends, and is sort of dating his sister. Of course he’s a little weirded out about it.”

He knew she was trying really hard to pretend to be angry, but it was impossible for Isak to miss the small, pleased smirk that tugged at Sana’s lips when he said the word dating. She stared at her phone a second longer, before looking away from him, out at their view of the city.

“We’re not dating.”

“If you say so,” Isak shrugged, knowing better than to push her. Sana was the most stubborn of them all, and on top of that, he knew the whole dating game was a whole new ball game to her. He could imagine (from personal experience) she was a little freaked out by the whole thing too. Falling in love for the first time was terrifying. Especially when the circumstances weren’t exactly ideal. “Have you given any thought to it?” he asked. Sana finally turned to face him.
“To what?”

“You know…” Isak shrugged, searching his brain for the most delicate way to broach the issue. “The whole… dating or… being with someone who isn’t religious thing. I know that it was bothering you before.”

“Oh, yeah.” Sana looked down at her lap, turning her phone over a few times in her hand. “I guess I’ve been thinking about it a lot. Is it that obvious?”

“That you think about Yousef all the time?” Isak teased, hoping to lighten the mood at least a little. Sana laughed quietly, and he felt relieved some of the sombre atmosphere melted away. “Only a little bit. And only to trained, lovesick pros like me and Even.”

“I really like him.” Sana sighed, and Isak was, admittedly, a little bit taken aback. Of course, the revelation wasn’t surprising- everyone with eyes could see how gone Sana was for Yousef and vice versa- but this was the first time she had admitted it to him out loud.

“Yousef is a good guy.”

“The best.” She agreed, nodding and still not looking at him. “And… the whole point of religion is to make you be the best person you can be. Yousef doesn’t need that because he’s already a good person. In terms of his actions and the way he thinks about the world… he’s more religious than most of the muslims I know.”

“That’s what’s important.” Isak said, and finally, Sana met his eyes, nodding and smiling. He felt relieved, watching her smile so hard that her eyes lit up. Out of all the people he knew who deserved happiness after all the bullshit they had to put up with- Sana was certainly very high on that list.

“That’s what’s important.” She nodded. “Marrying a non-muslim might not be following my religion perfectly, but religion shouldn’t just be about… following strict rules without question. It’s about being at peace with yourself and those around you and doing your best to be a good person. And that’s all you can do, I suppose. Try to be a good person.”

“You are a good person, Sana.” Isak said. “Yousef’s awesome- but you’re pretty great yourself. One of the best people I know.”

Sana stared at him for a few, silent moments. “You really think so?” she asked, quietly. Isak nodded. “Of course I do. You’re totally boss and a little bit scary, you have the best sense of style, you’re beautiful, and to top it all off, you’re secretly a massive softie.” He grinned, watching the way the colour flushed back to her cheeks and he rattled compliment after compliment. Making Sana blush and look away, smiling all shy and pleased was one of Isak’s favourite things to do. It was like watching a jungle cat roll over and purr. “You and Yousef are going to be like… the best couple ever.” He continued. “You’re going to dethrone me and Even and honestly, I’m ready to go down fighting for the crown.”

Sana laughed. “It’s cute that you think you guys have a chance.”

“Oi!” Isak called, and Sana laughed hander, pushing him away as he poked her in the arm playfully. “I take it all back now! You’re not nice- you’re the worst.”

“Too late.” Sana beamed. “No take-backs. You’ve already confessed your love for me. I’m never going to forget it.”

Isak just laughed in response, shaking his head slightly. “Good.” He said. “I hope you never do.”
Disclaimer (I guess?) I am not a muslim. I'm not really religious at all. I don't have anything against any religion, of course, I've just never really thought about it personally. I loved Sana's whole storyline about her faith and how she makes it co-exist with being a 'normal norwegian teenager'. This is just my way of trying to resolve the whole Yousef-isn't-religious plotline that was sort of pushed aside as the end of season four came, trying it's best to wrap up everyone's stories into one episode. I hope my version of Sana's perspective on the matter doesn't offend anyone in any way, and if it does, let me know!

ALSO:

If anyone has any prompts they'd like to see existing inside this verse, or even just questions about anything- please, let me know in the comments! <3
Isak shows up to a boys night without Even. The boys, obviously, are very concerned.

Isak felt a little awkward as he stood, alone, at Mahdi’s doormat, a crate of beers tucked underneath his arm and his phone, silent, in his hand. It shouldn’t have been weird—showing up to one of his best friend’s homes for an evening of beer and weed—but there he was, feeling awkward. And it was all because Even wasn’t there.

The others noticed immediately.

“Hei- where’s Even?” Jonas asked first, peering around Mahdi’s front garden as if Even was hiding behind one of the fucking bushes. Isak didn’t say anything at first, just accepted the fist bump offered and let Jonas take the beers from him. They walked in silence down the stairs into Mahdi’s basement den.

“At home.” He tried to sound casual, shrugging as Jonas set the beers down in the middle of the floor. All the boys turned to stare at him as if he’d started speaking in Spanish.

Mahdi’s parents were out of town for the weekend visiting relatives, and with his older sister out at a party, Mahdi had given them the all-clear to hotbox the lower floor of his house. They’d only ever done it once before, an icebreaker evening when they’d first met at the beginning of second year, and Isak had gotten so stoned he’d forgotten to put his shoes on when he left. Nowadays, he didn’t smoke so much as he tried to keep an eye out for Even, so safe to say he was a little worried he’d end up overdoing it, having lost his tolerance.

“At home?” Magnus repeated, far more flabbergasted than necessary. Isak rolled his eyes.

“Yes, at home.” He snapped. “What are you, a fucking parrot? Even’s at home. Is that alright with you?”

“Sheesh okay, chill out Isak.” Jonas laughed awkwardly, in shoddy attempt to ease the tension between the group. He tried to catch eyes with Isak as if to silently ask, *bro, everything okay?*, but Isak ignored him and looked away, before crouching down to the floor to take out a beer.

“What’s up?” Mahdi asked, settling into the couch besides Magnus as Isak flopped into the beanbag that sat across from Jonas’. “Did you guys have a fight or something?”

“That’ll explain it!” Magnus clapped his hands together, excitedly. “Isak’s cranky because he isn’t getting doted on like a princess. What did you do to piss off Even?”

“Why do you assume it’s something I did?” he asked, outraged. Magnus just shrugged.
“Well, Even’s a pretty cool guy. I can’t imagine him doing much to piss you off. He literally does everything for you.”

It was supposed to be an offhand comment, and Isak knew that, but Magnus’ words hit him like a led balloon, sinking from his chest before making a slow descent down into his heavy gut. Even and his absence was the last thing he wanted to talk about, so instead, he kept his thoughts to himself and chugged his beer as quickly as possible, before reaching immediately for another. He could feel Jonas’ eyes, burning into him with concern and love and all the other horseshit he was trying to forget about, so Isak chose to continue on ignoring him.

“Who wants to get their ass kicked at Fifa?” he asked instead, and after a silent pause that stretched on just a little too long, the rest of the boys shrugged, and nodded to the TV.

“Sure.” Jonas said, reaching over for the controller, eyes still trained on Isak. “I’ll go first, if you promise after a joint or two you’re actually going to tell us what’s wrong.”

Isak glared at the TV screen. “Sure.” He huffed, even if he didn’t believe it. “Whatever.”

Unsurprisingly, two and a half joints and a shitload of beers later, Jonas got his fucking wish. Isak cursed himself for being so fucking predictable. He’d only been in contemplative silence, thinking everything over in his head as the others droned on about the girl Mahdi hooked up with at their last party, for five minutes when Jonas noticed and drew everyone’s attention back over to him. This time, his defences down, Isak couldn’t avoid Jonas’ eye. And that meant he couldn’t lie.

“So you and Even had a fight?”

Isak sighed. “It wasn’t a fight. He wanted to come I just… I don’t know. I told him to stay home because it isn’t normal for us to be so fucking joined at the hip twenty-four seven.”

“But you’re together?” Magnus asked, expression blank. “Why wouldn’t that be normal. Me and Vilde spend loads of time together too.”

“Ja, but me and Even live together, Magnus. We have all the same friends. We go to all the same parties. Up until this summer, we were at the same school. We spend every single fucking second together.”

“So what are you saying?” Mahdi asked. “You don’t like spending so much time with him?”

“No, of course not.” Isak groaned, pressing the palms of his hands into his eyes until he saw stars before sinking back into the soft, reassuring beanbag. As usual, the main cause of his relationship frustration stemmed purely from himself, not from his perfect, model boyfriend. It was turning into a habit. “I love every second I’m with Even. I can so easily sit there with him doing nothing- even in silence, for hours and hours and hours and-”
“-so what’s the problem?” Jonas asked with a slight laugh. “That sounds pretty good to me.”

“it isn’t healthy.” Isak huffed. “We’re going to end up so fucking co-dependent. Things with Even have been so good since we’ve been together- even when we fucking fight, like real screaming matches and storming off and shit like that… we make-up straight away. Just like that,” he snapped his fingers, bleary eyes heavy, looking around at his friends. “Everything’s good again. What’s that supposed to mean?”

“That you have a good, successful relationship?” Mahdi raised an eyebrow. “What else would that mean?”

“It means the worst is yet to come.” Isak mumbled. “It can’t be good like this forever. It’s going to get worse eventually because what we have right now isn’t realistic.”

“Isak, no offence.” Jonas sighed, reaching over to lift the half-smoked joint Isak had left abandoned in the ashtray once his hands were starting to feel separate from his body. “-But that’s bullshit.” He lit it between his lips, taking a heavy drag. “You and Even are good. You’re not perfect- not at all. You fight about stuff all the time. The fact that you make up so quickly just proves that you’re good at communicating with each other. That’s the fucking opposite of unhealthy.”

“Perfect is boring.” Magnus added, shrugging. “Like… you guys fight sometimes and that’s what makes it imperfect. And at the same time… just because you’re not screaming at each other or spending loads of time apart doesn’t make you wrong.”

Isak shrugged his shoulders. As usual, he was way too high and his friends were being way too fucking insightful, making his thoughts burst into a frantic cloud of Even, Even, Even, desperate for his touch after several hours apart.

“Being together all the time clearly makes you both happy,” Mahdi added, “and what is unhealthy for one couple isn’t necessarily unhealthy for another. Everyone is different and if you and Even have found a way to work and be happy then you must be doing something right.” He offered a small, reassuring smile, and after a sip of his beer, Isak found himself smiling back.

“Okay, maybe you’re right.” He relented, and the boys cheered. “Although, I’m still suspicious this is all just a ploy so you guys get to hang out with Even more.”

“He is a lot less grumpy than you are.” Jonas nodded, and Isak scoffed.

“You should see him when he’s drawing. He gets so fucking cranky if things don’t go the way he wants. There’s pencil marks on our walls from where he keeps throwing them around every time he gets frustrated!”

“Well there you go- now you have something to argue about next time you worry if you’re normal.” Magnus teased, and all the tension dissipated from the room. For the first time all night, Isak allowed himself to enjoy the mellow high he’d fallen into as the boys laughed and joked around him, and half an hour later or so he didn’t hesitate before calling Even, just to make sure he wasn’t too lonely at home.

“I’m fine, Isak.” Even laughed softly, and even the sound of his voice- half asleep and gravelly-made Isak’s toes tingle. “I’m in bed falling asleep to the TV- but thanks for checking in.”

“I’m just being a good boyfriend, making sure you haven’t died of loneliness in my absence!”

“So kind of you,” he could hear the eyeroll in Even’s voice, and laughed out loud. “Judging by the way your voice is dragging on every word, I’m guessing you wont be coming home tonight?”
“Nah, unless I get the feeling in my legs back in the next half hour I’ll probably stay over at Jonas’”

“I’ll miss you.”

“I’ll miss you more.” Isak grinned, ignoring the teasing looks he was shot by the rest of the boys. “I’ll see you in the morning.”

“Okay,” Even yawned, and everything was good. “Love you Issy. Night.”


“Bye.”
Chapter Summary

I feel like this chapter needs no description other than this:

the nipple play chapter we've all been waiting for.

Fredag, 22:05

As much as they enjoyed partying with their friends, drunk enough to make stupid decisions and stumble home at all hours of the morning, hand in hand- there was nothing quite as sacred to Isak and Even as a night in.

The clock on their nightstand ticked past ten pm, and Even shifted slightly, laying on his side with his head propped up on his bent arm so he could look down at Isak, who was laid flat on his back with his hands behind his head. They were perfectly chill, warm and comfortable. Their bedroom window was cracked to let in the slightest, cool breeze and Even’s stereo was playing softly from the corner of the room.

They hadn’t even spoken in the best part of an hour. It was just comfortable silence, music playing, Isak breathing and Even watching him. Only, for the last ten minutes or so, Even had been staring at one spot in particular.

Isak frowned, following his boyfriend’s gaze down to his chest. He seemed entranced by something, and hadn’t looked away or bothered blinking in several minutes. Isak looked down his own front, squinting to spot something that might have caught his attention, but came up short. There was absolutely nothing different about his body. But Even was still staring.

“My eyes are up here you know.”

Even stiffened, eyes quickly darting back up to Isak’s face. “Hm?” he tried to play it off as if he hadn’t been baring a hole in Isak’s heart with his piercing gaze alone, but the nervous jilt in his voice was obvious. Isak just stared at him.

“You’re staring.” He said, smirking. “I can’t figure out what at, but you’re staring. So what is it?”

Even’s cheeks flushed. Isak’s mouth fell open. His unabashed, open book, never-embarrassed-over-anything-Isak-you’re-just-sensitive boyfriend was blushing. He couldn’t believe it, and sat up slightly, ignoring the way Even groaned and rolled onto his back, covering his face with one large hand.

“Isn’t it obvious?” he mumbled behind his palm. Isak let out a nervous laugh.

“Obviously fucking not. Spit it out!”
“It’s that.” Even rolled over to face him, before reaching up to brush the tip of his finger against Isak’s pierced nipple. His touch was feather light- but still more than enough to make Isak’s breath catch in his throat as his nerves start to react to sensation and the nipple hardened, even if only slightly. It was his turn to blush.

It was no secret that Even had sort of been avoiding the area. They had a chance to play around with it after the fancy dress party, but several hours deep into a youtube hole involving infected piercing disaster videos, Isak had spooked himself and demanded they both stay away from it until he was totally healed. Even had listened, and pretty much ignored the piercing ever since. Instead, he lavished his attention over the other nipple every single time they had sex, and Isak hadn’t wondered until then, Even’s eyes fixated on his, just how good it was going to feel on the other side, if the hypersensitivity promised to him was all it cracked up to be.

Hesitantly, Isak reached up to touch the piercing. He’d been very good about cleaning it- at least two times a day with salt water solution, if not three. He didn’t move it around too much, washed off the gross crust, but mostly left it alone. For the last week or so, cleaning it hadn’t even hurt. Not even when he moved it.

“Is- don’t. If it isn’t healed yet-”

“-Sh, give me your hand.” He reached down, and Even obliged, letting Isak guide his hand towards his chest. Gently, between his thumb and forefinger, Even shifted the piercing, rolling it just slightly. He looked up to gage the reaction on Isak’s face- the slightest hint of pain would , of course, have him snatch his hand back as if he’d been burnt- but judging by the sudden squirm and blush swelling in Isak’s cheeks, pain wasn’t what he was feeling.

A slow grin spread across Even’s face, before he pulled his hand away and Isak honest-to-God whined at the withdrawal of his touch.

“Well. Would you look at that.” He said quietly, sitting up and making himself comfortable between Isak’s legs, sitting back on his knees. “Are you sure it doesn’t hurt?”

Wordlessly, Isak nodded. A beat of still, silence passed between them both and then, without a second thought, Even grabbed him roughly by the thighs and yanked him down until he was laid out flat on his back, legs pushed apart, Even leant between them.

“Eager much?” Isak asked, raising an eyebrow and doing his best not to look like he was about to explode at the slightest brush from Even’s hands. Even’s eyes flitted from his down his face, creeping down even slower to his chest before it homed in on the pierced side and his pupils blew.

“Baby, you have no idea how long I’ve been waiting to do this.”

Isak watched as his boyfriend’s eyes grew dark, pink tongue reaching out to wet his lips, grip on his thighs becoming tighter.

He whispered, “Do it then.” And Even didn’t need much more convincing. He dove in, head-first, with such force that Isak braced himself like he was about to be headbutted. Nothing would quite kill the mood like a concussion- but thankfully, Even dodged his face and settled against his collar, licking and kissing and sucking down to his chest, leaving tiny red hickies in his wake until Isak was panting like a fucking dog in heat. For some reason, despite the fact that Even’s mouth hadn’t actually touched his nipple yet, the whole region of his chest felt like it was on fire. At this point, Isak was ready to jump to his knees and beg for it- but judging by the hungry look in Even’s eyes, he wasn’t going to need to.
Even kissed his nipple lovingly, before his tongue reached out and traced in wet messy circles around it, teeth clinking against the metal barbells every so often, shifting them around. The first time it happened, Isak let out a noise he didn’t know he was capable of making. Even’s head snapped up, looking at him with an expression half-amused, half-aroused. Isak couldn’t even tell him to *fuck* off. His entire body was tingling. He wasn’t even sure if, by this point, he’d be able to remember his own fucking name.

“Do you like that, yeah?” Even panted against his skin, moving across his chest to give his other nipple some well deserved attention. Isak just shook his head, grabbing Even by the back of the hair and moving him, forcefully, back over to the left side of his chest. After experiencing the levels of sensitivity there, he wasn’t sure he’d ever be able to so much as *look* at his right nipple the same way. Maybe he’d have to go back to the shop and get the other one done- because no amount of pain could deter him from being able to experience *this* feeling, every night for the rest of his life.

Even chuckled against his skin and *fuck*, even his *breath* was making Isak keen.

“Baby, as much as I’d love to do this all night, I doubt you could come just from me playing with your nipple for half an hour.”

“You have no idea.” Isak groaned, arching his back and letting out a yelp as Even sucked down on it, harder than he had before. He carded his hands through his boyfriend’s hair, gripping tightly. “This is the greatest feeling I’ve ever *felt-* *faen*, Even, don’t stop.”

“Jesus, you look so hot like this.” Even sat up, and Isak whined, irritated- until he felt Even’s dick, hard inside the confines of his underwear press up against his own. He’d sort of forgotten all about his dick, now that his chest was so sensitive. But there it was, erect and peeking out of the waistband of his own boxers, weeping at the swollen tip. As he looked down and acknowledged it, one of Even’s long delicate fingers creeping up and stroking it through the material, he realised that *oh*, *yes*, he was *painfully* hard. Like-*if-you-don’t-touch-me-soon-I’m-going-to-pass-out* hard.

“I kind of want to fuck you, but I don’t think you can wait that long.” Even laughed, eyes dragging over Isak’s wrecked face as he pulled down his underwear, before reaching forwards and dragging Isak’s off too. “And besides, you look *so fucking hot* like this,” he reached between them, taking both their cocks into one of his large hands, stroking them together. Then, with his free hand pressed into the pillow by Isak’s head for balance, he leaned down and kissed across Isak’s face, kissing every hickey left down his neck until he returned, lower to his chest, (*Finally*, Isak thought) and sucked on his left nipple again.

The combination of Even’s dick against his, his fingers brushing against his balls *and* now Even’s mouth on his chest had Isak arching his back and *yelling* Even’s name with a kind of ferocity neither of them had ever seen before.

“*Shit shit shit shit shit-*” Isak repeated, eyes squeezed shut as Even put his hips to work, thrusting so they rubbed together more forcefully, hand squeezing them tighter. “*Even, faen*, don’t stop.” He shook his head, and Even panted against his skin, flicking his tongue against his nipple before he took the very tip between his teeth and *bit*.

Isak saw white. His entire vision clouded over, back arched against the sheets and he shot cum all over himself, all over even and all over their navy bedsheet (which in hindsight, probably hadn’t been the best choice for the bedroom of two teenage boys).

“Oh my God,” Even huffed a laugh, letting go of his dick and reaching up to stroke Isak’s sweaty brow fondly. “I can’t believe you’ve come already. That must be a new record.” He sat up a little, puffing out his chest proudly. Isak grimaced, before reluctantly forcing his eyes open to look up at
his smug boyfriend. His entire body felt like it had been set on fire.

“You’re still hard.” He said, looking down at Even’s dick, which was stiff against his abdomen.

“Uh, Ja. It’s only been like… ten minutes.”

“It has not. It’s been hours- fuck, it feels like it’s been hours.” Isak whined, pressing his palms into his eyes. “I’ve never come that hard and that sudden in my life Even, I swear. This piercing is dangerous.”

“It’s a miracle worker.” Even grinned, leaning down to drop a chaste kiss on Isak’s left nipple. Even that had Isak’s spent body trying to wake itself up, dick twitching limply. Usually, with Even, it wasn’t too uncommon for him to come twice (or, on a rare occasion, three times- and just once, four) but in that moment, he didn’t think his brain could take it, let alone his body. “Jesus baby,” Even huffed, still apparently delighted that Isak now had the stamina of a thirteen-year-old who’d just discovered porn, rubbing his hip fondly. “You look fucked out and I didn’t even get the chance to fuck you. I guess this rules out going another round?”

“Don’t even try it.” Isak glared, throwing an arm over his face. “I’ll lie here and let you fuck my mouth, babe, honestly. But don’t go near my dick. I think he’s traumatised.”

“Aw, baby,” Even laughed, laying down on his front to press kisses into Isak’s skin, over his abdomen and down to his hips before gently, just on the tip of his dick. Isak grimaced slightly, feeling more than a little oversensitive. “Don’t worry, I’ll still love you and him just the same.”

Pouting, and a little embarrassed despite Even’s incredibly blasé reaction to the whole ordeal, Isak stroked his boyfriend’s hair gently. “Do you still want me to suck you off?” he asked. Even shook his head.

“Nah, it’s cool.” He smiled, leaning against Isak’s hipbone, revelling in his touch. “I’ll just wait like, an hour when you’re horny again and then fuck you till you can’t remember coming in five seconds.” His mouth spread into a teasing smirk, and Isak laughed, pushing him away.

“Fuck you!” he laughed, stretching out against their pillows as Even crawled up the bed and flopped down beside him. “I’m going to sleep for like, forty-five minutes and then I’m going to blow your fucking mind. You’ll be the one forgetting how to breathe and all that shit.”

Even rolled closer, and dropped a kiss on his shoulder before throwing an arm over his chest, holding them close together. “I don’t doubt it, baby.” He smiled into Isak’s hot, clammy skin. “And don’t worry, I can see a very happy future for the three of us.”

“The three of us?” Isak frowned.

“Yeah.” Even grinned in response, before flicking his nipple with the back of his pointed finger. Isak felt his body come over sensitive again, blush rushing from his cheeks down to his chest as his nipple sent electric tingles through his body. “The three of us.” Even teased. “We’re going to have the best of times.”
Sondag, 18:55 // Can I Ask You Something?

Chapter Summary

Jonas has a question for Isak.

Sondag, 18:55

“Can I ask you something?”

Isak held his breath. In his personal experience, ‘can I ask you something’ never usually had anything good to follow. ‘can I ask you something’ was basically God’s way of letting him know, yep, you’ve been busted.

So it was no surprise to Isak that his heart was hammering in his chest when Jonas turned to him, eyes narrowed in curiosity, hair bouncing in the light wind that blew past them, and asked: can I ask you something?

“Of course.” He squeaked a little in response. Jonas furrowed his brow slightly but thankfully, chose not to address Isak’s sudden nervousness.

“Me and Eva…” He started, and Isak held his breath. He knew it was stupid, thinking for so long that he’d escaped the chance at being found out. He’d done some shitty things in their first year under the spell of infatuation for his best friend, but to this day, he and Jonas had never had a real conversation about it. He was pretty sure, by now, that Jonas knew plenty more than he actually let on- especially considering he and Eva had apparently rekindled their once-doomed romance- but he still didn’t mention it, and so far, Isak had been pretty thankful to escape the awkwardness.

Until now.

“You and Eva,” Isak repeated, playing with the sleeve of his (Even’s) hoodie nervously. “What about you and Eva?”

“What do you think about it?” Jonas laughed, obviously nervous too, even if for vastly different reasons. This helped Isak relax, but only slightly.

“I think it’s great.” He answered, honestly. “What do you think about it?”

“I think it’s great too,” Jonas shrugged, but he didn’t look Isak in the eye, instead casting his gaze out at the empty skatepark as the evening began set in slowly, excitable children seeing through the summer long gone. “I just… I don’t know man. I think I’m just scared that… maybe we’ve left it all too late. Maybe it’s been too long and we won’t be able to just… get back to the way things were.”

Noting Isak’s sudden frown, Jonas let out a quiet laugh. “What?” he scoffed. “Am I being crazy? We
obviously broke up for a reason- how do I know that won’t happen again?”

“It won’t.” Isak replied with almost a whisper. “You won’t have me trying to fuck it up this time.”

“Are you still on that first year bullshit, Isak?” Oddly enough, Jonas didn’t sound mad. He just laughed, leaning back against the bench to prod Isak’s shoulder playfully. “I know you did some shitty things, but that wasn’t the sole reason me and Eva split up. We didn’t trust each other at all and we argued all the time and she didn’t like the person she turned into when we were together. That’s what makes me worried.” He looked down at his lap, hands wringing together. “What if… six weeks, six months, six years- I don’t know. What if she starts to feel like that again? What if I turn her back into that person she hated so much the first time around?”

Isak shook his head. “It won’t be the same as last time, Jonas.”

“How could you possibly know that?”

“Eva’s grown up.” he shrugged. “So have you- but Eva has really grown up. She’s so sure of who she is and what she wants in life. She has friends that aren’t just her boyfriend and his best friend.” He scoffed. “She’s doing better in school, she’s getting on with her mother… Eva’s changed a lot since first year.”

“I know she has, you’re completely right.” Jonas nodded, before taking a slow, deep breath. He winced slightly, as if he was in pain, leant forwards with his arms rested on his knees. Then, even slower, he turned and looked back at Isak. “But have I?”

Isak smiled at his best friend. “Aside from a brief lapse in judgement where you decided to secretly date Emma-”

“-dude, I said I was sorry!”

“I’m kidding.” Isak laughed softly. “You’ve changed to Jonas. For the better. You’re not as selfish as you were back then. And that’s what will make you and Eva work this time around. She isn’t insecure and you aren’t selfish. Those are the biggest toxins in any relationship.”

“That and cheating.”

“Cheating also doesn’t help.” Isak laughed, relived as Jonas relaxed, leaning back against the bench instead of stiff, hunched over and tense. “But I’m sure you’ve both learnt your lesson there.”

“Definitely.” Jonas nodded. There was a beat of silence between them, before Jonas laughed again, shaking his head.

“What?” isak laughed.

“It’s just weird, isn’t it?”

“What is?”


“I’m the master of relationships.” Isak hummed, smug, expecting Jonas to tease him right back. Only, he didn’t. His expression immediately turned soft, and he looked beside him, to Isak, with a fond smile.
“Maybe you are.” He said. “Happiness suits you well.”

“Thanks.” Isak smiled. “I think it’ll suit you pretty well too.”
Isak hangs out with Eva and Noora.

Onsdag, 13:43

“There is one thing I’ve been dying to ask, actually—”

Isak rolled his eyes, taking another bite of his pizza. “I swear to God, Eva, if this is about Even’s dick, I’m leaving.”

“It isn’t! I promise!” Eva giggled, Noora joining in from beside her. So far, it had been a relatively PG afternoon, Isak, Eva and Noora hanging around in Eva’s living room eating greasy takeaway pizza and watching Paradise Hill (Isak’s guiltiest pleasure. He blamed the girls, and so far, Even hadn’t yet discovered his dark secret) whilst chatting casually about life and summer and all their friends, finally settling into their happy relationships.

“It’s more about you.” Eva said, grinning. “But it is kind of personal.”

“-Oh, I know what it is.” Noora laughed. “You’re such a liar Eva. This does involve Even’s dick.”

“Not directly!”

“That isn’t the point!”

“What is it?” Isak narrowed his eyes at the two. He’d rather sit there and ask all the uncomfortable sex-related questions in the world than listen to Noora and Eva’s borderline flirtatious bickering. “You’re going to ask anyway, so what is it?”

“Well,” Eva bit her lip, trying (and failing, miserably) to hide her grin. “Ever since you got that-ahem-addition, to your chest—”

“What fucking addition?” Isak asked, frowning around his pizza. Noora rolled her eyes, laughing.

“She means your nipple piercing, Isak.”

“Oh!” Isak blushed. So far, so good. The set-up wasn’t too intriguing, given the fact that everyone knew about his nipple and had asked him every question under the sun in the last few weeks. When Even wasn’t around, eyes burning holes through his t-shirt, he often forgot it was even there. “What about it?” he asked. Eva was still grinning.

“Does it…feel different?” she asked. Isak stared at her blankly, as if to ask, what the fuck do you mean, different? Surprisingly, ever-so-unabashed Eva began to blush. Isak had never seen her embarrassed before, not in all the years they’d known each other. “You know… when you’re like-when Even is—”
“When you’re having sex.” Noora supplied, casual and upbeat as ever, and Isak swallowed thickly around the pizza in his mouth.

“Oh.” He said.

“You don’t have to answer-”

“-obviously I do, if it’s been playing on your mind for so long.” He rolled his eyes, but laughed anyway. It wasn’t too bad. He supposed there could’ve been worse things to ask. “To answer your question- yes, it does feel very different. It’s taken a lot of getting used to.”

Eva frowned, Noora too looking confused. “What do you mean?”

Isak squirmed a little in the beanbag he’d flopped into. “It’s… well, as you can imagine it’s a very sensitive area- and the piercing makes it more vulnerable to sensitivity.”

“*Hypersensitive*?” Noora asked. Isak nodded, and took another bite. It seemed, so far, that the awkwardness of the conversation could easily be forgiven with a mouthful of cheese. He needed to start thinking about pizza as a means to solve his other problems sometime.

“*Hypersensitive* doesn’t even cut it.” he admitted with a slight laugh. “The first time I let Even-like… *you know*, after it’d healed and stuff… let’s just say it didn’t last long.”

“Did it hurt?” Eva seemed to still be slightly confused. Noora looked like she was biting back a laugh, and Isak could imagine that she at least knew exactly what he meant. The thought made him blush again, deeper.

“I’m guessing that’s a *no* to the hurting part.” She smirked. Isak smiled, flipping her off.

“It didn’t hurt, Eva.” He turned back to face Eva, ignoring Noora’s smug, teasing expression. “What I meant was that *I* couldn’t last very long.”

“Oh.” Eva said. Then, her face lit up. “Oh!” she repeated, louder, and Noora cheered, clapping her hands before reaching for another slice, in victory. “Fy *fuen*, Isak, your sex life sounds so amazing.”

“And yours isn’t?” he raised an eyebrow. “From the way Jonas has been walking around with a fucking spring in his step and light in his eyes I’m guessing things aren’t going too badly on that front with you either.”

“I will admit,” Eva smirked, coy. “Jonas is *much* better the second time around. And the first time was pretty fucking good.”

“Better than *Penetrator Chris*?” Noora asked, innocent in tone but certainly not in expression. Eva rolled her eyes, before looking over to Isak, grinning.

“I don’t know about that. Isak’s the expert on them both.”

“And *now* I’m actually leaving.”

“On a serious note,” Eva hummed, smug as she settled back against the sofa. “How much to borrow Even? Just for one night.”

“I doubt all the money in the world could make Isak even consider.” Noora laughed. “And he certainly won’t be doing it out of the goodness of his heart either. Trust me, Eskild tried many times.”

“I can’t help being blessed.” Isak shrugged, smirking. “And you can’t blame me for wanting to keep
him to myself.”

“What if you break up?”

Both Isak and Noora snorted.

“I doubt that will ever happen. They’re in too deep.” She laughed and Isak grinned.

“The only chance you’re getting at Even is if both me and Jonas die in a horrible accident and you’re left to comfort each other.” He said. “Then- and only then- will I allow you to maybe kiss him. And I’m still haunting your ass for eternity.”

Eva sighed, laying back against the end of the couch with her feet in Noora’s lap.

“I suppose I’ll take it.”
Lørdag , 12: 13 // The Morning-After

Chapter Summary

Isak wakes up in a bed that is not his own. Drama ensues.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Lørdag , 12: 13

Isak’s head burned fiercely as he registered the light settling over his face, streaming in bright and crisp from the open window as the breeze knocked the curtains around. Groaning, he reached across the bed to shake Even awake.

“Baby- get up and close the window please.”

“Huh?” replied a voice that was definitely not Even. Isak practically flew across the bed, rolling far over so his back was to the wall, frowning. He blinked a few times, rubbing the sleep away from his eyes as his heart plummeted to his stomach. “Isak?” the voice said again, and Isak shook himself awake, vision clearing just in time to make out Jonas, laid on his front, curls askew.

The tightness in his chest faded, and Isak let out a sigh of relief.

“Oh, shit. It’s you. Thank fuck.”

Jonas chuckled quietly, rolling onto his back with one arm slung over his eyes. “Jesus, how drunk were you to not remember coming home with me?”

Isak rolled back over so he was laid on his front, face buried into the pillow as memories from the night previous collected themselves in a jumbled heap. There was a party, always a party- combined with drinking too much, smoking too much, Even giving him a handjob in the bathroom. “Isak?” the voice said again, and Isak shook himself awake, vision clearing just in time to make out Jonas, laid on his front, curls askew.

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At least he remembered the night, albeit hazily. And thank God it wasn’t a random stranger yawning next to him, sitting up and running a hand through his curls before climbing out of bed and stumbling over in the direction of the bathroom. Isak just burrowed himself further into Jonas’ bed. It was comfortable- soft and familiar and it smelled like his best friend. Back in the day, Jonas’ bed was Isak’s favourite place to sleep. Now that he had Even and his coffee-mixed-with-weed smell doused all over their apartment and embedded in their pillows, Jonas’ bed had slipped to a respectable second place.

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“Here.” Jonas came back in the room a few minutes later, tossing a bottle of water in Isak’s direction. Only as Isak sat up did he realise he was completely undressed, except for his boxers, but he didn’t feel ashamed. It was nothing Jonas hadn’t seen before. He winced slightly, head swimming as he sat
up, chugging half the bottle straight away from the moment the first drop touched his lips and his body realised how dehydrated it was. Jonas reached to the floor to grab one of his many hoodies, pulling it on with the hood up over his curls before climbing back into his side of the bed.

“Fuck. I haven’t been this hungover in a while. It’s midday.” He mumbled. Isak rubbed his face and set the water back down on the nightstand. He felt around for his phone, thankful to find it laid next to Jonas’ watch, completely smash-free. He still hadn’t quite lived down the last time they went out partying and he had a 1000kr worth of damage to the stupid, flimsy thing. “Dude,” Jonas scoffed. “I think I drunk called Eva at like four am. She’s gonna be pissed.”

“I’m sure she’ll be fine.”

“It was her great-uncle’s funeral.”

Isak grimaced. “Maybe not so fine.”

As Jonas wallowed and mused over a way to possibly make it up to his girlfriend, Isak scrolled through his own phone. He was thankful to notice that he hadn’t actually drunk texted or called anyone- the only notification on his phone was a sloppy mess of prose that he was sixty percent sure said I’m home from Magnus and then, this morning at seven AM, a text from Even.

Guess you stayed over at Jonas’. I’ll come and pick you up after my shift and we can grab a mcdonald’s if you’re hungover. Hope you had a good night<3

He frowned slightly, trying to work out if the text was a little passive aggressive or not. He couldn’t think of a reason Even would have to be mad- they’d talked yesterday about Even leaving early and Isak staying, and Isak had told him at the beginning of the night that he was almost definitely going to stay at Jonas’ place, and if anything changed, he would let Even know.

There was no discontent- so, satisfied, Isak flopped back down in the bed and laid his head on Jonas’ lap, happy to be greeted by warm fingers stroking through his hair.

“Eva’s cool.” Jonas yawned, eyes fixed on his phone. “Apparently my drunk call involved a lot of mumbling and I Love You’s. She said it actually cheered her up a little.”

“That’s cute.” Isak huffed a laugh, staring up at his best friend. “Don’t worry, I say all kinds of sappy shit to Even when I’m fucked up.”

“Oh, I know.” Jonas laughed. “Even when he isn’t there. You talked about him for like an hour yesterday. Fucking Jonas, I love him. He’s the best person I’ve ever met. Jonas you’re my best friend but Even is my soulmate-” He teased, poking Isak in the abs with his free hand, tickling him relentlessly as Isak laughed and squirmed around the bed.

“Quit it!” he laughed, loudly. “Jonas, quit it!”

Jonas didn’t stop, and soon Isak was draped over his lap completely, clutching his stomach, laughing so hard that tears were streaming down his face. He was laughing so loudly that they didn’t hear footsteps coming up the stairs, nor did they notice the bedroom door opening until Even was stood in the doorway, clearing his throat loudly.

“uU, Thea let me in.”

Isak tipped his head back, grinning when he laid eyes on his boyfriend.

“Halla, baby”
Even smiled, but it didn’t quite reach his eyes.

“Halla.” He nodded. “Jonas.”

“Hey man.” Jonas nodded back, unaware of the slight edge to Even’s tone. He was too busy texting Eva, but Isak noticed it straight away, and frowned slightly.

“You okay?” he asked, sitting up, Even nodded.

“Ja. Fine.” He said, gaze fixated on Jonas, despite the fact that he was still texting, oblivious. “Just tired from work.” He scratched the back of his neck, and Isak narrowed his gaze. Clearly, something was bothering Even. And clearly he didn’t want to talk about it with Jonas there.

“I’m starving.” Isak said, pausing slightly to gauge Even’s reaction. “Should we go and get food?”

“Sure.” Even nodded.

He was quiet as Isak pulled his clothes from last night on, borrowing one of Jonas’ hoodies when he noticed his orange one had a giant, dark stain down the middle. Jonas laughed- “Take my baby pink one- I’ll get mamma to wash this.”

“Thanks bro.” Isak nodded, bumping his fist against his friends before pulling the hoodie over his head, using the hood to cover his unruly hair. Then, he slipped his hand into Even’s, thankful to feel his boyfriend grip back. “I’ll catch you later.”

“Later.” Jonas waved to them both, before flopping back down on his bed, phone held above his face.

Even and Isak made their way out of Jonas’ house mostly in silence- aside from Isak saying his goodbyes to Jonas’ mother and sister. Even stayed uncharacteristically quiet, even once they were out of the house, hands clasped together limply.

“You okay?” Isak asked, bumping Even’s shoulder with his. Even nodded, but it was clearly a lie.

“I’m fine. Why wouldn’t I be?”

“I don’t know.” Isak shrugged. “You seem quiet. Shitty day at work? Miss me too much?” he teased, trying to lighten the mood slightly. It didn’t work. Even just kept looking straight ahead and said nothing. Isak frowned. “Okay… so what are you going to get at McDonald’s? Are you hungry?”

Even sighed. “Not really.” He mumbled. “I was actually thinking about just going home.”

“Oh. Okay.”

“You can still go if you want-”

“-on my own? No thanks. We both know the guy behind the counter aggressively hits on me whenever you aren’t there.” He laughed, hoping Even would join in. He didn’t.

Hungover, tired and more than a little annoyed, Isak stopped prodding. Whatever was bothering Even clearly had something to do with him, so Isak figured he was just going to have to wait it out until his boyfriend was ready to talk. He wasn’t personally in the mood for another argument- and had actually quite been looking forwards to stuffing his face with greasy fast food before going home and collapsing into bed. Now, it seemed, that dream was dead in the water.
They sat on opposite ends of the couch, the TV playing just a little too loudly as Even pretended to watch, eyes glassy and unfocused. Isak crawled across the expanse between them, resting his chin on Even’s shoulder like a petulant puppy, but did not receive the affection he craved in response. Pouting, he flopped back to the other side and huffed loudly.

“Hey.” He nudged Even’s thigh with his toe. Even looked like he wanted to roll his eyes, which made Isak frown in silent outrage. Slowly enough, Even turned to face him.

“What?” he sighed.

“What?” Isak mimicked, childishly. Even huffed, and looked away. “What’s your fucking deal today? You’ve been acting bitchy since this morning.”

“Isak-”

“Don’t fucking Isak me.” he growled. “What is it? What have I done?”

“I don’t have the time or the patience for your fucking tantrum today, Isak.” Even still refused to look at him, eyes fixated on the television. “So drop it.”

“I won’t fucking drop it.” Isak folded his arms over his chest. He knew he probably sounded like a spoilt child, but the fact remained that by keeping whatever it was that had irked him so bottled up, Even was the one acting like an actual infant. Therefore, he decided to press further. “What is it that’s put you in such a shit mood?”

“I said just drop it-”

Isak threw his hands up in the air indignantly. “For fucks sake, Even- if I knew you were going to act like such an asshole all afternoon I’d have just stayed at Jonas’.”

It was a throwaway comment. Isak hadn’t thought anything of it when he said it, nor afterwards, but clearly it had struck a chord in Even’s mind. His body stiffened, and finally he turned to face Isak, a sneer on his lips and a clouded, jaded look in his eye that Isak had only ever seen once before—last Halloween, when he’d turned to Sonja and muttered stop monitoring me in a tone that came across far more threatening than Isak had previously thought possible coming from him.

“Yeah, well, I’m sure you would’ve loved that.”

“That’s what this is about?” Isak yelled, the pieces finally clicking together as Even huffed and puffed and rolled his eyes and pretended not to be as bothered as he was. “You’re jealous because what? I stayed the night at Jonas’ place? What the fuck, Even?”

“How do you think it looks to me, Isak?” Even shouted back. “Walking into that room to find my boyfriend, completely undressed all laid over another guy’s lap, laughing and fucking play-fighting? Did it not occur to you for a second how stupid that made me look?”

“Jonas is my best friend- not to mention completely straight and in a very heterosexual relationship with my other best friend. Or did that not occur to you?” he snipped back and this time, Even did roll his eyes indignantly. “You’re acting like a fucking child even.” Isak glared. “There’s nothing going on with me and Jonas.”
“I didn’t say there was—”

“-So what are you saying?”

“It’s the fucking principle.” Even growled, before stepping up from the sofa in an attempt to escape the conversation, stalking off towards their bedroom. Ssak didn’t want to give him the satisfaction of evading conflict, so he followed, chasing after Even into their bedroom angrily, slamming the door on his way in so they were shut inside, together.

“Don’t fucking walk away from me.”

“Obviously you’re not ready to listen to anything I’m about to say and respond sensibly, so what’s the point of sticking around?” Even huffed, throwing the wardrobe doors open to grab a hoodie. As he darted towards the door, Isak moved in front of it, blocking his way.

“Don’t leave.” He said. Even held his eye contact, teeth gritted.

“Isak, move out the way.”

“No.” Isak folded his arms. “Stay here and talk like a fucking adult.”

“Isak. Move.” He repeated, a little more forcefully. Isak couldn’t lie to himself- he was a little scared by the threatening undertone in Even’s voice. Of course, he knew Even would never dare harm him physically, but there was rage building beneath his eyes every second Isak remained defiant, and that frightened him just a little. It wasn’t often he saw Even angry- let alone have that anger directed at him. Still, he stood his ground.

“Fucking talk to me.” he said, eyes suddenly wet and vision blurred. “Ev—” He pleaded, reaching out to touch his boyfriend’s chest before thinking better of it, pulling away. “Please.” He leant back against the door. “Just talk to me. don’t leave.”

Even clenched his jaw, looking between Isak and the door and back again as if he was heavily considering both options. After a few seconds of tense silent deliberation, he sighed, and took a step backwards, before turning around and walking over to the other side of the room.

He didn’t turn before speaking. “I don’t like the fact that you used to have a thing for Jonas.” He said, wringing his hands behind his back. “I’m sorry. I know it’s stupid and I’m just being jealous or whatever, but I can’t stand it. I know you two are friends. I know you’re close and he’s been there for you a lot and I’m thankful, I am but… seeing the two of you like that this morning—” he paused, sucking in a sharp breath before bowing his head slightly, conceding by turning around so they could face each other. “-it didn’t sit right with me. I know you would feel the same if that was me and Mikael—”

“-that’s a vastly different situation—”

“-don’t you think I know that?” Even’s gaze lifted to meet his. “I know it’s different but… the principle still stands. I’m sorry. I’d prefer it if you didn’t sleep in Jonas’ bed without clothes on. I’d prefer it if you didn’t get so touchy with him right in front of me.”

Isak swallowed thickly. “Okay.” He said.

“I mean…” Even continued, running a hand through his hair anxiously. “You’re a fucking adult, Isak. You can do whatever you want but… those things- I have a problem with that. I don’t like it and I probably never will.”
“Okay.” Isak repeated, nodding. “No more sleeping at Jonas’ with no clothes on. No more getting touchy-feely right in front of you. I’ll stop.”

Frowning, as if he couldn’t quite believe the words coming out of Isak’s mouth, Even stared at Isak for a few silent seconds.

“Seriously?” he asked. “You’ll just stop all that because…”

“-because you don’t like it.” Isak said, matter-of-factly. “Ev- there isn’t any point in fighting. You don’t like it so I won’t do it. It isn’t exactly an outrageous request. I wouldn’t have kept doing those things with Jonas if I knew you didn’t like it and now that I do, I’ll stop, okay? It’s no big deal.” He laughed, a little stilted, before crossing the expanse of the room to lean up and press a chaste kiss against Even’s shocked and unresponsive lips.

“You’d do that for me?” Even asked. Isak smiled.

“Even. I love you, you fucking idiot. There isn’t a lot I wouldn’t do to make you happy.”

“I don’t want you to feel like I’m pulling you away from your friendships-”

“-it’s fine.” Isak stressed, reaching up to touch Even’s face gently, pulling at his cheek until his lip turned up into a barely-there, half-smile. “You don’t like it, I won’t do it. Simple. See how easy things are when you don’t storm off and give me the silent treatment?”

“Alright, alright, I get it.” Even smiled, shaking his head. “You’re smart and wise and mature and now I’m the brat. I’m sorry.”

“I forgive you.” Isak kissed him on the nose, grinning when Even’s skin flushed pink in surprise. “Now promise me. No more lying about feelings and holding things in, yeah?”

“No more lying about feelings and holding things in.” Even agreed, before holding up his hand. “Pinky promise.”

Isak laughed softly, and linked his pinky finger with Even’s. Then, Even pulled his hand towards his mouth and dropped a soft kiss to the back of his finger.

“I really am sorry.” He whispered. Isak just shook his head.

“And I really do forgive you. Now can we get McDonald’s like you promised?”

Even smirked, kissing him again and again until Isak was panting, fistng the hem of his shirt, slackjowed and vibrating with feeling.

“-I can think of a better way to make it up to you.”

Chapter End Notes

After this, there's only two more summer chapters left! Following that, I'm heading into the start of Isak's third year. (I know, I'm a little behind, back2school drama has been very distracting) hope u enjoy!
Isak goes to meet Even at the gym.

Mannen i mitt liv

(14:01) babyyyyyy

When did you change your name in my phone? (14:04)

(14:05) right before I left

(14:05) thought it was only fair

(14:06) seeing as that’s what you are in mine and in yours I’m still fucking ‘EVEN KOSEGRUPPA’

Dork (14:08)

Are you still at the gym? (14:08)

(14:10) Love you too<3

(14:11) and yes, but we’re finishing soon and I think I left my key at work

You’re a calamity sometimes (14:12)

I’m with Jonas at McDonalds. We’ll come and collect you (14:13)

(14:15) takk baby

(14:16) see you soon
“We’ve got to go and get Even,” Isak said, rolling his eyes as he took another sip of his milkshake. Jonas just scoffed from the opposite side of the table, chewing through his burger, one of few capitalistic indulges he couldn’t resist.

“Did he lose his key again?”

“Yup.” Isak huffed. “Thinks he left it in work, but who knows with that boy.”

“Where is he?”

“Gym.” Isak stood up, pulling on his jacket. “With Elias and the boys.”

It had become a new thing. Since the hatchet was buried and most of the awkwardness slowly started to dissipate, Even had been spending more and more time with his old friends as the summer rolled on to its close. Isak was perfectly happy with the arrangement- because Even having his own group of friends outside their friends meant that they didn’t spend every single second attached at the hip, destined to grow sick out each other and crumble as he’d feared. Even still texted him constantly, obviously, and Isak’s hands still longed for another pair to hold whenever they weren’t together- but even still, he had to admit that spending all of his time with Even was never going to be a good idea. Plus, Even had seemed so much lighter ever since- Isak knew that reconnecting with his old friends and tying up loose ends was doing him a world of good, mentally and physically.

Physically especially- because Elias and the boys seemed to be completely obsessed with working out. And if that meant Isak got to come home to a sweaty boyfriend with toned muscle gradually building up around his skinny arms and abs- well- he certainly wasn’t complaining.

The gym was a short walk from the McDonalds, so, sipping his milkshake in the sun, Isak engaged in idle chit chat with Jonas about his own relationship as they made their way over.

“I’m glad we argued, to be honest.” Jonas admitted, taking his beanie off and rubbing a hand through his hair. “Showed that we’re capable of disagreeing without the giant fucking… explosion that used to follow. I said sorry, she said sorry, we had sex. It was great.”

“Welcome to the world of having a healthy relationship.” Isak smirked at him. “The best part of arguing is always the making up. Even and I argued on Saturday, and then made up. And then made up again, and again-”

Rolling his eyes, Jonas cut him off to ask “You argued? What about?”

Isak stiffened slightly. “Oh. Uh- nothing important.” He lied. “Just stupid stuff. Like I said- well worth it for the hours of making up that followed.”
“I can’t argue with you there.” Jonas laughed, and they made their way into the gym. Isak wasn’t paying attention at first when they walked in, still a little lost in his head, thinking back to his and Even’s argument and if saying something to Jonas would be appropriate or not- but he soon followed his best friend’s gaze over to the weights section where quite the scene was unfolding.

He didn’t even notice Even first.

Up to this point in his life, Isak had never done much ogling. The entirety of his life before Even was spent averting his eyes whenever another man so much as walked past him, instead forcing himself to stare at women on the street and pray for some kind of bodily reaction. After he met Even- well- there was no point even looking at anyone else. Even came into his life as an eclipse, and until he stepped foot in that gym and looked over at six strapping, older boys covered in sweat, pumping weights and laughing together- Isak had never quite taken the time to really appreciate the fact that not just Even- but boys in general were fucking hot.

It was Mikael’s hair, bouncing around his shoulders as he nodded along to something Adam said- Mutasim’s cheekbones gleaming and sweat gathering around his forehead as he did a few pull-ups, shirt riding up to expose just a slither of damp skin lurking beneath. Elias curling an impressive looking weight, biceps bulging and abs contracting because of course, he’d decided to work out shirtless, unaware of the potential cardiac event Isak was having just looking at his torso from afar. Beside him was Yousef, gleaming white teeth and silky hair and a damp sheen of sweat covering his front, looking down at the person he was spotting on the weight-lifting bench until they sat up, mile-long limbs unfolding as Even rose to his full height- bright red bandana holding back his hair and a smile on his face as he noticed Isak, waving before he lifted up the bottom of his shirt and using it to wipe the sweat off his face. Isak bit his lip, hard.

Jonas snorted with laughter from beside him, and he snapped out of his trance, cheeks flushing as the boys all noticed them standing there, and waved.

“Real subtle, Is.” Jonas mumbled with another, quieter laugh as the boys walked over, happy and oblivious, clapping hands with Isak and Jonas and all talking excitedly at once. Isak didn’t say anything, just reached into his pocket and pulled out his keys, twirling them around his finger nervously.

“I-uh… I brought- I brought you, um- the keys.” He stuttered, helpless. Thankfully, the other boys weren’t paying much attention. Even, on the other hand, was beaming at him.

Isak almost felt guilty as Even pressed a kiss against his lips before taking him by the hand, the group wandering out of the gym together before splitting off in separate directions. He wasn’t sure if it was entirely wrong, but there was something that didn’t feel quite right about standing there drooling over your boyfriend’s friends working themselves up into a sweat- especially considering the argument they’d had only a few days prior. Even seemed oblivious to his inner turmoil, swing their hands together absentmindedly, rambling on about how much he could now lift, thanks to Yousef’s handy training.

“Your friends are hot” Isak blurted out, instead of responding to the conversation like a normal human being capable of self-control. His skin flushed red immediately, and he dropped Even’s hand, the both of them stopping still in the street. Even tilted his head slightly, eyes narrowing.

“Uh-”

“-Sorry.” Isak bit his lip, embarrassed. “I just- obviously… you’re my boyfriend and I love you and
you’re the hottest person I’ve ever seen but… your friends… they’re attractive. We promised to stop lying and holding things in so I’m telling you that I think they’re attractive. Sorry if that’s wrong.”

“Issy,” Even, oddly enough, smiled softly at him before reaching forwards and entwining their hands back together, before lifting Isak’s to his mouth for a kiss. “It’s cool if you think my friends are hot. They are hot. Trust me- I single-handedly blame them all for my rampant teenage sexual frustration.”

“You’re not mad?”

“No I’m not mad.” He laughed. “I told you, Isak- I’m done with all that jealousy bullshit. I saw you staring and it’s fine. I’d be fucking staring too if it was me.”

“I couldn’t help it!”

“I know, but you know what?” Even pulled him just a little closer, resting his forehead against Isak’s. “You stared at me the longest. And that is all that matters to me.”

Isak smiled against Even’s lips as they brushed against his, softly.

“You’re so smug.” He teased. Even grinned, and kissed him again.

“Of course I am. Room full of hot sweaty boys and you’ve decided to take me home? I’m honoured.”
Chapter Summary

It's their last lazy morning in bed together before Isak has to return to school

Søndag, 10:09

“Lazy, lazy, lazy.” Even mumbled against the side of his ear. Isak squirmed as Even’s breath tickled his skin, smiling into his pillow as he drifted in and out of sleep. They hadn’t been up for long, laid side by side wrapped up in their bed for what would likely be the last time for the entire week. Isak was still coming to terms with the heart-breaking fact that starting from Monday, school would be back in session and their dreamy summer of love would be well and truly over.

“I’m gonna miss this.” He yawned, leaning forwards to nudge his nose against Even’s, who chuckled under his breath in response.

“Baby. We can lie in bed next Saturday. It isn’t that far away.”

“But I like laying in bed on a Monday. And Tuesday and Wednesday-”

“-You’re so lazy!” Even giggled, rolling over to wrap Isak up in his arms, tickling his back with the tip of his fingers. Isak laughed, burying his head in the crook of Even’s neck, happy to just be held.

“Baby, you know we have the rest of our lives to longue around in bed like this, right?”

Isak nodded, but didn’t reply verbally. Not-so-secretly, he preened at the idea of spending the rest of his life with Even. It was a dreamy, idyllic concept. He and Even, laid in bed like this morning—every morning—forever, Even’s long soft fingers traipsing up and down the expanse of his back and his soft breathes lulling him to sleep.

It sounded perfect. Isak frowned in his half-sleep. Maybe a little too perfect.

Isak wasn’t stupid. He knew that most of the time, so-called soulmates got divorced and most of couples who met in high school didn’t make it to college. It was nice to think that he and Even would sneak their way into the one percent of the planet that managed to get things right on the first try, but statistically, their odds weren’t looking too good.

A much smaller part of him thought fuck the odds, who else would I spend forever with? But Isak ignored it, far more in favour of the dream he was having about Even and the waterfall paired with the feeling of fingertips tracing patterns into his skin. Were they patterns? It wasn’t uncommon for Even to practice his artistic flair into Isak’s skin whenever they were close, but this time felt different.

It occurred to Isak just a few seconds later that it wasn’t pictures Even was painting on his skin. It was letters.
The same few words, over and over and over as if he was waiting for Isak to either crack the code or fall asleep. The first letter was certainly an V, but still half-asleep, Isak kept getting lost in the middle. He frowned into the dark crook where he was hiding his face against Even’s shoulder, trying harder to concentrate.

V. it definitely started with an V. the next letter was a little loopy- for a second Isak was sure it was an E, but recalling Even’s messy, looped scrawl, he was pretty sure after a few short seconds of deliberation it was an I. following that, and D, and then a U and a G and a-

Isak froze.

_Vil du gifte deg med meg?_

The words were burning into his skin. There were two options:

One- play it off as a joke. He could roll over and laugh and run his fingers through Even’s silky hair and tell him to stop being such a sap. However, that idea make Isak a little nervous. What if Even was serious? What if he was offended by Isak’s blasé reaction (that really was nothing more than a coverup for his hammering chest). It was risky, and Even’s fingers hadn’t stopped moving. Every further drag of skin against skin made Isak curl up into himself further with nerves.

So, there was the second option.

Isak kept his eyes closed tightly and didn’t move, slowly levelling out his breathing, hoping it was enough to fool Even into thinking he was asleep. For a few minutes he was unsure, until he felt Even stop tracing promises he wasn’t sure he was able to fulfil and lean back to look down at him.

“Isak?” He whispered. “Isak?”

Isak didn’t answer. Even made a sort of huffing sound, and it was hard to distinguish if it was out of fondness or annoyance. Isak didn’t dare open his eyes, but his lips quirked into a slight smile on their own accord when he felt lips against his forehead before eventually, Even climbed out of bed and disappeared off in the direction of the bathroom.
Mandag, 07:25 // First Day Back

Chapter Summary

Even takes Isak to school.

Mandag, 07:25

Bleary eyed and half asleep, Isak reached blindly across the bed to shut up the racket from his blaring phone. His eyes could barely open as he squinted, reading the time. 07:25- who the fuck set an alarm for 07:25? It had to be a terrible, wretched mistake.

He silenced it, before rolling back over with the intention of falling straight into a comfortable sleep for at least three more hours. However, destiny had other ideas for him, as seconds later there were lips pressed against his face and wandering hands dragging across his body.

“Wake up, Issy.” Even hummed in his ear. “It’s the first day back.”

“Fuck off.” Isak groaned, reaching behind him to push Even’s face away whilst simultaneously holding his death grip on the warm arms wrapped around his waist. Even just giggled, fighting through his advances to kiss across his neck, before biting his earlobe sharply.

Isak yelped, jerking away from the attack. Now, unfortunately, he was considerably more awake.

Rolling over to face Even’s shit-eating-grin, he supposed that was the intention. Isak glared, and whined, and rolled onto his back before throwing his arms over his eyes to block the piercing morning sun. He wasn’t ready for summer to just be over and real work to start up again. It wasn’t fair.

“Come on.” Even laughed, nudging him slightly before crawling over his body, settling down with an elbow on either side of Isak’s shoulders for support. “You don’t want to be late.”

“Why are you always so fucking cheery in the mornings?” Isak huffed, finally opening his eyes only to glare up at his boyfriend. “Just because you don’t start university for like, a month. There’s no need to rub it in.”

“Yet here I am, awake with you.” Even leant into him a little more, and if Isak wasn’t awake already, certain other body parts of him were with Even pressed against him, smiling and looking so infuriatingly attractive at half seven in the morning. “Because I’m such a nice boyfriend. So nice.”

“So nice.” Isak repeated with a smirk, fingers stroking over the edge of Even’s hip absentmindedly before pulling him a little closer. “Can you think of any way to possibly… be nicer?”

Even leant down and kissed him- and to Isak it felt like a straight shot of fucking B-12. He was certainly awake now, arms snaking up behind Even’s broad shoulders, holding onto him and pushing them further together. He didn’t mind being up so early if this was what it led to, but then
Even wasn’t kissing him anymore, instead laughing softly before rolling off Isak and laying down on his back besides him.

Isak whined, incapable of words. Even just laughed and poked him on the nose softly.

“No time for any of that.” He said. “You’ll be late for school.”

And just like that, he was up, bounding out of the room with far too much energy, leaving a very frustrated and very, very sleepy Isak behind- who rolled over to groan into their bedsheets.

Despite Isak’s protest that he was not a child and wouldn’t get lost on the way, Even insisted on walking him all the way to the tram stop, riding the tram with him and walking with him hand in hand into school, just as they used to do when Even still attended. Isak pretended like he didn’t want Even to follow him the whole way, but it was hardly a secret how pleased and smug he felt when the recently-turned second-years and the shiny new first years spotted them and practically swooned with jealousy. Isak’s faux-pout shifted into a smug grin, and before he spotted the boys across the courtyard he stopped in his tracks and pulled Even in for a kiss.

Even certainly didn’t expect it but smiled and melted into the kiss quickly, using his free hand to hold Isak’s head and run his fingers through his hair and Isak’s finger snaked its way in through his beltloop and pulled him closer. It was funny, Isak thought, that only a year ago today he would’ve ran away with his tail between his legs if anyone so much as insinuated he wasn’t straight- but now here he was, full-on making out with his hot, older boyfriend in the middle of the Nissen courtyard.

“Alright, I should go.” Even finally pulled back, resting their foreheads together. “I’ve got work soon, and I think if we take this any further you might be finished at Nissen earlier than you thought.”

“Fine.” Isak huffed. “I’ll see you later then?”

“See you later.” Even nodded, smiling brightly. “Have a good first day, baby.”

He kissed him again, and then twice more because they could never get enough- and then, finally, Even did that stupid backwards walk with one hand tucked into his pocket and winked at him, before turning around and floating away like a model down a catwalk, hundreds of eyes watching him as he went. Isak was too entranced in watching him leave, smugly thinking to himself yep, that’s mine, to notice the boys approaching behind him, until Magnus’ hand crashed down on his shoulder and made him nearly jump out of his skin.

“Fy faen, you scared the shit out of me!”

“Sorry bro!” Magnus laughed. “We called your name like, twice, but you were too busy crying over Even’s ass or whatever.”

“I was not-”

“-it was quite the show.” Mahdi smirked. “All the new first year girls were losing their shit.”
“But I’m guessing that was your intention.” Jonas added. Isak rolled his eyes.

“I had zero intentions.” He lied, unable to hide his smirk. “I was just saying goodbye. That’s all.”

Jonas rolled his eyes. “You’re such a princess, Issy.”

Before he could quip back, the school bell rang and Isak resisted the urge to groan. In the brief moments of triumph, he’d forgotten all about school- the place he’d be spending his days for the next year.

His phone buzzed in his pocket, so, tuning out of the riveting conversation happening around him about Magnus’ latest sex dream, Isak glanced at the screen and read the text displayed.

Mannen I Mit Liv

09:13 Have a good first day back. Miss u already, princess
Onsdag, 20:38 // Dinner (part one)

Chapter Summary

Isak gets Even hot under the collar at dinner with his parents.

Onsdag, 20:38

“I love the necklaces. I think they’re just adorable.”

Isak smiled at the praise from Even’s mother, twirling the small gold E that sat in the middle of his chest. He was a little smug - the necklaces had actually been his idea in the beginning. Despite putting in a late application due to the wavering uncertainty over the idea of university, the film school Even applied to had taken one look at his jam-packed portfolio and accepted him almost immediately. As a gift, Isak stopped in a jewellery store on his way home and bought the necklace - a small gold chain with a gleaming gold-plated E swinging in the middle as a thoughtful gift.

Even - always the romantic - decided to immediately one-up him by visiting the same store the next day and purchasing an identical necklace with an I on the end but Isak didn’t mind. Actually, it had then been his idea for them to wear each other’s letters rather than their own. Even never took his off, played with the I between his lips whenever concentrating on a new sketch and Isak was always fingering his own whenever distracted, smiling to himself when he felt the smooth edge of the E against his fingertips.

“It’s commitment without a ring.” Even looked over at Isak and winked, before turning back to his parents. “But Isak can have one of those too, soon.”

Isak choked on his steak, face flushing with heat. Even didn’t notice, beaming happily as he laced their fingers together under the table.

“You’re too young to be thinking about all that.” Even’s father said, taking a sip from his glass of wine and eyeing Even curiously across the table. Even just rolled his eyes playfully, and squeezed their hands together a little tighter. Silently, Isak agreed with Even’s parents - the last thing on his mind was getting married or engaged before he fucking finished high school. He was going to have to break that news to Even soon enough - but now hardly seemed like the time.

He was thankful when the conversation moved on swiftly, and even though Even removed his hand from Isak’s and went back to his meal, Isak didn’t move his from Even’s lap. He needed a distraction. They both did.

Even cleared his throat innocently when Isak’s fingers crept higher up his thigh, tracing a lazy line on the inside seam of his jeans. Even was better at playing it cool than Isak had ever been - but he was sitting close enough to spy the tell-tale blush that was beginning to creep up Even’s neck as he took another sip from his beer and cleared his throat again.

“You okay, Ev?” his mother asked, oblivious. Even didn’t dare look to his side to catch Isak’s smug
expression, instead nodding, pretending to cough.

“Think I’m coming down with something. That’s all.” He lied easily, taking another heavy sip as Isak’s hand danced further up, brushing over his crotch. “Just- uh, a cold.”

Even’s mother reached across the table, pressing the back of her hand to Even’s forehead. “You don’t feel hot, but you look all… flushed. Maybe get an early night tonight.”

“Drink some water, I’m sure you’ll be fine.” Isak said, smiling innocently before lifting his other hand to stroke Even’s face gently. “You feel a little warm. We should probably turn in soon.”

“You can always stay here.”

Even shook his head just a little too enthusiastically, earning another pointed look from his father as Isak squeezed the inside of his thigh. “No, I don’t think so.” He forced a yawn, stretching his arms out. “Sorry. We should probably head home. Get some rest.” He smiled tightly, resting a hand on Isak’s shoulder. “Home, right baby?”

Chapter Summary

Things escalate quickly once Isak and Even leave the dinner table.

Onsdag, 21:53

It takes a lot of Isak’s willpower not to climb in Even’s lap then and there in the back of his dad’s car- the same car that they drove out into the middle of nowhere in on their lakeside vacation, Even behind the wheel, Isak in the passenger- and then later bent over the backseat, eyes fixed out on the field around them through the back window, Even plastered up behind him.

Those are the kind of memories making his body bristle as he does his best to pay attention to the small talk made between Even and his father, although it’s clear to Isak that Even isn’t paying much attention either, hands awkwardly resting on his lap. He’s a lot more hot and bothered than he’d originally let on, despite his constant cool and collected demeanour. Isak can just read him like that, and smiles to himself, nudging the edge of Even’s ankle with his shoe. Even looks across to him and smiles, and that’s enough for a silent agreement to form between the two. Yeah, this is us, this is what we’ve become, a boner in the back of your dad’s car again- but this time he’s still driving.

“Okay thanks dad bye-” Even blurts out when they pull up outside their apartment building, grabbing Isak by the hand and yanking him out of the car without a chance to say goodbye himself. Isak laughs, waving anyway and trying not to be embarrassed by the knowing smirk on Even’s father’s lips as he pulls away from the curb and disappears down the street without a word. He doesn’t really have time to get too flustered, not with Even dragging him up the stairs- ridiculously long legs catapulting him up at double the speed of a normal human. Isak’s out of breath trying to keep up whilst simultaneously laughing at the absurdity of the situation- two boys, out of breath and grinning, hand-in-hand sprinting up several flights of stairs because they’re horny.

Running with a boner is much harder than it looks, so Isak isn’t surprised to find he’s softened considerably when they get to the top, clutching the wall to catch his breath as Even fumbles with his keys in the lock.

“Fuck, it’s sticking.” Even huffs, twisting the key clockwise and anti-clockwise and then clockwise again, just in case he’s re-locked it by accident. Isak rolls his eyes- okay, so the sprinting paired with the lock issues aren’t doing much for the mood, surprise fucking surprise- and yanks the keys out of Even’s hand, opening the door easily, Even left gaping in the hallway.

“How-”

“-does it matter?” Isak reaches forwards and pulls him in before they have a chance to give Mrs George Clooney a show (they pretend not to see her peering through the peephole whenever they’re making noise in the hall, but they do) laughing as Even stumbles into the apartment. “I’ve done the manly job of opening the door, now can we have sex?”
“I’m totally on board... but maybe in like, five minutes?” Even pants, clutching his side. “All the running gave me a stitch. Killed my boner.”

“God, we’re such a mess.” Isak barks out a laugh, covering his mouth with his hands, gut clenching. Even laughs along, wincing slightly as he does, a hand clasped over the stich in the side of his gut. “We can’t even have spontaneous, dramatic sex anymore. Didn’t we used to do that all the time?”

“We’re too comfortable with each other.” Even grins, finally catching his breath and standing back up to his full height. He reaches forwards, pulling Isak close by the beltoops of his jeans, dropping a kiss on his forehead. “Which arguably is the most romantic thing ever.”

“You’re a sap.” Isak sidles up closer, looping his arms around the back of Even’s neck, tilting his head back to ask for a silent kiss, which Even is happy to drop on his lips, chaste and quick. There’s a slight trickle of heat behind it, creeping up Isak’s spine as he arches into Even slightly, pressing them together at the hips. It’s nice, how easily and quickly they can get each other going just by being close enough. He’d silently worried at the beginning of their relationship if Even would stop finding him so attractive as time went on- if they’d just get used to each other, and they have- but not in the way he’d feared.

“It’s coming back, don’t worry.” Even kisses him again, hands creeping their way down from his waist to the back of his ass, slipping into the back pocket of his jeans and squeezing lightly. Isak just holds him tighter, pushing them closer together- close enough that he can feel his nipple bar rubbing against the fabric of his t-shirt, mouth falling open slightly as Even kisses him deeper, taking a few small steps until Isak gets the hint and let’s Even back him against the wall, pulling him even closer- if that’s even possible, hiking one leg up just a little so that Even can grind against him, kiss opening up so that their tongues meet, Even’s teeth nipping at his bottom lip.

“Faen- you’re so good at that.” Isak pants with a smile as Even pulls away, dropping kisses to his cheek and neck as one hand creeps around to the front of his waist, popping the button of his jeans and yanking the zip down quickly, brushing his knuckles against the underside of Isak’s dick which is definitely hard again, tip pressing up just underneath his bellybutton. “You’re good at that too- oh faen-” he bites his own lip as Even’s hand ducks into his underwear and fists around his dick, pumping it a few times, swiping the pad of his thumb over the tip whilst simultaneously sucking a hickey into the side of Isak’s neck.

“You were driving me crazy earlier you know.” Even whispers against his ear, jerking him off just a little bit faster. “At the fucking table with my fucking parents there. What’s gotten into you?”

“I don’t know.” Isak grins, voice strained. “-but pretty soon, I’m hoping you.”

Even pulls back from his neck then to look him in the eyes, mouth curled into a grin. He stops his ministrations in Isak’s pants but doesn’t let go, just holding on softly.

“That was pretty bad, even by my standards-”

“-alright, alright.” Isak laughs, knocking his head back against the wall. “Are you going to let me suck you off now?”

“Here?” Even looks around, as if someone else could possibly catch them in their empty apartment. “In the hallway?”

“Why not?” Isak frowns. “It’s as good a place as any.”
“This spot? The same spot where Magnus fell asleep that time after shot-gunning twelve beers? You want to suck me off here?”

Isak cringes. “I thought we agreed you’d never mention Magnus’ name whilst your hand is on my dick again.” He prods Even in the middle of the chest with his forefinger, just a little bit outraged. Even just laughs at him again.

“Fine, I’m sorry- do it here, I changed my mind.” He takes his hand out of Isak’s pants, holding them above his head in surrender. “Do your worst, blow my mind, whatever you want.”

“You’re honestly doubting my skills? Think I can’t make you lose your mind in the hallway the same way I do in the bedroom, or the shower or anywhere else?”

“Big talk from the kid who almost just came from getting jerked off, fully clothed, against the wall-”

“-I was not going to come!”

“You say that, yet look what happened the first time you let me play with your nipple-”

“-stop bringing that up!” Isak whined, before reaching forwards to unbutton Even’s jeans, hooking his thumbs into the waistband of his boxers. “I’m going to suck you off now, just so you shut the fuck up.”

“Be my guest-” Even starts, but he’s clearly not expecting Isak to drop to his knees then and there, yanking his jeans and boxers all the way down to his ankles and pressing a kiss on the bottom of his balls, grinning before taking Even’s dick in his hand and working his way with his mouth up to the tip before giving his tongue a chance to play, dipping into the slit. Even stumbles slightly, falling back against the wall with his hands bunched into fists by his sides. “-fuck Isak, not that this isn’t amazing, but it would be even better if you took some of your clothes off.”

“Aye aye captain.” Isak teases, backing off Even’s dick to stand again, stripping off his t-shirt and jeans as Even fumbles to do the same. It’s only then he remembers the little things- he’s still got his shoes on and his snapback and they haven’t locked the front door yet so it they get robbed it’s only their own fault. Isak doesn’t have the energy to care- Even’s naked and looks amazing, as usual, so he dives back down to his knees and peppers kisses and little hiccups all across Even’s hiphones and abdomen before taking the whole of Even’s cock in his mouth, forcing it down his throat and ignoring the small gagging from the back of his throat. He squeezes his eyes shut as he starts hollowing out his cheeks and really going to town, deepthroating and drooling and tickling Even’s balls with the tips of his fingers- but Even’s soft hand stroking down his face coaxes them back open, and even though stinging tears are gathering at the corner of his eyes, Isak can’t resist looking up at Even through his eyelashes, knowing it drives him absolutely crazy.

“That’s it, yeah, faen.” Even mumbles, one hand buried in Isak’s hair and the other scratching at the wall behind them. “God Isak, you kill me every time you do this. Those little sounds and that… fuck, baby, I love it when you look at me like that.”

Isak does his best to smile around Even’s dick, but it’s fairly girthy and more or less impossible to do much of anything around apart from choke, which he surprisingly enjoys a lot more than he thought he would. Even in the early days- when he couldn’t get more than a few inches without spluttering everywhere, just the feeling of being on his knees and Even’s hands buries in his hair, mouth muttering praises was more than enough to make him want to come in his pants untouched.

Sadly, Isak isn’t thirteen and can’t come in his pants untouched just from the thought of sucking dick. He pulls off, drool spilling from the corner of his lips and smiles up at Even, about to ask if they
could move on from the sucking dick more to the actual fucking— but as he leans forwards, perhaps a little too eagerly, Even’s wet bouncing cock smacks across his face, and it takes every scrap of willpower he has not to immediately headbutt back before he comes to his senses and realises what has just happened.

“Oh my god!” Even wails, clutching his stomach as he howls with laughter, Isak left there dumbfounded on his knees with his mouth hanging open in shock. “I can’t believe it—”

“-are you serious? Oh my god I hate you. You literally slapped me with your dick!”

“It was an accident!”

“Was it?”

“Of course it was!” Even can’t stop giggling, even when Isak stands back up and glares at him, a smear of Even’s pre-come still sticky on his cheek. “I promise,” he huffs, grabbing Isak by the waist. “I didn’t slap you with my dick on purpose. I would only ever slap you with my dick consensually, okay?”

“Whatever.” Isak pouts, doing his best not to burst into laughter at the absurdity of their situation. “You’re still making it up to me.”

“Baby,” Even’s eyes sparkle, pulling him close. “I can do all that and more.”
Isak winced slightly as he peered around the door of their bedroom and his eyes settled on Even’s downtrodden expression, the slightest hint of tears glossing over eyes as they bore into the TV. Things had been like this for a few days, and although Even insisted it was for no reason at all other than his ‘fucked-up brain’ (which made Isak’s gut twist just remembering the lacklustre in Even’s voice when he had said so) Isak suspected that there was something more specific on his mind, getting him down.

“Oh Ev, watching this stuff is only going to make you feel worse.” He said quietly, catching Even’s attention briefly as Blue Valentine (one of Even’s favourite very sad movies) played out on the TV screen. He huffed but made no effort to reply, so Isak made his way into the room and sat beside the bump in the covers where Even had curled into himself, and touched the back of his neck gently.

“It’s such a good movie though.” Even whispered. Isak smiled.

“It is a pretty fucking good movie. Only Ryan Gosling could still be hot with a receding hairline and dad-glasses.”

That pulled the slightest hint of a laugh out of Even, and he rolled onto his back so he could turn and look Isak in the eyes. “Lay down with me?” he asked quietly, and Isak nodded, laying his head on Even’s shoulder and dropping a small kiss there. “Thank you.” He hummed.

“You don’t have to thank me, Ev. Cuddling you is basically my job.” Isak nuzzled closer, rubbing his face against the soft cotton of Even’s t-shirt. After that, they were quiet for a while. Isak didn’t mind it being quiet. Sometimes it felt like in their lives there was always too much noise, always something happening—friends hooking up and parties and fights in the schoolyard.

So it was nice to take a step back and just have a quiet moment on a Sunday, Isak’s head on Even’s slowly rising chest, a sad movie playing in the background.

“Hey Isak?” Even asked quietly as the movie drew to it’s painful close. “Do you think we’ll ever break up?”

Isak sat up straight away. Even didn’t move, didn’t bother looking in his direction.

“What kind of question is that?”

“It’s a question.” Even mumbled, dragging his eyes over to meet Isak’s painfully slowly. “Do you think?” his voice was strained, tears clinging to the corner of his eyes. “I think we might.”

Isak shook his head. “We won’t.” He reached over, stroking Even’s face gently and wiping the stray
tears out of his eyes with the pad of his thumbs. “I promise.” He leant down, dropping a kiss to Even’s forehead. “We’re going to… fuck- we’re going to get married. Have two kids, a dog and a house and maybe a cat. You’re gonna be a super famous director and win all the awards and Oscars and everything else you could possibly want. And I’ll be a doctor- or a scientific researcher or something cool like that, and we’ll make a shitload of money and use it to heal all the sickness in the world.”

At the last part, Even smirked and scoffed just slightly. A smile tugged its way to Isak’s lips.

“What, are you laughing at me?” he asked, teasing in tone. Even laughed again, short and breathy. “Are you? Are you laughing?”

“You’re so sappy.” He smiled. “Heal all the sickness in the world. You’re too good for this world, baby, you know that right?”

“Now who’s the cliché?”

“Whatever.” Even rolled his eyes playfully, before reaching up and pulling Isak back down into his chest, stroking his hand through his hair gently.

“It cheered you up though, just a little bit.” Isak mumbled, getting comfy against Even’s chest. “That’s all that matters to me.”
Hey!

first of all, I just wanna say thank you for all your lovely kudos and comments over the last 50(ish) chapters of this verse. I am constantly overwhelmed by the response to my little post s4 story.

secondly, no, this isn’t a “I’m ending the verse” announcement! God no. I’d be happy to write this forever, as making short (sometimes) fluffy chapters for this is perfect procrastination when I’m stuck writing my other fics! This note is actually just a request:

I need prompts! The well is running a little dry, and I want to see this series continue for a long time, so if there is ANYTHING you’d like to see in this verse, drop it in the comments and I’ll consider it!

thank u !!! <3 alt er love
“Don’t you think it’s weird though?” Isak asked, picking at what was left of his kebab as he and Jonas looked out across the city from the bench at the top of the hill. “In like, two hours… it’ll be dark. Winter is literally around the corner. It’s cold as fuck.”

“Yeah.” Jonas hummed. Isak looked across to his friend and frowned slightly. Jonas had been acting off all afternoon. During school, he had been distant and unfocused, unresponsive in most of the group discussions and apparently deep in thought about something Isak couldn’t quite figure out. Then, he’d practically sprinted down the corridor to catch Isak at his locker after the final bell and asked with pleading nervousness burning behind his eyes if Isak maybe wanted to grab a kebab and chill.

So far, the conversation had been stilted and awkward. There was certainly something on Jonas’ mind, and every further second they spent together he spent fighting against it. Isak didn’t want to push, but there was only so much small talk he could take before something had to give. The fucking sunset- really? Nice one, genius.

“I’m thinking about buying a new pair of Air Max’s, but I don’t know if I prefer 95’s or-”

“-I hooked up with someone!” Jonas blurted out. Afterwards his eyes immediately widened, as if he couldn’t quite believe he’d even said it. Isak froze, locking eyes with his best friend. Of all the things he was expecting Jonas to say… that certainly hadn’t made the list.

“What?” he asked, dumbfounded. “What about Eva?”

At first, Jonas frowned, like he didn’t quite understand what Isak was implying. Then, realisation dawned on his face and he shook his head rapidly- “Nei, nei nei- not- nei, Isak. Before me and Eva got back together… I hooked up with someone.”

“Oh.” Isak frowned. “…okay. Like… before Emma?”

Jonas grimaced, pulling his eyes away. “Kind of… when I was still talking to Emma. Which is shitty I know-”

“-she’s shitty, bro.” Isak shrugged. “Don’t feel bad. Apparently she’s hooking up with Chris Schistad now so… that’s punishment enough.”

The half-hearted joke tugged a smile from the corner of Jonas’ mouth, but didn’t stop his hands
wringing together in his lap. Isak felt on edge- he knew there was more coming to the story. He just wasn’t quite sure what to expect.

“I don’t feel bad, really I just… I wanted to tell you because…” he trailed off, and Isak raised an eyebrow in questioning.

“Because?”

Jonas pressed his lips together in a thin line, and sat back against the bench, hands locked together tightly. Then, finally, achingly he turned his head to face Isak, cheeks flushed with nervousness.

“Because it wasn’t a girl.”

“Oh.” Isak said before his brain had a chance to keep up with the information digested. “Oh.” He repeated, like an idiot, as Jonas squirmed uncomfortably beside him and tried to fix his eyes anywhere but Isak’s. “I mean- not like oh like… oh- I meant like, uh- that’s… that’s fucking… cool. Obviously.”

“It’s okay, Isak.” Jonas scoffed. “You’re allowed to be fucking surprised.”

“Well, yeah- I never ever thought for a second that you were- like- bi or… pan or whatever. Like it literally never occurred to me. Shit- sorry, I’m not doing this conversation very well. You were much better when I came out to you.”

“That’s because it was literally impossible to be surprised by you coming out.” Jonas rolled his eyes. Isak barked a laugh.

“Okay, I suppose so.” He nodded. “I’ll take that. Seriously though, that’s… chill. Thanks for like… wanting to tell me.”

“I had to tell someone.”

“Does Eva know?”

Jonas shook his head. “Not yet, but… I’ll tell her soon. God knows she’s made out with half the girls at Nissen so I doubt she’ll be too bothered about it. we’ll be like… two bisexuals together.”

“Hot.” Isak teased. “Still, uh- bisexual. Is that what you’re going with?”

“I guess.” Jonas shrugged. “I haven’t really… decided on a concrete label yet but… bisexual seems pretty good for now. It’s only been one boy, so far. I don’t think I’ve, uh, qualified to be totally sure on my label just yet.”

“Dude, I was gay long before I had a chance to test the theory. But I get it, don’t feel like pressured to label yourself, it doesn’t really matter, in the long run. Just… be who you are, fuck whoever you wanna fuck, you know.”

“Jesus.” Jonas blushed. “Never did I think I’d be sitting here having a conversation about fucking boys with you. At least not when it was me doing the proverbial fucking.”

“And here we are.” Isak smiled. “Am I allowed to ask who the guy was?”

“I guess, if you promise not to tell anyone.”

“Of course I promise!”
“Pinky promise?” Jonas held out his hand, pinky finger stuck up in the air. Isak rolled his eyes, but interlocked his own finger with Jonas’ and squeezed tightly. Jonas grinned to himself.

“Well?”

“Julian Dahl.”

“Get the fuck out of here! Julian Dahl is gay?” Isak hissed. Jonas laughed, nodding his head. “I knew it.” Isak collapsed back against the wooden bench, hands pressed to his forehead. “I used to catch him looking at me- and that Instagram stuff, I fucking knew it-”

“-yeah, yeah, yeah, you know every gay person in Oslo, and they’re all hot for you- sure.” Jonas rolled his eyes. “He’s pretty much out to like, his friends and stuff. I mean, he isn’t sucking dick in the school bathroom like some but-”

“-that was one time.”

“Still, it’s hilarious to see the blush on your face whenever anyone brings it up.”

“God.” Isak shook his head. “Why couldn’t you have realised boys were hot like, five years ago when I did? We could’ve been childhood sweethearts!”

“Please!” Jonas scoffed. “Just for me to get dumped and heartbroken in second year when Even strolled through the schoolyard looking like a knock-off James Dean?”

“Hey- he isn’t a knock off! He’s a reboot, at least.”

“So romantic.” Jonas pouted. “How are things there, anyway? With Even?”

Isak nodded. “Still good, obviously. Even’s been kinda down the last few days though. He isn’t having, like, a full depressive episode but… he’s a little down. There’s something on his mind but it’s like he’s doing anything not to tell me what’s bothering him.”

“God, you two are insufferable sometimes. Just ask him, maybe? You know, outright?”

“Yeah, yeah I know. I will. Enough about me, anyway-” Isak waved it off, pushing his worries back into the recess of his mind where they belonged. “You just came out for the first time. How does it feel?”

“Relieving, I guess. I hated keeping it to myself. Fuck knows how you did it for so long.”

“Fear makes you do crazy things.” Isak shrugged. “It’s good that you didn’t let it fuck you up like I let it fuck me up. I let it fuck me up for so long-”

“-and you still do, sometimes.” Jonas interrupted him. “Ask Even what’s wrong and stop being scared of the answer.”

Isak bit his lip, looking out onto the city with his hands clasped between his thighs tightly. “You’re right.” He said quietly. “I will.”

Chapter End Notes
Thank you for all your wonderful prompts! I’ve structured most of them along with some of my own ideas into a sort of timeline of future chapters and I can safely say I have this story planned through to just after the New Year. SOOOO look forward to: a Halloween Chapter, the EVAK anniversary, Christmas related shenanigans, a fairly surprising New Years party and some other cute filler stuff happening in between.

Unsurprisingly, I’m behind on schedule before I’ve even started, so you probably won’t be seeing the Halloween chapter for at least another few weeks. This fic sort of exists a month in the past, giving me time to write out all the chapters.

Thank you for your continued support<3
Chapter Summary

Isak and Even smoke together. Even has a question on his mind.

Torsdag, 22:32

It had been a while since they smoked together, but Isak felt like he needed something if he was ever going to figure out what it was playing on Even’s mind, and a little weed had always done wonders for his confidence. Plus, there was something just so intimate about sitting in bed together, half dressed with their limbs blurred, heavy eyes fixated on the quick movements of Even’s fingers as he rolled the next joint, licking the paper with the tip of his tongue.

He’d perked up slightly, and Isak was relieved. He hated watching Even laid up in bed with pain in his eyes and feeling helpless to his suffering, but it was something that just had to be endured. Isak was getting used to enduring.

“Here.” Even inhaled sharply before passing the joint over to Isak, before settling himself against the bed with his head in Isak’s lap. He smiled, pleased like a cat when Isak ran his fingers through his hair, tickling his scalp. Isak smiled down at him and his heart swelled.

Fy faen, he thought to himself. How can one person be so perfect? How can I be so in love? Fuck, I’m baked.

Even was staring up at nothing in particular, eyed blood red, giggling softly to himself. Isak took another hit before passing the joint back and smiled, shaking his head as he looked down at Even’s pretty grin. He was so used to the usual routine- Isak smoking half as much as Even yet somehow ending up twice as stoned, but this time, Even was the one who couldn’t keep his eyes open for more than few seconds at a time, still laughing to himself.

“What is so funny?” Isak asked, voice dragging on every syllable. Okay, so he wasn’t as high as Even, but he was still fucking baked and there was no question about it.

“You.” Even opened his eyes only to wince and shut them tightly again when the smoke stung against them. Isak laughed and took down the joint, hitting it once before reaching across to the nightstand to leave it burning in the ashtray. “You’re so pretty. My baby.” Even reached up clumsily, grabbing at Isak’s face.

“Shut up, you’re basically a model.” Isak wriggled out of Even’s grip when it felt like not one or two but three hands were rubbing against his skin. “Stupid tall giraffe handsome fucker. You’re so good looking it makes me angry. You draw too much attention.”

“Tell that to the amount of people I catch staring at your ass on a daily basis.” Even rolled his eyes, but the movement was so slow that it made Isak’s head swim.

“Whatever. You’re-”
“-hey Isak, I need to ask you something.” Even mumbled squirming so he could get more comfortable between Isak’s legs, turning over so his face was more or less buried in Isak’s crotch, clinging on to one of his legs. “Isak,” he groaned. “Will you marry me?”

Isak froze at first, but Even’s reaction time was far too slow to notice. Laughing nervously, he patted Even’s head. “Stop kidding around.”

“I’m serious.” Even whined, letting go of Isak’s leg to instead wrap his arms around his waist, pulling him close. “Marry me?”

“No,” Isak laughed, stroking Even’s hair again. “We’re too young to get married.”

Even pulled back so his face was no longer resting at Isak’s abdomen, rolling over so he was laid on his back. He looked up at Isak with a frown.

“But you said- we’re going to be together forever. Get married and have two kids and a dog and a cat and end world suffering, or whatever-”

“I did, and we will.” Isak leant back against the pillows bunched up behind his back, making more room for Even between his legs. “But right now? I don’t know- I’m eighteen, Even. It isn’t the fucking nineteen seventies. Eighteen year olds don’t just get married. Getting married is the last thing on my mind right now.” He laughed again, throwing an arm over his face as he settled into the bed, a comfortable buzz rushing through his body. He reached down to touch Even’s soft hair again, but was startled slightly when met with the back of his boyfriend’s head instead. Even had turned over, facing away from him.

“Okay. Fine.” He huffed. Isak sat back up, rolling his eyes.

“Don’t be like that-”

“I’m not being like anything.”

“Hey,” Isak huffed, reaching forwards sleepily to tug at the back of Even’s hair gently. “Look at me, Even.” And it took a little more prodding, but eventually, Even turned back around. He refused to meet Isak’s eyes, gaze fixed on the bedsheets below them. “I love you.” Isak said, splaying his hand over Even’s cheek and rubbing his thumb with his eyebrow. “I don’t know how many times and how many different ways I need to say it. Sorry if I’m a little too young to be thinking about putting a ring on my finger and having some big party to celebrate it. we can talk about marriage when we’re like thirty, like normal people. Ok?”

“Okay.” Even nodded, closing his eyes but leaning in to Isak’s touch. “I love you too. Can you pass the jay back?”

“Are you sure you wanna smoke more?”

Even cracked one eye open. “I can handle it. promise.”

“Okay, fine.” Isak sighed, reaching over to grab the joint and the lighter again, handing them to Even. He wanted to talk about the situation more, because somehow things didn’t quite feel resolved- but the deeper he sunk into the pillow the further he fell into his mind, and before he knew it he was more or less asleep, the smell of weed in the air.
Chapter Summary

"I think we should go on a break" Even says, and Isak's heart stops.

Tirsdag, 07:22

Their prolonged summer of love was well and truly over, Isak noticed as he sat out on their balcony for the first time in weeks, cuddling closer into his (Even’s) oversized Nike hoodie. He didn’t really have weather-appropriate pants on, just basketball shorts and it was fucking freezing. He hadn’t really been thinking of wrapping up in layers a few hours ago. He hadn’t really been thinking of anything.

Just a few hours ago, he was happily asleep, thinking about the English test he’d be faced with in the morning. Even was beside him but wasn’t close, laying aside at a fair distance with his hands rested over his chest. He’d been tossing and turning for hours, and despite the fact that he really wanted to do well on the test in the morning, Isak knew he wouldn’t be able to fall into a proper sleep without knowing whatever it was that was plaguing Even’s mind.

Now, sat out on the balcony with Even silent in the chair adjacent to his, cigarette limp between his fingers and eyes fixed out on the city around them, Isak almost wished he’d never asked.

Almost.

“What’s going on?” he yawned, rolling over to rest his chin on Even’s shoulder, peering up at him through the dark. Even just gave a non-committal hum in response, and Isak rolled his eyes, hoping it was too dark for Even to notice. “Ev. C’mon, I could be sleeping right now but I can’t with you tossing and turning and pouting. What’s wrong?”

After a few tense seconds, Even let out a long sigh.

“I think we should go on a break.” he whispered, and Isak’s heart stopped.
“Can I have one?” Isak asked a little meekly, nodding to the packet of cigarettes that laid between them. Since they’d migrated out to the balcony (Even first with an angry huff and afterwards, reluctantly, Isak with a fierce scowl to curl into the seat a metre or so away from his) he’d watched Even go through at least four. Even didn’t smoke tobacco often, knowing Isak didn’t really like it.

This was a special occasion.

“You don’t smoke.” Even looked at him through a narrowed gaze, sunlight making his eyes almost white, rather than pale blue.

Isak glared at him. “Can I have one or not?” he asked, and Even nodded, gesturing to the packet with a disapproving huff. Fucking hypocrite, Isak thought to himself, taking a cigarette out of the packet and tucking it between his lips before lighting it with the blood red zippo Even carried everywhere with him. He didn’t like the taste, instantly wanting to cough and choke it out, but he wouldn’t give Even the satisfaction. Isak hissed, forcing himself to inhale the smoke before exhaling it back into the wind. “Thank you.” He mumbled.

“I think we should go on a break.”

The words were still ringing in Isak’s mind, even hours later. How easily one brief sentence could flip their whole evening upside down. Isak had bolted up in bed the moment it slipped from Even’s lips, staring at him in the dark, trying to ascertain if he was joking or not.

“I was wrong.” Even said, after a few more minutes of tense silence. “I mean- well, I meant what I said Isak. It’s not… normal that we’ve jumped so deep into this relationship when you’re so… fucking young and you know. That part was all right and I stand by it.”

“Yeah?” Isak frowned, hoping the wobble in his voice wasn’t noticeable. He took another pull of the cigarette in hopes of steadying it. “You really meant all that?”

Even looked across and made eye contact with him before admitting his crime with a slow nod. “I really did,” he said. “But now… I don’t think breaking up will change that. The damage is already done.”

“There’s no fucking damage-”

“Truth is, Isak, I couldn’t let you go even if I tried.” Even flicked his smoked-out cigarette over the balcony uncaringly, and drew one leg up on the chair with him, resting his forehead against it. “We’re linked, and we always will be.”

“Linked.” Isak scoffed. “No shit. I’ve been trying to convince you of that for the last three hours but as usual, you’re too busy being down on yourself to listen to me-”

“I want to marry you Isak.” Even interrupted him, and this time, Isak did choke on the cigarette. He choked and he spluttered and Even didn’t even flinch, just stared at him as he caught his breath back and his eyes watered. “I’m serious.” He laughed, but he certainly didn’t sound happy. “I’d marry you tomorrow if I could but… it’s like you said the other day, Isak. We’re too young.” He hung forwards a little, resting his face against his knee and shaking his head. “We’re so fucking young but you’re already my forever and this is as good as I’m ever going to get. This is it for me- robbing you of a chance at anyone else.”
“God.” Isak yelled, far too loud for so early in the morning as the sun began to creep over the horizon and the city came back to life. “Even, I love you but sometimes you’re so fucking thick, you know that? I don’t want anyone else, okay?”

“But Isak-“

“No.” Isak cut him off. “I’m going to speak and you’re going to fucking listen instead of already deciding I’m too good for you and we’ll never be happy.” He snapped, so tired after the circles they’d yelled around each other for the last few hours and the larger, big-picture circle that their every argument in their relationship seemed to revolve around.

He inhaled on the cigarette again, thankful at the slight buzz the nicotine rush gave him. Even was staring.

“Look.” Isak squeezed his eyes shut and tilted his head back in the chair. “I can’t speak for Isak in ten years or ten months or even maybe ten fucking days but right now Even, in this minute, I can confidently say I would be happy to be with you forever.” He huffed, confused with how angry he felt whilst simultaneously lovesick, staring back at Even and marvelling in the way his skin sparkled in the sun and his hair glowed and his eyes shone in the sun. “If you’d have me.” he forced a laugh, and thankfully, for the first time in too long, Even smiled.

“Of course I would have you.”

“Good.” Isak’s cigarette was only half finished, but as he turned it over between his fingers, he decided that perhaps the taste was a little bit unsavoury for him. He much preferred when he could taste it on Even’s lips. Speaking of- it had been hours since they last kissed. Too many hours.

Isak didn’t give Even a chance to say anything else- just stood up from his chair and tucked himself into Even’s lap. Wordlessly, Even held onto his middle and adjusted in his seat so they could fit more or less comfortably together, before dropping a kiss on the side of his face.

“Please stop stressing so much over this, baby,” Isak whispered, running a finger down the side of Even’s face before leaning forwards and touching their foreheads together for a few short seconds. This time, as his voice wobbled, he didn’t dare try and hide it because he needed Even to know how much it was hurting him, watching the person he loved put himself through such turmoil for the sake of hypotheticals. “It’s breaking my fucking heart to see you get so worked up and fixated on this whole idea of marriage and forever. Can’t we just leave it for future Isak and future Even to deal with?”

Thankfully, Even looked back at him and smiled. It was a weak smile, and behind his eyes lurked pain, but it was a smile nonetheless. That meant Even was trying. All Isak ever wanted was for Even to try.

“Okay.” He nodded. “That’s chill.”

“That’s chill.” Isak repeated, before resting the side his head against Even’s and lacing their fingers together as he looked out over the balcony. “Look.” He said, pointing out towards the sky ahead of them with their linked hands. “The sun is rising.”

Even breathed slowly, leaning his head back against the chair and closed his eyes, letting the sunlight settle over his face.

“Yeah.” He said quietly. “It is.”
“Have a good day at work.” Isak’s voice was quiet as he reached up and touched Even’s face gently, before dropping a kiss on his lips. Even kissed back, but only barely. Isak didn’t let it worry him. They were both still fairly shaken from arguably the biggest bust up of their relationship, only a few days previous. Along with going back to school and work, they’d been taking the last few days pretty slow, just absorbing each other and re-learning how to work around each other without falling apart. Things still felt a little shaky. Isak wasn’t surprised.

“Bye, baby.” Even mumbled. He hadn’t been very talkative all morning, and Isak was starting to worry he’d slip and start feeling down again. That wasn’t good, so close to his last dip. If it continued, they’d have to have another difficult conversation, only this time about Even’s second least favourite topic and the second most likely to cause them to argue- meds.

“Bye.” Isak breathed, before leaning up and kissing Even again, as if he could force the reassurance in through skin-on-skin contact alone. “Love you.”


Isak stood still in the courtyard, watching Even walk away and doing his best not to feel like a part of him had been ripped out and dragged off with him. He stood there, watching for so long, he didn’t notice Magnus approach him from behind until heavy gloved hands came down on his shoulders and startled him so severely that he yelled.

“Magnus! What the fuck!?”

“Sorry, dude!” Magnus laughed. “I didn’t do it on purpose, I swear. Fuck, it’s like you were in a trance or something!” he laughed again, but when Isak didn’t join in, his expression faltered. “You okay?” he asked, chasing Isak’s gaze to figure out what it was he was staring at. Way in the distance, he must’ve spotted Even slugging off with his head down and his hood up, hands tucked into his pockets. “Is Even okay?” he asked.

“He’s fine.” Isak huffed. “We just… had a fight. It’s fine now. Things are just… kinda weird.”

“Oh.” Magnus wilted a little, frowning slightly. “God, and here I thought you guys were just… the perfect couple who didn’t argue and shit. You always seem to have your shit together.”

Isak did his best to smile, but it was clear to them both that his heart wasn’t in it. “Thanks Mags.”

“It’s cool. Still, the fight? Anything you wanna, like… talk about, or-”

“It’s done now. No point dragging it back up again.” Isak shook his head. “Thanks for asking though. The only thing I’m worried about is Even getting down again because of it when he was down only a little while ago… I really don’t want to re-hash the meds fight but I feel like it’s going to end up inevitable.”

“Well, you know what has to be done Isak.” Magnus shrugged, sounding surprisingly wise. “Sometimes you have to just bite the bullet and have that difficult conversation even if you know it might end badly. Plus, the more direct you are with Even, the less you’ll end up having to fight
“You’re right.” Isak sighed, rubbing his hands over his face before laughing. “Fucking hell, when did you become the expert in relationships? Are things with Vilde that fucking great?”

It was a lighthearted enough comment, but at the mention of Vilde’s name, Magnus froze slightly. The pink rushing to his cheeks was too sudden to be blamed on the cold, and he avoided eye contact, instead staring down at the ground.

“Mags?” Isak tried, a little softer. “Everything okay?”

“I… uh, I don’t know.” Magnus admitted, biting his lip nervously. “I feel like… I don’t know… me and Vilde. I don’t know if we’re really… like…

“Working.”

“Oh shit, seriously?” Isak spoke before his brain had a chance to operate with a filter, and silently kicked himself. Especially when he saw the dejected expression on Magnus’ face. “Fuck. That’s… that sucks.” He said, awkwardly. Magnus shrugged.

“Like I said, sometimes you just have to have the difficult conversation. I’m not saying, like, we’re definitely going to break up but… we need to talk about it.”

“Right, yeah.” Isak nodded. “I…uh… that sucks- yeah, like I said.” He stuttered slightly, kicking himself a second and a third time mentally just to reinforce what an idiot he was. “I mean, if you do wanna like… talk about it or anything. You can talk to me. I promise when we’re not fighting Even and I do sort of have our shit together and can give half-decent relationship advice.”

“Thanks Isak.” Magnus smiled, and it wasn’t the usual 200-watt-beam Magnus smile, but it was something. He seemed less tense at least, colour evening out on his face. “We should probably head in- look- there’s Jonas and Eva!” he pointed off in the distance where their other best friends were sauntering through the school gates hand in hand, and before Isak had the chance to say much else, he was rushing over to pull them both into a happy hello hug, leaving Isak in the middle of the courtyard, just watching him.
Mandag, 17:48 // Tell Him

Chapter Summary

something a little happier, to combat all the sad shit lol

Mandag, 17:48

Isak looked down at his phone and smiled to himself.

Sure, Jonas had written. You can tell him. I don’t mind.

It felt a little bit selfish, like he was hijacking Jonas’ chance to have a proper ‘coming-out’ announcement on his own turns. But then, he thought to himself, this is Jonas. Jonas didn’t give a fuck about coming out or dramatic announcements or parties with rainbow flags. Jonas didn’t really care about anything apart from weed, skateboarding and Eva. He had his priorities set, and stuck to them pretty religiously.

Isak could feel Even’s eyes watching him from across the room as he smiled. He was supposed to be fixing up the crummy excuse of a geography project his teacher had handed back to him with a disappointed half smile and a fat 3 written in red on the corner. Instead, he was looking at his phone and thinking about Jonas and smiling, like an idiot.

“What’s so funny?” Even asked, innocently enough. He was sitting on their bed, back to the corner of the wall, flicking through some of his art portfolio. It was months before he started film school, but always one to go seven and a half extra miles, Even was submitting some of his drawn and painted projects along with the short films he’d worked on over the last few years. He was talking about joining some kind of art program on the side, and the details had sounded long winded and complicated to Isak, but when Even had talked about it the smile on his face had grown bigger and fatter than Isak had seen it do in a long while. And that made him happy.

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“Nothing.” He shook his head. “I… I just. I gotta tell you something.” He leant back against his chair, tipping it so the back his the wall. Even put down his sketchbook and inched forwards until he was sitting on the edge of the bed, watching Isak with a curious smile.

“What is it?” he asked. “Something good I hope.”

“Yeah,” Isak nodded. “Really good.” He looked down at his phone again, clicking the lock button to see his lock-screen. If Even had his way, his face would be the one plastered over the front screen as well as blown up on the back of his phone-case, but Isak preferred keeping things a little more low key and saved his favourite picture of Even (he was mid laugh, laid back on the bed with Isak’s knees on either side of his trim waist, they’d just had sex, but you couldn’t tell that from the photo
unless you looked really hard and noticed the slight flush to his skin and the red mark on the side of his neck.) for his home-screen to stare at whenever he was playing around between apps. The lock-screen was still personal, but a little more PG- a picture of him, Jonas, Magnus and Mahdi, sitting around with their shirts off because back then, it was summer and actually somewhat warm for a Nordic country.

Isak looked at Jonas, golden and glowing and making a face at Magnus, who was showing off (as usual). Then he frowned slightly, looking at himself, following the way his gaze was fixed on Jonas.

“Isak?” Even asked. “What is it?”

Suddenly, Isak didn’t feel so excited anymore. He thought back to the fight that had kicked off between them after the whole staying-over-at-Jonas’ fiasco. They hadn’t fought about it since, but the idea still made Isak a little uneasy. Most of his argument on that particular day had been that Jonas was straight, and there was no chance in hell anything untoward would ever happen between them. The latter was still completely true- but now the formed had chanced, Isak worried if his argument would fall apart completely. They’d just gotten over a rough patch. He really wasn’t looking forwards to another one.

“I… uh…” he trailed off, putting his phone down against the table and shaking his head slightly. He was being fucking stupid. Even flying off the handle was hardly a common occurrence. It was very unlikely that they’d end up in a fight. Unlikely, but not impossible. “I talked to Jonas the other day.” He said, dragging his eyes back up from his phone to meet Even. “I… he told me something kinda… wild.”

“Wild?” Even asked with a teasing grin, raising an eyebrow. He had one leg crossed over the other, a hand gripping his own ankle, Isak’s hoodie coming up a little too short on his arms and hiding his tousled, un-styled hair. “Wild how?”

“Not- not wild.” Isak wrinkled his nose. “It’s nothing really- doesn’t change anything, like… you know what I mean. Just… he uh- he told me something I wasn’t expecting.”

“Told you what?” Even laughed. “He’s moving to Quebec? He’s related to the queen? Am I close?”

“Shut-up.” Isak barked a laugh. “He’s uh- he’s bi.”

“He’s bi?” Even frowned slightly. “Like… bisexual?”

Slowly, wordlessly, Isak nodded. He wasn’t sure how to approach the next section of their conversation. Even’s expression was mostly unreadable, he blinked a few times, as if his mind was still trying to process what it had heard.

“Yep.” Isak said, more to fill the silence than anything.

“Well…” Even crossed his legs, Indian-style, and drummed his long fingers against his knee. “That’s pretty surprising. Still, great for him! That’s nice that he could tell you that.” He smiled, and Isak narrowed his eyes, scanning his face like it was written in code. As far as he could tell, and he knew Even pretty well, the smile on his face was nothing but pleased and genuine. “How did that conversation go, I wonder?”

“It… uh- it was fine.” Isak laughed nervously, but happy to feel the comfort creeping back into their conversation in favour of tension. “Weird, obviously. Now I know how awkward he probably felt when I finally… tripped and fell out of the closet. Still, it was good! He’s obviously with Eva now
“so… not much changes but, he wanted me to tell you.”

“Isn’t it funny.” Even mused happily, looking relaxed and calm as ever. “No matter how long you go thinking you’re the only fucking gay in the village, over time it starts to become apparent that half the people you thought were straight really weren’t at all.”

“it’s true.” Isak huffed a laugh. “We seem to attract each other.”

“It’s actually kind of a phenomenon.” Even flopped back against the bed, hands tucked behind his head. After a second, Isak stood up and crawled on the bed to join him. Even started rambling about Queer people and how they tended to attract other Queer people as friends and peers without consciously noticing, but he tuned out to most of it. Even talked with passion and conviction and a lazy smile and just watching him, Isak felt his heart swell. He knew the last few weeks had been rough on Even. He also knew that there was always going to be more difficult conversations they’d have to have. He also knew that probably, for once in his fucking life, Magnus had been right with the advice he’d given.

“Are you even listening? Isak?”

Isak blinked once, tuning back in to the soothing sound of Even’s voice. He blushed and smiled a little, happy to see Even was still grinning when he shook his head.

“Sorry. I was…”

“…away with the fairies.” Even finished for him. “Fitting.” He joked.

“I wanted to talk to you about something.” Isak sighed, shifting on the bed so he could lay on his side and face Even properly. “Something serious and something you probably won’t want to hear and… I really don’t want to fight but… we should talk about it.”

Even’s smile fell slightly, due to the worry, and Isak hurt. He hurt, knowing he’d injected another straight shot of anxiety into Even’s chest when he really needed it the least. He also knew that this hurt was necessary. And that hurt the most.

“Let’s talk then,” Even said, quietly. “Go ahead.”

“I think…” Isak took in a slow breath, closing his eyes, but then forced himself to open them. He had to look at Even when he said this. They had to have a real conversation, not a tense, bitter squabble. Not again. “… After all the stuff that happened with the… marriage shit and all that. I think… maybe… you should go back to your full dose of medication instead of taking half. I know you don’t always like taking it and stuff but… after the way you slipped a little I think it might be for the best.”

After he spoke, the long silence that stretched between them was something Isak expected. Even absorbed everything he’d just said, and Isak held his breath, anticipating the explosion.

“I think you’re right.” Even said, and then, he smiled. “Kind of sucks but… probably for the best, for now. I’ll see how they make me feel after a few weeks and then if I start feeling all… disconnected again I’ll talk to Doctor Krane.”

“…Uh, right. Okay.” Isak nodded, a little shaky. Even laughed at him.

“What? you look like you’ve seen a ghost or something.” He teased. Isak just shook his head and smiled, looking up to the ceiling before meeting Even’s eyes again.
“I don’t know, just… it think I was expecting a fight. I’m glad it didn’t happen.”

“Me too.” Even grinned, and for once, everything just felt so relaxed and simple. “Wanna watch a movie?” he asked, and Isak nodded, and a few minutes later they were cuddled up in blankets and sweatpants because the heating in their building was fucking terrible and the bathroom window was constantly wedged open, blowing cool air through the whole apartment. Even had picked a movie Isak had never heard of on their giant TV, but surprisingly, Isak was enjoying it and was actually capable of following the plot. Even was stroking his side gently, chin tucked in on Isak’s shoulder.

Content. That would be the word Isak would use to describe their situation. They were content, and there was nothing quite like the feeling.

End Notes

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