

Knut Ljungfelt

A mellow lit high end Swedish restaurant interior, February, lunchtime.

Where the fuck is Beatrice?, Knut thought, starring at his Bovet Fleurier 46 watch through half closed eyes as he uncomfortably sat waiting at a corner table in restaurant KB downing a vodka tonic.

Waiter, another, he called out to no one in particular.

Beatrice walked in. White blouse underneath this season's black denim Balmain jacket and tight ivory leather skirt. Her hair was extremely blonde, her eyes bright blue, framed by heavy dark eyeliner, she gave an aura of undeniable sensual confidence.

She was amused when she glanced at her waiting cavalier with his intensely arduous face.

You where supposed to be here 10 minutes ago!

My aerobics class with Daniel at the F&F went a little over. I always finish.

You're never ever at the gym, if you went there it was to fuck your personal trainer

Don't be jealous.

A bald waiter in all black appeared next to the table

Today's lunch specials are a wild goose salad with caramelised cranberries, lemongrass and bourbon reduction, a Norwegian wild salmon steamed on a bed of seaweed with a gold extract and chilli salt, a reindeer fillet with virgin asparagus and honey powder, or a....

Give us whatever is already on the plates over there I don't care, and a Dom Perignon 1996 - in half a shake!

Someone could use some tranquilisers to bring down his coke hangover from last night...

Shut up! I need to be at Riddarhuset in 45 minutes, then I have an appointment with John from AFGX, and a conference call with LA and Hong Kong at the office, your unpunctuality doesn't make things easier. And by the way why are you dressed like that?

Like what?

Slutty

I dressed as if I was going for lunch with you.

He blinked like a notorious epileptic as he was looking from the stucco ornaments in the ceiling to his beeping iPhone 5SX and typing something cryptic, then back at his Bovet Fleurier 46 and breathed heavily. In one motion, as the waiter came up from behind, he grabbed the Dom Perignon out of the shiny ice bucket and poured it's content to the brim of their red wine glasses at a 90 degree angle making the liquid flow out over the edges to create a Jacuzzi of French sparkles on the white tablecloth. The bald waiter came in, this time carrying something looking like electrified chicken legs in pink dressing - *the wild goose salad sir*.

For a moment they silently starred at the fluorescent cadaver, then, obviously in an attempt to address Knut with something important Beatrice took on a face like the secretary opening a meeting at the chamber of commerce.

Your family expects us to announce our engagement before long, and I hope that for it to happen we can gather everyone in your family to persuade them to happily accept my transition into the clan.

No no no no he let out to the whole restaurant, not managing to meet her look as all his bodily capacity was consumed by trying to control a spasmodic reaction. Two seconds later a black Volvo limousine V90S appeared outside the window, he grabbed his iPhone 5SX and stood up

I cannot discuss this right now - I've got business to pursue! My team is operating like marines! We sail and we hunt. We can take anything.

Knut threw six 500 kronor bills into the Champagne Jacuzzi, gave out a loud unrecognisable muttering sound towards Beatrice, already in full motion he forgot his Samsøe and Samsøe coat on the hanger and just as the bald waiter started to open the entrance door, he ran through it and jumped into the car.

