Bård: Hot Blooded

I was anxious and that description didn't do justice to the intensity of the actual feeling. Suddenly, asking Kate and her brother to go to the bowling alley didn't seem as such a good idea, mostly because I feared how Fred would accept me. But, there was another issue. I didn't know why I kept trying despite the obvious rejection painted in that light shove she gave me when I tried to take things on a di erent level. I simply couldn't find it in me to stop, mostly upon remembering that moment in the cabin where I was convinced, albeit for a brief instant, she shared the same thoughts as I did. Being a stubborn person in a family with three children, where everyone had to fight for their share in a way, made me strong enough to never give up unless it is what I want. And, that was the last thing I wanted. I wasn't sure if it was because I thought if I didn't

use the chance I was given I would end up without another one. Or, because I didn't want another chance and wanted to take it with Catherine. Either way, I wasn't able to fight of my wishes no matter how hard I tried, so instead I stopped fighting them whatsoever.

Grabbing my phone and the car keys, I headed out. Though my nerves were edgy throughout the entire morning, it seemed as driving took my mind o things and allowed me to stabilize them. I was smiling at the road before me without even paying attention, but

I was pulled out of those thoughts when my phone rang. Glancing towards the passenger's seat briefly I took notice of the callers ID. I slowed down, scrambling to get my phone and without looking I accepted the call and put it on speaker. "Vegard, I am driving, so be quick," I said immediately, not waiting for

"Yeah, I just le home," I confirmed, taking a le turn towards Adela's house. "Why are you calling?" "I was thinking of inviting you over to lunch today, but if you have plans then maybe some other time." Parking the car a few houses down, I took the phone in my hand and

I tried appearing nonchalant about my brother's obvious

pressed it against my ear. I had to finish the conversation before I could pick Kate and Fred up. "I do have plans. Apologize to Mary on my behalf, but I am not available today."

Vegard to start talking.

astonishment. "Oh, you are out?"

obvious and strangely he appeared unfazed by my absence at lunch.

"So, what are you going to do today then?" Vegard asked, curiosity

"I am going to have fun, Vegard," I elaborated, twisting my voice as to emphasize every word, before using the same manner to add, "And, I am going to start now by not telling what I will be doing."

I could practically feel my brother's eye roll from the other side of the line, since the change in his breathing told me as much. "You are hilarious," he mumbled gru ly. "I am serious, Bård." "You changed your name?" I asked, wanting to avoid the topic Vegard

was going for. Countering my words, he didn't dignify the question with an answer. "You going out with Catherine?" "You slept with your prom date?" I proudly asked, remembering it

was the one question Vegard never provided me with an answer

relating his prom.

"Oh, you are going out with her," he triumphantly said, catching me o guard on the certainty in his words. "You always dodge my questions with that when I get your plans right." "No, I don't," I protested, aware of the weakness of it.

My gaze, to my utter lack of being a gentleman, tracked Kate's figure and betraying me, my mind took notice of how lovely she looked. Hating on myself and the string of words Vegard was spouting in my ear, though I didn't pay attention to them, I cursed under my breath.

"Yeah, you do," he began, but I ended up not hearing any word whatsoever, since I saw Catherine and Fred stepping out the house.

When I caught the fact my words were louder than intended I said, "No, not you Vegard. Listen, I have to go. I will call you later. Bye." With that I hung up the phone, not bothering to put it down on the seat and still keeping it in my hands as I exited the car, and waved at

Catherine. She waved back at me and alongside Fred they approached me. "I am sorry I am late. My brother was on the phone and I wanted to finish that up before we get going," I said instead of a greeting.

"You are only fashionably late and that can be forgiven," she replied, but her brother seemed to have an opinion of his own since the very moment she finished talking, he said, "No, he can't be forgiven. He

He seemed so proud at the end of that deliverance and so convinced of his matter-of-fact speech, and I couldn't stop the smile which crept at the corners of my lips. "He is right," I admitted, nodding towards Catherine, looking anything but guilty. She seemed to be mildly amused by the situation, so I rolled with it. Addressing Fred I said, "So, what do you

instantaneously I loved the kid's character more than I thought I

"Shall we?" I mumbled the question, motioning to my car and

"That'd be good," he said seriously, making me realize

made the first mistake in the book. Never be late."

say I redeem myself?"

looking expectantly at them both.

than I'd been in over a year.

how does pizza sound to you?"

in the gleam of his eyes.

would.

The day progressed with impeccable ease. Fred was having fun or at least he seemed to be, and Catherine was smiling more in an hour than what I'd seen in the entire year. So, for me that was a wining situation. The bowling alley was an advantage which developed into

a challenge, as Fred and Kate conspired against me and formed a team to compete for the higher score. Despite my expectations to at

least give them a fight, they defeated me hands down and with a very humiliating score, one I will always refrain from mentioning. Despite losing, it still felt as a victory to me. As we were walking out of the building, Kate and Fred were bickering about the type of food they wanted and since I as the defeated member of the party had no say in the choice, I remained a quiet

observer. As I walked towards my car, by their side, I realized I was happy. Right then and there. At that very moment, and much happier

My thoughts got cut short as my heard fluttered when Catherine looked at me almost apologetic for the decision, as she asked, "So,

"It's fine," I confirmed, and Fred grinned at his sister, triumph evident

Each took their original seat in the car and as I was driving towards

the closest pizza place I could think of, Kate and Fred remained mostly silent. Glancing at my phone, I did a calculation of the remaining time. Two hours were just enough to cover both lunch and drive to the airport. Having settled that, I focused on the driving until we parked at a dinner's parking place. Being at the place for the first time in years, I didn't like the lack of progress the place had, but Fred seemed ecstatic and since he was the one calling the shots, I had to retaliate. Surprisingly the order was more edible than I'd expected it to be. And, the company suited me. It

was perfect. It was also silent, and I decided to put a stop to that part.

"Fred, what did you think of Norway?" I began lamely, though if the

He glanced up at me, before looking back at Kate as though asking permission which she must have given in the stoic expression, because moments later he was responding, "It was nice. It isn't

He seemed to contemplate his next words for a moment before deciding to express them, "She misses home though. I can tell," he finished, his eyes glued on Kate. She spoke nothing, though I was fairly sure they were having a conversation through looks. Vegard and

boy didn't like it, he didn't bother to point it out.

home, but I get why Katie likes it so much."

the youngest member of the group.

Fred. It be stupid and heartless not to miss that."

I used to do it all the time, so I was sure they had a system developed as well. I didn't recognize the procedure behind it though, so I asked, "Do you?" It took Catherine a moment to realize I was addressing her, before she looked at me, frowning, and asked, "Hm?"

"Do you miss England?" I wondered, which earned me a smirk from

"Of course I do," she defensively mumbled. "Mum is there and so is

"That is dierent. Missing family is one thing. That is normal," I stated, earning another approving look from her brother. I liked the feeling it gave me, so I proceeded, "I meant the country. Do you miss that?"

Her expression changed into a contemplative. I exchanged a quick glance with Fred and we shared a smile, one which Catherine must had seen, since the next moment she was playfully exclaiming, "You two conspired against me, didn't you?" Before I could respond, Fred chirped, "We did no such thing!" "I am going to utilize my right to remain silent," she declared a moment later, returning to her meal with a smile on her face.

Winking at Fred I said, "Sorry, but that right has no application here."

"Not saying anything," she half-sang. "Besides, you two should shut up and finish the meal. We have to be at the airport in an hour."

We did just that, and a er a while we found ourselves at the airport. Upon Catherine's insistence, she was the one carrying her brother's luggage. She had an arm looped around his shoulders, as he was

"Okay, so I have this one class to take care of and I will be back home before you know it," she mumbled, which received her a thoughtful

leaning against her shoulder.

Yours is still on the clock. Got it?"

"Yeah, got it," he mumbled, hugging her.

asking, "When will that be?" Kate shook her head, a smile on her lips, one she tried to obscure. "When I know the exact date, you will be the first to find out. I give you my word on that," she paused to place a kiss on his forehead,

before squinting her eyes at him and adding, "Speaking of promises.

Raising his head from her shoulder, Fred looked directly at her,

They parted when a ringing of a phone echoed, and Catherine furrowed at the screen once she dug it out of her purse, and stepping aside, she gave her excuse, "Sorry, I have to take this." I couldn't overhear a word, aside the greeting she provided in the speaker, when my attention was gained back by an intentional

clearing of a throat. I whirled my head back towards Fred, who was now looking at me pointedly. I was instants away from asking the reason behind his serious face, and what is was he had on his mind,

when he began, "You hurt her, and I will kick your ass."

kid to notice, then what if Catherine knew as well.

me aneurism face. I am thirteen, not stupid, okay?"

saying is, you hurt her I hurt you."

record halting, on repeat.

own.

really good time."

tea for me?"

any trace of shyness.

with him can be."

tonight."

do?"

croaked out. "Or I will find someone to do it for me," he continued, though it seemed more of an a erthought than anything else. "I don't understand," I mumbled, wondering if I were as obvious for a

"My sister," he rolled his eyes at me, making me gape. Standing dumbstruck before the boy, I continued listening as he spoke on, "I know she likes you, and you sure as hell like her back. So, all I am

"Eh?" I, so eloquently, provided. I found I sounded like a broken

Fred cocked an eyebrow at me, completely staying in his character, whatever that one was. "Oh, don't play dumb on me. And, don't give

The line caught me so much by surprise, I didn't know whether to laugh at the seriousness with which he threatened me, to wonder what it was which compelled him to say that to me, or, "What?" I

"Right," I mumbled, my arms flailing by my sides, as my fingers fidgeted around the hem of my shirt. "Also, kiss her sooner than later," he muttered, his voice conveying nothing but teasing. My head shot up when I heard Catherine's voice, "Sorry about that. Mum was checking up." She smiled at me, and I relaxed, realizing she was oblivious to what

had just transpired. The atmosphere between me and Fred was not awkward per se, but weird was definitely a word which could

describe it. I didn't think it would be her brother who would open my eyes with relation to how unavoidable what I felt for Catherine was.

Despite her brother's departure, the small smile tugging at the corners of Kate's mouth as we let he airport told me she was happy and the weekend did her good. She flipped a strand of hair behind her ear, and I found myself looking away, as to hide a smile of my

focused on the road outside her window, whilst I was focused on the drive. I didn't notice I was heading home until I parked the car in the driveway, which had me freeze at the fact I didn't ask Kate if I should take her to Adela's. I slowly turned to look at her, only to find her resting her head on the

seat, her eyes on me and a smile shyly directed to me. It was but a whisper when she spoke, "Thanks for today. Fred loved it, and I had a

"It was my pleasure. Besides, I had a lovely time as well," I murmured my reply, and then without thinking, I proceeded, "I know I didn't really ask you and just drove, but would you like to come in?"

I nodded. Before I could get a word out, and ask if I should give her a ride, Catherine's words shocked me into silence, "You have a cup of

"I should head home," she replied languidly.

We got in the car, and Catherine was relaxed in her seat – her eyes

frantic beating of my heart. "I can dig something out, I am sure." We walked inside in silence – comforting and pleasant – and I headed in the kitchen to prepare the requested drink, a er dropping my jacket and keys on the armchair. When I returned back in the living room with the prepared tea, and a glass of water for myself, to find Catherine seated on the sofa – relaxed and strangely enough lacking

I placed the cup before her, and she cracked an eye open, closing it a er giving me an once-over. Placing the glass down, I sat beside her and despite my better judgment, turned around to look at her.

"Fred had kept me so busy, I feel like I will need a week to recover," she suddenly declared. "I've forgotten how exhausting keeping up

Humming, I smiled, "On the bright side, you have enough time to rest

Giving back as good as I got, "Are you going to find faults in them if I

"Fair enough," she sighed, throwing her head back and biting her lip,

I didn't know what exactly compelled me – making me forget all my doubts, questions and preventions – but suddenly I had my lips sealed against hers, and a twist of joy enveloped my chest. Catherine froze under my touch, her lips remained unmoving, and my chest

I pulled away quickly, and sat up at the edge of the sofa hastily, fixing my gaze on the carpet and ignoring the regret igniting my every cell,

"Are you gonna finish my assignments then?" she teased.

clenched again – from another reason this time around.

before she straightened up and looked at me.

Breathing in, I tried to calm my fluttering nerves, and ignore the

croaked out, "I'm sorry." My words were met with silence, and I could only dread the moment when those thoughts which ran through her mind would be spoken. Hanging my head, I let my chin at rest on my chest. A silent sigh formed on my lips, though I didn't allow any sound to escape me – it was the least I could do, not add fuel to the fire. I didn't need to make her feel guilty for my miscalculation. "Bård," she finally began, and I found nothing in her voice to suggest

what was about to follow. I couldn't bring myself to face her, and suddenly I heard my ex's voice, 'No one will love you until you find a

It felt all too familiar, the weight of the reminder all too real and I couldn't bring myself to sit through it. I owed Kate that much though,

"I am really sorry, Kate. I know, mph –" my words died away abruptly when her lips pressed against mine. Her right hand on my shoulder, her le cradling my face. Despite the promise to never admit to it, a whimper slipped past my lips, before I turned my entire body toward

She was setting the tempo – her lips on mine were demanding, thirsty and breathtaking. Her hand moved to grasp the lapel of my shirt tightly, her breath hitching when my hands settled on her hips.

Even though I didn't want to push her further, I slightly pressed towards her and found my mind reeling when her frame caved to lay down over the sofa. Caging her body underneath mine, I trailed kissed down her jaw, before ducking to leave a mark on her neck. As my lips sealed over her skin, she arched into me – her heavy breaths

She entangled her fingers in my hair, yanking backwards to pull me away from my diligent intention, and then met my lips halfway, drawing a moan from my lips. She seemed completely lost in the moment, and I allowed myself the same, sneaking my hands under her and settling them on her waist as I pulled her closer to satisfy my

I was su ocating on how perfect everything felt, from the kiss to each touch, so new and exhilarating, persistent in igniting my desire for her. And, I wanted. I wanted her just as much as I hoped she wanted

hers. Our kiss broke up with a pant, and we both paused for a moment, before we returned back to it with the same intensity -

way to behave as a gentleman on occasion.'

so I looked up and met her gaze.

clashing teeth and mingling breaths.

in my ear a reminder of my infliction.

own selfish need.

me.

My breathing stuttered when I felt her hands moving down my neck and over my back to settle over the waistband of my jeans. She hooked her fingers in the belt loops, and tugged my hips against hers as her legs parted to accommodate my weight. I groaned as our groins slid together, pressing further down, to rut against her. My vision was beginning to grow misty, my hands were shaking – and before I could reach past the point of no going back, I pulled away only enough to be able to lock our gazes together and asked, "Are you sure you want this?"

The thought I wouldn't be able to contain myself and stop if things escalated further remained unspoken, just resting on the tip of my

When her eyes landed on mine, I reeled back at the severe lust which I found in them. A small voice of doubt found a way to play with me though, as my mind provided, 'What if she stopped? What if she le now? Would I bare it?' The answers to the first two questions were something I couldn't provide, but the answer to the third – I knew. And, I knew something else – she was my world now, and it took me

"No, I am not sure," she provided, shaking me away from my

thoughts e ectively. Despite my attempts, my entire body tensed and sensing it, she smirked at me, "but I want it. God help me, I fucking

At those words I relaxed, not holding back the forming smile. It was definitely amusing to hear Kate curse, but my smile carried a more

I got up as I interlocked our fingers together and helped her o the couch, leading her up the stairs and in my bedroom. Once inside, I turned to face her. She was beautiful, and entirely unaware of it. She was slowly closing the distance between us, still holding onto my

tongue, while I waited for her response.

too long to realize it.

profound foundation.

thirsty for her lips.

to tease

on my flesh. "Du er vakker."

want it."

Her approaching form was tempting, her curves challenging and her eyes mesmerizing. Unable to wait any further, I pulled her against me quickly, which caused her to shy away and look down. Tilting her chin up, I whispered, "Never look down in front of anyone." I pressed my lips against hers, and her hands began roaming my back - tangling in my hair, scratching and grasping - making my knees

buck underneath me. I pressed her against the closed door, mostly seeking support for myself. My hand settled on her neck, and she gasped. Taking the opportunity, I delved inside her mouth, allowing

Gripping her thighs, I swi ly picked her up from the ground and began to continuously rut against her. I knew she could feel the bulge in my trousers, being as close as we were, but I didn't care. I wanted her to know just how much I longed for this moment. I wanted her to know what she did to me. How she managed to make my throat burn

"Fy faen, det er bare magisk!" I moaned in her mouth, as her hands tugged my shirt out of my trousers, and moved underneath to delve

My shirt was on the ground by the time I let her down and snuck mine under her shirt, finally moving to cup a feel. My sha was straining against the zip of my trousers, and it was painful, but I wanted this to be anything but rushed. I pulled her shirt over her head, and she raised her hands to help me through the process. Allowing the shirt to descend, I snared her wrists against the door, stopping her from burning me even more with her light, teasing touches. It was my turn

my tongue to explore as I ground my hips against hers.

enough torture for her, I gave her another kiss, this one strong and demanding, hungrily nipping and biting with the goal to take her breath away. Letting go of her wrists, I skated my fingers down her arms and under her armpits, down her sides reveling in the feeling of her sink under my fingertips.

Before I could register her move, she had me pinned against the door, taking over and sinking on her knee, as she unzipped my trousers. Pulling them down and making me step out of them, she began returning back up slowly tracing her hands along my legs and just shy of my member, before getting up again. I had no time to complain for the loss of her touch, before my attention was engaged otherwise.

I kissed her on the lips firmly, and just as she tried to deepen the kiss, I pulled away swi ly making her pant in displeasure. Realizing it was

her as I took o her trousers, kneeling before her and upon returning back up, I took an additional step forward and traced my lips between her legs, feeling her pulsing heat. She yanked me up, capturing my lips in a kiss as she wrapped her legs around me again. My hands moved behind her back and I unhooked her bra, removing it as I ducked and took one nipple in my lips, slowly sucking the sensitive bud in and rolling my tongue over it, before gently biting down. Her moan was raucous, and her voice hoarse, as she provided,

"Your turn to undress me," she murmured, and I didn't need more encouragement to comply. Grasping the zip, I yanked her towards me, before sliding it down and twisting the button open. I mimicked

With her legs wrapped around my waist, I shoved o the wall and headed for the bed. I put her down still grabbing a firm hold of her hips. Her eyes were dark, as I kneeled on the edge of the bed following her as she moved back. Her lips were a strong red, bitten and moist - her eyes centered on me. I pulled her panties o with a smirk and revealed her naked glory in front of my eyes. My own joined hers rather quickly. Finding ourselves entirely free, our bodies skin-tightened and our moans filling the

room, I doomed over her and murmured in her ear, "Kate."

"Fucking speed this up. I need more, and soon." Too coherent for my

liking, I planned on doing just that.

"Yeah?" she wondered, between gasps. Not leaving the heated gaze, I pressed my body on top of hers, I moved for a kiss but at the last moment only bit on her lower lip. "What?" she enquired again, not met with an answer the first time. Shi ing my hips to slide inside her, I broke the kiss to answer, "Nothing," realizing it was for the better those three little words

Our kiss broke when we reached the top. Her heavy breathing on my chest, mine on hers. Our mouths an inch away and our gazes locked, delving in the others. I pressed a chaste kiss on her mouth, leaving the kiss light enough, while both of us attempted to return our breathing back to normal. It was fire we felt, it was heat. And it was present everywhere - in her eyes, in my breath, in the touch of our bodies. It was there in all those moans, in all the sweat. It was there in all its glory.

And, I lovedevery second of it. Continue reading next part \Box

remained unsaid. I felt her nails scratching down my back, as I moved inside her, while our lips danced together.