Catherine: Fire of Unknown Origin I realized only now, I had missed publishing this chapter and went from Baard to Baard again, so I am rectifying an error! Please forgive me. So, there is a hole before the Bard: I love you, Goodbye chapter, which this chapter fills. I stretched under the covers, reveling in the warm brush of the duvet against my body, and sank in the mattress even more prepared to continue sleeping, when I heard my phone buzz. Cracking an eye open, I sneaked an arm from under the cover and reached out to grab it from the nightstand. Bård's name was the first thing I noted, and I opened the message, a smile already plastered on my lips. Your smile is the most beautiful one I've ever seen. Good morning. My heart skipped a beat, and if I took a bit too long to ogle the screen and reread the message a few times over, well, no one was there to witness it. Opening a response message, I hesitated for a moment, before typing out, That smile exists only when I am with you. My thumb hovered over the send button a few moments, as I debated whether it would be a good idea to send those words. Biting on my lower lip, I closed my eyes and pressed the button. When I opened them again, the message was already sent. I was just about to drop the phone back on the nightstand when it buzzed again. Chuckling, I opened the new message as well. I have an idea for a weekend expedition. You interested? I looked over to the desk, where my dissertation laid open and in a complete mess, requiring my time and dedication, but then I glanced at Bård's proposition, imaging his bright smile accompanying it. Weighing the options I had before me, I decided to make a combination of both what my degree required, and what my heart needed, and find a compromise. So, I sent, What did you have in mind? Not a few beats later, Bård's response buzzed. The Cabin. Perfect, typed out, already getting up and depositing the phone on the pillow, in order to pack up the document in a folder, as to be able to take it. I caught myself eagerly smiling, as I snatched the charger from the top drawer and shoved it in my purse. A mu led buzz from the bed, I dropped the bag over the desk and went to sit on the bed, only to grab the phone and read out the message. I will pick you up in 30 minutes. Plan to stay the night The grin on my face was something I could hardly conceal. I began humming a random melody as I grabbed the barest necessities from around the room to sort them in my purse. It was a happy coincidence that everything managed to fit just right – from my jammies, toothbrush, over to the dissertation. I washed up and freshened up, doing a double work in taking out the packed toothbrush and then shoving it back in my purse, but it didn't diminish my smile. I put on the first pair of jeans I pulled from the wardrobe and a purple sweatshirt to accompany it, and deemed myself ready to go. I turned around to make the bed, when someone knocked on my door. "Come in," I provided. Adela's voice chirped in, "Hey, I am glad you are awake. I have such a party planned for us today." The door closed behind her, and she sat at my desk, twirling on the chair to face me. I looked up from my task, and provided, "I'd love to, but I have something planned already?" "Studying?" Adela inquired, and I didn't need to look at her, to know she rolled her eyes disapprovingly at me. "No, uhm," I hesitated, "Bård asked me to go to the cabin with him for the weekend." Ignoring Adela's squeal, I simply proceeded. "I was about to come over and inform you. He said he'd be here in -" I paused, glancing at the clock, and ended the thought with a halfquestion, "five minutes?" As though right on cue, my phone began ringing, and I picked up the call quite hastily. "Hello?" "I'm here," Bård informed me, ever so briefly. Ignoring Adela mouthing nonsensities at me with a knowing look about her, I responded, "I will be there right away." I cut the call short, and shook my head at her, as I reached to pick up the bag. "I am sorry, Adela." I apologetically shrugged. "I promise you can pamper me next weekend as much as you want. It's just -" "Yes, yes, I know. Bård Ylvisåker comes calling and everything friendship stands for is lost." Adela's hands flew up, conveying an annoyance her face was not portraying. "It's not like that. He was the one who asked first." Adela smirked mischievously, a glint in her eyes as she stared at me. "I'm only teasing you." "That's unfair, and might make me revoke the o er to go out next weekend." "No take backs. Besides you owe me. If it weren't for me, you and that constipated ass would still be dancing around each other lamely." "Yeah," I murmured, pointing a finger at her, "thanks for that, but I have to go." "Have a great time," she said suggestively, winking at me. "Thank you," I responded, considering it the briefest answer I could give which would not evoke her to wiggle her eyebrows at me pointedly. Halfway through the door, I remembered to add, "Excuse me with your parents please." "Text me," she called out a er me. "I want details." I would have responded snarkily with a "Sure you do.", but I wanted to see Bård as quickly as possible, and knowing myself and Adela, if we ever entered a competition of wits, it would take a century for us to give up on it. Instead, I ran down the stairs as quietly as I could manage, and put on my sneakers, before heading out the door. Bard was, indeed, waiting for me by the car. I smiled at him, tucking a strand of hair behind my ear, as I descended down the stairs. He was waiting on the passenger's side of the car, and I sco ed at his constant wish to open doors for me, and spoil me senseless. As I neared him, I greeted him, "Hei." I leaned in to kiss the smug smile o his face, and he floated closer, his hand laying delicately over my waist, pulling me against him. I broke the kiss, only to tease, "If you keep doing this, we won't make it to the cabin." "Is there something wrong with me wanting to kiss my girlfriend?" "No, but there is something genuinely wrong with you if you want to maul me in front of a whole neighborhood of people," I daintily responded, allowing myself some flirtatiousness only to catch Bård o guard. His expression was everything I had aimed for – jaw slack in an adorable way, his eyes widened humoredly, and I couldn't help but smile in triumph, allowing the happiness for my success to show. "When we get to the cabin, you will pay for that," he informed me, though I could hear the joke in his voice. Still, I decided to tease. Leaning over him to reach for the door handle, I opened my side, and slipping into the seat, I cast Bård a gaze over my shoulder, eyeing him as innocently and seriously as I could manage, when stating, "Are you going to take me over your knee, Professo?" Bård's breath faltered, before I heard him cough against nothing, but I simply slammed the door shut and directed my gaze before me, mentally congratulating myself on out-teasing the tease. I casted a glance in the rearview mirror, only to catch a picture of Bård running the back of his hand over his eyes. I simply assumed it was because they'd watered, so I chuckled to myself. When he sat on the driver's seat, his entire face was red, and my smirk grew even wider, hiding my expression behind my hair. The benefits of a long hair, indeed. Bård's silence, as unusual as intriguing, was something I could have teased him about for a good portion of our journey. I just didn't have it in me to go about the incident the harsh way, so instead I provided, "Fine," he responded, too shyly to actually complement in true colors his own open demeanor.

And, then, just to add zest to the conversation, "Are you sure? You do seem a little crimson." "And, it is all your doing," he responded, casting a brief sideways gaze. "And, you fueled it perfectly," I retorted, giving a one-shoulder shrug. Humming his approval, Bård remained silent otherwise, and in consequence I provided no other topic for conversing. The ride to the cabin passed mostly in silence, Bård focusing on the driving and I scanning everything along our road. I loved the way I could be silent with Bård, and not feel awkward about it. I enjoyed the way how we could relax in each other's company, how he made me feel safe and how I could be myself without second thoughts and take backs with him. The thoughts of Bård being someone I could trust along with the landscape we passed along, lulled me to sleep undetected. I woke up when Bård made a swi turn to park the car. I snapped up from the dream, rolling my shoulders to ease the tension gathered there. Bård smiled gently at me, and it felt so intimate and domestic, so much so it made my heart skip a beat. I responded to the smile in kind, bringing the back of my hand to my lips to cover the yawn which built to the point of an inability to avoid it. Bård was out of the car before I could process him getting out, and I took notice of it only when he was opening the door for me. Unbuckling my belt, I stepped out of the car, throwing my purse over my shoulder, and straightening my clothes, as Bård took it upon him to lock the car and pick up his own luggage. The fact his backpack was at least three times the size of my purse was, had me wonder how unaware I actually was about the length of his weekend adventure. He seemed to notice my being ba led once he finished his task and we began our walk towards the cabin, most likely from my fixation on his luggage, and provided, "Most of it is food. We have to replace what we used up last time, and besides I am not interested in eating only pasta for the rest of the weekend." "Fair enough." I nodded my agreement. Bård continued his explanation, "I am only free till Monday a ernoon, so if it suits you I was planning for us to head back Monday "Works fine," I stated, shu ling closer to him, so I could take Bård's

hand in mine, and I pressed against his side for the comfort of knowing his presence. He welcomed my touch, and in response leaned against me, saying, "I am so glad you agreed to this."

"You should be happy you managed to reserve my time before Adela did, or you asking would have been a fruitless e ort," I explained.

"Well, it is the connection we share," he elaborated jokingly. "You

Shaking my head, I squeezed his hand once in recognition. "You and

"I am not sure if you are denying that philosophy's existence or my

Responding with a chuckle, I changed the topic, "What do you have

"I needed some information regarding an article I am writing," he informed me, matter-of-factly. "So, I set up an appointment with an older colleague. I can't miss it, since he is pretty busy. I was lucky to

Gasping in mock o ence, he shared, "It's no such thing."

Chuckling, Bård stated, "Well, the latter. Obviously."

your clairvoyantly psychic babble again."

knew I'd ask."

perception of it."

on Monday?"

get a chance to talk to him." "Uh, that's nice," I retorted. "What are you writing about?" "Kate, I'd love to share all about my upcoming article," he stated, and I could sense the hesitance in his voice, "but this is the first break I've gotten in a while –" and he paused there, clearly unsure of how to continue. In order to ease his hesitation, I provided, "And, you don't want to spend it talking about work." "Yeah," he whispered, casting a glance at me, his eyes showing the guilt he clearly felt in dodging the question. "You mind?" Craning my neck, I pecked his cheek, reassuring him, "Not at all." "Thanks," he murmured, a shy smile dancing on his lips. Pressing my weight against my boyfriend further, I smiled to myself, knowing he wouldn't be able to see it. "Anytime." We reached the cabin, a er a quiet walk – listening only to the sound of the life around us, whispering in the dance of the trees, and ringing in the birds' song – both with beaming smiles on our faces. My smile evaporated when a squeal le my lips, as Bård spun me around the moment we stepped inside the cabin, to press me against the door, dropping his bag in the process and reaching for my shoulder to push mine down as well. I smirked against his skin, as he skated his lips down my neck, tantalizingly trying to accomplish marking my neck with an undisguisable hickey. I hu ed a breath when his teeth grazed over my pulse point, and tangled my fingers in his hair, delving in his neck and scraping my nails provokingly against his skin. I felt his hiss before hearing it, and slowly pushed at his shoulders, not to make him step away but in fact with the intention to force him to move towards the leaving room. He seemed to catch up with the memo, as he moved backwards to the very location I had in mind, his hands gripping tightly against my waist, flat and insistent in their pull. When I felt his back come upon the door, his le hand le my waist to blindly reach for the handle, and only then I pulled at his hair to raise his head, so I could seal my lips against his demandingly. Only then, I felt the door give weight under Bård, and we stumbled in the room, giggling in the kiss. Instead of the cold air I'd expected to greet us, we were greeted with a warm room and a confused grunt accompanied with a quiet hawk.

Bård's lips le mine momentarily, and both of our heads snapped in the direction of the interrupting sound. We were greeted with the sight of Vegard and, what I could at the time presume was Mary, the man standing with his hands on his hips and a raised eyebrow with his gaze clearly focused on his brother, and Mary with an amused

"So, this is the Ylvisåker tradition, it would seem," she provided first, breaking the tension which had settled in the room, providing a clearance for me to step out of Bård's embrace, allowing his hands to fall by his sides. Self-consciously my hands snapped to the lapels of my vest, and my eyes twitched between the two people staring at us,

"Bård," Vegard responded, looking away from his brother to rest his

I knew just how flushed my cheeks were in consequence of the fiasco

gaze on mine. "Catherine, it's a pleasure to see you again."

of our entrance, but Vegard being so relaxed regarding said occurrence stirred another wave of heat wash over my face, and I

Not wanting to come o as rude because of my embarrassment, I

barely managed to respond with a hoarse, "Same."

"I'm alright," he provided with a curt nod.

added, "How are you?"

smile on her face and her gaze flickering between us both.

when I heard Bård stutter, "Vegard, Mary."

It was only then, Bård spoke, seemingly recuperated from the shock, "What are you guys doing here?" I intertwined my fingers, my fingertips working the back of my palms, as I tried to will my blush down. "I presume, the same as you," Vegard provided saucily, and I felt Bård tensing next to me, so I untangled my fingers and reached to clasp his hand, glad he took it greedily. "Is anyone going to introduce us?" Mary queried, easing the situation once again, and I jumped at the o ered opportunity, running my fingertips over Bård's palm in encouragement to do just that. "Kate, this is Mary," he stated, gesturing with his free hand to the woman standing next to Vegard, and then proceeded, "And, Mary this is Catherine." "Pleasure to meet you, Kate" she provided, stepping closer and extending her arm for me to shake. Taking the o ered hand, I responded. "Pleasure is mine." I had expected almost anything, except for an arm curling around my shoulders, and pulling me inside the room. I threw a glance over my shoulder at Bård, as our hands dri ed apart, only to find him smiling at me encouragingly. I didn't have time to ponder over anything, as Mary began a conversation, "They are being their creepy usual selves, and we ladies need to step away, before they make things even worse. Now, Jane told me you were beautiful, but she failed to explain just how much." I felt my cheeks heating again, as Mary urged me to sit down and I looked over to Bård, to find Vegard pulling him out of the room, hushing out, "Are you out of your mind?" A lump formed in my throat at those words, and I my eyes snapped back to Mary, hoping she didn't see me catch those words. I didn't need the reassurance from her, so I was glad to find her pouring me a drink, her back turned to mine. "So, how much convincing did it take Bård to drag you here?" she wondered, a small smile on her lips, as she handed me the glass. I took it with a murmured, "Thanks," before answering her question, "Not all that much, actually." "Uh, that is dierent," she provided, surprise obvious in her voice, "I remember it took Vegard about three months of constant convincing before I consented." I found myself smiling despite my mind being focused on what was happening outside the room at the moment. I knew Bård liked me, but enough to go against Vegard once again was something I'd never expect, and was certain Vegard did indeed seem to disprove of me. I sighed as undetectably as I could manage, focusing my attention on Mary, and deciding I could think Vegard's opinion over when alone. "What made you agree to come here the first time?" I inquired. She chuckled, and then, "Vegard promised he'd stop asking if I came over for a weekend and then said I didn't like to visit ever again." "And then?" I prompted.

"I loved it here, and it became our getaway place," she paused, contemplating before adding, "and when the city became too much we knew where to escape. It's easy and close enough in case of an

I nodded in understanding, because even though I had been here just once before, I already loved the place. Curling a strand of my hair behind my ear, I lowered my voice conspiratorially, "I think Bård had the same thing in mind when he asked me to come here for the weekend." Raising an eyebrow, I added, "I think he might have missed out on the memo you were going to be here, and thus we

Mary simply chuckled. "If you'd come over no more than five minutes later, believe me," she stressed the last couple of words, "it would

And, then we laughed, honestly and freely, shaking our heads at the bizarre ridiculousness of the moment. I sighed once my laughter subdued, happy to find that Mary had managed to make me relax

As though on queue with my thoughts, the gentlemen stepped inside

Bård had an easy and happy smile on his face, and I smiled in response, ignoring the unsettling feeling buzzing under my skin for

unperceptively as I could manage, "Is everything alright?"

I smiled at Bård as he made his way to me, and he sank by my side, engulfing me in a hug and pressing a chaste kiss to my temple.

Wanting to make sure Bård was alright, I inquired, as unsuspiciously,

Before Bård could answer, however, Vegard spoke, "What do you

His eyes were fixed on me, and I snuggled against Bård, biting on my lower lip so that to keep tears from spilling down my cheeks. Allowing one shaky breath to leave my lips, I tried to obscure it as much as possible. I twined my fingers amongst Bård's, just as he answered,

Humming an agreement, Vegard bent over the table and filled a glass of wine. I was analyzing Vegard's movements in attempt to catch anything to ease my mind, when I felt Bård's breath tickle my ear,

"Alright," I murmured back, as Vegard stepped closer and slotted next to Mary, a er handing Bård his glass. His eyes then landed on mine

I felt the tightness in my throat grow, and I lowered my gaze down to my drink, watching the red color cast shadows over my fingers. Bård's fingers curled at my le side, resting his right hand over my

emergency, but remote enough for a peaceful weekend.

found ourselves in a rather unorthodox position."

and forget Vegard's words for a brief moment.

the room again and I felt my heart clench again.

have been much worse."

his sake.

want to drink, Bård?"

"Whatever you are having is fine."

"Yeah, Vegard's being nonsensical."

again, his gaze cast over Mary's shoulder.

stomach lightly. I downed another gulp of the beverage, before relaxing against him and resting my head over his clavicle. Strangely, I managed to relax more than I had hoped for, somehow being able to breathe despite the other couple next to us. Until, that is, Mary spiked a conversation once again, "So, how was it you two met?" I felt Bård tense for a moment, his fingers digging slightly stronger in my skin, and I cleared my throat, before asking him, "Do you want to tell this, or should I?" "I kind of wish we didn't have to tell it," he provided, and once I looked at him, I saw the hopeful gaze he had fixed on Mary. Mary's smile was downright feral. "I am not letting it go." Vegard's support came in the form of, "And, neither am I, but unlike my wife," he paused, slotting his arm around Mary's shoulders, right under her chin, before proceeding, "I know how to make you talk, like "Fine," Bård snapped, though it was obvious there was no actual heat behind his words. Mary was carefully looking at us, a small smile dancing on her lips, and I found myself smiling back. "If you ever use this against me, I am telling mum and dad about the escapade with the red paint and the birthday cake," Bård provided, his voice hiding all the mischief I knew him capable of displaying. I could feel my eyebrows furrowing at the combination of objects which he presented, quite curious as to how exactly was that a possible compilation, and what had that in fact resulted with. Vegard's eyebrows cocked, and he smirked, "I don't think you are in any position to threaten me, Bård. How about me sharing what happened with our parents' bedroom when they allowed you to throw a party at home on your eighteenth birthday?" My hesitance and discomfort dissipated, impelled by the conversation, before I could rethink it, I fixed Bård with a gaze and inquired, "What did you do to your parents' bedroom?" "I am not sharing that," he grunted, sending daggers at his brother, but Vegard only rolled his eyes and hu ed a breath, before addressing me, "If he doesn't, I will eventually." I smiled at him, unsure how to read into his behavior towards me. I could understand him trying to protect his brother, and that as older he saw it as his duty to safeguard Bård, but I flattered myself I deserved a little benefit of the doubt, and I also considered Bård deserved a little bit of faith in being able to choose what's right for him. It just felt complicated, pretty much as it was. "Anyhow, your story?" Mary insisted once again, snapping me out of my thoughts. "We met on the night of Kate's arrival in Norway," Bård began the story, his lips hovering over my shoulder, allowing me to feel the ghost of his breath over my skin. Goosebumps rose over my arms, and I tugged at my sleeves to cover the evidence completely. "She was kind of lost." "And, he was kind of drunk," I sarcastically countered, earning a pinch from Bård, and extorting a laugh from Vegard and Mary. They seemed greatly amused, despite Bård's displeasure. "No, I wasn't," he protested weakly. "Really?" I skeptically inquired. "If I recall correctly, there is a certain street lamp standing slightly curved towards the street because it had to support your weight." "And, now you are just calling me fat," he noted grumpily. Both I and Vegard simultaneously retorted, "You are getting chubby." Laughter erupted in the room, and it only stopped when Bård continued, "Anyhow, she was kind of lost, and I helped her find her way, despite her initial skepticism." "I was convinced he was going to take me to a completely di erent part of the city," I explained, shrugging. "But, to his credit, he did know where he was going - drunk or not. Except maybe for the moment when he ran into me." "Oh," Mary enthusiastically chirped, as her husband snorted. He was smiling though, so I relaxed even more. "Yeah," Bård confirmed. "That was as much your fault as it was mine. But, damn! It did hurt." I shi ed, so I could look at him properly, and raising an eyebrow, I stated, "Well I don't know about you, but I had a bloody hand with a cut through my entire palm. I have the scar to prove it," I finished, extending my palm out on the open, for Bård to see. Mary rose from her seat halfway, her fingers pulling mine down, so she could see it as well. Vegard was also looking at my hand, but didn't rise to inspect it further, so once Mary let go of my hand, I wiggled my fingers in front of Bård's face. He grabbed my wrist, and placed a kiss on my palm, once and then again, and my heart skipped a beat at every graze of his lips over the light scar. As he let my hand go, I rose it a little more and slotted it against his cheek, scraping with my nails against his jaw gently. He turned his face towards me, and before I could protest, his lips met

mine in a kiss which drowned my squeak of surprise.

He inquired, "Where are Matthew and Jane?"

mischievously. "The idea was some free time."

seeming upset, "so drop it, please"

"We shipped them with Bjarte," Vegard retorted, smirking

"I already apologized for that Vegard," Bård muttered, suddenly

Raising both his hands, in what seemed defeat, he said, "Alright, dropping it." There was a suspicious glint in his eyes, which to me said, Bård would have to deal with this a ermath again sometime

At that Mary jumped from her seat, parting from Vegard, and addressing me, "Kate, would you like for us to get dinner ready?"

Pecking Bård on the cheek, I got up and followed Mary to the kitchen. We got to work, silently organizing the dishes, and getting everything

seemed unperturbed.

"Bård, stop it," I murmured in the kiss, shying away from Bård when our lips parted, and I covered the blush rising high in my cheeks, by letting a strand of hair to brush down my face and cover it. Bård

ready. I let her take lead, mostly because she knew better as to what the brothers' preferences were. Digging out everything we could manage from every nook in the kitchen, we set on a meal each, and strangely, managed to work without tripping each other and getting in the other's way. It was at the very least, comfortable. Somewhere along the preparation of the meal, Mary murmured an excuse to withdraw, and I assured her she could take her time. It was my assumption she intended to call her kids and check on them, if Bård's descriptions of her insistent calling were anything to go by. Shaking the thoughts away, I smiled to myself, and began humming an improvised melody, changing the rhythm with every sway of my hips. I stirred the sauce on the cooker, twirling around to dig out dishes to set the table, only to freeze on my spot at the sight of Vegard leaning on the doorway of the room. "Hey," I weakly acknowledged his presence. "I am sorry if I startled you," he responded. "I want to talk to you about something." Nodding, I scratched at the back of my neck, inquiring, "Yeah?" "I think I owe you an apology," Vegard informed me, matter-of-factly, startling me with his admission. I wasn't sure that was entirely fair to either. I said nothing of the sort, simply, "How come?" "I might have doubted your a ections for Bård without having any reason to," he replied, his lips twitching in an attempt to become a smile, failing completely. "You don't have to apologize for anything." "No, hear me out," he cut me short, and my mouth snapped shut. He took the opportunity to proceed, "I've seen Bård around girls since he started dating, and he was always the kind of guy to fall for someone so quickly and trust so blindly, a picture of ingeniousness, if you ask me. And, it has been worse since we began to work in the showbiz," Vegard trailed o for a moment, making me think he would stop his narrative there, but then he continued, "And, I thought that you -" and at that point he cut himself o. I cut the silence short, filling up for his words, "And, you thought I was the same." The guilt on his face was obvious, and I felt myself forgiving him for everything he'd ever said or thought with regard to my intentions towards Bård. He proceeded, "I did think that or had my doubts at least. Not with the intensity you might imagine, but at a certain point somewhat. It didn't seem to me just now as though you are like that, which is simply adding to the impression I had when I first met you." He chuckled weakly, and added, "I just want to say this, if you are not serious about Bård, make sure to end it before either one of you gets more immersed in the relationship. This isn't me ordering you to do so, this is me fending for my younger brother." "Rest assured Vegard," I provided immediately, "I am certain about Bård. I don't know how it will end, but I look forward to finding out." "Good," he said, nodding. "I also owe you a thanks. For convincing Bård to talk to me about Maya, and about what was le unsaid." "It seemed only right," I spoke, those words being the only thing I could master. "besides, I didn't do much." Breathing in and out, I was caught completely o guard by Vegard's next words. "You got me my brother back, and I am glad he has you." I could feel tears welling up in my eyes, but I managed to hold on to them, barely. "Thank you, Vegard." "I will leave you to it," he stated, gesturing to the food simmering on the cooker. "Yeah," I whispered, following Vegard's departure with my gaze, and then returned to the task at hand. The smile which blossomed on my face was unavoidable, Vegard's words easing a burden I wasn't aware of carrying up until that moment. It felt as though the tension bleeding in my veins had eased, and when Mary returned to the kitchen, our silent work proceeded. The dinner was soon ready, and when Mary and I headed to the living room with the intention to set the table, both hands occupied with plates, we found the brothers whispering about. Both their heads snapped up at our entrance, and strangely enough I didn't mind. Not much could dishevel my recently gained easiness.

We passed the dinner making small talk, and a er clearing the table, levitated back to the sofa. I was slowly easing into sleep, my head rested over Bård's shoulder, as he and Vegard proceeded with their

I yawned against my palm, my eyelids fluttering closed and I snuggled against Bård's chest, firmly intending to fall asleep right

Mary's chuckle made me open my eyes just as she got up from her seat, grabbing Vegard's hands and pulling him with her, explaining, "If we let them, they will spend the whole night bickering and throwing jokes at one another. So, I am going to grab my man and drag him in our bedroom, and you grab yours and we can call it a night," she finished, winking in my direction with a beaming smile. "I

It seemed, even though unplanned, this weekend would turn out just

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attempts to outsmart the other.

will see you in the morning."

there.

fine.