Red

by griffinblackwood

Summary

K was just another teen before he got the letter which changed his life forever. Soon he found himself dropped head first into the shark infested waters of the Upper East Side, only to learn that his past is not as dead as it should be. He never planned on making friends, let alone falling in love. Why is Chuck protecting him?

Is K looking for an in to the Upper East Side or was it love at first sight with his Prince Charming? And wait he was spotted kissing socialites on both coasts? Color us confused as this tale is not adding up like one of Nate's excuses for not having his homework.

Someone is pulling all the puppet strings but the question is who? K is far from the sweet and innocent preppy kid he appears to be. Strip away the wayfarer sunglasses and boat shoes and you still get who he portrays himself to be, but there is something deeper and darker hiding beneath his polished exterior.

The question is whether the gang will realize it in time or will the Upper East Side be seeing Red?

Starts before the pilot and based on the show, but uses some elements of the books. Uses some elements of Revenge and Chuck loosely, VERY loosely. SLASH
Chapter Summary

And so the story begins... The Tale of K begins now

Disclaimer: I don’t own any of the Gossip Girl Universe outside of any original characters, concepts, or locations not seen in the actual books or TV show. This is a work of fiction. I don't profit from this in any form. This is my first attempt at a Gossip Girl fic so please bear with me. This will be a slash fic that was inspired by several of my other favorite shows, including Revenge. If you don't like slash you have been warned.

Our story begins when things changed all one summer day... it started out like any of the others. As a creature of habit he had gone through his daily routine before being presented with the mail. That was when everything became more complicated. The proverbial can of worms had now been opened and he had a difficult decision before him. In the end he took the first of many big risks to come and had been temporarily been rewarded with a bright future, but the good times would not last as there is no such thing as a free lunch, or in this case: a free ticket to living with the elite on the Upper East Side.

He would never be the same, though its difficult to say whether he held all the strings or if he allowed himself to be changed for what one could argue was for the better or for worse. Where there once was a silly boy that dreamed of being a hero, now stood a reluctant teen who had been burned a few times too many. At one time, before bed each night, he would listen to tales of brave cowboys and noble knights. Lately he just prayed for it all to end between pages of his required reading...

On the outside he was picture perfect, but there was so much more that lurked beneath the surface of his handsome physique. The grass is not always greener on the other side after all. Like many of his soon to be peers, he held two distinct personas. And unfortunately for our hero, Gossip Girl was just one of the many individuals gunning for him.

He was about to do what was expected of him, not that really meant much, until he got a text... a text that changed his life forever. And with it, he went from a nobody with no past, to a friend, a target, a lover. He broke hearts and had his heart broken. Said teen was headed to the city that never sleeps to learn of what had happened. He had yet to learn of what happened THAT day and it still haunted him to the core. No matter what people say, there is always someone in your life. Someone who has brought you into the world whether they wanted to or not.

Unfortunately he never got that chance. There are things I am sure you would love to learn about him. But now is not time for dramatics. He may have done a lot of things that he would later regret, but every action has a price. Knowledge is power and no piece of information comes free.

Revenge? No that would be too easy and horribly cliché.

No instead he just wanted to find his place in the world… THEIR world...
...And maybe he really wanted to have some fun shaking up THEIR’s while finding his answers...

Watch out ladies and gents, K’s going to make his mark and it’s not going to be pretty.

The Upper East Side won’t know what hit them when Hurricane K takes aim at the city that never sleeps. Any one want to take bets on who will be the first casualty?

My bet’s on Lonely Boy...

This will be one mystery not even Gossip Girl will be able to solve.

What did you think? It's not much, but I hope you liked it!
-griff
Chapter Summary

When the world gets loud, K gets louder. K and C the elder have a heart to heart over nothing. The power of Gossip Girl stretches even further.

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Spotted… Arriving at JFK, a male in non-nondescript clothing with what appears to be a Red Sox hat, ruining any attempt at maintaining a fashionable appearance. What is he trying to hide behind those sunglasses? Don't worry I’ll get to the bottom of it. You think S’s departure from the city was big? Something tells me that this new arrival will be making even bigger waves. Now which of our favorite Upper East Siders is going to be his first victim? I have my eyes and ears on you Mystery Boy. You must be something big to have received the attention of so many of my followers.

XOXO, Gossip Girl

Sixteen-year-old Kennedy Blake didn't even know what he was doing here. After all, he had just left everything behind in the city of Boston on the off chance he would finally get his hands on the truth of what happened... His memory was a bit hazy of the events that had transpired, but something was not right. Against better judgment, he packed up his few material possessions and took the offered flight to New York to begin a new chapter in his life.

For once in his life, everything was neatly laid out and planned accordingly for him ahead of time. Every detail from his housing to education was planned to the most minute detail. He was sure that he was going to stick out like a sore thumb, but there were worst things that could happen. Its not like he had gone gallivanting around the world drinking and doing drugs like a certain heiress we all know.

No instead he was more afraid of his past coming... He had skeletons in his closet, some that he knew of and other that were buried away by someone else.

Compared to his last few years, this was a dream come true. If you had asked him a year ago if he thought this possible, he would have said no. But then again this is the present and not a year ago.

Apparently a certain prestigious school in New York had sent out an acceptance letter after they learned that he was alive. Said letter informed him of the fact that there was a spot saved there for him by his parents... since birth? He thought it odd quite frankly as he had spent his entire life several hours away in Massachusetts, and so had his parents to the best of his knowledge. He didn't know much about his extended family but it looked like all of them were living in the Bay State... Or at least that’s what he recalled off the top of his head.

Of course this may have been a bigger part of someone’s master plan but what did he honestly have to lose? It’s not like he was a pawn in someone’s game after all. That would be too ridiculous!
After all that sounded a lot more like a teen drama than his life.

Things began to make a turn one fateful day…

Kennedy had a few days to go until school began, but he wanted to become a little more familiar with his surroundings. The administration had been surprisingly warm and helpful. They reassured him that his parents had set aside funds for his education years ago and they just happened to learn of his existence by chance a few weeks prior after an audit. They knew between his academics and skills in soccer that he would fit in quickly and soon be off to a great university… now if only things were that easy.

He had already been in the city for a few weeks. It was hard to believe that he had already entered the new chapter of his life over a month ago. It seemed like just yesterday that everything changed. It all started with a letter and a phone call.

In fact it was still saved on his phone. Kennedy kept it to make sure that this wasn’t a dream. It was too good to be true, but at the same time he jumped at the chance to break free immediately. It’s not like he had much of a decision anyway.

He didn’t like the fact that he would be entering his junior year in a brand new city and a new school without a single person to rely on... well that was a bit of a lie. So far he had the mysterious benefactor that had agreed to help with his expenses. Kennedy knew that he would meet them eventually, praying that there were no strings attached to this generosity. It could be a benevolent alumnus donating to need based students or it could be an alumnus or outside party doing so to keep a closer eye on him for the time being. The teen was leaning more toward to philanthropy than malicious planning.

While no teen heartthrob, Kennedy was far from ugly. In fact he was quite handsome. Between his ebony hair to his tanned skin, he was quite attractive. His time spent doing odd jobs, and playing several sport—mainly soccer and lacrosse, had definitely help tone his body. Despite all of this he was quite self-conscious about himself in general physically, mentally, and spiritually. Each and every day could be his last so he tried to live life to the fullest, but that wasn’t easy when you have to support yourself.

Kennedy was provided with a small apartment near the campus of Columbia University. Several young alumni lived in the area and checked in on him from time to time. While much of it was forced pleasantries, Kennedy genuinely enjoyed their company. It felt odd to have people keeping an eye on him as he had lived on his own for so long, but it was a small price to pay. One alumnus, a mellow blonde, in particular told the Boston native to watch himself. Kennedy didn’t take the Upper East Sider seriously until his acquaintance whipped out his smartphone and logged onto a certain website.

And then it all came crashing down… Two words would forever change his life… Gossip Girl. Who knew a gossip site about “normal” people could be even more entertaining than the celebrity tabloids. He was never one to pay much attention to following the lives of the rich famous. It was difficult enough to take care of himself, he had to devote every moment to supporting himself. The stipend he received didn't cover much, but it was enough that he could choose to not get a part time job if he was frugal.

Kennedy found himself the subject of one of Gossip Girl’s blasts much to his ire and confusion. He was Mystery Boy. The nickname could have been much worse, but he was wondering how they found him in the first place. For someone who initially had no connection to the Upper East Side, it
was interesting that someone who send a blast about him as soon as he arrived in the city. He had yet to figure out why anyone would have felt that he was of any interest, let alone worthy of a tip to the infamous blogger's site.

“So what exactly are you saying?” Kennedy asked his companion in an irritated tone. He was never one for smoke and mirrors. He was blunt and to the point most of the time, but did bite his tongue once in a while.

“You just need to be careful Kennedy.” The teen in question gave the blonde male with him a knowing look. “The walls have eyes.”

Our black haired friend sighed. “Just spit it out Connor, you have class in thirty.”

The blonde male smiled at Kennedy’s concern. While he wasn’t the brightest bulb, Connor Windsor was the most sociable of Kennedy’s minders or “manny’s” as the teen preferred to label them… In truth, sometimes the roles were reversed between these two. The teen was often mothering the other male who was only a few years older than himself, but you would never guess it with the way the pair acted around each other.

“Do you remember me telling you about how news travels fast on campus?” Connor asked as he finished his coffee. The mug was quietly brought down onto the table.

“Yeah,” Kennedy said getting up and placing their mugs in the sink.

“Well, gossip has reached a whole other level than you’re used to here. Mixing together jealousy and texting essentially gives you Gossip Girl.”

“You have to be kidding me Connor.” Kennedy had been dreading something like this happening, but he had no clue Connor was going on now. Things were just always more complicated in New York. It was a fact of life that many accept. But even this was pushing it for him. The teen was used to gossip mills, but making everything anonymous online just sounded like a recipe of disaster.

“I wish I was dude, but I’ll have to make this quick. Just read it,” the blonde said after pulling up a page on his Blackberry as Kennedy sat back down was a look of disbelief. Connor ran a hand through his blonde locks as he extended his other arm toward the teen, phone in hand. “I’m serious.”

“What is this?” Kennedy replied as he took the offered phone.

“Just read.”

“Fine.” The teen took the item in the outstretched hand and began to focus his brown eyes on the device before him. Kennedy looked at the screen only to be met with an image of his arrival to the big apple. He was far from being egotistical, but he had to admit that the poster got his good side.

“What do you think?” Connor asked with a blank stare.

“Is this some sort of sick joke?” Kennedy was clearly irritated, though he hid his embarrassment over the whole ordeal well.

“You know I’m not one to joke,” Connor said as he took his phone back. “Things are completely different from what you’re used to. If you don't believe me, look at some of the other things that
have been put up there.”

“Fine,” Kennedy said resigned. “But you better get going, you’re going to be late if you don’t hurry up.”

The duo got up and walked to the door.

“Of course MOM,” Connor said with a smile as he ruffled Kennedy’s ebony locks. “Mommy always knows best.”

“Seriously?” Kennedy replied in a bored tone. “You’re so lame. I don’t even know why I put up with you.”

“You know you love me Kenny!” Connor said in a chipper tone as he took one last look at the clock.

“Keep dreaming Windsor.”

“Are you sure you don’t want to come to my parents’ for dinner tomorrow night? My dad’s an excellent cook if I do say so myself. It’s going to definitely beat whatever one of the guy’s brings you tomorrow night.”

“Yeah, I’m sure. I wouldn’t want to intrude dude. Maybe next time?” Kennedy tried to come off as polite, but he didn’t really feel comfortable with this subject. He knew that he would be meeting the Windsor’s at some point, but wasn’t ready to do so despite spending so much time with their son already.

An awkward silence quickly sped things up. The teen didn't want to really talk about this subject any further. The twenty-something knew that he had to get going soon if he had any hopes of getting a decent seat, let alone be on time.

“Well I’m off dude. One of the others will be checking in on you this weekend. Text me if you need anything and I mean ANYTHING.”

“I’ll be fine Connor. I’ll see you on Monday. Now get going or you’ll be late.”

“See you then bro!” Connor said as he departed.

Kennedy looked at the retreating figure for a few moments before closing his door behind him.

While he was not used to let people in close, Connor had quickly wormed his way in, but in a good way. The blonde was an alumnus of St. Jude’s School for Boys, the very same elite college preparatory school that Kennedy would be attending in a few days. Connor was one of four young alums (and also Columbia students) chosen to keep an eye on the school’s newest student. Each was chosen for a different reason, Connor was chosen for his personality and being a former member of St. Jude’s soccer and lacrosse teams, two of the sports the Boston native was skilled in.

Kennedy looked out the window for several moments before deciding to head out. He still felt guilty for turning down Connor’s offer but he didn’t want to intrude. Connor was very busy as it was before taking on the “babysitting gig,” so Kennedy felt bad at the thought of pulling away his friend from his family even more. The teen hated feeling like a burden and that was exactly how all of them made him feel to an extent… well for the most part.

He was snapped out of his thoughts by the sound of his phone. Kennedy picked it up and opened the text message.
Just made it with a few minutes to spare, Mom.

-C

He could only smirk at Connor’s text. The blonde was definitely his favorite of the four. The other three looked at him for the most part as if he was a chore, but Connor acted like a big brother… a goofy but well-meaning big brother. It was touch and go first, but the two quickly hit it off and the “babysitting” became more bonding than anything else.

Kennedy made a quick reply. He wouldn't be a hypocrite after all.

No texting during class mister!

-K

Kennedy didn't wait for a response. He quickly pocketed his phone as he grabbed a coat and his keys. It was pretty cool for the early September day. While it wasn’t much to many, his apartment felt like home. And for the first time in a long time, Kennedy was at home.

Connor Windsor spotted pining like a middle school girl. What has made St. Jude’s former heartthrob so down? Break up with a summer Columbia fling? You’ve been under the radar with your summer classes, but I’ve set my sites on you once more. What’s your connection to Mystery Boy? And what kind of trouble have you and your abs been up to?

XOXO, Gossip Girl

Connor Windsor is you average Upper East Sider: handsome, wealthy, athletic, and determined. The only child of the infamous “Windsor Design Duo,” Connor was a star player on various teams throughout his childhood, but most notably shining on soccer and lacrosse in particular for St. Jude’s. It was difficult to juggle training and playing for those two sports, but he made it work. He was a WINdsor and giving up was not part of his vocabulary, but then again neither was failure.

The blonde was often compared to his peers, but the comparisons were usually flattering. However recently another name came up in their circles: Nate Archibald. Though there were few similarities, the comparisons continued on. Outside of their common sports interests, they two had very different personalities. Whereas Nate was a frequent substance user, Connor was squeaky clean… or at least he came off as being so to his parents and peers.

Nate Archibald barely passed while Connor Windsor excelled in most areas without much effort, often with honors. The Windsor’s were hands on and compassionate while the Archibald’s were much more distant and indifferent, even bordering on cold and detached but unafraid of shoving their power and wealth around when needed to solve a problem. Connor earned his spot on the team, while Nate inherited his captaincy by process of elimination.

While Nate made friends easily, Connor was far more reserved despite his often goofy demeanor. One went with the flow and stuck to their clique while the other went wherever he was dragged.
The differences go on and on, but it should be quite obvious now as to why he was angered whenever they were compared on Gossip Girl. Connor had worked hard to get where he was, but time and time again a blast would compare him to the elusive N.

“Not another one,” Connor said looking at his phone. “I don’t have time for this.”

For the first year of college he had continued his familiar lifestyle: sports, studying, and sex. But soon he was partying in every sense of the word, not enough to get him out the team, but enough for his grades to slip. Like many Upper East Siders, the transition from free reign in a regimented high school to a much more fluid schedule with more demands is quite terrorizing to one’s work ethic. But fortunately for the blonde, he soon learned that Columbia was nothing like St. Jude’s and that he needed to start cleaning up his act or he would soon find himself kicked out and the laughing stock of his family, the team, and on Gossip Girl, though her followers tended to be more of the high school variety. Occasionally a former student would make it to the front page, but the good stuff was almost always exclusively about current students.

So when he got the chance to do something he did. That is how an only child became a big brother to a complete stranger. Well that was not his intention. He initially thought of it as community service to work off all of the crap he pulled over the course of the previous school year, but within days it became exactly what he needed. It was definitely weird at first, but he wouldn’t trade it for anything now. He became aware at the end of June and was thrown in the thick of it by July. By August he had a set routine and felt completely grounded once more, but in a good way.

“So Windsor any plans tomorrow night?” a random red headed female said twirling her hair.

“About that Candace, I actually do. Sorry,” he said with an awkward yet genuine smile. “I have to do something for my parents.”

“That’s too bad, it’s been a while since we’ve been together.” A flip of her hair and he was in her trap once more.

“How about tonight?” Connor was instantly caught—hook, line, and sinker.

“I’ll see if I can move a few things around.”

“Call me if you do,” he said with a smile as he walked out of the emptying auditorium, leaving the stunned female in his wake. He knew he fell victim quite often so he was bright enough to serve them some just desserts after waking up each time.

“Are you sure that was smart?” a male voice said as he caught up to Connor.

Connor turned

“Roger, I do what I can.”

“I didn't know you and Candace…” Roger wiggled his eyebrows to emphasize his point.

“Not really, we’re just friends. I haven’t had the time to even think about taking the next step, but we’ve caught a few movies together if you really have to know... Nothing recently but we do know each other from outside of classes... and when I have time.”

“You’ve been blowing me off a lot too lately,” the now identified Roger added irritated.
“I know man… I’m free for the rest of the afternoon if you’ve got time.”

“I have to run to my next class but how about coffee in an hour?”

“Sure thing. My treat bro, I owe you one.” Connor sighed at the thought of money fleeing from his wallet. He knew it would be the first of many before Roger forgave him. “Have fun in Orgo!”

“Why couldn’t you go with me? I could totally use your brains right now!”

“I don’t want to be a doctor, so why subject myself to anything beyond the minimum requirements for science courses? Now hurry before you’re late!”

“When did you become so responsible Connor?” Roger said shifting his weight. He was ready to go but really wanted to know what brought about this new change in his friend. Unfortunately there was no time.

“A few weeks ago,” he smiled. Roger looked on with disbelief as Connor began walking away in the opposite direction.

‘Did he meet someone else?’ Roger thought to himself as he walked to class. He was truly dreading Organic Chemistry, but the thought of Connor feeding his caffeine habit made it slightly more tolerable.

On the other side of the building Connor whipped out his phone as he received a text. He didn’t know whether to answer it or not, but erred on the side of caution. After all it could be his “brother.”

:---------------------:
Who’s turn is it again?
-Oliver
:---------------------:

Connor could only laugh. Leave it to Oliver it to forget the rotation. Of the four, he was the one so focused on his sport, and nothing else, that it bordered on complete obsession. His teammates called him a complete nightmare. One even dubbed him a certain term referring to certain German military officers, but even that didn’t really do him justice. He was nice enough, but he was definitely intense. It still amazed anyone who met him that he could schedule his life around his favorite pastime but forget every part of the schedule other than when he was practicing, working out, or playing.

:---------------------:
Mason and then mine. Enjoy your weekend!
-Connor
:---------------------:

:---------------------:
You too dude!
:---------------------:

Connor could only chuckle as he imagined Oliver reading his text in person. This whole experience was good for each of them, and none of them knew it yet. It was simply too soon into the experiment for the results to become blatantly obvious enough to the subjects.

While he had his phone out he dialed a familiar number. He sat on a nearby chair as he waiting for the person on the other end to pick up.
“Connor honey everything ok?” asked a female voice.

“Everything’s fine Mom...” He paused for a second. “So I have a bit of a problem.”

A long sigh came from the other end. “I take it he said no.”

“Yeah…” The blonde's exasperated tone did little to faze his mother.

“It will work out. Don’t press it too much. Things happen for a reason honey.”

“I don't really have time for this.”

“You’re doing better than where you were last year already. Just give it time.”

“You think?”

“I know.”

“Thanks Mom.”

“That’s what moms are for.” Connor imagined his mother saying it in person while cooking with a frilly apron... Sometimes his imagination got the better of him, especially when it involved daydreams of his mother cooking, as if that would ever happen. Baking maybe if he was lucky, but cooking was a no go.

“Now make sure you become his rock. I’m sure we’ll be meeting him very soon. We still have plenty of time.”

“Maybe…”

“Connor Andrew!”

“Fine, he will.”

“Now that’s much better. Be a dear and call your father. He has some other things he wants to go over with you.”

“Ok.”

“See you then.”

*click*

Connor dialed another number and tapped his brown leather shoes on the tile of the lecture hall’s floor as he waited for the person on the other end of the line to pick up his call. The clicking of his heels formed a rhythmic beat as he waited—it quickly took on the tune of his latest favorite song..

“Kyle Windsor.”

“Dad, it’s Connor.”

“What do you need Sport?”

“Mom told me to call you.”

“Oh…” Kyle said knowing exactly where this was going. “Well it’s imperative that you convince him to come meet us. I have pulled some strings and our calendars have aligned so this needs to
happen this weekend.”

“I’ll do my best.” The blonde slumped into the chair upon which he was seated as he mentally groaned. This was one nasty situation he was not getting out. He was stuck proceeding with it.

“That’s the spirit Sport!” Mr. Windsor’s tone made it difficult for his son to determine was that statement was meant to be encouraging or sarcastic.

“He’s really nice.”

“I’m sure that he is. We can wait to meet him in person. If it doesn’t happen this weekend, it can happen again, but we should get this over with ASAP. School is right around the corner for him.”

Connor heard some talking in the background.

“Sport, I’ve got to go. We’re having a meeting right now. I’ll see you at the Cabin.”

“Cabin?”

“Yeah, I think it would be better.”

“It’s a heck of a drive, but if you say so.”

“I know.”

“Bye.”

*click*

Connor let out a sigh and looked at his Rolex. Despite all of the texting and phone calls that he had made, the blonde still had some time to kill before he was supposed to meet Roger for coffee. He decided he’ll kill some time by texting some more.

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Mason?
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Connor...
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Connor sighed. Mason was so, well formal and irritable, such a horrible combination in a ‘co-worker.’ Their different habits weren’t enough to get under each others skin, however their personalities did clash.

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I might be taking Kennedy with me this weekend to see the ‘rents. I know how much it would mean to them and him.
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Really?
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Yeah. I know you had plans and the others didn't want to watch him. I’m free anyways.
And now you've met the infamous K, or rather Kennedy. Hopefully he's not too much of a Gary.

But in reality nothing was.
His social life or at least that was what he kept telling himself. In truth he found himself happier
but there was just so much emotional commitment involved. It was beginning to put a damper on
Connor put away his phone as he headed for the closest Starbucks to meet Roger. He desperately
No prob.

Lol... I've got to go. Thanks again man.

You're right.

Worse to worse I'll guilt him.

Lol... I've got to go. Thanks again man.

No prob.

Connor smiled at Mason’s baseball reference. Then again each of the four managed to allude to
their past times in their conversations some way or another.

I hate to say this Mason, but as soon as Gossip Girl makes her move you'll be free.

Why?

Several attractive and unattached St. Jude’s alumni being seen in his company regularly… Us
being two of them, Mason. She has been far too focused on him.

You're right.

Worse to worse I’ll guilt him.

Lol… I’ve got to go. Thanks again man.

No prob.

Connor put away his phone as he headed for the closest Starbucks to meet Roger. He desperately
needed coffee after all of those conversations. He loved Kennedy like an annoying little brother,
but there was just so much emotional commitment involved. It was beginning to put a damper on
his social life or at least that was what he kept telling himself. In truth he found himself happier
guiding his “little brother” along, making sure he didn’t make the same mistakes he did.

He began texting Kennedy while waiting for Roger, hoping all was going well on the other end.
But in reality nothing was.

Here today, gone tomorrow has never been more true. You're nothing unless you're on here. Stay
tuned because I'll be dropping a bombshell within the hour.

And now you've met the infamous K, or rather Kennedy. Hopefully he's not too much of a Gary
Stu/ Mary Sue.

-griff
Chapter Summary

Fraternizing with familiar and not so familiar faces.

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Spotted, N and C with our new Mystery Boy. Sources say C has a past with him. I wonder what kind of past C could have with someone like that? Mystery Boy doesn’t seem like much, but then again this city is full of surprises. How will N deal with having to share C? Tune in and see what other secrets Mystery Boy is hiding. I can't wait for it all to come crashing down.

XOXO, Gossip Girl

Kennedy walked around the city for a bit to better familiarize himself with the area. It wasn't exactly like he had anywhere to be today or anything to do other than a few errands he could have done the following day. Far too punctual for his own good, the teen ventured around the city that never sleeps before he could even get the run down from one of his minders.

Everything was similar yet so different from Boston. It was bigger, shinier, and a lot nosier. However all of the quaint reminders of home such as the nonsensically shaped roads and historic architecture was replaced by precision and function in the perfectly aligned blocks. Despite all of this, it was quickly feeling like home, so much that Kennedy walked right into someone else without even realizing it as he was so deep in thought.

“Watch where you’re going next time idiot,” a snarky yet familiar voice said snapping Kennedy out of his thought as he immediately realized what he had done... Well to be honest the throbbing pain of smacking foreheads with someone may have more to do with that than hearing THAT voice.

Kennedy knew that voice somehow. He couldn't put his finger on it at first, but Sometime long ago he had heard that voice and he couldn't quite place it at first, but after a few seconds he got it. He blinked several times to make sure he was correct in his assumption. Puberty had not been to kind to his friend.

“Sorry… wait Charlie?” Kennedy asked. He knew he was taking a bit of a chance, but his gut was telling him that he knew this stranger. Sure the clothes, hair, and just about everything else was different from the last time he had seen the other male, but there was the same mischevous undertone present even when being yelled out.

“Wh… Kennedy?” the surprised form of Chuck Bass replied before he had fully processed things. If his mouth could have hung any more open it would have been at his feet. This was certainly something neither was expecting! Normally both males would have blown up in expletives, but that
all went out the window when they finally recognized each other.

The two stood there on the sidewalk looking at each other in awkward silence. They sized each other up and took notice of the changes puberty had brought them respectively. Away from the place from where they had met, the two were quite different from the last time they had seen each other.

“What are you doing here? Shouldn’t you be in Boston doing whatever you peons do?”

“I would be if someone didn’t bring me here,” he said with a far away look. “Trust me I wouldn’t be here if I didn't have to. I’m a Boston boy at heart, but I could get used to being a New Yorker…”

“What’s that supposed to mean? Don’t tell me…”

“No. No. NO!” Kennedy blushed at the implication, or at least what he thought Chuck was thinking that he was implying. “Apparently my parents left me bit of a fund for my education expenses to attend a good prep school on the Upper East Side. Or at least that's the story that the folk's at St. Jude’s is telling me… I havent really found much online, but it seems ok... Kind of pricy too, but I'm all taken care of for tuition and someone else is paying for my other expenses for now at least.” Kennedy’s eyes darted off as he said the last part in a hushed tone, trying not to let his embarrassment show that he was a charity case. “It doesn’t really make much sense to me at all, but I'll be in your neck of the woods for the time being on someone else's dime.”

“Well now isn’t that the predicament? Your life just got an upgrade.” Chuck said in a not so mocking tone. He knew that his old friend was not saying something, but now was not the time to press further. “I just so happen to go to St. Jude’s.”

“It’s weird… You’ve changed a lot since the last time I saw you Charlie.” The playboy swatted away the hand the Bostonian attempted to use to touch the playboy's precious locks. Friend or not, no one touched Chuck Bass’ hair unless they were wrestling beneath the sheets and most definitely female...

Kennedy’s smile did something to Chuck’s stomach that he couldn’t place. He had not felt this way in many years and it completely unnerved him. He liked to remain in control and the Boston native had usurped the control from the beginning of their chance encounter and it was becoming blatantly clear who the alpha male was here despite their exteriors and postures.

The two were interrupted before they could say anything else. Sometimes in a city so big you’re allowed to have your own private bubble in the middle of chaos. And in other cases you don’t get to have such a luxury.

“Chuck, what are you doing here? You were supposed to meet me ten minutes ago,” said a certain flaxen haired pretty boy with bangs.

Chuck ignored Kennedy’s statement and introduced his two friends to each other.

‘Now I can turn the tables,’ he thought to himself as he mentally grinned a wicked smile. He couldn't do it externally or his two friends would know he was up to something. After all he was a schemer no matter where he was.

“Nathaniel this is Kennedy, an old ‘friend.’ Kennedy meet my good friend Nathaniel.”

Nate failed to notice Chuck’s emphasis on friend when describing Kennedy. This would be something he would later realized upon further reflection. The Upper East Side athlete looked at
Kennedy with an inquisitive look trying to imagine how exactly those two individuals could ever be “friends.”

They looked like they were from two different worlds, and sure as heck acted like it as well! Yet here Chuck was talking up with the same kind of person he talked poorly of day in and day out. Sure the new teen was dressed far more casually than Chuck, but the brunette was of the same caliber as the wannabe surfer boy. And then it hit Nate what kind of friend Kennedy could be.

“Chuck…” Nate began in a judgmental tone only to be cut off before something stupid could escape his lips.

“Not that kind of friend Nathaniel,” Chuck emphasized, immediately quashing Nate’s presumption or what he assumed was the other male’s assumption.

Kennedy could only mentally smirk. Charlie had definitely changed. And apparently his friend wasn't the brightest light bulb on the Empire State Building.

“Oh… Call me Nate,” the golden boy said offering his hand, which Kennedy returned with a firm, yet crushing grip to reinforce what kind of friend he was and what kind of friend he definitely wasn't.

“It looks like my dear friend will attending school with us this year Nathaniel. I'm sure you'll get along well with your similar interest. In fact I can tell this will just be the beginning for us. It’s so great to have another mind to corrupt and do my homework for me, Kennedy. Still a genius?”

Nate rolled his eyes at the use of his full name. Both teens looked at Chuck confused, to which they received no response. Nate didn’t understand where the whole school thing related to their conversation as it came out of left field. On the other hand Kennedy had no clue why Chuck was corrupting people or having them do his homework for him... Sure there was that one time, but still...

“That’s pretty cool! Why don’t you join us Kennedy? We were about to meet up for lunch and I’m sure they wouldn't mind adding another seat to our reservation. We're frequent regulars and our families have been dining there for years.”

Kennedy blushed… “I’d hate to intrude. I have a lot of things to get done today.”

Chuck chuckled. “Give up Kennedy, its only lunch. You’ll have plenty of time to do whatever you need to do later. Summer reading and school shopping you can do anytime. Lunch with us is simply something you don't pass up on.” A pause was made as Chuck felt his phone vibrate. “It will be a good way for us to get reacquainted even if you choose to dress like Nathaniel. Though I fear it will be pointless as Nathaniel always gets his way.”

‘Is that supposed to be a good or bad thing?’ The teen let out a mental sigh as he was trapped like a rodent. ‘Why do I have the sudden distinct feeling that there was something I am not catching on to?’ Kennedy thought to himself as he put up a front.

“Fine, I’d be happy to join you to,” Kennedy said in a fake voice. He didn’t know whether he liked Nate or not. While Archibald wasn’t the smartest person in the world, he was nice and quite good looking. However he didn’t want a stranger, even if they were a friend of a friend to learn of his past so soon.

“Awesome!” Nate replied equally as enthusiastic. “I’m starved.”
Kennedy followed the two as the trio walked for a minute or two to their destination. Immediately he could only groan about the cost of everything and the sudden feeling of being seriously under dressed by the mere presence of the building the restaurant was located in. He found it relatively easygoing… Sure Charlie or rather Chuck was not the same person he had met years ago, but it didn’t phase him. Thankfully Nate was even more so underdressed than himself or the teen would have been even more stressed. After placing their orders Kennedy excused himself to use the restroom while Nate began to interrogate Chuck on who this “friend” truly was.

“Who is he really Chuck?” Nate asked.

“A friend.”

“Friend?”

“Nothing more and nothing less. Is it so hard to believe?”

“Actually yes Chuck… You beat on all of the other kids on scholarships, but you let Kennedy in with open arms?” Nate continued. “He doesn't exactly look like the high society kids you typically surround yourself with.”

Chuck raised an eyebrow.

“You know what I mean CHUCK... People like us.” This was an odd thing for Nate to say, but he meant it. Chuck spent money like it was going out of style and ensured he associated himself with equally fabulous and wealthy individuals. He had no time for the poor. Yet he pulled a random middle class teen off the street and Nate was just supposed to accept it? Nope, the blonder teen was not going to drop this and let his friend off the hook, though he didn't have much to stand on at the moment as even the casually dressed Kennedy looked more formally attired than himself.

Chuck was careful with how he responded. While he disliked a certain Humphrey in particular, this situation was beginning to make him look like a hypocrite and he didn't need that. His brunette friend was special and looks were very misleading in this case. He had to make this painfully clear before Nate became another one to fall for the facade Kennedy put up as the under the radar, average Joe.

“Kennedy’s from Boston. And before you ask, his past is his own to tell… Tragic actually to be honest.” Nate gave Chuck an odd look which he ignored immediately. “Don’t go digging Nathaniel as that won't help you at all. And besides Humphrey is from Brooklyn. Boston is a much nicer place.”

Nate furrowed his eyebrows as he remained silent as he couldn't believe where this conversation was heading and he had been friends with the other male practically since birth..

“...Much hotter girls too. The brainy ones are always wild in bed and Boston's the college town.”

Nate laughed at Chuck’s response… Maybe there really wasn’t anything to be worried about after all.

Kennedy splashed his face as he looked into the mirror. Connor was right, things were VERY different from his life in Boston. Apparently his friend Charlie was now going by the name Chuck and he along with his group of friends were the subject of many Gossip Girl blasts. It didn't take a genius for one to realize Nate was the infamous N. The mysterious blogger's numerous posts did the other teen little justice as Nate appeared to be much nicer and less self-centered than he had
The black haired teen felt very out of place in the restaurant. While he had been provided with new clothing and everything else courtesy of his mysterious benefactor, he still felt odd being here. He no longer felt comfortable in his own skin. He barely recognized himself nowadays… He was just glad that he had taken Connor’s advice and started dressing “properly” or it would have been even more awkward, with or without Nate walking in a gray sweatshirt, black sweat pants, and red Nike sneakers.

“Stupid blonde,” Kennedy mumbled to himself as he received and read a text from said blonde minder of his.

I’ll try. Apparently the plot thickens. Is it too late to take up your offer? I need to get away. -K

Our Boston native waited impatiently for a response in the restroom blissfully unaware someone was watching him from one of the stalls.

Kennedy’s phone rang signaling Connor’s response.

I knew you’d come around. The ‘rents will be thrilled. We WILL talk later about logistics.

Kennedy sighed as he put his phone away and opened the door, completely ignorant of the individual in the stall. Thankfully our friend was texting and not talking to his minder or things could have taken a much more drastic turn for the worst. The texting and comment about a “stupid blonde” were hardly enough for Gossip Girl to build upon thankfully… well at least for now.

Kennedy returned to hear the tail of end of Nate and Chuck’s conversation. Thankfully he walked slower than he normally did. It was nice to know that deep down underneath Chuck’s sadistic exterior, the caring Charlie still existed.

“Sorry, had to take a call,” Kennedy lied as he slid into his chair. Immediately he noticed that their food had already arrived and the duo had waited for him to begin eating.

“Don’t worry about it,” Chuck added. “I’m sure it was well worth wasting our time.” Exteriors had changed but Chuck was still Charlie. The food was still giving off steam so it was quite obvious it hadn’t been placed down for more than a few moments.

“Be nice Chuck, he is your friend” Nate said before turning his attention to the other brunette male. “So Kennedy, how do you know Chuck? I’ve grown up with him and he’s never mentioned you.”
Kennedy hesitated as he came up with a believable tale that didn't give away too much. He needed to have something that worked for both Charlie and his new Chuck persona. He was used to thinking on his feet but this was kind of ridiculous. A few moments later the words began escaping his lips before he even noticed.

“I met him a good few years ago. Well before Chuck as you know him existed. ‘Charlie’ arrived right around the time I just happened to really need a friend.” He turned his head down and away a bit as he finished. He couldn't look at Chuck in the eye saying it. Now was not the time to elaborate further. “We lost track of each other after a while, but apparently the fates didn’t want that injustice to last any longer.”

Chuck didn’t let Nate reply to that. There was no chance he was letting the pretty boy shove his foot in his mouth a second time. A subtle kick to the shin worked wonders with Archibald, something out favorite Basstard had picked up from a certain brunette mean girl.

‘Looks like I rubbed off more on you than you thought,’ Chuck thought to himself. ‘My first success story.’

After some more awkward conversation to topic of school came up.

“Chuck mentioned earlier you’re going to school with us this year,” Nate said trying to rid the air of the awkward silence. “Are you sure you want to put up with him?”

“Yes… I’ll be going to St. Jude’s with you two. I’m more than capable of handling him Nate. It’s you who should be worried.” The sinister smile that crept up on Kennedy’s face did its work.

‘I feel like a proud parent right now,’ the sharpest dresser of the table thought at he observed the verbal war between his friends.

‘Let’s see how you work your way out of this Nate,’ Nate thought to himself as he waited for Kennedy to continue. There was no way he was going to screw up again so soon. He could already imagine how Chuck would go off on him later.

“Apparently my parents set up something for me years ago before they died.” Kennedy looked down as the two Upper East Siders had identical looks of shock and horror on their faces.

‘So much for a nice lunch,’ Nate thought as he immediately felt guilty that he brought the subject up at all.

“You just had to beat further upon a dead horse didn’t you Nathaniel?” Chuck said in a very out of character moment.

“Don’t worry about it Nate. There was no way you would know.” A wave of relief crashed upon the picture perfect jock as he let out a sigh of relief.

Then Kennedy turned to the other participant of the lunch with an interesting look upon his face. “Chill Charlie he was only asking question. How was he supposed to know?” Kennedy’s new smile removed much of the tension. “However you did know some of this so you should have stopped him before we got to this. But what has happened is now behind us. Why don’t we just try to enjoy the rest of the meal?”

Kennedy cut into his fillet as the other teens could only be reminded of another teen. Instead of Nate feeling reprimanded like expected, it was actually Chuck who received the brunt of the cold shoulder. The trio ate in silence before the newcomer took it upon himself to set things back on course.
“To be honest I’m just happy to know they cared enough to send me to such a great school.” Kennedy continued the conversation soon after as it was quite obvious the other males would not drop it despite their upbringings. “And while I appreciate the gesture, I have to wonder why I’m only getting my acceptance now as junior? I could have used some of this money growing up instead. My last school blew and I had to carry my whole team literally.”

Neither of the Upper East Siders knew how to reply to that. It was quite strange to have a transfer so late in the game, but it wasn’t unheard of. There were definite holes in Kennedy’s story and Chuck didn’t know whether they were intentional or not.

‘Looks like I’ll be having to hire an investigator again…’ Chuck thought to himself as he cut through his steak.

“So you’ll be taking classes with us then. If you’re anything like Chuck, I’m sure you must hate everything that isn’t either illegal or involving the other sex.” Nate’s attempt at lightening the mood had the opposite effect and felt like a slap on the face for the other two, not that they would ever admit it. Chuck took it with grace and smirked before he and Nate waited for a response. Mind games were powerful and were also a necessary evil.

“Actually, I played lacrosse back home… and soccer. But then again I did a bit of everything to be honest, but mainly those two. ”

“Really?” Nate replied interested. “I guess then I’m going to have to convince you to try out then seeing as I’m the lacrosse team captain.”

“We’ll see Nate.” Kennedy continued eating his salmon. He was blissfully unaware how Nate and Chuck were hanging onto every word he spoke. “If I have time on my plate then maybe, but I don’t really know what I’m getting myself into after all,” Kennedy said with a laugh that set both Chuck and Nate on edge. The last comment was true. He really didn’t know what kind of scenarios he was going to get into.

It wasn’t a fake laugh, but something was kind of haunting about it. It spoke true to his past as well as working into his plan.

Suddenly there was a ringing noise. It turned out to be Nate’s phone. He looked at the screen before his face turned solemn. A polite yet forced smile graced his handsome face as he addressed his fellow diners.

“Blair is expecting me Chuck. I’ve got to go now,” Nate said as Chuck acknowledged it with a nod.

“Don’t keep her waiting.”

“I won’t,” Nate replied before turning to Kennedy. “It was nice meeting you Kennedy. If you have any questions feel free to shoot me a text. I could always use someone else to practice lacrosse with.”

“Sure,” Kennedy said as Nate left.

Chuck waited a few moments before speaking.

“Nathaniel is a great boy, but he isn’t the brightest. His girlfriend Blair is… intense. Stay out of her way and you will be fine Kennedy.”

“I will.”
“You should take him up on his offer. It would be a good way for you to fit in quicker and look good for college. Nate's quite the popular guy.”

“Maybe… I just have no clue how long this is going to last Charlie. Sometimes I feel like this is one big sick joke.”

“Don't worry Kennedy,” Chuck said after he signed the bill before the other teen could even fight for it. “I may not have been there for you in the past, but I'm here now starting with this lunch. Next time I'll work on your wardrobe. Nathaniel may be able to get away with that but we both know you have better taste and more brains than him.”

“Thanks Charlie!” Kennedy said with a smile that flustered the normally collected and sharp witted Chuck.

“While around my friends, would you mind calling me Chuck?”

“Errr sure Chuck.”

“You can call me Charlie in private… I have an image that I need to defend.”

“Ok.” Kennedy didn't know exactly how to respond to that. There was something being implied that he didn't like.

“Why don't you come back to my penthouse, we have a lot of catching up to do.”

Kennedy sighed as he looked at the time on his watch. “It’s not like I have anything better to do. All of the places I needed to visit today are all closed now.”

“Wonderful. Don’t make it sound like torture.”

“I don’t think I know you any more Chuck.”

“I don't think you ever did,” Chuck replied as the two got up and exited the restaurant.

“You might be right, as I never expected for you to be one worried about college,” Kennedy said innocently. “I thought college was for suckers?”

Chuck stopped walking for a moment before moving once more. It did not go unnoticed by our Boston friend.

“You're not the only one who remembers Chuck. I guess there is a bit of Charlie underneath that well dressed exterior after all. No matter how much you try to bury him, there will always be that little boy that befriended me by the sea.”

Nate was quite surprised to see a new blast as he rode to meet Blair. From the contents, he could only imagine what his girlfriend would try to extract from him. After all Blair Waldorf did not like surprises. She like always remaining in control.

Spotted. Mystery Boy having lunch with N and C, but only for N to bail on them for B I assume. Mystery Boy got into a car with C not long after. I need details gentlemen.

XOXO, Gossip Girl
Kennedy had a hard time still getting used to the new lifestyle. He wasn’t used to all of this wealth and extravagance even after his introduction via his friend Connor and other three, not that they were very much fun. Getting used to the new side of his childhood friend was even weirder… After all these years he never imagined that he would run into Charlie again… and yet here he was in Chuck’s penthouse about to drink a bottle of some god knows how expensive alcohol.

“You never told me you were from New York Charlie.”

“What’s your poison?” Chuck replied changing the subject immediately. He was not in the mood for small talk. He had considered including the makeover today, but then he was reminded of a certain frightening fashionist and instead decided upon his old standby.

“Tequila,” Kennedy replied nervously as his question was quickly left unacknowledged and unanswered. He wasn’t a big drinker but apparently his friend was. It’s been a while since any had touched his lips, but Kennedy was ready for some to quench his thirst. He knew saying something like rum or vodka would earn the disdain of his apparently well versed drinker of a friend so he said the first thing that came to mind that he wouldn’t puke up after a few shots and was also popular enough not to raise eyebrows.

“Don’t worry I won’t get you too drunk. Your secrets are your own after all,” Chuck said as he picked up a bottle and two shot glasses. “Can’t have you gushing your heart like a cheap hooker on our first night together.”

Chuck’s smile was still the same whether he was Chuck or Charlie. Maybe they weren’t too different after all. Were they two sides to the same coin or was it just growing up?

Maybe it was childhood innocence, or maybe it was nostalgia, but Kennedy obeyed Chuck without much thought.

“Well… things went downhill really fast after you left to be honest.”

Kennedy didn't look anywhere in particular when he said that as he had no intention of laying the guilt upon his friend.

Chuck immediately downed one of the shots he was pouring as he heard that. Something in that statement felt like a cheap shot to the stomach.

“Don’t blame yourself… It’s not like you were responsible.” Kennedy didn’t really know what to say. He had not seen his friend in many years and was beginning to wonder if they ever knew each other at all. “You wouldn’t have been able to stay anyway. This was before cell phones and neither of us were smart enough to give full names.”

“I… I…” Chuck tried to respond but didn’t know what to say. He was so used to his tough exterior that he didn’t know how to really express his true emotions to any one.

“It was hard you know… You were my first real friend. And then everything changed… Did you know I was an orphan by the time I was ten?” Kennedy said throwing back a shot before quickly pouring himself another as Chuck blinked. “They were all gone by then and things never seemed to get better... And if they did they only got worse.”

“Kennedy…”

“No parents, no siblings, nobody… The funny thing is that I couldn't find a trace of them
anywhere… It’s like they never existed.”

Kennedy looked at the crystal shot glass with great detail. “There were no distant relatives on file or anything. I was all alone… And then I opened up when met you, only for you to leave me as well.”

Chuck did something very out of character, he pulled the bottle of alcohol away from his friend and moved close to his friend on the couch.

“Well I’m here now.” For once in his life Chuck sensed that someone was vulnerable and did not take advantage of it. Well not that he could… he had standards after all. And no matter what he wasn’t crossing that line, even if he had dabbled with his own sex here and there. Kennedy was both a friend and also far too clean cut for such a rendevouz. “I won’t disappear this time.”

“I’m glad you are here Charlie and I will hold you to it. A friendly face in a brand new city is exactly what I need right now… and a bottomless bank account.”

Chuck recognized that face.

“I don’t know how much longer I could last,” Kennedy said in a sleepy voice with double meaning to his words as he put his glass down on the coffee table before him. “It’s just so hard sometimes. And now I’m all alone in a new city…”

Not long after Kennedy passed out from the alcohol and his head landed promptly in Chuck’s lap. The Bass heir just sat there thinking for a while. He often complained that his life was fucked up, yet he had just been reunited with a childhood friend who had it much worse than him. Chuck just sat there like that with Kennedy thinking. Sometimes he wished his father was dead, but now he realized how horrible a statement like that could be. He had a father and an infinite seeming supply of cash at his disposal. Kennedy had known of that, yet he retained the spirit that drew him to befriend the Boston native those many years ago.

“You’ll never be alone again,” Chuck said to himself as he just sat there.

If it were anyone else, he may have taken advantage of the situation or used his silver tongue against them, but Chuck didn’t know how to react to dealing with someone even more broken than himself. His family life was that of a run of a mill soap opera, but Kennedy’s was of an Oscar winning movie. There’s always a parent that is distant or uncaring, but rarely there is someone who does not have anyone to call family.

Careful not to wake his friend, Chuck reached for a shot and let the tequila burn down his throat before pouring another. He sat there in silence looking out the window as night fell. Oddly complacent with the way things were.

Kennedy awoke hours later to find himself alone on the couch with a blanket draped over him and a pillow beneath his head where his friends lap lay only hours before. It took a few moments for him to recall the events that had transpired.

‘I wonder how Chuck maneuvered himself out from under my head… I’m a light sleeper and this pillow wasn’t even in this room!’

Along with the alcohol-induced headache, the pain of realizing what he said to Chuck hit him in the stomach… He acted like a jerk with the way he had worded things… Here he was reunited with an old friend and dumps his problems on Chuck as if all of it were his fault. None of it was
Chuck’s fault to be honest but at the time he felt some vindication in displacing some of his anger at his friend.

Kennedy checked his phone to see the time and that he had a few missed texts.

It was three in the morning and he assumed Chuck was asleep.

Hope you had a fun day. -C

I’m going to be heading over to check in on you in a bit. Let me know if you need anything

Kennedy. -Mason

Stopped by and you didn't respond. Connor said you were heading out to explore the city, you ok? It's not like you to not pick up. -Mason

Just got a text from Mason saying you didn’t check in with him. You better be getting lucky if you’re ignoring us K. I’ll cover for you, but you have a lot of explaining to do. -C

Kennedy, just got a text from Connor. Let me know if you need anything. Feel better dude :D -Mason

You owe me, like cleat cleaning for a month owing me. Bro you so are going to regret whatever or whomever you’re doing when I’m through with you Mr. -C

Kennedy couldn’t help but smile. It was so Connor to make everything lacrosse or soccer related… In fact Connor wasn’t the only one with quirks. Each of his four “caretakers” were all so different but they all came together to keep an eye on him. One or two them were simply doing it for the extra money and nothing less, but Mason and Conner were definitely the more friendly ones…

Not that Mason was super friendly either… There was a reason Conner was his primary caretaker after all, though he wasn’t sure if he truly made that decision himself as the blonde went on and on about how he always wanted a little brother to impart his wisdom on. But despite their motives, Kennedy welcomed their company. It was kind of cool to him to suddenly have four brothers—each very distinctly different from the others, but all intently focused on his well being.

I’m not having sex! I’m not you :p I have standards. -K

You could only dream of being as sexy as me! Have fun and be safe tonight bro. -C

You’re such a ham. I’m with a friend. Not that kind of friend. You’re right. I’m not you. Or into you :p -K

Connor didn't respond any further and Kennedy was glad for it. Texting while still slightly intoxicated in a dark room was definitely doing a number on him. Our Boston friend wandered around the penthouse looking for his friend. But he had no luck in doing so. The place was eerily quiet. It looked so different at night. Now that he thought about it, it was so like Chuck to leave him unannounced…

As he continued his search, Kennedy found that there was no one in any of the beds, though there
were male and female garments strewn about the rooms that definitely did not belong to his childhood friend.

‘Equal opportunity indeed,’ Kennedy chuckled as he made his way to the kitchen. So he did the next best thing he could think of on short notice, he left a note on a piece of fancy paper he found lying about on the counter.

Chuck,
Thanks for everything.
Heading home. Have plans tomorrow.
Will be in contact soon.
-Kennedy

Sure he could have texted him, but Kennedy thought a note was well a little more personal and more in tune with his person. He personally preferred leaving thought and concern in everything he did. Not to mention he didn't want to wake or interrupt his friend wherever he was. They had exchanged numbers on the ride over, but this was not the time to test the waters. In fact Chuck had taken it upon himself to program several other numbers in there as well, not that Kennedy could put a face to any of them beyond Nate’s entry.

It was going to be a bit of a hike in his slightly inebriated state, but Kennedy longed for the comfort of his own bed. Not to mention Connor would kill him if he wasn’t there for the next check in which would be a self-imposed one tomorrow morning. And for some reason the thought of hailing a taxi never crossed his mind.

‘Hopefully he brings coffee,’ he thought with a bleak smile as the chill of the cool air hit him head on.

On his way home he saw an oddly familiar looking older man walking down an alley with a shifty looking character. In his normal state, he may have investigated it or even been able to recall how he recognized the man, but he was too cold and tired to say there and investigate. This was New York after all and drug deals were constantly going down across the city as well as other shady transactions. He was not in the mood to get mugged or murdered before he got to the bottom of his personal mystery after all.

Who was he to get in the way of stimulating people and the American economy? While illegal, he would be a hypocrite if he interrupted. Rather, Kennedy kept his eyes on the prize and used the image of his warm bed as he continued to walk back to his apartment. It wasn’t a crazy distance, but being tired and slightly buzzed makes anything much longer and taxing.

There was one thing about it all that bothered him however. He had no idea why that face seemed familiar or where he had seen it before.

Today started like any other day, but it had lots of twists and turns. In the end he made a new friend and reunited with another. Chuck proved today that Kennedy was correct in befriending him all those years ago.

Gossip Girl may have her claws in range for Kennedy, but so did someone else. Things were not so
quiet on the Upper East Side front. And that was exactly how we like it.

Secrets can only remain hidden for so long…

Mystery Boy seen leaving The Palace alone in the middle of the night? Is there something less than wholesome going on there? I didn’t know you had it in you C! I’ll get to the bottom of it. I always do. Watch out Mystery Boy as C is quite the bad boy. You want to make the right kind of friends here.

XOXO, Gossip Girl

Don’t think for one moment that the mysteries won’t stop coming... Hopefully its adding to the story rather than dragging it down.

-griff
K’s introduced to Mr and Mrs. W and the first mystery begins to unravel as another comes out of the marvelously done inlaid woodwork.

Disclaimer: I don’t own any of the Gossip Girl Universe outside of any original characters, concepts, or locations not seen in the actual books or TV show.

Spotted. Mystery Boy. He isn’t much of a mystery anymore. Though a lot of details are still missing to even me. Looks like several of St. Jude’s more handsome students and alum’s have been in his company. First C and N, now this? Why do I have a feeling that this will end in shirts vs. skins? I’ll root for your Harem of Hotties any day K. Just name the time and the place and your team will have a legion of followers.

Sign me up!

XOXO, Gossip Girl

Kennedy slept away as much of Friday as he could. School was starting on Monday. Connor and the others had already had a week of college classes under their belts. Tonight he would be meeting the Windsor’s. It had been quite a while since he had touched alcohol, and Kennedy was really beginning to regret it.

‘Charlie’s always been a bad influence on me,’ he thought to himself as he kicked himself out of his warm cocoon of Italian sheets and down pillows.

A quick glance at his alarm clock showed him that he still had some time before the impending meeting. A ring of his phone told him that he had a new message… And it was from Gossip Girl? Well it wasn’t to him personally, but it did involve him unfortunately.

‘I so don’t need this right before school starts.’ Kennedy discarded his phone as he gathered a fresh change of clothes. ‘Why are they letting their lives be tormented by some jealous stalker/bully?’

He left his room for the bathroom only to remember that he had forgotten a towel. The sound of his ringtone chirping once more notified him of another incoming (text) message.

Lay low this weekend. She’ll have her next target soon enough -Charlie

Kennedy could only smirk. Charlie was still in there after all these years. Beneath the expensive clothes and scathing words was the friend Kennedy could still recall from years ago. Sure the Chuck persona was a bit much, but he was beginning to see why his friend had changed the way that he had… So it took a bit of self-restraint to not include Charlie in the text despite Chuck using
the nickname himself.

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Don’t worry Chuck. Spending the weekend with one of my Minders. None of her followers will get a shot of me.
-Kennedy

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Our friend could only wait in anticipation of a response. It didn’t take that long for it to happen. Kennedy picked at his fingernails in boredom while waiting. Sometimes he had the patience of a saint while he had the emotional span of a teaspoon at other times. Right now he was leaning more toward the latter.

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Minder? Is there something you’re not telling me? And I told you before Charlie is fine when it’s just us.

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Kennedy sighed as he typed a response.

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One of my ‘babysitters.’ That’s a story for another time… And now is a good time as ever to practicing calling you Chuck, Chuck.

-----------------------------------------------

He could only image how Chuck would respond. Things were so different from the way they once were, but Chuck was still the same deep down. His façade may have been upgraded and tweaked beyond recognition, but the same insecure, adventurous, and closed off boy remained deep down in that shell of a womanizer somewhere.

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If you say so.

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The dark haired teen let out a big sigh. That response was far too short and the length was the least of his problems. This was really cutting into his shower time. So much for his shower right? Kennedy took a quick whiff of himself and made a funny face. He knew he desperately needed a shower stat but the question was how to wrap it up with Chuck quickly without being rude and cutting his friend off.

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Weren’t you paying attention to me in the limo Chuck?

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Kind of… Was more glad to have you back to be honest.

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Kennedy smiled. It felt good to have the feeling being mutual. Chuck was much cooler than the warm Charlie he encountered years ago, but he was glad for the distance to be honest. Kennedy needed space and Chuck was going to do that to keep up his persona.

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Good to know. I have to run. But my minders are paid to make sure I check in and stay out of trouble. Basically glorified help.

-----------------------------------------------
Chuck never texted back, so Kennedy took that as a sign of acknowledgement. The obligatory ‘ok and have fun’ was unnecessary and unwanted to be honest. The teen stripped off his remaining articles of clothing, threw them in the hamper, and turned on the shower. He looked at himself in the mirror noticing how much he had changed already. A new haircut, clearer skin, and whiter teeth were a few of the things

Kennedy still felt like he was walking on eggshells with all of these Upper East Siders, but he was beginning to get the hang of things. Or at least he hoped that he was… A weekend with Connor and his family was exactly what he needed. He just hoped to God that they weren’t too WASPy. Connor seemed decent but you never know.

Connor showed up at five o’clock exactly in a navy blue button down, powder blue tie, and navy slacks. Kennedy had spent a lot of time fussing with his hair and deciding on what to wear. He wanted to impress the older athlete’s parents. The blonde hadn’t mentioned much about his family to be honest, Kennedy wasn’t sure whether it was to seem more down to earth or it completely slipped his mind. In fact Kennedy was going into the situation completely blind.

“Not going to try to back out now are you?” Connor said ruffling Kennedy’s hair.

“Dude!”

“Sorry, but your hair looked too perfect.” Connor laughed at his friend’s pout. “Only mine is allowed to be that close to perfection.”

Kennedy remained quiet for a moment as he let his anger subside. During that moment Connor mentally sized up Kennedy’s appearance and had to admit that his younger friend cleaned up well when he put the effort in. Kennedy was wearing a light blue button down, gray slacks, and a navy tie. “We’re like twins!”

The Boston native could only roll his eyes.

“Anything I should know before hand?”

“Dad’s an architect. Mom’s into design.”

“Match made in retail heaven.”

“Very funny K.” Connor shook his head. “We better get going.”

“Sure thing.”

The duo exited the apartment quickly. Connor grabbed the bag Kennedy had packed for the weekend.

“Thanks again dude for well you know, everything.”

“No problem bro. You’ve become like a little brother to me in the short time we’ve known each other so you might as well meet the rest of my family. You’ll be calling them Mom and Dad in no time!”

Kennedy stopped walking toward the elevator as the comment sunk in.

“Come on bro, don’t cry now.”
“I wasn’t going to,” Kennedy huffed as he wiped away the beginnings of tears from his eyes when Connor wasn’t looking.

Connor showed his million dollar smile once more. “Sure, just let me know if things get awkward. Dad knows a little bit, but not much. And Mom is intense to say the least.”

“Thanks for being vague. That was so enlightening.”

“I try,” Connor said gesturing Kennedy to enter the elevator first as the doors opened. “After you.”

“Don’t push it.”

“The button or my luck?” Connor said before the duo erupted in a fit of laughter.

The duo took Connor’s silver BMW convertible for a bit of a ride as the blonde maneuvered around the streets of New York.

“Shouldn’t we be heading the other way?” Kennedy asked confused as they drove further away from the Upper East Side.

“My parents decided we’re going to meet upstate tonight at the Cabin.”

Kennedy could only imagine what their definition of a cabin was.

“Catch some shut eye, I imagine you’d need some after your LONG night with Chuck Bass,” Connor said with a smirk as they got onto the highway.

Kennedy smacked his friend on the arm. “It wasn’t like that… we kind of go back… We kind of caught up with each other last night.”

“I won’t pry any more. If that’s what floats your boat I’ll support you until something goes wrong. And I’ll make sure after that we get you tested for every disease under the sun.”

“That’s very reassuring.”

“I try Bro. Just be careful Kennedy, this isn’t Boston. It’s war in stilettos and blazers.”

“Just what I need, even more anxiety about starting on Monday.”

“Well I don't have any Xanax or weed so you’ll have to make do with my mom’s cookies,” Connor said grabbing a tin from the back seat.

“Keep your hands on the wheel dude, kind of don't want to die now that this is beginning to get good,” Kennedy said nibbling on a sugar cookie.

Connor was right, they were THAT good… So good in fact Connor nearly swerved off the road when Kennedy later smacked his hand away when the blonde attempted to relieve the teen of the tin on some windy road.

The duo arrived at “the Cabin” about three hours later. It was surprisingly modest compared to what he had expected, not that he was expecting anything simple considering who the Windsor’s and what he had learned about them from an extensive use of Google.
“Take a deep breath dude, it’s going to be intense.”

“Meeting your parents or discussing IT?”

“Both, I’m not sure which is going to scare you more!” Connor said putting an arm around Kennedy’s neck. “But don’t worry I’ve got your back Bro!”

“Thanks Bro!”

The two did several friendly punches and other exchanges of machismo before speaking once more. They weren’t at the point to me be all emotional and touchy feely.

“You may annoy me like a pesky little brother, but you’re useful to me.”

“You mean if I dyed my hair I would be useful for your love life.”

Connor pretended to have been stabbed in the heart. The dramatics did little to help his case.

“That hurt bro.”

“I try, but for some reason I feel like doing it again and again.”

“Smart ass.”

“I know you are.”

“Seriously Kennedy?” Connor glared harshly which made the black haired male actually feel guilty and put his head down to look at the ground.

“Sorry.”

“Feel better?” Connor said lifting Kennedy’s head up.

“Yeah jackass, though this emotional roller coaster thing isn’t as fun as I thought it would be. How it works is beyond me.”

“It works all the time though.”

“Still doesn’t make it a good idea.”

“I got you to relax. Just chill and stop talking before we say something stupid. My parents should have heard us pull up by now.”

“Oh joy.”

“Chill, they’re not that bad dude!”

“Well they did produce you.”

“And what’s wrong with that?”

“Have you looked at yourself in the mirror?”

“Huh?”

“You have lipstick on your collar.”
Connor began craning his neck to search for the offensive smudge.

“Someone’s looking guilty right now.”

“You’re one to talk.”

“No actually I’m not dude as there isn’t any lipstick on your collar.”

Connor looked angry for a moment before it subsided and was replaced by a shit eating grin.

“And the student has surpassed the teacher.”

“That happened months ago dude.”

“My ego!”

“We should hurry up before they think we’re up to no good in your car.”

“What kind of trouble could we get up to?”

“There may not have been any lipstick on your collar, but there is definitely a hickey on your neck.”

“No there isn’t!”

Kennedy sighed as he used his phone as a camera, taking a picture of the offensive love bite.

“Dude keep it in your pants.”

Connor stuck out his tongue as he adjusted his shirt accordingly.

“You’re just jealous.”

“Maybe, maybe not.”

The duo was standing outside a beautiful house surrounding by various types of trees. Evergreens dotted the landscape as the leaves of maple, oak, and birch began to change color. The house was a simple looking steel blue house with crisp white trim and copper gutters. Dormers adorned the slate roof. Connor stopped right outside a beautiful iron and wood door. Kennedy was unable to put his finger on the style of the house, but it reminded him of home.

“This is it, no turning back,” Connor said in a solemn tone as they stood at the door, his hand grazing his neck.

Kennedy sighed. “I guess so, I hope they like me.”

“It’s not like we’re going out or anything dude, then you’d have to be worried,” Connor chuckled.

“Thanks for the vote of confidence… and that disturbing image.”

“No problem. Just be a little wary of my mom.”

“What do you…”

Kennedy was cut off by the sound of the front door suddenly swinging open. He turned to see Mrs.
Windsor, a very beautiful woman with a straw colored hair and a simple navy dress on. It may have been very simple but it did wonders for her.

“Connor its good to see you!” she said hugging and kissing her son.

“Mom it’s only been a few weeks!” Connor said trying to act cool in front of his friend.

“You’re not eating enough young man! Clearly those tins of cookies haven’t been touched.”

Kennedy could only smile at the antics of mother and child. He let out a mental sigh of relief. The Windsor’s, or rather Mrs. Windsor was very warm and bubbly.

Suddenly he felt the spotlight being put on him.

“And you must be Kennedy.”

“It’s nice to meet you Mrs. Windsor.”

“Feel free to call me Cassidy. There won’t be any of that Mrs. stuff here. I’m far too young for any of that.”

“Ok, Cassidy.”

“Now that's much better,” she said with a smile. “Connor’s been talking nonstop about you!”

Connor blushed as the teen turned to face him… ‘Maybe that dating comment wasn’t as much of a joke as I thought it was.’

“Nothing bad, in fact it reminds me of when I was younger with my sisters,” she said with a warm smile before embracing him in a hug. Connor could only smile as Kennedy stiffened.

“Oh sorry, I guess you weren’t expecting that.” Cassidy was genuinely embarrassed at how the teen flinched at the physical contact. “Why don’t you two freshen up? Dinner will be in half an hour.” Both boys nodded. “Kennedy, honey, you will be in with Connor for the weekend. I hope you don’t mind.”

And with a flourish and spin Cassidy returned to “help” her husband in the kitchen, not that Kennedy knew that, before he could even respond. While she had all the appearances of a more than capable housewife, she was far from it as he would soon learn from the Windsor men time after time.

“I don’t get what she meant.”

He took in the ‘cabin’ with great attention. While it looked quite simple it was adorned with every modern convenience in a homely way. The rich character of the original period details blended flawlessly in with the big screen tv. The outside did little justice for the interior. The past glittered in the façade, but every modern convenience was present in the lavishly designed space.

“Now you know what I meant earlier. We can talk about it later Kennedy.”

“I guess… they’re good… I mean, they designed this I take it? It’s freakin’ awesome how they did the place.”

Connor blinked. “Yeah, the house has been in the family for almost two centuries. Mom took this on as her pet project after I was born. This is just the latest version and far from being the last if that’s any indication... It only seems to get bigger and better with time.”
“Oh.”

“It’s a lot bigger than I expected from outside.”

“My parent’s are just good like that.” Kennedy laughed at the feigned arrogance. “I hope you don’t mind bunking with me, but I am presuming we are having guests over if we’re sharing.”

Kennedy shook his head. “Your house, your rules. Just no funny business as I still remember how we woke up together last time.”

The duo walked up the spiraling stairs to the second floor. With each step Kennedy began to imagine what it would have been like to be a part of the Windsor family as photos aligned the walls.

Kennedy spaced out for a bit and continued walking, grateful Connor was carrying the bags or he would have no doubt dropped his.

“You ok?” Connor asked as Kennedy nearly tripped himself on the top step.

“Huh?”

“Dude, just chill bro. My mom already loves you… maybe more than me. It’s not fair! I’ve been here for two decades and its love at first sight for you. I get not respect I tell you! No respect!”

Kennedy ignored the tirade at first. He had no idea of how to respond to it. Was it sarcasm? The truth? A bit of both? He wasn’t sure to be honest and he didn't want to risk choosing the incorrect option.

“Very funny.” The teen hesitated before asking Connor a question. He didn't want to push his luck as it was. He was intruding on the Windsor’s family time after all, even if they did have something to discuss with him. They had welcomed him into their home and he wasn’t about to be rude, no matter how annoying his blonde counterpart was.

“Not to sound ungrateful or anything, but how much do your parents know about me?”

Connor sighed as he opened the door to his room. A king sized bed was the star of the pale gray room. Black furniture was placed around the room in a well thought out way. Two white leather wing backed chairs were placed in front of a flagstone fireplace. That seating area was completed with a fluffy white rug.

“Why don’t we take a seat first,” Connor said discarding the bags by what Kennedy presumed was the closet. The blonde took the chair on the left while the guest took the other.

“Ok…”

“First of all I really have to say I hope you don't mind sharing a bed with me this weekend. I know we’re chill and all but I know things are only going to get more awkward this weekend if my mom’s introduction was anything to go by… And don’t you think for a moment that I buy your little excuse for last time.”

Kennedy blushed, but not for the reasons Connor was thinking.

“I know that you don't like a lot of touching, but it’s going to kind of be inevitable this weekend.
Mom is very lovey-dovey and dad is well, you’ll see when you meet him.”

“It won’t be a big deal. At least we’re not squished into a twin. Now that would be awkward,” Kennedy joked.

“Yeah it would be in the morning… But back to the subject at hand, I’m not really sure to be honest. My dad obviously knows more than me as I just accepted before they finished with the proposal.”

“Really?” Kennedy asked clearly impressed with Connor’s initiative. He didn't even flinch at the use of the word proposal as it was obvious it wasn’t the other use of the phrase.

Connor blushed. “Yeah, I’ve err… well I’ve always wanted a little brother and well you’ve kind of become that for me. Its kind of why I always call you Bro.”

Kennedy smiled warmly as he got up and walked over to Connor, much to the surprise of the blond.

“I’m honored that you see me that way Bro!” Kennedy said as he hugged him tightly. “Not that I really like the contact, but I think you’ve earned it.”

“You’re weird Bro.”

“What did you expect Connor? I learned it all from you.”

“Hey! I’ve only known you a few weeks.”

“…Well its felt like forever. Your lame jokes grow old very quickly.”

Connor nodded in agreement. “I know what you mean… HEY!” Kennedy snickered. “Now my mom obviously knows a bit but I would talk to my dad later if I were you. He’s an alumni and was obviously was contacted by St. Jude’s. The whole thing is kind of weird how it was set up but it worked out for the two of us right? I’m sure there’s an official story for you to tell your friends, but that’s all I know.”

“Yeah I know what you mean. So if there’s a guest how are we going to do this?”

“I’ll play it by ear. I think much better on my feet as you know. I’m sure my dad will seek you out if it comes to it… They didn’t ask me to invite you outright, but they were both very excited when you agreed.” Connor failed to mention his numerous conversations with each of his parents over the planning of this meeting.

“And here I thought you just loved my company,” Kennedy smirked.

“I do or I wouldn’t have invited you here now would I?” Conner countered as he looked toward the bed.

“Maybe you’re just in love with me?” Kennedy said wagging his eyebrows.

“You wish” Connor said throwing a pillow.

This exchange led to an all out pillow fight as if they two were children. The duo’s fight ended in a very compromising position as they heard a knock followed immediately by the door opening and the arrival of a built brunette man in a blue striped shirt and navy pants. The look was completed by a argyle tie and brown leather belt and shoes.
“You move fast Son,” Mr. Windsor said. “I’ll let you two finish up. Dinner’s ready… I guess you’ll be calling me Dad in no time Kennedy!”

“It’s not what you think!” the two young adults said at the same time with respective blushes as they adjusted their clothing and hair.

“I could tell by the sound of all of the furniture falling. Be careful Kennedy, I’m sure my wife is already planning a wedding in her head,” he said moving closer to the two.

Connor’s jaw dropped at the thought. Kennedy could see where Connor’s humor came from.

“You can’t be serious Mr. Windsor.”

“What did my wife tell you?”

“You never gave me you first name so it can’t really apply,” Kennedy retorted as Mr. Windsor smiled.

“I’m Kyle, young man,” he said extending a hand while helping Kennedy up. “While Connor catches up with Cassidy later we can talk Kennedy. I’m sure there are a few questions I might be able to answer for you.”

“Thanks Kyle,” Kennedy replied. He was surprised at how easily things were falling into place. If he were having any doubts about the authenticity of the Windsor’s before, they were beginning to stab him even harder.

“Now I’ll distract Cassidy as you two clean yourselves up. Don’t want to put any more ideas in her head. You haven’t had a girlfriend in a while Connor so your mother is beginning to wonder… It’s none of my business but I thought I would give you a heads up,” Kyle said to his son who was still on the floor. Kyle turned to leave the room as Kennedy helped Connor up.

Before the door close completely, the adult peeked his head in the room.

“What you two do on your own time is between you, but remember Son, he’s jailbait.”

The serious look on the elder Windsor’s face had the two of them completely unnerved. Yet another bout of awkward silence developed between the pair.

“Why do your parents…”

Connor glared at him. “I don’t know… I guess we’ve become closer than we thought fairly quickly.”

“Yeah… you’re not…” Kennedy began blushing.

“No!” Connor said as the two headed for the door. “I just have been really picky and don’t want to let them down. It’s a hard feat to live down considering how storybook romantic their relationship is.”

“Well it wouldn’t bother me either way… especially with that big bed of your’s,” Kennedy said seriously looking back and forth between his friend and the bed.

*Smack*

“Don’t joke like that Bro or you may have to keep an eye open at night,” Connor said with a wink.
“We should really stop before this gets out of hand.”

“Yeah… if my mom over hears she may think we’re serious.”

The two chuckled at the thought.

“I wonder who the guest is.”

“It might not be anyone. THEY may think we’d be more comfortable together since it’s CHILLY.”

“Sure dude, keep thinking that.”

“Well you don’t know my mother like I do. She’s not very subtle.”

“I’ll take your word for it.”

“No seriously Bro you have no clue what you’re getting in to.”

“I think I have enough to go on, after all you’re your mother’s son.”

“Hey!”

“I think your dad likes me, maybe even more than you.”

“That’s not fair!”

“Stop acting like a five year old and get ready. I take it your mom is a stickler for the rules?”

“Kind of… They take turns playing good cop, bad cop.” Conner said as he unbuckled and unzipped, tucking his shirt back into his pants and then reversing the process.

“Oh joy,” Kennedy said from the bathroom, adjusting his hair and tie.

“Just don’t insult the cooking.”

“I wouldn’t dream of it.”

“No I’m serious.”

“Dude…”

“Kennedy just don’t do it. If you don’t like something, don’t make it obvious. Trust me.”

“I take it you didn’t eat your vegetables growing up?”

“I did… well some of them. I’m talking more about things like duck liver and quail.”

Spotted Mystery Boy in the company of Connor Windsor once again. Is there romance in their future? Or is it just another Upper East Side bromance? Mystery Boy sure is a social climber. You sure are full of surprises. Golden Boy is nothing compared to the standard of a well-bred Windsor man. You’ve done very well in landing such a talented companion.

XOXO, Gossip Girl
Connor's more than a pretty face. Keep that in mind.

-griff
Holy Ground Part Two

Chapter Summary

The W's are just as dysfunctional as any other American family.

Disclaimer: I don’t own any of the Gossip Girl Universe outside of any original characters, concepts, or locations not seen in the actual books or TV show.

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Spotted. Connor Windsor and Mystery Boy going Upstate in what appears to be Connor’s BMW. Now there’s a handsome face that hasn’t graced this site in a while. Looks like the duo are packed for a weekend getaway. Going to meet the parents already? Or will it be a romantic rendezvous in New England?

I kid Mystery Boy. You obviously have higher aspirations than THAT... Not even a month in the City and you’re already doing things Lonely Boy could only dream of. Bravo. I’ll be expecting an invite to the wedding. You're obviously planning something big to bring in the big guns. Who knew C and N had such interesting friends?

XOXO, Gossip Girl

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Kennedy found the whole affair was surprisingly enjoyable. Mr. and Mrs. Windsor, or Kyle and Cassidy as they preferred, were as warm and caring their son. Kyle was one of a select group notified of Kennedy's existence and jumped on the chance immediately. Good things happened to bad people. And bad things happen to good people. Kyle had not known the Blakes, but he knew that Connor had a lot to offer their son and vice versa. In the short time the boys had been together he had noticed a change for the better in his son.

It was something that made the Windsor’s incredibly proud. Their son on the spot agreed to help out the orphan before they could even finish telling him what it entailed. To be honest the couple was happy that Connor could finally be someone’s big brother. Cassidy had a difficult time becoming pregnant and Connor’s delivery was much more complicated than expected. Sure they could have adopted, but Cassidy couldn't even imagine doing so and instead buried herself further into her work.

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The duo joined the Windsor’s for dinner only to notice there were two additional (and unoccupied) place settings.

“We were supposed to be joined by the individual who did the “audit,” but he had to cancel last minute. So it will just be the four of us,” Cassidy said as Kyle came out with a bottle of champagne. He cut the top off with a sword that Connor would later explain was a family heirloom.

After a toast to Kennedy and his friendship with Connor the quartet began to eat their meal. Kyle
apparently was a great chef, something you wouldn't expect from his demeanor. They went from soup to seafood, steak, and salad, to strawberry shortcake and several other decadent desserts he couldn't name. All and all it was really good and Kennedy was glad that he took up Connor’s offer after all. This beat anything he could make or buy any day. The Windsor’s made great company.

“You sure you don’t want more Kennedy, you look like you could use another serving or two.”

Connor chuckled at his mother mothering his friend.

“Don’t you start young man! Connor, you are much to thin as well!”

Kyle could only smile at the scene before him. He had long imagined what it would be like if they were able to give Connor a sibling and it didn't seem half bad having another in their household. There was an air about Kennedy that made you immediately want to like him. He fit immediately in place… almost like a missing puzzle piece.

“Connor, why don’t you help your mother clear the table while I talk to Kennedy in the den,” Kyle said while giving Connor a look.

“Sure thing dad.” Connor was never one to question his father. He knew THAT look and complied without a second thought.

“Do you want any coffee first dear?” Mrs. Windsor knew something was up immediately.

“No thank you Cassidy. I think it’s time for MY talk with Kennedy.”

The other occupants of the room made faces that did not go unnoticed by Kyle. He knew they were all dreading it for different reasons, but it had to be done. With Robert McAllister not being there, it only became more and more difficult to get this done.

“Follow me,” Kyle said gesturing to Kennedy who did so.

The two walked toward the back of the house and then down a flight of stairs before they found themselves in a wood paneled room. It didn't feel like a basement because it technically wasn’t. This part of the house was a ground level addition.

“Would you like another drink?” Kyle said pouring some bourbon from a crystal decanter into a glass.

Kennedy paused to decide. He wasn't used to responsible adults offering him alcohol, but apparently this was the norm here.

“Don’t worry about it. We know you won’t be driving any time soon or going anywhere tonight. A little liquid courage will make this a lot easier for both of us.”

“Make it a double,”

“Sure thing Son,”

The use of the word didn’t go unnoticed by Kennedy. He didn't know if it was intentional or not, but he wouldn't be surprised if it weren’t. After all Connor used the word Bro like it was going out of style.

“So where do I begin?” Kyle said to himself aloud.
“The beginning,” Kennedy said sarcastically as Kyle smiled.

“I can see Connor’s humor is rubbing off on you.”

“I guess. He gets it from you after all.”

Kyle chuckled as he sat down.

“Well to answer your question, it was right after the previous school year had ended. One Mr. Robert McAllister was going through the roster of new students for the following year and found your name on it.”

Kennedy gave him an inquisitive look as the name didn’t ring a bell.

“He’s... Well he's part of administration at St. Jude’s for the lack of a better term... Upon further investigation it appears that a trust fund was left for your education in care of the school. The odd thing is that there was enough left behind for four years but oddly your name was only found now and that the money was only left by a Mr. and Mrs. Blake. No first names were listed, nor was a date listed for when the funds were entrusted to the school to reserve your spot.”

Kyle paused to let Kennedy comment.

“But wouldn't that have been obvious? The whole thing screams setup. No first names and money mysteriously popping out of thin air should be distinct red flags for alarm.”

“I see you’ve caught on.” Kyle smiled at the teen. Obviously the teen was just as bright as his file had read, and then some. The older brunette took a small sip of his alcohol before continuing with the tale as the teen's patience was already worn thin.

“Now Robert has been an old friend of mine for more than a little while. We may not go back to childhood, but he remains one of my closest confidants.” The teen nodded in understanding as this was obviously building up to something much bigger. “

St. Jude’s has a lot of scholarship students but it is not unheard of for parents to set aside money for tuition and expenses ahead of time to secure a spot in case their children’s academics go south before its time for their progeny to attend. Some of your peers come to mind don't they Kennedy?”

The teen could only nod in agreement. It was quite obvious several of his peers, namely the close friends of Nate in particular, had no right in the school other than their family names and the dollars that furnished new wings of the campus and such. Money can’t buy you intelligence or class, but it can help paint the illusion of some.

“What was odd was not really the lack of your “parents”’ first names, but rather how the money appeared out of the blue and onto the books now. Robert went back a few years and couldn't find a paper trail of its existence.”

“So there’s an ulterior motive here and it’s not likely Robert McAllister behind it?” Kennedy asked. “This really isn’t a trust fund or an education fund is it? It was just a way to get me into the city and the school for someone else's benefit.”

“I don’t know. It’s possible, but the odd thing was that the money literally came out of thin air. Now after Robert came across it, he contacted me and we did our research... I’m sure you hit many of the same roadblocks we have.”

“My parents,” Kennedy said putting the pieces together.
“I know this just became a whole lot more awkward with me being a complete stranger, but I do have your best interests in mind whether you believe me or not.”

Kennedy gestured for him to continue. The adult was not sure whether he was being trusted or not at the moment, but he did not have much time to thing about his predicament as every second wasted led to another bit of doubt for the teen.

“We couldn’t find a record of your parents on your birth certificate. All of your medical files were missing. Even the original copy recording your birth was missing. The copy we found was obviously doctored as your parents’ names as well as those of the doctor and attending medical professionals are all blacked out.”

“So there is something else going on.” The teen slumped in the seat and sipped the amber liquor that burned his throat. He didn't really feel it at this point as he was too frustrated to really care about anything to be honest.

“Exactly Kennedy.” The older male refilled their glasses as he paused for a few moments to collect his thoughts. “Now in order to level the playing field, Robert and myself came up with an idea... Well there's more to it...”

“The minders.”

“Correct, and in fact you may now see how Connor was selected, but the others were pretty straight forward as well. Oliver Winchester and Lucas Lancaster were both scholarship students at St. Jude’s that were both well liked and in need of additional aid for their college education as neither got a full ride based on their athletics or academics respectively. The two also attend Columbia with Connor making scheduling easier as well.”

“That makes sense since they've always made it seem like a job unlike Connor.”

Kyle smiled. “That was never our intention, but I’m proud that my son has made it less of a duty and more part of his routine.”

“That still doesn’t explain Mason, Kyle.”

There was a bit of awkward silence. “Mason is Robert’s step son.”

Kyle gave Kennedy some time to process everything as he poured them another round.

“Is there something between Mason and Connor?”

“Why do you ask?”

“Of all the combinations I’ve seen, those two are the most awkward around each other. Lot’s of tension in the air between them.”

“Mason’s always pretty uptight as you’ve likely noticed, but he’s a good kid.”

“I know. I take it each was selected so there would be at least one or two of them around when I’m in college?”

Kyle nodded in the affirmative.

“So what are you and Robert planning?”

“Some quiet investigating of course. No one at the St. Jude’s other than Robert, the headmaster,
and the accountant are aware of your fund.”

“So what do they know?”

“Other than Robert and myself, no one knows that someone unknown left money in your name. The others know that the money left by your parents was misplaced along with your acceptance letter because we were unaware you were still alive. Robert and myself believe that someone is planning something bigger and you will unfortunately be a pawn in the game...”

“Does Cassidy or Connor know of this?” Kennedy asked quietly.

Kyle paused as if he was holding himself back. “Cassidy knows that I have suspicions about the delay in your acceptance, but nothing other than that. Connor only knows that you’re an orphan that needed a peer to check in with him from time to time.”

“Should we tell them?”

“It’s your call, but I think we should wait until we have a little more info.”

“I agree though I feel bad lying to Connor.”

Kyle chuckled.

“You have my son so whipped. You two act more like brothers than friends. I’m glad you’ve been able to find some happiness.”

“Thanks. Your family has been really awesome.”

“It’s our pleasure. You may not know this, but you’ve had a good influence on my son. Connor was always a bit of an air head.”

Kennedy snorted.

“He was fully dedicated to his sports but little other than that, though he always managed to get good grades. How he did that I’ll never know that.”

“Let me guess he’s all studious now?”

“Not really, but there’s definitely a different air about him. He’s actually taking his studies seriously.”

“So what’s with all the couple jokes?”

“Just trying to keep you on your toes. This isn’t Boston Kennedy. You’re going to have to watch what you do and who you’re seen with.”

“Gossip Girl? You know about it?”

“To an extent yes. It’s amazing how a simple gossip site keeps better track of our children than their own parents... Its more effective and much cheaper than hiring a private investigator. But don’t mention any of this to Connor. I enjoy keeping him on his toes.”

“I think that’s something we can agree on...” Kennedy noticed that Kyle’s posture had changed as had his demeanor. “And is there something else?”

“My wife thinks Connor’s gay. That’s why she moved the two of you into the same room.”
Then it dawned on Kennedy.

“So that’s why he warned me.”

“I know Connor’s hasn’t found the right girl yet, but Cassidy is sure that he’s looking at the wrong sex completely.”

“So I’m supposed to be a guinea pig?”

“No, I didn’t think of that to be honest though I think Cassidy is just fond of the idea of having a gay son to shop with, not that I wouldn’t put it past her.” The two men shared a fit of manly laughter. “We only have three bedrooms here and the McAllister’s were supposed to come so that’s why I agreed for you to share a room. I didn’t know there was no bed set up for you there... It’s quite possible she wants to see if you two... well you know...”

“It’s ok, Connor’s crashed with me once or twice.”

“Have you?” Kyle said raising an eyebrow causing Kennedy to sweat. “You’re too easy!” Kyle ruffled Kennedy’s hair. “We also figured it would be easier for you to get to know us here in the country instead of in the City. The Cabin is far less intimidating than our home in the City. Sure things seem fancy here, but they kind of pale in comparison to our normal home.”

The older male smiled at the funny face the teen made while picturing the even fancier place the Windsor’s called home.

“And most importantly, we chose to discuss things here as there are ears in the wall there. We may be fairly self-sufficient compared to the peers but time is money.”

The teen was confused at first before he looked underneath the underneath and caught onto what the gentleman before him was implying “The help? You’re afraid they’ve either spying on you literally or figuratively… or possibly both?”

“Exactly. Though I doubt they’ve gotten that far… but there are always people watching your movement when you live in a building such as ours. Sure we don’t really have much use for maids, but we do other types of amenities that require employees access to our home.”

“Connor’s told me the same thing... Who knew you couldn't trust someone you employ?”

“Great minds think alike… The saying the walls have ears stays current for a reason,” Kyle said smiling. “Why don’t you head up? It’s getting late.”

“Don’t you mean if we wait any longer Connor will come snooping?”

“Not just him, my wife is just as bad.”

“What have you dragged me into?”

“You have no idea,” Kyle said playing with something in his pocket. The bulge protruding from said pocket was giving Kennedy a bad feeling. But he tried to distract his mind from it as to not to give the older male the wrong impression about him. “If you ever run into trouble, you can always turn to me Kennedy. Until the day you turn 18 I will be your guardian legally speaking.”

“How so?” Kennedy asked confused. This was happening all so fast.

“It was part of the deal of moving you out of state. Someone independent of, but still affiliated with
the school was needed to look after you in multiple capacities.”

“So you’re paying for my apartment and other needs?”

“No… they’re part of the mystery too. If I were paying, you would be living with Connor so he could keep a closer eye on you. The credit cards and keys in your possession and lease to the apartment arrived on my desk at work the day after Robert informed me of his discovery. It was a weird coincidence as the two of us were not on campus to be overheard by anyone possibly undercover.”

Kennedy began to feel dirty by just having the credit cards in his wallet.

“So are you mad that I became your guardian without consulting you first?”

“No, its fine. It’s actually pretty awesome, though I think Connor’s going to be more excited about this than I am.”

“Yeah… if we tell him this I’m sure he’d want me to adopt you next, not that isn’t a possibility down the road.”

“Wow…” Kennedy said throwing back his drink.

“Tell Connor what you want, but keep that last bit to yourself. Robert trusted myself, and Connor by extension, to keep an eye on you. I’ll do everything in my power to keep you safe. It is also why I made Connor your primary minder. Though minder isn’t the right word either.” Kyle continued to ramble on until the teen cut him off.

“So is there anything else I should know Kyle?”

“Just focus on your studies and use this,” Kyle said pulling out a wallet from his front pocket. Kennedy let out a mental sigh of relief that this was the bulge in Kyle’s pocket, though it didn't make him feel much better that there were more strings attached to this deal.

“I know you have likely not used much if any at all of the stuff provided for you already, but I think it would be safer if you kept the use of that to the minimum.”

“I can’t possibly…” Kennedy said pushing the wallet away. Kyle pushed it back.

“I hope this doesn't come out wrong, but this isn’t much to us Kennedy. Connor already sees you as a little brother and I’m sure Cassidy and myself will someday see you as a son if you let us.”

The teen slumped his shoulders in defeat. There was no winning for the devil you know is always better than the devil you dont. “Fine.”

Kennedy opened the wallet to find cash, a debit card, a black American Express card, keys, and a condom? Kennedy picked up the last item while pointing a glare at Kyle, to which he received laughter. How the adult knew he'd need a Magnum was beyond him, and quite frankly kind of frightened him.

“Better to be safe than sorry. You never know what kind of trouble you could get up to with Connor by your side.”

Kennedy slapped his forehead in embarrassment. This was beginning to get really awkward. It was really feeling like Connor’s parents were really trying to push them together not so subtly. Kennedy knew that he needed to end this before he said something he’d forget. Luckily Kyle decided to pull
them another round of drinks.

“Those keys are to our penthouse and here,” Kyle said. “Depending on your grades another key may be joining them in the future.”

“You’ve got to be kidding me!” Kennedy almost squeeled at that comment. “Not that those keys aren’t awesome…”

“You’re going to be stuck with the Windsor’s for a while Kennedy, might as well act like one of us.”

Kennedy gave Kyle an odd look.

“You don't have to change beyond what you want. I just want to help make the transition easier on you as you’re in a new city at a new school. Now more than ever, your clothes, looks, and decisions will be scrutinized to the most minute detail. Connor’s already shown me the posts Gossip Girl’s posted about you. All eyes will be on you Monday, lie if you have to.”

“I hate lying.”

“Unfortunately, its part of life Kennedy. If you have to, just say you’re family friend of the Windsor's, which is kind of true now right?” Kyle smirked.

“Bending the truth I can do,” Kennedy said wrapping his fingers around the wallet. “I am a friend of your family after all. A “special friend” of Connor’s right,” he said winking. Kyle nearly spat out his liquor.

Kyle’s demeanor changed in a blink. There was a storm brewing behind those eyes. “Kennedy…”

“Fine… My parents were acquaintances of yours and left me in your care in case anything happened to them. Their will was only recently found, which explains why I’m here now instead of two years ago like my “education fund” would suggest.”

“Now that wasn’t too hard now was is?”

“No… because its kind of true.”

“If you have to be seen in public, be alone with Connor if you can. Any of the others with him will rise suspicion as Oliver and Lucas in particular are far older than you and are not acquaintances of Connor or Mason. And speaking of Mason, he doesn't really stray from his circle of friends, so just stick to Connor.”

“Ok.”

“Now we better get back before the blondes are wondering where we went.”

“Blondes versus Brunettes now are we?” Kennedy asked feigning innocence.

“I like the way you think,” Kyle said finishing another glass of the amber liquid.

“Who says blondes have more fun?”

“Not us!” Kyle put a hand on Kennedy’s shoulder as they headed toward the stairs.

For once he didn't mind the contact. And it wasn’t on account of the Windsor's generosity either. They family just seemed so genuine and inviting. Normally he would have been turned off by the
whole idea, but they were just so intoxicating to Kennedy for the lack therefore of a better word. He didn't feel like an outsider, but at the very back of his mind was the suspicion of ulterior motives.

“So can we count on you to join us more often?” Kyle said offhandedly as they continued their trek.

“If it doesn’t conflict with something else… Connor and someone I met the other day are both trying to get me to play both soccer and lacrosse. I'm not really sure if I want to play either to be honest.”

“And what’s wrong with that? It would be a great way to meet friends and acquaintances. You won’t be able to rely on Connor at St. Jude’s,” Kyle said stopping. “Do you want to go back to the den?”

“No, its just silly really…”

“I won’t laugh.”

“Well, sometimes I feel like this is all just one big dream. Everything has fallen into place so smoothly and quickly… Not to mention there’s your entire family. So many things that I never thought were possible are beginning to happen.”

“Kennedy, I won’t pretend to say I know what you’ve been through, but your life hasn’t been easy. You deserve some good things to happen every once in a while. Karma works for that very reason.”

“I guess… I’m just afraid Connor’s going to get mad once I have my own group of friends and everything… I know he’s been blowing off his to spend more time with me.”

“Connor’s a smart boy Kennedy. He knows you will have to walk on your own two feet sooner or later. Once school picks up you’ll have less free time and fewer chances to hang out together. Just do what your heart tells you. Sometimes our hearts are smarter than our brains.”

Kennedy remained quiet for several moments. “That was very deep.”

“Being well versed in the English language can get you everywhere Kennedy. It will get you into their hearts…”

“And their pants?” Kennedy smiled.

“That too! Just remember that life isn’t all about fancy cars and designer clothes. Keep your friends close and enemies even closer. Gossip Girl is gunning for you.”

“I’ll do my best… we better get back upstairs before they burn down the house.”

“You know, Connor inherits his inability to boil water from his mother right?”

“I’m not surprised.”

“Keep an eye on your phone at all times. I know you have your secrets, and Gossip Girl has informants everywhere.”

“Will do, and let me guess. If all else fails you'll get me a new one.”

“Of course,” Kyle smiled. “We’ll need to get you the most expensive and gaudy one out there to
Kennedy chuckled. Kyle, like Connor, was very goofy, but also very caring. He could see where THAT sense of humor came from.

“Performance over aesthetics, isn’t that your philosophy in architecture?”

“You’re a quick study Kennedy. Ever consider it for a career?”

Our black haired teen smiled. “Maybe once or twice. I’ve seen some of your work online… I’m good with my hands and have always been fascinated by it.”

“Connor’s never been interested, so this really is more of a deal for me than you!” Kyle said ruffling the ebony locks. “Maybe I can arrange you an internship or two as I’ll have to pass off my empire to someone.”

“Already sinking your claws in honey?” a female voice said from the top of the stairs.

“Maybe? Someone has to inherit my business.”

“I’m not surprised, but I thought you would have at least waited for me.”

“Now where’s the fun in that? He’s obviously not a designer. Kennedy has the brains and brawn for architecture.”

An unspoken conversation was going on between the couple…

“I’ll just go join Connor… I don’t want to get in the way of your moment, you two silly lovebirds,” Kennedy said in his most serious tone. “Teenagers,” could be heard by the couple, as he continued his ascent.

The Windsor’s oddly felt chastised. In that moment they felt like the children and that Kennedy was the parent who had caught them making out at the front door.

As he headed up the stairs, Kennedy looked around the walls differently now. Where he saw design before, he now saw love. But even that couldn't not shift his attention from what had just transpired downstairs. Kennedy could still recall one part of the conversation as he headed up to Connor’s room. It wasn’t so shocking as it was meaningful. There wasn’t much new information but he was able to gain a small semblance of closure to a degree.

Kennedy heard their distant voices as he departed for Connor’s room. The blonde was likely going crazy without him. To his surprise Connor was lying on the bed shirtless and doing homework.

“What took you so long K?”

“Your dad C.” Kennedy closed the door and plopped on the bed next to his friend. “Half naked for me already big boy?” Kennedy said in a husky tone.

“I thought you would enjoy seeing what a real man looks like,” Connor said looking longingly into his eyes as he flexed his arms and pecs, putting on quite the gun show for the teen.

The two let out a round of laughter as they broke the silence. Their weird sense of humor just worked between them.
“So what did he have to say?”

“Not much really… there’s a lot even he doesn’t know, but he did say that your family has the cover of being my ‘host family.’”

“Score! I get a little brother to teach all my mad moves to!”

“You’re obviously getting the better end of the deal bro. I’m stuck with a complete dork.”

“A dork that you love. Just admit it K.”

“You’re delusional C.”

“We’ll see about this,” Connor said while beginning to tickle his friend.

Sometimes Kennedy truly felt his friend had the maturity level of a young child.

“Give up!”

“Never!” he called out as Connor continued his assault.

Meanwhile the Windsor’s were talking in the den. The two were standing by the crackling fire. It had all of the elements of a classic romantic movie moment.

“So how did he take it Kyle?” Cassidy asked her husband as she turned to face her husband.

“Better than we expected. He’s ready for more surprises.”

“And did you tell him?”

“Yes… and he was quite surprised.”

“I’m sure it will make sense. After all, our cover of host family will only make more sense as time goes on. ‘In loco parentis’ sure is handy.”

“I guess… I just hope Connor doesn’t become too attached. They’re already joined at the hip Kyle. If…” Kyle cut her off with a finger to her crimson lips.

“Everything will work out honey. They’re both smart kids and just what each other needed. I just hope Gossip Girl doesn’t isn’t up to her normal tricks.”

“I still don’t know why you follow that nasty chint.”

“There’s only so much slander… A lot of it is true and quite informative. I’ve already learned about how the boys are influencing each other in the past month from her posts.”

“If you say so.”

“I appreciate your vote of confidence Mrs. Windsor,” Kyle smirked. “But I would appreciate your vote of appreciation when I rip you out of that dress.”

“Oh Mr. Windsor,” she said moving her hand to a certain sensitive region.

“Mrs. Windsor, you naughty girl!”
The two parents continued their little game well into the night while the two young men were blissfully unaware upstairs. Sure their family was a little crazy, but none of the Windsor’s would trade it for anything.

Looks like Mystery Boy isn't the only source of action on the UES... A certain wrestler is in hot water after getting too frisky with a soon to be freshman.

Keep it classy ladies and gents.

XOXO, Gossip Girl

And there you have it folks. The end of our first two parter. The story should start picking up a tad faster now that some more of the groundwork has been laid down for you. There's still a lot more to come. Thanks again for reading and please leave me some feedback in the form of a review. I can only improve with your feedback!

-griff
Chapter Summary

Nate sees the error of his ways and Blair realizes K might not be as bad as she initially thought, not that she would ever admit it.

Disclaimer: I don't own any of the Gossip Girl Universe outside of any original characters, concepts, or locations not seen in the actual books or TV show.

N spotted looking longingly out into the distance while out with C. Why so glum N? You have it all so there should be no time for brooding. It doesn't look good on you. Summer's almost over, enjoy your freedom while it lasts. Whatever that is making you sad sure isn't worth the wrinkles. Missing B that much Golden Boy or are you thinking of Connor's buddy? You can't have everything N.

XOXO, Gossip Girl

Nathaniel Fitzwilliam Archibald was stressed, very stressed. Nate had been spotted with Chuck and Kennedy, or Mystery Boy to Gossip Girl and the majority of her followers, and he could begin to feel the repercussions of said association. Blair had been extra clingy lately, so he had been pushing away only for her to push back harder in response. Hearing a bit about Kennedy's life made him realize he had taken a lot of things for granted up until the point, his relationship with Blair being the main one. Sure there were many things he continued to over look, but he was now on the correct path. Sure he was no way to personal enlightenment but this was a big step in the right direction for the more sensible male of the Non-Judging Breakfast Club.

His girlfriend would never admit it, but Blair followed Gossip Girl religiously. Sure Blair would mention a blast about this girl from her class or a guy from Nate's team, but she always made it appear to be more about karma than anything else. She was the Queen of Constance so there was a reason she could love, yet also detest the site. It took away a lot of the dirtywork in knocking down her enemies, but it also had a great track record of finding new talent as well as reward those that remained loyal by her side.

She loved nothing more than seeing one of her frenemies taken down a peg or two. A great shot of herself doing something that could make others jealous was another good thing in her books. She however did not like Nate being posted at all. He was normally not in them as he was far more boring than many of the other St. Jude's boys, but lately it appeared that he had become more popular with the appearance of Mystery Boy in their ranks.

"I need to do some damage control," Nate muttered while playing with a credit card with his fingers.

If he had not been friends with Chuck or had met Kennedy in person, he would have believed what Gossip Girl had written. Things looked kind of couple-y in the pictures that had been submitted of
them. And then there were all of the sighting of Kennedy with Connor Windsor. Now he had not been particularly close to Connor despite them being on the same soccer and lacrosse teams for two years. He knew Windsor was a good guy, but not much other than that. How someone like Kennedy could be friends with Windsor and Chuck was definitely beyond him.

Something about Kennedy intrigued him and he couldn't figure out why. Maybe it was the air of mystery, or could have it been their similar athletic preferences? He had close friends other than Chuck, but they were more of the substance using variety. He felt most at home on the field, but had no one close enough that he could trust willing to play with him...

'Maybe, just maybe I have found the one,' Nate thought adjusting his bangs. 'If Chuck is like THAT with him he has to be pretty important.'

--------------------------------------------------------------------------------

Blair Waldorf was angry. Wait. That was a complete understatement. She was furious. Gossip Girl had insinuated that her boyfriend was gay! Nate of all people was not gay. A little too much of a blonde, but definitely not gay. She didn't know who Mystery Boy was, but he best stay away from her circle of friends if he knew what she had in store for him.

She adjusted her signature headband as she waited to hear from Nate. He was supposed to be picking her up for their date soon. Chuck seemed a little strange in those photos. Why the two were hanging out with a Plebian, albeit an attractive one—not that she would admit that tidbit to anyone, was beyond her. Money can't buy you class, but it can help feign your social status.

"Dorota!" she yelled.

In came running an older woman in a maid's uniform. "Yes Miss Blair?"

"Has Nate called yet?"

"No Miss Blair."

"Well, let me know when he does," she snapped.

"The Windsor's are a good family Miss Blair. I'm sure this is a big misunderstanding."

"Well no one asked you."

"Mr. Nate is a very kind man. Maybe he invited HIM because he was Mr. Charles' friend?" Dorota said closing the door to Blair's room.

Blair was stunned. Her maid caught onto something she had yet to consider. It was not surprising truthfully as Dorota was more of a mother than her flesh and blood, as well as sharp as a whip. Nothing got past her maid. Maybe she was indeed looking too far into things indeed. Chuck was known to have questionable taste across the board. Dorota's suggestion did sound something like Nate would do.

A ring of her phone ended her monologue.

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Chuck Bass was used to being snarky and detached from the world. His messed up homelife and social circle had done quite the number on his health, both physical and mental. And just when he thought it would make him snap, there was the proverbial light at the end of the tunnel. Someone
he had almost completely forgotten about had shown up out of the blue. And while he would never admit it to anyone, it was divine intervention. He was a more of a "make things happen" than "let things happen" kind of guy, but he was beginning to see why religion had such an effect on some people.

In true Chuck Bass fashion he was planning ways to woo his newest person of interest, in the case it being Kennedy Blake aka Mystery Boy. The Boston native was currently in the company of several well-bred Columbia men (and former St. Jude's students) that knew his dark side very well. It would take careful planning to gain their trust. And no one else would need to be focused upon than Connor Windsor, the heir of the Windsor fortune.

To be honest he could see why Windsor had become attached to the hip to Kennedy. They definitely had similar interests and personalities. Not to mention they both had a bit of a saving other people complex from what he recalled from his interactions with Kennedy and from what he had heard about the Windsor's. And ironically, right now Chuck needed a lot of saving…

"Lunch was a quiet affair but it was a good foundation," Chuck said to himself as he looked at an empty chair. "Nathaniel will serve as the perfect motivation." The Bass heir had to smile to himself. If anything they would both be thanking him later.

"Kennedy needs a friend and Nathaniel needs competition. He is far too nice for his own good and Kennedy tries to hard to please others. Oh yes things will be getting very interesting… As long as Waldorf stays away."

Chuck was not a bad guy to be honest. It was more of misunderstanding him that led to people's negative opinions of him. Once you got to know him, he was actually a pretty decent friend, well at least when you weren't on his bad side. That is why THEY kept him around.

"The only thing worse would be if Serena showed up out of the blue and got together with Humphrey," Chuck made a disgusted face. "On second thought, those two belong together. They should hole themselves together on the other side of the world in some third world location."

A ringing noise notified him of a message. Yet another blast from Gossip Girl herself. Like a lot of the more recent notifications, the source wasn't mentioned. Something was far too suspicious about it, but it didn't really reach the radar of any of our favorite Upper East Siders and Brooklynites.

Mystery Boy and Windsor have dropped off the radar, but our lives don't revolve around them. Bromances are truly confusing things. Maybe I was wrong all along, but then again wishful thinking is always a dangerous thing… Anonymous tips are usually helpful if there is actual evidence provided. My bad gentlemen…

"Good going Windsor, took you long enough to shake her off." Chuck ignored the second half of the blast as he went back to focusing on how to help his friend. Sure he had the money, but something was telling him that none of that would work. Kennedy neither wanted nor needed the charity. No he needed a friend right now, and that was what Chuck was going to give him.

Chuck pulled out something from a drawer. He smiled while he looked at the object. It was a simple white washed wooden box. It was so simple and plain that no one would expect him to own it, but it was dear to his twisted heart.
"Now how to set you up Kennedy. This my be my most genius plan yet…"

...Looks like N has been buying something special for you B. Have fun tonight you two! His heart is only for you. Bromances are nothing to be jealous of. They're just nice eye candy for us ladies.

XOXO, Gossip Girl

Blair smiled, not that she really cared about the first half of the blast. After all there were many bromances on the Upper East Side. The one between Nate and Chuck in particular had been questioned by Gossip Girl several times already… Chuck's fashion choices did not leave much to the imagination despite the long list of women with loose legs he had managed to add to his list every week. How he managed to stay disease free was beyond the brunette queen of Constance.

Nate told her that Mystery Boy was a good guy, and if Chuck and Nate liked him he couldn't be evil right? After all, their social circle could barely exist with herself and Chuck plotting and scheming, adding another schemer with a sharp tongue wouldn't work at all. She hadn't paid attention long enough to hear Nate speak his name, but she wasn't going to ignore his presence.

"Maybe Mystery Boy isn't that bad after all." Her logic led from the picture of what appeared to be an expensive present from Nate judging from the store he was seen walking out of.

"I wonder if I should extend him an invite? He's definitely an upgrade over the Plebians like that kid who Nelly has a crush on," Blair said to no one in particular. The disgust was evident in how she thought of a certain teen from Brooklyn her academic rival had her sights set on. "He could…"

"Miss Blair!"

"Not now Dorota!"

""Miss Blair! Mr. Nate for you!"

Blair dropped her cell phone. The image of Kennedy, Nate, and Chuck fading to black as her attention shifted. The queen of Constance picked up the landline and waited for the inevitable to commence.

"Hello Nate."

"How are you Blair?"

"Fine, where are you?"

"Look outside."

Blair hesitated. This was either going to be a bad joke or something romantic. Nonetheless she stepped off her bed and looked out the window. To her surprise there stood a carriage with white horses, complete with Nate in a tux with a sign. The sign is what caught her attention. It said, "Forgive me?" in black and white.

With a flip of her hair Blair left the window (and Nate's line of sight).

'What to do?' the brunette thought to herself.
Quickly she decided on a solution. She grabbed some lip stick from last season and headed back to the window before writing a…

Quickly she decided on a solution. She grabbed some lip stick from last season and headed back to the window before writing a…

Over in Brooklyn, Dan Humphrey was dreading Monday. That day marked the beginning of another school year filled of rumors and name-calling. Gossip girl had bored him lately. There was nothing there that really peaked his interesting. Why would he be interested in some new kid that was seen with Chuck and Nate? In fact the reason he felt it was boring was that his crush, the Upper East Side's own Lindsey Lohan, Serena Van Der Woodsen, was missing. She had left for boarding school and no one had heard from her for the last year. Serena was everything that an Upper East Sider shouldn't be, and that's what really piqued his interest.

"Why does that Windsor kid seem so familiar?" Dan asked himself.

"I don't know, but he sure is hot," said a female voice behind him.

"Jenny!" he shouted in surprise. "Don't do that!"

"I thought you didn't follow Gossip Girl regularly."

"Well I don't."

"Sure… That new kid sure is in a lot of sightings," Jenny said pointing to a few older posts as Dan continued to scroll down the page.

"Don't you find it odd that we still don't know his name? This is just sloppy!" Dan said stepping back.

"I know what you mean! They can figure out who's wearing a knock off, where they got it, and for how long they've had it, but they can't even come up with a name?" Jenny said going all fashion-mode on him.

"Something tells me that he's going to cause a lot of trouble Jenny."

"That's a given with Gossip Girl's obsession."

"I just wonder who he's going to cause trouble for. Hopefully its for Blair Waldorf."

"Why her?"

"Sometimes even queens need to be dethroned. There won't be a revolution anytime soon after all with the way things are right now."

Dan closed his laptop and wished his sister a goodnight as they both prepared for the first day of school. Both were dreading it, but for different reasons.

What's better than two hot boys? Triplets. Apparently a certain cheerleader of dubious standing was caught with her panties down with a set of triplets while in the Hollywood Hills. So much for loyalty. I would watch your back if I were you.

And no I'm not talking about that hottie mounting it.

XOXO, Gossip Girl
There's much more to come! I'm posting the remainder of the chapters I've already posted on FF tonight. It took me until to tonight to realize chapters 6 and 7 were both basically the same chapter. Thus, 6 is now a lot shorter than the other chapters (barring 1), but I'm fine with that.
-griff
Chapter Summary

Was it by fate? Or Was it by chance. Passing through the other side of one door will forever change K's life.

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Spotted. Connor Windsor dropping off a solemn Mystery Boy at St. Jude's. The ebony haired enigma looks like a deer in the headlights. Welcome to the Upper East Side's most dangerous locale, high school. We should have your identity by the end of the day. Stay clear of N and you should be fine. You don't want to have to deal with twice the amount of Blair Waldorf's wrath now do you?

XOXO, Gossip Girl

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Blair Waldorf was furious. That new kid in town had become the focus of many of Gossip Girl's posts, and the majority of them weren't even that mean. Heck he even got an apology… well not an outright one but she did mention that evidence was needed when submitting claims… If you read between the lines it was an apology for jumping to conclusions.

"Wow," Blair said looking at her phone. Luckily no one was around or they may have seen a bit of drool sliding down her perfectly painted lips.

The queen bee of Constance had to admit Mystery Boy cleaned up well. He was no Nate, but he looked even better in the St. Jude's uniform than her own boyfriend! She couldn't wait for the day to be over. Everyone was on edge on the first day. Not to mention she would be able to dig up dirt on Chuck's so-called friend finally. Her network of minions extended beyond the c cups of Constance and into the well filled jockstraps of St. Jude's.

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Kennedy was ready for this. He had physically been in the building a few times and met a few of his soon to be teachers. He had also met Chuck and Nate. The thing that worried him the most was lunch. It was hard enough coordinating where to seat with your friends, but doing it in a new school when the cliques are already formed is much more difficult.

He was snapped out of his thoughts by the sound of his phone vibrating. He took out to see it was a text message from an unlisted number. None of his standard tricks worked. He sighed as he was unable to trace the text back to its sender.

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'Oh great, now I have to deal with even more drama,' he thought to himself as he exited the text and dialed a number. After a few rings the person on the other line picked up.

"Hey Kyle, its Kennedy." The teen did his best not to sound whiny or nervous. He had something to say and was trying his best not to be immediately dismissed solely based on what it sounded like from the getgo.

"Cold feet?" The teen could picture the older male laughing at his expense.

"No just got a text from an unlisted number saying there's a new headmistress… I know something's going on, but this seems awfully convenient. Do you know anything about it? Something seems off and my instincts are rarely wrong."

There was a bit of silence before the clicking of keys could be heard in the background.

"Apparently its true. I'll be there as soon as possible."

Kennedy felt a bit guilty for pulling Mr. Windsor from work, but new it was a necessary evil. "It's not a big deal, I just thought it was a bit suspicious."

"You're right, that's why I'm coming. Changes don't happen before the first day of a new school year. Try to stay out trouble until then."

"I will do my best, but Connor's been quite the bad influence."

"Don't be a smart ass." Kennedy grinned from ear to ear. "I can imagine that young man."

"Sorry."

"Just head to the office and get your homeroom assignment from the secretary and head for homeroom. Don't do anything Gossip Girl worthy…"

"Like that even matters."

"Don't tempt fate Kennedy. Now is there anything else? I have to clear my morning for this and I would prefer not to have to deal with any additional surprises."

"No sir!" he said with a hint of sarcasm. "That's it."

"Dad would have been better, but I'll take what I can get Kennedy. Now hurry up before they start taking pictures and pointing!"

Sure enough the flashes and clicking noises alerted him to Kyle's fears. "Okay, see you soon Dad! You sure you're not watching a live feed?"

*Klick*

Kennedy laughed at his own joke before he groaned in pain. The teen had not got that far before he ran into Nate as he walked closer to the front door.

"It's nice to have someone else to be Gossip Girl's focus for once," Nate said adjusting his hair. Kennedy could only guess how many times a day the pretty boy did that. For such an effortless hair style, it definitely felt to the brunette that the blonde spent every free moment adjusting it.
'If they annoy him so much why doesn't he just cut them off? Those bangs are far too long. We're not in California, Surfer Boy,' Kennedy thought before shifting his attention back to N.

"Thanks man," Kennedy said glumly. "It's such an honor to have her spying on me."

Nate definitely didn't see that coming. He chalked it up to their mutual friend.

"Cheer up, can't have Chuck thinking I did something to you. For all we know it could be on Gossip Girl and he will have my head!"

"Like that hasn't already happened Nate. I've already been the subject of at least one blast by now… And scared of Chuck? Seriously dude?"

Nate shifted a bit and remained silent.

"Fine… Mind escorting me to the office then? I need to finalize some paperwork and grab my homeroom assignment."

"Sure thing," Nate said looking around before turning his gaze back at Kennedy.

"If you'd rather wait for Blair, I completely understand."

"No, I'm a man of my word. Now let me be the first to welcome you to St. Jude's," Nate said putting his arm on Kennedy's shoulder and directing their way in.

Kennedy and Nate noticed the stares they were receiving as they made their way.

In a hushed tone Kennedy asked, "Did you know there's a new headmistress? Apparently it was very sudden… Or so the anonymous text I received said."

Nate was wary of the revelation. "Are you sure? Do you get them a lot?" the boy with awesome bangs asked referring to the anonymous texts. "I haven't heard anything."

"No, I don't really. They don't come often, but when they do they usually keep me out of trouble… Kind of like my own digital guardian angel..."

And sure enough everyone's attention shifted to their phones as Gossip Girl sent out her newest alert.

Spotted. Mystery Boy and Golden Boy mingling on the first day of school at St. Jude's. You looked very comfortable in Connor Windsor's BMW this morning Mystery Boy or should I say Kennedy? Thanks for the name drop N… Queen B will now have a name for her target. Some friend you are N…

Kennedy glared at an embarrassed looking Nate.

"Blushing doesn't look good on you Pretty Boy," Kennedy said glancing up from his phone.

"Well it was going to happen sooner or later. Your name wasn't going to remain a secret forever… And I'm not pretty, I'm golden!" Nate's delivery was spot on, earning a giggle from some of the Constance girls mingling by some lockers.
"Why me?" Kennedy said.

"The world hates the handsome."

"Sure it does Archibald."

……

…In other news there has been a big change at St. Jude's and Constance. Out with the old and in with the new. There is a new Headmistress in town and she doesn't look nice in any sense of the word.

Be careful K, don't want to mess up on your first day. I'll be watching.

XOXO, Gossip Girl

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"Here's your stop Kennedy. Do you want me to wait for you?" Nate asked as he fidgeted with his phone in hand. The fairer haired teen was unsure whether the latest notification was from his girlfriend or Gossip Girl, but he knew better than to ignore his friend so soon.

"No, don't want to give your girlfriend any more reasons to hate me," Kennedy joked, eyes targeting in on the other teen's phone.

Nate smiled. "It's too late. See you later."

Kennedy knocked on the opened door before walking in.

"Mr. Blake I've been expecting you," said a female voice said looking up from the desk as she passed him a clipboard with several forms. "Take a seat and hand it back when you're done," the secretary said glancing at a row of chairs.

"Sure."

After several minutes of giving his John Hancock and divulging personal information, he noticed the door to the Headmistress' office opened. Out came a tall and lanky male with brown hair.

"Mr. Humphrey," the secretary said as the male in question tried to make his exit as quick as possible. "Would you mind waiting a moment?"

Dan gave a forced response in the affirmative.

"I need you to escort Mr. Blake to your homeroom."

Dan only looked at Kennedy, as the ebony haired teen finished up the final lines of the paperwork.

"Welcome to St. Jude's Mr. Blake," the secretary said as she took back the clipboard and handed him a piece of paper. "You have a meeting with the headmistress during second period. Someone will fetch you then when she is ready to see you."

Kennedy nodded as Dan formally introduced himself.

"I'm Dan Humphrey," Dan said extending his hand to Kennedy.

"Kennedy Blake, but you already knew that."
"You look really uncomfortable."

"I'm sure you've seen me on Gossip Girl."

Dan forced a response out agreeing with that statement.

"I'm Mystery Boy, and you're Lonely Boy."

"Yeah..." Dan replied awkwardly.

"I don't belong here."

"I know what you mean, though at least you look the part."

"Looks can be deceiving... I just had some good guidance."

"Lucky you."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"You're one of them."

Kennedy stopped walking. It took Dan several moments to notice his companion wasn't keeping pace.

"You have no idea what you're talking about."

"The car this morning? The posts on Gossip Girl?"

Kennedy laughed at Dan's antics. Luckily they were in an empty corridor or this would have been very embarrassing, it was far too soon to be written off as being clinically insane.

"You can say that trouble follows me wherever I go. I'm not rich if that's what you're implying. Connor's part of my host family... They treat me like one of their own if you get what I mean... I didn't ask for any of it, but they're pretty awesome like that."

"Sorry... It's just it really gets me. There's all these kids here who have trust funds and can care less about their grades, but anyone who gets in on here on merit will get overlooked for them when it comes to college."

"Bitter much?" Kennedy asked.

Dan grinned. "A little... We good?"

"Yeah... I saw your look though... I'm not from around here obviously. The Windsor's are responsible for keeping an eye on me while I'm away from home. They're kind of like my home away from home without actually being related to me."

"Like that's such a horrible predicament to be in."

"I guess it's not... but it could change fast."

"Yeah, you'll get used to things here quickly. You're already friends with two of the people at the top."

"Bitter doesn't sound good on you."
"I know."

"Want to hang out sometime? I'm kind of lacking in normal friends."

Dan laughed. "Normal doesn't happen here."

"New city, new school, new drama," Kennedy said as they continued their way down the hall to homeroom. Another blast was waiting in the wings for the gentlemen.

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Lonely Boy walking the halls with Mystery Boy. I thought you had better taste in friends K. But then again I'll forgive you because it's your first day. Things work differently here than in Boston. Status is everything and you're only as good as the car you drive.

Dump Brooklyn and dump Bass. Though the latter will be difficult as he is Golden Boy's best friend. Quite a conundrum. You couldn't stay under the radar for long could you? Be careful K or you'll find yourself alone at lunch. Connor can't be there for you all the time.

XOXO, Gossip Girl

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Thanks for the support y'all. I appreciate ever favorite, follow, or review! Feel free to leave me feedback as it can only help make the story even better.

-griff
Chapter Summary

One door will set in motion a domino effect

Disclaimer: I don't own any of the Gossip Girl Universe outside of any original characters, concepts, or locations not seen in the actual books or TV show.

Chemistry…. You really do have chemistry with a certain Upper East Sider. I don't know who you're praying to for good luck, but you sure have it. You're handsome and smart, don't blow it K. You only get one shot at first impressions.

XOXO, Gossip Girl

Kennedy was surprised to see the room already half filled when he entered the room. He had not spent much time dawdling with Dan, but these rich kids didn’t appear to be the punctual type to the teen even if they were in this AP course. Several were too engrossed in their phones or other techno gadgets to seem like the type to be here. A few of the students darted their eyes back and forth between them when he entered the room. Apparently being a nerd didn't mean you didn't follow Gossip Girl regularly.

'This is growing old,' he thought as he chose a lab bench in the back. 'Take that assholes. Try staring at me now without being completely obvious!'

"This seat taken?" a familiar voice said, snapping Kennedy out of his thoughts.

"No, no one's sitting there Nate… Wait… Hey Nate," he said looking up to see the dude with great bangs. The brunette was embarrassed that he had just made a complete fool out of himself in front of his friend and the onlookers.

"Are you any good in chemistry?" Nate asked in a very serious yet casual tone. Yet again Kennedy thought that Nate was living on the wrong coast with his surfer boy hair and mentality. Nate had no place in New York, let alone this AP Chem class, but he pushed those thoughts away as he tried to come up with a good response without sounding too rude.

"I wouldn't be here if I wasn't," he said confidently. Truthfully he was really stretching the truth to be honest. He wasn't half bad in the subject, but it was far from being his ace in the hole academically.

"Thank god!" Nate said seriously. "You've just saved my life dude."

"You're welcome?" Kennedy was wicked confused to say the least. Nate hit him like a Mac truck head on.

"This is one of the only AP's I could get in... And in fact, even then I had no clue I was even in it
until this morning when I got my schedule so I really need the help like you couldn't even imagine Kennedy. I'm so screwed!"

Kennedy could only mentally sweat drop at Nate's declamation. He took it in stride and decided to move onto more pressing matters. Something about the way the other teen sad screwed brought a smile to his face.

"Ahh… So are THEY always like this to the new kid?" Kennedy whispered, changing the subject and shifting his line of sight to the other students who were failing at trying to discreetly look at them... Because there is no real discrete way to continually peer at the new kid sitting at the back of the class without sitting in the same row.

"Pretty much. People don't really leave St. Jude's unless their parents go bankrupt or if they get sent to rehab," Nate said glibly as they waited for the teacher to come in. Kennedy could imagine the former, but he had a hard time imagining someone leaving to go do a stint in rehab at their age, but filed it away as one of many rich kid problems he would encounter throughout his tenure as a student. "We've all been going to school together since preschool essentially, so anytime there's a new player in town it's a mad dash to get them first."

Kennedy just gave him a look in disbelief. He was beginning to wish that he was back in Boston if he was going to be seen as a proverbial piece of meat. However part of him was glad that Nate staked his claim when he did. Their conversation was cut short when the instructor came through the door and began class right on time.

"Welcome back students. Summer is over so turn off all cell phones and prepare to take notes. You will be having a group quiz at the end of the class with your lab partner so please pay attention to whomever is seated next to you as they will be working with you for the remainder of the year."

"Thanks again," Nate said as he began doodling in his notebook.

'This is going to be a long year,' Kennedy thought as the chalk screeched across the blackboard. This was going to be a long year for the teen. Sure it was a different school, but you see one boring teacher lecture on their syllabus, you have seen them all. Nate doodling during the lecture did little to help his confidence.

Despite the doodling, Nate had actually been helpful with some of the answers much to Kennedy's surprise! The Boston teen was actually kind of guilty that he had made the assumptions he had made. Sure Nate would suck when it came to needing notes, but the other teen apparently was good enough at picking up things that he could goof off instead of taking notes...

In fact he surprised the teen even further when Nate helped with two further questions, one of which our ebony haired friend couldn't figure out despite paying attention to their entire lecture. Kennedy didn't want to know how Nate knew the answer to THAT question so quickly, but he did have a bit of a gut feeling. And as the teacher began collecting the quizzes, he stopped at Nate and Kennedy's lab bench.

"Mr. Archibald, you better keep up. I would like to maintain my pass rate if you wouldn't mind. " Nate flushed red at the comment as several of their peers snickered. "It wasn't an easy decision to make, but don't make me regret this."

The teacher wasn't exactly subtle in his comments. Apparently it was even more legal to say biting comments to students here despite the financial arsenals the pupils came from.
The middle aged man then turned his attention to Kennedy. "And you must be Mr. Blake. I was quite surprised to be receiving another student on such short notice, but it did even the numbers to allow entrance for Mr. Archibald so I do hope the two of you keep up nicely… Though it shouldn't be too hard for you Mr. Blake." Several heads turned slightly or shifted completely to eavesdrop.

"I've heard that you studied under one of my colleagues. How is Michael?"

It took Kennedy a few moments to realize who his chemistry teacher was talking about as said instructor in question never went by their first name. The other students turned slightly to hear more of the conversation going on in the back. Nate and Kennedy could hear the clicking of cell phone buttons despite the whole no cell phone speech at the beginning of class.

The older man was half paying attention to what he was saying and half checking the quiz Kennedy had filled in with Nate. The instructor was oblivious to the blatant violation of his no cell phone rule in the lab. The lack of respect for authority was appalling but the teen couldn’t fault his peers either with how rude and demeaning this educator was.

"He's doing fine, Mr. Pizer. I just found out he acknowledged me in another one of his articles that was published recently. The fifth this year if I'm not mistaken. How do the two of you know each other?"

The power struggle was even more obvious now, but the teen took the point for the time being. He had one upped his teacher enough to end the round early.

"That's good to hear… Mr. Archibald you lucked out today. Mr. Blake helped you earn a 110%, the only ones in the class in fact," the teacher said turning his attention to the other students as their cell phones quickly fled out of site. "There's hope for you after all." And as the bell rang, he fled from the classroom just as quickly as his students.

"You ok?" Kennedy asked Nate. Sure the blonde had the whole laid back surfer mentality, but a verbal dressing down like that could unnerve a soldier and Nate didn't appear to be the type to take it well.

"It's nothing," Nate said shoving things into his bag.

Kennedy glared at Golden Boy, which caused Nate to brush the bangs out of his face and eventually spill. He wasn't going to take no for an answer and Nate was going to have to get used to it quickly if he wanted to pass the course.

"Mr. Pizer just doesn't like me… Or rather my father." Nate didn't say anything else and Kennedy didn't press further as it was neither the time nor the place to go into such a conversation. He would get his answer at some point, but not right now. The brunette made sure to file away that tidbit of information away in the back of his mind.

"Oh…" Kennedy wasn't sure how to reply to that as they obviously didn't have the time to do so and Nate didn't seem interested in doing so either.

"I owe you now dude right? I kind of feel bad for doodling now."

"You still helped earn it in the end Nate. I should be thanking you too!"

"Sure," Nate sarcastically replied. He bit his lip before proposing something that would make any of his close friends faint. To be honest, if anyone captured this for Gossip Girl he would profusely deny this ever occurred.
"Study buddy?" he asked with a look Kennedy couldn't resist.

"You better pull your weight or your ass is mine."

"Don't worry I'll do whatever you tell me to do if it gets me a passing grade."

Kennedy smirked in response. He could almost swear that was meant to…

"I've got French next."

"I'm off to AP Latin."

The lacrosse captain could only stare at him in disbelief…

"You're such a nerd!"

"At least I'm not a dumb jock."

The two chuckled after some awkward silence. By then everyone else had vacated the room and the surrounding vicinity.

"I'll get you for that later, but you want to head up three floors and take the third door on the right. See you in Gym!" Nate said as the duo grabbed the last of their things and took their separate paths to their next classes.

Kennedy didn't recognize anyone here and no one seemed to care about him either, which was fine in his opinion. He did mentally thank his friend for the directions as he barely arrived in the nick of time. For a moment he thought Dan was in this class with him, but when the individual turned his head, Kennedy was proven wrong. The teen had to suppress a blush when the doppelganger caught him staring.

The class was much smaller… almost half the size of his AP Chemistry class. He thought he had left this dead language behind in Boston, but the nightmare class of his past had followed him. And even worse than chemistry, was the fact that he actually hated the dead language. The only plus side to the class was that there was a young female teacher that was quite attractive. She was in fact very easy on the eyes, and combining that with her voice made the class almost tolerable.

Chemistry he could tolerate as he had a bit of a knack for science, but he despised Latin. How we got into AP Latin was even more beyond him… This was turning into an even bigger prank… Luckily for Kennedy, a third of the way into the class, Kyle Windsor appeared. Of course his teacher remembered his son and that wasted a good ten minutes.

"Mr. Windsor, what brings you here?" asked the young teacher. "Connor graduated a few years ago if I recall."

"Sorry to interrupt Ms. Harmon, but I'm here for Kennedy Blake."

She struggled for a moment to find him, but couldn't. Kennedy stood up and gathered his things as he took this as his cue to leave.

"Of course," she stuttered while shuffling some papers on her desk. "This is the assignment for tonight."

Kennedy took the piece of paper and followed Kyle out of the room.
"Once again, I'm sorry for the interruption Ms. Harmon but the Headmistress wishes to speak with Kennedy."

"I won't get in her way. Good luck gentlemen," the teacher said fidgeting. The other students were too focused on their work to pay much attention.

The two males walked out the door, Mr. Windsor closing it behind them.

*click*

The duo walked out in the hallway after Kennedy got the homework assignment from the blushing teacher and immediately let out sighs of relief, but for different reasons.

"Kennedy, breathe."

"Who decided to put me in AP Chemistry AND Latin? Writing and Biology I get, but those two?"

"I thought you wanted those, your transcript definitely implied that."

"What are you talking about Kyle?" Kennedy asked confused.

"Six honors classes, and your elective sheet from your former school for this school year."

"I never filled out an elective sheet at my last school! And even if I did, I would have dropped Latin in a heartbeat! What kind of sick joke is this?"

Awkward silence enveloped the two males once again before they came to the same conclusion. They both got the immediate feeling that this whole ordeal wasn't as benevolent as they originally believe it to be.

"Not again," the two both said at the same time.

"The Headmistress sent me up when you never came down. Did you forget?" Kyle primped and fussied with the teen's uniform much to his embarrassment, to which he received the reply of 'Don't piss off the Headmistress even more!'

"No one came to get me, the secretary told me someone would get me."

"There's no secretary today Kennedy."

"Then how did they know we were meeting during second period? I'm fate's bitch aren't I?"

Kyle could only smirk as he patted the teen on the shoulder. He began to wonder what he had got himself into when he agreed to let Connor be one of the minders...

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"I do not tolerate tardiness Mr. Blake," said a distinct female voice.

Kennedy found himself face to face with a blonde female with a harsh face. The room was pretty average for a school administrator. Little had changed since he was last in the room.

"Sorry for the delay Headmistress Queller, but apparently there was a mix up. Whomever was at the front desk this morning told me that someone was going to be sent for me. I assumed she was the secretary when she gave me paperwork to sign."
"What paperwork?" The Headmistress was clueless to what he was talking about but hid that fact on her face. The tone in which she posed the question was bordering on rude.

"Your predecessor told me that I had additional forms to fill out on my first day to finalize things as I was accepted too late to attend orientation. I filled out a packet that had St. Jude's seal embossed it and everything this morning… I assumed because she was at the front desk that she was the school secretary because who else would have access to such documents?"

"Young man…" Kyle had enough of this and cut off Headmistress Queller. There was no way he was going to let this pencil pusher talk to his charge this way.

"With all due respect Headmistress Queller, it seems pretty obvious that something foul is going on here. The fact that someone was masquerading as your secretary under your nose and has Kennedy's confidential information is not going to reflect well upon your time here. Not even a full day has passed during your tenure and this could be your last."

Headmistress Queller blanched. She had not considered the repercussions on her end. She did not plan on Mr. Windsor being here either. This could be her undoing and she would become the educational administration laughing stock of the city, if not state.

"As Kennedy's guardian while he attends St. Jude's, I am holding you responsible for this breach of security and mishandling of protocol." The headmistress' poker face did not give away much.

"Kennedy, was there anyone else here in the office with you?"

"Yeah, Dan Humphrey was here."

"Oh, yes he was talking to me this morning," the headmistress added.

"So that narrows things," Kyle said coolly. "Anything else?"

Kennedy thought for a moment. "She looked at a list and then told me my homeroom and then gave me this," he said fishing a piece of paper from his pocket.

"One moment gentlemen," Headmistress Queller said as she summoned Dan over the intercom.

"Did you look over the paper Kennedy?" Kyle asked.

The teen blushed. "No I forgot about it completely after I started talking to Dan."

He broke the seal and unfolded the paper and paled before passing showing it to Kyle and the headmistress.

I know your secret.

It won't be a secret for long.

"Is this some sort of joke?" Headmistress Queller shouted, completely forgetting that such a seal was only available from a board member or herself.

Kennedy just remained silent. This was quickly spiraling into a teen drama. They weren't sure who it was directed at, but now they knew the headmistress was also hiding something.
"Are you accusing him of something Headmistress?" Kyle inferred while putting a hand on Kennedy's blazer clad shoulder. "That's a St. Jude's seal embossed on that page if I'm not mistaken. And since it was given to him, I don't understand why it unnerves you so. If anything my ward should be the worried one. Are you hiding something Headmistress?"

This tense moment was interrupted by a knock on the door. In walked a confused Dan Humphrey.

"Is there something I can help you with Headmistress Queller?" Dan asked.

"Can you recall what happened after I dismissed you this morning?"

"A woman at the secretary's desk told me to escort Kennedy to homeroom and handed him a piece of paper."

"Did you recognize her?"

"Yeah, I never got her name, but she's been at that desk before, as well as a substitute once or twice too I think? She knew who I was, so I didn't think much of it either as I've seen her there a few times as I've already said." Dan continued to go on about her appearance as he shifted in his chair. Kyle and the headmistress were both beginning to grow even more worried concerning the problem at hand.

"What we have discussed is going to remain before the four of us until I get to the bottom of this. If this turns out to be a prank you two have concocted, I will expel both of you!" she said before Kyle tore into her once more, leaving her visible shaken. Dan was completely oblivious to what had transpired before he arrived, but Kyle's verbal attack was enough to help him put together the pieces as parental figures rarely unleashed verbal smack downs of that caliber on educators.

Kennedy had never seen Kyle so angry, and he hoped he wouldn't again. It was one of the scariest scenes in his life and that was saying a lot considering he had seen a lot in his short lifetime. He just hoped Connor didn’t inherit that temper...

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Kennedy sighed as he wandered the halls. Class would be over soon so there was no point of going back to Latin. Kyle had left and he knew Connor would be waiting right outside when school ended. Dan had been sent back to class right before Mr. Windsor had ripped the headmistress a new one. The teen had both new found respect and fear for the businessman.

'And I thought finding someone to sit with at lunch would be my biggest problem,' thought the teen as he headed to his next class. Unfortunately he didn't have writing with Dan for another period or he would be talking with the boy from Brooklyn right now.

Kennedy was snapped out of his thoughts when he bumped into something.

"Sorry," he said immediately helping up the other person as soon as he got back up on his own two feet.

"It's ok, I wasn't watching where I was going either. You must be new if you wandered into one of the Constance halls accidentally," the female said.

"You're very perceptive." Kennedy tried on one of those smiles Connor had shown him. "I'm Kennedy Blake, and who are you fair maiden."

The female could only giggle at the theatrics. But she had to admit to herself that it was nice to be
in the spotlight for once for something other than her theatrics.

"I'm Nelly Yuki. Now you better back track six doors and then take a left before one of the teachers see you or they'll think you're the new Chuck Bass."

There was an awkward silence as the two went their separate ways. On Nelly's side, it was pure shock that the new kid had taken a liking to her on first sight. Kennedy couldn't believe he found his fellow "genius" so quickly and by accident because he couldn't navigate himself around the building.

"Yuki, wait," Kennedy said surprising himself at this new found courage... Well enough courage to stop her, but not enough to use her first name.

The Asian genius turned around with a perplexed look upon her face.

"Would you like to get a coffee or something some time?"

"Sure, but you better get going, classes should be ending any minute now," she said turning quickly to hide her blush.

Kennedy could hear the clicking of her shoes hitting the floor as he made his way back to one of the St. Jude's corridors. Eventually he made his way to his next destination. Unbeknownst to the teen, another blast was making its way around both sets of hallways. Gossip Girl had found her latest target and was sinking her claws in even further.

Upper East Siders, can you believe how much more perfect Mystery Boy gets with each passing day? First the Windsor's, and then it was Golden Boy. But wait a minute, there is something else, looks like K has a thing for Nelly Yuki. Be careful B, the tides are shifting. You really know how to make waves K, especially with a certain blooming bromance. You will be at the top before you know it.

XOXO, Gossip Girl

This is where things really begin to diverge from the show... Ill do my best to stick to the show where I can, but the impact of having Queller show up earlier is much bigger than leaving her where she did in the show. Hope you enjoyed this.

-griff
The Other Side of the Door Part Three

Chapter Summary

And Humphrey makes his appearance...

Disclaimer: I don’t own any of the Gossip Girl Universe outside of any original characters, concepts, or locations not seen in the actual books or TV show.

K’s a magnet for trouble. In the principal’s office after not even two full classes into the school day? And Lonely Boy is involved too? Mystery Boy, you sure a magnet for trouble, as well as a great source of drama. I don’t think I will be running out on any news surrounding you any time soon. This is shaping up to be the best school year on the Upper East Side yet!

And I thought the day couldn’t get any better? I thought him making his move on Nelly Yuki today was going to be the talk of the town. But I guess I was wrong. Now he’s some soccer standout? What more surprises can we expect in the coming days?

XOXO, Gossip Girl

‘AP Biology,’ he thought to himself. ‘At least they hadn’t messed this up.’ He would never admit it, but he did like science. It didn't come naturally, but he did enjoy learning about how things worked.

The Boston teen was quite surprised to see a familiar face waiting for him in the classroom.

“I suddenly feel that my GPA is going to improve so much this semester!”

“I haven’t agreed to anything yet Archibald.”

“I’d bet my bangs, but we already know you’re saying yes.”

Kennedy sighed, it was an easy way out after all. Nate may not be a great student from the impression he had so far, but juggling two classes with Kennedy would be too much for Nate or any other sane person to gamble on.

“People are going to suspect we’re friends or something,” Kennedy said pulling out a notebook.

“We’re going to be great friends!”

“No doodling this time or your bangs will get it,” he said making a scissor cutting motion with his fingers.

“I’ll be a good boy,” Nate said like a child as he brought his hands to his bangs.

“I take it AP sciences aren’t very popular here based on what you said before?”
“Yeah, Government, History, you name it. Anything else but science basically… and math.”

“So are you better in bio than chem?” Kennedy asked as other students began to file in. He recognized one or two faces from his Chemistry and Latin classes.

“Yeah, but not by much. I can handle the dissections if you want. That’s one thing I can actually do. I can do the practical but not the theoretical… I’m a hands on learner dude.”

“Dissections?”

“Didn’t you do them at your old school?”

Kennedy didn't know how to respond to that. “There wasn't a lot of emphasis put on science… I think I was absent the day they did them on earthworms.”

“Oh, I’ve got you covered though. I may not be the best at naming things but I’m good at dissecting animals.”

“Do I even want to know?”

“No, but I’m telling you anyways. Two words. Hunting trips.”

It dawned on Kennedy what Nate meant as the duo prepared for another boring lecture. No matter where you go there will always be boring teachers, but the students will be the same on the inside. Nate may have seemed like quite the carefree dumb jock at first glance, but the brunette was quickly learning that his first impression of young Mr. Archibald was incorrect. Sure he may not be very studious, but there was a brain deep down if you could catch his attention long enough to utilize it in a productive manner.

The duo parted ways after another “enjoyable” class. True to his word, Nate paid attention and took notes. Luckily there was no pop quiz or he would have got an extreme sense of déjà vu.

“Can I see your schedule for a second?” Nate asked as he stopped the other teen in the hall and pulled out his own.

Kennedy unfolded his own and held his own right next to the other teen’s.

“Looks like someone’s been looking out for you dude as we also have Math and Gym together later.”

Kennedy’s schedule

- AP Chemistry
- AP Latin
- AP Biology
- AP Language and Composition
- Lunch
- Precalculus
- Honors English
- Gym

Nate’s schedule
“Basically every other class,” Kennedy said a bit surprised. Things were beginning to look up as he had a familiar face in most of his classes now.

“You have AP Writing next, so you won’t see myself or Chuck there.”

“I figured as much.”

“Well this is going to sound weird…”

“Just spit it out Nate, I’m going to be late.”

“Well stick close to Dan Humphrey, he’s not a bad guy... He's a shoe in to be in that class... I don't really know him, but he’s not too bad with soccer either if you ever want to play a game… He’s not like Chuck or me… If you get what I mean…”

Kennedy was a little confused, but then realized Nate must have seen Gossip Girl’s latest blast.

“A lot of other people give him a hard time for not being rich, but he’s not that bad. I don't really know him, but he’s been in a few of my classes. Everyone knows he wants to become the next Hemmingway. We’re not friends, but I don't pick on him either.”

“He seems pretty nice, see you later Nate.”

“Thanks again, Blair's going to be so happy dude!”

For some reason Kennedy’s stomach did not like that and he felt a little queasy as Nate let those words out. He couldn't put a finger on what it was, but it did not settle well with his stomach.

Writing was next and it wasn’t much of an affair. He chose a random seat and sure enough Dan was next to him not long after. The two got along pretty well, but he definitely began feeling like Switzerland. Nate and the Windsor’s were Britain and Dan was Ireland. He knew relations were very brittle and didn't want to be caught in the middle.

“You okay?” Dan whispered as the teacher turned around to write something on the blackboard.

“Can we do this later?” Kennedy said annoyed. “Now’s not the place.”

Dan got the picture and did not press any further. The duo sat in silence for the rest of class as the teacher kept going on his expectations and rules for the course. Kennedy was beginning to wish he was back in Chem. He tried to focus, but his attention kept drifting elsewhere.

“Ready for lunch?” Dan asked as the bell rang.
“Sure,” Kennedy said. He was glad that Dan was in his next class as well. It made the whole finding somewhere to sit for lunch less awkward… And speaking of his next class, he was interesting to see the Nate-Dan dynamic that he was told of.

The duo quickly retreated to their lockers before reappearing outside the ‘dining hall’ with their lunches.

“I’ll follow your lead,” Kennedy said as Dan directed them to a table, well aware there were many eyes on him.

Dan picked up on this also.

“Why me?”

“Excuse me,” Kennedy responded.

“Of all the people, why did you befriend me?”

Kennedy smiled. “You’re the first friend I made within these walls.” He began eating some fruit as Dan let it all sink in.

“Seriously?”

“Yeah… though would you care to mention why you failed to mention we had Math together?”

“It slipped my mind… the honors and AP classes are all that really matter here. Most of the other teachers are tenured jokes.”

“So true, so true,” Kennedy said as the duo ate the rest of lunch in relative silence, unaware another group of eyes were watching his action attentively.

“What does he see in Humphrey?” asked an annoyed Chuck Bass to a certain pretty boy.

“Dan’s not that bad, I keep on telling you that Chuck. Even Kennedy can see it,” Nate added before taking a swig of his drink. “Money doesn't tell you everything about someone.”

“I’m chalking it up to Kennedy latching onto the first friend he’s made here.”

“Maybe you’re right,” Nate said. “But then again you could be jealous.”

“Me, jealous of Humphrey? I’m Chuck Bass!”

Nate could only shake his head. “Admit it you’re jealous. Even I have classes with him and you don’t have a single one.”

“You won’t ever replace me Nathaniel.”

“Wouldn’t dream of it Charlie,” Nate said snatching Chuck’s last steak tip.

If glares could kill, Nate Archibald would have been dead on first glance. He was so glad he had a few more classes with Kennedy, after all Chuck couldn’t have revenge if he was Kennedy right? And besides the whole Charlie thing, why hadn’t any of them thought of it before? Kennedy was turning out to be a blackmail gold mine.
Precalculus, the bane of every high school student’s existence… well those who aren’t mathematically gifted or aren't forced to progress to Calculus proper. Kennedy was already beginning to think of ways to butter up Nelly Yuki to tutor him. He sucked at math and Nate and Dan didn’t seem to be much from the looks of it. Speaking of Nate, the dude with surfer hair had arrived in the classroom first, which was a feat within itself.

“Kennedy over here!” Nate said waving a little too enthusiastically, especially considering no one else was in the room.

“You can sit with him you know,” Dan said awkwardly.

“Aren’t you two supposed to be fri… acquatainces?”

“Yeah, but you know…”

“Stop being such a girl, we can all sit together…” Kennedy said as the duo walked toward Nate. “The three of us could be dubbed A Gossip Girl Boy Sandwich if SHE ever got a picture of this. Golden loneliness filled with mystery.”

Nate could only chuckle at the new kids antics.

“Sounds pretty good K. Don’t you think D?”

“Please tell me we’re not doing this right now, I can already feel my brain cells dying.”

“Stop being a spoilsport Dan,” Kennedy said as he chose the middle seat of the table Nate was sitting at.

“I’m surprised to see you here Nate,” Dan said innocently.

Nate blushed sheepishly. “I’ve turned a new leaf! I’m not going to smoke THEM during math anymore!”

“Anymore during math?” Kennedy asked menacingly. Nate could see his friend was channeling his girlfriend without ever meeting her.

“Thanks a lot Dan.”

“You’re welcome,” Dan said not really paying attention.

“Can we just stop this before anyone else gets here.” The other two nodded. “I’d swear the two of you are acting like you were fighting over me or something.”

Nate and Dan laughed.

“Don’t piss off your study buddy gentlemen or I’ll kick both of your asses on the field as well as in the classroom.”

The Upper East Sider and Brooklynite both paled.

The rest of the class went on with much disaster. True to his word, Nate was paying attention and
taking notes to the best of his short attention span. There was still some doodling, but not much more than anyone else. Meanwhile Dan was really trying to understand what angle Nate was hitting Kennedy with. While Archibald was a good guy for an Upper East Sider, he was also Chuck Bass’ best friend. And that was raised a red flag in and of itself.

So while his two friends were busy half paying attention, Kennedy was struggling to keep pace with taking notes. He hated math more than almost everything else in his life. Kennedy was simply horrible with numbers… well beyond basic math. He just didn't have the patience for it.

Before they knew it the class was over.

“Wow, that wasn’t too bad,” Nate said stretching.

“Try not sleeping for ten minutes. I’d rather not be your pillow,” Kennedy replied annoyed.

“But you’re so comfy!”

“And you drool.”

Dan could only face palm. “Come on, English is on the other side of the building.”

“Sure thing,” Kennedy said as he turned to Nate. “Behave yourself,” he scolded.

“I’m a big boy,” Nate said adjusting his hair.

Dan smirked. “And that nap in math class was so mature?”

“You got me, I’ll get you in Gym.”

“Keep dreaming Archibald.”

English was just as boring as he expecting. While an improvement over AP Language and Composition and Precalculus, it was still painful despite having Dan there to keep him awake.

“You’re so editing my papers,” Kennedy whispered as their instructor turned their back to write on the board.

“What do you have to offer me?” Dan replied.

“Umm… why would you need anything besides my awesome friendship?”

Dan scowled as Kennedy went back to listening to about the procedures and expectations for their honors class. Kennedy was beginning to wonder if his benefactor’s ulterior motive was to torture him through education above anything else.

‘I can think of something,’ Dan thought to himself looking at his friend.

“Head back toward the dining hall,” Dan said pointing Kennedy in the right direction of the gym.

“The smell of sweat should lead you in the right direction.”

Kennedy laughed. “That’s the one thing that proves we’re all the same.”
"Didn't think of it like that."

"We're all horny teenagers trying to fit in a world we don't fit in."

Dan smirked. "That was so deep."

"Sarcasm suits you well."

"Don't get whipped too badly, Nate's quite competitive."

"What's the worst that can happen? A few cuts and bruises?"

"Be careful what your wish for man," Dan said walking away.

Kennedy was surprised at the sight of the locker room. He was expecting something extravagant more along the lines or country clubs or even those of professional sports teams. Instead he found a typical locker room: cinderblock and metal lockers.

He attempted to find a locker in a discrete section to get it over with, but his plan was thwarted by a "Hey Kennedy, over here!" It was kind of difficult to ignore that,

"Hey Nate," Kennedy said grabbing an empty locker to Nate's right.

"So this is HIM?" another male asked.

"Kennedy Blake, meet some of my friends."

"Anthony Avuldsen." "Charlie Dern."

Kennedy nodded as each of them introduced themselves. His first impressions were not that good. While each had that All-American look to them, Anthony keep taking swigs from a water bottle that obviously did not contain water while Charlie kept playing with something in his pocket that Kennedy hoped wasn't what he thought it was.

'They couldn't be…' he thought to himself. '…Then again this is Nate we're talking about.'

The foursome left the locker room to enter the gym itself. Being on the top floor of the building allowed it to have huge windows and lots of natural lighting.

"What do you think we're doing today," Anthony slurred as his adjusted a bit of his white blond hair.

"Lacrosse if we're lucky," Nate smiled.

"Bring on the basketball," Charlie added.

Kennedy just felt out of place, beyond the normal. While everyone he had met so far had been really nice, it was hard to repress the urge to think that everyone had an ulterior motive for doing so.

"Hey Blake, what do you think?" Anthony slurred.

'Functioning alcoholics in high school? Now I've seen everything.' Kennedy thought.
“Soccer.” The trio looked at him confused. “First of all everything so far has been accommodating to me, that and the soccer balls on the ground,” Kennedy pointed to the equipment strewn on the floor.

“You better be wearing cups today gentlemen, as the winner’s get to choose our itinerary for the rest of the semester.”

The boys blinked before letting those sink in. The coach was letting them play dirty and cheap shots to their equipment would be allowed.

“How would we know to wear cups when they’re not even on the uniform let alone jockstraps,” Kennedy whispered to Nate. “Didn't think of lending me one while I changed now did you?”

“They were part of the freshman list, not that anyone really wears them in soccer let alone anything besides baseball. Don’t worry I’ll protect your goods,” Nate whispered back with a shit eating grin.

“Stop it pretty boy or I’ll think you were flirting with me,” Kennedy laughed.

Nate blushed.

“I was only messing dude… You better be careful, you’re not wearing one either,” Kennedy said pointing to Nate’s shorts. The tell tale sign of a cup, the prominent bulge, was missing.

“I never do.”

“Brave man. I wonder what your girlfriend would say if you lost your swimmers.”

The sides were formed pretty quickly. Nate’s trio grabbed him up immediately and then the two sides began figuring out positions for the players. This gym class had mainly lacrosse and hockey players so it wasn’t too hard to set things up.

Seeing no one else wanting to do it, Kennedy took up the goal surprising Anthony and Charlie.

“Nothing’s getting between my legs,” he said that made Anthony almost spit out what was in his mouth.

“We’ll see,” Charlie mutter low enough only for Anthony to hear.


“And the winners are the team lead by Archibald.”

“Thanks Coach, but we couldn't do it without our goalie,” Nate announced as he patted his friend on the back both literally and figuratively.

“You’re right,” the coach said as all eyes fell on Kennedy. “Ever think about of trying out for the team Son?”

“A bit, a certain someone’s been bugging me to,” he said with a glare, which went completely unnoticed by the coach.

“You should definitely consider it. You have natural talent for being a goalie.”

“Thanks,” he said blushing while trying to play it off and seem cool to the others. The whole being praised by a teacher and his peers simultaneously was a new thing for the teen.
“Well gents hit the showers and I’ll be expecting your choices by the end of the week Archibald.”
The coach began putting the gear away as the students headed into the locker room.

“Great job out there, you outshined ever Nate!” Anthony said as he finished off another water
bottle. “And that’s a feat in itself.”

“You should really try it out, it would help you with the ladies,” Charlie added as the quartet got to
their lockers.

“I’ll think about it,” Kennedy said kicking off his sneakers.

“Don’t think, just do,” Anthony said as he slammed his locker shut, walking away in his boxers
with a towel in hand.

Some students were more eager than others to get naked and shower. Nate and Kennedy lingered
with small chit chat while their friends took the plunge right away, their clothing scattered all over
the place.

“Your friends are nice, though…” Kennedy cut himself off before sounding rude.

“I’m two steps ahead of you. We can talk about it another time, now’s neither the time nor the
place,” Nate said wrapping a towel around himself and stepping out of his boxers. “You coming?”

“In a minute, guess I tied them too tight today,” Kennedy replied fidgeting with a knot.

“Your loss, all the hot water will be gone soon,” Nate said with a wink.

‘And he wonders why people think him and Chuck are an item,’ he thought as he continued to play
with the knot.

As soon as Nate was gone, the knot came undone instantly. He stepped out of his clothing and
wrapped his towel around himself before relieving himself of his remaining garments.

“Some things aren’t meant to be seen by others,” Kennedy said to no one in particular as he noticed
his phone vibrating, signaling that he had a new text message.

Bro, hurry up and hit the showers K. Dad called me this afternoon. Family meeting tonight. I’ll be
outside to get you in a bit. Make sure you’re squeaky clean or I’ll have to wash you myself.
-C

‘Is he a psychic?’ Kennedy thought as he walked toward the sound of cascading water and clouds
of steam.

He passed by Anthony with a dopey grin and Charlie with a sheepish look, as well as other
members of both teams. Drips of water cascaded down their respective torsos as the smell of sweat
still lingered in the locker room. After receiving his final congratulatory pat on the back, he made
his way to the showers.

To his surprise the showers weren’t as private school as expected. While they weren’t communal
like most high schools, they were still built for multiple people. And fortunately for Kennedy, he
got one all to himself. Even though he had delayed there weren’t many open showers, and the
horsing around gave it away as to where people where cleaning themselves.
‘Some things never change,’ he thought to himself as he turned the water on and felt the warm spray of water hitting his chest.

“Kennedy,” a familiar voice said interrupting his careful lathering of his body.

“Nate.”

“Do you want me to wait? I never got to ask you what sport you wanted to play dude.”

“Kind of busy here, can we do this later?” Kennedy replied annoyed as he turned down the water so he could hear his friend.

“Sure,” Nate paused. “You have nothing to be embarrassed about by the way. It’s perfectly normal to want to take a peek or prevent someone else from doing so if you’re ashamed of what you have... Is that why you didn’t come with me earlier?”

“Can we really not do this now?”

“Fine, but expect a text later,” Nate said giving up, allowing Kennedy to finish his shower and erm… finish taking care of business.

“Oh and Nate?” Kennedy called out as he turned down the spray of the water.

“Yeah dude,” the faraway voice said it backtracked and came closer.

“I have nothing to hide Archibald…The same can’t be said about you.”

The spray hit full force against the tile as the brunet’s shower continued, leaving the blonde surprised. His jaw dropped at was implied. For a moment a brief stint of fear enveloped his face as thoughts ran through his mind, a million miles a second.

As Nate got toward his locker he could see the briefest part of a shadow fleeing from THAT row of lockers. What really caught his attention was a piece of folded paper sticking out of Kennedy’s locker. It was a plain piece of white paper, much like that used in schools and office buildings across the globe. The interesting thing was how it His curiosity got the better of him and he pulled it from the vents of the door.

The paper was fairly commonplace and was folded quickly as pointed out in the uneven folds. It was kind of funny that he would have never noticed it if he didn't drop his body wash bottle. It rolled across the cool floor. And when he got it in hand, Kennedy’s locker was in his line of sight. The piece of paper was like a flame to a moth. There was no stopping him from taking it. Nate’s curiosity got an even bigger hold of him as he risked it and read it then and there. While the note itself was fairly commonplace, it was the message that caught his attention.

\*[i]I know your secret. You will need to watch your back or Archibald gets it. Not even the Windsors will be able to help. Running away from Boston means nothing. It’s time for the skeletons in your closet to come out. Don’t go running or they'll tumble one by one in you’re not careful. Watch your castle walls crumble once more. I’ll be in touch.[/i] 

Nate grabbed the note and shoved it into his bag as he opened his locker. He took his time getting dressed as he didn't have anywhere to be any time soon. Golden Boy was snapped out of his thoughts by a tap on his shoulder.
“You okay there Nate? I thought you would have left by now,” asked a concerned Kennedy as he swung a wet arm around the other teen. The black haired youth could tell something was bothering Nate.

“Nah, figured I’d wait for you. Chuck would kill me if you slipped on the floor and hit your pretty little head.”

“Very funny Archibald, though to be honest I’m not the pretty one here.”

“So we’re using last names now Blake?”

The two of them burst out laughing.

“Admit it, you must just like seeing me half naked,” Kennedy said revealing boxers under his towel.

“Damn, I was planning on whipping your naked ass with a towel too!”

“Very funny.”

“I’m serious.”

“Nate, quit while you’re ahead. We’re not in a bromance yet, so all of this borderline homoerotic stuff is getting a little creepy even for you. So I’ll turn around as you get into something. It’s only fair.”

Said male blushed before apologizing profusely as the brunette rolled his eyes.

“I have to go meet the Windsor’s for something tonight, but we can work out a study schedule or something if you, well you know,” Kennedy said suggestively before moving in closer. “I like you Nate.”

Nate was speechless as he could feel the other teen’s breath on his face.

“You’re too easy Archibald,” Kennedy said moving apart and pulling a shirt over his head. “You said you think I should join the soccer team, so that’s what I want in return even though I think that I can hold my own in soccer. Tutoring you in exchange for some one on one training.”

“That seems fair.”

“Well we should get going before people begin looking for us,” Kennedy pulled Nate and dragged him out of the locker room, completely unaware of the threatening note that was residing in his companions bag.

The boys made their separate ways, Nate to look for his girlfriend while Kennedy headed out the front door to look for Connor. Right outside in his silver car was Connor leaning on against the passenger’s door, complete with signature sunglasses and styled hair. Nate on the other hand couldn’t find his girlfriend anywhere. He figured that she was off plotting with her minions and decided to find someone else to hangout with when it hit the five minute mark—his attention span didn’t last much longer than that after all. As the It-Guy he had plenty of people falling all over him. It was good to be Nate Archibald on campus.

“You don’t know subtle do you Nathaniel?” a familiar male voice asked.
“You’re just jealous.”

“Are you sure? I think my skipping classes would be far worse than you skipping your’s. After all I was his friend first and I have the whole martyr thing going on for me.”

Nate snickered before it dawned on him. “You did this Chuck!”

“Nice to see that there are brains behind those bangs,” Chuck drawled out. “Why don't we take this conversation elsewhere.”

“Fine.”

“Gossip Girl was sent a lot of posts about you and Kennedy today. They interested me so much that I actually went to some of my classes instead of letting those kids I pay take my place.” The duo paused as they exited the building and walked outside, Chuck’s car was visible from their line of sight.

“I wouldn't know, my battery died during Biology… Seriously Chuck, Chemistry and Biology? You trying to kill me?”

“You needed APs and they had openings, not to mention Kennedy needed a lab partner in both courses. It’s the perfect way to get both of my friends to be well friends… You should be grateful you could get into any with your grades.”

“Oh like your’s are any better.”

“But I'm not the one looking to go to college.”

“You will be if I tell Kennedy, he sure knows how to make you bend Chuck.”

Chuck scowled to which Nate smirked. “I owe a lot to him.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Nate asked confused. Chuck ignored that question and instead changed the subject. There were some things not even his best friend was privy to know about this point. He just had to make sure things went well for Kennedy or they would come to light.

“I think both of us will have to stop slacking off… Knowing him, Kennedy will make us cut back on alcohol and drugs too.”

“You can’t be serious.”

“You’ve never seen him when he gets crazy while completely focused on something. It’s scary and it doesn’t matter whether you need to study or not, he’s going to make you do it if his mind is set on it! He’s eerily like Blair in that aspect. But luckily I’m not the one sharing classes with him.”

“Then let’s enjoy our fleeting moments of freedom. I can already feel the homework I have in my future.”

“Then let’s make a toast,” Chuck said pouring them two glasses of an amber liquid. Nate wasn’t too sure what it was as his mind was elsewhere. It was so unlike Blair not to be around after the bell. Not to mention she had yet to text him back.

“To Kennedy.”

“To Kennedy, the guy that will finally boost your GPA,” Chuck added, causing Nate to nearly spit out his drink. “I have no plans on making honor roll, but I’d rather suffer a few more classes than
Kennedy’s wrath. He’s kind of scary when he gets all wound up.”

“Do I want to even ask?”

“No.”

“Chuck?”

“Hmmm?” he replied while finishing his swig of the liquor.

“There’s something you aren’t telling me,” he replied knowing full well he wasn’t going to get anywhere with Chuck. If you had the Bass heir’s trusts, there was little that could break it. After a few seconds of hesitations, Nate took a piece of paper out of his bag. “Someone shoved this in Kennedy’s gym locker as I finished my shower. I only saw their fleeing shadow as I approached. Do you know anything about this? I don't even get it.”

Chuck read the note.

“How do we proceed?”

“We stay close Nathaniel.”

“And keep him out of Gossip Girl’s line of sight?”

“Easier said than done with all these talks of a new bromance blooming between a certain blonde and a boy from Boston,” Chuck said pulling out his phone.

“Whoops.”

“Oh Nathaniel don’t you ever learn?” he questioned while pouring another round.

“I didn't even realize… I must have had more than I thought last night.”

“Most of it is still in your system if that’s any indication.”

Can mystery boy become any more perfect? From his friends to his clothes he has it all... Well except for Lonely Boy, but that's far from being a faux paus with that schedule of yours. Looks like there's brains and brawn ladies. Watch yourself Nelly or someone else will try to steal K away from you.

XOXO, Gossip Girl

What did you think of Dan's intro? Did you enjoy the ending of this three parter? I'm hoping it was worth the wait!

-griff
Stay Stay Stay Part One

Chapter Summary

Bromance... That dreaded word.

Disclaimer: I don’t own any of the Gossip Girl Universe outside of any original characters, concepts, or locations not seen in the actual books or TV show.

Connor must really enjoy being your chauffeur K. I dare say its much cheaper too. Why pay when you can get a service that is much more personal? You certainly have a way with the handsome ones. Would you mind toning it down a bit?

Some of the ladies would enjoy having their boyfriends back… Have fun wherever you’re going with the Windsor heir tonight K. I’m sure it will be fun.

XOXO, Gossip Girl

“You don’t know how to cool it do you bro?” Connor said as he turned the key in the ignition, his signature sunglasses perched on his face.

“What are you talking about?” Kennedy feigned innocence, glad he didn't have to look directly in the blonde’s eyes, but at the same time nervous because the reverse couldn't be said.

“Youromance with Nate Archibald.”

“I hate that word.” A chill ran down the teen’s spine.

“Just be careful. Like I’ve said before, I don’t care who you sleep with but be careful literally and figuratively,” Connor lectured pulling out of his spot and driving down the street. “You and Archibald seem very cozy together by the way… I honestly can say I didn’t see that coming considering everything.”

It took all of Kennedy’s composure not to blow right then and there, but he held his ground and let the older male continue on his lecture.

“His girlfriend is a brilliant schemer from what I’ve heard, definite superiority complex, but a schemer nonetheless. Oh the times… I’m so glad I’m not in high school anymore. Sure the high school drama still butts its head in my life, but its different… You actually care about what people think about you in high school. College is a whole different beast.”

Kennedy was deep in thought at Connor’s later statement. There was a definite nugget of truth buried deep in there, something that he would hold onto to think about at a later time. But for now he had some good news for the blonde that would not hopefully make him crash into another car on account of the glee and pride he would soon be feeling as the driver’s ego inflated to the size of the Empire State Building.
“I’m apparently a natural at soccer, even the Coach agrees,” Kennedy added sarcastically to change the subject. “I’m apparently a really good goalie. Nothing got between my legs.”

“Well you did have my help… Not that anything belongs between your legs Bro.”

Laughter was all the response Connor received. The blonde took that as his cue to continue on with his interrogation.

“How were classes?”

“I could ask you the same thing.”

“Nothing big little bro, but Dad told me you have quite the plateful.”

“Yeah. Four AP’s and an honor’s… I’m going to die between Chem and Bio alone.”

“Add soccer in the fall and lacrosse in the spring and you’ll either be at the top of the pyramid or a hot mess… Juggling a current seasons practices with the training for the following one will take a lot of careful planning. Thankfully Mom and Dad are good at that. I don't think I could have done it without them.”

Connor didn't let the glare stop him.

“Try adding wrestling or hockey for the winter while you’re at it. I’m sure you’d love to find an excuse to grind against Archibald or some of your other peers. Putting some of the bigger dumbasses on the mat is also very satisfying… And besides you’ll be Gossip Girl’s favorite Upper East Sider in no time!”

A hard punch to the arm ended that conversation.

“He’s seemed weird around me lately. I don't know if it’s because Chuck Bass told him more about my past or if he’s just into making all of his friendships into bromances. Seriously dude are all athletes that err…”

The blonde male adjusted his face as he thought deeply. By he, Connor knew Kennedy was referring to Nate Archibald. It seemed like a lot of Kennedy’s problems would be involving him from this point forward. Between the furrowed eyebrows and contorted chin, Kennedy didn't know whether to laugh or be scared.

“I didn't really get to know him so I can’t say much… I still say he has an ulterior motive in befriending you so quickly and so easily. He’s known for always getting what he wants. From what I’ve heard Nate isn’t the best student so I’m guessing he’s going to aim for you to tutor him as a friend. Though that’s all contingent on his girlfriend and father. If they’re complacent with where he is, then that theory goes out the window.”

Connor made a sharp turn that resulted in an ever-increasing glare from his passenger.

“Sorry about that, but I’ll take that as it as a yes then. And I will also take it you get one on one training sessions in soccer and/ or lacrosse with him?” Eyebrows raised and moved suggestively causing the teen to blush crimson in response. “You two sure looked cozy snoozing in precalc.”

“Must you always make everything sexual. He’s not even close to being my type.”

“Only when it comes to you my baby brother. You’re so easy to rattle.” Hair was ruffled and then fixed. “Now do you feel better?”
“Yeah, but do you always have to do that?”

“Not my fault you get wound up so easily you prude. It’s only the first day of school and you’ve already had as much craziness as Lifetime Original Movie. When should I expect a love triangle between a boy and a girl?”

A quick and well placed punch to the arm as well as a change of subject put an end to that topic quite easily as Connor spent more time nursing his sore arm instead of finding more about the basis of Gossip Girl’s blasts today.

“How’s your lady friend?”

“No changing the subject.” Connor liked being in control. This was so not part of the plan!

“So things aren’t going well?”

Connor growled before pulling his phone out of his pocket as they stopped at a red light. He threw his phone at the teen.

“Shut up and just read. Gossip Girl loves you apparently. You couldn't lay low for one day could you? Things are only going to get worse from this point on.” The arrival of ringtone alerted the two males to incoming danger. “And speak of the devil, she must have some more dirt on you!”

“Eat it up you jerk. Chick’s dig mystery. You’re not important enough to even have an alias. You're a no one!”

Connor scoffed but turned his attention back to the road as they still had quite the drive ahead of them.

:............................:

“Do you want to do the honors?” Connor asked his “brother” as the duo came to an imposing door.

“Shouldn’t you be carrying me over the threshold?”

“You two didn't tell me you eloped last night?” a female voice said as the door opened.

“Mom.” “Cassidy.”

“Come in now before our neighbors think you two are serious. All we need now is the Granger’s spreading rumors of Connor seducing a MALE high school student to throw a wrench in things.”

“Not my fault,” Connor said with an innocent look. “Kennedy must have some crazy pheromone or something… He sure knows how to drive all the guys around him crazy.”

“Well if YOU kept your hands to yourself…”

“Boys, we have more important things to discuss than your sordid love lives,” Kyle said entering the room before adding another comment in a much lower tone. “As long as you wear condoms…”

“Sorry,” both of the youths muttered as Mr. and Mrs. Windsor directed them to the living room. Kyle’s second comment went over their heads but not Cassidy’s. A certain sparkle appeared in the corner of her eyes.

The adults took the two club chairs while the young adults plopped down on a very comfy brown bonded leather couch. Mrs. Windsor may have been more of the type to use humor to procrastinate
and avoid the inevitable, Mr. Windsor only use it to lighten the mood. Right now was one of the times he was getting straight to business.

“Kennedy, did anything seem off today beyond the obvious?” Kyle asked.

“Some of the teachers… they well looked as if they knew more about me than they should. Especially what’s his face teaching AP Chemistry,” the black haired teen said trying to remember that particular instructor’s name. “I don’t know how he knew about my old school and who I was taught by. I honestly thought he would only see my grades to see whether I was qualified or not to be taking his course. I didn't expect for him to have a thorough background check like I was some criminal or something.”

“Should we scoop him out now Kyle, there are plenty of other schools… It’s still early enough in the year. Riverside…” Cassidy was cut off before she could even finish her statement. Sure it was no St. Jude’s but it would serve him quite well just the same if it meant he wouldn't be at the same risks, in fact it may have been even better for him considering he’d be even further at the top of the academic pyramid.

“No, I think I should let it play out for now,” the teen in question replied surprising the family. “After all, that money is nonrefundable and I would rather not waste the money if I can avoid that. Whomever is behind this may react poorly if I do that, then we would have no idea of what they’re up to. By staying at St. Jude’s at least we can control some aspect…”

“You don't have to be brave all the time bro,” Connor said embracing his friend/brother. “It’s still early enough in the school year…” Unfortunately, the blonde was cut off by a hand to his mouth. He grumbled out a few not-so-pleasantries as he was stopped before he could finish his line of thought.

“Well wouldn’t staying and playing dumb be the best way to get to the bottom of it? And besides, I’m sure Chuck Bass wouldn’t let anything happen to me. He’s oddly protective of someone he barely knows.”

“How do you know him Kennedy? He has quite the reputation,” Connor asked for his parents. Sure he didn't know the Bass heir, but you didn't have to know him to know of him. Chuck Bass had quite the reputation after all. His parents may have been all gung ho about grilling the teen, but from their looks it was all up to him at the moment.

“We go back, I don't really feel comfortable going on about it right now, but you can trust him… well at least when it comes to me.”

“We won’t press any further on that subject then,” Cassidy said glaring at her men, to which Kennedy was grateful. Though she sent a sympathetic look at her son when neither Kyle nor Kennedy was looking.

“Unless Nate Archibald gets kicked out of my AP classes, I have him or Dan Humphrey in all of my classes except for AP Latin. Both of them seem pretty trustworthy. Then again first impressions aren’t everything.”

“Why does that last name seem so familiar?” Kyle asked his wife. His words may have been obvious, but his eyes spoke volumes.

“I’m not sure Honey,” she replied with a slight tinge of pink developing on her dimples. She had an idea where she remembered the name, but was too embarrassed to admit it.
“Archibald is a good kid for the most part Kennedy so it would be good for you to be around him. Making connections is just as important as making friends HERE. He would also be a good a way to get on both teams as he’s a bit of a star on both. However we would prefer if you did not partake in his other extracurricular activity young man. He has a bit of a reputation of being a bit of a well stoner… and his grades reflect that.” Kyle felt bad mouthing the teen’s friend but he had to know now while the year was still fresh. An ounce of prevention is more than worth it after all.

“I understand and I’m already a few steps ahead of you!” the teen replied cheekily. “I made him promise not to use any around me if he wanted my services.”

“Cheeky monkey” Connor whispered low enough so only his buddy could hear him. The tone of the teen’s statement was lost on the adults, but the college student caught on quick enough. Kennedy may not have admitted it, but there was a hint of interest hidden in the not so subtle use of the word services.

“We’re trading favors,” Kennedy announced to the horrified faces of the adult Windsor’s. The two youths had to fight the urge to burst out laughing. Suppressing their grins was quite the challenge indeed as the looks on their faces was quite frightening and hilarious at the same time.

“Not like that! What is it with this family?!?!?!?!” Kennedy got up from his seat and began flailing about only to be shoved back down by Connor. After a few more moments of looking like a complete fool, he regained his composure and continued. “He’s helping me on the field and I’m tutoring him! I’m not that kind of guy people!”

The three Windsor’s had the decency to look thoroughly embarrassed, though that wasn't enough for the teen.

“That is a good approach, as the quicker you integrate yourself, the less at risk you will be. The more allies you forge amongst your peers the better. You never now when the Headmistress or someone else in the administration or faculty could turn on you.” Cassidy was still crimson at the thought of her pseudo son and his friend being together. “Making others reliant on you will help secure your spot and add lines of defense against potential threats.”

“I’m not in the middle of a social war Cassidy.”

“You’re in high school, that should speak in enough of itself.” She said it as if it were the most obvious thing in the world. Kennedy had to restrain himself from slapping himself on the forehead with how true the statement truly was.

“Touche.”

“Why don’t you two hit the books while I start on dinner?” Kyle asked, well more like ordered.

“Sure thing Kyle.” “Fine Dad.”

“I’ll whip up some cookies if you two get a move on now,” Cassidy said causing the two youths to trip over themselves as they darted out of the room and made a mad dash for the blonde’s room. The thought of those luscious morsels of goodness was enough to make them enjoy doing homework on a Friday afternoon.

“I still don’t understand how you can bake, yet any time you cook it ends in tragedy. It’s just not right.” Mr. Windsor whined as he watched his wife begin to make a mess of his kitchen as he worked around her to get a start on dinner.

“I don’t know either, maybe it’s the careful planning. After all, you can do all the work for me if
all I have to do is make dessert,” she replied feigning a kiss. “There is so much room for error in
them that I have to be precise unlike when you cook. You have much more wiggle room based on
experience.”

“Honey...” A quick elbow to the small of his back was more than enough for him to stop.

“That’s what you get for insulting my cooking skills.”

“Keep that up and you’ll be on the couch tonight!”

Mrs. Windsor had the decency to blush as he wasn’t all gentleman all the time. He was not above
kicking her out of the bed when she was wrong!

“Nice room bro,” Kennedy said looking from place to place.

“I’m surprised Mom hasn’t redecorated yet, she sure enjoys redoing everything fairly often. And
with you here I’m surprised she hasn’t installed another bed in here, there’s more than enough
room for one.”

“I’m not taking your room. I’ve taken enough.”

“More homework, less talking gentlemen!” came from down the hall.

“How does she do that?” Kennedy asked dropping his bag.

“I don’t know. Desk or bed?”

“It’s your room.”

“I only have reading so I can do either.”

“You take the desk, can’t have you falling asleep on me Connor. I know how you think buddy. It’s
that time of day after all you old man.”

“Very funny Kennedy.”

“We both know its true.”

“Well… screw you!” he replied plopping down at the desk.

Connor got to work highlighting as he read over his psychology textbook. Kennedy on the other
hand made himself comfy on the bed and began doing his writing homework. After a while the duo
had moved onto other work.

“Hey Connor, how do you do this?” Kennedy said adjusting himself on the bed. Connor spun
around on the chair and sat down next to him on the bed.

“It’s not really that difficult. You’re on the right track. You messed up right here though,” Connor
said pointing to a step in Kennedy’s math. “Your final calculation is thrown off because of that.”

“Not everyone is a math genius.”

“Well you’re oddly good in science and writing. You can’t win them all.”
Kennedy pouted. “Your Latin teacher still blushes at the mentioning of your name, did your dad tell you that?” Kennedy said gaining the upper hand. “What did you do or not do with her to make her so flustered and tremble as just the mention of your name?”

“Nothing at all! I'm serious Bro, but I don't know why she ever liked me so much. She’s not that much older than me also so it was always weird. Sure she was wicked hot, but I wasn't going to cross that line.”

“Not to feed your ego, but you’re pretty hot bro.”

“I know that,” Connor grinned as he popped the collar of his shirt in an obnoxious way. “But it sounds so much better coming out of your mouth.”

“She’s so boring for such a hot teacher.”

“There’s only so many ways to make a dead language interesting dude… But I have to agree she’s quite hot… She was the focus of many a daydream.”

“Just for that you can help me with Latin too! And I think you meant wet dream!”

“What about my homework?... Wait! Why you little smart ass!”

“I thought you would do anything for your little brother.”

“Fine.”

“In return I’ll be the one to break it to Mason there’s been a change of plans. Since you obviously forgot to tell them we were coming here tonight.”

“Whoops.” Connor scratched his head in embarrassment. “I knew I forgot to do something today… Bro that’s actually a fair trade, even if you think I even had a need for wet dreams.”

“I knew you would see it that way.” Kennedy completely ignored the wet dream comment.

“You’re a lifesaver once again bro,” Connor replied sheepishly as he went back to checking the Latin assignment.

:------------------------:
Hey Mason, I’m spending the evening with the Windsor’s. Mr. Windsor decided on it spur of the moment. Enjoy your night off :D -K
:------------------------:

Not a minute later:

:------------------------:
No problem. Enjoy yourself tonight. Kind of forgot myself. Don’t let that doofus rub off on you. -M
:------------------------:

“See I told you.”

“I thought you called him a jerk Kennedy,” Connor said not looking up from the beginnings of the translation. “You mixed an ablative absolute with an ablative of means here.”

Kennedy let out a huge and silent sigh of relief as Connor ignored his phone. If Connor had seen the text, the brunette was sure the blonde would have done something really stupid. Sure Connor
wasn’t the brightest bulb, but his temper was kind of nasty. And unfortunately Kennedy had been on the receiving end of it not long after they first met. The teen thanked the heavens that it was only that one time. Kennedy could only picture Connor channeling that anger on the field.

“That’s why I have you for.” The brunette did his best to hide the ghost of a smile. The text was quite entertaining in his opinion. Kennedy knew that if he wasn’t careful that Connor would be on to him and snatch away his phone.

“I still don’t know how you got into AP Latin. Your translation is so shoddy and this is quite easy Bro. You’re not going to survive the class at this rate.”

Kennedy broke out in laughter. “This is so ironic dude. I don’t know how I will either. Someone out there must really hate me to get me in... I barely passed it as it is at my old school and I didn't have a chance at going Honors., let alone AP!”

Their little heart to heart was interrupted by the matriarch of the Windsor Clan. It was just yet another moment that made them both point their finger at something that was missing out of their lives. Unfortunately neither would notice it as it was neither the first nor the last time any attempt at putting together those thoughts would be effectively extinguished like a candle in the wind.

“Boys, dinner!” a feminine voice called out ending things.

Dinner was a fairly simple affair. Well as simple as one could get with one taking part in a meal with an Upper East Side family. Navy rimmed white fine china plates and brilliant silverware adorned a mahogany Victorian styled dining table with walnut inlay details, as the Waterford crystal glasses glistened, casting radiant reflections onto every available surface. Crisp white linens balanced the dark wood Chippendale chairs and ornate draperies. All in all, it was timeless, classic, and effortless beauty that would stand the test of time. The imposing nature of the setting for their dinner was daunting, but the teen was ready.

“So how was school Kennedy?” Cassidy asked tossing her salad.

“It was fine,” he said passing his salad plate over to her. “Definitely not as bad as a certain someone made it sound like.”

“I was mentally preparing you for the worst,” Connor said defensively. “It was basically as bad as I predicted right?”

“I wasn’t talking about you Connor, though your description of the locker room didn't do them justice. They're way classier than anything I'm used to.”

“Then who are you talking about bro?” he asked confused. In fact you could color all three of the Windsor’s confused. Kennedy liked playing mind games, not that you would expect that looking at him. He kind of had the whole innocent nice guy act down to a t.

‘Cue the dramatic music,’ the teen thought as he prepared to start something, finally focusing his attention at the suspect in question. “Your father.”

“KYLE!” “Dad!” The two blonde’s went off on the older brunette just as Kennedy had planned. Kennedy was good at deflecting, something none of the Windsor’s had realized just yet.

“Hey, I had the same concerns as Connor. What did I do?”
The teen smirked. ‘Game, set, match.’ Kennedy put it on a little thick as he quickly got to his point. “I greatly appreciated your concerns, but you laid it on a little thick.”

“That’s not the only thing that’s a little thick,” Cassidy added to lighten the mood.

“That was low Cassidy,” Kyle replied as he felt the figurative stab in the back… or should we say stomach?

“So was terrorizing Kennedy. Now let’s drop this before I start us all on a new dietary regimen.” The Windsor men looked in horror as did Kennedy. “Now that’s more like it. How do you like you schedule Kennedy?”

“Well I have an AP Latin teacher that has the hots for Connor…”

“Kennedy…”

“I’m serious Cassidy! I’m surprised she didn’t seduce him when she had the chance.” Connor’s face was a crimson as it could get as he tried to sink even further into his chair. He didn't appreciate being brought into this once more. And even more so he didn't want to bring up those memories…

“She was tripping all over herself when she saw me Cassidy.” Kyle didn’t even bother looking up as he cut a tomato with his knife. “It was quite pathetic to be honest. She was like an abandoned puppy when I walked in.”

“Oh lord…” Cassidy said feeling a familiar headache come on.

“Then there’s AP Chemistry where the teacher has it out for my lab partner Nate Archibald who is also by AP Biology lab partner, but that class is much better. If I can get him focused on things, I’m sure we can put the stoner thing to rest, but I hope that was more of an exaggeration than actual fact… Don't even get me started on the other archetypes that are running wild through the halls of both schools... Moving on, AP English Composition and Honors English on the other hand both seem easy, but with a lot of work attached. I have my friend Dan in both of those classes so I’ll have his help to fine tune things there… Precalculus, I don't know. I hate math, but I have both of them to keep me entertained.”

“Well it’s a good thing Connor’s good at it. In fact he’ll be more than happy to help you in Latin and math.”

“I will?” Connor said looking up from his food.

“You will.” Cassidy turned her attention to the other youth. “That is if it’s ok with you Kennedy.”

“I guess,” Kennedy said playing with his food. He wasn’t really one for salad, but he wasn't about to insult the hand that was literally feeding him. “I just feel like that either its going to be a really good year or a really bad one. From the Headmistress to some of the teachers and students, it just doesn't feel right.”

Using the awkward silence that followed, the adults cleared before bring out the entree. Connor and Kennedy’s mouths both watered at the sight before them. Now meat was definitely some Kennedy could sink his teeth into literally and figuratively.

“It will get better, you just have to let the New Kid Syndrome wear off a bit,” Kyle lectured while cutting his fillet mignon with ease, in fact it was like cutting through butter. Kennedy smiled as he sliced through his own. ‘I could definitely get use to this,’ the teen thought as he listened
attentively. This lifestyle was something he could certainly appreciate after so many years of struggling to get by. It was like a god send, or maybe karma?

“There’s so much mystery about you, which doesn’t help. And with you being admitted under the previous Headmaster that is mysteriously replaced at the beginning of the school year can only add to it. You’ll be the focus of the attention of your peers, their parent’s and the administration.”

Kennedy didn’t really know what to say. “Speaking of that, did you find out anything else about it? Headmistress Queller sure is a pain to put it nicely.”

“Robert hasn’t got back to me yet. And none of my contacts have found anything either. Cass, has your network dug up anything?”

“No Honey, but I do find it odd they brought in someone new instead of promoting one of the assistant headmasters at the last minute.”

“All this talk of St. Jude’s is making me bored. Can we change the subject?” Connor asked innocently. “I’m sure Kennedy would much rather have us talk about all of the Gossip Girl posts about him instead.”

“Oh really,” Cassidy said with a wicked grin that was matched by her son. “I wasn't aware you still subscribed.” Connor waved it off as Kyle meanwhile sent a sympathetic look to the teen while going back to his second steak instead of getting involved with the brewing storm. “Go on Connor. I’m quite curious to see what she has to say about our little magnet for trouble.”

‘They’re crazy, but its nice to know what it feels like to be part of a family,’ Kennedy thought as he began to answer for his actions… or rather the candid portraits people captured out of context and submitted to the gossip site did so for him as Connor passed his phone to both of his parents.

What did you think? This is the first of another two parter. I'd really appreciate feedback by the way :D

-griff
Stay Stay Stay Part Two

Chapter Summary

Enter the Captain

Disclaimer: I don’t own any of the Gossip Girl Universe outside of any original characters, concepts, or locations not seen in the actual books or TV show.

C and N are plotting something… And for some reason I don’t think its for B’s upcoming big party… Things sure are getting interesting now that Headmistress Queller is cracking down on everything. Be careful ladies and gents, she is quite the beast. Don’t put yourself on the end of her bark or you may face her bite as well. Now while I normally prefer you Upper East Siders to cause drama and scandals, you may want to tone it down for a bit or I wont have a site to run. What kind of trouble did K and N get up to for his dad to come home early? A flustered K was spotted exiting the home moments later. I need details.

XOXO, Gossip Girl

A few days had past, and like the Windsor’s had insisted, things were getting much better almost entirely across the board. Sure his AP Chemistry instructor had it out for Nate and now himself too, and maybe his AP Latin teacher was a little creepy, but for the first time in a long time he felt as if he fit in. After all who has more problems than a rich kid?

Kennedy took Connor’s suggestion and told Nate that he wanted to put Wrestling on the list of sports for the remainder of the semester. It was either that or hockey, but he didn't want to be stuck in the net for another sport, though he’d probably ace that too. And besides it would be good to see if he held any promise in it before tryouts later that fall. He wasn’t an overachiever for nothing! Why go for the safe bet when you could go out on a limb without being obvious?

Archibald’s reaction was quite entertaining. The black haired teen had never seen his friend become so red. In the end the sports ended up being soccer, basketball, wrestling, and football in that order. All in all not too bad considering he sucked at most of them. Thankfully the boys didn't share gym with the girls or things would have been much more embarrassing… particularly for the month of November.

“Do you have time to study tonight dude? I know the test isn’t for a few more weeks, but I don't really want to mess this up,” Nate said kicking off his sneakers as he got his lock undone.

“I guess, we might as well work on our lab reports while we’re at it too. But you’re hosting.”

“I always host,” Nate replied stripping out of his gym clothes. Kennedy rolled his eyes. He knew full well there was little truth to that particular statement—especially since Nate crashed at his apartment more times than he count. “Just admit it, you like my food.”

“Don't you mean your chef’s food… and besides its more comfortable crashing at your place.”
“Same difference… wait what?”

“I live in a cubbyhole compared to your parent’s townhouse. If I fall asleep out of boredom it would be much better than you crashing on my couch,” Kennedy added revealing his abdomen from the confines of his sweaty St. Jude’s shirt. “Or your bed.”

“I think your apartment is nice, though you’re right about that couch. Could you have got something even harder than a rock itself?”

“YOU would think that. because there are no priceless heirlooms to be destroyed. Not everyone has money growing on trees.”

“You just had to bring that up didn’t you?” Nate said throwing a sweaty sock at Kennedy.

“Thanks for the appetizer Archibald, but I prefer edible food. Eau de Nate does not count as seasoning.”

“Very funny,” Nate replied while trying to maintain a straight faced as the duo headed for the showers, two different showers. While more comfortable around each other, neither particularly enjoyed being naked around others, let alone each other. “Most people would be fighting to get a piece of me.”

Kennedy was down to business like usual. “Let’s make this a quickie, we have a lot of work to do tonight.”

A shadow descended upon the locker room as the boys turned on their respective showers.

The duo arrived at the Archibald townhouse after a quick detour at Starbucks. Nate quickly learned that Kennedy was a caffeine fiend, particularly of the iced variety or rather any variety. From shots of espresso to their mixed drinks, Kennedy would drink them all.

“That was disgusting,” Nate said as the arrived outside his door.

“It’s not my fault I foresaw the need to amp my self on lattes and frappuccinos to get through this.”

“Do you even know how many calories you just ingested?”

“Enough to be canceled out by gym and any special ‘activities’ you have planned for me tonight. Besides we both got some work done while there… or rather I did as you gawked at me.”

“Very funny,” the golden haired youth replied opening his door as he became more than a little flustered at the image that appeared in his head. “The maid and chef have the evening off so it’s just us.”

“You tricked me.”

“Well how else would I get you to cook for me?” Nate asked with a big grin as the two settled at the Archibald dining table, one not very different from the Windsor’s. “You cook way better than the help!”

“You realize that will cut into your study time right?”

“We were going to have to take a study break anyway. And besides we have plenty of time. Did you really think I was going to full on study tonight?”
“You’re incorrigible.”

“What does that mean?”

Kennedy sighed. He was a lot like Nate, but he could use and understand big words. “Do you want to handle Chem or Bio?”

“Chem, you’re better at it but I think it would be better if we both played against our strengths.”

“If you say so Nate,” Kennedy said whipping out a textbook and laptop.

“What are you doing?” Nate asked.

“While normally I would suggest handwriting to get it in your memory, typing is more practical to share and edit. This way we can each get a copy of my hard work. I already started on a rough outline as we did the assigned reading, but I’ll make them better now that we’ll need them for the exam.”

“Never thought of that, no wonder you’re the genius here. I’ll be right back,” Nate said running up to his room.

“This is going to be a long night, maybe I should have grabbed a coffee for the road,” Kennedy said out loud as he began reading the first chapter.

The sound of clicking was all that filled the room until the front door unexpectedly opened with a male coming through it.

“Nathaniel!” the voice called out, causing Nate to nearly trip down the stairs as he carried his laptop in hand.

“What are you doing here? You were supposed to meet your mother and I over half an hour ago. Your mother is very cross with you at the moment to put it lightly.”

“I know I was forgetting something… Dad… I was doing homework with a friend from school.”

“A very likely situation Son. Like I haven’t heard that sorry excuse come out of your mouth before.”

“I’m telling the truth, Kennedy here can prove it,” Nate said running into the dining room and gesturing to the teen at work at the table. “See he’s still here!”

Kennedy looked up from his outlining to notice a man with a striking resemblance to his friend.

“Looks like you’re going to have to take a rain check Kennedy, I completely forgot I was supposed to be somewhere with my parents,” Nate said completely embarrassed.

“No worries dude, Kyle and Cassidy will probably be checking in on me soon enough.”

“I hate to interrupt any more, but you wouldn’t happen to be talking about Kyle and Cassidy Windsor would you young man?”

“Yes, Mr. Archibald.”

Mr. Archibald laughed when he heard how Kennedy addressed himself.

“Captain is fine… Sorry, I never got your name.” Nate backed away a bit as he knew this was
going to get awkward. His father never showed this level of interest in any of his friends right off the bat before. This was raising red flags. “I don't recall the Windsor’s having any nephews.”

“That’s because I’m not related to them, well not that I’m aware of. I’m Kennedy Blake,” the teen said getting up and extending his arm out. “I’m one of Nate’s classmates turned tutor.”

The Captain took the arm and shook the offered appendage. “That’s a mighty strong handshake you have their young man.”

“Thank you, but I should get going,” Kennedy said putting away his things in his backpack. “Remember to start your outlines tonight Nate, I have two other tests next week so I won’t be much help if you don't do your part too.

“Don’t worry, just remember I’ll meet you at the park tomorrow morning before practice.”

“Nice meeting you Captain,” Kennedy said as he took his cue to exit, quietly closing the door behind him.

“Nathaniel…”

“I was studying, or well trying to.”

“I see that, and your performance at school has proven that so far this semester from what your teachers have told me,” the Captain said as he glanced at the mess on the table.

Nate was quite surprised his father was in contact with his teachers, but then again there were no progress reports or personal notes going home this semester on account of Kennedy’s influence, so his father had a right to check in. It was still early enough, but he had hidden or rather forged signatures on more than a few progress reports over the years.

Notebooks and textbooks littered the table. There were diagrams of cells and a periodic table by index cards and a study guide. The Captain quickly fingered through one of them.

“Yeah, about that…”

“I’m proud that you are finally taking things seriously Son. It’s damn time you made a friend that actually cares about his studies. Maybe you’ll get into Dartmouth without my help after all,” the elder Archibald said with a hint of pride.

Nate didn't know how to react. He wasn't used to his father being like this. There was a genuine hint of pride in that statement.

“Maybe…”

“So how did you meet this Kennedy, I don't recall seeing him around before. And if he’s connected to the Windsor’s that’s even more surprising. Their only child is older than you by a few years… In fact he should be in college right now.”

“He’s new to the city. They’re playing host family to him while he attends St. Jude’s. He’s not from around here actually.” Nate continued to babble random and useless facts that his father took in without a word.

“Very interesting,” the Captain replied.

“I don’t know much beyond that, but he is very serious about his studies.”
“He may not have the same blood as us running through his veins Nate, but academics, determination, and the right connections can rectify that.” The Captain paused as something connected in his mind. “We should get going before your mother gets even more furious.”

The two Archibald men left the townhouse and made their way to Mrs. Archibald. Nate was curious as to why his father had reacted the way he had. Something was not connecting right. It was almost as if he knew something that he wasn’t letting on. While he was glad to see that his father was worried about his academics, it was kind of weird how interested he was in Kennedy. After all the Captain was never that interested in any of his friends, not even the trouble causing Chuck Bass.

Nate could only hope that Kennedy wasn’t too mad at him for wasting his time. While the trek between their places wasn’t too horrible, it was time wasted that his friend could have better spent studying.

A text snapped him out of his self-wallowing.

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N, don’t worry Connor just called and the Windsor’s wanted me to come over for dinner so I guess it wasn’t meant to be. Hope your dad doesn’t hate me too much. He seemed really mad at you… Everything ok?  
-K

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‘Leave it to him to be concerned about me when he’s the one that got the third degree,’ Nate thought as he rode in the car in silence with his father.

A cough alerted Nate to the fact that his father wanted to speak with him, something that sent chills down his spine. His father was only good for two things: not being there and lecturing Nate about not being good enough to get into Dartmouth. The sheer fact that he had mentioned Nate cleaning up his act scared the teen. He didn't realize his father had even noticed, not that his mother was likely to either. Mrs. Archibald was a French socialite that spent her time better spent with other socialites than with her own child.

“While I applaud your new found dedication to your academics, you cannot continue blowing off commitments you do not wish to go to,” the Captain lectured.

“Dad, I’m sorry, but I honestly completely forgot. I just asked Kennedy to come over because I’m really worried about AP Chem.”

“I didn’t know you were in AP Chemistry Nate,” Mr. Archibald said interested.

“I didn’t either, but apparently a spot opened last minute. Bio too.”

“You are full of surprises today Nate, maybe I should have let you stay with this Kennedy. He is obviously having a good effect on you unlike Charles and the others.”

Nate forced a response as he didn't feel like his father breaking down why each of his other friends didn't deserve to be associated with his son.

“There’s something oddly familiar about him, where did you say he was from again?”

“I didn’t, but he’s from Boston.”
The Captain tried to hide it, but the vaguest hint of realization dawed on his face, something his son caught on to.

“Very interesting… here’s our stop Nate,” he said as the car came to a stop.

Nate had a feeling this wasn’t going to go well. His mother he could handle, but not the others. This was going to be a long dinner he had do say so himself.

Spotted leaving a familiar restaurant, clans Archibald and Waldorf in their best designer duds. How are you going to break it to K, N? I thought you said you were going to put your studies first? Ditching your study buddy for Queen B? Be careful what you say, K isn’t as forgiving as you Golden Boy. His air of mystery will bite you in the ass sooner or later. He’s a friend of C is he not?

Be careful B, he could out scheme you. Oh wait, he already has. K is definitely proving to be a force to reckon with. Seems like C taught him well. Nelly Yuki is on K’s arm, and rumor has it he doesn’t like bullies or cheaters. What’s this about forcing people to change their answers B? That desperate to get in Yale? So not going to happen now.

XOXO, Gossip Girl.

The last blast had confused many of her subscribers. It alluded a lot of things but nothing at the same time. While no one thought there was anything going on romantically, the growing bromance was hard to ignore. Heck even Chuck was changing and that in itself was a scary thought to many of his peers. They didn’t know whether it was genuine, a dare, or part of a scheme.

Unfortunately for everyone currently involved, Blair was not happy. Her world as she knew it was crumbling and there was one personal responsible for it, Kennedy Blake. She did not enjoy what the blast implied… She wasn’t that desperate to get into Yale… she was destined to get in there with all of her connections after all.

‘Someone’s going to pay for that accusation!’

While she enjoyed her friend becoming more academic rather than complete addicts, she wanted to be the one in control. She was the Queen and she did not appreciate this upstart barging into her kingdom and usurping her power, quickly turning her loyal subjects against her and toward him.

He was nothing but an arrogant commoner like Dan Humphrey to her. Neither of them belonged in her world, and she wished she could do more, but it would get back to her… it always did. Her handiwork always showed, unlike that of Chuck.

“Dorota!” Blair yelled as she brushed her dark brown locks.

“Yes Ms. Blair,” the Eastern European woman said running into the room.

“Where is my mother?”

“I do not know Ms. Blair. She has not returned my calls.”

“Ugh!” Blair screamed, her brush narrowly missing Dorota’s head. “Get out of my sight!” Dorota didn't need to me told twice.
Tonight was not going to be a good night for Blair.

Kennedy and Connor planned on something different… it wasn’t a double date, but it was a night between the “brothers” and their female companions… Well originally it was supposed to be a family dinner night, but Cassidy whisked Kyle off to some high society gala somewhere in the city. The two youths were too busy thinking of what to do instead as she listed off the details.

“I hope I look ok,” Nelly Yuki said fidgeting with her dress, a gift from Kennedy, or rather the AmEx Kyle had given him.

“You look beautiful tonight. I know we’ve only had coffee before, but it means a lot that you’d come with me tonight,” Kennedy said with a smile that made her stomach flutter. “And in that… I didn’t think you’d want to wear it.”

“It’s not a problem.”

“My life’s complicated…”

“Everyone’s is here on the Upper East Side. We don't do simple here.”

“The Windsor’s are family to me now, so I’m glad we were able to come as friends to this event.”

He didn’t notice the hurt look on Nelly’s face, but he did realize he made a slip up. He did however make a great recovery with the grace of a cheetah ready to pounce on a zebra.

“I have a lot of fun with you, but I don’t want to take things too fast. I’ve heard from a lot of people that many relationships often implode and are captured on Gossip Girl. I just don't want that to happen… She spends enough time on me as it is... So I'll understand if you want to end things here, but I really don't want to mess this up.”

‘Nice catch,’ Nelly thought to herself. Her face turned pink with the delivery. He had thought out things a lot better than she had imagined. She had feared she was being strung along based on his relations with Chuck and Nate, but she was ready to get her knight in shining armor… even if he was taking the chivalry thing a tad to far.

“I’m glad too, it lets us take time to get to know each other better. If this doesn’t work out I’d much better prefer the possibility of being friends than leaving not speaking to each other at the end of the day. It's a lot harder to have an intelligent conversation here than you'd imagine with all of our resources and connections at hand.”

“So what do you think of contemporary art to be honest?” Kennedy asked as the duo approached a glass door, which he opened for her.

“It depends. I prefer it in sculptures more than painting. I don't really like cubism”

“I agree,” he added while allowing the door to close behind him. “My ‘brother’ Connor’s girlfriend is a bit of an artist.” He made quotation marks with the word brother.

Nelly knew a bit about it from Gossip Girl and a bit from Kennedy himself, but she didn't press further. His association with the Windsor family was still up in the air, but she knew patience would pay off in the end. She would get to the bottom of the mystery when he was ready, whether they were involved with each other or not.
“I think that’s a bit of an understatement,” she challenged as the two teens walked into the gallery to realize the whole exhibit was for Candace.

“Kennedy!” a blonde blur cried out, nearly knocking over them both.

“Connor,” he replied sternly as he regained his balance.

“And who is this lovely lady you have with you bro?” Connor asked genuinely which only caused Nelly to blush.

“This is Nelly Yuki, she’s from school.”

“I don’t know why someone as intelligent and beautiful as yourself would waste their time with my little brother, but you must see something in him.”

Nelly was so used to being berated for being a typical Asian, so she had no clue how to respond to Kennedy and now Connor’s compliments.

“Now, while Mom and Dad will be glad to see you have someone as talented as a certain Intel winner on your arm tonight, make sure you mingle. Tonight means a lot to Candace,” Connor said with a certain air about him before he left to talk to someone else.

“No pressure eh?” Kennedy said seriously to Nelly.

“No pressure,” she mimicked while picking up a glass from a waiter.

“I don’t think I’m ever going to get used to being a socialite.”

“You won’t, but I don’t think I will either.”

The night ended without much affair. The two teens took a taxi back to Nelly’s home. He opened the door and took her hand as she exited the cab.

“I’ll be right out,” Kennedy told the cabbie.

“Your money,” the driver replied nonchalantly as he started the timer up again.

“I don’t think you’ll ever know how important tonight was to me, but thanks for a great night,” Kennedy said as they stood on her front step.

“I had fun tonight,” she said with an awkward shift of her body.”

“Me too,” he added while fidgeting with his fingers.

“You can just kiss me now if you want. You don’t have to ask.”

“Sometimes I’m too much of a gentleman for my own good.”

“Just hurry up and kiss me before my parents wake up.”

In the moment that followed, both teens could feel a spark. For the first time in a long time they finally felt like they fit in with their peers.

“That was amazing,” Nelly panted. “You must have made several girls very happy over the years.”
“Actually, I don’t kiss and tell.”

“Smart ass,” she said playfully smacking his arm.

“I’ll see you tomorrow. Sorry that I had to take you from your studies on a school night.”

“Just don’t make it a habit,” Nelly warned putting her key in the door.

“Is that a challenge?”

“You can be the judge of it.” Nelly turned the knob and opened the door. “Good night Kennedy.”

The door shut and both teens felt more complete. They both knew it would end up on Gossip Girl, but they had not done anything scandalous.

Kennedy walked down the steps and reentered the cab.

“Thanks again for waiting,” he said as he closed the door.

“It’s your money. Where to next?”

“Home,” Kennedy said with a smile as the cab drove off into the distance.

Gossip Girl here. Looks like Queen B’s bookworm has snagged herself a prince. Buying a designer dress that hasn’t hit shelves yet, kissing your hand, opening doors, and a kiss good night? It sure seems like new blood can make a world of difference. Who knew all it would take to get Nelly Yuki away from her books was a nice guy from Boston? If you could even tell me how K got that dress off the runway, it would leave me forever in your debt Nelly.

XOXO, Gossip Girl

Dan could only look on with jealousy as another of his friends had snagged a girlfriend. Kennedy seemed like a normal kid, but now he was going off flaunting his money like the rest of them. Not that Dan could really blame him. With a girl like Yuki, you needed to pull out the stops to keep yourself off of Blair’s hit list.

To make the matter even worse, rumor had it that Nelly Yuki had a crush on him! To be honest he couldn’t blame Kennedy, but deep down somewhere it did feel like betrayal on some level. It was just a rumor that Nelly had a crush on him, but still it was a rumor about him, Dan Humphrey, the kid from Brooklyn. He just stood there glued to his computer screen before his phone vibrated, signaling a text message.

Going to play a pick up game with Nate and a few of his friends tomorrow. Want to join us after school? -K

Sure. Prepare to get your ass kicked. -D

Haha! That’s exactly how Nate responded. See ya in class tomorrow D. -K
Dan put his phone down and closed his laptop. While he was jealous to an extent, he was more
than happy for his friend, at least one of them was getting a shot at happiness... And if he played
his cards right maybe he'd get one of his own. Kennedy was far too perfect to be true, but he
proved everyone wrong time and time again. He did the impossible and Dan wasn't going to be left
behind. He was ready to take advantage of the waves.

‘Maybe there will be someone for me,’ he thought to himself as he headed to bed.

He would eventually regret that wish for a storm would soon unfold the social landscape of the city
with one simple text.

__________________________

Blair Waldorf was prepared for WWII. One of her minions had defied her again. But then again
maybe this was exactly what she needed.

“I may have the perfect scenario now… Nelly you’re safe for now. In fact you may be even
rewarded. You will be the perfect pawn.”

*Knock*

“Ms. Blair do you need anything else?”

Blair gave a sound of disgust. “You are dismissed for the night Dorota.”

“Yes, Ms. Blair.”

When the footsteps were far enough a sinister smile crept upon the headband queen’s face.

“I’ll be able to do so many things under the guise of being a friend now… They won’t know what
hit them.”

__________________________

Chuck Bass was never one to really care about Gossip Girl, but the latest blast had left him
intrigued.

“I did not think you had it in you,” Chuck said to no one in particular.

“Who are you talking to?” a female voice said as she shifted up right in the bed, the sheets barely
covering her nude form.

“No one,” he said with a grin.

“Then care to make this a round four?”

“I thought you would never ask,” he replied with a devilish smile as the pair battled beneath the
sheets once more for dominance. Lips clashed and legs interlocked. Chuck Bass had better things
or rather women to do than his homework.

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Meanwhile a certain dirty blonde looked at things with a not so happy outlook. Things were not
going the way they wanted and they knew just how to make things exactly how they wanted. It
was only a matter of time.
A few clicks of a keyboard and it was now done.

Upon closer inspection, one could see what had just transpired:

The blonde sent something to Gossip Girl. And from the looks of it, it wasn’t going to be pretty. The Upper East Side wasn’t going to know what hit them.

Out with the old and in with the new… The return of an old friend? Or was it the arrival of a new enemy?

It all depends on who’s involved.

In a few days time the Upper East Side was going to wake up to something big… something that would make Kennedy’s arrival and ascent to the top look like child’s play. No this was going to be Emmy worth.

Prepare for trouble and make it double. You're going to need protection from the upcoming devastation for it won't unite all the people within Gossip Girl Nation. Be ready to denounce the evils of truth and love, which extend their reach beyond the stars above.

JessieJames98 just sent me a doozy. Be patient.

When the time is right, a bombshell will be unleashed you will never recover from.

XOXO, Gossip Girl

Like the Pokemon reference? And thus concludes the bonus postings for a total of three new chapters this week.

-griff
You're Not Sorry Part One

Chapter Summary

Never Get Between K and his Coffee!

Disclaimer: I don’t own any of the Gossip Girl Universe outside of any original characters, concepts, or locations not seen in the actual books or TV show.

N and K being rushed to school in Connor’s silver bullet. When did those two become so close? Mystery Boy sure knows how to latch onto the pinnacle of the social pyramid in no time flat.

Boy does Windsor know how to get to St. Jude’s in no time at all. You two sure ride in style. K looks a little worse for wear, care to explain N? Connor didn't look too happy either with the way he dropped you two off. Quite the earful from what I've heard from reputable sources.

XOXO, Gossip Girl

Nate Archibald was not having a good morning. His driver called out and Chuck was ditching for God knows what. His parents were already gone to work, or what constituted as work in their respective circles, and at this rate he was going to be late for not just homeroom but a certain midterm.

His brilliant locks were falling flat and resembled more of a bird’s nest than a head of hair. Ever since Blair had suggested he get a new haircut, his hair had become more and more difficult to handle and for once he was actually considering her advice. The teen had been having more and more of these bad hair days recently and he was beginning to wonder whether this form of rebellion was even worth it.

Things had not been going well for him lately and this was just the icing on the cake. His friendship with Kennedy was a little worse for wear on account of Blair’s not so subtle scheming, but his future teammate took it with a smile, no doubt irritating his girlfriend even further.

Nate looked up from his cereal as he noticed his phone ringing. He really didn't want to go to school looking like a mess but he didn't have many options at this point as he was running late as it was and he was not dumb enough to attempt the trek on an empty stomach. A quick shower after gym would remedy most of this.

“Hello?” the teen said hesitantly, more used to impersonal texts than holding an actual conversation with the device in his hand.

“Nate, it’s Kennedy.”

“Hey man,” Nate replied.

“Are you at school yet?”
“No,” Nate answered embarrassed. “But I can explain!”

“Get outside, I’ll be by your place in a few minutes and I hope you have breakfast waiting for me... I lost power last night and one of my less responsible minders didn’t bother checking in to see how I was. A whole block lost power and no one thought of my well being...”

“Breathe dude,” the Upper East Sider replied as he mentally chuckled at his friends antics. One moment his friend could be so serious and brilliant, the next he would be whiny and completely ridiculous.

“Connor just picked me up so forgive me if I’m on edge. I didn't even have time to grab a bite or even a cup of coffee, I was that late! I don't think you even realize how much coffee I need to function! We’ll be there soon so grab me something quick if you don’t want be to passed you by dude.”

“I owe you so much,” Nate said as he finished the last of his soggy cereal and eyed the remains of his parent's breakfast on the table.

“Breakfast, Archibald.” Kennedy left no room for discussion.

“You sure are grumpy when you don’t get your coffee.”

“Can it Nate or we won’t be studying together today or the rest of the week if you keep going.”

An awkward period of silence took place between the duo over the phone. Kennedy was fearing he would be getting no coffee while Nate was afraid the other males would drive right past him. Archibald did his best to not be worn down, but the invisible glare of Blake was too frightening to go up against.

“I give! Four sugars and skim right?”

“You know me too well Nate.”

:-----------------------:

“Thanks again you two,” Nate said sliding into the back seat.

“Less talking more coffee!” Kennedy barked from the front passenger seat as he stretched his arm back for said beverage as Nate closed the door and caught his breath.

“Sorry about that Nate, but the princess doesn’t do well when he doesn't have proper time to prepare himself,” Connor said looking into the rear view mirror. “It’s amazing he’s even up and running without any coffee.”

“Well if a certain brother wasn’t too busy sleeping at his girlfriend’s then he would have noticed that I had no power and this wouldn't have happened,” Kennedy said plugging his phone back in to the charger in the car.

“Don’t go blaming the dude driving you to school. If it weren’t for me, you two would be missing more than your midterm. Now stop fiddling with your phone or it won’t charge at all Bro.”

“Go cry me a river,” Kennedy said with a glare at his “brother.” Nate rolled his eyes in response to the childish antics. “Breakfast?” Kennedy asked as he turned around to Nate. His hand was empty up to this point so he figured his puppy dog pout would be much more effective.
“The help were off so this is all I could get for you at such last notice,” Nate said offering him a croissant with turkey and some cheese and a thermos of coffee. “It’s instant.”

“It will do,” Kennedy said with a smile as he inhaled the food so quickly he wouldn't believe it possible as not a single crumb remained of the pastry or its contents. “Bad coffee is better than no coffee. I’m surprised you rich folks even do instant.”

“Why can’t you just say thank you Doofus,” Connor said as he smacked Kennedy on the head as he stopped at a red light. “You two may be late for homeroom, but I should have you in time for your test… Traffic permitting of course guys.”

“Thanks Connor,” Nate said as he thought back on the Connor Windsor he knew. And then it struck him, he didn't really know anything about Connor at all. The two had been on the same team for one year, but neither really said anything to the other. Nate was handed the lacrosse captinacy to Connor’s annoyance and Nate wasn’t a starter for soccer despite Blair's protests, though her insistence on him ditching practice for her may have played a reason into that.

Kennedy drank the coffee in silence for the rest of the ride. He was grateful he caught Nate or the two of them would have been quite the laughing stock. Chemistry was one class neither could afford to mess up this early, or rather at all.

“Sorry,” Kennedy admitted as he drained the last drop of coffee.

“Don't sweat it bro.” “No problem K.”

“I just don’t do well without my morning cup of Joe,” he said sheepishly as the pulled up outside St. Jude’s.

“We’ve noticed,” the two blondes said in unison as Connor stopped the car. If looks could kill, the glare he sent the duo would have lead to a multiple car crash right then and there.

“Thanks Connor,” the duo said running toward the school, luckily they made it with time to spare. Nate mentally made a note to thank Connor while Kennedy plotted ways to have his revenge.

“Kids these days,” Connor said as he shook his head and drove away. IF he wasn’t careful he too would be late for class.

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The sound of the bell narrowly echoed as Kennedy passed through the doorway. He didn't know about Nate, but he narrowly got into his homeroom by the skin of his teeth.

“Late night?” Dan asked as Kennedy slipped into his seat.

“Try no power.”

“Ouch.”

“I know, thankfully Connor woke me up in time.”

“You look like a wreck dude.”

“Only got one cup of really weak coffee in me right now. I normally have three or four much stronger ones. Thankfully I caught Nate when I did. He was running late, but had a pot of coffee handy.”
“Very lucky.”
“I detect a hint of sarcasm there.”
“Just a little.”
“Thankfully we can leave campus for lunch.”
“Just get through AP Chem first.”
“I will,” Kennedy said taking inventory of his bag. “Good thing I’m checking now or I would have
gone without half my books.”
“That’s what usually happens when you oversleep. Just relax or you’re going to have a total
breakdown uploaded on Gossip Girl before the day is through.”

A glare from the black haired youth was all that it took to silence the boy from Brooklyn.

Nate on the other hand looked a little better. But then again when did Nate ever look bad? Even
when dressed as a complete scrub, he was still attractive. Unlike Kennedy, he didn't have to go as
far for homeroom so he was properly settled and had his things collected by the time the bell rang.
On the other hand, he was internally freaking out about the midterm while his friend was otherwise
cool as a cucumber concerning that matter. The duo were quite the polar opposites, but then again
Nate was Kennedy in some aspects, but Nate wasn’t dependent on coffee… he was dependent on
weed!

The test was hard, but nothing as bad as either teen thought as they exited the classroom.

“Thanks again for everything dude,” Nate said giving his friend a pat on the shoulder.
“Coffee trumps studying and ride.”
“Sure,” Nate said not believing what he heard. From what Kennedy had said earlier, he thought he
was the one who owed his friend more. ‘Must be a Boston thing.’
“If I’m still functioning enough by gym I’ll admit I have a problem.”
“You don't have a problem, just get to class.”

Kennedy smiled. “You just don't want me to turn this on you.”
“Maybe.”
“Cut out that shit eating grin man. See you in Bio.”

The duo parted ways highly relieved that they had passed their midterm.

Meanwhile a male voice cursed. “So much for careful planning.”

By lunchtime Kennedy was a zombie. He didn't even have the energy to leave campus, but that
didn't stop Dan and Nate from dragging him along. They weren't going to put up with a zombie in the rest of their classes and then getting criticized later for not having comprehensive enough notes. No, they were dragging his ass away from school and to the closest coffee shop for the well being of their grades... I mean the well being of their friend.

Blair was loving every moment of it from the top of the steps. She personally enjoyed seeing her opponents and frenemies suffer. And a carefully shot picture was all she needed as she made a submission to Gossip Girl. Sure Nate would be mad if he found out, but she needed some leverage.

“That was low even for you,” a male voice said from behind the queen.

“Chuck, don't you have some girl to sleep with somewhere?”

“Only in your dreams Blair. Now how would Nathaniel take you embarrassing our mutual friend on the web?” he said lifting the cup in his hand to point at Kennedy completely wrecked at a table with Dan and Nate not far from them. The duo had so far failed at dragging their friend to a coffee shop and had lost steam despite the bribes of all the caffeine he could drink.

“Like he would care.”

“You underestimate the power of a good bromance Blair,” he said continuing on past her and toward his friends and their friend Dan Humphrey.

“A little bird told me your were running on empty,” Chuck said smugly as Kennedy sniffed the air like a puppy smelling bacon being waved before them.

“You're the best Chuck!” he shouted as he shot up and snatched the liquid gold, quickly inhaling the contents of the cup to the disgust of Dan and Nate. The four males each thought different things to the scene.

‘Why didn’t I think of that?’
‘That would have been so much easier!’
‘Why didn’t they just bring me coffee! They wasted precious coffee drinking time!’
‘What did they do to him? This better not be your fault Humphrey.’

“Nathaniel, Humphrey.”

“Chuck,” was the reply of the other two.

Chuck may not have liked Dan, but he tolerated him for Kennedy's sake. Nate may have known him longer, but Kennedy had quite the sway on St. Jude’s bad boy.

“Rough night?” Chuck asked as he took a seat. Nate and Dan continued to eat in silence.

“Lost power and didn't think to call anyone so I could crash with them. Figured it would be back on by the time I woke up. You know me… I’m stubbornly independent.”

“You need this more than I do,” Chuck said sliding his cup of coffee toward Kennedy.

“If it wouldn't end up on Gossip Girl, I would kiss you right now,” Kennedy said savoring the aroma and taste of the coffee. “You cant even begin to imagine how much this means to me Chuck.”

‘Awkward,’ the other three participants thought as they could imagine a full on Chuck and Kennedy make out session over a cup of coffee.
“You definitely have a problem,” Nate said with a knowing look.

“You’re so in for it,” Chuck and Dan thought at the same time. For once they agreed on something, which was quite scary in of itself. But then again it wasn’t too scary as it was kind of obvious to be honest.

“Nate, let’s not go there. And besides your girlfriend is sending me death glares. My love of coffee is nothing compared to that problem looking at me that you like to call your girlfriend.”

“Looks like my work here is done.” Chuck and Nate got up to go their separate ways as Dan remained with Kennedy.

“Thanks again for the coffee,” Kennedy said noticeably more perkily. The trio could only wonder how much coffee it took him every morning to be so calm and collected.

“It’s the least I could do. Your tragic morning was posted all over Gossip Girl. If I know any better, I would say someone had it out for you.”

Kennedy paled as Chuck walked away to catch up to Nate. “Chuck…”

“That wasn’t meant to be malicious,” Dan said feeling odd at defending Chuck Bass of all people. “Look here,” Dan said passing his phone. “He’s right.”

“It was only a matter of time,” Kennedy said looking. “It could have been much worse.”

“At least you didn't do anything embarrassing.”

“You’re right.”

“We still have fifteen minutes left.”

“Then I still have time for another cup, let’s go Dan!” Kennedy said dragging the taller teen by the hand in search of the nearest Starbucks. Only that chain had coffee strong enough to relieve him of the mental fog that had been clogging his mind so far, not that he was above going to an independent cafe, but he needed a reliable boost. “I need a Frappuccino stat!”

‘This is why I have remained single… he’s like a crazy girlfriend. Don’t need one with him around,’ Dan thought.

“Less thinking, more walking. I’m not going to be late or miss my coffee on account of your inability to multitask.”

“Fine.”

“That’s better. We still have a block to go so pick up the pace Humphrey!”

“Coming!”

“At this pace you’ll never make the team!”

“Who said I wanted to make a team?”

“A pretty birdy told me you’re good in soccer. I could use a familiar face on there.”

“Why do I have a bad feeling about this?”
“Because you should. It was Nate’s idea.”

Dan sighed.

“Coffee time!” Kennedy said running ahead to the embarrassment of the writer…

‘Addict definitely,’ Dan thought as he picked up the pace. He didn’t want to imagine the horrors Kennedy could cause in the coffee shop unattended.

Several days later found Kennedy being dragged around town by Nate as the duo ran errands for Blair. For someone who wasn't outwardly liked by the brunette beauty, Kennedy was doing much more than his fair share of work for her.

“Remind me again why I signed up for this Nate?”

“Because you love me?” the blonde joked.

“In your dreams Archibald.”

“Don’t you mean your’s Kennedy?”

“Very funny.”

“This is our last stop before we get the coffee I promised you.”

“The things I do for coffee…” the brunette trailed off.

“Exactly! That’s how I knew you’d help me.”

“You’re a dead man walking Archibald.”

“No, I’m not.”

The chime of their phones alerted the teens to Gossip Girl’s latest blast.

B spotted tying up loose ends for her Kiss on the Lips party. I won’t be attending personally, but my legions of followers will be there to send me every piece of juicy gossip. Cant risk having my identity revealed after all.

Was that an invitation made out to K in N’s hand? You’re up to something B and you might be burned. C is quite the guard dog. And K has quite the Boston Bite to put up with your bark B. Be careful playing with fire as you might be burned sweetheart. He’s hot enough as it is, your plotting backfiring will only make him hotter than the sun.

XOXO, Gossip Girl

Blair was milling around doing a bit of this and that. Her minions were across the city gathering last minute provisions and assembling everything that had already been purchased. This was a Waldorf affair and it had to have the best of everything, as she was New York royalty in her opinion.
“Ms. Blair, Mr. Nate is here for you,” Dorota said as she led Nate into the headband queen’s bedroom.

“Hey,” Nate said with one those smiles that made her heart melt time after time.

“ Took you long enough,” she said with disgust. “You really need to stop wasting your time with those losers.”

“I had practice, what else was I supposed to do? Skip?” Nate asked in disbelief.

“Exactly, it’s not like you need it. Those peons can make do without you for one afternoon.”

“Practice makes perfect.”

“And so does lying apparently,” Blair said tossing her phone at her boyfriend. “I thought I told you to stay away from HIM.”

“I don’t know what your problem with him is, but it really needs to end now Blair. He’s in most of my classes and he’s playing soccer so it won’t be happening.” Nate stood his ground and Blair was not used to this! “Not to mention he’s a friend of Chuck’s so it won’t be pretty or easy for that matter. Its also kind of hard to ignore my lab partner after all you’re the one who says I need to keep up my grades.”

“But… Why are you doing this now? I’ve been telling you this for years.” Blair was very annoyed.

Nate, being the nice guy he was, was letting all of this slide. It was quite obvious to him that the stress from planning her party was obviously getting to her.

“Blair, does it really matter?”

Blair scoffed. “Of course it does. You should be listening to me as your girlfriend.”

“Well for your information it was my dad who brought it about so you can stop blaming Kennedy for everything.” Nate ran a hand through his hair. Blair could only smile as his bangs fluttered about. “This is getting unhealthy Blair. If we weren’t dating I’d swear you had a crush on him with how obsessed with him you are right now.”

Blair turned away so her boyfriend would not see the scowl etched upon her face, but the teen male could feel it glaring holes into his head.

“There’s something not right about him. He’s hiding something and Chuck’s in on it… And that’s never a good thing. And besides I would never have a crush on a commoner!”

“It can’t be that bad Blair. For someone who despises Chuck Bass so much, you sure care a lot about the company he keeps.”

Blair was one stray hair away from cracking. “What’s that supposed to mean?”

“You’ve never cared before, so why start now?”

“Can we not have this conversation right now? I have a lot of planning to do.”

Nate knew he had made a mistake. “I was going to leave anyways. I’ll text you later Blair.”

Speechless, she could only sit there as she heard him walk away.

‘Is my empire crumbling before it began?’ She mentally screamed as her hair began to become
 undone. ‘No, this is just a test which I will overcome like all of the great heroines of movies past. Once I deal with the adversity I shall capture the heart of my king once and for all!’

Outside the building an annoyed Nate got out his phone and dialed a number. He tapped his fingers on his thigh as he waited for the person on the other side to pick up. He needed to vent immediately and there was only one person that he could do it with no questions asked.

“Can I come over?”

An incoherent response came from the other end.

“Blair… She’s stressed to the extreme.”

More chatter coming over from the other side…

“Can I come over? We need to talk.”

The talking ended before long.

“Thanks, I’ll be right over.”

Kennedy was sitting in his apartment just chilling about. His homework was done and there were no lab reports or exams on his horizon. His ‘friend’ was busy and all of his minders were off doing college things.

A knock on the door snapped him out of his stupor. He put down the remote and fixed his hair. He wasn’t vain, but quickly learned that appearances were always being judged here on the Upper East Side, especially with the likes of Gossip Girl milling about.

“Be there in a minute,” he shouted as he hurried about tidying things. He had no clue who it could be. It was obviously not one of his minders or the Winsors as they always notified him first.

‘Maybe it’s one of the guys?’ he thought to himself.

Kennedy was surprised to whom he found on the other side of the door.

“How did you find where I lived?” the teen asked confused gesturing the male in.

The male’s face changed grimly. “It wasn’t too difficult, but there are some things we need to discuss.”

“Can I take your coat?” Kennedy said trying not to lose his composure as he did what was expected of any good host.

“Thank you,” the man said as his coat was taken and he made his way to one of the barstools facing the kitchen.

“So what brings you to my neck of the woods at 10 o’clock at night on a school night Captain? This is more like something Nate would do.”

“Speaking of Nate…”
Nate arrived at the Palace in not much time at all. The great thing about being in New York was that it was easy to blend into the crowds. It was even easier when you didn’t dress like money was no object.

“I hope I don’t regret this,” Nate said as he entered an elevator and pressed the button for the penthouse.

“ Took you long enough Nathaniel,” Chuck drawled as the sound of liquid could be heard being poured.

“I felt like walking tonight.”

“You would.”

The two just drank the crystal glasses of liquid without much banter before continuing.

“Have you found out anything else yet?”

“No, why?”

“Blair has an irrational hatred of Kennedy right now.”

“Well he kind of has stolen you away from everyone, even from me,” Chuck said with mock hurt.

“He has that kind of effect, you know that,” Nate said with a knowing luck. “I haven’t seen much of you either.”

Chuck smirked. “It’s why I’m friends with him to begin with. That charisma will get him far in life no matter which field he sets out to conquer and revolutionize.”

The two could agree on that wholeheartedly. With his determination and attention to detail, Kennedy had a bright future ahead of him. His dusty past was covered with cobwebs, but the little they knew wasn’t pretty. The best millionaires are the ones that pulled themselves up by the bootstraps. And that is exactly how they would describe the Windsor ward.

“How’s Blair’s party going?” Chuck asked as the duo downed another round of drinks.

“She’s in dictator mode right now. I can’t wait for it to be over with. This party is going to be nothing more than a complete nightmare.”

“Well you’ve seen her mother,” Chuck added. “That will be Blair in a few decades.”

Nate turned and looked out the window for a moment as a chill ran down his spine.

“My life has been mapped out for me since I was born, and sometimes I feel like breaking free.”

“I’ve been telling you that for years Nathaniel.”

“I’ve been Blair’s boyfriend since Kindergarten. We’ve never really had a first date since we’ve been a couple since forever…”

“It’s natural to grow tired. Variety is the spice of life. This is not the first time we’ve had this conversation Nathaniel.”
“That’s not what I meant…”

“That’s not what I meant?”

“Everything has been so different since Kennedy came.”

“Where are you going with this Nathaniel?”

“I don’t know… for some reason I don’t feel the need to push anymore. And strangely enough its been freeing.”

“I’m not going to even pretend to understand what you’re saying. But maybe you just need to bide your time before heading west.”

“It feels weird for you to be giving the good advice for once Chuck.”

“I have my moments.”

“Just like going to class?”

The duo laughed.

“This doesn’t leave the room.”

“My lips are sealed Chuck.”

“I think I’m more afraid of Kennedy than Blair.”

“You and me both man. You and me.”

“I think I might go to school tomorrow.”

“Three days in a row? You must really be afraid of him.”

“Very funny.”

“I’m sorry. It’s just funny to hear those words to be coming out of your mouth.”

“Let’s just say I have a whole other perspective on education now.”

“Kennedy threatening to reveal some deep dark secret if your don’t improve your grades?” Nate joked.

“Something like that,” Chuck replied as the two continued drinking through the night, something they would both come to regret in the morning. Screw studying, the two of them could afford to slack off for one night like old times.

Meanwhile, in a nondescript office building in some currently unknown location, someone was digging through old files. Or at least that is what could assume considering they were located in the basement of a building. Stacks and stacks of manilla folders were strewn about in a dark office. Multiple file cabinet drawers were left ajar as the shadowy figure continued searching through the files until they found what they were looking for.

“I’ve found it! I’ve finally found it!” The figure jumped around happily in excitement.
“No you haven’t” another voice said scaring the hell out of the first figure.

“What are you doing here?”

“I could ask you the same thing.”

“Well I work here.”

“And I’m here to make sure this never gets out.”

*boom *

The sound of a gun shot echoed throughout the room as the first figure went down hard. It was too dark to see the impact of the shot, but it was quite obvious that it had served its purpose.

The remaining individual in the room then proceeded to take the documents from the fallen figure’s hands. From there, they began putting away the piles of the documents in a meticulous manner. It wasn’t perfect, but good enough to avoid suspicion. It would be much harder to figure out what was missing if there was nothing out in the open to lead a detective on the right path.

‘I don’t get paid enough for this shit,’ the figure said as they put away another stack of files into a cabinet, closing the drawer after it was filled. ‘I’m not a secretary or a librarian. I’m not even an intern. This is seriously beneath me and I deserve a raise.’

A few hours later and the room would be back to normal, other than the corpse of course. The intruder had long since removed the traces of his presence from the premises.

“Nothing personal,” the mystery assailant said as they looked at the body. “Here’s a little insurance to make sure no one finds out,” they said dropping something to the floor next to the body.


Spotted N and C up to no good like old times. Be careful gentlemen as I’m not the only one watching. Prepare for the wrath of K as he didn't handle your latest transgressions too well.

XOXO, Gossip Girl


Love it? Hate it? In celebration of posting it here today, I'm releasing the newest chapter (13-You're Not Sorry Part One) on here before FF!

-griff
You're Not Sorry Part Two

Chapter Summary

Things begin to head South across the board and Kennedy's love of cream in his coffee comes under scrutiny.

Disclaimer: I don’t own any of the Gossip Girl Universe outside of any original characters, concepts, or locations not seen in the actual books or TV show.

Keep your family and friends tight, but keep your frenemies closer. You never know when disaster could strike. Karma’s a bigger bitch than Queen B on her period.

XOXO, Gossip Girl

“Kitty, what's wrong?” Cassidy Windsor asked the newly identified female as she listened to her friend on the phone. The blonde was fairly patient but her nerves were beginning to grow deathly thin as the sobbing continued to pour in from the other end without much anything else there to help drown it out. She was far from being cold and heartless, but she was never exactly patient when it came to crying. Sympathy was not one of her strong points.

“Cass, it’s Robert...” The sobbing on the other end of the conversation broke for long enough for that little tidbit to shatter the callous response that was seconds away from escaping Mrs. Windsor's lips. Thankfully her brain knew better than to say what she felt or this day could have gotten much worse.

“What happened?” The blonde sat down on a plush chair as she waited for a response. Her clipped tone vanished as she heard the news. This was far from the typical social call she had expected when she picked up her phone, only to be met with the image and name of her former sorority sister.

Kitty's voice became a bit clearer as she took several deep breaths before breaking the news. It wasn't easy but she was able to tell her friend the bad news.

“He had a heart attack...”

“Was it sudden?” All of Cassidy's assumptions were chucked out the window with the latest revelation. This was too much even for her. There were so many things going on in her life right now, but she definitely had to drop them all there to be the moral support her friend needed so badly right then and there.

“Yes... No. I’m not sure. He’s always been so active so I never imagined he'd get one so young... He's always eaten so healthy and worked out regularly...”

Cassidy sighed. “Is there a family history?”

“No, not that I’m aware of... I've only met his brother a handful of times.”
“Where are you Kitty?”

“We’re at Mass General.”

“What are you doing in Boston? Wasn’t Robert supposed to be taking Mason to that mixer this week?”

“Robert hasn’t really told me much lately… But I think… I think that there might be an other woman.”

“Kitty…”

“No I’m serious Cass. There’s been a lot of phone calls to this one number lately. And then he goes off to Boston without telling anyone. Its so unlike him. He tried to pass it off as looking into to whether he would have to support to make a run for office, but I know better.”

“You have no idea,’ Cassidy thought to herself. “I’ll be on the next flight over.”

“You don’t have to.”

“I will and I do. We became sisters whether you like it or not all those years ago… Or do I have to remind you what we went through to earn that distinct honor?” The brief chuckle from the other end was the sign Cassidy needed to proceed with the conversation. “Now do you need me to pick up some of your things before I meet you?”

“If you wouldn’t mind. I didn't have much time to gather much for the red eye.”

“Do you want Kyle to know?”

“Don’t worry him yet… Do you think he would mind taking Mason along to the mixer?”

“No, not at all. Kennedy could use a friendly face there.”

“Kennedy?” Kitty asked in confusion.

“The student Kyle and I are playing host family to as a favor to Robert and the former Headmaster. He’s from out of state.”

“Oh…”

“He’s a good kid, but a bit shy… What am I going to tell Kyle? Or Mason for that matter?”

“Tell them we’ve gone on a weekend getaway… Robert was always a bit of a romantic.” Cassidy could only imagine the blush that was creeping up on her friend just by the tone the other woman was using.

“I’ll see you in a few hours Kitty, stay strong.”

“I will, and Cass,”

“Yes?”

“If Kyle or you know anything, you would tell me right?”

Cassidy hesitated mentally. “Yes, we would tell you right away if we knew he was having an affair… You’re probably overreacting right now. Get some sleep.”
“I’ll try.”

*click*

Cassidy sighed as she put her phone down and began to gather some things. Kitty McAllister nee Walker was one of her sorority sisters. The two pledged together and remained friends to this day. It was ironic the two friends befriended two friends without knowing it. Their first double date was awkward to say the least when the friends recognized their date's friend's date.

:-----------------------------:

Looks like things are on the rocks between the ever so handsome K and quiet Nelly Yuki. Is there trouble in paradise courtesy of Queen B perhaps? The queen has made her loyalties known, when are you making yours known Nelly? To whom do you pledge your allegiance: to your queen or to your king?

Is an invite to the biggest party of the year worth the loss of your man candy? K is a far better ban than many on the UES. Weigh your options as B is always there to stab you in the back. You’re her biggest threat to Yale after all.

Rumor has it K loves his coffee with lots of cream.

XOXO, Gossip Girl.

:-----------------------------:

Blair couldn’t believe what she was reading. While she was happy that her frenemy was distancing herself from that Boston trash, she didn't like how she was being accused of things she hadn’t planned on… for another year. Nelly Yuki was a thorn in her side for a long, but she held true to that old saying about keeping your friends close but your enemies closer.

She had two options at this point and she knew which one she was going to take. She pulled out her cellphone.

“Nate, it’s me.”

“Blair, I’m kind of busy at the moment.”

:-----------------------------:

Chuck kind of cursed himself. He had the insight to rearrange Nate’s classes but didn't think of fixing himself an easier schedule or one with Kennedy… but then again he didn't want his friend to know when he was cutting either. He recalled how angry his friend was when Nate skipped math class to smoke with his friend Jeremy. That was not pretty… Even PMS-ing Blair looked more palatable than that.

Just because he was going to class didn’t mean he was doing his homework… those kids he hired needed to earn their keep after all. He kept them on the payroll for a reason after all. They were not going to keep getting their paychecks for no work. Chuck Bass didn’t do charity.

‘Kennedy will never find out anyways,’ he thought to himself as he allowed an adult’s voice drone on.
There was no trouble in paradise on the Columbia Campus. As the semester progressed, the two “brothers” became less dependent on each other. Life was settling into routine and things were looking up. Friendship blossomed into something more for the two soccer players. Each had their share of problems with their female companions, but it was nothing that could stop them.

“Pick up,” Connor thought to himself as a sleeping Candace was draped over his chest.

“Hello?” a voice answered on the other end.

“Bro, you busy tonight?”

“No…”

“Then you and Nelly are coming out with us tonight.”

“Didn’t you see Gossip Girl…”

“Kennedy, your big brother has everything in the bag for his favorite sibling.”

Connor could only picture Kennedy rolling his eyes. Despite only having met each other the past summer, they had long since learned most of the others intricacies in record time. And it was during times like these that the younger male had wished that he hadn’t learned them.

“How much?”

“Why would you think something like that dear brother?”

“There’s always a price Connor.”

“Fine, I want you to take my place at one of Dad’s functions that’s coming up in a few days.”

“Why do I feel as if this is going to bite me in the ass?”

“Because it most definitely will.”

“You shouldn't be telling me that if you want me to go Connor.”

‘Reverse psychology works better that way,’ Connor thought to himself. “Candace has tickets to a classical piano concert. If I’m suffering so are you. Not to mention rumor has it Nelly likes this particular pianist too.”

“I don’t think it’s going to work Connor. Blair Waldorf has her nails dug into Nelly too deep to let her follower stick by me,” Kennedy said with a bit of self-pity. “She’s a nice girl but she has a lot of self-preservation tendencies going full blazes… Not to mention I don't even want to know how you found out Nelly would be interested in this.”

“She’ll come dude… Dad’s function is with some of his business associates and their children and/or prodigies. I kind of already had plans but I know he won’t say no… Or rather he would say no unless a certain someone was interested in going to brush up on his networking.”

“You mean you’re running off somewhere with Candace for the weekend, possibly getting some, and need me to distract them by being the good ‘son’ right?”

“Yep. If I move things around they’ll completely forget I’m not around and I wont even have to tell
them where I am.”
“You sure love your scheming.”
“It’s in the blood.”
“You still owe me.”
“I know, I’m sure you can think of way for me to repay you,” Connor said playing with a piece of paper in his free hand.
“I’ll think about it.”
“I’ll take that as a yes favorite brother of mine.”
“Good night Connor.”
“Night bro!”

As Connor put down his phone he smiled at the female laying on the bed next to him, curled up in the blankets while he was playing with her hair.

“Did he buy it?” Candace asked waking from her slumber.

“I think so,” Connor replied running his fingers through her hair.

“Good.”

“I know right.”

“I’m glad you said yes.”

“Me too.” ‘What have I got myself into?’ Connor thought as he lay there with his girlfriend on the couch of his apartment looking out at the New York skyline.

Kennedy clicked a few keys and was waiting for a response. He didn't really know how this would end up but he knew that it would hurt him some way or another. Murphy’s Law loved to reappear time and time again in his life.

I’d love to <3

Great

I’m really sorry…

No, I get it. I placed a huge target on your back.

I can’t wait to be honest. You're lucky to have him.

Make sure you don't tell anyone.
I won’t.

I hate sneaking around like this.

We have no choice with Blair and Gossip Girl around.

Kennedy put his phone down and thought back over how quickly his life had changed. In a matter of a few months he had moved, started a new school, and possibly have found love. He had a new family and a great circle of friends.

Unfortunately there were a lot of problems in his way. The biggest being Blair Waldorf. It wasn’t like he was stealing her boyfriend, so he couldn’t fathom why she went all possessive girlfriend on him.

“What should I make for dinner?” he said rummaging through his cupboards. “Who thought I would be wishing for a Windsor Family Dinner?” He laughed as he came up empty.

*knock knock*

“Who could it be now?” Kennedy closed the fridge door behind him and turned toward the entrance. After making one final look over he peered through the peephole before he opened the door. He paused when he looked out and saw who he did standing out there. And despite his better judgment he still welcomed them into his humble abode.

“To what do I owe this pleasure?”

“Figured you could use some fun.” Kennedy was about to make a snarky comment about Archibald men showing up at his door unannounced in the middle of the night, but figured it would be quite inappropriate, not to mention raise a few eyebrows. He did not know what exactly his friend was referring to, but Kennedy had a good idea.

Nate didn’t say anything further as he was not sure how this was all going to go down.

“Nate, I’m not going to smoke any of that stuff in your pocket.”

“Hey! That’s for me,” Nate said adjusting the parcel in his pocket.

“I hope so Archibald, this is drug free zone after all.” Nate looked on in disbelief. He still couldn’t figure out how his friend was so easily able to spot it as if it were the most obvious thing in the world. And before Nate could pose the question, Kennedy answered it for him. “I can see the outline of it bulging from your pocket. An idiot would be blind to miss it.”

Nate shrugged it off as he brought forth a brown paper bag, changing the subject entirely in the process. A hungry Kennedy was almost as bad as a caffeine deprived Kennedy in Nate’s books. His friend was scarier than Blair at times.

“I brought Chinese… Did you forget?”

“Forget what?” The darker hair teen’s face was etched with a perplexed look as he turned his attention from the cuisine before him.

“That’s funny Kennedy.” Nate put on his best boyish smile and run a hand through his hair.

Kennedy picked up his phone and opened his calendar. “No, what did I forget?”
“Video game night!” Nate said as if it were the most obvious thing in the world.

“Shouldn’t you be on a date with Blair?”

“A guy can’t hang with a bud on a Friday night?”

“Nate… Can’t exactly have a video game night without video games… Get to the point Archibald before I kick your well dressed ass out.”

“Fine,” the lighter hair youth said before pulling out an envelope from his coat pocket. “Blair wants you to come to her party. It’s supposed to be the event of the year.”

“Really?” he replied confused, dropping his chopsticks in the process. “I find that hard to believe coming from the girl who doesn’t want be hanging with her boyfriend and one of friends slash minions.”

“She’s not that bad.”

Kennedy glared at his friend while picking his chopsticks back up. He did leave Nate hanging there with the envelope in hand however.

“She’s turned a new leaf… or so she says. Think of it as an olive branch.”

“I have no choice do I?”

“Not as my friend you don’t.” Kennedy gave in to the puppy dog pout Nate put on and took the envelope. “You owe me.” The teen wasn’t sure whether he was more embarrassed to have fallen for the ploy or to have been witness to his friend pulling it off.

Kennedy was a sucker for that smile and those eyebrows… Not really the former. There was something oddly hypnotizing about those lumps of hair over Nate’s brilliant eyes. They were far more interesting than said male’s bangs in his opinion.

“Did I really forget you were coming, or was this a ploy to get me to come? I can buy you and I hanging out, but not to play video games dude.”

“Your memory was going to fail you at some point Kennedy. All those A’s you’re racking up was going to take its toll sooner or late dude. Don’t you remember any of this??? You’re going to burn out if you keep things up at the pace you’re currently running things.”

“Very funny Archibald, now what do you want to play first or did you forget I don’t have any games beyond bejeweled for my phone.”

“Then today’s your lucky day,” Nate said digging into his backpack.

“You didn’t!” Kennedy shouted. “Put that away Archibald before I have to kick your scrawny behind.”

“I wouldn’t be passing Chem, Bio, and Pre-Calc if it weren’t for you dude.”

“I can’t take it, and don’t even say it’s not a drop in the bucket either,” Kennedy countered.

“Take it or I will have to buy you an Xbox too which I just so happen to conveniently have in my town car as well.”

“Fine, but is this really a thank you present for tort… I mean tutoring you or an excuse to crash
here more often? You’re not telling me something Archibald and you know how I deal with you lying to me… So what’s so important that you are trying to buy me off?”

“Wouldn’t you like to know?” Nate said ripping open the box. “Hurry up and eat dude. Your chow mein is getting cold and I want to try out this new game I’ve heard about…”

“Oh now it’s on like Donkey Kong,” Kennedy said throwing a pillow at Nate’s well coffed hair. ‘Excuse to crash here it is.’

The preppy teen adjusted his hair before retaliating. “Just for that I’m crashing in your bed tonight.”

“I’d like to see you try Archibald. You’re not getting in there that easy.”

“We’ll see Blake, you’ll be down on your knees before it.”

“You don’t even know the world of hurt you’re in for Golden Boy… And weren’t you the one down on your knees the other day after gym?”

My, my, I spy with my little eyes a little social climber. The Windsor Brothers and their companions were at the Met for an exclusive piano concert. Keeping it classy I see boys. When can I expect something juicy? Piano is so boring.

XOXO, Gossip Girl

Nelly Yuki was having a great month. She had an unspoken boyfriend and her grades had never been better. Her parents were happy for her and she was a finalist for a national competition. All in all everything was aligning for an early acceptance to her dream school. Sure the comments about betraying her queen were annoying, but technically she did nothing of the sort.

Finally, having an appropriate companion was everything Blair and everyone else had said and more. Sure he was no Dan Humphrey, but he did have connections, and on the Upper East Side who you know is much more valuable than true love most of the time. And the little fact he was friends with her other love interest was another benefit. Boys didn’t have the same notion of exes as did girls if it did head south.

“Nelly, how is your entry going?” Mrs. Yuki said as she entered her daughter’s room.

“Good Mother,” she replied as she continued working.

“And how is your boyfriend?”

“He’s… wait how did you know?”

“You’ve been much happier lately. I’m your mother. It was very obvious with that smile gracing your face from ear to ear from morning to night. It suits you well Nelly.”

“Well… to be honest we haven’t become a couple yet.”

“And why not?” Mrs. Yuki was very confused. Her daughter was a bit of a dreamer beneath her
scientific exterior. Nelly believed in cold facts and certain probability. What if’s and fantasies had no place between her national competitions and standardized exams.

“He wants to take things slow… He’s a bit of a romantic.” Nelly blushed at the thought of having a love interest… Even if they ended up as nothing more than friends, it was nice to see people jealous of her. For once she was the one receiving the glares instead of giving them.

“I don’t see what the problem is.” Mrs. Yuki’s knowing smile put her daughter on edge.

“My friend Blair doesn’t like him at all despite him being friends with her boyfriend.”

“Oh.” Mrs. Yuki replied as she sat on her daughter’s bed. She patted the bedspread to motion her daughter over. It took a moment for the older woman to recall the Waldorf girl, but she didn't like what she remembered about the brunette.

Nelly only gave an inquisitive look back at her mother in confusion.

“In the end it’s your future that matters. If you are able to maintain your grades and have some fun it should not matter what your friend thinks… After all that’s how I got your father.”

“Mother!”

“Is this Blair really your friend? Think about it Nelly, as this young man you’ve talked about sounds very nice. Shouldn’t she be happy for you? Is she jealous?” Nelly could only look on in shock. “Your father and myself would like to meet him some time.”

“Yes Mother,” Nelly said as she returned to her desk. She didn't know of any other way to respond to this ambush.

“If he’s as half as cute as he sounds you may have to put up a fight with your father,” Mrs. Yuki said with a girlish chuckle. “There doesn’t seem to be anything wrong with him… Unless he is not Japanese and even that your father could get past with enough time.”

‘What has just happened? And who has replaced my mother?’ the teen thought as she went back to work on her entry. This was too weird for words to describe.

The Windsor family was up at The Cabin once more. This time Kennedy was in his own room much to Connor’s displeasure. Late night scheming was much more difficult when sleeping in different rooms after all.

“If you’re as serious in architecture as you say you are, you’ll take my advice and go,” Connor said to his “brother.”

“Your schemes never end well Bro.”

“It’s all a matter of perspective little brother of mine. All those magnates go there for networking and bragging with their acquaintances, rivals, business partners, and children.”

Kennedy looked on unconvinced as Connor began to sweat a bit in the hot seat. He really needed a good delivery of his pitch or it would all come crashing down. The wrong timing or tone could set it all tumbling down.

“Your friend Nate will likely be there on account of his father, as will be some of your peers so it
won’t be too bad. You wanted a summer internship so this is the perfect opportunity to mingle if you don't feel like leeching off of Dad. Several of his colleagues should be there as well.”

“And how are we going to convince your dad Connor? I don't exactly thing its going to be a walk in the park with the latest stunt you pulled.”

“Leave that to me,” Connor said. “And you’re not leaching. You’re a Windsor now so what’s ours is yours and vice versa.”

“I don't have a good feeling about this.”

“You shouldn’t bro. Everyone will be vying for the top opportunities. If you don't go to it, your chances of an awesome summer opportunity will go out the window. I’m sure you’d rather do something hands on than getting coffee and making photocopies for some old fossil.”

“I take it you already found something to do this summer?”

“Mom set something up for me so I can be near Candace.” The blonde blushed at the thought of how easily things had aligned with minimal effort on his female parental unit’s part.

“So was this plan concocted while you were thinking with your brain or your dick? You don't seem to have enough blood in your system to use both at the same time bro.”

Connor scoffed. “That’s low for you bro. It’s not my fault that I’m more than adequately equipped in that department!”

“Well I learned from the best. Cheap shots are only cheap if they are out in the open. Subtle digs are much classier.”

“I guess you did learn something after all. I have a lot of to impart upon you,” Connor said puffing out his chest. “Hey! Wait a minute.”

“Not my fault you’re a dumb blonde half the time.”

Connor chose to ignore that comment, though a ghost of a smile escaped his lips. “It’s getting late so you should head to bed.”

“Yes Mother,” Kennedy said getting out of Connor’s bed. He still could not believe how easy it was to let his walls down around the blonde. Connor just happened to have one of those personalities. He was like an overgrown puppy. There was lots of unconditional love and attention that were a very welcomed presence.

“Night bro.”

“Night Connor.” The black haired teen rubbed the sleep out of his eyes as he got off the bed. It was much warmer in there, but he was ready to crash in the puffy goodness of a bed to himself. There were definite upsides to being part of the Windsor’s extended family, and this was one of the few he allowed them to bestow upon him. The family meals together, and awesomely plush beds were too good to resist.

As the door closed behind Kennedy, Connor received a text message. He didn’t feel like getting it, but ignoring Candace would never end well. To his surprise, it didn’t come from his girlfriend or rather female love interest, instead it came from someone else: 

\[\text{***********}\]
Is it done?

He's going.

Good, you will find your answers then. I’ll send the coordinates when the time is right.

Connor had a bad feeling about this, but he would go to the ends of the earth for his little brother. They may not be legally related or share the same blood, but the bond was there. It was getting stronger each and every day. He just hoped that this would not set back their progress. The blonde had to do this and he could only hope that Kennedy would come to forgive him if he ever found out.

He definitely felt bad that he was abusing some of the trust, but it was for the better. It was part of being a big brother after all. Kennedy’s needed the answers more than anything else. The blonde took his job to heart and honestly felt like he had known the black haired teen all his life. In some ways both felt, but would never admit, that they were each others missing puzzle piece.

He played with himself for a while before he got tired of it. There was only so much fun he could have without his self-adopted brother. Connor would never admit it, but Kennedy was much better at video games. Yet another thing he could chalk up to his partner in crime.

Playing with yourself is nothing like playing with a friend. Not to mention having a friend means one less computer turn to wait through mindlessly after all. The computer always has the advantage and is unafraid of slicing you down mercilessly while a human foe is often not as cruel.

‘Being a good student isn’t that bad after,’ Connor reflected as he gazed at their discarded textbooks on the floor.

A lot had changed in the past year for Connor and his family besides the obvious arrival of Kennedy. Connor had gone from a wild party boy to a more toned down college student with better grades and healthy social life. He didn't shut everyone down, but he was definitely much more selective in where he went and whom he hung out with. He had learned that lesson out the hard way.

Candace was just the icing on the cake. The two had met during their pre-Freshman year summer orientation, but nothing ever really happened until the beginning of this school year. Something Roger had said made Connor realize what was right before him. At first he thought the artist was just another overly flirty blonde, but then he realized she was both intelligent and bubbly. Speaking of Candace, she was calling the sleepy Connor right then and there.

“Hey Baby,” Connor said in a playful tone as he juggled his phone.

“That was quick.” Her tone was clipped and if he didn't know any better, he’d swear she was doing her nails on the other ends.

“Taking a break from a game at the moment. The little dude needs some time to recharge.”

“Kennedy beat you didn’t he?”

“I win sometimes I hope you know!”

“Don’t get so defensive Handsome.”

Connor clenched his teeth. “Our weekend getaway is aligning properly.”
“Awesome.”

“I know.”

“Well I’m heading to bed.”

“Night.”

“Sweet dreams Handsome,” Candace said with a yawn as she hung up.

‘Why can’t all beds be this comfortable?’ Connor thought as he began to turn off the lights and appropriate machinery with their respective remotes. There was definitely something to the beds there that made them second to none and Cassidy would never reveal her secret.

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The next day was fairly uneventful. Cassidy kept her promise, Kennedy kept his promise, and Kyle was going to make a new one. Connor meanwhile was going to continue being strung along as he did what he thought was best for both Kennedy and his family. The road they were going along was paved with good intentions, but the finish line was nowhere in sight.

Both brothers were blindly walking into a situation without much direction, but both were going to take the risk for the other. In a matter of weeks two strangers had become much more. In fact the two were as thick as thieves to be honest.

Family are your blood, friends are your heart. Friends are the family you choose for yourself. Sometimes water is thicker than blood.

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Meanwhile in a dark room somewhere unknown, a female is seated on a chair clicking away at her phone. Little is visible other than her mahogany locks. She moved a few strands from her right ear as she brought it to her phone. The name on the screen was not visible.

“Hello?”

“It’s me.” She clicked her heels against the cool tiled floor while waiting for a response.

“What are you doing? Do you know what they’ll do when THEY find out?”

“Don’t worry.”

“Don’t worry? You can’t take them on?”

“Maybe, maybe not. You won’t hear from me for a bit. There’s something I have to do.”

“Don’t do anything stupid. I’m not worth it.”

“Of course you’re worth it… But I’m not doing it for you. Sit tight and wait for the world to come crashing down.”

“Something tells me I should hang up now.”

“See you have learned something from me! Plausible deniability wouldn’t have been in your arsenal otherwise.”
“Don’t screw up. We don’t need a repeat of Martha.”

“I was young and reckless then…”

“It was still on account of you that it happened. See to it that it doesn't happen again.”

“Yes Sir.”

“Buona notte bella.”

*click*

The female blushed at the comment as she put her phone down. A distinct hue or pink began to cover her body as the male voice’s final word’s had their intended effect on her.

‘Italian now? I’m not working for the Mafia... Who does he think we are?’

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N and C spotted drinking at the Palace until the wee hours of the morning with some more than questionable ladies. Old habits die hard gentlemen.

XOXO Gossip Girl
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This was a lot of fun to write in particular. The Windsor's are such a lovey dovey couple but can buckle down as well. They're the perfect balance that Kennedy so dearly needs to ground himself.

-griff
You're Not Sorry Part Three

Chapter Summary

Time to suit up and be paraded like a whore to gentlemen of all shapes and sizes... ages too, but one thing is certain, they're all loaded in more one way than one :D

Disclaimer: I don’t own any of the Gossip Girl Universe outside of any original characters, concepts, or locations not seen in the actual books or TV show.

Spotted, Mason McAllister with K along with the head of the Windsor family looking spiffy. Gentlemen dressed to the nines. Where’s Connor ladies and gents? I need details and pix ASAP! If I didn't have to remain anonymous I would ravish you right now K. Those pants leave little to the imagination. Who knew you were so blessed? Taking lessons from S now? Oh wait S is off at boarding school. Whomever dressed you deserves to be removed from the industry. If you don't get the internship you want, rumor has it a few alumni have an eye for such ‘gifted’ young men.

XOXO, Gossip Girl.

The Annual St. Jude’s Mixer was a way the alumni gave back to the community. All students, past, recent, or current, were invited to attend, but it was typically those who had relatives or connections in the alumni network that came to the event. After all everything has a price and if you don't have anything to offer then there’s no point of going only to leave empty handed? But to the brave few that battled the stares and whispers, there were often handsome rewards. In much more than one sense of the word too!

“Why did I agree to this?” Kennedy said in front of a mirror.

“Because Connor wanted to get some instead.”

“Jealous much Mason?”

“A little, but you’re not too bad of a booby prize,” Mason said getting up from his seat on Kennedy’s bed to fix the teens tie, warm minty breath assaulting his face. It was such a mess that Mason had to start from scratch, after all the teen was never one for formal wear and the mess that was supposed to be a tied bow tie echoed that sentiment.

“I still feel weird being pawned off to middle aged men… it kind of feels like a legal form or prostitution and Kyle’s my pimp.”

Mason just stared at him with his mouth wide open for a few seconds before regaining his composure. “You might be right to some degree, however you’ve been spending too much time with Connor.”

“I already know that.”
“Just stay clear of Mr. Baizen… his son ran off denouncing his parent’s lifestyle… last I’ve heard about him was that he was gambling and running from different mobs… Mr. Baizen is eager to find an heir or successor so don’t get caught up in that… I’d hate to see what Connor would do to me if you did get mixed up in it.”

“You’re worried about Connor?” Kennedy began laughing. “I think you would have to deal with Chuck Bass more.”

A chill went down the older brunette’s spine.

“Duly noted.”

“Next Mason? I have a feeling that was the tip of the iceberg.”

Mason’s lips twitched as a sinister smile developed.

“Stay away from the parents of Blair Waldorf’s clan of frenemies and minions if you value your life. And if he appears, and that is a big if, stay clear of Dr. Van der Woodsen… his family is all kinds of crazy.”

“Oh great… I should have just pretended to be sick and read all night with Lucas.”

“Very funny, like Lancaster would have agreed to that. You would have better luck convincing Winchester to give up hockey.”

“Oliver’s not that bad.”

“He’s obsessed.”

“You do realize that you’re making me not want to go to the event even more right?”

“Well too bad, because Kyle is going to be here in ten,” Mason said while reading from his phone. “Do you have any other pants to go with that jacket?”

“No, they’re all at the dry cleaners why?”

“No reason,” Mason said with a straight face, trying not to laugh. Obviously they were more comfortable than they looked as Kennedy was currently unaware of the situation he was currently in. ‘You’re going to be a star tonight kiddo. Hopefully I don’t get killed before I see the aftermath.’

*knock knock *

True to his word, Kyle Windsor was on time.

“Ready to go young men?”

“Sure Kyle.” “Yes Mr. Windsor.”

“Mason, I’ve been telling you to call me Kyle for years, even Kennedy’s doing it and it’s only been a few weeks.”

Mason sighed. “Kennedy doesn’t have the best sense of judgment all the time.”

“Cassidy will be glad to see you’re wearing the outfit she picked out for you Kennedy.”

“It better be worth it, these pants are constricting if you get what I mean,” the teen replied quickly
adjusting himself. He had no shame in the least fixing that part of his pants in front of the other two men as it was something most males do without any thought.

“She did the same thing to Connor until he started picking out his own clothes.”

Mason kept laughing. “I’ll meet you two downstairs.” ‘I’m going to hell for this.’

When Mason was gone, and the door closed once more, Kyle turned to his charge.

“Well she never does account for... hormones...” Despite having an interesting sense of humor, the elder Windsor did have issues with discussing anything remotely related to sex with the teen. “Connor whined about it for years, though you appear to have more of a problem than he ever did. You’re quite gifted in that department in fact Sport.”

Kennedy blushed, he didn't even know how to respond to be honest. This was more awkward than usual to say the least.

“Do I even want to know how you know how endowed your son is currently? Or rather more importantly you know how endowed I am?”

Kyle sputtered in response as teen had caught him off guard for once.

“They’re made out of comfortable fabric for the most part, but the cut is nothing I would ever think twice at ever again. Looking at them now one would assume that it is the fabric, but from wearing them it is the fit that’s worse... This night is not starting off well.” Kennedy kept trying to readjust how the fabric was sitting to no avail.

“I don't get how she got your measurements correct all the other times right?”

“I don't know either Kennedy, but how the tailor forgot to adjust for IT with this fabric is surprising. Don't you have anything else? We’re kind of running out of time to be having a last minute fashion emergency gentlemen.”

“Nope. Mason already asked and we don't have time to grab anything else.”

“Turn around.”

“This is awkward as it is without you checking out my ass... It’s bad enough you're eyes went straight for my crotch. And now this... this kind of feels incestuous Kyle, though that’s what tickles you Windsor men’s fancy right?”

“Just do it.” Mr. Windsor blushed in a mix of frustration and annoyance.

“Fine, should I bend over too?”

Kyle let out a snarky “You’ll do it and enjoy it.” After all he wasn’t the only one who enjoyed using innuendo and double entendres, it was one of many reasons the two males got along with each other so well. Mr. Windsor could do this but not talk about anything sexual straight forward. Deflecting things behind humor was much easier in his books.

When Kyle finished his assessment he gave Kennedy his verdict.

“Just keep your jacket on, its not nearly as bad with it on. No matter how hot it gets keep it on. You do not need to literally become a piece of meat to some of those men with the way those pants hug your front and back... It’s almost like you wearing leather pants... Keep your hands causally in
Kennedy sighed as the two headed down to meet Mason.

“I still don't get how she understands fabric in home design applications but not in clothing ones,” the teen grumbled as he walked with Kyle. “Though I do have to admit it’s kind of kinky if you think about.”

Mr. Windsor chose to ignore the later part of the teen’s comment. He didn't even want to begin think about how the teen could even begin to be turned on by the situation he was in… The only possible situation he could think of on the top of his head was that the youth had a suit and tie fetish, but that seemed highly unlikely.

“Kennedy, I have to dress myself too you know. She can bake but not cook. The woman is a walking contradiction. Speaking of which, she’s out of town visiting one of her friends so it will be the two of us, and maybe Mason, this weekend.”

“I can deal with that. I don't think it would be a good idea for me to be in contact with her so soon after tonight.”

Kyle chuckled at the teen’s comment. It was so like the brunette to say something like that to the businessman. “We’re burning those pants when the night is over.”

“If we don’t you’re losing your man card.”

“I owe you more than that… and Connor does too.”

“Oh huh.”

“Think of it as joining a fraternity and being hazed. The gropes, stares, and whispers will definitely make it feel like it.”

Kennedy’s face brightened a bit. “Thanks… I think?”

“You’re one of the newer faces and a lot of mystery is surrounding you so stick close… Especially because of those pants.”

“Laugh it up Kyle, one pinch and you owe me more than that key you promised,” the teen said as the elevator’s door opened.

“Well the it's a good thing I didn't bring it.”

“That’s not even funny.”

“I figured you earned it… even more so now after those pants… We’re going to a dealer tomorrow. Any man who has unwillingly advertised himself on such a level deserves an equal reward.”

“This night suddenly got so much better,” Kennedy said wrapping an arm around the taller and older male’s shoulder.

“I knew you would see it my way. Hopefully what I have planned for us will make it up to you.”

Kennedy was all smiles for several moments before his demeanor changed in the blink of an eye. “That was sarcasm before if you didn't catch on. You still have a long way to making this up to me.”
“You’re the one who agreed to go.” Internally Kyle was sweating bullets.

“No, Cassidy was the one who wanted me to go and we both know that.”

“Fair enough,” Kyle said opening the driver’s door with a stressed look. They were running a little late now due to the conversation.

Kennedy took the front passenger seat as Mason was nowhere to be found.

“He ditched me.”

“Not surprised to say the least. He hates these events more than Connor. I remember the number of times Robert and I got them both to go without being forced to on one hand with fingers to spare.”

“Fuck me now,” the teen mumbled.

“Didn't know you were into older men,” Kyle chuckled. “…or incest. Cassidy won’t be too happy that you chose me over Connor. Should I bend you over in the backseat? You did say this was the talent of the Windsor Men.”

“Oh don’t kid yourself. You’re much to old for that kind of activity. I would be bending you over for the plowing.”

The two drove off not noticing Mason standing off to a side in his normal clothes with a sinister smile plastered on his face. He had a garment bag in his hand and a smile on his face. His phone rang.

“Hello?” he answered.

“Is it done?” a female voice replied.

“He’s wearing the pants if you mean. A picture has been sent.”

“ETA?”

“Gossip Girl 2 minutes tops…The event maybe 15.”

“Anyone see you?”

“Almost got caught swapping them.”

“You have the note right?”

“Yes! I have the designer’s alteration department apologizing for the mix up along with the proper pair and an additional garment for their sincerest apologies to such a loyal customer.”

“See to it that you’re not caught leaving the parcel.”

“I won’t.”

“That’s what I pay you for.”

“Handsomely.”

“Yes handsomely.”

‘Sorry dude, but this is part of the job.’ Mason felt bad, but it was indeed part of the job. An added
bonus was that he didn't have to attend and see the mess Kennedy would make with those pants…
It was bad enough he had to make the swap, he would have spilled the beans if he was there in
person. ‘If Bass is half the friend you say he is, he will have a solution for you.’

Meanwhile in Boston, Cassidy was spending her time with her old sorority sister. The two were
currently eating in the North End at a little hole in the wall Italian restaurant the friends had
frequented whenever in the city.

“I’ll be right back,” Kitty McAllister, a petite and confident looking flaxen haired woman said as
she got up to use the restroom.

“I’ll get us another bottle.”

“Make it double, at this rate we may need a crate.”

“Slow down Kitty, we have plenty of time for it.”

“Stop being a spoil sport Cass.”

“Just go and powder your nose.”

Kitty stuck out her tongue and headed to the back of the establishment to relieve herself.

Cassidy on the other hand was prepared to pour herself another glass of wine when she received a
text message.

Mason ditched. Pants are like second skin. Kennedy is ready to explode.
You owe me lots of hot sex when you get back MRS. Windsor.

Cassidy felt hot all of a sudden. Her husband always had a way with his words. Something about
the way he strung his words along had left his desired impact. Then again Kyle’s words always a
hold over her. The simplest string of nouns, verbs, and adjectives could leave her out of breath and
weak in the knees.

What are you talking about? They should have been looser than the last pair I bought him after all
the complaints. I made sure to do that honey.

Apparently not, and with your track record it’s kind of hard to trust you… Connor and I can attest
to your misadventures in buying pants for males. Let alone yourself.

The flush that had descended upon her body intensified as she took the response as an insult.

Not my fault all of my men are gifted. SOME more than others. Now get back to the young man in
your possession and you may get your wish MR. Windsor.

Is that a challenge?

Maybe?
Challenge accepted… If you’re so confident in your skills a picture of the pants should be up on Gossip Girl by now… If not, they will be soon.

Cassidy sighed, ‘They can’t be that bad right?’ She was used to complaints from her men for years about her selections, but if they didn’t want to be fitted personally how was it her fault they were a bit snug in certain parts? But then again the same could be said for the garments they bought her that were lacking in space in the bust.

Stop being a drama queen. We’ll keep Mason’s departure a secret. No need to worry them.

Fine, but you’re breaking the news to them when they find out.

Can we trade?

Bonus sex won’t get you anywhere Cass… I’ve got to go, Kennedy is beginning to get a bit restless with some of the alumni.

Keep him out of trouble.

I’ll do my best.

Cassidy didn’t have time to deal with this right now. It was horrible timing to be honest, but not to be unexpected. Something always messed up her plans, but normally it was nothing too complicated. However Mason’s disappearance and those pants were going to lead to a nasty headache that not even the finest wines would eliminate.

“Everything ok?” Kitty asked as she sat back down.

“Yeah, just an update from Kyle.”

“That’s good… Any news on Robert?”

“No changes, but at least he’s not getting worse.”

I need more confirmation, but is there an Archibald-Windsor alliance in the future? Did K take an internship? Or was it the other way around? Champagne sure was flowing at table four. N looked awfully relieved at something K said to N’s father. I wonder what it could be? Gentlemen of St. Jude’s I need you help.

XOXO, Gossip Girl

True to his word, Kyle had stuck close to him… a little too close. But then again a few of the men were far too interested in what he could offer physically instead of professionally/intellectually. Those pants had a mind of their own.

“How much longer do I have to suffer?”

“Dinner at the least.”
“And that is?”

“And at least thirty for it to start… but then its all sitting from there and your goods will be out of view for the rest of the night.”

Kennedy blushed at how Kyle referred to his well-defined package so casually.

“Stop being a prude and live a little. Actually we both should with the way Mason disappeared… We’re not going to hear the end of it from the Mrs. when she returns.”

“I think we can. These pants are evil and I will have my revenge.”

“Please wait until after my anniversary.”

“I’ll do my best. After all its probably one of the few times you know…”

“See to it that you follow through with that. We’re at table four if we get separated.”

“Okay, but I…”

“Kennedy!” a familiar voice called out.

“Told you son, I’ll make sure to get you a stiff one,” Kyle said making his swift exit. A brief smile crept up as he realized the double entendre he unintentionally made.

“This thing is torture.” A certain bad boy whipped around Mr. Windsor and made a b line for the fashion victim.

“Try wearing these pants Chuck… They’re a little tight even for your standards.”

“Very funny. I don't see anything wrong with them. I actually find it flattering you’re taking cues from my upstanding choices.”

“More like flamboyant Chuck.” Said male chose not to hear that comment. “I didn't expect you to be here, let alone early Chuck.”

“Chalk it up to moral support for Nathaniel, though it may not be necessary now that you’re here.”

“Ah.” Kennedy knew there was unfortunately no use in pressing the matter further as Chuck had been dropping Nate into his lap a lot literally.

“There’s nothing wrong with those pants.”

Kennedy sighed in defeat as Chuck, who had for more questionable fashion choices in his own closet changed the subject masterfully.

“If you got it, flaunt it… but then again not everyone here believes in equal opportunity.”

“Thank god or I would have had these pants ripped off of me by now.”

“Any good offers yet?”

“Nothing really… the only good one was from a guy who wouldn't look at me in the eyes… His eyes were transfixed below the belt… Kyle was really mad about it too, but the internship he offered had some ridiculous perks.”
“Well you do have Mr. Windsor don’t you?”

“Yeah, I guess I do. He already implied an opportunity a while back, but I’d like to spread my wings a bit and stop imposing on them.”

“Well if you can always try the Captain if you need to.”

“I would rather not.”

“He’s well connected and it would get him off of Nathaniel’s back.”

“Can we just drop it? I know you’re not one to think of college related stuff, so what’s the real reason we’re having this conversation. This is so not like you Chuck and its really starting to freak me out.”

“Rumor has it Blair Waldorf is beginning to think you have a thing for Nathaniel.”

“You have to be kidding me!”

“Since you haven’t sealed the deal with Nelly Yuki yet, she’s beginning to think you play for the other team, not that there is anything wrong with that… But if that’s indeed the case I know of a few gentlemen…”

“Oh god, why is she so obsessed with me. And that won’t be necessary Chuck. What wrong with wanting to save my v-card? It’s like ridiculous how much more important it is here to have a list of names for your bedroom partners.”

“Can’t answer your question to be honest, but if you need pointers let me know. Blair doesn’t like change and you’ve been doing a lot of it.”

“I’ll keep that in mind Chuck.”

“If…”

“I’m not ready to make that step.”

“I’ll respect that, but my offer still stands.”

“Chuck! Kennedy!” an excited Nate called out in a very bro tone.

“Nathaniel.” “Nate.”

“Where are you two seated?”

“I was just about to leave.”

The others gave him a questioning look.

“I have more important things to get back to now that you’ve made your fashionable entrance. I’m entrusting Kennedy and his two sizes too tight pants to you Nathaniel. See to it that they neither rip nor put on a show tonight.”

It took a moment for Chuck’s comment to sink in. Of course Nate’s eyes did venture to said item in question much to Kennedy’s displeasure as he could personally feel his own ears get red.

“Was the quickie with Blair worth being this late?” Chuck asked in an amused tone.
“We didn’t do that,” Nate blushed as his other friend came to his defense. “You know she would never approve of something like that.”

Kennedy came to his embarrassed friend’s defense. “Why must everything be so sexual Chuck?”

“Because it should be Kennedy, especially with those pants. Unfortunately gentlemen there are several beautiful ladies awaiting my presence back at the Palace and you just provided me with a convenient exit. Good night.”

Kennedy sighed. Chuck went from seeing nothing wrong with the pants to making a big deal with them in front of Nate. The teen decided to clear the air and change the subject.

“I’m at table four if you’re wondering.”

“Awesome, me too.”

“Then you can serve me the honor of being my meat shield.”

“Excuse me,” Nate said choking on his cocktail. The use of the word meat did not go over his head. And there was only one use of the word meat besides describing food that the blonde could think of.

“Mrs. Windsor ordered these pricy pants that do not have much give in the crotch. I’ve already turned down a dozen internships from creepy alumni who are eying me like a piece of meat, just keep it out of view and I’ll call us even for you blowing me off the other day.”

“I like your pants.” Nate’s attempt at humoring his friend failed when he received a less than playful punch to his arm.

Kennedy didn't have to reply as the announcement for dinner being served was made.

“So what was the point of you coming if you’re this late? Your not really going to get many offers Nate,” the teen said as they made their way to table four.

“The Captain was running late on a business transaction.”

“And you didn't want to do any of these internships this summer or you would have come by yourself... Planning an unannounced getaway with Chuck already? Don't forget I know how you think dude.”

“You caught on to my plan. Want to join us?”

“Then it’s a good thing the Captain didn’t over hear you,” Kyle said with two drinks in hand. “They’re both yours Son,” he whispered.

“Thank you,” Kennedy whispered back. Underage drinking wasn't exactly frowned upon on the Upper East Side, but there were certain rules of etiquette that still had to me observed to maintain social order after all!

“I’ll keep it between us Nate if you do the same with this,” he said eying both the glasses he discretely placed toward his charge and the one in Nate’s hand.

“No problem Mr. Windsor.”

“Luck is on our side tonight Nate,” the Captain said coming out of nowhere. “If it isn’t Kyle Windsor and your friend Kennedy Blake.”
“Howard.” “Captain.” “Dad.” The other three occupants of the table met the elder Archibald with varying tones and reactions, which ranged from surprised to resentful.

The two adults sat next to each other as Kennedy took Kyle’s left and Nate took Kennedy’s left. The other four seats were empty. Two were obviously belonging to the McAllister’s and the other two could have likely belonged to Chuck for all they knew.

“Cheer up, the food's good at least.”

“Cheers,” Kennedy said as he threw back one glass to the surprise of the Captain.

“Waiter,” the Captain said to a passing server.

“Yes sir?”

“A bottle of your finest champagne.”

“Yes sir.”

Kyle raised an eyebrow.

“Kennedy here is currently one of the top five ranked students at St. Jude’s.”

“Is he now?” Kyle said moving his gaze to his ‘son.’ “I had no idea.” Kennedy shifted in his seat in embarrassment as the occupants of the table focused their attention on him. “But doesn't the list normally come out in October?”

“It’s not that hard to believe,” Nate added. He didn't question how his father got the list, but didn't like where this was going.

“You're exaggerating Captain,” Kennedy said in a dismissive tone.

“And Nate you’ve moved up quite a bit too,” the Captain said removing a piece of paper from his breast pocket. The other names had been blackened out, but the rankings were indeed in his hand and Nate was a lot higher than even Kennedy could have predicted.

“Howard…”

“Kyle, it’s a little early but these are the current rankings. Tentative, but the latest revision as of five o’clock this afternoon.”

“Why now?” Kyle questioned. He knew the Captain had an ulterior motive. It was not like him to do something for anyone without a catch, let alone one of Nate’s friends without a fancy name.

The teens were too interested in the conversation at their table to pay attention to the boring speech by some guest of honor at the podium and instead kept their focus on their parental units.

“Nate wouldn’t be where he is without Kennedy’s help,” the Captain emphasized pointing to his son’s ranking.

“Nate just needed the extra motivation,” Kyle countered not liking how the other adult was referring to his own son’s abilities in a public place no less.

“Exactly and for that we are in your debt,” he said passing an envelope to Kennedy. “Nate is a bright kid like I’ve always known, but he just needed some competition off the field too to get him going. This night is all about making connections for you future so here is the first step on your
journey.”

Kennedy gave the elder Archibald a strange look as Kyle shot the younger one sympathy. Nate was about to accuse his father of bribing his friend, but knew that it wouldn't be in the open if that were the case.

“That’s a recommendation which I hope you will use for my Alma Mater Dartmouth.”

“Howard.”

“Kyle, it’s his choice. Nate will be going there so it might be a good idea for them to attend the school together.”

Kennedy felt a wave of guilt splash all over him. He could tell Nate was embarrassed by the entire situation from the doubting of his academics down to the recommendation, but it was the recommendation that really caused a change in his friend.

“I’ll consider it Captain, but I’ve had my heart set on Harvard or USC.”

“May I ask why?” the Captain replied as Kyle caught onto his ward’s plan.

“I’m a beach kind of guy. So I’m either braving snow in the city I grew up in or heading to year long summer, though if Kyle has is way I’ll be attending Columbia with Connor. The Hamptons are nice from what I heard, but I'm either heading back to my roots or giving into the concept of endless summer.”

“The champagne is here, why don't we stop this talk of college, the boys still have time to change their minds,” Kyle skillfully added.

The waiter popped the cork and poured four champagne flutes with said liquid.

The Captain made the toast. “The bright future of Kennedy and Nate no matter which school they attend.”

The clinking of glasses turned into round after round of food and alcohol. Similar events were occurring at the other tables, though nothing was interesting as what was transpiring at table four.

Somewhere between the entrée and fourth glass Nate whispered to Kennedy.

“Thanks for that.”

“I know you would have done the same for me.”

“Yeah…”

“Well consider it another ‘I owe you one.’ Before you know it, I’ll own your ass Archibald and what better place than the warm beaches of Southern California.”

“Keep dreaming Blake.”

“They’ll be good ones trust me,” Kennedy said as he finished another flute of the fizzy alcohol. “Your bangs will blend right in as will your nasty little habit. Just do try to keep sand out of your shorts if you want to have any fun.”

“Of course I’ll be in them… just keep THEM out of it. My bangs are more awesome than you think.”
“You think too highly of your scrawny behind and too long bangs if you ask me.”

“Very funny. There’s nothing wrong with my bangs.”

“Maybe not in California, but definitely in New York. You might get away with them in Boston however,” Kennedy added in a hopeful tone. “They’re kind of hipster. All you need is a good scarf to hide your neck.”

“But California is warmer.”

“It was a stretch, but more likely to happen. Your dad sure has you set on Dartmouth. I wouldn't have guessed it from your place.”

“Well my mom was in charge of that… It’s one of her specialties as a socialite.”

“I’m not going to be able to get rid of you now will I?”

“Nope, the moment my dad knew you were responsible for my turn around, he already sunk his teeth into you. We’re a package now.”

“Speaking of packages, I have to use the restroom.”

“I guess I better be your meat shield.”

“Glad to see you can remember to do something beyond fluffing your bangs.”

“For your information I can fluff pillows too among other things.”

“I’ll be right back, going to use the bathroom,” Kennedy whispered to Kyle.

“Don’t get up to too much trouble with Nate.” The teen nearly choked in response. “He’s not the first one to disappear from one of these and come back an hour later all flushed.”

Mr. Windsor and the Captain looking all chummy? Making up for lost time while the boys are out to play at the Mixer. Normally the parental units wouldn't be making the rounds, but there is a lot of alcohol finding its way to their table... Something's going down and tonight is all about business deals and transactions right?

XOXO, Gossip Girl

What did you think? Upon closer inspection of the show I've realized that I have the signature all wrong it should be (xoxo gossip girl vs XOXO, Gossip Girl).

Do you want me to change it or let it be?

-griff
Chapter Summary

Nate and Kennedy get into a sticky situation literally. Looks like the families are more intertwined than you think. Are bromances hereditary?

Disclaimer: I don’t own any of the Gossip Girl Universe outside of any original characters, concepts, or locations not seen in the actual books or TV show.

N and K seen entering the Men’s Room together long before two other men entered and left said restroom with guilty looks on their faces. Whatever went on in there better have been legal gentlemen! You two were gone for a while so what exactly were you doing in there with those men?

Fashion emergency perhaps? Those pants were bound to cause you some trouble K.

Knowing N, some of the finest weed around being consumed maybe? It’s been a quite a while since N has been spotted buying some. Guess you didn't kick the habit after all Golden Boy.

Shady business transaction? Blackmail? Mob or a cartel? One of these if not all three are more likely when you consider their backgrounds, or lack therefore of.

I thought you were squeaky-clean K, but you’re quickly turning into one of them. Before you know it you’ll be a male S. And that is something the Upper East Side does not need any time soon. One S is bad enough… Two will be disastrous.

XOXO, Gossip Girl

After what felt like an hour of stares the duo made their way to the restroom without many other interruptions. More than one student stopped to talk to them on their way and Nate did his best to hurry things along as his companion's bladder would only hold out for so long. He was not willing to endure a Blair level blow out if possible. Sure Kennedy was catching the eyes of many of his peers and their fathers, but it wasn't the worst thing possible that could be going on right then and there as there were far more worse things that came to mind in the brunette's thoughts.

“You weren’t kidding earlier.” Nate couldn't help but feel a bit protective of his friend each time a less than savory look was directed at his companion. He chalked it up to being a good friend, but something at the back of his mind was conflicting with that notion. There was another reason, he just didn't know that yet.

“I know.” Kennedy said walking up to a urinal. He let out a sigh of relief after unbuttoning and unzipping. Being released from the confines of those pants was much more welcomed than the relief his bladder felt from being emptied.

Nate took the next urinal over, ignoring a general no no in male restroom etiquette, but then again
Archibald was never one to follow the rules. They were the only two in the room so it didn’t make much of a difference anyways.

“How much time do we have left?”

“Five to ten minutes until they think we’re up to no good.” Nate smirked.

“I mean until this ends genius.” Kennedy resisted the urge to smack the back of his friend’s head. It being unsanitary was the sole reason he hadn’t given into the impulse. His self restraint was not that strong at the moment due to the alcohol in his system. “We haven’t had a bite to eat yet so it’s obviously going to go on for longer than that smarty pants.”

The lacrosse captain blushed after he realized what he had said. “An hour at least. Depends on how long they schmooze. This can go on for hours. It is really based on how longer Mr. Windsor and the Captain decide to talk with each other as well as if they want to talk to other people.”

“Oh great,” Kennedy groaned.

“What’s wrong?” Nate turned his head to look at his friend.

“Zipper’s stuck.”

The blonder male didn’t even think twice about lending a helping hand, no matter how awkward or random the gesture was considering how little they knew the other. “Let me try.”

“No cheap feelings.”

“I’m not one of Blair’s minions.” Nate tried pulling at the piece of metal but no dice. It was indeed stuck. His nerves were making his hands sweaty, only further adding to the dilemma as he did his best to not brush against his friend’s length.

“I told you it’s stuck. I can’t go out there like this.” Nate rolled his eyes. No one would see the open fly unless they were actively looking at that region, but then again it would be highly likely to happen knowing his friend’s luck after the little show he put on for the other attendees by just walking around with Mr. Windsor.

Suddenly the duo were snapped out of their musings as they heard arguing come from outside and toward the door.

“Quick, into the handicapped stall,” Nate said dragging his friend along to the stall furthest from the sinks and closest to the door. “One of us is going to have to sit on the other’s lap.”

“You have to be kidding me Nate.”

“Nope, and with your situation looks like you get your wish after all. My ass is YOUR’s Kennedy for one night only.”

“Hurry up and shut up then,” he said pulling down his pants to his feet and sitting on the toilet to give the allusion of him using the facilities for the intended purpose if anyone was looking. ‘Thank god I decided against boxers.’

“This never leaves this room,” Nate whispered as the door opened, narrowly positioning himself in the nick of time, straddling Kennedy in a position neither ever imagined. He would never admit it to anyone else, but it wasn’t too bad. After all much more questionable things had gone on in the locker room with his teams countless times. It would be a highly compromising position to be
found in, but a small price to pay in the long run.

‘It was either this or get caught even quicker.’ Kennedy thought to himself as he had to cover Nate’s mouth with one of his hands quickly or they would have been given away as the lacrosse captain managed to whack his head on the wall while mounting his friend. Luckily the sound of head on tile did not echo too loudly.

Kennedy nearly screamed himself when Nate’s teeth unfortunately began to dig into his fingers. ‘The price of friendship indeed.’

Blood rushed to his face as he felt the pressure of Nate on his sensitive region. The blonde, he could only imagine, pretended to ignore his growing erection. However it could almost be assumed that the other jock was enjoying it just as much with all the moving his toned behind was moving against his nether region. Whether it was the lack of sexual activity for either of them, or a genuine attraction, there was something going on…

The awkwardness between the two proved to be worth it when the two figures they heard arguing from down the hall entered the Men’s room and began to look under the stall doors. Luckily for the teens the handicapped stall was offset and not as visible as the others. It was quite obvious that after the first few stalls had turned up empty that the pair had given up on searching any further.

“He sure doesn’t seem like much,” one of the males said.

“He’s connected to the Archibald, Bass, McAllister, and Windsor families, not to mention the Lancaster and Winchester kids.”

“It might be a coincidence. Befriending one Upper East Sider usually leads to befriending them all…”

“I think he’s the ONE.”

“Even if he is, Kyle Windsor is in the way. There’s no way he’s going down without a fight. He’s too powerful. We’ve taken care of McAllister for now and Bass is a sucker for blondes. Archibald is too excited about his son’s new found academic success and too focused on his crumbling empire to notice anything strange. Now’s the time for our strike.”

Kennedy struggled to cover Nate’s mouth quickly and quietly as the young Archibald wanted to give the men a piece of his mind. The smallest grunt from Nate could be heard as Kennedy shifted and had a more than desirable effect.

“How are we going to get Blake? None of those alumni caught him… The only decent offer was ruined because the old fart couldn't keep his eyes off the kid’s crotch long enough for it to be unnoticed.”

“Well the kid sure is packing.”

“He’s not the only one packing.”

“Oh really,” the first voice said.

“Yes,” the second said as the sound of their lips could be hear crashing together.

The two teens shared horrified looks as they knew what was coming next as the pair of mysterious voices stumbled into a stall on the other side of the restroom.
“But what if we get caught?”

“No one will notice. The Boss won’t notice us missing either. We can just say we were tailing Blake and his pretty boy friend Archibald Jr. The two of them were last seen heading in this general direction anyways” The sound of a zipper being unzipped echoed off the tile walls.

“Fine, but it’s my turn.”

“Good thing I cleaned myself tonight then.”

“Then make it quick, we don't have much time.”

Nate and Kennedy could only listen on in a twisted combination of horror and interest as the two men began fucking each other like drunken co-eds. The distinct sound of skin hitting skin, particularly of the male variety confirmed what the teens feared. The two voices were indeed fornicating, or at least masturbating amongst themselves vocally.

“How do we sneak out?” Kennedy whispered in Nate’s ear.

“We wait it out. Now stop poking me dude. We're nowhere tight enough to be doing something like that, sober or not.”

“Well I’m not the only one enjoying this Archie. Yours is poking my stomach...” Nate looked quite guilty being caught red handed. “Is that a phone in your pocket or are you enjoying this a little too much N? You’re a kinky little shit aren’t you?”

The banter continued going back and forth as the tension began to slowly dissipate. It was still awkward to say the least, but it wasn't as bad knowing that many of the walls between them were being shattered right then and there. This was a far quicker path to bro-dom than either had ever considered. Neither would admit it to the other, but it was a lot more enjoyable than expected—yet another instance of secret guy stuff that would forever remain a secret.

Several agonizing minutes later the two unknown males finished procreating, cleaned up themselves, and left the restroom feeling slightly more satisfied after relieving themselves of their mutual groin tension. Only after several other patrons had entered and exited the restroom had the teens left their awkward position in the handicapped stall.

“Well that was fun,” Nate said adjusting himself as discretely as he could as he dismounted his friend.

Kennedy saw that his friend was tense so he made yet another attempt at difusing the siutation and salvaging their friendship. “Awkward, but kind of like one of those bad teen movies wouldnt you say Nate?...”

The other teen smiled, but looked away. “Now I see why you want to shower alone.”

“Very funny...”

“Kennedy what else are you hiding?” The tone in Nate's changed ever so slightly, but the other teen picked it up with little difficulty.

“Beyond the fact I’m endowed slightly more than average, nothing to my knowledge. All I know is that my family all died or disappeared in non-suspicious ways over the course of a few years. A few of my foster parents and friends of the family too... Not enough to form a pattern. That cover it?”
“You’re more than slightly above average.”

“Interested?” Kennedy replied sarcastically.

Nate didn't respond with words, instead their mouths came crashing together. The remaining tension in the air fizzled out as it came to a head and lead to a very unexpected, but not unwelcome, climax.

“You don't know how long I waited to do that.” The lighter haired teen brushed away his bangs as he looked into the eyes of the other teen.

“With me or another guy?” Kennedy cheekily replied.

“You.” Nate answered the brunette as if it were the simplest question in the world and Kennedy was dumb for even asking it.

“Well I’m flattered. But now that’s out of your system what are we going to do?”

“Besides make out?” Nate didn’t like Kennedy’s look. “I didn't read you wrong did I?”

“We both have girlfriends and more importantly someone’s after me and your family, to say the least, to get to me. Sorry dude, but making out with you isn’t at the top of my priorities right now, no matter how awesome it would be to play tonsil hockey with you.”

“One night... Just give me that dude!” Nate pleaded. “You can’t tell me you’ve never thought about being with another guy. Between the alcohol, those two, and being so close to you, it has definitely done something to me.”

“Wait when did you get a hold of... Wait I don't even want to know. Are you finished?”

“I thought I was being funny. This is usually when the couple would make out in the movies.”

“But we’re not a couple and I’m not getting a happily ever after.”

“We’re in a bromance. Close enough.”

“And?”

“I’d even be the girl. Just this once.”

Kennedy chuckled in response. “You would with the bangs…” He swatted the offending locks from the other teen's face before continuing. “You care far too much about your hair.”

“Hey! I’m not the one who dresses up day in and day out.” Kennedy didn't reply outside of an offended look. Both could be seen as hyper masculine and not so masculine depending on the setting.

“Now that the night has reached an all time new level of awkwardness how do you recommend we get out of this?”

“Simple,” Kennedy replied texting up a storm on his phone.

“Why didn't we think of that in the beginning?” Nate said smacking himself on the forehead. “We could have busted them sooner by having one of our dad’s conveniently use the restroom... We just didn't think of it in the heat of the moment now did we?”
“Nope, but that may or may not have worked to be honest. This way at least they can both leave and then we can be seen leaving the building together without arising any suspicion… Just said I had a fashion emergency and we needed to leave.”

“Fashion emergency?”

“I’m taking one for the team with the open fly combined with all that added stimulation from your ass man. If that isn’t a recipe for disaster I don’t know what is dude.”

“Well I could help you out…” Nate said inching his hand to Kennedy's sensitive region.

“Nate this is awkward enough, we don't want to do anything we’ll regret in the morning.”

Kennedy missed the hurt look in Nate’s eyes. Obviously something was brewing in the blonder teen's mind, but he didn't quite know that at the present time.

“Yeah.”

“But if we ever cross this road again it’s going to be in a locker room after a championship.”

“Oh really?”

“Someone’s going to have to wash my back.”

“Very funny.”

“Well I was going to return the favor… Aren’t the rumors about the post-championship rituals true? I’ve never been on a winning team so I can’t say I have any experience in that department.”

“Oh naïve sweet little Kennedy, you’re in for a world of shock when it happens.”

“That’s a big if. If I join the team. If we win. The list goes on Nate. Care to make a wager?”

“No time, the ‘rents should be here soon. And besides we shouldn’t be discussing this here.”

“You’re right.”

“And besides I’m not enduring Blair’s wrath… combined with Nelly being her minion I’ll never survive even with your sway Nate. Clean slates or drunken celebrations, otherwise Gossip Girl won’t be so forgiving if she ever gets her claws into the story of the year.”

“Glad to see I’m useful somewhere.”

“And in the bedroom from the rumors I’ve heard.”

Nate turned white as a ghost suddenly.

“Did I say something?” Kennedy said as the door whipped open.

“Boys?” Kyle called out.

“In here,” Nate replied as the unlocked the stall.

“You two were lucky we were at the bar or it would have looked like you two were doing something or someone,” the Captain added taking notice of the flush faces and disheveled clothing of the teens.
“We need to talk… something happened while we were here besides my zipper getting stuck.”

“Well,” the Captain waited. His stern glare had its intended effect as he definitely misinterpreted what they had told him.

“Not here, it’s really complicated.” Kennedy was already dreading the ensuing conversation but it had to be done. He just hoped Mr. Windsor would bail him out as put him down humanely.

“Howard did you drive?”

“No.”

“Then I think we’re going to head upstate to the Cabin... That should be private enough for whatever you two have to tell us... And while we're at it, there’s something we haven’t told either one of you yet boys.”

“I haven’t been up there in years Kyle.”

“Not since you became the Captain, Howard.”

The two teens felt as if they were seeing themselves several decades down the road as the adults became so emersed in their little dream world that they had to be smacked back to reality by a far from gentle awakening from the annoyed teens.

“Less talking, more moving. These pants need to burn!”

“I couldn't agree more,” Nate added.

“Very funny Archibald. You just want a cheap feel.”

“Do not!”

The two teens continued bickering as the adults looked on.

“Don't they remind you of someone Kyle?”

“Yes they do Howard.”

“It definitely brings me back.”

“We better break this up or we’ll have to deal with more than Kennedy having non functional pants.”

Mr. Windsor raised an eyebrow. “Like Nate not being able to walk?”

Nate awoke in a moving car. To his right was Kennedy in those horrible pants, his father was in the front passenger, and Kyle was driving. Apparently Kyle was the only one awake.

“What happened?” Nate asked.

“You don’t remember?”

“No?”

“You hit your head on the wall earlier when straddling Kennedy on that toilet in a not so brilliant
attempt at hiding in that restroom. I have no clue what you two were thinking. You could have both been killed from what Kennedy told me.”

Nate blushed profusely.

“Kennedy mentioned something about you two being subjected to being unwilling voyeurs to two thugs out to get him having sex several stalls down. Please tell me he was exaggerating. This sounds like something out of one of my wife’s trashy romance novels.”

“I remember that… but not hitting my head. Did Kennedy say anything else?”

“No. You were touch and go for a bit. Thankfully you were conscious when we left or it would have really been hard to explain. It was odd enough to be escorting you two of the restroom as it was.”

“So I didn't…”

“You okay there Nate?”

“I think I may have said something…”

“You may be dreaming up something? Maybe it was the alcohol? Get some shut eye, it will be another hour or two until we get to the Cabin.”

“Ok.”

After several moments Nate had drifted back to sleep as Kyle smiled.

‘Yep, definitely like Howard.’

:------------------------:

Time Skip

:------------------------:

Nate awoke to find himself in a bed next to a slumbering Kennedy. It took him a moment to realize that he had almost no clothing on, only his signature trunks adorned his physique. He could only assume the same for his companion.

‘Did we? Chuck’s going to kill me!’ he thought as he tried to wake Kennedy up.

“Kennedy wake up,” he called out shaking the raven haired teen.

“Five more minutes.”

“Dude wake up, its important.”

“Not now, need to sleep.”

“Kennedy, Chuck’s sleeping with Dan!”

“What!” Kennedy said snapping awake.

“Works every time.”

“Now I have that image stuck in my head.”
“Did we?”

“No… I don't think so?”

“I’m a little sore.”

“Me too but that could be the alcohol and your little tumble talking.”

“Kennedy…”

“We don't have to be up right now. We can sleep in for a few more hours, can't you let me sleep in for a few more minutes Nate? Just because you pass out anywhere like a drunk sorority girl doesn’t mean everyone is so blessed.”

“Hey!”

“You get frisky when inebriated. Someone almost called the cops on me.”

“Sorry?”

“Go back to sleep. Your wedding to Blair is next weekend so this is our chance.”

“Nate!” a female voice called out as the front door slammed.

“Shit!” the duo said.

“I have to go,” Kennedy said.

“No time, we have to confront her.”

“She hates my guts already, so us being essentially naked together in your bed is going to fly so well buddy.”

“Nate? I thought I would bring you a little surprise.”

The heels clicked on the floor. Every second that passed was marked with another click of the shoes on the marble floor.

Eventually she made it to the door. It felt as if time had slowed as the handle turned. Nate only moved closer to Kennedy.

“Nate…?” she said in shock “How dare you? After everything I have done and we have been through!”

“Blair let me explain.”

“How long have you two been together?”

“Blair?”

Kennedy had had enough. “Since before your flop of a party junior year.”

“You bastard. Why didn't you crawl back to the hole you came from?”

“Money doesn’t buy you class Blair. If you treated your boyfriend better instead of emasculating him maybe he wouldn't have turned to his friend? Maybe if you didn't force Nelly to break up in front of me in front of everyone we wouldn't have drunk our sorrows together. Or maybe if you
weren’t so afraid of change you wouldn’t have forced the two of us together.”

“Well it’s a good thing I brought this then,” Blair said taking a gun out of her bag. “It took a lot of careful planning, but you managed to thwart every trick I threw out you. This is goodbye Kennedy Blake.”

*bang*

“And you too Nate. I don’t date cheaters, especially those that run off with men behind my back. I’m not my mother after all.”

*bang*

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Nate woke up in a cold sweat. That was a very realistic dream, but maybe everything was a dream lately like Kyle had implied in the car. He found himself in a dark bed. There was someone else in the bed with him. There the embers of the crackling fire in the fire place barely illuminated the faintest trace of the other person’s face.

He was in bed with Kennedy. Not that it would be awkward other than the fact that dream was very realistic and creepy… It took a while, but then Nate realized a lot of his thoughts had been focused on his friend lately. Where his girlfriend or her best friend had once reigned supreme, his newest friend slowly began to take precedence.

“You ok Nate?” Kennedy yawned.

“Yeah.”

“We’re at The Cabin if you’re wondering.” At Nate’s confused look, Kennedy went on. “It’s the Windsor’s country home.”

“And why are we…”

“Your dad is in the guest room. We’re crashing in Connor’s bed.”

“So…”

“Nate you need to decide how we go from here.”

“What do you mean?”

“I lied to Kyle. I figured it was something that should stay between us… Though I suspect he suspects something.”

Nate was speechless.

“You did hit your head, but not hard so it was more twisting the truth.”

“So we…”

“We kissed, or rather you kissed me Archibald.” Nate turned crimson. “And then you professed your love for me like some love sick school girl.”

“Did not.”
“Did too… you even agreed to be the girl in the relationship.”

“How come this is fuzzy to me? I don't remember any of this?” Nate said in mock innocence.

“I have a bigger tolerance than you obviously… That or you regret giving up control. Now get back to sleep and no funny stuff.”

“Why not?”

“We made a deal.”

“Deals can be broken,” Nate countered, his hand slowly inching up Kennedy’s thigh.

“They’re both across the hall dude! And not to mention you’re kind of loud.”

“Well then let me put my mouth to good use.” Nate snickered as his disappeared under the covers.

“This isn’t going to be good… or well it won’t end well.’

Kennedy relaxed as Nate went to work, drifting off to sleep not long after.

The duo jerked awake. The teens soon realized they had both had very different but realistic dreams of the erotic variety based on their current states of discomfort. Words weren’t really exchanged but the tension in the air made it obvious enough. Thankfully the darkness of the vehicle provided them some manner to hide their excitement or this would have got more awkward. Neither had thought of the other in the way in particular before hand, but it must have been there on some subconscious level. After all you don't suddenly start making out in a bathroom with a close friend otherwise.

“Boys we’re here. Why don't you get out of those clothes while I make us some coffee and something to eat for the four of us. Kennedy show Nate the way while I talk to his father. I’m sure some the two of you can scrounge up something suitable from Connor’s wardrobe.”

“Sure thing,” Kennedy said dragging Nate along. The brunette blushed as he friend brought him upstairs. The mere contact was making him flush.

“Kennedy,” he croaked.

“It can stay there if you want. We can forget it if you want. It shouldn't have happened.” Kennedy brought his left hand to his neck as he opened the door and ushered the other teen in.

“I wasn’t going to say that.”

“Nate, we can’t.” The door shut behind them. Immediately Kennedy began discarding piece after piece of clothing until he was just in boxers, though it was obvious he wanted to discard those too.

“Why not? Everyone experiments.”

“Nate, we have girlfriends. Your girlfriend is out to get me. Then there are people out there to get me. Anyone I’ve got close to in the past is dead outside of Chuck. Don’t you see a pattern Nate.”

“Kennedy…”

“It was the alcohol Nate. We had lowered inhibitions and were turned on by what we heard. Our
close proximity didn’t help things either,” Kennedy said rooting through drawers.

“Kennedy…”

“Here’s some clothes…”

He was cut off by Nate’s lips meeting his own.

“It can be our little secret.”

“Gossip Girl finds out about everything… I don’t see your dad liking this Nate.”

“You have nice lips K,” Nate replied as if it were the most obvious thing.

“Nate…”

“Just one night dude.”

“I’m going to regret this.”

“You’re only going to regret that this is only for one night.”

“In your dreams Archibald.”

“We’ve already done it there.”

“Chuck’s obviously had a bad influence on you.”

“Likewise dude.”

“We better get changed, we can explore the possibilities later.”

“I knew you’d see things my way.”

“You’re still bottoming.”

Nate kicked the nearest object, the dressed and cried out in pain after stubbing his toes.

‘Idiot,’ Kennedy thought as he went to help his friend.

“I don’t know about you but I’d rather wear Connor’s boxers than my own.”

“I happen to like your blue boxers. They’re special.”

“You like blue and the fact I was in them then.”

“Maybe?”

“You can have them,” Kennedy said stepping out of them and throwing them at his friend’s face.

“Tasty,” Nate replied taking a sniff.

“Pervert.”

“I’m taking a shower.”

“I’m joining.”
“Why don’t I think this is going to be a good idea?”

“Because we’re both intoxicated and horny.”

“Fair enough.”

“Kyle what should we do?”

“If they have sex it won’t be the end of the world. That would be the least of our problems if they don’t come down in the next half hour.”

“No it won’t, but I’m not talking about that. What they do is their business as long as they do everything else as expected and keep this behind locked doors here.”

“I know you’re involved Howard.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“You could never look me in the eye and lie to my face. Why start now Captain?”

The Captain hesitated.

“You haven’t called me that in years.”

“Well maybe it’s the nostalgia.”

“Nostalgia my ass.”

The two sat there in awkward silence as the sound of the coffee pot on the stove was the noise interrupting the silence.

“I was the one who found him.”

“You dragged him into this.”

“No, I mean I found him after his suicide attempt… Or rather what the hospital and police investigation would later rule an attempt… It was the same summer he met Bart’s son.”

“I didn't know there was a suicide attempt. I wasn’t able to dig any of that up.”

“I don't know much other than that he set himself off to sea with no supplies and my boat happened to come across him. Or that’s the official story they came up with.”

“How fortunate.”

“I brought him back to shore and to the nearest hospital. I didn't think much of it. I tried talking to him before I had to leave, but the doctors wouldn't let me… If I knew this would have happened I would have just kept him with me.”

“You weren’t able to predict the outcome. The important thing is that you saved him… For all we know it may not have even been a suicide attempt. Someone could have disposed of him then and there.”

“I never thought of it like that.”
“Did you ever check in on him after that point?”

“Technically no, as I didn't have a name to go on... Well I did search the next summer when I was docked there, but he was long gone. One of the doctors recognized me and told me the little they knew...”

“I take it you recognized him immediately that day he was studying with Nate.”

“Yes. I wouldn't forget those eyes.”

“And...”

“I've had suspicions ever since I found out you were involved with him.”

“Someone's careful planning to hide him away has backfired.”

“Do we even know if Blake is really his last name?”

“No, but it could be.”

“Is it almost ready?” The Captain said changing subjects.

“No, another few minutes. Why don't you freshen up? My room is the second door on the right. I'm sure you'd rather be in something more comfortable for the next few hours.”

“You just want to get me out of my pants and into yours after all these years.”

“Very funny Howard.”

“I was only kidding Kyle. And besides I’m not the Archibald trying to get into the Windsor clan.”

“You sure? Drinks at the bar told me otherwise.”

“Touche.”

“It’s good to have you back.”

“When did we drift apart?”

“It doesn’t matter... what matter’s is their safety.”

“What do we do?”

“We tell them what we now, but first we all sober up. It’s going to be a long night.”

“You sure you don’t want to join me? Didn’t St. Jude’s teach you anything?”

“I’m not Kennedy, I’m not going to fall for that. Rainwater system negates the need to share showers.”

“You’re no fun.”

“Columbia made me grow up while you had your fun at Dartmouth.”

The two sat in awkward silence.

“It’s weird to be together after all of these years. And all it took was a simple friendship to make
“Our paths cross once more.”

“Whether you like it or not, we’re stuck together again Windsor.”

“I’m top dog so do as I say and take a shower.”

The Captain did not stand down.

“Towels should be up there too. Don’t make too much of a mess.”

“You still remember?” The Captain smirked.

“How could I not?”

“I’ll be back in a bit. Want me to take care of the boys?”

“Let them have their fun.”

“Ahhhhh!” two screams came from upstairs.

“Never mind, they’ve sobered up.”

A good friend is hard to come by, but strippers are a dime a dozen. Seems like our favorite bad boy is up to his usual as Mystery Boy and Golden Boy called it a night early with the parental units. So much for staying to the end.

XOXO, Gossip Girl

Did the tip skip get you? It did didn't it? I purposely put it there to throw you for a loop because I knew it would elicit some reactions. I am too good at working my magic with the show's timeline to do that :D

I'm carrying on with moving things around as well. Nate is making his college preferences clear earlier as well as Nelly Yuki's status as minion, though it won't be much of a difference... just really using the frenemy bit a little sooner to give Blair more screen time.

And most importantly we all now know the slash pairing of the fic! It's Kennedy X Nate ... did any of you see that coming??? No, really? Will it last long? I'll never tell.

xoxo -griff
You’re Not Sorry Part Five

Chapter Summary

Slick and steamy... An intimate shower is interrupted. Things begin to get a bit hairy.

Fluffy moments appear as does some smut!

Disclaimer: I don’t own any of the Gossip Girl Universe outside of any original characters, concepts, or locations not seen in the actual books or TV show.

N and K off the radar, but that’s little of importance. Apparently the St. Jude’s event was as boring as usual other than Rumor has it C has been doing some shady dealings beyond strippers and flight attendants. Be careful C, hell have no fury like K scorned. Be careful B you’ve be a naughty girl this year. Karma’s an even bigger bitch than you.

XOXO, Gossip Girl

“Nate why are we showering together?”

“That’s not even important. Where are we and what are those?” Nate said glancing at the faint lines that crisscrossed well past the other teen's groin and onto thighs. They were far from being birthmarks or stretchmarks, so against better judgment the teen threw common sense out the window and did the opposite of what any rational person would do.

“We’re at the Cabin… It's the Windsor's upstate place…”

“That’s not what I meant. I know where we are dude. But you’re telling me about them eventually.”

“Fine… I don't want to talk about them Nate... It's personal...” Eventually he was bright up to come up with a plausible excuse, albeit a flimsy one, but something he could use to keep Nate off his heels for a while. “They’re stretch marks… I was overweight before I got all buff and into sports,” Kennedy said in his best attempt to convince his friend to drop the subject.

“If you say so dude… Now why are we showering together in this “Cabin.” I don't get it dude, but I’m not complaining. I’ve been trying to get you to do this forever!”

Kennedy sighed. Nate Archibald was going to be the death of him at this point. Nate unfortunately had more sides to him than a Rubix cube, and this possessive, horny one was a little too unpredictable for his own good..

“Kyle obviously brought us here. Something must have happened after those guys in the restroom... Ugh... my head hurts.” Kennedy felt a sharp pain in his head as his body suddenly became limp.
Nate barely caught him in time. The two nearly tumbled down together on the slick porcelain before they landed in yet another awkward position.

“Now this is awkward.”

“Here’s your chance to cop a feel Archibald.”

“I don’t remember much either… its all a haze. But I do remember being poked by Kennedy junior once or twice,” Nate said flicking the other teen’s length once more.

“Well if you didn't grind so much you wouldn't have woken the sleeping giant Nate.”

“What else was I supposed to do? You had me perched on your lap! My only other option was giving you a lap dance and I don't think we would have made it out of there alive if I did that.”

Kennedy just slumped his shoulders in defeat.

“We should just sleep together. This tension is no good for our friendship and it will only help further strengthen our bond.”

“Is sleeping with your friends your solution to everything Nate?”

“I have no clue what you’re talking about.”

“I’m sure you don’t,” Kennedy replied in a tone laced with sarcasm. “If and when we do this, no games, no other parties involved. Just you and me somewhere remote and peaceful… I’m sure you have a house somewhere like that.”

“Sure… but when did our lives become so complicated?” Nate asked as the duo began to actually shower. There was more than enough room for the two of them and then some in it. There were several shower heads in the spacious spa like shower cascading down on the males.

“When you decided that you had to get in my pants Archibald. If you were smart you would have schemed your way into them eventually instead of laying all of your cards on the table and failing miserably.”

“No I think it was when I found out you had people out to kill you. It totally makes you cooler. Everyone likes a bad boy.”

“Thanks for reminding me, but this isn’t a movie and I don't need fan girls… err fanboys.”

“No problem, now when am I taking your V-card. Can’t have you dying with it intact. They always kill the virgins first. Think now would be a good time dude?”

“That’s not even funny.”

“It’s my duty as the other half of our bromance to take care of you in times of dire need.” Nate grabbed more than a handful with a cheesy grin plastered upon his damp face.

“Nate.”

“Kennedy.”

“Not now, we need to get downstairs.”

“But Kennedy…”
I don't know what you took tonight, but you're not thinking straight Archibald."

"Of course I’m not thinking straight. I want to be with you."

Kennedy sighed as he stepped out and dried himself off. He was still a little shaky, but most of the alcohol had already burned off… There were indeed a few close calls, but he hadn’t done anything he would regret later yet. It was a good thing or they may have done something the regretted. Who knew Nate was so clingy and into him when drunk? The brunette began to think of all sorts of scenarios in his head.

"Do you need help Nate?"

"Natie needs help!" Nate said gripping himself as he stood perched at the doorway to the shower.

"You are more than capable of taking care of that yourself. You’ve been doing it for years Archibald and will continue to do so after tonight. Now, get dressed so we can get this over with. Then we can sleep together later."

"Now you’re talking my language!"

Kennedy sighed once more as he realized how his last few words came out. He slapped his forehead with his palm on account of his sheer stupidity. This friendship was beginning to become a little toxic.

He was too noble to take advantage of Nate then and there, but for some reason he was beginning to find the idea of being together with the Captain’s son slightly appealing for some reason… Sure he snuck a few glances here and there over the past few weeks in the locker room, but that was just normal teenage curiosity right?

*knock knock *

"You two decent?" Kyle’s voice came on strongly from the other side of the door to Connor’s bedroom.

"Almost… Nate’s still a little out of it."

"Archibald men can’t hold their liquor Kennedy. It’s a fact you’ll have to get used to."

“I know…”

“Just like them always being drawn to Windsor men.”

Kennedy couldn't resist chuckling in response. He didn't know if that was Kyle’s intention but didn't bother to question it or correct him either. Parents take after their children so it would be no surprise certain families would remain friends with each other generation after generation. However he was not a Windsor no matter what they said, and didn't feel like this applied. He was even more frightened to think of Kyle and the Captain’s friendship through the years.

The teen left the room and met Kyle in the hallway as he presumed Nate was now sober enough to take care of himself. If not, he would help his friend in a few minutes. Now it was time to have a bit of a heart to heart while both of the Archibald men were preoccupied.

"About tonight…”

"Like we said before, we don't care who you get involved with. I know you never said it, but it was
obvious something happened in there between the two of you. I’d be a fool to not have noticed the look upon your faces, not to mention that tale you told me. I’d be hard pressed not to have been affected myself, but to be honest I am more concerned with the Captain. He means well but underneath his cool exterior he’s all about image. It’s part of why he approved of Blair and Nate.”

“I’m not going to like what you have to tell me right?”

“Nope… now I need to take a shower myself. Hopefully the Captain hasn’t taken my favorite boxers. He always had a habit of taking what I want to wear,” Kyle joked. It was a lame attempt at lightening the mood, but it was appreciated nonetheless.

“Sounds like Nate when he crashes with me.”

“Like father, like son.”

The two just smiled in one of their “father son” moments. Truthfully Kennedy was glad to have someone like Kyle in his life. He needed the guidance in these dark times indeed. Why were Archibald men so troublesome? Neither of the men could figure it out, nor would they learn any time soon.

“At least he’s sober. Nate just threw himself at me.”

“You didn't take advantage of him despite whether you may want to or may not want to right?” Kyle received a nod in response. “That’s all that matters. You’re going to have urges and it’s how you react to them that matters… Now I’m pretty sure you’ve had “The Talk,” but if you need a demonstration I can be more hands on with you from this point forward.”

Kennedy blushed. He didn't have an idea where this way going.

“That came out wrong didn't it?” Kyle said scratching the scruff on his chin.

“A little bit Kyle.”

A sheepish look graced the older man’s face. “Sorry about that… The coffee should be ready, Sober Nate up and we’ll be down soon. I’ll take a quick shower now that the Captain should be finishing up.”

“Ok.”

The two parted ways to their respective ways. Kyle to his bedroom and Kennedy back to Connor’s.

“Howard why are you still in here?” Kyle asked as he found one Howard Archibald in a pair of pajamas lying on his and Cassidy’s bed.

“I figured we could talk while you shower.”

“Fine,” Kyle said walking toward the closet to get some clothes. He discarded his suit jacket on a hanger with his tie.

“Looking for something?”

“You’re probably wearing them.”

“Very funny Kyle. I haven’t done that in decades.”
“Found them.” The Captain gave Kyle an “I told you so” look.

“See! I can get dressed without picking out what you want to wear!”

“We have more important things to discuss that this.”

“Relax Kyle, we have plenty of time.”

“Well I’m going to shower. Let me hop in before you start talking.”

The Captain gave an odd look. “We’re both men Kyle… men who have the same parts and who have seen every inch of each other.”

“Not exactly the same.”

“Fine, almost the same,” the Captain said in defeat.

“Admit it Archibald you just want to see if the rumor was true.”

“You caught me.”

Kyle removed his shoes the rest of his clothes.

“Just like old times.” A snicker marred the Captain’s face as he turned so his back was facing the other man.

“Get on with it,” a near naked Kyle said turning around from the bathroom. The light glistened across his toned abdomen and white trunks.

“If something happens to me, you’ll look after Nate for me right?” the other man said turning his head and looking Kyle in the eyes.

“Of course, Howard… But what aren’t you telling me? This is very sudden.”

“Kyle it’s better if you don't know,” he said moving from his spot. “Enjoy your shower.”

“But Howard…”

“You’re running yourself haggard Kyle. Relax under the spray and I’ll watch them. You can’t do everything. We can talk later.”

“Fine.”

:-------------------------------------:

Kennedy and Nate sat in awkward silence as the black haired teen was milling about the kitchen to make something for them to eat.

“I guess I got you to cook for me after all.”

“Very funny Archibald.”

“Just trying to lighten the air.”

“If my dad didn't interrupt us that day…”

“What exactly would have happened?” the Captain said as he snuck up behind them and entered
Kennedy blushed at what his friend was implying.

“Kennedy would have made me one of his awesome meals… It’s not fair that he can do so many things…”

“I’ll be the judge of it,” the Captain said to his son.

“What can I get for you Captain?” Kennedy asked cheekily to the annoyance of Nate.

“Hey! I was here first!”

“Well what do you have?”

“There’s a few steaks in the fridge…”

“Then it’s settled.”

“Nate why don’t you keep an eye on the coffee. I’ll go help Kennedy light the grill.”

“Sure thing,” the teen said as he stared at the percolator on the stove with an adorable look of confusion.

The Captain and Kennedy moved the back patio. As he opened one of the French doors he turned to face the elder Archibald.

“I know you know something Captain.”

“I have no clue what you’re talking about.”

“That day at your house when Nate and I were studying… I saw something familiar there.”

“And that was?” the Captain said intrigued as he loaded some charcoal into the grill.

“A picture of your yacht.”

“I have a lot of those.”

“It was who was in that particular picture that stuck in my mind…”

“Can you be more specific?” the Captain said as a flame covered the charcoal.

“What were you doing in the picture with MY therapist?”

The Captain shifted, clearly confused. “I have no clue what you’re talking about.”

“I’m sure you do, but that’s not the only thing. For Nate’s sake I won’t say anything else, but I know you know something… Being connected to HIM is one strike against you.”

Kennedy walked away and smiled as he nearly bumped into Kyle as he made his way out with the steaks.

“You okay Son?” Kyle asked concerned.

“My stomach doesn’t feel too good. I’m going to lie down for a bit. It’s probably just the alcohol.”
“Why don’t you crash in my bed? I’ll get you when the food’s ready.”

“Thanks for the offer, but I’m sure Nate would rather keep me company in Connor’s room. I don’t trust him unsupervised in the house, let alone with the coffee.”

“If that’s what you wish Sport. Just keep it PG.”

“I just wish my life was simpler.”

“The moment you left Boston you signed away all rights to that.”

“I know… my life has never been normal and its only going to get worse from this point.”

“You’re family now so we’ll deal with it together.”

“As much as I loved this moment Dad, the steaks won’t cook themselves.”

Kyle was a little speechless at the comment. “You just called me Dad.”

“It felt right,” Kennedy said going in for a hug. Kyle was too stunned at first to reciprocate but was snapped out of his reverie by not so subtle coughing on the teen’s part. “Was it too soon? I can stop calling you that… But thanks for everything.”

“Rest up Son.”

Kennedy closed the door behind him with a ghost of a smile as Kyle walked over to the grill.

“Everything okay Howard?”

“No… He knows something… He thinks I’m involved in everything... I don’t know why, but I need to get to the bottom of it.”

“Howard, why would he suspect that?”

“He recognized someone in one of the photos at my house… I don’t know which one he’s talking about, but I’ll need to figure out which one. I don't know any therapists and I have dozens of pictures of my yachts.”

“Then we need to ask Nate.”

“How do we do that?”

“That’s your job Captain. It’s in your court. I already have two sons to deal with, I don't need yours too.”

Kennedy you don't look too good?” Nate said oblivious to what had just transpired outside.

“I think I’m going to lie down.”

He began walking away from the other teen before turning around.

“What?”

“You’re not coming?”
“Why would I? I was told to watch the coffee!”

Kennedy sighed. “It’s already boiled… We just turn it down like so, and voila coffee’s done,” the black haired teen said the other teen.

“Oh.”

“Now let’s try this again… I’m going to lie down Nate.”

Nate smiled. “Why don’t I join you?”

“Thanks,” Kennedy said embarrassed that he had to beg for company, but in this moment of weakness he let his guard down.

“No problem dude.”

The pair continued up the stairs and into Connor’s bed. The pair lay there under the covers just there doing nothing else.

“Thanks again.”

“I should be thanking you Kennedy.”

“Who would have thought we would end up in bed together?” Kennedy croaked, thusly ruining his moment.

“I did!” Nate replied confidently.

“You didn’t.”

“Slightly differently, but yes I did picture us further cementing our bromance tonight.” Nate inched his way closer.

“If I didn’t feel like utter crap right now then maybe you’d get some… but I have a date with the toilet right now,” he said ruining toward the toilet.

The sound of heaving and vomit hitting the toilet bowl alerted Nate to his friend’s distress.

“And I’m the one who can’t handle my liquor?” Nate said rubbing his friend back.

Tears were present in the corners of Kennedy’s brown eyes as he gave his friend a brief smile before emptying the contents of his stomach once more.

“Don’t worry about it K, I’m sure you’ll have to take my place in the future.”

“I’m sure I will.” Kennedy let out a slight moan as Nate rubbed a specific spot on his back.

“Looks like I did get lucky tonight.”

“No you didn’t… That hurt.”

“No that was definitely a moan,” Nate said rubbing that spot again, smirking slightly when another moan was elicited, this time longer and more pronounced.

“I’m puking my brains out and all you can think about is getting into my pants?”

“Pretty much.”
“Some bottom you are.”

“Hey, I only promised for just the one time.”

“Well I believe I know a more sensitive spot of yours Archibald.”

“I have no clue what you’re talking about.”

“Oh to be a blonde…”

“That wasn't a very nice thing to say to the guy rubbing your back especially when he isn't blonde.”

“Well if your other hand wasn’t moving south maybe my tone would be a little different.”

“Just admit it, you love me K.”

“As a friend definitely. As a brother maybe eventually. Anything more… I don’t think so.”

Kennedy turned his attention back to the toilet as he emptied the remainder of his stomach’s contents into it.

“You can deny it all you want, but in the shower earlier it was kind of obvious there was something.”

“Archibald I don't feel like discussing this right now.”

“Well I do.”

“Are you sure you even like me? Or is it the idea of rebelling against everything that its giving you a literal and figurative hardon? When you have an answer then maybe, just maybe we can try something.”

“You’re making my head hurt.”

“Well your actions could hurt a lot more people if you don’t sort things out.”

The two just remained there in silence. The sound of the faucet dripping was the only noise other than their breathing that interrupted the silence of the bathroom.

“Nate we can’t.”

“You’re worse than Blair with all of the mixed signals.”

“Thanks for the compliment,” Kennedy replied sarcastically as he stood up. The brunette was confused at the comment to be honest but wasn’t going to let that weakness show in this already not so great moment.

“You two would probably be good friends if she weren’t…”

“Such a bitch?”

“Fine… such a bitch and you weren’t seducing her boyfriend.”

“And here I thought all you had were your looks and your athletics.”

“Don’t forget the magic between my legs.”
The duo laughed awkwardly.

“Bed?”

“No, I’m up for some meat right now. I’m very hungry all of a sudden.”

“Well I have a special cream sauce that would pair well with your meat craving if you’d like to try it.”

“Nope, doc says I need to cut back on dairy. Something about me getting fat.”

“Well I could think of a few ways to burn off some extra calories.”

“Nice try Archibald, but I want real food.” Kennedy walked toward the bedroom door.

Nate deflated. “Well it was worth a shot.”

Kennedy turned around and very convincingly said, “Maybe for dessert?”

Nate nearly tackled his friend. “Tease.”

“Man whore.”

“Just admit you love me, there’s no other reason you keep playing hard to get.”

“No can do. Now back away Archibald before I kick your ass for getting between me and my food.”

A smile graced Nate’s face once more as he did what he was told. There were some battles worth losing, and this was one of them… A caffeine deprived Kennedy was scary, but a hungry one was terrifying.

Some interesting things are beginning to pour in, but I will withhold them until I receive confirmation. If you've done something naughty recently be prepared to be busted. I have your number.

XOXO, Gossip Girl

Kinky enough? I haven't decided whether I should increase the smut or not... Let me know.

-griff
You're Not Sorry Part Six

Chapter Summary

A little something extra... (Accidentally posted the following chapter in place of this one)

The Archibald's, Kennedy, and Mr. Windsor talk further. Things get even stickier...

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__________________________

Spotted. Connor Windsor sneaking off with a female companion. So much for turning his act around. What would K say if he saw you sneaking off in the middle of the night with a lady friend?

XOXO, Gossip Girl

__________________________

The four men sat in awkward silence around the Windsor’s table and ate their meal. The night sky had long given away to the sun. Peaks of color were beginning to weave their way amongst the black and blue as the quarter nursed their coffee, steak and eggs. Kyle was the first one to make a move.

“I’ve done some research Kennedy…”

“And?”

“You’re a ghost… you’re not supposed to exist.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” the teen replied irritated, raising his voice in annoyance.

“What Kyle means is that almost all traces of you other than your school transcripts have disappeared. Even your medical records have vanished… If didn't know where you were treated all those years ago I would have been even more hard pressed to find anything,“

“What do you mean Dad?” Nate asked confused, his eggs now forgotten.

“He means that he found me adrift at sea N.”

“While we’re on the subject…”

“I was trying to kill myself if that’s what you were wondering Captain…” the teen replied sarcastically though his delivery did little to dissuade his audience.

“Why would you do that?” Kyle interjected concerned.

“I can’t do this,” Kennedy said getting up, only to be pulled back by Nate.
“We’re trying to help and you need to stop being a whiny little bitch and face the music right now.”

“Nate!” “Nathaniel, that was uncalled for.”

Kennedy was the one that broke the awkward air as he sat back down, this time ready to clear the air to an extent.

“He’s right, I should face my demons… I’m not ready to tell you everything, but let’s just say a certain man had done me wrong and I couldn't live with myself afterward… It wasn’t the first time, but I had hope it was the last when I set myself off to sea… He’s the person I was talking about before Captain… The therapist. Finding him will give you most of your answers.”

“Kennedy, thank you for sharing,” Kyle said as he hugged the teen. The Captain and Nate both shared that sentiment but remained seated in their seats.

“Now that I’ve felt a weight lifted off my chest, what did you two want to tell us?”

“Kennedy we found a possible lead on who your parents were, but we’re going to need a DNA sample to confirm things.”

“Sure thing, just let me know what you need and I can give it to you right now.”

“Well Nate can help extract it,” the Captain said with a straight face as he tried to keep it together.

The teens shared looks of horror before Kyle punched his colleague on the arm.

“Now that Howard has made that awkward joke, I’ll get down to business… We can discuss that particular subject later, but there is something you two should know about.

The teens turned the Windsor patriarch.

“After some help from young Charles Bass, I was able to get a lead on a few things. Apparently some of those accidents you told me about before Kennedy caught the eye of the FBI.”

“So I wasn’t crazy.”

“No, there was a bit of a pattern from what he was able to get his hands on…”

“I knew it!”

“Combined with what you told me about your escapades in the restroom,” the teens had the decency to blush. “Has led me to believe that there is much more than you being a target… You obviously know something that someone doesn’t want anyone to know… Now the question is what?”

Nate took the initiative to put the pieces together.

“You think its THAT man don’t you,” Nate asked. “The man that wronged you... The uhhh therapist?”

“To be honest the thought crossed my mind a few times.”

A chiming of their phones shifted the teens attention. The adults were confused by the looks on their teens’ faces.
“She always knows,” Kennedy said with a smile.

“Who?” the Captain asked.

“Gossip Girl right boys?” Kyle asked before the teens passed their phones over.

“Well this does make things messier.”

“You still have the numbers for your former handlers right Kennedy?”

“Yeah, why?” the teen asked Mr. Windsor confused.

“Maybe its time for them to make a reappearance.”

“While that would be normally true, THEY would be expecting that,” Kennedy said in defeat.

“That doesn’t rule out them aiding our efforts… Other agents could pose as minders or friends of Connor…”

“I still don't like it.”

“You don’t have to,” the Captain interrupted. “Your safety is important to all of us… I did however find a link to all of those deaths though.”

The other occupants of the room looked at the Captain as if he were crazy.

“They were all St. Jude’s alumni or connected to the school through a male relative, thought very distantly in some cases.”

“So this means I might not even be safe in my own apartment?”

“I wouldn't go that far, but the possibility is out there.”

“But its fun studying there!” Nate whined to the amusement of his father.

“Never thought you would whine about not being able to study.”

“Something about that place makes me want to study.”

“Yeah, my cooking,” Kennedy whispered, but not low enough for the Captain to miss.

“The way into an Archibald’s heart is through competition or their stomach, and fortunately both of them are on your side young man. You have earned yourself a companion that will stick by you through thick and thin for the remained of your days.”

Kennedy didn't like the predatory smile both Archibald men shared.

“What else do you have?”

“To be honest Kennedy we think there’s a chance you aren’t your parent’s child.”

“What?” Kennedy replied.

“You said your parents were Boston natives, so it is conceivable they were just that, but left the task of raising you. Your loved ones each had a connection to St. Jude’s in some manner or another so it’s very possible your parents were in a similar situation. Do you even remember their names?”
“No… I was too young at the time to really worry about any of that… As a child I didn't really find it odd I had no aunts or uncles… Now that I think of it there wasn’t even a funeral that I can recall. I don’t even know where their graves are. The social workers thought it would be better if the “state” took care of everything… I don't even have their will.” The teen had a distinct look of anguish and frustration painted upon his face as his fingers ran through his ebony locks as he realized how mishandled everything was.

“So we don't even know if they really died.” The Captain said with a look of triumph on his face.

“Why would you say that?” Kyle knew his friend was onto something.

“You may have been young, but someone would have needed to get rid of the bodies. No funeral or grave is also suspicious for that very reason.”

“What did I get myself into?’ Nate thought sarcastically as he finished a forkful of eggs and began to eye the remaining steaks on the plate between the four males.

Griffin625 snapped this picture of those two men seen entering that bathroom after N and K and exiting before them. Apparently those two men are members of a certain cartel I won’t name for my own safety… Now what were you two really getting up to in that bathroom? It better have just been THAT fashion emergency K… a tragic one that happens from time to time or you're far from the wholesome boy next door you've attempted to pass yourself as.

XOXO, Gossip Girl

Meanwhile the two mystery men from that bathroom were currently in a room waiting for someone to arrive.

“Sorry to keep you waiting gentlemen,” a female voice said as she joined them at a table.

“Things did not go according to plan,” the first male said.

“Of course it didn’t,” she said pulling out her phone and showing a specific website.

“How did they find out?” the second male added.

“Gossip Girl was our gateway into knowing he was here, but it also our possible downfall… Apparently he was in that restroom with the Archibald heir while you two were relieving yourselves… Hopefully you two didn't say anything that could incriminate yourselves while in there.”

“No, of course not,” the second male said.

“Good, now from this point forward the two of you will be relieved of your duties and reassigned to an equally pressing matter.”

“Yes milady,” the two said as they got up from the table and headed for the door.

“Gentlemen, I do not tolerate failure. You two wasted a perfect opportunity. See to it that it doesn't occur again.”

The two exited the room with chills down their spines. When they were a good distance away they
let out a sigh of relief. They were lucky she did not know what they had done in there when the two teens were in there…

“This is your fault.”

“My fault?”

“You couldn't resist.”

“Didn’t stop you?”

“I had to relieve myself too.”

“I know,” the male said with a knowing smile.

“If they were in there, I can only imagine what the two of them were up to.”

“Maybe what we were doing?”

“Like that would happen, Archibald has been engaged to Waldorf’s daughter off the record since kindergarten.”

“We came together didn't we?”

“More out of need than anything else… there aren’t exactly a lot of women in this business after all.”

“Keep telling yourself that at night Ace.”

Blair Waldorf was frowning. Her weekend was ruined officially now that Nate had disappeared. He was supposed to swing by afterward and he ditched her for that Blake kid… Honestly she didn't see what her boyfriend saw in the other male… Sure there were brains, athletic prowess, and a nice smile, but there was something as wrong about him as a knock off pair of Louboutins.

The final details were coming together and she wasn't going to let this stop her. So her grand scheme was unleashed. Step one was to push Nelly away from Kennedy, causing the Asian genius to grow closer to the newest student. Secondly she would lead Nate into a false sense of security by inviting his new friend. Then she would push until she came to an appropriate conclusion about the worthiness of the Blake kid. With a friend like Chuck Bass in his arsenal, he was either a pity case or someone dangerous. Blair Waldorf was not one to take her chances.

So it was much to her surprise when she received a parcel without a card, a crimson and gold box.

‘Secret admirer?’ she thought with girlish innocence as she brushed a stray lock from her ear.

The satin ribbon quickly fell victim to her curiosity as did the top of the box and the monogrammed tissue paper that lined said box. Inside she found a card, which she quickly read. Her name was beautifully written in scarlet ink on the envelope.

Blair,

Thanks for the invite to you party. I’m honored you would think of inviting me. Sorry for stealing your boyfriend, but I’m sure you understand how difficult it is to get him to buckle down and hit
the books.

I’m kind of new to all of this, which I’m sure you’ve heard about, so I hope this doesn’t offend you in any way. Nate has been a big help, though I’m beginning to question some of his advice… Hopefully you can take this token and we can attempt to get to know each other for Nate’s sake?

I’ll see you then.
-Kennedy

:-------------------:

Blair was speechless. She knew better than to believe rumors, but she had assumed he was just another illegitimate child trying to force his way into her world. However she was beginning to now wonder if her boyfriend was right after all… This gift almost made her regret executing her grand scheme, key world almost.

‘He has good taste,’ the queen of Constance thought as her fingers traced the object, a leather bound book. A first edition of a classic she had read countless times. While it was no Hermes bag, it was the thought that surprised her. She almost thought nothing else of it, but her knowledge of fashion knock offs made her open the volume to determine whether it was the real deal or more belonging of Brooklyn.

A second envelope, this time much smaller, graced her this time between the folds of the first few yellowed pages.

:-------------------:

Blair,
Didn’t trust me now did you? Surely someone told you not to judge a book by its cover?

It’s the real deal. If you’re this discriminating about a gift, I’m a little afraid to see what you have to say about me.

-Kennedy

:-------------------:

Blair had the decency to blush. He knew her too well apparently. And while a little fear of Blair Waldorf was always good in her books, it also haunted her for a moment. She thought for a moment that just maybe she was wrong. But then she retracted that thought as she began to reinterpret the entire thing as an attack on her character.

‘I’ll show him! That nice guy act won’t work on me!’

The gift however did not leave her hand during her internal struggle. Throughout the monologue her thoughts paced violently but the volume did not leave her hands no matter how often or how much they flailed about in frustration.

‘I’m keeping this either way.’

:-------------------:

Spotted Queen B out with a large parcel. I wonder who’s the lucky recipient of B's generosity. Hopefully this isn't another one of her schemes.
Like the banter of the Archibald and Windsor men? I know it's a little short but it was a needed transition between the chapters on either end of this one.

-griff
Tell Me Why Part One

Chapter Summary

(Originally posted as Ch 17 by accident, so go back to read it if you are confused)

Spotted K and B dining out? Let the good times roll... Or will it be heads that are rolling?

Disclaimer: I don't own any of the Gossip Girl Universe outside of any original characters, concepts, or locations not seen in the actual books or TV show.


Spotted, B and K without N in sight? Don’t tell me B has thrown away her king for a newer model? Either way your are looking fabulous today B. And K, you’re even hotter when you’re not in skin tight pants. After this conversation, I don't think you’ll ever do it again if you want to remain N’s friend. B has a certain image to uphold after all.

You really like cream don't you K?

XOXO, Gossip Girl


Kennedy sat at the predetermined table minutes before the agreed upon time. He watched the second hand of the clock move about on the clock above his head. He knew better than to anger the Queen B and tried to feel as comfortable as possible, which was not easy. He had to admit that he was wary of accepting the invitation, but knew better than to turn down one of Blair’s carefully monogrammed invitations. It was not going to be much of a wait, but Kennedy would rather be extra early than a few minutes late.

“You made it I see,” Blair said walking over to the table at a comfortable pace. Her heels clicked as they made contact with the stone floor.

Kennedy got up from his seat as she approached.

“You got my gift I take it?” he asked pulling out her chair.

“I did, it was suitable.”

“Oh? I figured it wouldn’t have even been opened to be honest.” Kennedy replied with an dismissive tone as he pushed her chair in for her. Blair had the decency to blush as he sat back down across from her at the table. The teen before her was many things, but being one dimensional like many Upper East Siders was not one of them.

“I’ll have you know I’m one of the top students at Constance AND St. Jude’s.”

“That wasn’t meant as an insult to your intelligence Blair. I just figured you wouldn’t have bothered opening the book considering how much everyone seems to think you hate me.” The males voice
dropped slightly as he finished the last part. “Even your dear boyfriend seems to think so.”

“I don’t hate you perse.”

“That’s nice to know because I’ve never hated you… There were many things that could have led to such actions, but it was not fair to do so without actually interacting on a civil level before hand.”

The brunette gave him a challenging looking to elaborate further.

“We’ve never interacted enough to hate each other have we? In fact I don’t ever really speaking more than a handful of words in your presence.”

“No, I guess we have not.” Blair hated to admit it, but he did have a good point. She was so wrapped up in hating Chuck’s latest friend that her irrational dislike of the slimy teen had caused her to become less than what was expected of a New York socialite such as herself.

“Now what do you want to know about me Blair? I’m sure there’s plenty of things you would like to know. We have plenty of time to do so since I’m sure you were more than capable of eliminating all possible distractions for both of us for the rest of the evening. If we’re going to be frank with each other, then let’s get it over with. I know you haven’t exactly been keen on me being around your boyfriend, but Nate’s been the best friend I could wish for since I’ve got here. And to be honest I know you’ll be by his side for a long time so we should really give this a shot since its obvious he wants both of us in his life.”

A pregnant pause took place after Kennedy’s final words as Blair thought of the perfect words for her epic response. However Blair did live up to her title of Queen B, as she threw Kennedy for a loop when she went straight down to business.

“Favorite book.”

“Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire.” Kennedy said this with a straight face that almost unnerved the female.

“Seriously? That’s so juvenile. I expected better of you with your grades.”

“No, but it’s up there on my list. There’s a lot of great messages for children hidden underneath all of the fantasy and I feel like I can relate to a lot of the lessons that are in the book. However I’ve always been partial to Shakespeare if you’re looking for something more mature. There’s something about the timelessness of his words that really speaks to me.”

“Interesting…” she said taking a sip of the sparkling water. The awkward silence loomed for another few moments as they waited for the waiter to arrive. In the mean time she allowed Kennedy to ask a question. “It’s your turn.” The male raised an eyebrow in response. “It’s only fair.”

“What is your dream school? I’m sure with your brains any of them should be well in reach money or no money. You’re the walking Saint of Constance if I’m not mistaken.”

“I’m glad you’ve been doing your homework. But if you had truly done your homework you would have known that,” she scoffed. “It’s Yale by the way.”

“Did you forget I don't have your well built social network at my fingertips? From cradle to first coach dress, you have established a reliable information gathering system. I’m new to the city so I basically have Nate and the Windsor’s to guide me. Besides I already knew the answer to that, but still felt it prudent to ask it nonetheless.”
“Well I guess not everyone can compete with those on the Upper East Side, no matter how talented or well connected they are.”

When the waiter arrived Blair ordered for the two of them without batting an eyelash.

“I’m glad you didn’t order my dessert as well or you may have needed to get me an epipen.”

Blair chose to ignore that comment as she took her turn and did not feel like wasting her turn so soon.

“How are you connected to the Windsor family?” she nursed her glass of wine as the other teen hesitated to respond. Well underage drinking was not exactly frowned upon here, it still unnerved the teen to see establishments condoning it so easily.

“Honestly, I’m not… I didn’t even know them before I arrived in the city if you have to know. They’re just my host family while I’m staying here in the city. They’re really awesome for the lack of a better word, and the family I wish I could have had growing up. They’re really taken me under their wing and treated me as one of their own.”

“What do you mean… Oh wait sorry.”

“It’s fine Blair. As you already know, I’m not from around here. For such a fashion icon with an eye for detail, my initial post on Gossip Girl should have made it quite obvious… Even to someone not interested in sports. I’m from Boston, which could be a curse or a blessing depending on how you look at it. My parents signed me up for St. Jude’s as a baby and a spot has been saved for me since then. And on account on them not being here the Windsor’s are keeping an eye on me while I finish up school as I have no next of kin that I’m aware of.”

“Oh…” Blair was caught completely off guard by the brutal honesty in his words.

“What is your greatest ambition?”

“To become a strong, independent, successful woman. To be half the woman my mother is.” The confidence with which the female brunette said it helped Kennedy see why his friend could be so in love with the manipulative female.

“You’re well on your way to that to be honest Blair. I can see why Nate fell for you. He may not always show it, but he’s madly in love with you.”

“Thank you,” she stammered. All her fears about Serena began to wane, but at the same time there was a nagging feeling at the back of her head that said Kennedy was hiding something by making that comment. ‘Blair Waldorf does not stutter. Especially not in front of unworthy males!’ “Your turn again.”

“No it’s fine Blair. You’ve answered all the questions I wanted answered.”

“Surely there’s something else. I’m Blair Waldorf!”

“No, I already know that you are hopeless romantic that is annoyed by the lack of parenting her distant mother makes. You want the fairytale happy ending, but you know it can all come crashing down in an instant with one unplanned moved so you are constantly planning two steps ahead. You also enjoy micromanaging and being in complete control when you’re not watching the classics.”

Blair was silent. Either he could read her soul or he had been in contact with her former best friend. She was praying that it was the later.
“Don’t be so surprised, I’m good at reading people.” Kennedy sipped his coffee as he waited for a bigger out lash.

“Who told you?”

“Like I told you, I’m good at reading people. From your posture to the way you talk, there are a lot of clues that give away glimpses into the true Blair Waldorf. And no I am not talking about the fashionable dictator at Constance.”

“Hmph.”

Kennedy took that as a sign of defeat. “It looks like our appetizers are here, you still have plenty of time to air my dirty laundry.”

Blair was tempted, but remained silent. She didn't want to look too curious after all. She was relieved when Kennedy was greeted with a familiar dish.

“Nate told me all I wanted to know by the way, it’s impossible to get anything on you otherwise,” she said without a care as she began eating her salad. “You’re good to keep all of you stuff away from Gossip Girl’s clutches.”

“Well he doesn’t know how to keep those lips shut now does he?” Kennedy joked attempting to lighten the mood. “He’s quite the blonde.”

“No he doesn’t. I remember one time in elementary school Nate and … this girl…”

Kennedy smiled as he continued to listen to Blair go on and on about her childhood with his “best friend.” He would actually be able to admit to anyone that the rest of the meal was actually enjoyable, but he never would. They both had images to uphold after all.

This better be important,” Blair said to no one as she stopped to check her phone.

“Why don’t you take that while I use the restroom?”

“Of course. Don’t be gone too long, Nate isn’t here this time.”

“I’m never going to live that down will I?”

“Nope,” she said with a hint of success in her tone.

“Can’t say I didn’t try,” he said with a smile that reminded the brunette of her boyfriend.

As Kennedy walked away she checked the screen, which showed a new text message.

How’s it going? Go easy on him. -Nate

Instead of texting him back, she called her boyfriend instead as she was not that kind of girl.

“Nate?” Blair’s voice was slightly quivering which kind of alarmed her boyfriend that something could have possibly gone wrong.
“Hey Blair, how’s it going?”
“Good actually… he’s pretty acceptable considering he’s from Boston.”
“I knew you would see it my way.”
“You did not just say that!”
“So I can keep my new friend right?” Nate asked in a voice eerily familiar of a child asking a parent if they could keep a stray as a pet.
“On a provisional basis of course… your grades have not come in yet.”
“The Captain likes him…”
“Well, I am not your father Nate.” Blair’s tone indicated she was clearly irritated. “Nor am I your mother.” Blair added the second part for good measure.
“Just tread carefully Blair, he’s not a bad guy, but everyone’s allowed their secrets.”
Blair was lost in thought after he made that comment. It was eerie how Nate had picked up on her faux paus so easily and unintentionally. Eventually she became lost at the thought of a darker chapter in her life as he began to ramble on and on about something meaningless..
“Blair you there?”
“Oh sorry, just trying to figure out what to have for dessert.”
“Just make sure Kennedy gets lots of coffee, I need to ace my test. He’s always in a better mode when he has lot of caffeine under his belt.”
“How self-serving? I thought you cared about me Nate?”
Nate chuckled at her response. “Of course I do or we wouldn't have…”
“Nate someone will hear me.”
“Well its true Blair.”
“Kennedy’s coming back, I’ll talk to you later.
“Coffee Blair. Lots of coffee…”
Nate was cut off as she ended the call.
“Everything ok? Another fashion emergency?”
“No, just got a text from an old friend.”
“Oh?” she said with feigned interest.
“He’s a mutual friend of Nate and I.”
“As long as it’s not Chuck Bass then we’re fine.”
“Actually it was, Chuck and I go way back.”
“I knew this was too good to be true,” she said taking the napkin from her lap and throwing it on the table. “You just had to be his friend!”

“It’s not like that… I know him, but not really… God this isn’t going to make much sense.”

“Well you have five seconds.”

“It’s complicated… I didn’t know him for long, but he wasn’t like how he is now when I knew him. I met him years ago. That one summer was the one that really changed my life.”

“Why do I find that hard to believe?”

“When you take away the money, a lot of his vices go away.”

“Now what did you order me for dessert,” Kennedy laughed as he fixed some of his hair.

“Ok this stops now!” Blair said clearing her throat.

“The you ordering for me? Because if that’s the case I’m all for it. I know you have exceptional taste in fashion so it carries over into food as well right? You seem like the well cultured type.”

“No! Though thank you for acknowledging something my boyfriend won’t!” There was a hint of a triumphant look upon her face before it returned to a slight scowl. “I’m talking about the bang thing! Nate does it and it drives me insane. You are not going to be going around and mimicking it before it becomes the latest trend at St. Jude’s! This stops now!”

“Oh, that’s it? I thought for a second I thought you were going back to hating me.”

“I never hated you.” The brunette blushed at letting out her closely guarded secret. If anything, Blair was more jealous than anything else of the friendship her boyfriend shared with the male currently seated with her. She would never admit it to anyone, but she missed her best friend despite how much she had been hurt by her.

“You just didn't trust me nor want me to be in your world.”

“Just about.” The sickeningly sweet tone and forced smile was a definite turn off to their progress.

“And now?”

“Just drink your coffee.”

“You’re changing the subject.”

“Nate wants to pass his exam. Something I never thought would come out of his mouth. Drink up and we can leave after we’ve discussed a few ground rules.”

“What can I say, I love coffee?”

“You must, as you’re the first person I’ve met that drinks coffee throughout a five star meal instead of just during dessert.”

“I’m addicted to it, just don't tell Nate.”

Blair smiled. “It can be our little secret.”

“Just like strawberries.” Kennedy returned the genuine smile.
“Excuse me?”

“I’m allergic to strawberries… That is something almost no one else knows. Consider it collateral Blair. Not even Nate knows this.”

Confusion etched itself on Blair’s beautiful face as the brunettes began a battle of wills.

“And why are you telling me this?”

“Now you have blackmail on me if I step out of line.”

“I don’t know what…” Blair was cut off by the eerily calm male. ‘Is this backfiring in my face?’

“I don’t expect you to use it, but I know how you value having something over the people you know. You can either use that information for good or for evil. It’s your choice Blair… It’s something not even Chuck or Nate knows.” Kennedy had to applaud himself at his little white lie.

“Why not?”

“It’s never come up… I’m not a big fruit guy and we both know the only plant Nate likes he smokes. And don’t even get me started on Chuck.”

Blair cracked yet another uncharacteristic genuine smile.

“You know them too well…”

“Knowledge is the foundation for trust.”

Blair struggled for a moment before dropping her guard.

“You can go out with Yuki.”

“Excuse me?”

“As long as you’re not tutoring her too, you may go out with her for as long as you want!”

“Very funny…”

“I’m serious.” Blair fiddled with her wine glass as she paused. “I would like to regain my valedictorian status, which I lost to her last year. She’s gunning for Yale as well and I will use every advantage in my book to do so.”

“So you’re hoping a boyfriend on top of everything else would spread her too thin?”

“Has anyone told you that you would make an excellent schemer?”

“Tell me more,” Kennedy said as the head chef came over to their table. “I’ve never earned such a high compliment.”

“In all my years I have never seen a more perfect couple.”

Despite their protests, the chef did not listen to their words.

“Would the two of you mind trying my latest creation?”

Blair didn’t have to be told twice. She was always dying to be ahead of the curve and she was taking this one even if it meant someone thought she was going out with her boyfriend’s newest
best friend.

“We’d be honored.”

“Then I’ll have it brought it out in a moment. Have a nice evening you two. It’s so refreshing to see young love.”

The two teens gave the obligatory thanks before bursting into laughter when he was far enough away to do so safely. They quickly inhaled the savory yet sweet confection that was culinary bliss for the duo.

“I take it we’re friends now?”

“Of course, I can’t afford anyone learning about this. This is far too embarrassing to get out. It could destroy me! And more importantly it could ruin what remains of my relationship with Nate”

“Oh Blair… It would be counterproductive for me to tell him if that’s what’s got your panties in a bunch.”

“Don’t ‘Oh Blair’ me. I’m going to let that snide little comment slide… You can’t afford another scandal on Gossip Girl or you can kiss Harvard goodbye.”

Kennedy raised an eyebrow, but figured Nate had clued her in on that as well.

“I’ll take my chances.

“Really now?” Blair asked with a mocking tone. She didn't take him serious for a moment.

“I didn't come in here completely unprepared Blair.”

“Neither did I Kennedy. You should know that by now.”

The brunette male grinned as he took it all in. He knew that Blair was intense from his few interactions and more than one tidbit of word of mouth, but this really took the icing off the cake.

“I take it that you extracted what you needed from Nate.”

“I did to an extent, but watch yourself. Nate is a wonderful source of information without him even realizing it. While it’s nice to see Gossip Girl has taken an interest in someone else, you haven’t done anything yet to deserve her wrath.”

Kennedy smiled. “If I didn't know any better, I would say you care about me Blair.”

“Can it Blake, Nate would kill me if I didn’t like you.”

“Now was that so hard to admit?”

“Yes.”

“Blair.”

“Yes?” she replied without looking up from her phone.

“I have a question to ask you, but it’s going to sound silly.”

“Hurry up with it, we don’t have all day.” The irritation was evidently beginning to show on her face.
“What’s with the headbands?”

“I’ll be glad to tell you,” she said with glee and she linked hands with the male and dragged him along.

Kennedy immediately regretted those words as a predatory gleam appeared in her eyes as she began on a tirade about the importance of her favorite fashion accessory… Blair definitely kept up her end of the bargain. He did indeed get lots of coffee into his system. He just didn't show up when as planned. Her lecture of the fundamentals of the headband went way over the scheduled time frame.

“…What ran you over? You look like death.” Connor asked as Kennedy walked through the door.

“You didn’t have to wait up for me Bro.” The brunette attempted to deflect the question but to no avail for the blonde too was a master of that art.

“I’ve got a pot of coffee perking. Now tell me why you’re sneaking in at 2 in the morning on a school night right now or I’ll call Mom and Dad.”

“Speak for yourself! You’re such a little snitch.”

“Hey watch it! I’m only looking out for you… And I know you really meant another word that rhymes with it.”

“I had dinner with Blair Waldorf before I headed over to Nate’s to study if you must know,” the teen said discarding the necktie and suit jacket had been forced to wear for the last half of a day.

“Yippee a private little show!”

“Can it Connor or I’ll tell them about what you were doing with Lancaster and Winchester last weekend when the three of you thought I was sleeping.”

“You wouldn't dare Little Brother…”

“Oh looking the coffee’s ready! Saved by the percolator!” The teen made a mad dash away from the annoyed college student, only to be pulled back by the collar of his shirt.

“You’re not getting away that easily!”

“But Bro the coffee!”

“The coffee can wait. I want to hear all about why you’re not going to be getting much shut eye tonight… I can already tell you are amped on coffee as it is Mister. This would have anything to do with why Nate’s been texting me all day now would it?”

“I have no idea what you’re talking about Connor,” the brunette said kindly. “Maybe he wants in your pants too! I wouldn't put it past him.”

“Now, wouldn’t you like that,” Connor said facing the teen, his warm minty breath hitting the teen dead on and causing Kennedy to blush at the close proximity.

K is becoming the king of Late Night excursions. Is he up to no good? Or is he just too dedicated to
his craft? That's the fifth night this week.

XOXO, Gossip Girl

:-------------------:

What did you think of the first real Blair-Kennedy interaction?
-griff
Tell Me Why Part Two

Chapter Summary

Mother knows best? Whoever came up with that idiom never met a certain Upper East Side socialite. Say what you mean and mean what you say.

Disclaimer: I don't own any of the Gossip Girl Universe outside of any original characters, concepts, or locations not seen in the actual books or TV show.

Spotted K getting a new set of wheels with big brother and Dad. The Windsor’s may buy you pretty things, but you’ll never be one of them K. You’ll always be Mystery Boy no matter how many designer labels you have plastered in your closet. Don’t let your guard down or it could all come crashing down quicker than you can protect yourself. You never know when a skeleton can reappear.

XOXO, Gossip Girl.

The first few weeks of school had been relatively tame compared to years past. And the perfect way to end it was with Blair Waldorf’s Kiss on the Lips party. Across the campus everyone was talking about whether invited or not. One teen in particular was excited about the prospect.

Jenny Humphrey had helped Blair with the invitations by doing the calligraphy for them. The first round of invitations had been sent out without a hitch. In fact Blair had received compliments on the quality of them, but Jenny didn’t know that as she was too busy slaving away at more of them to notice that little detail.

Surely Blair could have afforded paying someone to do it, but her money was better spent elsewhere. Who better to trust someone with such a milestone task than one of her minions? If you wanted to be somebody, the best way to do so was to impress someone already where you wanted to be.

On the bright side, her brother had two new hot friends to keeps her dreams filled and her heart heavy. Well to be honest she had only met one of them… The more handsome of the two in her opinion had yet to make her acquaintance. Her brother wasn’t really friends with Nate Archibald… however they both shared one common factor, the very dreamy, in her opinion, Kennedy Blake.

*Knock *

Jenny was snapped out of her thoughts as she heard someone knocking.

‘Maybe it’s Nate… wait a minute, how would he know where we live?’ the blonde thought as she put down the writing implement she used to finish the invitation before her.

A handsome male greeted her as she opened the door, just not the one she had her eyes set on. Fortunately for the blonde, the brunette male’s mind was too preoccupied with other things to
register her reaction.

“Hey Jenny, is Dan here?”

The teen tapped his leather boots on the ground as he waited for a response as Jenny spaced out for a moment, leaving him hanging there as he waited to be invited in. He only prayed that none of their neighbors saw this or Dan would never let him live this down.

“No Kennedy, but you can wait for him if you want,” Jenny said while gesturing him in. She mentally berated herself for doing that, but didn't let it outwardly show. She played it cool and closed the door behind them. Truthfully the two had barely interacted with each other if at all, but she had seen the occasional post of him with Nate or her brother on Gossip Girl and he knew of her through Dan’s overbearing nature. Sometimes they would study at certain cafes or locales just so Dan could keep an eye on her without being too obvious… Well not too obvious to her as Kennedy saw through all of it.

Jenny was a nice girl in Kennedy’s opinion, but she wasn’t completely up there. He saw the ambition and brains, but he also saw plenty of insecurity that scared him. He knew Dan was of a similar nature, but something didn't feel right about her to him. Kennedy kept his distance but was always cordial. In fact it seemed like the only thing that she had in mind was making her way to the top even if it meant stepping over the backs of her current friends to do so.

While she was unfortunately on better terms with Kennedy than his friend Nate, she had to admit he was also quite handsome in her opinion. She had more of a thing for blondes so Kennedy was safe to say the least… for now. In fact his vague resemblance to her brother is likely what immediately moved him to the friend zone instead of leaving the possibility for a crush.

“No problem,” she replied as they stood in awkward silence. Their attempts at small talk failed as they had yet to find some common ground to speak about.

“That’s odd… he told me to meet him here to study right about now.” Kennedy continued to look at the time on his phone as if staring at it would speed up time itself. “He’s usually good about being on time…” The male’s frustration was beginning to show itself and Jenny could help but become slightly amused. There was something about it that she would have immediately found attractive if it were someone else doing it, but she only found it fitting that someone else was on the end of Dan’s tardiness.

“Do you want anything to drink?” Jenny realized how much of a poor hostess she was being when she noticed the male cough another time. “I have no clue when he’s going to be back to be honest so you have plenty of time to have something to drink before he returns home.”

“No I’m fine… I’m not really thirsty to be honest. Just got a tickle in my throat, but thanks for asking Jenny,” Kennedy said with a boyish grin that immediately made her think of a certain Nate related blast. “I don’t think Dan would appreciate me hitting my so-called coffee limit before one o’clock in the afternoon.”

“At least it's an innocent habit… so many people at school have much worse ones.”
The two shared an awkward laugh. It was very true. The Upper East Side kids seemed to fall victim to drugs, alcohol, and other crime worthy activities than your average American. It was as if being handed everything on a silver platter made reveling fun… Well it was kind of true to an extent. But the reality was much closer to be that money can get you anything you want. Access to a trust fund can make acquiring people, places, Pinot, and pills quite easy after all.

“I know what you mean.”

“Sorry to play the bad hostess card, but I really need to get back to work. Do you mind?” She said shifting her weight. It was quite obvious she wasn’t enjoying his company. And to be frank the feeling was mutual.

Kennedy was too annoyed to really be his normally charming self, not that she would really care. From their few encounters he knew she was hiding something. Something was obviously troubling her but he didn't know what. The Humphrey siblings were more alike than they would admit.

“What are you working on? Need any help?” he asked as his boredom got the best of him after she looked toward her room for the hundredth time. Ever the gentleman, Kennedy put her needs over his own—even though he had a big test to study for with Dan and multiple with Nate before the day was through.

“No, just finishing up some things for Blair Waldorf’s party?”

“Is that ink on your hands?” Kennedy asked he began to put two and two together.

“Yes.” She admitted it with sheepish look on her face. As a friend of Blair’s boyfriend, Jenny was going to use this to her advantage. ‘I hope you can keep a secret,’ she thought to herself as she braced herself for what was coming next.

“You did them didn’t you?” The male asked, noticing a fallen card she must have dropped in her haste to answer the door.

“Yeah.”

“You’re quite talented.” Jenny blushed at the rare moment of praise she was being showered in. She relished in the praise as it was only one degree of separation from Nate appreciating it. “What do you get out of it?”

“This girl in my art class, who I assume is one of her close friends, told me I’d get one of my own if I did them for Blair.”

“That’s pretty cool…” Kennedy had to admit the plan was genius… for Blair. It was obvious was going to play out, but this was one lesson Jenny needed to learn on her own as there was no way she was going to believe him as her hero worship for Blair was already far too great. “At least one of you Humphreys is moving up on the social ladder through hard work.”

“I wouldn’t be so sure of that,” said Dan as he arrived through the door.

“How did you hear us?” Jenny asked her brother.

“Kennedy has a big mouth.”

“Do not.”

“Do too! I could hear you as I was opening the door.”
“Whatever man, you’re just jealous I’m more popular than you.”

“You can have Blair Waldorf.” Dan couldn’t believe that said brunette had warmed up a bit to his friend. He knew it must have been something huge for it to come to that—namely a certain gossip girl blast.

“You don’t mean that! She’s the Queen of Constance!” Jenny exclaimed in disbelief.

“Popularity isn’t everything Jenny.” Surprisingly it was Kennedy who made the revelation and not Dan!

The two Humphrey’s gave the other teen a weird look. For someone who had quickly moved up the social ladder with no bribery or ill intentions, Kennedy was quite the hypocrite.

“Says the kid who has wormed his way to the top through Nate Archibald.” Jenny’s ears perked at her brother mentioning THAT name.

“Not my fault you two don’t mind each other. Makes my life so much easier Dan.”

“Speaking of Archibald, where is he? Shouldn't he be studying with us?”

“Well you were the one who changed the location after all Humphrey... Not to mention the time. You kind of did all kinds of things to screw up our study session. Thanks to you I’m going to get no sleep tonight.”

“Well, you know…” Dan looked down with his hands in his pockets.

“Just admit it, you don’t like my apartment.”

Jenny had enough of this. Her brother was acting suspiciously and she had enough things on her plates as it was. She was just going to leave this to her brother’s friend to solve as she had more important things to do like create her dress for Blair’s party.

“Ok lovebirds, I’m getting back to my work.” It was said innocently but Dan couldn’t help but feel like he was missing something as the two males sat down on the couch and Jenny went back to her room.

“Where is he?” Dan finally asked when the coast was clear. He hated lying to his sister, but there were some details she really didn't need to know. If her fascination with Blair was enough of a red flag already for the writer, he could only begin to imagine what a crush on the Upper East Side’s golden boy could do.

Kennedy sighed. Dan was making this way more complicated than necessary. “His dad is taking him to meet some guy from Dartmouth I think... I’m going over there after we finish up here since he needs more than math help... There's no way he would make it here on time so it's just the two of us Humphrey.”

The two ended up sharing a few laughs at the expense of their less academically inclined acquaintance. Truthfully Nate was a pretty good guy deep down but most of the time he came off as a male Serena.

“Seems like a waste of time to be studying here then heading off there later man, not that I’m really complaining as this is going to take a while and I wont have to take the subway home, but it sucks for you,”
“Well you’re lucky that I have a car and that most of the traffic should have died down to reasonable levels by the time we’re done here. I share more classes with Nate so either way I’d have to go meet him at his place since Connor’s having his own study group over tonight… My apartment would have been easier for all of us, but at least now you can make me something tasty while I get setup. For once it feels good to not have to play host and personal chef.”

“Very funny.”

“I have to cook for Nate and you while we’re studying all the time, it’s only fair that you reciprocate the gesture and have to do the same for me right now. It’s not like I make you guys host very often.”

“Fine.” Dan was resigned to comply, but he wasn’t going to be doing anything fancy.

The two finished studying several hours later. While the duo was far from being finished for the night, they were ready to call it a night.

“What do you want to eat?”

“Jenny told me you make amazing waffles, but I don’t have time for that,” the brunette said looking at his phone before making eye contact with the budding writer.

“How about a sandwich then? You can eat it as I kick you out!”

“Very funny Dan.” Kennedy meticulously put away his things. “Sure, just no bologna or ketchup… I might have to go Blair Waldorf on your scrawny ass if you put one or both in said sandwich.”

“You’re in luck! We have turkey.”

“Thank god.”

“Be grateful.”

“Says the kid who just dragged his friend across the city when both friends were already closer to a certain friend’s apartment to begin with because he didn't want me to know he was hanging around with Serena.”

“Shutting up now.”

“Dan, Jenny, I’m home,” a male voice said as the door opened. Dan couldn’t help but snicker at the sight before him as his friend literally freaked out at the unexpected arrival of his father.

“No need to freak out, it’s just my dad,” Dan said as he laughed at the jittery Kennedy. The other teen was easily startled after all, something you definitely wouldn’t think of when you took in the teen’s appearance and personality. Heck for an athlete you would think he would be prepared for surprises, but he acted more like a kid in a horror movie than a normal teenager when off the field.

“Just your dad?” Rufus Humphrey said as he approached the two teens. “I’ll have you know I was in a pretty awesome band called…”

“Lincoln Hawk,” Kennedy filled in before the rocker could continue, much to the surprise of the two Humphrey’s. Dan’s face was filled with a look of horror while the elder Humphrey male could
only grin from ear to ear.

“You’ve heard of me young man?” Dan raised an eyebrow at his father’s theatrics. Trying to play the cool rocker was so not working right now.

“A little, not really my scene, but it’s pretty good still… I’m Kennedy Blake sir,” Kennedy said stretching out his hand. “I’m the one who dragged Dan onto the soccer team.”

“Rufus Humphrey, always nice to meet a fan.”

“You have fans as in plural dad?”

Kennedy smiled as the antics continued between father and son. It was quite different from the Captain and Nate after all. Or even that of Mr. Windsor and Connor. Despite them all being connected by one common factor, each dynamic was so different and complex. There was much beneath the surface in each of the examples.

“Well Dan, I’m going to have to take that to go. I’m going to hit traffic if I wait any longer.”

“Oh, I forget some of us have cars.” Dan’s woe is me tone did not go over well with either of the two other male parties. Mr. Humphrey in particularly did not enjoy it.

“Well excuse me for having guardians who love showering me with expensive things,” Kennedy grinned as he placed a pile of papers before the curly haired teen. “You’re more than welcome to drive me around town instead if you want! I even have sunglasses and a cap if you’re up to the job… I don’t know why you’d want to drive around ever in this city though. It makes Boston look like its the middle of nowhere if you ask me.”

The staring match fizzled out when Kennedy gave in and conceded, as he did indeed not have any more time to waste.

“Here’s my part of the English presentation. I’ve already emailed you an electronic copy, but I figured you would like a hard copy too… since you’re a writer and all. Hope its hipster enough for you Dan.”

“Treading in deep water Blake.”

“Well Humphrey I hate to run, but Archibald is going to whine more than usual if I’m late.” Kennedy turned and addressed the other teen’s father. “Nice to meet you Mr. Humphrey.”

After a few moments the black haired teen exited the loft and the door slammed nice.

“He seemed nice… It’s nice to see you have friends at school Dan.”

“He’s not like a lot of them…”

“As in not rich?”

“Kind of… He’s still a bit of a jock, but a smart one.”

“What’s for dinner?” Rufus asked.

“I just made myself and Kennedy sandwiches… It’s your turn so I should be asking you.”

“Why don’t we order out?”
“Fine with me.”

“What do you want Jenny,” the elder Humphrey shouted.

“Chinese,” the sole female said from her room as she labored away at even more of Blair’s invitations.

“Why don’t you order the usual in an hour Dan?”

“Sure thing Dad, I’ll go study in the mean time,” the teen said taking his sandwich and things into his room.

When his son was safely back in his room, Rufus let out a sigh of relief.

‘He sure looks familiar. Now where have I seen that face before?’ Rufus said aloud to himself as he tapped his fingers along the kitchen counter in a slow paced rhythm as he delved deeper in thought. “I can’t believe young people outside of my children actually know about my music! What’s next? Running into Lily Van der Woodsen again?’

Little did he know, but fate has a sick sense of irony.

Kennedy luckily found a nice wide spot after his second or third drive around Nate’s block. The teen had barely pulled in before he received a text from his space cadet of a friend.

“Thanks dude,” Nate said greeting his friend at the door before the dark haired teen could even reach the door.

“The two of you really know how to mess up my studying,” Kennedy whined. “Neither of you could have let me know earlier? Hookups are kind of spur of the moment so I’ll give Dan that, but you must of known about this for a while dude.” The brunette’s harsh tone surprised the blonde. “Let’s just get this over with before I give into my urge to punch your face… We still have a few hours to study before you make a complete fool out of yourself.”

“Well we both know I’m not a studier,” Nate nonchalantly replied.

Kennedy put an arm around his friends shoulders as they walked toward the blonde’s room. “For a self-proclaimed stud, you should considering stud is in study.”

Nate looked confused.

“Never mind, just tell me you’ve finished your outlines.”

“Well… you see… Blair…” Nate had a guilty look on his face. Kennedy struggled hard to look away from the puppy dog pout. The teen had to admit that his friends blue eyes should be banned indefinitely.

“Nate you’ve had several weeks.”

“I’ll make it up to you…”

“Nate.”

“I’ll do whatever you want.”
“Nate.”

“I’ll even go to Harvard.”

Kennedy put on a thinking face.

“Like you could even get in there Archibald.”

“He could if you’re there to guide him Kennedy,” said a familiar voice, interrupting them. “Though Dartmouth would still be better for the two of you.”

“Did he get the attention span of a fly from his mother?” Kennedy asked the Captain.

“Of course, she’s a socialite after all, a French one at that.”

“Hey! I’m right here. It’s not nice to talk about me or my mother when I’m right here!”

“Grow a pair and get me my coffee before I make a fashionable exit right now.”

“Yes sir!” Nate saluted to the Captain’s horror.

The Captain turned away from his son and back to the brunette. He didn't say anything at first, likely unable to put into words what he wished to express. Even knowing the teen for this amount of time did not allow him to really get to know Kennedy or the friendship he shared with his son Nate.

“You two have a strange friendship.”

“He’s like a lost puppy, I can’t help but want to help him,” Kennedy said completely embarrassed. “I can’t get mad at him no matter how hard I try when he screws up either… Sometimes it makes me feel like a parent… I’m sure you know what I’m talking about.”

“Well I’ll leave you two to studying. Dinner is at seven sharp. We’ve set a place for you.”

“Thanks Captain,” Kennedy said immediately feeling under dressed in his polo, jeans, and flip flops. It took him a moment for it all to sink in how the Archibald’s had snuck in dinner to the study session.

“I’m sure you can scrounge something out of Nate’s closet.”

“Is Mrs. Archibald around?”

“She will be for dinner, that’s why you have to dress up. While I find business attire everyday-wear. I know how you teens are as I was once one as well if you find that hard to believe.” Kennedy chuckled. “I don’t expect her to be home for a while so don’t stress too much. You have plenty of time to get some studying in before you need to get changed for dinner.”

“It would have been nice of Nate to have let me know ahead of time.” The irritation was viable etched onto the teen’s face. If the Captain didn't know any better of the teen’s situation he could have sworn Kennedy was a full blooded Windsor as he acted very much like his long time friend Kyle, right down to some of Mr. Windsor’s mannerisms and colloquialisms.

“I think he just wants to get you into his pants.”

“Very funny Captain,” Kennedy said sarcastically.
“Well he’s not getting into yours that’s for sure. You’re a good size or two smaller.”

The remaining studying before dinner was a silent affair. Nate took pleasure in making his friend suffer to be honest. For once he could see why Blair took such delight in making him suffer while shopping. At first he believed that Blair was being cruel for all of his complaints while shopping, but it was really a control thing. Blair’s sharp eye for fashion could easily make a shopping affair and in and out thing, but dragging it out was the perfect way to get her just desserts.

It took several tries, but Nate was finally able to find something acceptable enough for Kennedy to wear before his mother as he finally came out of the closet, literally. Kennedy could only smirk when he saw they still had price tags on them. They were definitely his style, but he knew better than to accept something from an Archibald without there being any strings attached.

“You can’t buy me off with clothes Nate.”

“They’re from my dad.”

“Sure they are, Archibald.”

“They are dude!” Nate stressed the last syllable in particular. “My mom’s even more about image than he is… And she’s a van der Bilt.”

“You so frickin owe me now Archie,” Kennedy said swooping up the clothes and heading towards Nate’s bathroom.

“You forgot these!” Nate said picking up a pair of silk boxers. “Come on Kenny.”

“You got me into the rest of the stuff, don’t try sneaking in anything else… we still have plenty of studying to do. We don’t even have time for that…”

“Darn… I thought you would forget about it and let me play video games as we work off the calories from dinner.”

“Not a chance. You got a dinner with your parents out of me, you’ve hit your daily quota of favors.”

Nate pouted.

“Maybe next time,” Kennedy teased before he slammed the door. There was a complete one eighty in tone when he spoke his next statement. One moment he was flirty and the next he was colder than ice. Nate’s neck was figuratively sore from the back and forth. “That puppy dog look won’t work on me with the door closed. Your girlfriend let me in on some secrets about you.”

“Like what?” Nate asked as he began getting changed himself, his shirt quickly falling to the floor as he buttoned a crisp blue one in its place.

“You dress like you don’t have money, yet still go out of your way to wear designer brands.”

“That’s no secret.”

“You puppy dog pout your way out of a lot of things.”

“Don’t you already know that?”
“You cheated on your finals last year after Chuck got you stoned the weekend before finals.”

“Wait, how did she know that?”

“She didn’t, but now I have some leverage… I had a feeling something was off if you could get into APs with your study habits Nate.”

“You play dirty Kennedy, I better warn Chuck.”

“Well how do I look?” Kennedy asked as he opened the door to the bathroom.

“I’d say half as good as me… For once my parents may actually think I’m golden.”

“Har har smart ass,” Kennedy said as he smacked Nate on the back of the head.

“Owww what was that for?”

“Oh that was your hair? I thought there was a bug there in all that mess.”

“Yes, you’ve definitely hung out with Blair for far too long.”

Kennedy furrowed his eyebrows. “That’s a bad thing?”

“It is great to finally meet the elusive Kennedy Blake,” the distinct French socialite, Anne Archibald, said in a dry tone as they began eating the first course.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you as well Mrs. Archibald.”

“Call me Anne darling. I am glad that I can finally meet the young man that turned my Nathaniel back into the gentleman he always was…”

The Captain and Nate both remained silent. ‘It appears she’s the one wearing the pants in this family,’ the outsider thought as she continued on.

They had barely moved through their salad and onto their soup when things began to go downhill and become awkward faster than a speeding bullet.

“So what do your parents do for a living?” she asked, completely oblivious to the sudden chill in the air.

“They rest in peace.” Kennedy looked down as he said this, not wanting Mr. Archibald or his son to see how much the comment affected him. Unfortunately Mrs. Archibald was not as bright as her husband or son. In fact she may have been an even bigger disappointment intellectually. Before he could even explain that he lived with the Windsor’s, she kept digging her own grave even deeper.

“So they design those new fangled beds? That’s hardly an acceptable profession… Getting paid to sleep is not a respectable way to earn a living.”

“No, they’re dead… Just like this conversation. I’ll see you at school tomorrow Nate,” the teen said throwing his napkin onto the table and sliding his chair out from the table. He resisted the urge to do something he’d later regret as he stood up. “I’ve suddenly lost my appetite.” Kennedy’s patience was already running thin, but this crossed the line. He was expecting some invasive questioning, but he knew this was his cue to leave.
“Why don’t I show you to the door,” the Captain said getting up from his seat, as Nate just sat there completely shocked at the events that had just transpired at their dining table.

The two walked in silence as Nate stared as his mother in disbelief.

“I’m sorry about my wife… She…”

“It’s ok Captain. We all have our dirty little secrets… Thanks for the suit by the way. It fits like a glove.”

“Well you definitely needed a new one after you know…”

“I was beginning to wonder where some of my clothes went. I was beginning to think I was going insane when I couldn't find my favorite oxford and slacks.”

“Nate went on a little recon mission.”

“I hope the next time I’m over that I can actually stay for the actual dinner.”

“Me too, have a safe drive back.”

“Thanks Captain,” the teen said with a salute as he stepped through the threshold and down the steps. He looked back as he crossed through the fence to see the Captain still watching him with a blank face.

A few moments later he was in his car and headed to a certain blonde’s place.

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There was no response at the door and Connor’s phone went straight to voice mail.

‘What to do?’ the teen thought as he played with the keys in his hand before he received a text.

———

Dinner at the Palace? -Chuck
———

No, tequila?
———

There’s a tall pot of coffee here with your name on it. Take it or leave it.
———

I’m sold. See you soon Chuck.
———

Kennedy smiled. What had started off as a complete disaster had evolved into a happy accident. Nate surely alerted Chuck of what happened, but Kennedy had been neglected his oldest friend so it all worked out in the end. And surely the coffee wasn’t a bad idea either. He could already imagine his taste buds reveling in the distinct bitter taste of the liquid gold.

———

Chuck looked up from his phone with a smile.

“He’s coming. He doesn’t suspect a thing.”

His male companion smiled. “True to your word Bass. True to your word.”
“Well, set yourself up, you’ll get your chance tonight.”

“You sure?”

“Positive, coffee is the way in.”

“Why can’t all you boys be so easy?” the male asked as Chuck raised an eyebrow.

“Kennedy is certainly one of a kind.”

“That he is.”

“Remember our deal.”

“I know, I know.”

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Mystery Boy storming out of Golden Boy’s?

Trouble in paradise boys?

XOXO, Gossip Girl

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Like Mrs. Archibald? She's hiding something big.

And what shipping team are all of you on?

-griff
Tell Me Why Part Three

Chapter Summary

Old habits die hard.

Disclaimer: I don’t own any of the Gossip Girl Universe outside of any original characters, concepts, or locations not seen in the actual books or tv show

C is up to something. Sitting in a bar with a coffee mug? Looks like K’s been summoned. Is this why he stormed out of N’s?

You know the drill.

XOXO, Gossip Girl

“Sorry I’m late,” Kennedy said as he took off his coat and folded it onto the back of his chair.

Chuck gave the other male one of his signature ‘I’m Chuck Bass’ looks before adding, “Rule number one: never apologize for being late.”

“Being fashionably late isn’t my thing.” Kennedy looked quite ashamed of his tardiness. “ I’ll be an hour early to my own funeral and you now that Chuck. I’m too punctual for my own good.”

“But its something you’ll have to get used to. Being late is something expected with all of the traffic in this city.”

“That and my friend poking into my past.” Kennedy folded his arms across his chest and shot a dirty look at his friend for showing the true nature of their meeting right away.

“What are you talking about?” Chuck said with a stone face.

“I’m not a dumb blonde so let’s cut to the chase,” Kennedy sat across from his friend with an annoyed look. “Whatever you’re doing, stop it. I’m honestly don’t have time for it with all of the time I wasted tonight…”

“But Kennedy I have…”

“You’re only opening a can of worms Chuck. I’m not worth it.” Chuck grimaced. “Promise me that you will stop meddling? Chuck I’m serious… You’re better off getting out early before there’s no escape.”

“Kennedy…” The teen cut Chuck off immediately before the bad boy could plead his case.

“A little bird told me a not so conspicuous private investigator was seen in my old stomping grounds asking about me.”
“Kennedy you have a right…”

Kennedy cut off his friend before the normally slimy Chuck get continue his rant.

“Chuck, I’m hungry. Can we just enjoy a dinner as friends? Or will I have to dash and not dine twice in the same night?”

Chuck gave an indignant stare. No one talked to Chuck Bass like that and got away with it... except for Kennedy apparently.

“You remind me a lot of Waldorf, just don’t let her know I said that.”

“I’ll take that as a compliment I think?”

“If that’s what you want to do with it.”

“So what’s for dinner?”

“A trip down memory lane.”

“I’ve been a bad friend lately haven’t I?” Kennedy said as his played with his mug of coffee as he continued with his roller coaster ride of emotions.

“No, I pushed you toward Nathaniel for a reason. You both have had a good influence on the other. However you could turn your eye when…”

“You can skip school when you want Chuck, you’re a big boy. You can make your own decisions and suffer the consequences without getting me involved.”

“That wasn’t what I was going to ask, but I won’t look a gift horse in the mouth.”

“You don’t have to pretend to be anything you’re not. We’re almost adults now. We’re no longer Charlie and Kenny. Just keep it wrapped and discrete and try to attend enough of your classes to graduate.”

Chuck nearly choked on his drink. The normally composed Chuck could only look on at his friend in disbelief.

“Blame Connor, his sense of humor has rubbed off on me.”

“I’ll have you know I always use protection.”

“Good because I don't plan on becoming an uncle any time soon.” Kennedy’s eyes moved the tray of food being brought over by a waiter. “You remembered.”

“It took some digging, but they should be close enough.”

“I’ll say it again! If Gossip Girl wouldn't turn it against us, I’d kiss you right now Chuck,” Kennedy said as he dug into the food. Flashbacks to happier parts of his childhood flooded through his mind as the other teen could only smirk.

Kennedy barely noticed the vibrating of his phone. Seems like he got a new email or text.

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You can kiss me later. I’m more adventurous than; the others.
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Kennedy was prepared to go in for a below the belt snide comment as he noticed his companion carefully calculate each word in their conversation, but knew better than to do so with the way he was constantly being monitored. Chuck on the other hand wasn’t so preventative. Unlike their other friendships, this one was difficult to describe. At times they could be very easy going while other times they could be biting at each others throats. However there was always an underlying feeling of mutual understanding and respect.

“You’re incorrigible.”

“I prefer open minded my dear Kennedy. When you play by their rules you tend to have a narrow mindset. You should make your own rules and make them abide by them.”

“Ain’t going to happen. Not for all of your dad’s money.”

“Too bad, your loss.”

“Nope your loss,” Kennedy said snatching the last fry off the plate between them, not that Chuck would ever be caught eating such food by his other friends.

“What? When? How?” Chuck said in defeat as he noticed the last golden morsel vanish between the other male’s pearly whites.

“Not my problem. I’m your guest.”

“At least you have better table manners than…”

“What was that Chuck?” a malicious smile came across his face as he looked at his friend.

“Nothing.” Chuck was definitely beginning to wonder if exposing Kennedy to his friend’s girlfriend was a wise tradeoff for some freedom. After all it was quite difficult to get things by him as it was.

“I thought so, now what’s for dessert Chuck? If it’s cream filled we may have to make our way upstairs after all.” The innuendo did not get past said male. “Rich desserts are always good in my books. The more decadent and sinful, the better.”

“Now you’re talking my language!” Chuck said as he got up from his seat abruptly, not faltering one bit. “Never skimp out on dessert.”

“You totally rock my world Chuck. Don’t you ever forget that.”

“It’s great to know someone appreciates me.” The two made their way to the elevator. “And don’t ever forget it as this will be a night to remember.”

“Well if you didn't spend all your days drinking and fucking, you’d be much more approachable. It would be acceptable for weekends and nights, but you have the stamina of like twenty men and have no shame flaunting it.”

“Since when have you cursed?” Chuck teased as they got in.

“Since long before I swiped your wallet,” the athlete said dangling the designer wallet in front of the well-dressed teen’s face.

“Sticky fingers? What exactly were you doing at Nathaniel’s house?” Chuck said in a tone that disgusted his friend.
“Studying, something you don’t do on account of those students you have been paying to attend your classes and do your homework regularly.”

“Fuck, I thought you wouldn't find out about them.”

“Language Bass,” Kennedy said in his best imitation of Headmistress Queller. “Next thing you’ll admit to planning my schedule.”

Silence echoed in the elevator.

“It wasn’t too hard… Nate needed help obviously. I only had to tweak things a bit.”

“AP Latin?” Kennedy slammed Chuck against the wall.

“Kennedy, this is designer.” He adjusted his jacket and brushed off the invisible dust as he knew he’d feel this tomorrow morning. He knew his friend was athletic, but the athlete clearly didn't realize his own strength. Even Chuck, who was used to getting rough in the bedroom, winced at the contact as he was slammed against the wall. The hot breath of his friend against his face was quickly turning this in a direction unexpected.

“I hate Latin… You just did it so I wouldn't share any classes with you, didn’t you? I know I could have been in a class with you that period otherwise Chuck.”

“You caught me.” ‘That’s definitely going to leave a mark tomorrow.’

“If you hate Dan Humphrey so much, why did you put me in classes with him?”

“It was either you or me thank you very much.”

“Then I guess you won’t be needing this tonight either?” Kennedy said as he flipped through Chuck’s little black book, pulling yet another of his friend's possession out of thin air as if it were nothing.

“Hey!”

“You weren’t kidding when you said it catered to all tastes.”

Chuck could feel his cheeks heat up.

“Wow, there’s a name I didn't expect to see in here… You have some explaining to do Mr. Bass.”

Chuck wasn't sure where the black book was left open to, but he was praying that it was not the page he thought it was. THAT ENTRY could destroy the image he so carefully crafted through years of cunning and bribery.

“I’ll plead the fifth.”

“That’s not going to work.”

“I guess we’re at an impasse then.”

“I guess we are... unless you want this to go viral.”

‘Definitely too much time with Blair,’ Chuck mentally groaned. He knew his friend had his best interests at heart, but he did not have time to deal with this right now.
Kennedy woke up hours later passed out on Chuck’s couch. Said friend was passed out on a chair with bottle in hand. Kennedy had no clue what it was as the label was in another language and quite faded.

‘Same Chuck.’

The teen grabbed a blanket and draped it over his friend.

‘Time to take a leak,’ he thought as he felt a certain pressure growing.

As he walked round the penthouse, he noticed a picture with four individuals in. If you had asked him about it before school, he would have only been able to identify Chuck and Nate. Now he would be able to identify Blair Waldorf as the brunette smiling along with her friends. The fourth individual was still a mystery.

‘I wonder who she is?’ Kennedy thought as he took one last glance before heading to the bathroom.

“Anne what the hell was that about?” The Captain roared.

Nate could only look on to the scene unfolding before him. His parents had a very happy marriage for Upper East Side standards. Sure there was the typical fighting, but that was normally over excessive spending or missing some event or anniversary for something else for work reasons.

“I have no clue what you are talking about dear.”

“I’m going to let you adults take care of this,” Nate said getting up from his seat.

“No, Nate stay right there. I think you deserve the right to know why your mother came home completely drunk to meet your friend.”

“Umm…” was all Nate had to say, hesitating on the spot.

“I’m waiting Anne,” the Captain growled.

Anne Archibald flinched at that tone. The Captain gave up after it became quite obvious she wasn’t budging. “Nate, why don’t you finish your homework.”

“I think I will,” Nate said quickly getting up from his place at the dinner table. He was curious as to what was going on, but he had more important things to do right now like pass his test!

“He’s gone,” the Captain said clearing the air once he could safely assume Nate was gone.

*hiccup* “I can see her face.”

The Captain raised an eyebrow.

“You’re not the only one with connections Howard. I can see her face every day.”

“Anne you’re not making sense.”

“She’s still staring back at me.”
“We’re done for tonight. Talk to me when you’re sober.”

The Captain got up and went straight for the door. He didn’t even bother grabbing a coat as the weather was pretty nice for that time of year. It was a tad cool, but the crisp air was welcomed by the gentleman as he was quite heated from the one sided argument with his wife.

After a few minutes of walking his neighborhood, he whipped out his phone. A familiar ring tone invaded his short term memory as he let it ring several more times before answering.

“Kyle Windsor, what a surprise.”

“Howard, why has your wife just told me to keep Kennedy away from Nate?”

This was just what Howard Archibald needed right now. His wife was pretty bad when it came to nagging, but he didn’t want to have to deal with the righteousness of the ever perfect Kyle Windsor. Sure he may not have the name or fortune of the Captain’s extended family, but he was a much happier person across the board.

“Is Cassidy back yet?” Howard knew he shouldn’t push his luck, but he needed to know that answer for some reason.

“No, but that has no relevance to this conversation Howard.”

“Yes it does…” the Captain’s tone shifted slightly.

Kyle Windsor sighed. He had no clue what his own wife was up to, but his old friend’s was a whole other story. Anne Archibald, French socialite extraordinaire, was always the epitome of grace and social poise. Yet today she had exploded in a way he would have never believed unless he was there himself.

“Have you eaten yet?”

“Nope, the wife ruined that too.”

“Then come on over, I’m sure this conversation would be better done in private… I’m sure you’re already on your way?”

‘Yes it will,’ the Captain thought as he hung up and continued walking. “You know me too well.”

“Nathaniel,” a female voice said as she knocked on the door.

“Mom,” Nate answered opening it.

“I’m sorry about dinner.”

“I’m not whom you should be apologizing to.”

“Just promise me one thing,” Mrs. Archibald said as she stroked her son’s hair.

Nate froze.

“You’ll marry Blair Waldorf.”

“Mom.”
“Promise me Nathaniel.”

“It’s too early to think about this… I still have the rest of high school and then college to think about.”

“Maybe this will change your mind?” Anne said as she took out a small box from her pocket.

“Mom?”

“If you play by the rules you will have Blair forever.” She played with the box in her hands. Anne barely began to open in, allowing Nate the slightest glance of what was held inside it, before snapping it back shut. “If not, she’ll be gone quicker than this box shut.”

“What are we talking about?”

“I trust you Nate to do the right thing,” she said leaving the room. “Choose your friends wisely as there are always those that was lead you off the correct path.”

Nate barely knew what hit him. But there was one definite thing he did know… he was hungry and ready for a joint. And if he knew his friends, Kennedy would most likely be with a Windsor or Chuck…

‘Perfect,’ Nate thought as he heard the door to his parents’ room shut. He grabbed a bag out from under his bed and picked up his cell phone. With a few clicks the appropriate invite had been sent out. It didn’t take long for the unanimous response to come in.

Nate put his phone down and began gathering a few things, tossing them quickly into a duffel bag. If one looked closer they would see a distinct conversation on the phone.

----------------------------------
Have the munchies in both senses. Anyone have food? I have the good stuff?-N
----------------------------------
Got the liquid luck.-A
----------------------------------
Got the food.-J
----------------------------------
Guess I’ll be hosting then.-C
----------------------------------
Alright gentlemen, the festivities will begin in 15 or less depending on how long it takes to get to C’ss.-N
----------------------------------

And while Nate was off planning to get stoned, Gossip Girl was ready to wreak havoc once more.

----------------------------------
K, seen in Brooklyn and at Golden Boy’s townhouse in the same night. Why aren’t you three studying together or whatever you three do together? Trouble in bro paradise? I still don’t know why K stormed out of N’s. I need answers people…

But maybe I have the answer myself thanks to an anonymous tip. It looks like N is up to his no good habits once more. Some things never change. Good thing K was too busy with C last night at the Palace or things could have got nasty. B has been taking a liking to K lately. Be careful what you do N. Life is a highway. Woo woo. They’re coming after you.
XOXO, Gossip Girl

What's Mama Archibald's big secret? Time will tell.
-griff
And so Nate unwinds while Kennedy winds everyone else. Didn't think it was possible to play nice while also waging chaos at the same time? Stay tuned because the pilot is coming up soon.

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Somethings brewing on the horizon. C has been quiet after all. And B what is this I’ve heard about a cease fire with K? Progress at last? The only thing we need now is the return of a certain blonde bombshell to see if K can be cannoned as a saint.

XOXO, gossip girl

Nate was not having a good morning… Being dragged onto public transportation by Chuck had only made things even more horrible (as why in the other male’s twisted mind would they ever be caught taking the bus together?). Then to add in Dan Humphrey to the situation led to things being even more awkward. However nothing would beat the icing on the cake, Kennedy and Blair waiting at his locker.

“You knew?” Kennedy said questioningly. His tone was not quite as harsh as normally used around his fellow brunette. In fact it was almost playful in a strange way.

“He’s been doing it for as long as I could remember… I thought he’d quit the habit with you around… You even make Chuck go to class! Since you can make the two of them do their homework, I thought Nate would kick that dirty little habit of his too! I honestly thought he quit.. or atleast learned how to bescrcrete. He's high a lot more than you'd think”

Before his friend could even attempt to reply to that, Nate made his presence known.

“Kennedy.” “Blair.”

Kennedy brought forward a thermos while his girlfriend went in for a hug, but not before she smacked him on the back of the head.

“If you’re going to do something stupid like that, don’t get caught, especially not with that one in my company.” Blair gestured and glared at the ticked off male in question standing right beside her. “You don't even know what I had to put up with.”

Blair stormed off back to the Constance halls before anyone saw her or knew what happened.
“Save it Archibald.” Kennedy passed the thermos forward once more. For once, Nate was glad that his friend had a certain addiction. The Golden Boy took it greedily. Coffee was exactly what he needed if he was going to get through the day before groveling for forgiveness.

“I can’t say I’m not disappointed, but at least we’re not near a game or an exam. I’ll see you in class Nate.”

The black haired teen’s cool response had much more of an effect on the pretty boy than the slap he received from his girlfriend. Nate knew what he did the night before wasn’t right, but at the same time he didn’t care. Sometimes he needed to just hang loose, something only his other guy friends could understand. Chuck could to a degree, but Anthony, Charlie, and Jeremy were very different and got him on a level even his fellow athlete was unable to.

“Kennedy…”

The other teen turned around.

“Like Blair said, don’t get caught… on a school night.” A smirk graced the corners of Kennedy’s lips. The faintest hint, but Nate caught onto it immediately.

“I see a smile.”

“You see no such thing.”

“Admit it, you can’t stay angry with me.”

“You’re deluded Archibald. Don’t lose that thermos if you value your life.” Kennedy turned around and walked in his original direction once more.

‘Yep, they shouldn’t be hanging out together unsupervised… He’s picking up Blair’s bad habits like a sponge.’

“Nate!”

The teen whipped around to find his friends from last night.


“Last night was fun… We should do it more often,” Charlie said.

“You know he won’t stupid. Since that Kennedy kid came along he’s all but abandoned us. Instead he’s been trying to be a nerd,” Jeremy added in a bored tone.

Charlie fought back the urge to roll his eyes. While Nate had truthfully been spending less time with his other friends, it was as much of a difference as Jeremy was making it out to be. Sure he didn’t share any classes with Nate unlike the other two, but he was also a bit more insecure about the whole thing, fearing the new kid would replace him.

Anthony’s eyes looked at the thermos in Nate’s hand. “What’s in there Archibald? Finally following my lead?”

“It’s coffee.”

“Your girlfriend sure is forgiving considering how our night somehow made it onto Gossip Girl.”
Anthony’s disappointment was clearly evident in his tone.

“Jeremy, it’s not Blair’s.” Charlie smirked when he saw the monogram. “It’s…” Unfortunately for Charlie his reveal was cut off by the arrival of a teen with a similar name.

“Sorry gents, but I need to borrow Nathaniel.”

The other three teens headed toward their lockers as Chuck pulled his friend away.

“Chuck.”

“Nathaniel.”

“What the heck are you doing?”

“I found something…”

“Oh?” Nate said opening the top of the container.

“Don’t lose that by the way.”

“I won’t,” Nate said defensively.

“Good, because I bought THAT for HIM.”

Nate raised an eyebrow. “Seriously?”

“Yes, Nathaniel. I bought the thermos for him… you’ve seen his addiction to caffeine. Nothing else seemed appropriate after I saw it.”

“You shouldn’t be feeding the habit.”

“Stop calling the kettle black. I’ve got you the weed you desperately needed on several occasions.”

“Stop taking his side!”

“Someone has to.”

“So what’s so important that you’re here before homeroom?”

“Look at this?” Chuck said pulling out a photo from his pocket discretely.

Immediately Nate recognized the figure with their friend. “What’s HE doing with him?”

“That’s definitely him for sure… This just adds to mystery… I think I actually want to go to class today. It will keep me from hurting someone.”

Nate put his hand to Chuck’s forehead. “You ok there, Chuck?”

“I’m fine Nathaniel. I said class, not classes.”

“Blair’s right, Kennedy sure is having an effect on our academics.”

“Of course he is, he’s scarier than Blair.”

“Oh really?” said a familiar voice.
“Blair.” “Waldorf.”

“I forgot to remind you of our appointment later Nate, but instead of telling you I find you two talking about me.”

“Blair…”

“Well you see Waldorf…”

“Look here Chuck. I must be losing my edge if a silly boy from Boston has more of an impression on you than Blair Waldorf!”

“Oh really Blair, I’m a silly boy?”

Blair whipped around faster than lightning as the other two males began to form shit eating grins on their faces as they watched Blair sweat like a prostitute in a church..

“Kkkennddyyy.”

“You see…”

“I heard everything Waldorf.”

“Well I meant every word of it.”

“Good, because you are indeed losing your touch.” He did not miss Chuck and Nate’s shocked expressions. “I’ve heard a lot of things about you through the grapevine, but being childish was not one of them.” The glare she sent him back went ignored. “As his girlfriend you should be instilling fear in him, not me.”

The three Upper East Siders stood there in awkward silence.

“Chuck you better be going to ALL of your classes today.”

“Sure thing,” Chuck said fleeing the soon to be meltdown with a smirk on his face. Kennedy only said he had to go to them, not pay attention or be awake for them.

Nate shot an evil glare at his retreating friend.

“Don’t lose that thermos if you value your swimmers Archibald,” Kennedy said as Blair grabbed her boyfriend and headed toward the Constance hallways. “Nice headband by the way Waldorf.”

“What was that about?” Blair asked confused as her right hand went immediately to the headband in question. The compliment about her headband did not go unnoticed though. She always did enjoy compliments that reaffirmed her fashion sense.

“Nothing… That sure was awkward though.”

“I guess we could all be a little more aware of our surroundings from now on… It would sure save us from being on Gossip Girl so often.”

“That’s true… so what was so important that you came this way?”

“I did want to remind you about our engagement later.”

Nate barely choked out the word engagement.
“Yes. Our parents are getting together again and it would be wonderful if your father didn’t have to drag you along again tonight. The maître d’ was not very happy with us wasting a very pricey table while we waited for you last time.”

“You could have just texted me.”

“I’m not your mother Nate. You need to grow up and keep track of your appointments yourself.”

“I’ll be there.”

“Suit too!”

“I know Blair.”

The ring of the warning bell alerted the teens of their impending doom.

“I’ll see you later.”

“Bye Blair.”

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“Kennedy.”

Silence.

“Kennedy.”

More silence.

“Kennedy.”

“If you don't want me to burn off your pretty little bangs, then shut up while I add the silver nitrate.”

“So you do think my bangs make me pretty after all!”

Kennedy sighed. “Why don't you go marry your bangs while I finish this? Some of us would like not to fail chemistry.”

“Very funny,” Nate said as the duo worked on the rest of the experiment together for the remainder of the period.

“We can’t ever have a normal day can we?” Kennedy said with a smile.

“You coming to Blair’s this weekend?” Nate said pouring the solution into test tubes before the two left the lab.

“No, I’m headed upstate with the Windsor’s for the weekend.”

Nate had a disappointed look on his face.

“Dude you lived before meeting me, why do you get so mad when I don’t go to these functions?”

“Because they’re more fun with you!” the blonde replied emphatically as he put an arm around the other teen’s shoulders in a very lax bro manner.
“You’ll have Chuck and your girlfriend there, you’ll survive. Maybe she’ll even feel generous and invite Charlie, Anthony, and what’s his name…”

“Jeremy.”

“Yeah, Jeremy… maybe… who am I kidding? Just man up.”

“Fine.”

“Thermos.”

“Umm…” Nate said digging around his bag.

“Don’t tell me.”

“I know it’s around here somewhere.”

“Nate,” Kennedy said in a stern, annoyed tone.

“Right here, not even a scratch,” Nate said with a big grin.

“Not even funny… You’re lucky I’m even talking to you after the comparison to Blair this morning… speaking of which, why was Chuck here so early?”

“No clue,” Nate said with a straight face.

“Am I really scarier than Blair?” Kennedy asked innocently.

“Sometimes,” Nate hesitated. “But while it’s more fear related with her, it’s more disappointment with you.”

“Disappointment?” Kennedy was confused.

“Chuck and I, we have it all: looks, money, etc. but you’re like so much awesome without all of that… do you get what I’m trying to say?”

“That I’m ugly?”

“That’s not what I meant.”

“I was only pulling your leg dude. I know what you meant Archibald, I’ll see you later.”

“Kennedy.”

“Yeah?” the black haired teen said turning around.

“I’m sorry.”

“I know you are, but I wish you would stop throwing away your future Nate. You don’t give yourself enough credit man… If you put half as much effort into your studies as you did trying to score a good stash you would be pretty freakin’ awesome.”

Nate grinned.

“I owe you.”

“You know how Archibald?”
“Oh yes I do.”

“Good, because I think I’ll need an afternoon delight someday soon.”

“I think that could be arranged.”

Gym was the last period of the day and then everyone would be free for the weekend. Things were kind of awkward now that Kennedy knew what kind of friends Anthony and Charlie were, but it didn’t stop him from having fun.

“Great game guys,” Kennedy said as he gulped his water bottle.

“Nice save out there,” Nate said patting his friend on the shoulder. They were far from being back to normal, but he was trying. It was not worth having his friend being angry at him over something stupid… Or rather Nate couldn't afford the other teen to be mad at him literally. His academic performance relied on the teen.

“Well someone has to look out for you considering you spent half the game adjusting your bangs.”

“Did not.”

“Did too.”

“You did fix your hair a few times,” Anthony said taking one last swig of another water bottle that came out of nowhere. “I’m taking a shower. See you two later.”

“He’s right Nate.” Charlie Dern slammed his locker shut before chasing after the other teen.

“Anthony wait up!”

An awkward silence took place as Nate and Kennedy just stood there half changed out of their sweaty gym clothes.

“You don't think…”

“No Nate, not everyone is like you.”

“Hey!”

“We better hurry before all the hot water is gone.”

“I’ll be right there.”

Nate discretely slid an envelope in Kennedy’s locker before joining said teen.

As Nate walked away, a familiar shadow slipped an envelope into Nate’s.

The two teens made quick work of their showering and made their seperate ways. While Nate went in search of his girlfriend, Kennedy made a final quick stop at his locker for a textbook swap
before heading out to meet Connor.

Things were quite awkward between N and K today in gym class. I didn't think bromances held grudges like middle school girls. For some reason I find it hard to believe K is at fault… Whatever you did N must have been pretty bad.

Take pity on N, K. he’s far too pretty to be all there upstairs.

XOXO, Gossip Girl

And the plot thickens and we get much closer to hitting the plotlines of the actual episodes... Almost there people!

-griff
Tell Me Why Part Five

Chapter Summary

And then things got more than a little explosive

Disclaimer: I don’t own any of the Gossip Girl Universe outside of any original characters, concepts, or locations not seen in the actual books or tv show

Looks like Connor and K are headed Upstate again. It's a shame as K is almost as bad as S at making waves on the UES.

XOXO, Gossip Girl

Kennedy made one final stop at his locker for a textbook swap before heading out to meet Connor as had quickly become their routine.

“How was your week bro?” Connor asked as Kennedy opened the door and plopped right down.

“Sorry I haven't been around, but Oliver needed to switch a few nights with me this week and next.”

“Ok… I didn't really notice to be honest,” the brunette said to assuage the driver. Truthfully he didn't think much of the minder swap, but something big was obviously going down if Connor was feeling guilty about it as it was a regular occurrence.

“Apparently everyone is scared of me or something now?”

“That’s not too bad… As long as they’re afraid of your smarts and not some secret connection to Gossip Girl you could exploit to destroy them Bro.”

“I’m not that evil am I, Connor?”

“Not yet… Just keep an eye out for trouble. You never know when it will show up.”

“How’s Candace?”

Connor flinched.

“We broke up… the trip didn’t work out like I hoped… I’m really sorry about making you go…”

“So that’s why I haven’t heard from you in a while?”

“Yeah… been moping about and trying to avoid your wrath.”

“Well at least you have me.” A predatory smile began creeping up the sides of the teen's face.

“Oh joy.”
“A few weeks ago you were singing another tune.”

The two chuckled.

“Thanks Bro.”

“I’m just returning the favor.”

“Has Mason seemed off to you?” Connor asked as he pulled over to a rest stop. They were making good time so Kennedy didn't think much of it was the blonde gave into his craving for French fries and a milkshake.

“A little, but then again he’s always been a bit off… not to mention the whole alumni event pants fiasco… he’ll never live it down!”

“You sure were cozy looking with Archibald Bro. More than cozy if you get what I mean.”

“Shut up doofus.”

“Well then, we don’t have to stop for coffee. Here I was trying to be the responsible and benevolent older brother ensuring his baby brother gets daily required amount of coffee and I get insulted while showing concern for his love life.”

“Fine, I’m sorry Connor. You’re the best brother in the world anyone could ask for.”

“Just for the added touch I’ll buy.”

“You were going to buy either way,” Kennedy said pulling his bag over his shoulder.

“Not true.”

Little did the two know, but there was a noise coming from the trunk…

Once inside, Kennedy went straight for Dunkin Donuts for coffee while Connor headed toward McDonald’s for their food, as well as a milkshake. Soon the two sat down at a table and relaxed.

“Mind if I get some work done?” Kennedy asked hesitantly.

“No, we’ll probably get more done here than up at the Cabin anyways.”

“Good,” Kennedy said as the two finished their food and drinks.

“You forgot this by the way,” Kennedy said taking a book out of his backpack.

“Bro!” Connor said in excitement. “I’ve been looking everywhere for this.”

“I’m sure you have… Since you never bothered to come by I figured I’d torture you a bit this week.”

“You’re evil.”

“I try.”

“So why were you seen at the Palace the other night?”

“Meeting Mrs. Archibald didn’t go well… Chuck conveniently wanted to talk.”
“Oh…” Connor said while slurping up his drink. Kennedy was appalled at his brother’s etiquette but said nothing.

“Yeah… and then I stopped by your place and I guess you weren’t there.”

“I was out with Oliver and Lucas… Mason was supposed to join us but was a no show.”

“Really?”

Connor chuckled. “To the first or latter part?”

“The first part… Picturing you with Oliver and Lucas is hard to believe. Mason being a no show, not so much.”

“Well we figured that we should get to know each other better if we have to take care of a pest like you.”

“Hey!”

“We all played different sports so we never really talked despite being in similar circles… I only knew Mason because of Dad. The other two were in much more similar circles with each other and are also closer in age so they know each other better, but not by much in comparison.”

“So how’s Lucas? I haven’t seen him or Mason for a bit… Oliver’s been picking up the slack for all of you lately. He’s been not so subtly trying to teach me the basics of hockey in between studying. I never imagined he’d be a literary savant under all of that hockey mania.”

“Well Oliver would be trying to lure you in considering Lucas’ in full football mode now… Oliver will be like that soon with hockey, and then Mason in the spring with baseball.”

“And what about you?”

“I’m always doing something whether it's a club sport or a school team so there won’t be much of a difference on my part throughout the year unlike the others who only play one sport a year.”

The two looked at each other and smiled before turning back to their work.

“Want a refill?” Connor asked.

“That boring?” Kennedy replied, not looking up from his textbook.

“No, just figured I could use a stretch. These seats weren’t really made for studying.”

“In that case, I’ll take another while you’re paying.”

“It’s Mom and Dad’s money either way.”

“I have some money of my own.”

“I know.”

“I want French fries too!”

“I’m not waiting in two lines.”

“Then get me hash browns! Or get both at McDonald’s.”
“Yes, your Majesty.”

Kennedy giggled at the bow Connor made.

“Be right back Bro.”

“Thanks.”

“Don’t mention it.”

Everything seemed fine one moment, and next there was a huge explosion. Glass shattered, forks clattered. The whole place was a mess. It became quite obvious where the explosion came from once the smoke began to die down. All eyes were on what remained of a silver luxury car. Luckily no one realized it was their car at first or things could have been a lot worse.

Not long after sirens were blazing as several cruisers arrived and began to block off the perimeter of what remained of Connor's car. Fortunately not many people were using the rest stop or things could have gone south even quicker. Fortunately they were parked far enough away that the building didn't face much damage, but it was embarrassing enough when Connor had to admit that it was his car to the onlookers when a trooper posed the question to the gathered individuals.

“Looks like you’ll be getting a new one after all.” Kennedy whispered as the state troopers talked amongst themselves as the two youths felt a million eyes upon them.

“This is not how I wanted to get a new car… And besides this is so your fault Mystery Boy.”

“You just so didn't go there.”

“I did… Thank goodness we decided to study or we’d really be screwed… Clothes can be replaced, but not notes this close to exams or more importantly, US!”

Kennedy felt his phone vibrate… a telltale sign of another Gossip Girl blast.

“Really K?”

“Dude, read this last part.”

“Fine,” Connor growled as he snatched the phone out of the black haired teens hand. The last part of the blast caught his attention because at first he was wondering how she had written such a lengthy post on breaking news not even on the evening news!

Gossip Girl here. Apparently trouble follows K wherever he goes… surely this will be on the six o’clock news. Poor Connor is going to be carless for a while. I’ll drive you around if you need a ride. Who knew I have followers in the boonies? Thanks for the tip Morphie7…

…Or I would be saying that if I didn’t want to avoid any possible legal implications, I’m not going to post this to anyone but the involved parties, namely you two. I don't want my site shutdown after all. Windsor and K, be careful you two.

I’ll be watching you K… You are really living up to your title of Mystery Boy…

It’s your call gentlemen. If you want it released, just let me know when.
XOXO, Gossip Girl.

Connor’s jaw dropped. “She’s what?”

“I know dude!”

“What should we do?”

“Wait until the investigation is done? Its bound to get out sooner or later… It will be on the news, so we might as well let her do it… besides then she’ll owe us a favor as it will get her publicity… I still don’t understand how she was so prepared for this.”

“I like the way you think.”

“Think they’ll send us a replacement car?”

“Knowing Dad, a ‘copter is more likely.”

“Seriously?”

“He’s going to go all Papa Bear.”

Kennedy smirked but not for long. One of the officers was approaching them.

“I have some bad news for you two gentlemen.”

“What is it Trooper…”

“Ellis, Perry Ellis.”

Connor began chuckling and Kennedy blushed in embarrassment at Connor's antics.

“It’s understandable young man,” he said to Kennedy. “I get it a lot… and so does my partner Trooper Liz Claiborne.”

The two youths laughed at the Trooper’s attempt at a joke… or maybe it was the truth? There was a female with him, currently interviewing some of the witnesses. Kennedy immediately felt better about things. He could have been named after a designer or celebrity accidentally or maybe intentionally… either way he wasn’t and that was all that mattered.

“So what’s the bad news?”

“From the remains of what used to be your car we found a note… It appears an explosive was placed on the vehicle in hopes of eliminating the two of you… We’ve been in touch with the FBI… A pair of familiar faces will be here for you soon enough Mr. Blake. The two of you can return to your studies until then.”

“Oh joy…” Kennedy said to the confusion of Connor.

“Bro?”

“It’s a long story… Truthfully I’ve only told one person a part of it… I’d rather tell the entire family all at once.”
“Kennedy you sure have gotten big,” a smooth male voice said slipping an arm around said teen’s neck. Connor snickered at the sight of the teen jumping in his seat at the unexpected contact.

“Yet he’s still getting into trouble like just yesterday,” said a higher male voice as the two were snapped out of their studies once more.

“Agents, this is Connor Windsor. Connor may I introduce you to Agents Carlisle Gray and Mitchell White of the FBI.”

“They’re your minders! They’re why you hated me and the others at first! You thought we were going to be like them!”

“When you put it that way…” Kennedy trailed off in thought.

“And you’ve replaced us until now,” Agent White joked. “This is nothing when it comes to Kennedy. He’s a magnet for trouble.”

“Can we not do this now?” Kennedy whined to the amusement of Connor and the Agents.

“Of course not Kenny. We’ll need to get you doped up on coffee first.”

Kennedy went over and hugged Agent Gray while sticking his tongue out at the other two. “This is why he was always my favorite.”

“Not true! Lies!” Agent White called out.

“So it’s your fault he’s a caffeine fiend?” Connor accused Agent Gray.

“Guilty as charged,” the federal agent replied nonchalantly.

“You are a horrible man.”

Agent White put an arm around Connor’s shoulder. “I think we’re going to get along well Connor. I tell Gray that everyday and he never listens.”

“Well I think you’re all horrible if I don’t get some coffee soon.”

‘What have I/you done?’ the three other men thought as the shock of the events had begun to fade away.

“Less stalling more walking… the nearest joint is miles way and we’re burning daylight. Every second wasted is one less drop of liquid gold touching my lips.”

“So now that you’ve had your five cups of coffee, ready to hear the bad news Kenny?” Agent Gray said ruffling Kennedy’s hair much to the amusement of Agent White and Connor who were sitting in the front of the vehicle..

“Well you did foot the bill…”

“Which we can’t write off as a business expense,” Agent White added as he switched gears.

“We’ve been lead to believe that there is a connection between your sudden move to New York
and some of the PAST events in your life.”

“Like?” Connor interrupted.

“Now’s not the time,” Agent White whispered as he could feel the metaphorical daggers being hurled at them by the duo in the back seat.

“Any way, what I was trying to say before I was rudely interrupted, is that we were able to trace the source of your new found wealth and one of the accounts involved in one of your near misses… Ironically both received funds from the same Swiss bank account.”

“Ironic much?” Kennedy dryly asked.

“Not as much as you’d believe. Anyways its not so much the location of the account in question as to whom its also connected,” Agent Gray said as he passed the two youths a piece of paper each.

“You’ve got to be kidding me.”

“No Mr. Windsor, that is a legitimate print out.”

“I knew she was no good!” Kennedy exclaimed to the confusion of the others. “Let’s just say a crazy girl from my past threatened to make my life hell if I didn't go out with her…”

“That seems a little juvenile Bro.”

“Tell me more,” Agent White said. “This is better than those soaps Agent Browne watches.”

“How is Whitney?” Kennedy asked.

“Married to Green.”

Connor was very confused being so out of the loop. “Why are you all so color coded… Even Kennedy is essentially too with Blake being Black.”

“Coincidence?” Agent White joked as he made a turn.

“Color coded for little Kennedy’s convenience, just like the Power Rangers… Kennedy wanted to be one growing up.”

“Did not!” Kennedy protested, suddenly feeling not so cool.

“It’s ok, I did too!” Connor tried to reassure his self-proclaimed brother to no avail.

“Anyways gentlemen, we have reason to believe that things will continue to escalate if you don't continue to let things play out the way they want.”

“So it’s a waiting game?”

“Unless you and a certain someone get together Kenny…”

“Not going to happen ever!” Kennedy said turning from Agent Gray. “How you even know about that just proves that it’s your fault for not intervening.”

“Ouch, that hurt.”

“My pride just took a sting too Gray, but stop being a drama queen.”
"You’re one to talk."

"Ladies, can you please behave yourselves," Connor said, complete with impending headache.

The other three occupants shot him a nasty glare each.

"We obviously couldn't act until something happened Kenny. Sure your phone’s been tapped, but we had to follow protocol unless you want something to happen again."

"It was fun seeing you and that Archibald kid get cozy in that bathroom."

"White!" Gray shouted.

"What? He was bound to find out sooner or later."

"Bro, you never told me you and Nate…" Connor trailed off.

"We did nothing of the sort!" Kennedy said defensively. "Between a wardrobe malfunction and two creepy thugs we had to improvise."

"So that’s what you teens are calling it these days," White said from the driver’s seat.

A loud smack echoed in the car.

"There’s more servings available if you’re hungry for more Agent."

"I’m good," the driver said shutting up.

"Did you?" Connor asked.

"We taught him a little, but he’s a natural… A tad scrappy but he can hold his own."

"Thanks for the vote of confidence Gray."

"No problem."

"So if you know about the wardrobe malfunction, do you know how it happened?"

"Your friend Mason switched your pants, complete with fake note."

The two Upper East Siders’ jaws dropped.

"We believe him to be taking his employment a little more seriously than the others or yourself Connor."

"That backstabbing…"

"Calm down Connor, he’ll get his due," Kennedy said.

"He already has," Gray added. "His step-father was attacked in Boston. Apparently he had come across something he wasn’t supposed to."

"So that’s where Mom whisked off to."

"Correct, she spent a good while with his wife Kitty. Unfortunately for us, Robert is in a coma right now."
“So where does this lead us?”

“You and Connor are to keep this to yourselves, release something to Gossip Girl, and go on with your normal lives. Go to school, drink, party, do whatever.”

“Didn't know you’d let us break the rules Gray, I pictured White telling us to do something illegal.”

“I resent that!” the driver said.

Connor could only shake his head in confusion and being stuck with three children/ lunatics.

“Anyways, just live life normally. Stick close to Archibald and Bass, don’t anger Waldorf, etc.”

“Easy for you to say Gray. Living on the Upper East Side is like social war. High school is much more awkward than when you two attended in the Stone Age.”

The Federal agents chose not to respond to that comment, especially since they were not significantly older than the two youths.

“He’s right you know,” Connor added. “Adding Gossip Girl into the mix only makes things even more explosive.”

“I’m sure you’re exaggerating like usual,” White commented, only to receive another smack.

“Guess someone was hungry for seconds.” Kennedy cocked a smile than unnerved the other males. “Now Agent White where are we headed, as we’re obviously not headed to Upstate New York.”

“We’re headed to Connecticut.”

“No!” Connor screamed out.

“Windsor?” “Connor?”

“We can’t be going there! I won’t let you!” he said frantically trying to get the door open.

“Not going to happen, we’re under strict orders to bring you to your Grandparent’s house Connor.”

“No! We can’t be going there. I’ll pay you. I’ll do unspeakable acts if I have to. We can’t be going there!”

Agent White chuckled.

“Got you!”

*SMACK*

“Is it just me or has he got stupider over the years?” Kennedy asked Agent Gray.

“No he has definitely become more of an idiot since we’ve last spoken Kenny.”

“So now that you made me have a panic attack for no reason, where are we really headed?” Connor asked calmly, quickly realizing why Kennedy enjoyed hitting the younger agent so much.

This time Agent White decided to give a straight answer for fear of being teamed up against. Boot camp and years of training had made him able to withstand terrorists and rogue agents, but nothing could prepare him for the two civilians in the car with him and Agent Gray.
“Amherst, Massachusetts.”

The two youths were confused.

“We’re rendezvousing with your mother Connor. She’s leaving Boston and meeting us there under the guise of putting a word in for Kennedy at Amherst College.”

“And Kyle?” Kennedy asked.

“He will be meeting us in New Hampshire.”

“This seems like a waste of gas and tax payer money.”

The agents laughed. “Well no one would expect any of you to be in New Hampshire for the weekend so we’re going to stay there while things cool down.”

“Like that’s going to happen Gray,” Kennedy said dryly.

“You have a better shot of making Serena van der Woodsen into a nun,” Connor added.

“Or Kennedy sleep with half a frat house?” White joked.

“Boys!” Cassidy said as she met the quartet. “I heard what happened and couldn't believe it at first… Why didn't you ever tell us you had people after you before?” she asked while turning her attention solely to Kennedy. Connor sent him a ‘sorry Bro’ look.

“I didn't think it was relevant since these two” he said pointing to the two Agents with them, “said everything was taken care of when I last saw them.”

“Maybe its Gossip Girl’s fault?” Connor suggested.

“You might be onto something,” Agent Gray said bringing a hand to his chin. “Kennedy faded away from trouble until he made the big move.”

“So that would mean either Gossip Girl is connected or the person responsible is from the Upper East Side or at least connected to the community?”

“Correct Kennedy,” Agent White said as he noticed a signal from another agent. “Time to go.”

After what seemed like an eternity, the two agents, Windsor’s, and Kennedy had made it to New Hampshire.

“It’s not much, but we’ll be staying at one of my family’s cabin’s for the weekend,” Agent White said as they pulled onto a dirt road that was highly deceptive.

What they ended up at was far from a cabin.

“What is it with you people calling mansions in the woods cabins?” Kennedy asked sarcastically.

“They were cabins at one point?” Agent White replied for the others.
“It’s done,” Cassidy said posting the aforementioned post. She handed the phone back to her son. “That should throw everyone off for a while.”

“Do you think I’d look good in purple?” Kennedy whispered.

“You’d look good in a trash bag.”

“Aww Connor you’re the best brother a guy could never want.”

“Than… Hey!”

“Boys get your work done. I’m heading to the market with Agent White.”

*Click*

Once the door closed Agent Gray turned to Kennedy and Connor.

“You heard the lady, get your stuff done as this will be the most peaceful part of your weekend.”

“Fine,” Connor said as he pulled out a textbook and headed for an armchair.

“Carlisle,” Kennedy whispered.

“Kenny.”

“Do you think it could be…?”

“Get your work done.”

“Fine.”

“We’ll talk about it later… Just like whether we should have Gossip Girl release that blast or not about the well blast…”

“Very funny.”

“I try, but I’m no White.”

“Thank God you’re not or I would have to start smacking you too!”

An hour or so later Agent White returned with Cassidy and a car full of groceries. About an hour later Kyle arrived with a nondescript looking agent, who left not long after without a word.

“So now that I’m here would you mind telling me why Connor’s car exploded?”

“Well you see…” Kennedy began as everyone took a seat and braced themselves. They had seen this look once before and it didn’t end up being pretty. The Windsor’s knew they were in for a long story, but not one this long.

“I suspected as much,” Kyle said as soon as Kennedy and the two agents were finished with their tale of sabotage, scandals, and slayings.

All eyes turned on Mr. Windsor after he made his quite interesting statement. It was quite bold to
say something like that when the tale was far from believable. It was more like that of a trashy housewife’s romance novel.

“Howard Archibald knows a little bit… I didn't really want to say something as I didn't know how or when to bring it up Kennedy, but he’s indeed the one that saved you THAT day at sea.”

Kennedy’s jaw dropped slightly at that revelation. He was definitely not expecting that.

“And?” Connor inquired. He was not sure how all of these puzzle pieces were connecting to be honest. Sure they all seemed to belong to the same set, but things were a little too disjointed at the moment.

“And when you add some of the things he found along with what Robert learned, it made me suspect a few things.”

“You can’t do simple can you Bro?” Connor joked trying to lighten the mood.

“Nope.” The brunette teen smiled at the playful punch to the arm.

Kyle and Cassidy smiled at their antics. Even in a dark moment like this, the two youngest males in the room were still able to behave like normal brothers.

“Speaking of McAllistar, how is his wife?” Agent Gray asked Cassidy.

“Shouldn’t you already know that? Military intelligence and all?” the blonde said seriously as she twisted several locks with a well manicured finger. When she received nothing but blank stares and open jaws, the sole female responded to the posted question. “She’s doing as well as she can considering her husband is in a coma and Mason has barely kept in contact with her about his stepfather.”

“So are we going to be shadowed now?” Kyle asked.

“You have already been followed since Kennedy accepted St. Jude’s invitation.”

“Then you knew about the car!” Kennedy suggested.

“Nope. We kept an eye on the four of you, but not so much on your vehicles, a major flaw I will admit. This will be corrected in the future.”

“That sounds dumb,” Kennedy remarked noticing a major hole in the government’s plan. He decided to press on further with no shame despite the looks he was sent by the adult Windsor’s. “You’d think that it would be one of the first things you’d monitor with the whole tank full of gasoline…”

“Well I’m sure You-Know-Who would love to hear you pointing holes in her plan Kenny.” Agent Gray was pulling out no stops and was unafraid of using guilt to get the desired results.

“On second thought…”

“I thought so.” Carlisle paused. “Now that we have established the basics, its time to decide how to proceed from here. There are many variables we may have already overlooked, but there is a general consensus among the involved government agents on how we should proceed, but we’d appreciate suggestions as well as you all are coming a completely different viewpoint that may just well point out the things that may prevent further slip ups.”
A moment of awkward silence took over as no one knew how to particularly tackle that problem. When no one took “Its really simple.”

All eyes focused on Kennedy.

“One of you can pose as a personal trainer and the other can be helping me prepare for the SATS and such. It wouldn't be unheard of for such a thing right?” Kennedy directed his attention to Mr. and Mrs. Windsor in particular.

“That’s actually not a bad idea,” Cassidy added. “If Kennedy wants to get into a good school like Harvard he’s going to need to raise his grades and athletic prowess to the zenith of his potential!”

“Hey!”

“You're the one who set the bar so high kiddo.”

“Dibbs on tutor!” Agent Gray called out to the surprise of the others in a childish manor. As the bulkier of the two, he seemed like the more likely to want to help hone Kennedy’s skills in soccer and lacrosse.

“Well you can’t expect White to help you with four syllable words now can you Kenny?”

“Hey!” This time the offended reply came from the other agent in the room who began to brood much like the teen at the center of their attention.

Mrs. Windsor had the social poise to resist rolling her eyes at the scene before her. Instead she changed the subject and moved the conversation into a much more productive arena. “Since that’s settled, what about the rest of us?”

“Nothing will change outwardly. There will be some changes, but it would be better if you weren’t aware of them to avoid their covers being blown,” Agent White added.

“Why don’t I start on dinner?” Kyle asked. It was a rhetorical question, but something he felt necessary to ask nonetheless as it would have been quite rude to get up without excusing oneself.

“I’ll help you,” Agent Gray said joining him after laughing at the sight unfolding before him. Cassidy was going on about her expectations for Agent White in regards to both of her “sons’” training.

“So what else do you know?” Agent Gray asked.

“Not much more than I told you today… Howard Archibald might know a little more. I just find it odd that for being a kid from Boston, he has so many connections to influential members of the Upper East Side without trying.”

“You’re talking about his supposed suicide attempt right?”

“Yeah… among other things as well Kyle. It seems a bit odd to call it that, but that’s what I’m talking about primarily. He just doesn't fit the profile of someone to do it… even when he was younger it didn't fit him from what I’ve read and seen first hand. Something is not adding up and I’m not sure whether he is hiding something or we are just overlooking something.”

“We’ve thought the same thing, but considering the events that had transpired before that, it would be very easy to jump to that conclusion. I’m sure that the Mrs. and yourself are more along the lines of there being some foul play at the very least.”
Mr. Windsor caught on immediately to what Carlisle was implying. “How many?” Kyle asked bluntly as he knew immediately something was being hushed over.

“Eight that we have been directly able to attribute to being in contact with Kennedy in some form or another.”

“Two of which are his supposed parents,” Agent Gray said slicing potatoes thinly on a mandolin.

“Supposed?”

“We’re not sure if they were even his parents to begin with… For them to have been killed off the way they were makes it seem like there was something else going on. There was some motive to kill off the other individuals beyond just monetary ones, but those two were as clean as could be.”

“What do you mean?”

“I’m not really at liberty to say, but they were distinctly killed in comparison to the others… It possible that something else happened, but we’re not really sure… They just don't fit the pattern as nicely as the other six.”

“And the rest?”

“One was sent off to war on a suicide mission and another was found by the side of the road. I can’t really talk about the next two, but the final two were his most recent foster family. There are several more unrelated ones that could be possibly connected but for now we are leaving it at that.”

“I’m surprised he’s still sane.”

“He’s always been a tough little cookie,” Agent Gray said pounding at some steak as Kyle did the same. “If you can, could you contact Mr. Archibald.”

“Should I tell him to keep his son oblivious?”

“I think that’s the best for now as the kids have yet to decide whether to have this Gossip Girl submit that blast or now… Both she and them seem to think that Morphie7 may be involved with the plot. I never thought I would see the day that Gossip Girl would rather hide juicy dirt on someone rather than blast it.”


Looks like Mommy Dearest is getting her youngest a leg up in the college race. Amherst College’s purple would look great on you Kennedy. Maybe you could drag Lonely Boy and Golden Boy there with you and form a literary Rat Pack? You already getting the party boy act down already and the Zoo is only down the road...

XOXO, Gossip Girl


What did you think of Cassidy's cover?

And more importantly... all of the pre-Pilot chapters have been posted... S will be making her debut soon.

Sorry about being so flakey with updates but I have been busy trying to get a new job. Today's my birthday so with a day off I'm going to be a little generous with updates today :D
-griфф
Pilot

Chapter Summary

The bombshells continue to increase
And we finally hit canon... no pun intended

Disclaimer: I don’t own any of the Gossip Girl Universe outside of any original characters, concepts, or locations not seen in the actual books or tv show

Queen B looks different tonight and I cant put my finger on why… Something has changed, but I’m not sure what. I’ll get to the bottom of this before the weekend is through my lovely readers.

XOXO, Gossip Girl

Dinner was a silent affair. While Agents White and Gray were in their periphery, there were other agents that Kennedy knew by name (if only he saw their faces) around the property doing their duty of keeping the teen safe from all threats… well maybe except of the culinary variety for no one knew the blonde Windsor’s were unintentionally deadly in the kitchen. After dinner Agent Gray and Kennedy took the opportunity to catch up without anyone overhearing as Agent White kept the Windsor’s busy.

“So Nate Archibald?” Agent Gray asked. “Didn’t think you were into pretty boys.”

“I’m not into boys period.” Kennedy frowned in frustration. “Why does everyone think that?”

“You’re awfully friendly with him… And it’s definitely more than just admiration and companionship if you catch my drift.” Gray paused to take in the reaction of his charge. He found it amusing how flustered the teen was becoming with each additional comment. “You were never that touchy feely with anyone else before if I recall correctly… In fact it’s kind of cute if you ask me Kenny.”

“Very funny, I could say the same about you and White.”

“Haha Kenny, but White’s so not my type even if I dabbled in men like you apparently do. He’s not even good looking! Haven’t you even seen how much he’s let himself go since we were all last together?!??!”

The two males shared an awkward round of laughs at Agent White’s expense as the small talk came to a halt. The time for chit chat was over. In fact now was the time for the heavy hitting questions to begin.

“So do you think SHE could be involved?” Kennedy asked as he plopped down on a bed, too single mindlessly focused on finding things out right then and there to really process what he was doing. The female in question’s name did not need to be spoken, as there was only one person the
“It’s possible.” Agent Gray wasn’t particularly sure how to respond. While there were internal investigations always going on in the background, even he, a hardened and seasoned federal agent, had a very difficult time keeping track of the teen’s many theories and hunches.

“What?” Agent Gray wasn’t particularly sure how to respond. While there were internal investigations always going on in the background, even he, a hardened and seasoned federal agent, had a very difficult time keeping track of the teen’s many theories and hunches.

“Do you remember when I wasn’t able to go to sleep unless you slept with me?”

Carlisle Gray smiled a warm genuine smile for the first time that day. “How could I not? I was the laughing stock of the squad for months. Just be careful mentioning it around others or they could get the wrong impression about us kiddo. I’d rather not be seen as a cradle robber.”

“At least I could saw I had good taste in men all along!” Kennedy enjoyed seeing the older male smile even if it was at the expense of himself. While neither would want to be accused of being involved with the other, it was something they kept bringing up over and over when they needed a good laugh. “But you still did it… Thanks for everything Carlisle… I know I was bit of an emo brat back then, but you really helped set me straight.”

“An adorable emo brat that loved beating up White, but a cute one still.”

“What can I say, he’s still an easy victim.”

“That he is.” Kennedy smiled once more as Agent Gray brought the conversation in a new direction. “So do you have any preference for colleges Kenny?”

“You know I have always been set on something in the Boston area… Harvard or BC. Maybe even Northeastern or BU, but after meeting Nate I’m considering USC or Dartmouth… I would consider UCLA or Stanford but they don’t seem like his type of school. They’re way too much work for him, ha! Escaping to nicer weather sounds kind of fun if you don’t think about all the earthquakes and wildfires… And then there’s even more snow in New Hampshire… Maybe I’m thinking about this whole thing wrong…”

“And you wonder why people think you like him! You’re more worried about being with him than your own education and future career. Have you even checked into which schools have programs for the sports you play? Chances are some of them won’t have all of them… Face it Little Man, you’ve got it bad.”

“We just get each other…” The teen looked away to avoid the other male’s stare.

“Face it Buddy, you’ve got a crush.”

“No I don’t!” The teen blushed in embarrassment. “It’s so not like that! Why does everyone seem to think that?”

“You can keep on denying it, but you’re only lying to yourself. It’s normal to experiment at your age.”

“So I can experiment with you?” Kennedy joked as he put a hand on Carlisle’s leg.

“Well it’s in my job description,” Agent Gray said in a husky tone as he moved closer.

“You’re horrible,” Kennedy replied while breaking in a fit of laughter as the adult followed suit soon after. “Though it wouldn’t hurt to try once I’m no longer jail bait right?”

The federal agent shook his head as he chose his next words carefully. “Well it made you smile
Kennedy so it’s all good in my book, all things considered.”

“So you can teach me a few things?”

Agent Gray shifted slightly and sat down on the bed facing the teen.

“I can’t physically teach you anything, but I can provide you with material if you need it.”

“This is so awkward.”

“Well someone has to give you The Talk and teach you how things are different between a boy and a girl versus two boys.”

“We’re so not doing this right now!”

“Well you wanted a tutor, and you’re currently lacking in that department. It falls under the realm of biology after all.”

Kennedy sighed. “You win.”

“I always win Buddy, just face it Kenny…”

The rest of the weekend was pretty uneventful outside of car shopping. Well it wasn’t so much car shopping as finding a government issued car that would fit the bill. Between that and wearing random, but still fashionable and designer, clothing provided by the agents, it would not be a weekend to forget.

“Can I help you?” Agent Gray said as he looked away from his laptop as the door to the office closed as soon as it opened.

“There’s something I need to tell you.”

“I’m listening Connor,” he said as he motioned for the college student to sit.

“I didn’t tell anyone, but my “employer,” asked me to pick up a parcel in Vermont with my then girlfriend the weekend of the alumni mixer.” Connor went onto further elaborate that while Mr. McAllistar and his father had picked them for the task at hand, Kennedy’s mysterious benefactor or accomplice had contacted them occasionally when their services were required. Sure it was kind of awkward at first, but the extra cash wasn't bad for doing seemingly nothing.

“And?”

“She seemed to know too much. It’s only now that things are beginning to fall into place. I just wish I wasn’t so blind back then. Who knows, this could have all been one big setup?!”

“It’s possible she was familiar with the area.”

“No, she felt far too comfortable with the whole weekend getaway thing… it was almost as she knew why I was going there that weekend.”

“I can look into it… What was in the parcel?”

“There wasn’t much… but there were a few names. Some of them were complete while others weren’t… I haven’t told anyone as I didn’t know whom to tell. I took a peek while she was sleeping
one night. It wasn’t sealed shut by any means so no one should know I looked in.”

“You’ve done the right thing young man.”

“The parcel went missing before I broke up with Candace, but I have the names saved here. My employer didn’t seem too annoyed that it went missing though. It was kind of off to be honest. It was then I began to suspect Candace of being anything than just my girlfriend.” The college student pulled a piece of paper out of his pocket. “I had to use a bit of creativity in hiding it in plain sight, but I think I did good work if I have to say so myself.”

“Then its very possible she is involved in some capacity if your employer did not miss the parcel after you went to such lengths to retrieve it.”

“There were four incomplete names inside. The first two were Scott and what I think was George. The third name was blurred out completely, as if someone had smudged it with liquid at some point. And finally the fourth name I could barely read at all. It was also smudged but I could tell that it ended in a d.”

“Interesting…” Agent Gray said as a light went off in his head.

“Did this Candace have a key to your place?”

“Not to my knowledge.”

“I’ll have someone to change your locks and do a sweep before we get back.”

“Thanks I guess?”

“Are you sure it was your employer who sent you?”

“No, but the number was similar to the one that I’ve received correspondence with before. There’s a chance it could be someone else, but it’s quite different from what I’m used to seeing in the tri-state area… My dad and Mr. McAllistar selected us, but somehow whoever is behind Kennedy’s mysterious funding has gotten a hold of our numbers, which wouldn't be too hard to do now that I think of it.”

“Interesting…” The agent brought a hand to his chin and shifted into a thinking pose.

“You wont tell the others will you?”

“No… I don't think they would like to find out that its your fault he had to wear those pants.”

“Yeah and Dad got Kennedy a car because of it.”

“And Nate Archibald got a feel.”

The two laughed at the expense of a certain teen.

“So you’ve noticed it too.”

“He won’t admit it, but I think there’s something there.”

“Me too!”

“But as long as he’s with Blair Waldorf it’s not going to happen.”
“I’m scared for Kennedy’s sake if they break up.”

“I do too, that Archibald isn’t the brightest bulb.”

“So do you think we should release the post?”

“I don’t know… it could go either way… Part of it would be good to do so, but by withholding it we are letting whoever is behind it know we’re hiding.”

“I guess we’ll ask her to edit it and wait for her to post it before a really big post… she did say that she’d need to verify posts after the last time someone posted something about us.”

“Connor that sounds good… Can you tell White I’ll be out in a bit? I need to make some phone calls before I take the first shift.”

“You’re like Kennedy you know?” Connor said as he walked out of the world.

“You have no idea,” Gray whispered as he dialed a number on his phone.

Spotted in the boonies, K and Connor Windsor with car trouble. Who knew luxury cars blew up like that? I thought only Asian cars did that! Thanks for the tip Morphie7. Stay safe boys, hopefully you weren’t in it at the time as the Upper East Side has only gotten more interesting with you around K. The Mystery of Mystery Boy has yet to be solved, but this is just another interesting chapter of your story.

XOXO, Gossip Girl

Fortunately for the two males, this post was done discretely and retroactively posted so no one would notice it unless they actively looked for it. After all, Gossip Girl was a busy lady. She made tens of posts a day. The explosion happened on a Friday and it was now Saturday night. Luckily their news would be drowned out by the buzz of another post the following day.

“What smells good?” a groggy Connor said as he wiped the sleep out of his eyes.

“Kennedy’s making pancakes,” Agent Gray said with glee from the dining table with Mr. and Mrs. Windsor

“Morning.” a chipper Agent White said still clad in his pajamas which consisted of nondescript sweats and hoodie (i.e. black or gray).

“What’s got you so happy?” Agent Gray asked his partner suspiciously.

“I get to have Kenny’s yummy pancakes again!” he said like a three year old, bouncing on the balls of his feet.

“Are they that good?” Cassidy asked.

“I’d take a bullet for them.”

The three Windsor’s mouths began to salivate at that statement. Anyone willing to take a bullet for
a pancake must be onto something.

“Carlisle,” Kennedy called out from the kitchen.

“Coming!” Agent Gray responded to the snickers of Agent White and Connor. “Not a word.”

“We’re not…” “…laughing.”

From their vantage point, Cassidy and Kyle had a clear view of Kennedy in the kitchen. Like Kyle, Kennedy was a natural in the kitchen. Every movement was effortless and resulted in something delicious. His wide range of talents made him almost too perfect.

“What do you need help with Kenny.”

“How many times have I told you not to call me that?”

“The same amount of times as I’ve had to tell you not to call me by my first name.”

The two shared a knowing smile.

“Care to bring the plates out? That lazy pants may own the place, but he needs to earn his keep. He can set the table if you bring them out there.”

“I’ve missed you too Kennedy,” Agent Gray said somberly.

“Me too… well not being around you with White… you know what I mean.”

“He grows on you.”

“Like mold.”

“Very funny,” the agent said as he got plates and utensils.

Agent Gray carried the pile of plates and utensils and left them in front of his fellow agent.

“Kennedy told me and I quote ‘That lazy pants may own the place, but he needs to earn his keep.'”

The Windsor’s struggled to hold back their laughter.

“Ungrateful brat, he should be grateful I like his damn pancakes so much,” White said with a slight pout before getting up from his seat.

“I heard that!”

“You heard nothing!”

“I heard you call me an ungrateful brat and just for that you get yours last White!”

White pouted once more to the amusement of Gray.

“Are they always like that?” Connor asked the agent as his parents conversed amongst themselves.

“Unfortunately yes. White’s always been very immature, but he’s always brought out the best in Kennedy… He’s always tried to act mature and in control, but he lets those walls all down when Agent White’s around.”
About noontime, the sextet departed from the house, but not before picking up a temporary car for Connor. Several hours into their journey, the “brothers” received a series of messages from Gossip Girl. The first was a general blast, but the second was addressed to them and only them:

Hey Upper East Siders. Gossip Girl here. And I have the biggest news ever. One of my many sources, Melanie91, sends us this: "Spotted at Grand Central, bags in hand: Serena van der Woodsen." Was it only a year ago our It Girl mysteriously disappeared for "boarding school”? And just as suddenly, she's back. Don't believe me? See for yourselves. Lucky for us, Melanie91 sent proof. Thanks for the photo, Mel.

XOXO, Gossip Girl

Its been done gentlemen, edited and posted. Stay safe.

XOXO, Gossip Girl

P.S. I wouldn't say no to a shirtless pic or two of you two ;)

“Did Gossip Girl…”

“She just did.”

“You two stop acting like too middle school girls and finish your work.”

“Yes Mom,” they said in unison at Agent White.

“Bite me,” the Federal agent said as he wished he was driving the parents instead.

“Where?” Kennedy replied cheekily. “And for how long?”

“Be quiet or no coffee stops.”

“Shutting up,” Kennedy said opening his book.

Several hours later they were all back in New York City. And despite all of the craziness, Kennedy was grateful he was not able to go to Blair Waldorf’s party.

Apparently a skeleton from her past had returned to the City in the form of the Upper East Side’s own Lindsay Lohan, Serena Van der Woodsen.

Can I come over?
-N

Things are kinda chaotic right now Nate… I’m not back in the City fully yet.
-K

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Oh...

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It may be late, but you can crash when I get back if you want Nate.

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What would I do without you K?

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Have fewer wet dreams Nate?

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Maybe. Maybe not. :) Text me later K.

-N

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Kennedy’s attention shifted when the car came to a stop. He was so lost in his texting with Nate that he hadn’t even noticed where they were. The time sure flew with the back and forth banter with his friend. While the weekend was a nice time to bond with Connor, there was nothing like screwing off with Nate. The blonde was just more fun and at a similar place in life as him. Kennedy enjoyed his pseudo brother greatly, but things just weren’t the same even though the age gap wasn’t that big in the long run.

“We’re back gentlemen. I take it you both want to go back to your apartments after?” The teens looked out and saw ‘their’ building.

“Yeah.” “Sure.”

The driver only shook his head. Those two could either be super talkative or quite tight lipped with one word answers. Unfortunately they were both ends of the spectrum tonight.

“Connor.”

“Yeah?”

“Did you tell Lucas or Oliver we were leaving this weekend?”

“No?”

“Neither did I… Which is a good thing as we can eliminate them off the immediate suspect list.”

“I think you’re a little paranoid Bro. Just because Mason well went rogue, it doesn't mean they’re necessarily bad guys either.”

“Well how well do you know them?”

“Not well.”
“Then they have nothing real to gain or a motive. Remember I’m their meal ticket. If anything happens to me, this easy money goes away.”

After a few hours of running through things the boys were dismissed for the night. They had their orders and were to head straight “home.” Their respective apartments had been swept. Locks were changed and security added.

Kennedy pulled out his phone as he got into his car. Despite their protests, Kennedy decided to drive himself home. Unlike Connor who had an extra bedroom, Kennedy’s one bedroom would be very hard to house a Federal Agent in unless they were posing as a couple which would raise more than a few eyebrows.

After dialing a number he waited for a response.

“Hello?”

“Nate, its Kennedy.”

“About time man, I thought you forgot about me.”

“I’m leaving the Windsor’s right now, do you want a ride?”

“Sure.”

“I’ll see you in a few.”

Getting into the car was a bit of a feat. Kennedy wouldn't admit it, but there was a nagging suspicion at the back of his head. At first he had to check the back seat and the trunk. Once, twice, three times. Like a person suffering from OCD, he had to check the car several times before he would get in. Part of him was glad Nate needed him tonight… Kennedy didn't want to be alone.

“Thanks for having me dude, you’re the only one I can talk to.”

“No problem, just don't expect any food.”

“No worries, I have sandwiches and coffee.” Kennedy’s eyes zoomed in on the coffee right away much to the humor of Nate.

“Have I told you how much I love you Nate Archibald?”

“Not nearly enough dude,” Nate said as the duo broke away from their over the top bro hug. He wouldn’t admit it, but the blonde was kind of sad when it ended as it was far more passionate than anything else they had shared.

“So what was so important that you are taking me away from my beauty sleep Archibald? Surely this could have waited until tomorrow… It’s not like anything big happened this weekend?”

“Like you can get any hotter.” Nate’s attempt at changing the subject didn’t really work. Kennedy sucked in the compliments without any problems, but his curiosity was beginning to get the better of him.

“Flattery will get you everywhere dude.”
“Well… I’m sure you saw that blast about Blair’s party.”

Kennedy clenched his jaw as he attempted to think back. With all of the events of the weekend in the back of his mind, he had a hard time of thinking that didn't involve their little excursion. He had some difficulty recalling the blast in question, but he played along. He had questions of his own and now this was the time to get them answered under the guise of helping Nate.

“And? No one’s mentioned this Serena before, so I don't so what’s the big deal is.”

“You may want to sit down for this.”

“Fine, but bring the food,” Kennedy said grabbing the thermos and two mugs as he headed towards the couches. Nate followed suit, and plopped right down next to him. The duo sat on one of the couches and sat on either end, facing each other with their backs to the arms.

“Blair, Chuck, Serena, and I grew up as best friends. Arguably I was closer to Blair and Serena, but we were best friends nonetheless, though I guess the whole best friend thing was more Blair-Serena and Chuck-myself... I’ve been Blair’s boyfriend since kindergarten. However, there is something that I don't want her to know.” Nate sighed as he took a sip of the coffee.

“I have an idea of where this is going, but I still think it would be better if you said it yourself to get it off your chest Nate.” To be honest Kennedy had no idea what was going on, but he played along as if he did. He had an image to maintain around Nate and now was the time for consistency. Nate would thank him later for this as it was more important to get things solved now before they became even more serious later.

“You’re not making this easy on me Kennedy.”

“Well I’m not easy and I don't half ass anything.”

Nate took in a deep breath before he let another one out. His big revelation came next.

“I slept with Serena.”

“Wow man, that’s insane…”

“And what’s worse, it happened right before she left for boarding school. Combined that with it happening right about the time Blair’s father ran off with one of her mother’s male models and you see why I need you tonight.”

“Are relationships always so incestuous here on the Upper East Side?”

“Does that get you off?” Nate joked. ‘Leave it to you Kennedy to make me smile at a time like this.’

“Well if you weren’t between two best friends right now you may have had a shot… but considering you are flirting with me right now, it really makes you sound like a bit of a man whore with all things considered Nate.”

“Ouch,” Nate said as he looked down, not sure whether he should be ashamed or embarrassed of what he had done.

“Well you did kind of do it to yourself…”

“I thought you’d be on my side.”
“I am, but I am not going to baby you. You are a big boy, a two timing horny boy, but someone who should know right from wrong.”

Nate gripped his mug a little harder.

“What do you mean dude?”

Nate replied.

Kennedy took a sip of his mug before replying. He hated having to be the mature one, but duty called. “Being with Blair is what’s expected of you, but do you really want her? That’s what’s expected of you Nate to be honest…” Kennedy paused once more to allow it to sink in for Nate. “Or do you want Serena for the whole forbidden fruit thing?... And forget that for a second. What the hell Nate? Are you sure you even want to be with a female considering how often you flirt with me?”

Nate began laughing. “Messing with you is fun dude, but messing around could be fun too.”

“Not going to happen Archibald.”

“But it would make everything easier!” he mock whined. “I wouldn't have to choose between the two of them.”

“And putting a target on my back would be so much better? I can barely handle Blair let alone adding the unknown of Serena to the equation… I’d be a dead man walking dude!”

“Well Chuck could get Blair…”

“Y’all are fucked up.”

“You wound me Kennedy,” Nate said moving in closer.

“I told you not until we win a championship… And now I’m adding the amendment of not until you figure out this whole Blair-Serena thing.”

“You suck.”

“Well you’ll be the one sucking.”

“Well I should get to practicing now shouldn’t I.”

“You’re such a dork.”

“But I’m your dork.”

“You’re high aren’t you?”

“A little.”

“Bed time Archibald.”

“But I don’t want to sleep alone.”

“I don’t trust you to not destroy the place while on the couch so you’ll be crashing with me tonight, not that you’ll remember it tomorrow.”
‘Sucker’ Nate thought to himself as a smile crept up on his face. ‘Works every time.’

Kennedy woke up to something poking him.

“Wakey wakey,” Nate said as he shook the other teen awake.

“Please tell me this is a nightmare.”

“Nope, you let me in yourself. We have an hour before school starts” Nate said ripping off his shirt.

“Not going to happen Archibald.”

“You’re a party pooper.”

“I’m not going to be a rebound.”

“Hey!”

“Clean up your life Nate. Is ruining our friendship worth the sex?”

Nate remained silent. He was about to answer yes but knew better than to say that.

“Well I’m going to make breakfast, feel free to shower.”

“Want to join me?”

“As tempting as that sounds, I’d rather get a few cups of Joe in.”

“Fine.” ‘No one says no to Nate Archibald.’ “But there’s still gym class.”

“You can look but not touch then and only then Archibald… If only Blair knew you would rather jump my bones than her’s. she either destroy me or sell her entire shoe collection to banish me away.”

“You better not tell her!”

“No one would believe me anyways.”

“Well I do have a reputation.”

“Exactly. No one believe me, not that I would want to tell anyone.”

“Admit it, you’re curious.”

“Maybe a little, but I’ve set conditions so neither of us get hurt. We have plenty of time to explore our options down the road if things continue the way that they are man. You can afford to mess up Nate, I can’t.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“Just forget it.”

“No tell me.”
“You’re Nate Archibald, if you do anything wrong people will let it go because of who you are.”

Kennedy stormed out of his bedroom after he said his piece. A confused Nate laid back in the bed, rolling over to Kennedy’s side, taking in his friend's unique scent. He had it bad, but he wasn't sure for whom.

N spotted running out of the house and into K’s newest whip without looking back. Something big is going on... Details needed.

XOXO, Gossip Girl

Is this bromance too much bro or too much -mance?

Happy 26th to me!

-griff
Wild Brunch Part One

Chapter Summary

And so the handsome duo continue to further develop their bromance.

Gossip Girl has taken a real interest in them, but is it only her?

Careful boys.

Disclaimer: I don’t own any of the Gossip Girl Universe outside of any original characters, concepts, or locations not seen in the actual books or tv show.

Spotted, N and K walking together without a care in the world. Keep a tight hold on K, or else he may fall pray to S. She goes through boys quicker than doctors and their latex gloves.

Stay away K or B will hate you even more.

XOXO, Gossip Girl

“So how was your weekend?” Nate asked on the walk to school.

Neither was in the mood to ride the bus and driving was currently out of the question for more than obvious reasons. Luckily they were used to getting next to no sleep or they could have had major timing issues. Walking together allowed the two to be two ordinary teenagers, something neither had much time to do.

Kennedy conveniently pretended to not hear his friend’s question as series of emergency vehicles passed by, sirens blazing. Their awkward in-bed conversation crossed the line of their bromance a bit further than he was comfortable with.

“You never really got the chance to tell me last night.”

Kennedy looked on in amusement as Nate fixed his hair. “Boring… fairly uneventful to be honest Nate. It was nothing out of the ordinary for me. Some old, same old.”

“You sure? I find that hard to believe if we’re walking dude. You obviously did something for us to be heading to school on foot not that I’m really complaining. You could stand to lose a few pounds dude.” For added emphasis, Nate poked his friend's side. There was little fat to be lost, but Nate enjoyed making his friend smile.

“I’ll choose to ignore that comment Mr. Archibald. However, you are whining a bit dude so cut it out or I'll have to wonder if Blair has your balls... Overall it was a pretty average weekend…. Cassidy put a word in for me at Amherst College but other than that it was fairly normal or well as normal as things can get with an Upper East Side family.”
Kennedy’s body language kind of confused the other teen. While the darker haired male was slouched, showing he was relaxed, his tense shoulders said otherwise. The blonde knew that his fellow athlete was embarrassed whenever one of the Windsor’s showered him with affection in some way or another, but his intuition was telling him to play along and just hope whatever was troubling his friend would eventually be discussed over a cup of joe or a video game.

“Really?” Nate did his best to fake his enthusiasm as he knew full well that Kennedy wasn’t really excited about it. But Nate had to be the moral support for once. In fact he noticed a lot had been changing in their dynamic as of late, not that much could be said considering the school year was still quite young.

“She kind of snuck it in there this weekend… I’ve never heard of the college before personally, but apparently its quite good and she has some sorority sister connection or something to the school… It’s next to a really big party school too… So it doesn’t hurt to have options. Knowing my luck someone will sabotage all my efforts of getting into college and I’ll get in nowhere.”

The duo continued walking to school as Nate processed things. He knew Kennedy was lying, but now the question was why. The location was a little less than desirable, but a party school being close by was always a plus if it was an acceptable non-ivy school for even Upper East Side standard. And it was closer than Dartmouth that was for sure.

Kennedy and Nate walked along in silence for several feet. There was a bit of unspoken code going on. The two just walked without saying much, but their glances said everything.

“You’re much nicer when you’re not high Nate.”

Nate did his best to not sound offended. It wasn't like he was high that often, even considering the pre-Kennedy times. Sure he had the persona of always being high, but it wasn’t really his fault that he was naturally laid back. Part of the reason he liked lacrosse so much was that the lacrosse or lax bro persona fit him to the t.

“Well I’ve been trying.”

The sheepish look on the blonde’s face was adorable. Nate wasn’t one who was used to much praise, especially academically, so he was hamming it up, even though he wasn't used to it. He personally took any for of encouragement or praise from his friend, regardless of any possible consequences from doing so.

“I can tell. Your grades are up.”

Kennedy did his best not to start laughing. He knew Nate still indulged in THAT pastime of his, but it wasn't like he could monitor his friend 24/7… well he could. If he did so, he would be with his friend all the time… and that was kind of what Nate wanted so he wasn’t going to do that.

“Glad someone’s noticed.”

Nate’s smile almost made the other teen want to pinch his cheeks no matter how odd it would look to any possible onlookers.

“Smart ass.”

“Prude.”

The two males began smiling at each other as they stopped at a corner. As they waited for the cross signal, the two just stood there chilling as if they had all of the time in the world to get to
their destined location. Luckily for them, no one was remotely near them or this could have possibly got onto Gossip Girl!

“Well I’m not the only one hiding something,” Kennedy said with a straight face. He knew he was being a hypocrite but he didn’t want to get his friend involved in the mess. Luckily the two of them arrived where they did as the conversation moved in a very different direction extremely quickly.

“Dude…”

“We’re almost at school buddy, why don’t you crash with me after practice?”

Nate’s jaw dropped. Kennedy was inviting him over without mentioning studying?

‘Something’s off, this is out of character even for him!’ the blonde thought to himself. “K?”

“I think we’ve both earned a break from studying for one day… well on top of what we need to do. Homework should be enough tonight after the hell that will be practice later today.”

“Yeah, I guess you’re right,” Nate replied as he played with his bangs.

“Of course I’m right dude. I thought you knew that by now Archibald?”

“Did you read my note?”

“What note?” Kennedy asked.

“I left a note on Friday as you left to take your shower. How did you not see it dude?”

“Sorry, I must have missed it.”

“You should read it some time.”

“Care to tell me what’s inside? I don’t have my normal bag with me if you haven’t noticed Blondie. Left it behind in Amherst this weekend and who knows when I’ll get it back if at all.”

Nate smiled as he realized that the brunette was speaking the truth. “But that would ruin the surprise.”

“You suck.” Kennedy’s curiosity was getting the better of him. The bag had been taken as evidence by one of his color coded minders and now more than ever he wanted it back.

“I can’t suck because you won’t let me,” Nate whispered into his friend’s ear, but apparently not quietly enough as their mutual friend came up fully aware of what had just transpired between the two. All he needed to do was flash a smile and the duo was begin to sweat a little.

“Be careful what you say Nathaniel because anyone could hear you,” Chuck said coming out of nowhere as the duo, now turned trio, stopped several hundred away from the campus of their high school. It was far enough for their conversation to remain semi-private, but also close enough that they would have witnesses in case something went south. “The psychology classroom is great for that by the way.”

“School again Chuck?” Kennedy said sarcastically. To be honest, he was actually surprised the Bass heir was even attending school at all with all over the stories he had been told by Nate and his other friends. Chuck didn’t exactly have the best reputation.
“I’ve turned a new leaf. Who knew you could actually learn stuff without doing the work.” The innocence in his voice allowed his friend to let the comment slide. Anyone else would have received a verbal beat down.

“Not doing work?” Kennedy said raising an eyebrow.

“Take it or leave it. Baby steps Kennedy. Baby steps.” Chuck walked away in the direction opposite of incoming brunette. The Bostonian took his lead and followed suit as he quickly ditched Nate as well.

“I’ll see you in class… Blair’s coming your way dude and I don’t need that right now.”

Kennedy walked past the brunette beauty, not even bothering to acknowledge her. He had better things than to get stuck between the crossfire of the two females, let alone between that of Nate and Blair.

Nate was completely caught off guard when Blair abruptly left after saying her piece.

“I have an appointment this afternoon with Kennedy so you’re going to have to do something else to occupy yourself today.”

And faster than the wind, she was gone. Nate had no clue what she was canceling, but he could almost pity his friend for having to put up with a moody Blair. But on the bright side he no longer had to do so. On the flip side Kennedy wouldn’t know if he skipped practice. So all in all it was a win-win for him… However it was too late when he realized what was really happening… Blair stole his no strings attached total couch potato afternoon with Kennedy out from under him.

The rest of the day passed by as a blur for the teens. Luckily for Blair, Serena wasn’t in any of her classes or things could have gotten quite ugly. She could only pray to whomever in thanks that she didn't have to deal with her former friend. And even luckier for Blair, soccer practice was canceled giving her even more time with Kennedy.

“Ready to go?” Kennedy asked as he stopped by Blair’s locker. Her clique didn't move as he approached. The lovely ladies of Constance had their guards up and their game faces out. The glares the male was on the receiving end of could melt glaciers.

“It’s fine, you’re dismissed,” Queen B said to her minions as they could only look on confused as to why their leader would be associating with Gossip Girl’s favorite target as of late.

Once they were gone Kennedy got a little bolder. He knew Blair was all about keeping up with appearances. He could respect that and did indeed honor her wishes.

“So what’s so important that you canceled on Nate and made up a fake meeting between us? I know I don't have picture perfect memory, but I know we didn't have anything planned for today let alone ever. If it weren’t for Nate letting me know practice was canceled I wouldn't be able to do this. I really should be heading straight home Blair as I have a quiz tomorrow that I’m nowhere close to being ready for in Latin.”

“Not now,” Blair said gesturing for the male to follow her, which he did with no other choice. It did not bode well with him but he was not about to risk being on the receiving end of her anger.

“Whatever you’re scheming, I don’t want part of it Blair. I’m not like you. I don’t get off on causing others misery.”
“We’re a lot more similar than you think.” Blair stepped into her car and motioned for Kennedy to get in, completely bypassing her driver.

“Gossip Girl is probably watching."

“Let her watch.” This response caught the teen off guard, as he knew how meticulous she was with her following of Gossip Girl. One could almost say she was a bit obsessed with the gossip site.

“Nate’s not going to like this…” Kennedy could already see how this would be twisted on the gossip blog. No matter what he told his friend, the blog or Blair (if things went south) would trump whatever he would say to defend himself.

“I thought you didn't care what others thought?” the brunette said innocently as the driver pulled out of the spot.

“Well he is my friend and your boyfriend. Nate’s been pretty good to me since I’ve come to New York and I’d rather not burn him.”

“Nate won’t suspect a thing.”

Kennedy smirked. “That’s not what I meant… He thinks that you’re rubbing off on me.”

“Does he now?” Blair said as she texted a message on her phone, the sound of keys clicking echoed. The male almost regretting speaking those words to his acquaintance. He could feel the world of hurt that was in store for his blonde friend.

“Blair, we aren’t exactly friends.”

“Well you’re part of my world now.”

“Unfortunately.”

“I let you have Nelly, now it’s time for you to do something for me.”

“Blair…”

“Did you really think I was going to let you get one of my friends without my approval? She’s one of my friends. I come first.”

“Blair cut to the chase, what is this about? If you really pulled the strings how did you now I would be wandering into the Constance halls when I did? We all know it was just a chance encounter. So can you just get whatever it is off your chest as you’re really killing my afternoon... And besides she's not even really your friend. We all know she's your number one academic rival.”

Kennedy furrowed his eyebrows as Blair sweated. She had never seen him so irritated. It was kind of scary to her as he was almost as happy go lucky as her boyfriend.

“I need your help to keep Nate away from Serena.”

“I don't even know Serena.”

“That’s why we’re hanging out today.”

“What am I getting out of this?”

“I know your secret.”
A chill went down Kennedy’s spine.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

Kennedy did his best to keep his cool as Blair watched him squirm.

“Your ‘brother’s’ car blew up this weekend.” The brunette beauty flashed a certain post to other brunette.

The teen let out an internal sigh of relief.

“If you don’t comply I’m telling Nate… Unlike most people I watch Gossip Girl like a hawk. Not every post becomes a blast. And some things can be dug up with enough effort.”

“Fine.”

“Don’t worry, there will be plenty of coffee.”

“Can I pick out a headband for you?”

“You’re catching on fast.”

“Well I’m no Nate.”

“Of course not,” Blair said with a look in her eyes. “That was very obvious from the beginning. He’s one of a kind.”

“Nope, we’re not going there Blair. I’m his friend. I might not be his best friend like Chuck, but friends don’t back stab each other. I’m not going to do something that will hurt him.”

“You obviously haven’t been paying attention to how we do things on the Upper East Side. Backstabbing is part of the game as is bribery and hearsay.”

“Blair, you’re a beautiful woman, but you’re not my type.”

“Let me guess, you’re a blonde man.”

“No, I like ones with a little less bite.”

“You’ve passed by the way.”

“I know, or I wouldn’t have made my way into your car… Now are we going shopping or not? Nate’s told me that there’s really awesome coffee at each store.”

“Now you’re talking my language.”

“After all, who’s better to learn from the queen herself?” Kennedy said with a genuine smile that caused her to blush.

“You know I could kiss you right now.”

Kennedy smirked. “Literally or figuratively?”

“Wouldn’t you like to know?”

“Flattery is a powerful thing… You’ve yet to burn me Blair…”
“Is that a threat?”

“How about a friendly warning? Like wearing white shoes after Labor Day?”

“Bad example Blake. I’ve seen you do that crime several times already…”

“Well Waldorf, I haven’t had someone so well versed in fashion such as yourself to help dress me.”

“Nelly’s going to dump you.”

“What?”

“I’m sure you’ve seen how she looks at Dan Humphrey.”

“But…”

“Work your magic on Nate and I’ll make sure you’ll have a long and happy life here. I thought Nelly would be a good match for you, but she is obviously too hung up on Humphrey to stay loyal to you.”

“What if he finds out?”

“He’ll never find out. It’s just you and me here. I know you can get him to turn things around. You may not have been born rich, but you’re essentially one of the Windsor’s now.”

“And?”

“Chuck’s very protective of you.”

“I’m not one of you and never will be. You’re born into your social circle. I’m just living in it for the time being. Blair… can we just not talk about this.” His voice cracked as he turned away.

Blair paused for a moment. With anyone else she would have continued her tirade, but she had begun to see what Chuck and Nate had seen in the male seated before her. What he had just said was not a demand. He asked her, knowing full well she could say no and hold it against him. She could respect that.

“So how do you prefer your coffee?”

“Depends on my mood. I’m not a dark roast guy most of the time though.”

“Then we’ll start with Bergdorf’s.”

“Blair…”

“Yes?”

“Nevermind.”

“Whatever it is, spit it out. We’ll be stuck in traffic for another bit.”

“When did Gossip Girl show up?”

Blair paused as she tried to find an answer.

“A few years ago.”
Kennedy looked out the window as he processed the information as Blair began her tirade about the mysterious blogger.

**

“Kennedy you didn't really have to do this?” Blair said as he pulled a box out of his pocket.

“I was serious with my offer earlier.”

“I’m a taken girl… my boyfriend is your friend.”

“Consider it a token of friendship then.”

“Then I guess it’s Christmas in October.” A girlish giggle escaped her lips as she let her guard down for a brief moment, a rare sight indeed.

“We could do a lot of damage together,” Kennedy said taking the box Blair retrieved from her purse.

“Great minds think alike.” The two shared a brief chuckle together. It was as if the world around them had stopped. False pretenses and masks dropped as they were just themselves around each other.

“I had a lot of fun Blair.”

'No boy likes shopping this much. Something’s not right about this situation.' She smiled in response, unsure of what to say now that they had forged this connection.

“I like good coffee, but everyone monitors my intake. They think I’m addicted… This was a great way to get a few extra cups in without being judged. Besides spending money is fun now that I have it. I’m still getting used to seeing multiple zeroes on prices however.”

“Too much coffee isn’t good for you either. It won't help you hide from dead people in your dreams!”

“And neither is being bulimic Blair!”

“Stop the car!” Blair hollered as it came to a screeching halt. Her face instantly paled and one of her eyes twitched. She hadn't meant to reveal her ace so soon, but apparently he had done his research as well.

“I’m good at people watching.” She did not buy this at all.

“How did you know?”

“I had my suspicions while we were eating earlier, but you just confirmed it for me.”

“You bastard!”

“I know you have bigger dirt on me than that Waldorf, not counting that little comment you made a few minutes ago. Consider us even.”

“No one will ever believe you!”

“They don’t have to. Gossip Girl will make them.”
“You wouldn’t.”

“I’m friends with Chuck, you didn’t think I was a little angel now did you?”

Realization dawned upon her face: she had been outplayed by the new kid in town. Gossip Girl’s title for him was quite appropriate, even now. He was full of more mysteries you’re your run of the mill murder mystery. “You’ve fooled everyone!”

“I walk a fine line Blair, I don't often do this, but you are testing my patience.”

“What do you want from me?”

“Don’t even think of setting me up with Serena to keep her from Nate. It’s obvious that Nate wants a taste of forbidden fruit and Serena would be willing to offer some from what I’ve heard. It would kill two birds with one stone to set her up with me as Nate would never cross that line with me.”

“Fine.”

“Thanks for the watch Blair by the way,” he said turning his attention from the fuming brunette to the box she had presented to him. “I’ll wear it if you wear the headband.”

“Fine!”

“You may pull the strings for most people, but I’ve faced meaner people and won. You won’t be controlling me anytime soon.”

“Who are you?”

“I’ve been asking that question myself Blair, but I’m sure you’ve already begun answering it for yourself,” he said pulling an envelope out of his pocket. “A private investigator Blair?”

“Well I wanted to make sure you weren’t a murderer or something. I can’t have you wandering about my world as a complete unknown. Some of the people here are just far too trusting.”

“It also had a photo of you doing what I can only assume is purging in the envelope,” he said passing her a picture much to her surprise. “Apparently you've been double crossed.”

“What are you going to do now? You have all the ammo to destroy me.”

“Blair, I don't have the ammo… Someone left this in my gym locker. Obviously some is on to both of us. And besides taking you down would do nothing but hurt me. Nate and Chuck would be gunning for me if I did. I’m not trying to be the It Girl so I have no real motivation to bring you down. It would be counterproductive considering how interwoven our friendships are and how much damage we could do together if we put our heads together.”

“A very likely story.”

“I was almost killed the other day when Connor’s car exploded and you think this envelope being put in my locker is unrealistic?”

“Well when you put it that way…” Blair sighed in defeat. While her companion didn't have a flair for theatrics, she wouldn't put it past any friend of Chuck to do so.

“We’re going to have to watch each others backs Blair. No matter how much we like or dislike each other, it’s a necessary evil. It’s something we will simply have to do for the foreseeable future. You don’t know me, but we’ve obviously become someone’s target… The handwriting
matches what was found in the remains of Connor’s car.”

“What are you hiding Kennedy?”

“I saw something I shouldn't have… And I do see dead people in my dreams like you mentioned a few minutes ago. Its partially why I drink so much coffee... That’s all I’ll say for now,” Kennedy said grabbing the door handle. “I’ll see you at school tomorrow Blair. Enjoy the rest of your evening.”

“Bye.” She looked out her window as he walked down the street with little emotion on her face. As the car drove into the distance she craned her head back to watch the fleeting image. She made no effort to stop him, something she would later regret. Kennedy was everything and nothing she expected at the same time. His life so far seemed like something out of one of those movies she would force Nate and Serena to watch growing up, but would never get to finish on account of the other two’s boredom.

The next day all things were back to normal... or as normal could be with how chummy Kennedy and Blair were becoming to the despair of Nate and Chuck. It frightened the two Upper East Side males to be honest at how quickly the two brunettes had become as thick as thieves.

“My calves are still on fire.” Nate panted as he stopped walking for a moment and hunched over on the sidewalk. It was kind of ridiculous how someone so in shape would be this worn out from a simple afternoon practice, but then again Nate Archibald was full of surprises.

Kennedy only noticed his friend had stopped walking along side him when he went to nudge his friend in the side, only to nearly fall over into a complete stranger in the process. A few quick apologizes later, the dark haired teen doubled back to help his friend up, heaving one of Nate's arms around his neck and helping guide the other male in the right direction.

“Stop complaining Archibald.”

Deep down under the caustic comment, concern was hidden just barely. Kennedy was sick of babying his buddy, but deep down he hated to admit he kind of enjoyed it. More importantly Nate loved every moment of it. Being the sole focus of someone for an extended period of time with no other distractions or ulterior motives was pretty awesome after all. Nate had to resist doing something he shouldn’t in public as his friend began horsing around in attempt to get him moving.

“I wasn’t complaining, I was stating a fact… And I know for a fact you were about to blow up at Coach right before he ended it so don't even start dude. You’re calling the kettle black K.”

Kennedy huffed as he kicked away imaginary dirt.

“Well I don't get why I have to do all of the same stuff if all I’m doing is guarding the goal. I get the whole endurance thing, but it’s not like I’m going to be swapping out for anyone else anytime soon! There’s no one nearly as good as me on the team in the goal, not to sound cocky or anything.”

Nate laughed at his friend's rare self absorbed moment. It wasn't often that the brunette thought overly highly of himself, but in this case it was well earned. The teen was awesome in the goal to say the least. And he was very correct. The only time Kennedy would likely be pulled would be during a play for some kind of a record if they had a more than secure lead on the other team.

The duo continued on their walk from the field, gear in tow. They didn't waste the time showering
at school because they needed the privacy before Connor arrived him to discuss whatever was bothering Nate.

“Well… I’ve told you a bit about Serena… And well after Blair found out Serena was back she tried having sex with me.”

Kennedy did his best not to slap his own face in frustration. He knew that he was cut from a different cloth than his Upper East Side peers, but this was ridiculous. This slice of society had ridiculous issues on top of normal teen drama. It was amazing anything got done here with how much social warfare went on each day. From sunrise to sunset there was always something going down.

“Oh what a problem Nate, a hot girl wants to sleep with you.” The teen did his best to be cold and biting, yet neutral as he could. He knew lecturing didn't work with his friend, but he still wanted to do so as it was part of his whole persona. He was used to telling off everyone else and it wouldn't be changing any time soon.

“It’s not like that dude.”

“I know Nate. She’s doing it so she doesn’t lose you to Serena… Blair sure has control issues.”

Nate smiled. “The two of them were the best of friends, but Blair’s kind of always been second best despite her grades. Everyone’s attention always goes to Serena.”

“Including yours apparently.”

“Not helping.” A playful shove shut Kennedy up for a moment, unfortunately only for that moment as he continued his verbal assault on Nate.

“But it's the truth…”

“Anyways, as soon as we are about to actually do it, her mom knocks on the door staying Serena was there.”

Kennedy began laughing hysterically. All attempts at a coherent response were drowned out by his laughter. Fortunately one harsh look from the normally blonde stopped the theatrics before the brunette was rolling around on the ground clutching his sides in pain.

“I can imagine your after sex hair. Very classy Nate.”

“Very funny. I’m sure you would sell your left hand to get a chance to run your fingers through it.”

“Funny looking… you need a hair cut whether Blair approves or not. There’s no way in hell I would want to get my fingers caught in that bird’s nest you attempt to call hair.”

Nate ignored the comment at that moment, but kept it on the back burner. “Moving on, I tried to get her to say hi, but she tried to continue it before I got up to go see Serena myself.”

“Blair’s going to be wicked mad with you. I don't pity you at all dude.”

“Why?”

“You actually ditched finally having sex with her to say hi to her former best friend. If that isn’t a slap in the face, I don't know what is.”

“And things only got worse dude. There’s more Kennedy…”
“Let me guess, you and Serena had an awkward moment full of sexual tension that Blair played witness to?”

Kennedy had an idea where this was going, but he still had to test the waters first. He hated how he was some kind of therapist for all of his friends and acquaintances at St. Jude’s/ Constance. It was kind of ridiculous how needy all these rich kids with everything were compared to the teens he was used to being around. The notion of first world problems was never truer than being around them.

“Kind of.” Nate looked away as he responded.

“Maybe you should swear off women Nate. They seem to be nothing but trouble for you.”

“Wouldn’t you like that Kennedy,” Nate said suggestively as they stopped to wait for a walk sign to cross.

“Very funny Archibald, but you’re too pretty for my tastes.”

Nate decided to begin his response with quite a juvenile response, sticking out his tongue.

“Well one of us has to be good looking.”

Kennedy scoffed. “So I’m not good looking?”

While he was no slouch, he knew he wasn’t the best looking guy. In fact he was pretty average. He had nice facial features and a decent torso, but he wasn’t overly jacked. He wasn’t blonde and he also didn't have green or blue eyes.

“You’re like a boy next door, I’m a model.”

A quick glance over made Kennedy agree with his friend’s self-assessment. Nate was a very good-looking individual, something that friend or foe would be able to admit without any hesitation.

“And your ego is as big as this country.”

Surprisingly Nate wasn’t affected by this statement at all! In fact he took it in stride!

“Moving on, I think I want to tell Serena how I feel.”

“Dude, that’s a really dumb move, and that’s not even considering you know what.” Kennedy wrapped his arm in a friendly bro hug as they walked into the elevator.

“But we have a connection.”

“And Blair will hate the two of you even more… You have a forbidden fruit complex Archibald! You want everything you can’t or shouldn't have… It’s something a lot of you guys have going on here… I guess its part of having everything handed to you on a silver platter… Wow I sounded like Dan there… Stop your laughing Nate! You better not tell him I said that! Dude, stop this instant or you’re sleeping on the couch!”

Nate was kind of all over the place mentally as his friend had a little crazy episode. His companion’s mind was going a mile a minute.

“We haven’t had the greatest relationship… We’re always breaking up… I think I’d rather be with Serena dude.”

“Don’t do anything for now,” Kennedy said as the two approached the door. “We’ll figure
something out TOGETHER.”

“Thanks man,” Nate said before a light bulb went off in his head.

Good evening Upper East Siders.

There’s nothing quite like a sweaty teen heartthrob. And just in time too! Things have been far too quiet on our front. Looks like someone’s snapped a shot of our golden twosome spending some quality bro time together. Some boys can’t keep their hands away from their balls, and these two soccer players are no exception.

XOXO, Gossip Girl

Now that we’ve hit the pilot things will begin to change from the show. I haven’t read the books so it will be closer to the show. One scene I’m not using is the bus scene as it obviously is obsolete now. With Nate knowing who Dan is obviously… Well Chuck could still be Chuck but it wouldn't work with the addition of Kennedy. The ride will be referenced here and there but I'm not doing the actual scene.

Happy birthday to me!

-griff
Chapter Summary

HE wants the D dude!

Disclaimer: I don’t own any of the Gossip Girl Universe outside of any original characters, concepts, or locations not seen in the actual books or TV show.

Spotted K and B storming the streets together. What the two of them were doing together is beyond me, but there was definitely more going on than him just carrying her bags. I’d keep an eye on them if I were you N.

XOXO, Gossip Girl

“Nate?” Kennedy said in surprise as he got to his door.

“We need to talk.”

“If its about Blair…”

“It’s not about that… It’s about us.”

“What about us?” Kennedy asked as he unlocked his door.

“I like Serena… but I like Blair… and then there’s you,” Nate said after Kennedy closed the door.

“This is not funny.”

“I’m not joking… Did you show Blair the picture?”

“It was you?”

“No, but I did put it back in your locker after I saw what was in it… And then I got one of my own,” Nate said putting an envelope in Kennedy’s hand. “I can’t say I understand what you’ve gone through man, but I’ll try.”

“They’re back…” Kennedy began muttering to himself.

“Who?”

“They’re back… I thought it was a coincidence… I need to get away Nate.”

“You’re not making sense.”

“I saw someone get killed. Happy now?”
“Kennedy, man you need to sit down.”

“Nate I can’t do this…”

“You don’t have to.” Nate moved in close to Kennedy.

“As much as I want to, this is wrong on so many levels,” Kennedy said. He could feel Nate’s breath on his lips.

“So you do want to do it too!”

“Well I’m trying my best to avoid social suicide. You’re my only real friend… Chuck’s basically dropped me off into your lap no pun intended. Blair would kill me if I made a move. I’m now in a love square…”

“Are you really interested or just humoring me?”

“We’re both lonely Nate. People expect a lot out of you but at the same time, they don’t. Obviously being gay would be the biggest act of rebellion you could do as your life has been all planned out for you. There’s no easy way out in life. Everything has repercussions Nate… You have to choose one: Serena or Blair. I’m not an option Nate.”

“I’m staying the night.”

“I don’t think it’s a good idea.”

“If someone’s out to get you, we can hideaway in the Hampton’s or one of my family’s multiple houses across the globe to get to know each other better. My family has tons of off shore bank accounts.”

“Nate…”

“You’re my first real friend, I’m not going to lose you…” Kennedy was surprised to hear this statement considering his past with Blair and Serena.

“Fine, but don’t expect anything.”

“I’m going to tell Serena tomorrow.”

“You’ve made your decision?”

“Blair’s not the girl for me.”

“Just make sure that is what you want N.”

“Well you’re off the table…”

“Very funny N.”

“Well we should probably get started on studying… we have a test tomorrow.”

“I have to make a phone call first.”

“I’ll make some coffee then,” Nate said getting up from the couch and headed to the kitchen as Kennedy headed to his bedroom and closed the door shut. It was one of the few tasks in the kitchen he could Nate to pull off without setting the smoke detectors off.
He pulled out his phone and dialed a number. It rung a few times before he hit voicemail.

“Carlisle, I’m scared… They’ve definitely found me… And now Nate’s involved.”

Kyle, what should do?” asked an agitated Captain Archibald.

“We can’t do much… there aren’t any real options?”

“We can ask their friends to keep a closer set of eyes on them as we hire additional eyes.”

“That won’t work.”

“Then what should we do?”

“Leave it to the professionals,” Kyle said as two familiar faces walked into the room.

“Howard may I introduce you to Agents Gray and White?”

“Nate?”

“Yeah?” Nate said rubbing the sleep out of his eyes as he turned to face his friend in the bed.

“Thanks.”

“You woke me up to thank me?”

“And to do this,” Kennedy said kissing his friend.

Nate was shocked.

“What happened to no?”

“I’m a hypocrite but I’m going to burn in hell anyways. You only live once.”

“This is a one time offer isn’t it?”

“We’re going to fail anyways.”

“If I knew we were going to this tonight I could have asked Anthony and Charlie for advice.”

“You mean…”

“No, they just mess around when there’s no one else… and really drunk. They’re hornier than Chuck on a good day. We don’t really talk about it, but they’re kind of open minded like that when neither of them has a girl.”

“You can’t pick me Nate.” ‘I don’t even know how much longer I’ll be here,’ he thought sadly.

“I’m going to pick Serena… she’s always been really open minded. It’s kind of like being around you. I know I have responsibilities, but there’s no pressure.”

“Are you going to tell Blair first?”
“No… I’m going to tell Serena,” Nate stuttered as Kennedy’s fingers found a sensitive spot.

“She’s going to shoot you down.” Kennedy’s breath was warm on Nate’s face. The blonde became flush as he looked into the other teen’s mesmerizing eyes.

“No she won’t,” Nate said moving his hand up and down Kennedy’s chest.

“Don’t come crying to me as this won’t happen again.”

“What about post-championship sex?”

“I never said sex.”

“It would be a lot easier if you just let me…”

“Blair is going to kill me if I ever betrayed her like that Nate. She can ruin me like you wouldn't believe. You won't understand… Just don't tell me anything else. I’d rather know as little as possible.”

“Kennedy…”

“The less I know, the better. At least then I can tell her the truth… You do realize what you’re doing means they will likely never become friends again right?”

Nate remained silent.

“Being gay isn’t the answer to your problems either Nate… Sure you wouldn't have to choose between them, but it opens a whole other can of wormssss…” Kennedy said as Nate’s fingers began to work their magic on him. Nate had a triumphant grin plastered upon his face as the tables were turned. Kennedy began squirming under his magic.

“Guilty as charged…”

“Maybe if we met somewhere else…”

“I know,” Nate said lying back on his back as the two pulled apart.

“We shouldn't be doing this.”

“I know, but that’s half the fun.”

“This breaks like all of the rules of the bro code.”

“We can knock it off the bucket list.”

“I’ve never had sex with anyone before…”

“You’re in good hands then.”

“But you and Blair…”

“Never.”

“You didn't.”

“What?”
“You cheated on Blair with Serena didn’t you.”

“How did you figure that out?” Nate said worried.

“It wasn’t hard, unlike Natie,” Kennedy’s said grabbing the other teen’s length. “Someone’s happy to see me. He’s even saluting me!”

“We should get some sleep.”

“I thought you wanted to do this Nate.”

“I know what you’re trying to do… we have to make the best out of it and sleep. Neither of us can afford to fail. You’re really doing a number on me and you know I hate being the responsible one. Bed now!”

“Fine.”

“And Kennedy.”

“Yeah?”

“There’s a guy named Matt on the lacrosse team I need to introduce you to.”

Kennedy was confused.

“Well things are obviously going south with you and Nelly. And if you won’t let us be… he’s discrete… I only found out when we got drunk after a game… He told me… I’m the only one who knows… You deserve to be happy even if I can’t be that person.”

“I never thought of guys like that Nate… we’ve just taken bromance to a whole other level haven’t we?”

“We have haven’t we?”

“Let’s catch some sleep…”

“Sure.”

“And Nate.”

“Yeah?”

“Don’t come over here high again… You only come on to me when under the influence and I’d prefer you be able to perform when the timings right rather than having to deal with a limp Natie.”

Kennedy turned around, with his back facing Nate, and quickly fell back asleep, leaving Nate speechless and awake. Nate just lay there for a while, Kennedy’s last few words feeling like a knife to the back.

That wasn’t too bad Nate.”

“No, we could have done better if Blair didn’t waste half your evening.”

“She probably did it so I wouldn't be outdoing here academically.”
“Probably.”

“How about last night…”

“Water under the bridge.”

“I shouldn’t be judging or telling you what to do.”

“I should also stop using around you.”

“It’s your life.”

“You’re right though. I’m throwing away my life.”

“So when are you going to do it?”

“Today…”

“Good luck bro.”

“Thanks.”

“And Nate?”

“Yeah?”

“Dorm room.”

“Dorm room?”

“Dorm room.”

“Dorm room,” Nate said in realization.

“Feel better now?”

“No, you kinda…”

“You’re worse than a kid just hitting puberty,” Kennedy whispered.

“Well you need to stop putting images in my head.”

“Go take care of it then, you can’t go talk to Serena like this.”

“If we were on Facebook, we’d be complicated.”

“Yes we would.”

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“Kennedy?” a voice said from behind him.

“How did you know I was here?”

“Gossip Girl,” Nate said pointing to an image on his phone.

“I made varsity,” Kennedy smiled as Nate went to hug his friend who had a sad look upon his
normally handsome face. “Sorry to rub salt in the wound, but what’s wrong?”

“Well I went to talk to Serena and she told me that she did not come back for me… And that’s because I’m taken. I’m her best friend’s boyfriend. And she won’t do that to Blair… Of course you were right…”

“Maybe you should take this as a sign.”

“I should break up with Blair either way… I’ve been a bad boyfriend.”

“Well I’m here for you.”

“You up for a run?”

“Sure.”

“Loser does whatever the winner wants within reason.”

“Fine.”

‘Sucker’ Nate thought. “I forgot to tell you this before, but competition really gets me going,” the lighter haired male said with a smile as he adjusted himself.

‘Oh shit, what have I got myself into?’ Kennedy thought.

“Kennedy, can you let me in? My hands are full right now,” Nate’s voice echoed with a bit of urgency in it. Unfortunately he was met with silence. If it were any other day Nate would have let things slide, but this wasn’t one of those days. Today he had an extra bite to him that wouldn't allow him to take any crap from anyone, not even they guy they kind of lusted after regularly.

“This isn’t funny dude.” The almost desperation in the blonde’s voice was music to the brunette’s ears.

“No!” Kennedy screamed back from the couch. An empty pint of ice cream and several coffee mugs littered the coffee table before him. It looked more like that of a PMS-ing teen than a brooding athlete.

“I can’t believe you let Gossip Girl win! You’re the one who’s always told me to ignore it. Skipping school only made THEM seem more real. You should have come today and put all of the rumors to rest. Dude you’re only digging your grave deeper by locking yourself away to wallow away here.”

Nate could hear movement from the other side of the door. First it was the other male dismounting the coach and soon foot steps were heard across the aged hardwood floors. Sure enough Kennedy opened the apartment door soon after to face his friend.

“Told you you’d take long enough.” Nate immediately tried to wedge himself in, but he met resistance.
“Well tough cookies,” Kennedy said. Nate looked at his friend and could tell he looked like complete and utter crap. It was a weird moment for both of them. Nate was being the responsible one while Kennedy was there looking like he was hung over or at least going through withdrawal from an illegal substance that many of their classmates took.

“I brought brunch because I owe you man.”

“I take it you’re back together.”

“Yeah…”

“Congratulations,” Kennedy said in an uninterested tone.

“The blast made her realize that she could become Gossip Girl’s next target if she weren’t careful… Blair’s making everyone wear a mask to her party,” Nate said presenting his friend a box.”

“I take it this is mine… Why she’s still inviting me is beyond me?” Kennedy replied bored.

“She knows how it feels to be the target of a false blast.”

Kennedy looked at the satin mask. “Have you done anything indecent with it Archibald?”

“Nope.”

“Too bad… I was kind of hoping you did. I thought you would have wanted to mark me as your own… I’ll go tomorrow night if it means that much to you.”

Nate turned crimson. ‘So he likes masks?’

“You’re too easy… I should really give you a key though N. It would make things a lot easier when you decide to sleep over… in the middle of the night.”

“That’s a big step in our relationship K.”

“Very funny Archibald.”

“What’s next? A drawer for my clothes?”

“Speaking of clothes, I’d like all of mine back when you get a chance. You’ve taken half my boxers already.”

“They’re comfy though.”

“You’re lucky we’re about the same size.”

“Sure makes the uniform thing a non issue when I crash here unexpectedly.”

“Are my boxers comfy or do you just like wearing them because they’re mine Nate?”

“Well…” Nate blushed

“I thought so.” Kennedy smiled. “You’re a weird one Nate… Why don’t we go shopping?”

“I hate shopping.”

“Well I’m running out of clean clothes or rather clothes in general now that I think of it… That’s
my hoodie you have on right now.” Nate had the decency to blush. “And besides I need to get a wrestling singlet among other things for gym.”

Nate thought about it for a minute before agreeing.

“Tomorrow morning.”

“Why don’t we go after we eat? God knows I need to get out of this place before I let Gossip Girl win even more… You can even help make sure it all fits me properly seeing as I’ve never worn one before.”

“You also need to get new gloves after the last game we had versus Trinity… Scratch that, I need to get you new gloves and a few other things like that cup you wanted.”

Kennedy blushed thinking back to their first gym class together. “Yes you do.”

“Then dig in so we can get going sooner.”

“The usual?” Kennedy asked.

“Nope, got the chef to make something special… All of your favorites.”

“Sounds good. I love sausage.”

Nate snickered “I know you do… Now hurry up, we still have to start studying for Monday. I had to take notes for the two of us today and it was a complete pain.”

“Aww Nate, you’re the best,” the darker haired teen said enveloping his friend in a tight hug. “What would I do without you?”

The lighter haired teen blushed at how close they had become. He could feel the scruff of Kennedy’s unshaven face.

“It… was no problem.”

“I take it Dan gave you the rest of my work minus Latin?”

“Yeah… Had to get that off of Matt.”

“Remind me to thank him some time Can you point me in the right direction?”

“He’s part of the Lacrosse team.”

“Lacrosse is a spring sport Archibald, so that’s no help.”

“Oh… I’ll introduce you some time.”

“Good, as it would be good to have someone to talk to in Latin.”

“That bad?”

“You wouldn't believe… The teacher had a thing for Connor.”

“And you know this how?”

“First day of school when Kyle came to help with Queller.”
“Oh.”

“Yeah… both were messy.”

Hours later the duo were finishing up their rounds. They currently were at the sporting goods department of some store Nate had been going to since he was in diapers.

“Nate, I feel ridiculous,” Kennedy said walking out of his “dressing room.”

“You’re supposed to. They don’t hide anything.”

“Just admit it, you like dressing me up like Blair does to you.”

“I do not.”

Kennedy laughed. “I would take you more seriously if you were keeping your eyes above my waist Archibald. You weren’t kidding when you said they don’t hide anything,” Kennedy said as he noticed how the material contoured around his body.

“Fine… I’ll admit that I’m a little jealous in that department,” the blonde whispered as he looked at the others groin.

“It’s not the size of the ship, its how skilled the captain is.”

Nate smiled. “Want to help me dock my ship?”

“In a few months Archibald.”

“Change out of that and we can get going. That obviously is the right one for you.”

“Maybe we should both join the wrestling team,” Kennedy smiled as his friend turned crimson. “It would be a lot of fun.”

“Maybe for you.”

“Your loss. It would be the perfect opportunity to grope and grind without anyone suspecting a thing.”

“Blair’s corrupted you… Or maybe it was Chuck… Whoever it was, you need to get away from them.”

“Actually it was you Archibald, you just get so hot and bothered every time I see you,” Kennedy said passionately from the other side of the door.

“Hypocrite,” Nate said to himself.

“Heard that.”

“Damn.”

“Up for another challenge?” Kennedy said emerging from the dressing room.

“Sure.” Nate was ready for payback.

“Well why don’t you head for the counter, I’m going to grab a few more things.”
“Like what? We have everything we came for.”

“Not everything,” Kennedy said in a tone that sent blood rushing below the equator.

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“This isn’t my idea of a challenge,” Nate said as he looked at the other teen… I was expecting less clothing considering you grabbed that many jocks.”

“Well you steal my boxers, so I figured my jockstraps would be next.”

“I don’t even wear those! That’s gross dude.”

“So is wearing my underwear.”

“So what are the rules?”

“First one to finish them all wins.”

“But there’s so many,” Nate whined.

“Chicken.”

“How original dude.”

“You’re going down.”

“No, you’re going down on me.”

“Nate, we’ve talked about this before… Just because you’re horny and have a complicated situation with Blair and Serena doesn’t mean I’m crossing that line.”

“But dude.”

“Dude no.”

“You suck.”

“I do suck at these, so you have a shot.” Kennedy said picking up a Sudoku puzzle.

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“I win!” Nate said triumphantly.

“Not fair.”

“I know what I want.”

“What?”

“I get to crash here for the rest of the weekend.”

“How romantic Nate,” Kennedy said in falsetto.

“Well I do have to woo you.”

“So what are you going to do about Blair and Serena?” Kennedy asked as he looked at his friend.
“I’ll stay with Blair… the more I think about it, she was probably right… I may have a connection with Serena, but it’s not worth hurting everyone else.”

“See, you didn't take the easy way out, you did the right thing. Don't sell yourself short Archibald. The easy thing would have been pissing Blair off which would have given Chuck what he wanted.”

“What are you talking about?”

“Forget what I said and you can grope me in bed.”

“Fine with me!” Nate said. “Is this a new way to get me to study because it’s definitely working for me!”

**

“I’m beginning to think this was a bad idea dude,” Nate said.

“You were the one who wanted this Nate, so now we both have to deal with being boned up.”

“Well we could…”

“No. We’re neither in a relationship nor in middle school. No sex or circle jerks.”

“Wait those exist?”

“Wow you really are blond.”

“I was joking… Of course I know about them, I’ve been on a few teams over the years.”

“Good night Nate.”

“Night,” the lighter haired teen said draping an arm around the other male as he moved closer to spoon.

“Bromance.”

“Our little secret.” ‘If only you knew K.’


“I still can’t believe you did that,” Kennedy said as Nate followed him in. The Kiss on the Lips party had been interesting to say the least.

“Well you clean up well and we had masks.”

“Blair knows which masks we had.”

“We are in no danger.”

“Nate we really need to stop this… I don't want to lose you as a friend.”

“You’re not going to.”

“N.”

“K.”
“Can you hang out with your other friends more… Jeremy in particular has been sending me a lot of glares lately.”

“But you told me to stop using… that’s all we ever really did together.”

Kennedy sighed.

“Besides, we have more fun together.”

“Is there some hidden Archibald mansion your family isn’t using right now.”

“There is one on Nantucket.”

“Nantucket you say,” Kennedy said with a glint in his eyes.

“I think I know what to get you for Christmas now K.”

“That’s if we make the finals N.”

“We will dude.”

“Well your grades have been steady…”

‘Thank you God,’ Nate thought to himself.

“We can take it slow… You do realize what you’re risking right?”

“Yeah.”

“Nate, your future, your inheritance… You could lose it all.”

“I don’t need all of that.”

“I know that from how you dress most of the time,” the darker haired male replied sarcastically.

“Hey!”

“We should get to bed, you have that brunch to go to tomorrow.”

“You should come.”

“Chuck hates his dad, I’m not going to stay on his good side… and besides I have plans with my trainer. I’ve ditched him a few times already.”

“That’s the first time I’ve heard of this.”

“He’s a former athlete himself, he’s helping me refine my goalie skills.”

“You’re going to miss out.”

“Well I need to keep up my game if you want your happy ending Nate.”

“Then I wont stop you.”

“I didn't think you would.”

“How did Nelly take you dumping her?”
“Surprisingly well… It’s almost as if Blair had told her ahead of time as I couldn't get a word in edge wise.”

“I’m going to take a shower, will you get the food started without burning the place down?”

“I’ve been improving!”

“I know Nate, you’ll be the perfect househusband in a few years.”

“Speak for yourself. I’m going to be Mayor and you’ll be my secretary.”

“How original Nate.”

“Well it would be the perfect cover.”

“You need to graduate twice before that first.”

“How much longer do we need to keep doing this K?”

“I don’t know… We’ll take it one day at a time N.”

“I could really care less what other people think.”

“Your father knows something.”

“What?”

“I’m being selfish. Is that what you wanted to hear? I’m not ready to be with you in any capacity because your father knows something about my past and isn’t telling me it? He obviously feels guilty with the way he gave me the letter.”

“We’re done here,” Nate said getting angry.

“N.”

“You’re using me.”

“No, I’m not.”

“Yes you are.”

“If I were using you, I would be sleeping with you right now instead of helping you academically and personally.”

“Are you trying to trick me?”

“No.”

“Yes you are. I’m not as dumb as I look,” Nate said grabbing his coat and heading out the door.

“Nate wait.”

The teen turned around. “Goodnight Kennedy.”

“Night Nate,” Kennedy said watching his friend walk away.

**
Kennedy was beginning to become sick of Nate leaving late at night, only to show up bright and early the next day.

“Kennedy I know you’re in there.” Nate was frustrated after knocking and calling for several minutes.

“Archibald it’s four in the morning,” a sleepy Kennedy said as he opened his door to let the other male in. “What are you doing even up? I was happily sleeping.”

“I can tell,” Nate’s eyes went south.

“Eyes up here Nate.”

“They’ve made up… well for the most part.”

“Who?” slurred Kennedy as he ushered his friend in before slamming the door shut.

“Serena and Blair,” Nate said as if the darker haired teen was a complete and utter idiot. “And since I can’t smoke when I’m hanging out with you, you have to deal with me now since I don’t have it to calm me down.”

“I’ll make us coffee as I’m sure you wont let me go back to sleep.”

“I’m actually calling in the favor now.”

Kennedy had a confused look.

“I came clean… unfortunately it was when I was going to have sex with Blair…”

“I thought you made up your mind?” Kennedy said with a scrutinizing look.

“I fell back on old habits… it was easier.”

“Nate…”

“I know… but I need your help… I need to fix things with Blair for all of our sake’s.”

“What am I supposed to do?”

“Help me figure out the details.”

“That’s easy… I was expecting something else to be honest.”

“Oh ye of little faith.”

“Nate.”

“I’m not dumb or blind dude. You didn't have to date Nelly to fit in.”

“I don't know what you’re talking about. She just happened to be in the right place at the right time I guess.”

“Stop lying to yourself… I’ve seen you sneak glances.

Kennedy looked to the ground. He was so not having this conversation right now.

“I’m not the only guilty party. I’ve seen you sporting wood in the showers after practice after you
glance a little too long at me.”

“Have not.”

“Have too.”

“Kennedy…” Nate whined.

“So dorm room?”

“Dorm room.”

“Do you think the Captain was serious when he said he’d consider elsewhere?” Kennedy asked.

“Only if you can’t get into Dartmouth, though I don’t think that should be a problem with the Captain’s recommendation and connections.”

Kennedy sighed. “I feel bad using it.”

“Don’t worry about it… Considering it leveling the playing field.”

“I guess… It’s a shame… as California would be very fun.”

“Why do you think I wanted to go there to begin with?”

“To escape all of this and become just another pretty face.”

“So you think I’m pretty?” Nate laughed.

“From your bangs to the balls of your feet.”

Nate choked on his drink.

“Those are nice too you dirty little boy.”

“Hey! I’m not little!”

“I know… we’ve showered together before Archibald.”

“Not often enough since we don’t after gym.”

“You’re weird Nate. This bromance is starting to be more of a romance…”

“Well…”

“I don’t half do things Nate.”

“That’s good to know as I would hate to be left with blue balls.”

“Well get used to them as you won’t be getting any action with me any time soon.”

“Then I’m not responsible for what happens when we wrestle.”

“I won’t hold you responsible Nate. I’d actually find it quite flattering.”

“So I can stroke your ego, but not this?” Nate said copping more than a feel.
“You can’t handle it Pretty Boy.”

Spotted, Golden Boy visiting Mystery Boy in the middle of the night. Late night booty call N? K, I didn't know you had it in you? Now that’s an image… I’m sure B, S, and Nelly Yuki won’t be looking at you two the same anytime soon.

At what point do bromances evolve into romances? Maybe I should ask C? It must sting to see two of your friends getting together behind your back.

All joking aside, those two are quickly becoming thick as thieves. Hopefully this doesn’t disrupt the balance of power too much. N must be in trouble to be waking up K in the middle of the night if what I’ve heard about him is true. We all remember THAT day he was sans coffee correct?

XOXO, Gossip Girl

Aren't they adorable?
And this gets us through Episode 2.
That's it for my birthday updates so give a dog a bone and throw me a review or two :D

-griff
Poison Ivy Part One

Chapter Summary

And you thought the girls were catty... Kennedy finds himself in a stick situation. Gossip Girl is implying they're hooking up... And Dan's being an emot brat... So basically all is normal right?

Disclaimer: I don’t own any of the Gossip Girl Universe outside of any original characters, concepts, or locations not seen in the actual books or TV show.

Spotted N making another late night stop at K’s. You two are either doing something big or doing each other. Which one is it gentlemen, as I wouldn't mind the latter at all. Things have been far too quiet lately and that's exactly the type of bombshell I could use.

XOXO, Gossip Girl

“Kennedy, I’m sorry I’m late!” Nate said knocking on the door without any shame about what time it currently was. To be honest the brunette didn't mind as he kind of found it refreshing to have someone being so dependent on him for non-nefarious reasons.

“You’re lucky I passed out as soon as I got back,” a refreshed Kennedy said opening the door, his eyes barely open.

Nate took a moment to do a glance over of his friend. From the messy hair down to the pajama bottoms, the blonde knew his friend was snoozing instead of studying. But being the good friend he was, he didn't say anything as he would be a hypocrite as he hadn’t done anything academic either for the past few hours. Instead Nate decided to stay neutral and get the ball rolling with a simple, but trusted, “You know me too well.”

The brunette lead his friend in before closing the door. Nate plopped down on the couch leaving just enough room for his friend to sit beside him.

“So what do you want to study in particular? We both should get some shut eye before the exam.”

Kennedy knew he was going to regret how he phrased things, but they could have been much worse. Sure there was no innuendo laced in there, but it did leave things open to Nate’s wandering mind. With all the creativity in the blonde’s head, it puzzled the brunette as to why his friend had not become a writer. Sure he was scatter brained, but he had quite a way with words when he put his mind to something.

“Can I tell you that you were right like usual first?”

The brunette paused before showing an outward reaction. On one hand he would have loved to grin from ear to ear. On the other hand he didn't want his friend feeling any worse “What happened Nate?” Kennedy said getting up from his seat to get them each a drink.
“Coffee please?”

“Fine,” Kennedy said getting out the grounds from a cabinet. He may be a coffee aficionado, but even he knew when to call it quits. The night before a test was not a good idea to start chain drinking the liquid gold if they wanted any shuteye. And Nate always wanted plenty of shuteye.

“Well Chuck,” Nate paused. “… He gave me the key to his suite at The Palace to talk to Serena in private…”

Kennedy could already see where this was going, but encouraged his friend to carry on with his story anyways. “That sounds like trouble dude.”

“Well that’s only half the story. It gets much worse.”

“Keep going Golden Boy.” The other male gestured for him to continue but Nate met with his a gesture of his own. “We don't have time for you to take all night with it.”

Nate sent a less than friendly glare at the brunette. “You know I hate that name.” Every word was laced with sarcasm. Sure they didn't like some of the things Gossip Girl said about them, but a lot of them were true. However her pet names for the boys weren’t as cordial as the ones for the ladies of their circle.

“Well I like it so deal with it unless you want to be Natie all the time.” The blonde glared and remained defeated. “Serena’s been telling me how you love being called that.”

Despite the teasing, Nate carried on with his tale. He would have his revenge later on after all. Kennedy wouldn’t know what hit him when he least expected it.

“Anyways Chuck gave Blair another key to it… and well she decided sex was the only way to keep me from Serena if you catch my drift.”

“Oh… Man this doesn't sound too good. This isn't heading where I think its heading is it?”

“Yeah… Unfortunately it is dude. So Serena thinks I planned to hurt her by her seeing me with Blair. And on the flip side Blair thinks I was going to cheat on her with Serena.”

“Us being together is looking a lot nicer about now,” Kennedy joked. “Chuck sure knows how to pull the strings and play puppet master to stir up trouble to get his desired results.”

“It sure does,” Nate said inching closer, completely ignoring the later part of his friend’s statement, not that he would have agreed with it. Unlike Kennedy, Nate was unable to see many of the manipulations of the other male. Then again he didn't see a lot of Blair’s scheming either. Whether it was he blind and oblivious to them or whether he was playing dumb and didn't care, Nate was missing the point.

“But it gets worse.” The blonde’s fingers ran through his silky locks in frustration.

“Another blast about us?” Kennedy’s joke did little to settle the tension in the air.

“No, that would be fine at this point dude… I could handle that and accept it at this point to be honest… But it’s way bigger than that dude. Blair… She revealed that she knew I slept with Serena at the Sheppard’s wedding.”

“Crap,” Kennedy said gathering the mugs after adding the appropriate additions to each of their drinks. “Dude I don't even know who they are but that’s a weird time to… you know.”
“Yeah… but somehow to make matters worse it also turned Blair on.”

“So you slept with her.”

“Kind of…” Nate clammed up for a moment as he blushed. “We slept, but didn't SLEEP together.”

“Oh Nate,” the brighter teen said sitting down and passing a mug.

“Yeah… so now that’s off my chest I’m ready to study.” Nate stretched out and snatched his notebook from his bag. While most of it was doodles, there were some notes hidden in there. He would gladly admit it that he was almost entirely dependent on his friend’s outlines and study guides well except for one class they shared, but Kennedy never said anything about it. It was unspoken, but it kind of annoyed Nate at the same time.

“Ok, I’m ready too.”

*Knock Knock*

“K you in there?” came a familiar voice. “It’s almost time to go.”

“Shit!” Kennedy said as he shook his companion awake. “I’ll be out in a few Connor.”

“I’m coming in now Bro. You’re getting out of bed now. No five more minutes today Bro. You’re going to run late if you pull that crap today!”

“Give me a second,” Kennedy said struggling to wake Nate up. “I’ll be ready in a second.”

“Do you have someone in there?” Connor joked. “Trying to hide the evidence of your sordid sex life.”

“Kind of Bro. Just disposing of the evidence.” Kennedy frantically attempted to get his friend awake as a bare-chested Nate in his bed was the last thing he wanted his pseudo brother seeing right now. He could handle a sleeping Nate, but a barely clothed Nate in bed would be all the ammunition Connor would need to blackmail him for the next few weeks to do anything the blonde desired as Mr. and Mrs. Windsor could do a whole range of things depending on how well or not they took it.

“Nate Archibald?” the older blonde asked from the other side of the door with a huge smirk on his face. Thanks to the physical barrier between them, the teen did not see that the college student was barely keeping it together. He had long abandoned the notion of busting in on the younger male as the wrath of a half asleep Kennedy was never pleasant to deal with. There was still time for them to get ready and arrive with time to spare, but he loved teasing the younger athlete. Seeing the teen sweat always got him off.

“How did you know?” Kennedy shouted back innocently as he stretched and got off the bed with a fluid movement. He hissed in pain quietly as he stepped on something sharp. He was too preoccupied to see what it was.

“You’ve been spotted together a lot lately… Chuck really pawned you off to him didn't he?” Connor said finally turning the knob and coming in. “Or was it the other way around? Did he pawn Nate off to you?”

“It’s fine either way you think about it to be honest Bro… I still see him, but I think I’d rather have
my distance. We’re so different that the distance is kind of refreshing. We don't really have much common ground and Nate is kind of doing double duty.”

The blonde shook his head disapprovingly at the form of the still sleeping Nate in Kennedy’s messily made bed.

“I’ve got breakfast and coffee… Wake Archibald up now or you’ll be cutting it close. You never know how bad traffic could be and I don't want to be late myself bro. You’re not the only one with a test today.”

Kennedy got a wicked idea as Connor walked away and closed the door behind himself. It was kind of cruel but there was no better time than the present to do a little experiment.

“Want to have sex now Nate?” Kennedy whispered into the blonde’s ear. “I’m hard and really in the mood to do something right about now. We could get a quick romp in right now before school if you want.”

“I thought you would never ask!” the teen said jerking awake and looking hungrily into the other male’s eyes with his signature dopey grin.

“Works like a charm,” Kennedy replied cruelly as he spun around and opened a drawer, turning his back on his friend literally and figuratively in the process.

“That was cruel and you know it.” Nate threw his legs over his side of the bed and pulled on the pair of socks he had discarded on the floor the night before.

Kennedy headed to his closet and tossed a shirt and tie to his friend after putting on a set of his own. “We’re running late… We both overslept and are paying the price right now. Hurry up dude and we’ll talk about it later after practice,” the teen said opening the door.

“Thank goodness for older brothers eh guys?” Connor said looking in as the sole brunette made an attempt at walking around him to no avail.

“Hey Connor.” Nate was blissfully aware of the other blonde seeing him sleeping moments before.

“Less talking, more stripping and getting ready. Time’s a ticking guys and you are far from being dressed.”

“Want a free show C?” Kennedy teased as he looked on in amusement.

Connor turned around and analyzed the situation, turning his direction to the two teens. “I’ve heard Archibald’s got a nice ass.”

“You two suck,” Nate said as he realized he was literally the butt of the joke.

“Come on Nate,” Kennedy said pulling his friend into the bathroom

“Kids,” Connor said walking away and zipping around the kitchen as he scrounged around for breakfast for the two teens. “Keep in clean in there.”

“Thanks again Bro,” Kennedy said getting out of the car. He threw his bag over his shoulder as he shut the door of the black vehicle behind him.

“Yeah, Connor we would have missed the exam without you,” Nate added as he did the same with
the back passenger one.

“Don’t mention it… Thanks for lending me your car while mine’s in the shop Kennedy. It’s still not fair how you have a nicer one than me! I’m older!”

“Well I’m not using it Bro, you can keep it.”

“I know, it’s not the first time you’ve told me that. Well, getting going and good luck you two,” Connor said pulling away. “You’ll both need it.”

“Tardy detention I can deal with.”

“If we hurry we’ll make it…” Nate began after looking at his watch, but not before noticing Kennedy already took off without him.

“My homeroom is further, I’ll see you later N,” the brunette said sprinting off into the distance.

That wasn’t too bad,” Nate said as they waited for Bio to start. The two were seated at their usual lab bench and waited for the inevitable.

“It could have been much worse.” Both teens fiddled with their pens.

“It wasn’t my best work.”

“He’ll be all over us I’m sure.”

“I have no doubts.” The two shared another smile as they got their minds off their impending doom.

“So the Ivy Week is this week…” Kennedy trailed off, not knowing exactly how to proceed with the conversation as he knew that they could be making better use of the time.

“Yeah…” Nate said as if it were no big deal at all.

“I’ve heard a few people mention in…” the teen was cut off before he could finish.

“Basically a few selected students will get the chance to talk to representatives from the different schools. Basically an over glorified meet and greet. You become their bitch for a lack of a better term for the duration of their stay and if all things go well you have an unspoken in to their school.”

“Who are you gunning for since you don't want to go to Dartmouth? There aren’t really any other Ivy’s that I can picture you attending to be honest man. No offense Nate.”

“None taken dude. I don’t want to attend at all to be honest, but I don’t really have much of a choice as you know… You’ll be Harvard won’t you? I cant think of better usher for them than you Mr. Mystery.”

“Well you do have that house on Nantucket Mr. Golden. It would be mighty convenient for me to sneak away there on the weekends.”

“We could get a townhouse on Beacon Hill…”

“Maybe we’ll get lucky and the Harvard guy will want to watch two jocks make out.” Kennedy whispered this and Nate struggled to contain himself. He knew that even money would very
unlikely get him in as it was a hard place to get in for even the elite, but the blonde had to admit it to himself that it wasn’t out of the realm of possibilities for the Upper East Side as much stranger things had happened during his lifetime.

“Dude!” Nate whispered back as his punched his friend on the arm in a friendly manner.

Luckily for the duo, the teacher was out for the day so they spent the rest of the period goofing off instead of trying to cram even more information into their already overloaded brains. Sure Kennedy was a good student, but even he needed a mental break every now and then… Unfortunately for him, Nate’s hands didn't quite get the memo.

“What’s his problem?” Kennedy asked, noticing Dan storm off. For once the brunette was more oblivious to things than his blonde companion.

“You weren’t really paying attention in Pre-Calc were you?” Nate asked while stating the obvious.

“Nope, not enough coffee in my system. They’re all squiggles to me. I’ve begun to accept that I’ll have to cheat off you to keep my grades up in at least one class.”

“Lucky for you, I am actually getting this stuff for once. Don’t get too confident buddy as this could be short lived.”

“This feels weird.”

“What does?” Nate asked his friend.

Kennedy struggled with his reply. There was no way of putting this lightly. It was going to come out wrong and he had to accept it. “You helping me.”

“Hey!” Nate took more offense to it than expected.

“I’m kidding dude… But seriously I'm just used to use to giving. I don't really like to rely on others as you know dude. It’s just not in my nature to do so. I don’t mind getting help, but this is kind of embarrassing how bad I’m not getting this and you're drinking this up like water and you're spending half the class talking to me.”

“Anyways getting back on topic…” Nate said while rolling his eyes. “Dan came up to me after he saw THE list… He was pretty pissed that I got the Dartmouth gig on account of ‘who I am.’ He doesn't think for a minute that I earned it. Not that I blame him for a second…”

“That’s not your fault.” Kennedy did his best to make his friend feel less guilty but it only had the effect of making it worse. Instead of the intended effect, the brunette was making things worse.

“It is though… I don't even want to go there and I got it anyways based on my name. It’s just going to be a waste of time and you know it… Especially when there’s someone like Dan who really wants to go there and could really use this opportunity… Wow I just sounded like you!”

“Very funny Archibald. Laugh it up smart ass. We don't have to go to Harvard either… Or USC for that matter. We’ll come to that when we get to it.”

“Dude I know we’ll figure it out. I don’t even have to go to school if you think about it.”

“Nate.” The tone in Kennedy’s voice left no room for argument.
“Fine, I was kidding… Dan’s going to be mad at you too dude. I’m not even kidding either.”

“Why?”

“You got Harvard.”

“Really?”

Obviously the brunette had yet to check the list or this would have already been known to the teen. He was truly beginning to regret the extra late night coffee the two had consumed the night before.

“Yeah… He’s probably going to hate you more since you were thrown into wealth and accepted so easily man. You’ve got like the perfect life to him.”

“But it wasn’t my choice.” Kennedy slouched slightly.

“I know K, but he’ll always be the kid from Brooklyn to people like Chuck and Blair.” The blonde put a reassuring arm around the other male’s neck in encouragement.

“Well he has Serena smitten if its any consolation.”

“I guess we could make it up to him and help him with soccer? Even if he doesn't make a college team, it would help him right?” Nate suggested

“You’re right.”

“Of course I’m right,” the blonde replied cockily. He only received a round of hysterical laughter instead. “And besides you need my help in that department too so it kills two birds with one stone.”

“Who are you and what have you done with the real Nate Archibald?” Kennedy joked as his friend went all literary on him. He smiled for Nate was far from the dumb kid he passed himself off as. He simply just didn't apply himself which was quite a waste as he could have been in a much different place if he had met Kennedy much sooner academically and socially.

“I’ve been an ass haven’t I? “Dan asked his friend in the middle of their Honors English class during a lull in their group activity as their teacher stepped out of the room.

“A little bit.” To be honest Dan had been more than a bit of one, but Kennedy was too nice of a guy to mention it. He had standards after all!

“It’s just that I’m so sick of all of these rich kids getting handed everything on a silver platter…” Kennedy raised an eyebrow.

“You’re not like that… You got the Harvard position on your academics and athletics, Nate may be a friend but we both know why he got Dartmouth. It’s not really fair dude… That’s the school for me and I thought I had a shot at it!”

“He knows that too Dan if it’s any consolation. So don’t make too big of a deal out of it for both of our sakes. It’s less than ideal for all of us, but we have to accept it buddy. His father went there so he’s under pressure to get in despite his grades and the family connection will do strange and funny things.”

“That’s one sob story I don't want to listen to,” Dan stated dryly.
Kennedy sighed. “He doesn’t even want to go there and we both know that. You’re putting me in an awkward place.”

Dan paused as the bell rang. He collected his thoughts before exploding.

“So you’re choosing him over me? Of course you would. You’re turning into one of them… Maybe that rumor was true after all,” Dan spat.

“You’re pathetic Humphrey.” Kennedy threw the remainder of his belongings straight into his bag, not worrying about how they landed. “If you didn’t spend so much time self-loathing, just maybe you would realize that they have just as many problems as you do, if not more. Money isn’t everything, but it doesn’t buy class. And it won’t solve all your problems either as it will only create new ones. So stop walking around with a chip in your shoulder and get on with your life.”

Dan looked on in silence at the retreating form of his friend. He would never admit it, but this was truly the turning point in how he saw the Upper East Siders. Sure he would see another side of them in Serena, but Kennedy’s very honest admission really got the gears in his mind going.

Kennedy sat in awkward silence as he listened to the coach drone on about some play or another with X’s and O’s dotting the board in some elaborate fashion. And as a goalie it didn't mean much to him, but he still had to know it. Dan and Nate sat on opposite ends of the room and Kennedy chose to sit in the middle of the two feuding teens as he wasn’t quite ready (or in the mood for that matter) to pick sides. Sure they weren’t ever close… in fact he was their common link, but that didn't mean they should be acting the way they were.

“Blake, can you see me for a moment,” the coach said as the other players filed out of the locker room and headed straight onto the field for a scrimmage.

The teen grimaced in return but made not verbal response.

“Is there something going on son?” Their coach was acting kind of fatherly for once which kind of unnerved the brunette. It was quite odd to see the normally gruff man want to talk about feelings and all of that sissy stuff, but he had good reason so to do so: all chances of making the finals would go out the window if his goalie’s mind was elsewhere. “Archibald, Humphrey, and yourself are normally together at the hip. But today there’s some tension, I could cut it with a knife if I wanted to Blake.”

Kennedy sighed as he slumped his shoulders in defeat. He was not one to normally go to an adult in a position of authority with his problems, but he had a feeling even a lame pep talk was better than nothing at this point. “It’s Ivy Week.”

The coach made a knowing look as it began to click. “Same school I take it.”

“Yep... Well for them fortunately, Dartmouth in fact Coach.”

“They’ll get through it,” the older male said sagely. “Have you picked a side yet?”

“No.”

“Stay that way.”

“I’ll try to do so Coach, but it’s going to be hard.”
“Well we better get going before they think we snuck off somewhere…”

“Yeah…”

“Blake.”

“Yeah?”

“I know they’re not Ivy’s, but I have connections at several institutions across the country. I know you’re a Boston boy, so don’t hesitate to ask. I know your athletic prowess could easily get you into Northeastern, BC, and BU without even considering your academics. I know Boston’s in your blood, but don’t be afraid to look elsewhere. You’re more than an academic.”

“Thanks.”

“I wasn’t born into this world either Blake,” Kennedy resisted the urge to roll his eyes. It was quite obvious that the physical education instructor was not a socialite or even remotely close to that despite his classically rugged looks. “An Ivy League school won’t make you a great person. It’s your drive on and off the field that will make the difference regardless if you go pro or not. An ivy may provide a different network of peers, but a lot of the greats pop up from the unexpected.”

“I’ll keep that in mind Coach.”

“You’ve been improving over the last few weeks.” The teen felt a hand on his shoulder.

“Thanks for noticing.”

“Keep it up and you may be making headlines.”

“A little birdie told me you got Harvard,” a certain brunette said as he walked out onto the sidewalk. He was mentally and physically drained from practice and wanted nothing more than to curl into bed with a nice big mug of coffee.

“Yes, I did get in Waldorf. Cut to the point.” Kennedy was surprised to see her waiting for him instead of her boyfriend which would have made much more sense.

“How did you know?” she asked looking around her with her well perfected mask of innocence.

Kennedy laughed. “I’m just good at reading people like I’ve said to you before… That and your mother being a fashion designer and your best friend being a glamazon can wreak havoc on one’s psyche.”

Blair flinched at the harsh analysis. “Have you told anyone?”

“No, I’m not like the rest of you.”

“You’re more like us than you think,” she scoffed. “You’re far from being that kid from Brooklyn Nate and yourself hang out with.”

“Don’t even compare me to him,” he snarled as he began to walk away, gym bag in tow.

“I’m sorry,” Blair said, voice filled with sarcasm as she didn’t like Dan one bit, while chasing after him. At some point he felt himself being grabbed by the shoulder and spun around to face the schemer once more. “Now I may not be your favorite person, but we need to get you ready for
Harvard. It may not be Yale, but you're not a New Yorker, you're a misplaced Bostonian.”

“Thank God for small favors.” Kennedy didn't know where this was heading but he had a good idea of how to make short work of it.

“You’re playing usher to one of the younger representatives by the way.”

“How young?”

“Late twenties to early thirties from my sources.”

Kennedy remained silent as he did not like where this was going at all. He had a bad feeling he knew exactly how this was going.

“He’s also a former athlete.”

“Why are you doing this Blair?”

“You need this… You may not want anyone’s financial help, but friends help friends. I’m going to give you a leg up whether you like it or not.”

“Thanks.”

“You’ll also want to brush up on your chemistry and biology. He’s a well-known neuroscientist.”

“Oh joy… Why couldn't I have some old guy who loves being praised?”

Blair smiled. “You’re karma’s bitch.”

“I know.”

“Thanks by the way.”

Kennedy was confused.

“I know you were why THEY haven’t gotten together.”

At first the male was confused as to what she was referring to, but it did eventually come to him. “Well we are friends.” Blair said nothing.

“Well what am I supposed to do for you in return for this knowledge and likely subsequent total makeover?”

“Well now that you mention it, you could use a makeover. My stylist would love to get his hands on that mop your try to pass off as hair. He’s always up for a new challenge and you need some help.”

“Blair…”

“Fine, I need your help keeping Nelly away from the Yale rep.”

“Easier said than done with me being the Harvard usher.”

“You have Nate’s network of friends there at your disposal, think of something.”

“Fine, but I’m not wearing skin tight pants.”
“What a shame, I heard your guy is open minded.”

“Blair, that's like making you wear one of Serena’s outfits. I think we both know very well that we both hold better senses of fashion in our pinkies than in their entire bodies.”

“Point taken.”

“Can we avoid everywhere else and just go straight to Ralph Lauren? I’m kind of pressed for time Blair and they have my measurements already.”

Blair had an intrigued look.

“You’ve seen the pictures I’m certain.”

Blair nodded in the affirmative.

“I don't like cheap feels.”

Her lips pursed before giving her driver the orders as he opened the doors for them.

“Think I can try on a few things while I’m there?” the brunette beauty asked as her companion gave his bag to the driver.

“Who am I to stop the woman outfitting me with the tools to success?”

Blair smiled as Kennedy smiled back.

“Why can’t more men be like you? The world would be a much better and fashionable place if there were.”

Kennedy kept smiling as he laid back on the cool leather seat and listened to his companion drawl on about the various problems that could be solved with good fashion.

The two brunettes currently found themselves both neck deep in possibilities. Who would have guessed that they brought out the shopaholic in each other?

“If I weren’t dating Nate you’d have the honor of personally accompanying me to red carpet events.”

“I’ll take that as a compliment and not an awkward form of flirting.”

Blair snorted, but would never admit it. “You’re too wholesome to do anything so don't worry. I’m no Serena, so don't worry your pretty little face about anything like that.”

“I think it goes pretty little head.”

“Your hair is a mess.”

“Nate’s hair is worse. It’s not even nautical or surfer hair.”

“He’s been influenced by Chuck for too long.”

“I can tell.”

“Your hair is next.”
“What about shoes?”
“I’ll have them send some over tomorrow. Men’s shoes are so boring.”
“I’m a size 12 so don’t forget it.”
“I won’t,” she said pulling out her phone.

“I don’t get the point of the highlights, but I feel like a whole new person,” Kennedy said as he was spun around to get a look at his new do in the mirror. Blair’s hairdresser held another in his hand to reflect the backside.

“Now you look like one of us.”
“I look like Nate.”
“That’s not such a bad thing now is it.”
“I guess not.”

“Well my work here is done. The rest is up to you Kennedy,” Blair said as the car came to a stop outside. The two teens left not long after, but not before he received an appointment card. The look he received from his companion left no room for argument.

“Thanks for everything Blair.”
“Just remember your end of the deal.”
“I won’t.”

“Good, because I’d rather not have to go to college with Nelly.” Kennedy shook his head in response. “Sure she has her uses, but I would rather discard her before she outlives her usefulness.”

Kennedy rolled his eyes as he put his bag over his shoulder and watched it drive away.

“Nice hair cut,” a familiar male voice said surprising Kennedy.

“Mason.”
“Can we talk?”
“I don’t think we should.”

“Well you don’t have much of a choice,” the older male said pulling Kennedy inside the nondescript building the duo was standing in front of moments before.

Kennedy remained quiet as he was lead in a labyrinth of hallways and doors.

“I’ll explain, we just have to go a little further.”

The younger youth just remained silent, resigned to the fact this could potentially be the end.

“I’m really sorry about everything, but you’ll understand in a bit.”
Kennedy kept walking as Mason continued talking. The two did not make any eye contact at any point, which further unnerved the teen. Mason’s grip was too strong to break free from.

‘That’s definitely going to leave a bruise.’

“It was nothing personal, but if I didn't do what I was told they threatened to hurt my family… A little embarrassment is nothing in comparison to losing your family, wouldn't you say?” Mason said with remorse clearly evident in his voice.

Kennedy didn't know whether to believe him or award him an Emmy for his acting.

“I always pictured a woman to be behind all of this.” Kennedy made the statement after noticing certain things around the building.

“Sorry, you’ll be disappointed as they’re all male.”

“I’m sure you were very thorough in your examination Mason.”

The older male had the decency to blush at the insinuation. “He will see you now.”

“Hello Kennedy, it’s been far to long.”

The teen dropped his cell phone on the ground in shock. The glass of the screen shattered upon impact.

Seems like lots of juicy tidbits have surfaced since S has returned and most of them don't even involve her in the slightest. Coincidence? I think not... I cant wait to divulge a lot of them, but I do have confirmation for one of them. Enjoy my lovelies.

XOXO, Gossip Girl

And the big reveal is coming... And now another round of minor changes. Dan's being dragged along to soccer by Kennedy and Nate against his will. Nelly Yuki is once again mentioned.

-griff
Poison Ivy Part Two

Chapter Summary

The fallout of Mason's abduction of Kennedy. The Windsor's get all lovey dovey with the brunette. The brothers' bromance continues as another friendships strengthens.

Disclaimer: I don’t own any of the Gossip Girl Universe outside of any original characters, concepts, or locations not seen in the actual books or TV show.

That was mighty bold of you McAllister to abduct K in daylight. Woo Woo… The Windsor’s will be coming after you. Stay tight K, he will get his just desserts. I wonder what K was doing there by himself?

XOXO Gossip Girl

“OMG!” Blair Waldorf cried as she received the latest blast. “Turn the car around!” she ordered her driver.

No faster than that, her fingers began clicking keys faster than the speed of light! A scorned Blair was something you wouldn't wish upon your enemies.

The beauty made the first move. “Hello?”

“Hi Blair.”

“Nate, you saw what I just saw right?” This had the unintended consequence of coming out more as an order than a question.

“No, I’m actually with my parents right now. Is something up?”

“Oh… sorry. Forget about it. I’ll talk to you later.”

“Ok Blair…”

Blair hmphed as she hung up. Obviously her boyfriend was oblivious to everything or he would have jumped at the chance to save his friend from certain impending danger. And unfortunately for Blair, traffic was not moving at all in the direction she wanted to go. The sound of her nails clicking on the door handle was all she heard. She had long channeled out the sound of horns honking and her own breathing.

“Beep.”

Blair looked to see she had a text, but it wasn't from a number she recognized. It was from the area but that was all she could determine. She hesitated opening it after all of the crap that had been going around the last few years.
Blair,
Got Kennedy. All’s good. He doesn't want you to worry.
-Connor

Blair let out a sigh of relief. While they may not be the best of friends, they were still kind of friends, certainly more so than she was with her former best friend. Sure she may have forgiven Serena, but the blonde had a long way to go.

The brunette beauty sent back a message asking if she could call him, to which Connor replied with a simple yes, not that she would have been denied that request. She knew her parents knew his parents, but the two had no interactions that she could think of. It took her a few moments but she was able to put a face to the number and had no shame making his acquaintance. Their mothers were acquaintances due to their overlapping realms of expertise.

After a few moments of awkward small talk, the college student had turned his phone over to the teen. Kennedy's phone was turned off it would seem as Blair could not get through.

“Hello?”
“I’m glad to see you’re safe.” Blair tried not to come off too concerned.
“I guess I need a driver after all,” Kennedy joked.
“I can recommend you a few.”
“Nah, the Windsor’s already have something in mind… Blair can you do me a favor?”
“Sure.”
“If Nate doesn’t know, can you keep him out of the loop for a few hours?”
Blair giggled to his confusion. “I was on my way back to where I left you when I called him… I asked if he saw the blast and he said no… You should be good for a few hours. I can keep him busy.”

“Thanks Blair… I’d say we’re almost friends now.”
Blair blushed as she could picture the genuine smile coming from the other end. “You’re the only male that will willingly go shopping with me, of course you’re my friend.”

“Good because I’d like to be friends with someone as smart and beautiful as you.”

The brunette couldn't tell if he was being genuine or flirting… Sure she was used to the backstabbing of the Upper East Side, but that wasn’t Kennedy’s style from everything she had learned so far.

“Kennedy…”

“Don’t worry, it was just an observation… I don’t know why you hang out with so many airheads.”

Blair laughed once more. “They’re much more malleable. They make the perfect minions, though some of them still have a streak of independence in them.”
“Serena’s old ones?”

“Not just them, Nelly too.”

“Just be careful Blair, I just learned that you can be backstabbed at any moment from someone you least suspect.”

“Will you tell me about it?” she asked hopefully.

“Maybe someday… Just like you and your ‘condition.’ It takes time.”

Blair nodded to herself in understanding. While she may not fully trust or like him, she was definitely beginning to see the appeal in her fellow brunette.

“I’ve got to go, the Windsor’s have shown up now. I’m sure this will be on Gossip Girl in no time. Time to face the inevitable.”

“She sure loves you… If I didn't know any better I would say she was you.”

Kennedy laughs once more. “If it were me, there were be more guy drama on there. Do you honestly think I could write like that?”

“No.”

“Exactly.”

“I'll see you tomorrow.”

“Bye Blair.”

The brunette let out a sigh of relief as she heard the click from the other end. She heard the other voices in the background alerting her that it was a genuine call and not something nefarious. It wasn’t like their world was some thriller movie after all.


“Kennedy.” A familiar male voice called out his name.

“Hmm?” the teen said looking up. He was greeted with the approaching presence of the Windsor’s and Agent Gray.

Cassidy went over and hugged the teen. “Did he do anything to you?”

“No… Mason just brought me to someone…”

“Who?” Connor asked.

“I knew him as Dr. Abercrombie, but I’m sure that’s not his real name at this point. Nothing is ever that simple in my life… Nothing happened…”

Connor began laughing. “Seriously?”

“Yeah, but I don't think that’s really his name…”

“Did anything else go on there?” Agent Gray said.

“Mason left as soon as he let me into the room with Dr. Abercrombie.”
“And?” Kyle pressed on.

“Can we go home… I feel really dirty right now.”

“Did he?” The elder Windsor male suggested by wiggling his eyebrows to the embarrassment of his wife and son.

“No, nothing like that happened Kyle…” The teen paused. “I just feel really uncomfortable reliving it out here to be honest.”

“You heard him,” Agent Gray said ushering the family away, as the parents went in their car and the youths went with the federal agent.

Kennedy felt refreshed after the warm water cascaded down on his skin. He scrubbed his skin raw as thick white clouds of steam began to billow.

The teen was snapped out of his thoughts as he heard a knock on the door. He turned off the water and was met with his brother’s voice.

“Bro you alive in there?”

No response came from the wet teen. To be honest he wanted to curl up and forget about the world under the water.

“Dinner’s almost ready. Dad made your favorites.”

“Really?” Kennedy said as he raised an eyebrow and dried himself off.

“Fine, he ordered Chinese for us and made you a steak.”

“Now was that so hard to say,” Kennedy said as he opened the door, smoke billowing as moisture dripped from hair down his abdomen.

“Could you get any hotter?” Connor asked as he noticed the plume of steam move out into the hallway.

“Aww aren’t you sweet.”

“I’m not the one trying to get in your pants Bro. Save it for him. Now get dressed as you have to get his over with sooner or later. Mom and Dad are getting fidgety.”

“Can’t I just hide in my bed?”

“Nope.”

“This sucks.”

“So does attempted kidnapping.”

“So what exactly happened?” Agent Gray asked as he picked up a potsticker with his chopsticks.

“Well Mason brought me into that building you picked me up at.” The enthusiasm with which he
carved into the meat did not go unnoticed.

“And?”

“He brought me around all these different hallways… I got a little dizzy after a while. Those fluorescent lights did not agree with me, nor did the hideous dark wallpaper.” Connor did his best to suppress a snicker as a ghost of a smile appeared on his mother’s face to the horror of his father. “Anyways we eventually came to this nondescript wooden door on what I believe was the fifth or sixth floor. It was by a fire extinguisher I think.”

“As much as we enjoy your play by play of the décor, could we move on?” the agent continued as Cassidy shot him a look. Moments earlier a look of pride mixed with one of predatory interest when she heard how her charge easily recalled the décor of somewhere he barely was.

“I saw Dr. Abercrombie… He was… Well my psychologist throughout my childhood for the lack of a better word.”

“Where did you see him?” Kyle asked, quite familiar with some of the major hospitals of the country.

“That's the thing… he always came to me, whether it was school or where I was living at the time… I never went to him. It all started after my parents died… Though he did come to me that time I was at Children’s Hospital and the staff were apparently familiar with him.”

“That’s a start. Do you remember what age approximately? It would help us narrow down the scope greatly.”

“Let me get back to you on that…” The teen clammed up but no one pressed further.

“Anything else happen Bro?” Connor asked as he wrapped an arm around the teen.

“Umm… he admitted that the money was from my parents and the apartment is mine… And that THEY were indeed my parents, whomever they are. He was going to tell me more, but then he abruptly left after there was a knock on the door.”

“Can we trust that any of it is true?” Connor asked Agent Gray.

“Probably not, but we can’t discount it either.”

The teen got up from his seat to get some salad from the fridge. Meanwhile the adults whispered amongst themselves. The teen was unhappy to find the direction the conversation had taken when he heard Mr. Windsor ask, “Is it safe to leave Kennedy where he is any longer?”

“Probably not even if what this Dr. Abercrombie said is true.” Agent Gray did not say anything further. He took this lapse in security as a personal strike against him. He took pride in his work and was furious at himself for the events that had transpired hours before. While he was glad that nothing serious had occurred, he knew much worse things could have taken place.

“I’ll take him,” Connor volunteered, breaking the silence.

“I don't want to ruin your game bro,” Kennedy snickered.

“I’ll have you know I have enough for the both of us.” Connor did not appreciate the looks from the adults in the room when he made said comment, particularly that of his mother.
“Well now that’s settled, what do we do about Lucas and Oliver?” Kyle asked. It was a genuine concern that did need to be addressed after all. If one of the chosen individuals was a mole, there was a chance there could be more than one, even though the mysterious funder did not have much control in the selection of Kennedy’s minders. Selection may not have been influenced, but money is quite a powerful incentive to do something you shouldn't.

Agent Gray made a face as he wrinkled his nose and chin. This assignment had more twists and turns that attempting to solve a Rubik’s Cube. He was beginning to feel envious of his partner who was off on another assignment at the moment. While it was far more interesting than most gigs he had clearance for, Gray had a feeling he would be turning the same color as his namesake if things didn't begin to look up.

“It’s possible either or both of them are another Mason.” His voice was for dry and professional, straight to the point. The clinical tone was all the teen needed to keep quiet.

Kennedy continued to chow down his food as he watched the adults and Connor continue on and on about what they should do next. He was partly annoyed over the whole thing, but he did find it kind of nice to have people concerned about his welfare. He tuned them out and paid only the minimum attention to avoid suspicion.

“Did you learn anything else?”

Kennedy sighed. “They threatened to start dragging out more skeletons from my closet if I withdrew from St. Jude’s and/or left the city. I wouldn’t be surprised if they do that even if I remain here.”

“What else could you be hiding?” Cassidy asked. She didn't want to pry, but she did feel like she was owed some information. They were on a need to know basis, but they barely knew anything at all!

“A bit more,” Agent Gray replied with a wink to Kennedy, much to Cassidy’s frustration. The playfulness to the teasing only increased the sole female’s curiosity.

“So do I get a sexy driver/bodyguard to take me around the city? It would definitely help keep Gossip Girl on my side.” Connor snickered at that comment, though he too was curious about it to be honest.

“Nope, you’ll just be stuck with me.”

“You’ll do,” Kennedy said dismissively. “At least the Constance girls will find you attractive.”

Cassidy fought to hold back her laughter as even she could admit how goodlooking indeed the federal agent was.

The family plus one laughed together as planning went well into the night. Unfortunately for the involved parties, life continued on and no one could afford to take a day off. New York is the city that never sleeps after all.

: : :

“Boys wake up!” Cassidy’s voice echoed down the hallway.

“Why do I have to wake up so early?” Connor asked as he got up and shook Kennedy awake.

“Because you love me so much,” Kennedy said pulling Connor down and onto the airbed with
him. No matter how much they insisted, he wouldn't let them get him a real bed or take over the
guest room. There was just something about sharing Connor's room and letting it remain the
blonde's that felt right. Perhaps it was the lack of permanence that appealed to him for he knew this
wouldn't last long.

“Bro, I’m not interested.” The blonde attempted to remove himself, but their limbs remained
entwined. “You have ten seconds to get your wood away from my person.”

“Ten more minutes. That’s all I’m asking.”

Connor attempted to break free, but there was no winning with Kennedy pre-coffee. He was going
to be forced to remain in the tangle of limbs despite his earlier threat.

“What if someone walks in on us?” Connor asked as he reflected on the state they were in. This
was one sight he did not want either of his parents walking in on. This was definitely near the top
of the list.

“I’ll just say I had to have my wicked way with you,” Kennedy said as he snuggled into his human
pillow a little further.

“Come on Bro, Dad’ll drink all of the coffee if you don't hurry.”

Kennedy bolted up straight off the air mattress, causing the college student to tumble onto the hard
floor, and headed straight into Connor’s bathroom to brush his teeth.

“You mind letting the ‘rents know I’ll be there soon,” the blonde called out as the brunette
proceeded to get ready.

“Sure,” Kennedy said in reply as he heard various drawers and doors open and shut in the
bedroom. “Just don't go back to sleep!”

“ Took you long enough,” a shirtless Connor said walking into the bathroom right behind him,
scaring the heck out of the teen.

“Well not everyone looks like they walked out of a magazine when they wake up Bro. Someone of
us actually have to make an attempt to look halfway decent.”

Connor’s shit eating grin only increased as each comment fed his ego. “What can I say?”

“You go to sleep with bronzer on?” The teen said as he finished washing his own face.

“Very funny.”

“I wasn’t laughing. But before you ask, I slept fine even with all of your snoring.”

“I do not snore.”

“Yes you do,” Kennedy said closing the bathroom door behind him.

“Good morning sleepy head,” Cassidy said as she handed him a mug of coffee.

“Thanks.” The aroma of the liquid brought a smile to his pale face. “It feels weird to be here on a
weekday.”
“Well the feeling’s mutual,” Kyle said as he pulled out a bagel from the toaster. “Eat up Sport.”

“I’m not really hungry.”

“Kennedy…” Mr. Windsor’s tone left no room for argument.

“Fine.” The teen gave up and began nibbling on the sesame bagel. It was toasted perfectly and prepared just as he liked, but his heart just wasn’t into eating it all.

“Where’s your Brother?” Cassidy asked while playing with her own breakfast, carefully putting stress on the term of endearment.

Kennedy smiled as this was the first time he truly felt at home here. If this was what it felt like to be part of a family, he thought everything we went through over the years was definitely worth it to get him to this place.

“He’s taking a shower Mom.”

Cassidy fought back a tear and she enveloped him in a hug.

“Change of heart Son?” Kyle said getting a piece of the action.

“Yesterday made me realize how little I appreciated everything you’ve done for me… For the first time in a long time I have a family.”

“So who’s your favorite parent?” Agent Gray said walking in from the balcony.

“I don’t know… Kyle makes those mouth watering steaks, but Cassidy’s cookies are to die for.”

“Obviously it’s me,” Kyle said. “I got him the car and he called me Dad first.”

“Well I’m getting him that motorcycle Connor’s told me he’s been eying.”

“Well I got him an internship for the summer.”

“I outfitted him with a wardrobe to make him the hottest male in his student body, enough to make the boys AND girls swoon!” Cassidy said triumphantly.

“Thanks,” Kennedy whispered to Agent Gray.

“No problem, you looked like you could use a save… and some new toys. Now can you pass me the sausages?”

“Sure.”

The bickering continued on for another bit. Their sole biological son unfortunately walked into the room to find his parents attention directly solely on him. Kennedy and Gray almost felt bad for him, keyword almost.

“Connor honey, Who’s your favorite parent?” Cassidy asked as she noticed her son approach.

“Whomever Kennedy decided was not worthy enough of his love.”

Connor had an internal dance of victory as he swung back all the attention at him.

‘F^!@ you!’ he thought to himself as he began to think about all the ways to have his revenge on
the blonde. Kennedy was constantly outsmarting him, but this time Connor thought that he had a perfect solution, which unfortunately had the desired effect.

“Well we will all know come Christmas now won’t we.” Kennedy groaned as the blonde continued on his spree.

The other occupants of the room all laughed at the comment. It was so Kennedy to turn such an innocent statement into something, but it was so Connor to do something like that. Things may not have been perfect, but they sure were interesting.

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Kennedy blushed as Gray opened the door for himself and Connor. He was more than capable of doing so, but the agent had to play the part. The brunette found it degrading, but Gray said nothing as it was part of his cover. Connor on the other hand was eating it up. He did however get out of the car to say goodbye. Their little exchange was interrupted by Gossip Girl much as they feared.

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There is a revolving door of mysteries surrounding Mystery Boy. It's almost as if he appeared out of thin air. Such a tragic past. The perfect family. The clothes, car, and friends.

I will find out your mystery sooner or later K. And my lovely followers with help.

XOXO, Gossip Girl

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I know it wasn't as fun as some of the other chapters, but they can't all be steamy.
-griff
Poison Ivy Part Three

Chapter Summary

Looks like K’s had a rough night and Chuck's a lot more knowing than we think, particularly when it concerns his buddy. Serena make's her official debut to Kennedy. Kennedy blows... and not in the hot sexy way you dirty readers are thinking! Kennedy moves fast with a lady AND a gent! Bromances are tested.

Disclaimer: I don’t own any of the Gossip Girl Universe outside of any original characters, concepts, or locations not seen in the actual books or TV show.

K in tow with a cute driver. That’s a mighty fancy car you got there, and an even hotter driver. Even Connor’s there to see you off. Come into a new fortune over night K? Or have the Windsor's found a new reason to spend their wealth on you?

XOXO, Gossip Girl

Kennedy sighed as that blast arrived on his phone mere moments after his brother and former minder got back into the car and left to drop Connor off for his first lecture of the day. He could already picture Carlisle dancing in victory over Gossip Girl’s appraisal of his looks.

“You look like shit.”

“Thanks for caring Chuck.”

“Well you look like you could use this,” Chuck said pulling out a familiar looking flash from his bag.

“You’re the best friend a guy could ask for,” Kennedy said enveloping his unsuspecting friend into a hug, from which Chuck quickly broke away.

“Dude you’re totally stepping over my bromance,” a familiar voice said.

“Nathaniel.” “Nate.”

“Glad to see you’re safe and sound Kennedy,” Nate said as he went into from a bro-hug.

“Thanks Nate.”

“Where did you get a driver like that?” Blair asked as she made her entrance.

“An old family friend.”

“Well then I certainly need to become one myself.”

Kennedy and Chuck laughed at what she inferred, neither Nate nor his girlfriend caught on.
“You’re wearing it Waldorf.”

“And so are you Blake.”

“Is everyone waiting for me this morning?” a certain blonde said as she greeted her friends.

“No,” Chuck said bluntly.

“Well no one asked you… What are you doing at school anyways?”

“Some of us actually take school seriously.”

“That’s funny Chuck.”

“I’m serious. I have straight C’s right now,” he said proudly as he latched onto Kennedy.

“You must be Kennedy. I’m Serena. It’s so nice to finally meet you.”

“Nice to meet you too…” he tried to reply but she had already begun to drag Blair away.

“It looks good on you,” he called out as she turned around to the confusion of Serena.

“Everything looks good on me.”

“How could I forget such a detail like that?”

“I’ll forgive you this TIME,” she smiled before sauntering off with Serena to her awaiting posse.

“What was that about?” Nate asked suspiciously.

“Nothing… just an inside joke.”

“Nice watch… Time… wait… That’s why you were THERE yesterday.”

“Bingo Chuck. Blair dragged me to go shopping.”

“You are a far better man than I am,” Nate said patting his friend on the back as three began walking toward St. Jude’s.

“Well I have to get my coffee fix somehow with the two of you watching it like a hawk…”

“Well its not healthy.”

“Neither is drinking ‘til you blackout or getting high all the time.”

The three males laughed together as they all realized none of their vices were healthy.

“Then you shouldn’t get to know Serena,” Chuck said. “She does both of those things and more.”

“Is she always like that?” Kennedy asked confused.

“That’s Serena for you…”

“Am I missing something?” Kennedy was very confused. This conversation was going nowhere yet going somewhere at the same time. He was gathering information but everything was too cryptic after last night.
“Blair didn’t say much about her either.” The other two males let out internal sighs of relief.

“Serena’s very unique…” Chuck said bluntly.

“Archibald!” a male voice called out.

“I’ll see you two later!” Nate said heading in the direction of the voice.

“I don’t need to be shadowed Chuck.”

“I’m not shadowing you.”

Kennedy stopped walking and turned around to face Chuck.

“Cut the nice guy act Chuck.”

“I can’t be a good friend now?”

“No not here. Not right now. This is a school. What’s the worst that can happen here? Someone sleeping with a teacher? Someone hacking the school network and selling the answers to an exam?” The pause made Chuck sweat a bit. While he may not have been involved with either of those scenarios at any time, they were good suggestions. “Chuck, I’ll be fine. I’m a big boy.” The well dressed teen was surprised when his friend walked away.

“Kennedy, you told me that the last time I saw you…”

“That’s not fair and you know that!” he snarled to the amusement of the onlookers. “We can talk about this later or you can drop it all together. The ball is in your court Bass.”

Chuck stood there speechless. No one said no to Chuck Bass.

It took all of his self-restraint to not blow up then and there. Instead he walked toward his locker and got his things. He knew what game Kennedy was trying to play and he wasn’t going to fall for it. Chuck therefore headed for homeroom with a smirk on his face.

‘Two can play this game.’

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“I saw what happened on Gossip Girl,” a female voice said as he walked down the oddly empty corridor to homeroom.

“Nelly, I’m not in the mood right now.”

“Why not? You can’t bottle it all up.”

“I don’t want to talk about it ok?”

“Kennedy…”

“I just need some space.”

“Are we breaking up?” Nelly asked nervously.

“I wasn’t going to suggest anything of the sort… I thought you would be able to realize that I would need some space to process things, but obviously your infatuation with Dan Humphrey
overrides all sense of reason.”

Nelly was speechless. ‘Am I that transparent?’ she thought to herself.

“I guess this is it.”

“Yeah… I just thought…”

“It’s really over isn’t it?”

“I think you’ve already decided that for us Kennedy.”

“He’s a good guy, and a fool if he doesn’t realize what he’s missing out on Nelly. It’s obvious he’s who you really want to be with. Don’t worry I’ll deal with Blair if she gives you any grief.”

“Thanks Kennedy,” she said walking away.

Kennedy could hear the snivels no matter how quiet they were. He wondered whether Blair had put her up to it or her parents perhaps? All that pressure was no good for one’s mental health. He didn't mean to hurt her like that, but her crush on Dan wasn’t small. And with their current lack therefore of a friendship, Kennedy wanted to be rid of reminders of his frenemy.

“That sucks,” an unfamiliar male voice said. “But it’s really her loss Kennedy.”

“Yeah…? I don’t know your name, but apparently everyone knows mine around here.”

“Matt, Matt Austin. We sit together in Latin class.” A teen that reminded him of Dan said. “It’s not that difficult to know who you are with Gossip Girl’s interest in you.”

“You’re on the lacrosse team with Nate.”

“And how do you know that?” Matt asked raising an eyebrow.

“He mentioned you the other day… He’s been trying to get me to join the lacrosse team in the spring… He should be grateful I’m doing soccer as it is.”

“Well if you ever want to practice with someone let me know. I’m always down for extra practice.”

“Thanks.”

Matt just stood there looking at him.

“Oh,” Kennedy said pulling out his phone and passing it over.

“It would be kind of hard to call me without my number now wouldn’t it?” Matt said as he handed back Kennedy’s phone.

“Yes,” Kennedy blushed as Matt walked away with more than a little pep in his step.

“You move fast don’t you,” a female voice said

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“You really are Chuck’s friend,” Serena said.

“What’s that supposed to mean?”
“And you’re definitely Natie’s too,” she smiled. “We got off on a bad foot this morning.”

Kennedy snorted. That was the understatement of the century. He bit his tongue as he wasn’t sure what to expect of the blonde.

“How about I take you out for coffee today? A little birdie told me you love it.”

“Sure.”

“Then it's a date.”

Once again she sauntered off somewhere leaving behind a speechless Kennedy.

“You move fast dude.”

“Nate not now.” Kennedy already had enough of the emotional roller coaster known as school and homeroom had not even started!

“You gave out your number to two strangers.”

“One of them is your childhood friend and the other is the teammate you were going to introduce me to anyways… Jealous Archibald?” Kennedy asked.

“A little.”

“Then I guess I’ll have to make it up to you somehow.”

“Gym class is going to be extra fun today isn’t it?”

“Wrestling doesn’t start for another few weeks.”

“But you can’t shoot or dribble so I’m good.”

“You choose those carefully didn’t you.”

“Maybe.”

“I’m at Connor’s for the time being so you wont have to crash on that horrid couch for a while.”

“Ok,” Nate said as he watched his friend walk away. “Sounds good to me. Your new bed is way comfier.”

“Man, I don't really know what to say other than I’m sorry,” Dan said as he sat down next to Kennedy in homeroom.

“I meant every word I said.”

“And I remember each of them. How about coffee today?” Dan asked hopefully. “I will prove to you…”

“Sorry, I’m meeting someone later,” he interrupted.

“He’s going with Serena van der Woodsen,” a male Kennedy didn’t recognize said.

Dan shot a confused look at Kennedy.
“It’s nothing like that… She’s just wondering why all of her best friends are so friendly with me… And I’m single now… I broke up with Nelly this morning. I know this doesn't look good, but it’s totally innocent.”

“Oh… why dude? You two were so happy.” Dan would never admit it, but he was kind of jealous of his friend's luck with the ladies.

“Well she asked me if I was breaking up with her after she made a really dumb potentially hurtful comment… That and her, not so obvious to me, crush on you.”

“What do you mean crush on me?”

“Exactly what I meant.”

Dan raised an eyebrow. “Seriously?”

“Seriously.”

“Seriously?”

“Yes Dan, seriously. She has a crush on you and you should capitalize on it man. We can get coffee tomorrow if you want.”

Hey Upper East Siders. Looks like nice guys don’t finish last. K’s dropped Nelly Yuki for Serena van der Woodsen. Or is it Matt Austin? Or possibly both? K’s got more twists to his story than a good soap opera these days. Since when have the brunette's been the one's everyone wants?

XOXO Gossip Girl

“Don’t let her get to you,” Serena said to Kennedy as they walked to her favorite little café, if you could even call it that. The brunette was still trying to get used to the Upper East Side's definition of small.

“It’s hard,” he sighed. “Especially when she’s insinuating I’m into guys left and right.”

“Well if you are, it’s your business not anyone else’s. It shouldn't matter who you sleep with. That is not what defines you, that's only a part of you, nothing more and nothing less.”

“That was very deep.”

“I have my moments.” The two proceeded to sit down at a table and had their orders promptly taken.

“So why did want for us to meet Serena?” The brunette asked curiously as they waited patiently for their beverages and food.

The blonde giggled as she played with her hair.

“Well… Natie, Chuck, and even Blair, the three of them talk about you…a lot. And it’s kind of weird. They’re all so happy when they mention your name. I’m kind of jealous… So can we be friends?” The innocence and hopeful look upon her face clashed with the reserved tone she used. It was so unlike the Serena van der Woodsen the world knew to be so vulnerable.
“That depends, what can you offer me?” he asked sarcastically, half expecting a Blair-esque response.

“The best coffee in the world?” She joked.

“Deal!” Kennedy said extending his hand.

“You’re too funny.”

“We all have our vices, mine just happens to be legal. Now keep to your end of the bargain and you may have a good friend for life as long as the coffee doesn’t run out.”

The two continued talking like old friends as they proceeded to get to know each other better and munched on their food. Neither knew much about the other beyond what the others had mentioned in passing, but they got along well enough. This little game of twenty questions was more informative than anything else.

“Sorry I have to take this,” Kennedy said as he noticed his phone ringing about twenty minutes in.

“That’s fine, I need to fix my makeup,” she said getting up and heading for the ladies room.

“Kennedy?” came out from the other end after the teen accepted the call.

“Sorry Nate, I totally forgot.”

“That tends to happen when you’re with Serena.”

“Where are you?”

“Still at school. The coach wanted to go over some plays with me and a few of the other starters from last year.”

“I’ll double back. We’re heading back in that direction anyways.”

“See you in ten? I have a feeling I know where you are.”

“I’ll try.”

“Everything ok?” Serena asked as Kennedy got up.

“Nate reminded me that I promised to study with him today.”

“Oh, that’s fine. I have somewhere to be soon too. Don’t worry about it, we’ve done a lot today. We can go for coffee again some other time. Blair let me know you love to shop.”

The teen rolled his eyes as he mentally prepared revenge upon Blair. “Did you find what you were looking for Serena?” he asked as they got their coats on.

“Yes,” she smiled. “I know exactly why the others enjoy being around you.”

“Why?” he asked curious.

“I feel so normal around you… You don’t judge and are very genuine. You’re Kennedy and I’m Serena. Nothing more and nothing less. You have a very calming influence.”

“Since I don’t know your past and you don’t know mine we’re good right?”
The blonde smiled. “You’re as smart as they say.”

“This was fun. We should do it again some time.”

“Yeah… It’s nice to be friends with a guy without them wanting to date you.”

“The feelings mutual.”

“You like a guy?”

“Very funny.”

“I can set you up with one if you want, there’s plenty of discrete one’s at St. Jude's.”

“That’s not what I meant… The two of us can just be ourselves and not be judged.”

“I know, but it was fun watching you squirm silly.”

“You’re evil.”

“But not as evil as Blair.”

“No one can be as evil as Blair.”

“I’ll catch you some time K,” Serena said entrusting her new friend into the hands of her childhood friend. “Bye Natie.”

“Bye.” “Bye Serena.”

“So Natie?”

“Don’t Natie me Kennedy.”

“If you’re a good boy maybe we can hit the gym? I could use a good rub down.”

Nate dropped his water bottle.

“What?”

“You!?!?!?” Nate said hysterically.

“Well you were first in line after all,” Kennedy said walking.

‘Thank you’ Nate mouthed to the heavens as he chased after his friend.

“You weren’t kidding when you said you needed a rub down,” Nate said kneading the muscles in Kennedy’s back. “But this isn’t what I had in mind.”

“Of course it wasn’t N.” Kennedy snickered at his friend’s disappointment.

“You suck.”

“If you can be quiet tonight I can,” Kennedy grinned.
“No can do, my dad wants to talk to me about something.”

“Your loss Archibald.”

“I know,” Nate pouted.

“Then let me make it up to you,” Kennedy said getting up from the sauna bench to face Nate.

“Really?”

“Close you eyes N.”

“You better not leave me in here without a towel!” ‘Oh god please let this be what I think it is.’

“That’s very tempting.”

“Hurry up with it.”

“Patience is a virtue.”

“Well I’m no saint.”

“But you look like an angel.”

“Sucking up will get you nowhere.”

Kennedy sighed. “Just shut up and close your eyes.”

Nate complied and just waited and then it hit him.

Their lips crashed together.

“Keep them closed Archibald.”

“But how am I supposed to know this is real or not.”

“Fine,” Kennedy said inching his hand to a certain part of his anatomy.

“Oh god,” the blonde haired male groaned.

“Is that real enough?” Kennedy asked as he stopped his ministrations.

“Yes Sir.”

“You’ve been a very good boy,” the black haired teen said as he cupped the other male’s chin.

“I know I have,” he replied cheekily.

“You can open them now.”

“Yes Sir!”

“Never pictured you as a submissive one Archibald.”

“I’m versatile,” he said sticking out his tongue, only for Kennedy to grab it.

“Don’t offer things you can’t follow through with,” he said getting up and letting go.
“Did you have to stop?”

“That kiss was harmless, however getting your rocks off here when anyone could walk in isn’t so that can wait.”

“No it can’t. You’re like Viagra to me.”

“The soccer season will be over in over a month… you have plenty of time to work on your technique.”

“I hate you, you’re such a tease.”

“You know it only makes you want me more… Good things come to those that wait.”

Nate smirked for a moment. “You have some kinky shit planned don’t you.”

“Maybe Natie,” the brunette said dashing out of the sauna sans towel as the blonde got up to chase after him. “Especially if we make the playoffs with overnights.”

These bro's look good even when they're not working out, but I won't say no to an extra glance or two at their toned bodies. Keep up the good work gentlemen.

XOXO, Gossip Girl

What did you think of Nate and Kennedy heating things up?

Sorry that I haven't posted in a few weeks but I recently started a new job and have been worked to the bone. I'll do my best to keep up with releasing chapters on time more often, but it's been a bit discouraging with the drop in feedback.

-griff
Poison Ivy Part Four

Chapter Summary

And Ivy Week finally goes down. Bromantic dinners is two's and four's. Nate opens his big mouth in more ways than one. And Kennedy does what he does best: selling himself.

Disclaimer: I don’t own any of the Gossip Girl Universe outside of any original characters, concepts, or locations not seen in the actual books or TV show.

K looks good in crimson. Watch out gentlemen, he has his claws out. Poor N is not looking too happy. Afraid your new friend is going to jump ships already? And look at Lonely Boy working the event as a busboy. You’ve sunk to a new low. On the bright side nothing bad’s happened yet. Work your magic K. Everyone loves a good show stopper.

XOXO Gossip Girl

“I’ll see you later Carlisle,” Kennedy said getting out of the car.

The older male had a neutral expression on his face. He didn't give away much, but the teen was used to it. It was his way of caring. He tended to be overprotective even if it didn't seem like it.

“Be careful, I’ll pick you up at our agreed upon time.”

“I know,” the teen sighed. He hated being babyed like this, but he didn't have much of a choice in the matter. “Where’s White by the way? He’s ditched my last few practices.” Kennedy had been quite quiet lately concerning the matter, but the timing was right now.

“He’s around...” the agent hesistated as he narrowly avoided an awkward conversation. “Enjoy yourself, we’ll be watching.”

“Hopefully I don't make a fool out of myself with another wardrobe malfunction.”

“Just stay clear of bathrooms with Archibald and you’ll be fine.”

“K!” Nate said in a fake cheery tone.

“That bad N?” Kennedy asked as he walked toward his friend. Nate nodded in the affirmative.

“Where’s Dartmouth?” the darker haired teen asked quickly scanning the room.

“Using the restroom… don’t even think of going in there.”

“Ha ha, very funny… See my guy yet?”
“Nope, Blair said something about him being late.”

“Things could be worse.”

“Yeah…”

The two were soon interrupted by Kennedy being tapped on the shoulder. He was met with a very handsome male, much to the disappointment of Nate. Truthfully both males had been wary of Blair’s bit of recon on the Harvard representative, but her information was good.

“Sorry young man, but I’m going to have to borrow Kennedy… if he impresses me enough maybe I’ll snag you too!” The charm and smile only added to Nate’s discomfort. His friend once again got lucky and had someone that would clearly mesh with him well unlike the Upper East Sider who was matched with a literary genius only Blair or Dan could keep up with.

“Have fun you two!” Nate sighed as he was prepared for more boredom. He didn’t know how the Harvard rep knew who Kennedy was, but knew better than to question anything involving his friend. ‘At least Kennedy gets someone young… Of course he would get someone he could actually hold a conversation with, let alone sleep with.’

“So Kennedy why do I detect a Boston accent on a New Yorker such as yourself?” the male from Harvard asked as he directed them to a quite corner, free from other students.

The dark haired teen got his first good glance of the representative from Harvard. He was obviously built from some sport or another. The suit and tie worked on his frame though. Something about the combination with the windswept hair let the teen know that he was lucky to be the Harvard usher. He obviously had a laid back male to entertain. The older male’s piercing green eyes caught Kennedy’s attention right away. It took him a few moments to formulate a response.

“You do indeed detect the accent because I’m from Boston proper, not one of the suburbs. I’m not from Brook line or Newton. The police cars on the street actually said Boston.”

“Interesting, very interesting. Not that it’s really relevant, but it is good to know. I’m sure that you know you’re not in for an easy ride. Boston is the education capital of the country. There’s more colleges and universities there than some countries. So that brings me to my first real question: Why is Harvard the school for you?”

Kennedy sighed as he thought carefully.

“It’s been my dream my whole life… My parents told me that I could achieve anything if I put my mind to it and I know I can reach my true potential if I attend Harvard.”

“You parents are very wise.”

“Yeah,” Kennedy said looking distant.

“Did I say something wrong?”

“No… It’s nothing.”

“You’re keeping me company for the evening, you can’t leave me hanging like that Kennedy.”

“They’re dead… I didn’t want to say anything because it always comes off as the perfect little sob story and I’ve worked so hard to get where I am right now. Truthfully I’ve been on my own for a
while trying to support myself and strive for the best in the classroom and on the field, but it hasn’t been easy as you could imagine. I put my all into everything I do.”

“I’m sorry for your loss… Is there anything that you can tell me now that you think will help you get in?” the admissions officer asked seriously. “Bar your life story which could easily sway some people with it alone. There’s many more to impress beyond a few grandmothers on the admissions board that love a good tragedy.”

“I’m open minded,” he said adjusting himself absentmindedly. The pants were better than the mixer pants but they were still not right. He was beginning to wonder if he was cursed or blessed.

“Um… ah… that’s a very good trait to have,” the Harvard representative said turning crimson as he brought his hands to his front.

“Need some help there?” Kennedy asked in an innocent tone slightly extending his arm to the area in question.

“No, but I look forward to seeing you in Cambridge in two years,” the other male smiled batting the arm back.

“I might have to take you up on that offer… I still haven’t decided whether I want to focus on architecture or psychology though… Pharmacy is also interesting to me… I find neuroscience a tad confusing though.” ‘Hook, line, and sinker,’ Kennedy thought, glad that a little birdie had passed on valuable information to him.

“Well I’m sure myself or one of my assistants would be more than happy to arrange some regular brainstorming or tutoring sessions. We’re always happy to help students interested in our work.”

“That’s good to know as my friend Nate will need a lot of help if he gets in too.”

“Is he that blonde from earlier?” the neuroscientist stammered.

“Yeah, we’re really close. We play soccer together. He’s trying to get me to tryout for lacrosse too… We’re both big into sports and working together. We DO a lot of things together now that I think of it.”

“Is he now?” the representative questioned. “I played a bit of lacrosse in high school and during undergrad. I may not have been the star, but I played a mean game as the goalie in my day… Wow I sound old.”

“Maybe you can scrounge up some old timers and we can have a shirts versus skins game. Goalie versus goalie.”

“I’ll have you know I’m only a decade or so older than you.”

“Really? You must be hot stuff to have accomplished so much so quickly. I’ve read about some of the awards you’ve received… Your paper on neuroplasticity was actually something I got without having to look up every other term.”

“That was the point of it, I was trying to make it accessible to the masses. All the technojargon gets to me too. I may look like a bit of a nerd now, but I was all jock back then.”

“I can see that,” Kennedy smiled.

The two continued to talk on and on as the moved on across the room and back onto the deck.
Kennedy could feel the glares of his peers as he moved around effortlessly. The ice had been broken and the two had quite the conversation together. Kennedy would even admit it was a bit fun. Almost two hours later however it was cut short as the representative noticed the time on the clock.

“I’m sorry to cut this short, but I have a presentation early tomorrow morning back in Boston. I hope you don’t mind. I know I’m really not being fair to you, but I really have to go Kennedy... Feel free to email or call me with any questions.”

“I understand, I really enjoyed our conversation. You’ve made Harvard an even more ATTRACTIVE option than it was before... I might have to crunch the numbers though.” Kennedy stressed that word on purpose. He was beginning to wonder why he had not thought of using his looks sooner to get what he wanted despite how unethical it could be seen as being.

“Don’t worry about it Kennedy. Between your grades and athletics you should be covered. Juggling your impressive academics with multiple sports will not be over looked. Don’t be a stranger if you’re ever in the neighborhood. You now have my business card and I'm sure you can figure out things from there.”

The teen took the offered card, slipped it into his pocket and shook the older male's hand. Kennedy's mind lingered for a moment before letting the other man’s hand go.

“Thanks again for giving me your time tonight.”

“It was refreshing to see a younger version of myself Kennedy. You might not realize it, but we're a lot more similar than you think... If I don’t get going now, I’ll miss my flight.”

Kennedy smiled as the two separated. While he was sad to see his guest leave, the other half of him was glad his task as usher was over. It was quite exhausting. It didn't dawn on him for quite a while what the admission officer’s final comment was really implying.

“Dude save me,” Nate said coming out of nowhere. “I don't get a single word he’s saying.”

“That sucks, mine was pretty cool.”

“I saw.”

“Put in a word for you too…”

“Plan B?”

“You can never have enough plans Archibald. And not that I don't love you breathing all over me, but is there a reason you came over here?”

Nate blushed. “Oh yeah, I’m supposed to get him a drink.”

“I’m going to chill for another bit, but my guy’s already left so I’ll leave soon. He liked the idea of a two for one by the way Archie.”

“Let me just get him his drink and I’ll call it a night with you, though my dad won't be happy about you going rogue and trying to convert me, and us sneaking out, though I could care less right now.”

“Sure, I’m going to use the little boy’s room first.”

“Be careful.”
“Ha ha.”

Kennedy walked away as Nate walked closer to the bar. When he returned outside a few minutes later, Dan Humphrey was seen talking up the Dartmouth rep, an autographed book in hand following not soon after.

Nate smiled at the scene. Dan was right about him as much as he hated to admit it. Unfortunately his good deed didn’t go unpunished.

“Ready to go?” Kennedy said rejoining his friend.

“No zipper issues dude?”

“Want to check?”

“Not here… So what do you have planned?”

“Video games and Chinese?”

“Sounds good to me.”

“My new driver’s on his way… Connor’s over at a friend’s so we have his apartment to ourselves.”

“You never did tell me why you moved.”

“There were problems with the lease… That and there was already unwanted males showing up in the middle of the night.”

“I’m sure they were worth your while.”

“There was one attractive one, but he was a bit of an airhead though… All bangs and no substance… Nice butt though,” Kennedy said as they walked through the doors and back into the building on their way out, unaware of the Captain watching their exit.

“You’re going to make a mess out of me if you keep it up dude.”

“I have no clue what you’re talking about. Our ride is here, ready to have your ass beat?”

Nate snickered. “You’re the only one that can do it.”

“Damn straight… wow that sounded gay.”

“It did indeed gentlemen,” Agent Gray said opening the door for the teens.

Fortunately for the two males, they were both missing one of Blair’s biggest schemes to date blowup in her carefully crafted face.

“Nate wake up,” a groggy Kennedy said as he shook Nate.

“Five more minutes, that’s the spot K.”

Kennedy sighed. “Dude wake up and I’ll give you a kiss.”

“I’m up! Pay up,” Nate grinned. Kennedy immediately knew his friend had set him up and planned
“Fine,” the dark haired teen said giving a peck on the cheek.

“I’ll accept that for now since you’re a major tease.”

“Your Dad’s here… and mad.”

“Oh great…”

“Yeah, good luck Golden Boy.”

“Come with?” Nate asked hopefully.

“You’re a big boy, grow a pair.”

“Good luck kiss?” Nate teased.

“They’re not going to mean anything if I keep giving them out dude,” Kennedy said rolling his eyes before giving in once more.

“It was worth a shot,” Nate said pulling on some of Kennedy’s clothes. Sure their messing around was just that, but the lines between bromance and romance continued to blur even further.

“Just make sure you bring them back this time.”

“I will… If I don’t, you can come up with some punishment for me.”

“I’ve trained you well Archibald.”

“Yep, woof!”

“Good boy,” Kennedy said patting him on the head. “Time to face the music.”

Kennedy watched his friend get dressed and smiled when the blonder male tucked him back in bed. For a moment he thought there would be a kiss, but alas there was none. Nate was just as good at being a tease as he was.

Oliver and Lucas came over a few hours later and kept him company until Connor showed back up from wherever he had wandered off to unannounced. Or rather the hockey head pounced on him, still asleep, and literally drove him crazy while Lucas watched from the doorway with a dopey grin on his face. The quartet then proceeded to head out for a night on the town after the youngest male mentioned being epically famished.

“So how has our little dude adjusting to learning with Upper East Siders?” Lucas asked as he guided the others to one of his favorite places to eat.

“Lucas!” a voice called out from behind the counter.

“Uncle Daisuke!” he replied to the confusion of the others. It was visibly etched on their faces. The two looked nothing alike.

“By marriage,” he whispered.
“Lucas it’s been too long.” The older male glanced over the group. “You brought a hockey player and two who play soccer and lacrosse. The youngest is caught in a sordid love triangle.”

The three athletes’ jaws dropped in shock. It was like the chef was a psychic or something… well maybe mind reader. He didn’t have the proper aura after all.

“I follow Gossip Girl,” the Asian man said as if it were nothing to the horror and relief of the assembled students. “You children these days take everything for granted. No honor, no shame, no brain.”

“Uncle Daisuke can we get a table? Kennedy here hasn’t eaten all day.”

“Sure thing, favorite nephew!” The quartet was quickly seated. “Should I get you the usual?”

“Yeah. Bring out some coffee too.”

“Mystery Boy needs his coffee, got it!” Daisuke winked as Kennedy groaned.

“Your family is just as lame as you!” Kennedy said as he poked Lucas.

“Not my fault my cousins are trouble… I didn’t even know he watched the site like that.”

“You knew he follows?”

“Yeah… he heard me mention it one time while I was in here with a friend. He’s been keeping an eye out on my cousins ever since.”

“And I thought my parents were bad,” Oliver laughed.

“You have no idea,” Lucas replied as he fidgeted with his phone in hand. “You okay Kennedy?”

“Yeah… its just weird… Don’t you think? We willingly chose now of all times to hang out together.”

The three older males remained silent as they reflected on the younger males question. It did eventually strike them.

“Bro’s right,” Connor replied. “If we tried to get to know each other sooner this may not have happened.”

“Or it could have gotten worse. There will always be what if’s. We have to learn from our mistakes and keep this one from Archibald and we’ll be good. K doesn’t think with the right head when he’s around him.”

“We’re not like that,” Kennedy whined at Oliver as the older males laughed in agreement. He hoped the fanatic athlete would have his back, but sadly he didn't.

“I may be a hockey head, but I’m not blind.”

“You sure about that?”

The others erupted in laughter as the first few plates of food arrived alongside their drinks. Kennedy was glad to have a group of older friends to rely on… Their wisdom was quite useful… Having an older brother in Connor was invaluable. Adding Lucas and Oliver was priceless.

There were so many warning signs they each missed. However there were many more glaring ones
that went unnoticed and would continue to do so.

The weekend of fun and manly bonding continued into wee hours of the night before the youngest male called it quits and made the point of not having the luxury of not having to wake up for classes until well after rush hour.

“You ok dude?” Kennedy asked as he picked up Nate on Monday morning, or rather his entourage picked his blonde friend up as he was not the one driving.

“My dad was pissed we ditched... though it wasn’t as bad when I mentioned I left because of you... I told him you weren't feeling well if he asks...” Kennedy looked mildly offended at the use of himself in Nate's tale. “He sure loves you more than me... Especially when I mentioned your guy was interested in me. Harvard's great and all but it's no Dartmouth in his books, though I think being sought after by another Ivy without any connections is impressive in more than just his books.”

The slight pout on the other teen’s face unsettled Kennedy as he was not expecting that comment. He knew that the Captain appreciated his influence on his wayward son, but Nate was definitely over exaggerating things, right?

“You Archibald men just fall for my charms. You’re like putty in my hands. If you want I can work my magic on him too if you want.”

Connor and Carlisle snickered from the front. Kennedy fell into these situations all the time as he never thought about how his words often came out laced in innuendo unintentionally.

“You mentioned something about a run on Saturday didn’t you?”

Nate sighed at his fellow blonde’s question.

“Yeah, the Captain thought I needed to make it up to the guy, so I have to jog with him on Saturday to improve my chances of getting in. I don't get how that was supposed to do anything with my dad coming along and most likely doing all the talking, but I guess it’s something I’m not supposed to get and just play along with.”

“Why don’t you just not go?” Connor asked. “It’s obvious you don't want to go to me at least. Why not work your Kennedy magic on him?”

“Well if Kennedy doesn’t apply I wont have to... that would be the highest dosage I think I could get away with.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” said teen asked as he felt all eyes on him.

“The Captain said he would consider other schools since you helped spark my academic and personal renaissance but that may have just been a pleasantries. The recommendation was his way of telling you to apply but with you working your magic on the Harvard rep we can throw that out the window and continue with our frivolity”

“Wow big word Natie! I’ll give you a reward later.”

Nate smiled at the images that came together in his head. While they were far from what would actually occur, a guy can dream right?
“Not on my couch dudes,” Connor teased.

“I was just going to cook for him and maybe have a drink or two, but your bed just got more appealing.”

“Can it children, some of us are trying to drive,” Carlisle said. “I don’t need to hear about your sordid sex lives at this time of day. But then again none of you are getting any so we shouldn’t have much of an issue now that I think of it.”

The three students all blushed at the implications.

“‘What’s with them?’” Kennedy asked as he walked with Dan and Nate.

Ever since Nate’s good deed at the Ivy Mixer, the trio had set aside their differences and were friends more or less. Far from being BFFs but the animosity was mostly gone. Of course with Nate being who he was, it was kind of hard not to. Currently Dan was doing his best to recap what had transpired after the other two thirds of the bromance had bailed.

“Blair outed Serena as an addict when she announced this year’s charity.”

“She didn’t!” Kennedy said as Nate felt a headache come on. “That doesn't explain why they’re lovey dovey bff’s again.”

“Maybe that’s why she left?” Dan asked as they continued past the Met steps where Blair’s posse had begun to assemble.

“Girls,” the trio muttered.

Kennedy was tapped on the shoulder from behind.

“If you are buying me off with coffee to skip class today Chuck it wont work,” Kennedy said turning around.

“Blair wanted me to give this to you,” an Asian girl said as she retreated with another female.

‘Weird,’ was the mutual thought of the boys. Even Nate, who grew up with the brunette dictator in designer duds, had never become used to the way she ran things.

“Can we just pretend this never happened? Otherwise I’m going to need tequila while you two get high tonight.”

“Nope,” Nate immediately replied. “You said I can get high so open it now!”

Dan sent a confused look.

“You don't even want to know,” Kennedy sighed. “You might as well take his offer Dan. I for one will not be smoking period. It’s far better for the two of you to make fools of yourselves together than having Nate consume the whole lot.”

Nate just stuck out his tongue in a childish manner at the brunette before turning his attention back to the teen writer.

“He just doesn’t like the fact I get all bromantic while under the influence.”
Dan wasn’t sure whether he wanted to know further, but he pressed the question and asked for further elaboration.

“Bromantic?”

“Touchy feely,” Kennedy said finishing his lunch, cutting Nate off before the blonde could spill the beans.

“Oh.”

“Hey Kennedy, did you think of a topic for our presentation yet?” Dan asked as the nagging feeling at the back of his mind finally came back to the forefront.

“No… I was kind of busy this weekend… Why don’t we meet up after practice today before heading to Nate’s?”

“Sure.” Dan gathered his things. “I’m heading back, I’ll see you two later.”

“Bye.” “See ya.”

“Were you serious earlier?” Nate asked as soon as Dan was completely gone. “Bromantic?”

“It’s true,” Kennedy said. “You can get high if you want tonight, but we’re doing it in your room. There’s no way I’m letting you smell up my place.”

Nate blushed.

“We can do that too! That is if you think you’ll be up for the challenge afterward Dan's all passed out and stuff.”

“Stop it K or I may have to ditch.”

“You’re too easy Archibald,” Kennedy said as he threw away their trash and ruffled his friend’s hair. “Get your head out of the gutter.”

“I’m easy?” Nate said with a pout.

“I wouldn't want it any other way,” the smarter teen answered with a sly smile. “I’m going to find Chuck, you better acknowledge Blair… She’s been staring at us for a while.”

“Bye K.”

“Bye N.”

Kennedy walked back to school and looked at the note Blair has delivered to him. It was laced with her usual scheming and wit.

Kennedy,

Stay away from Serena. You will become another tacky bracelet on her arm before you know it. Serena van der Woodsen does not do just friends with guys… Maybe with the exception of Chuck… And even then he has an ulterior motive for that.
I don’t want to see you get hurt. And besides she’s become very friendly with Humphrey. A little too friendly if you ask me. Now if you would like to maintain the social order you will do as you’re told. Otherwise be prepared for a world of hurt.

What angle are you playing? Nothing gets past me. Your hold over Chuck and Nate is admirable, but also suspect.

You are cordially invited to another coffee and shopping excursion this Thursday after your practice. Be sure to shower as I don’t do dirty and you're due for another fitting.

Blair

Kennedy sighed as he kept on walking, narrowly avoiding crashing into someone else.

“It seems the fates are tempting us,” Matt Austin said as he smiled. “I was just about to text you.”

“Those fates are funny sometimes.”

“I heard you’re pretty good in chemistry Blake.”

“Let me guess a certain lacrosse player told you so.”

The Upper East Sider had the decency to blush. “Yeah, Archibald mentioned it. He also mentioned you suck at Latin.”

“I wouldn’t say suck...” Kennedy said as they walked back onto campus.

“Because you obviously don't suck.” The way the corner of Matt’s lips moved unnerved the other teen. Kennedy had a bad feeling about this. And this was way before he accounted for the unintentional innuendo.

“I don’t like what you’re implying.”

“You don’t have to be so defensive. Sucking is perfectly fine under the right circumstances... And with no teeth,” he added the last part as he noticed Kennedy’s pearly whites coming out. “Teeth never lead to anything good.”

“What’s your schedule like? I’m already pretty busy as it is.”

“I’m pretty much free whenever. I’m a two season athlete unlike what I’ve heard about you.”

“Lacrosse and...?”

“Hockey.”

“You don’t look like a hockey head.” Kennedy furrowed his brows as he tried to imagine the other teen as a hockey player.

“And you don't look like a future wrestler. For one, you’re far too skinny.”

Kennedy blushed.

“Archibald’s a good guy, but he rambles sometimes. You should consider hockey though dude as it would definitely make things easier. We're in desperate need of a goalie after he graduated last
year. I could use another brain on the team. I’m carrying the team’s GPA almost singlehandedly.”
“I’ll consider it.”
“Well I’ll text you later so we can set things up.”
“Sure.”
“Well I guess this is where we go our separate ways.”
“Yeah.”

“Archibald,” Kennedy said sneaking up behind his friend.
“Dude don’t do that!” Nate’s voiced cracked as he jumped at the force of Kennedy’s grip.
A smile emerged on the darker haired teen’s face. “Dude.”
“Dude?”
“Seriously?”
“Seriously?”
“Stop mocking me dude.”
“Fine… I thought you wanted a tutor for Latin… and he just so happened to need one for chemistry.”
“And?”
“I’ll tell you later… I have to get going to practice. Good luck.”
“With what?” Kennedy asked confused.
“Connor said you didn't answer your phone earlier so he just told me to tell you he’s picking you up right after school. That’s all he told me… Now I’d love to talk more but Coach will have my ass if I don't hurry up. It's bad enough I have to tell him you're ditching.”
“Well you could ditch with me.”
Nate noticed the glimmer of hope in Kennedy’s eyes.
“Sorry K, but sometimes I have to be the good influence in this relationship.”
“Fine… I’ll let you know if I have to cancel our study session tonight.”
“See ya!” Nate said sprinting down the hallway and Kennedy watched his fading figure. A little while after he spun around and headed out the front door to the awaiting car.
“You had us worried for a bit,” Connor said as he slid into the car.
“Sorry,” he said taking out his phone. “I don't know how I missed it.”
Connor snickered. “Oh I think I have an idea.” His phone twirled between his fingers.
“We’re headed home gentlemen to discuss a few things.”

“Why do I have the feeling this is going to take a while?” Kennedy sighed.

“Because it will.” Carlisle said from the front as he pulled out of the spot. “I’m surprised you didn’t bring that Archibald kid, you two are attached at the hip."

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“Kitty McAllistar has pulled the plug on her husband,” Cassidy said between sobs. She struggled to keep it together.

“And so goes any hope of that lead,” Agent White said coldly.

“Do you think you could help us reconstruct what your therapist looked like as well as the person you saw with Mason?” Agent Gray asked.

“I think so… where would we be doing that? I’m assuming it would be computer generated.”

“Whenever you are ready is good.”

“Good… As I don’t feel ready for a trip down memory lane right now.”

“I do have some good news though.”

“Oh?” Kyle said as he consoled his wife.

“It seems that there were records found of a B. Abercrombie regularly staying at a hotel not far from that hospital he treated you in Kennedy.”

“It’s a start,” Kennedy said slumping in his chair.

“Do you remember your parents ever saying anything about your grandparents or any other relatives Kennedy? I know you were young then, but try to remember,” Agent White said as he paced.

The two agents looked at each other before the teen answered.

“My dad mentioned something about his father being a runaway and in the army stationed in Italy or France.”

“Well that does give us another avenue to explore.”

“Now Connor we have some questions for you,” White asked. “Why don’t I take you into your room while my colleague finishes his work here…”

“Sure,” the blonde said as he got out of his seat.

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The two agents left about two hours later, but not before reminding the family to keep their phones on at all times and that they all were being watched.

“So Kennedy which team are you really batting for,” Connor asked wagging his eyebrows.

“I have no clue what you’re talking about,” he replied getting back to his studies.
“Well this definitely didn’t look innocent,” he said sliding his phone over.

Kennedy looked at the screen and sighed. “It’s nothing… He’s just one of Nate’s friends. Apparently he’s been bartering around my services.”

“If you say so,” Connor said not buying it for one moment.

“Well if you would rather tutor me in Latin everyday on top of practicing Lacrosse with me…”

“On second thought, just stop getting into so many bromantic moments… Gossip Girl’s followers surely love you. They really know how to capture your good side.”

“Very funny.” Kennedy didn’t laugh when presented with yet another blast capturing his every movement for the rest of the world to see and examine with a fine toothed comb.

K spotted with another St. Jude’s athlete. Either he’s a real social climber trying to extend his social network or he’s doing it for less savory reasons. I’m up for any and all tips gents. As always, identities will be safe with me.

XOXO, Gossip Girl

Connor cleared his throat to take back his brother’s attention.

“From my research he’s a hockey head. Oliver’s going to be happy.”

“I’m sure Oliver will be, but I already knew that from talking to him today.”

“How’s school?”

“Good… it’s not as challenging as I thought it would be even with juggling soccer and Nate.”

“Well having the same people in most of your classes does help make scheduling things easier.”

“Yeah… I guess I have to thank Chuck about that.”

“You have a lot of good friends in the right places… Maybe you should have him help look into things?” Connor suggested from behind his textbook.

“Knowing him, he’s already found something before the government.” The two shared a laugh.

“I’ll shoot him a text after I finish reading.”

“Good Bro.”

“Of course I’m the good one.”

“I’m not the one that’s a magnet for trouble.”

“Touche.”

“So you and Nelly…”

“A few people told me she has a crush on my friend Dan…”
“And you agree she may have been using you?”

“Maybe… its more the whole Blair thing that’s freaking me out a bit…”

“But you’re schmoozing her boyfriend instead?”

“No… it’s not like that at all.”

“Well it sure looks like it Bro. You sure have a knack for getting into sticky situations.”

“You’re one to talk. You had a girlfriend and a friend shady as can be.”

Connor remained silent with an obvious look of hurt etched on his handsome face.

“Sorry Bro, I went too far.”

“No it’s ok… I just don't know how I was so blind.”

“Candace was just so free spirited… And no one would ever suspect Mason…”

“Will you tell me something Bro?”

“I’ll try.”

Connor sucked in some breath before choosing his words carefully. “That day when Mason grabbed you off the street, who did he bring you to? I don't know if anyone else has caught on but you never really told any of us. You spun a tale I'd give you that much.”

Kennedy looked at his “brother” for a moment before moving in his seat, his head bobbing from one side to the other and his posture becoming more rigid.

“Well it was…”

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Any ladies looking for a man? Rumor has it, the younger Windsor brother is in need of a significant other.

XOXO, Gossip Girl

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A few more minor changes, but its still basically the same more or less right?

Sorry its been a while, but I haven't felt inspired lately. This one was hard to write because there were so many scenes I need to squish in but I felt like there was too much dialogue.

-griff
Bad News Blair Part One

Chapter Summary

Kennedy is feeling a little blue. He's also feeling angry and betrayed. The teen clears house as things get tough all across the Upper East Side. Friendships are tested as some crumbles and others are created or rebuilt. Macaroons continue to play a big role in a certain friendship.

Disclaimer: I don’t own any of the Gossip Girl Universe outside of any original characters, concepts, or locations not seen in the actual books or TV show.

K passing up one of C’s parties? You have certainly lost your mind if you are spending your night in instead. Who's the Chinese for? You're either a lot more boring than we thought or are just trying to lay low. I'm banking on the former.

I need details.

XOXO Gossip Girl

‘I’m obviously too much of a goody two shoes for them,’ the teen thought as he read said post aloud. While he was glad Gossip Girl was thinking he was undeserving of the attention, he also kind of felt insulted at the notion. Sure he was no Blair or Serena, but he was a full of surprises that

“Yes, you have the goods K?” Connor asked.

“Yeah, Uncle Daisuke put in extra ginger for you too.”

“You’re the best brother ever!”

“I know!”

“Can it you two, some of us actually have to do work,” Agent White said looking up from his computer in the back of the room.

“Well no pancakes for you tomorrow.”

“I’m sorry. We even now?” said the chastised agent.

“You’re doing the dishes to make up for your transgression.”

“Anything for them, they’re like crack.”

Connor glared. “How you know they’re like crack is beyond me.”

“Don’t question him, he’s a complete weirdo.”
Agent White used all of his self-restraint to not go off right then and there. He had no clue how his partner remained so calm around Kennedy in particular all the time.

“So you and Archibald,” Connor asked twirling lo mein on his chopsticks. “Can’t say I didn't say that coming… You’re such an overachiever.”

“Very funny Connor,” Kennedy replied tossing a fortune cookie.

“No seriously… That’s not a bromance.”

“I have no clue what you’re talking about,” came the quick reply of Kennedy as he threw back a potsticker.

“You don’t have to label yourself. If you two connect like that it’s your business… But while we’re on the subject of Nate Archibald, why aren’t you hanging with him tonight not that I don’t appreciate having down time with my favorite Bro,” Connor said with a smug look.

“I’m not even technically your brother. And more importantly he’s doing some crazy shit with Chuck that neither want me to know about even though they didn't try very hard at doing so.”

“Then how do you know?”

“I have my ways.”

“You scare me sometimes K.”

“A little fear is always good C,” he said snatching the last piece of orange chicken.

“Hey!”

“I paid.”

“No OUR parents did.”

“Touche.”

“So you wont mind this,” the blonde said throwing back Kennedy’s mug of coffee.

“This is war!” A pillow flew over Connor’s head to the unsuspecting Agent White. A crash could be heard as they both became deathly silent.

“Pancakes won’t make it up for you trashing my computer Kenny. You better run. I'll even give you a head start.”

Kennedy didn't have to be told twice as he dashed for the bathroom.

“Take it like a man!” Connor said trying to intercept him.

“Yeah, what the blonde said!” Agent White said dashing forward like a cheetah hot on the heels of its prey.
“What do you think Kennedy is up to?” Nate slurred to his friend.

“What?”

“Studying?”

“That or having sex.”

“Why am I even asking you this?”

“Because you are.”

The nonsensical thoughts of the duo continued well into the night. Multiple bottles of alcohol and bags of illegal substances emptied that night.

“I still don’t see what you see in him S?”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Fine, play it that way.”

“What do you get as a thank you gift for someone you barely know?”

“That’s easy.” Blair flipped her brown locks. “You get them something practical yet extravagant… Have you ever noticed them lacking in anything? For example when I met Kennedy I noticed he didn't wear a watch and was always looking at his phone for the time. So I snuck off while we were shopping and got him a Cartier.”

“You mention Kennedy a lot Blair,” the blonde said. She received a glare in return, but Serena smiled. “He sure has wormed into the hearts of our circle.”

“I wouldn’t say wormed as much as strategically charmed. He doesn’t have the schemer genes that Chuck and I possess.”

“You can say that again B.”

“Watch it van der Woodsen.”

“Agent Gray please report,” a man in a military uniform said in a nondescript office space.

“All is quiet on the Upper East Side. No further moves have been made at the time being Sir.”

“Have your covers been blown?”

“No, I’m simply his driver.”

“I don't recall that being your preassigned role.”

“Well it evolved into that considering how often I have been seen picking up and dropping off himself and the Winsor boy. We figured establishing a legitimate role in his life early would be for the better.”

“And White?”
“He has yet to make an official debut, but he will be a personal trainer as planned.”
“Well it is his turf after all.”
“Sir, do we have any other leads?”
“We haven’t found anything else but I’ll keep you informed.”
“You are dismissed Gray.”

Agent Gray saluted the other man before leaving. He let out a sigh of relief as soon as the door closed behind him.

Connor and Kennedy goofed off for the rest of the night. It was great in their opinion to not to have to worry about anything for one night.

“Hey C,” Kennedy said nudging Connor awake.

“Five more minutes K.”

“But we’re supposed to be heading out for training… do you think Roger would come? I know I haven’t met him yet, but you said he was on the team with you…”

Connor sighed. “It’s worth a shot as I haven’t really done anything with him lately… You might as well invite your friend Dan.”

“Already two steps ahead of you slowpoke… Now don’t skimp on the gear, Dan plays dirty when he gets competitive.”

“Speaking from experience?”

“Kind of… saw what he did to a guy one time and I was glad I cupped myself that day. I have never heard a guy’s voice go that high before.”

Connor shivered. “Well I’ll get changed and text Roger. Now get out unless you want a little show.”

“Little indeed,” Kennedy smirked as he walked out and closed Connor’s door. Said blonde sighed as he texted his friend. Lucky for him Roger had nothing better to do.

“Glad you could make it Dan,” Kennedy panted as the sweat was running down his face.

“You were serious weren’t you,” Dan said dropping his bag.

“Yeah, now hurry up and suit up. Coach White’s quite expensive and you can use all the practice you can get.”

“Like you’re one to talk,” Dan said slipping off his sneakers.

“Less talking, more drills ladies!” Agent White called out as they watched Roger and Connor running back and forth. “That means you two gossips over there.”
“That’s us,” Kennedy said running in line with the other two.

What did I get myself into?’ Dan said as he followed the others.

Several hours and cramps later, the teens were all sweaty and out of breath, but feeling much better. The endorphins were kicking into overdrive and they felt like they could do it all.

“That was fun,” Dan said as he threw back the rest of his water bottle.

“I thought you would enjoy it.”

“Connor and Roger were pretty cool too.”

“Yeah Connor’s pretty awesome… This was the first time I met Roger but he’s one of Connor’s close friends. They were teammates for St. Jude’s back in the day too.”

“Well I’m glad they remembered some of the Coach’s plays.”

“If you keep it up, you may get more time.”

“Hopefully.”

“So Dan, when did you and Serena become an item?” Kennedy said as if it were as simple as the sky being blue.

“Whhatt?” Dan spat his water all over his friend, the other brunette, long used to producing this reaction in others, shrugged it off as if it were no big deal as Dan was embarrassed.

“Gossip Girl has some pics of you two. Not to mention she mentioned YOU the other day.”

“You should make your move before Nate does,” Kennedy said seriously. ‘Hook, line, and sinker,’ he thought as he waited for his friend’s response.

“You’re right.”

“Of course I’m right.”

“Now you’re sounding like Blair Waldorf.”

“I’ll take that as a compliment,” he said sticking out his tongue.

“You’re becoming one of them,” Dan said in an accusatory tone.

The Brooklyner made comments like this all the time so the Boston native paid no mind to it until Dan continued his tirade. Kennedy sighed as his breaking point neared.

“You’re trying to date one of them Dan or has all thoughts of Serena vanished from your brain?… You just took advantage of a personal coach that came from ‘their’ money. Seriously dude, stop being a hypocrite. The whole chip in the shoulder thing for being from Brooklyn is growing old… I thought you were serious when we made up, but obviously you weren’t. Tell Gossip Girl all you want, I don’t really care any more. I thought you were my friend but obviously you were just using me… What Nate ever saw in you is beyond me.”

The darker haired teen got up and walked away. He fought back the tears he knew were forming.
His voice had yet to become hoarse, but it would if he didn't end it now. This was all just one big game even if neither realized it yet. Kennedy nor Dan were supposed to be here and fitting in so easily, but in truth there was and would forever be only room for one of them...

“Kennedy…”

The teen turned around. “Don’t Kennedy me Dan Humphrey. We’re through. Not like Serena and Blair over. We’re done once and for all. You’re dead to me.”

Kennedy didn’t wait for the response as he noticed an agent, who was discretely posing as a nobody on one of the benches, glance at him before shrinking back into their surroundings. The reaction was far from subtle. It proved everything he had come up with correct. THEY were slipping up and would do whatever it took to keep that a secret... He had already sent White away, so the walk would do him so good.

Seems like K is clearing house. Someone managed to capture this sound byte. Looks like one friendship is gone forever as another is stronger than ever. (See the next post of S and B hitting the streets shopping). Be careful C and N. Either one of you could be next if you wrong him the way D has. Lonely Boy you sure are a fool. You just threw away a diamond in the rough. Is it just me, or does K get hotter when he’s all angry and sweaty? I for one look forward to more of these blowups.

XOXO Gossip Girl

“S, am I doing this right?” Blair asked as she posed.

“Sure, yeah, whatever,” Serena replied glued to her phone.

“I thought you were going to help me.”

“Read this,” the blonde said shoving her phone into the brunette’s awaiting hands. “I never saw this coming.”

Blair’s eyes scanned the blast as the duo watched the included clip.

“Wow Dan is right! He is sounding like you B!”

“Ha ha ha S. What’s so wrong about that? Would you rather have another Chuck running around the Upper East Side?”

Serena shuddered. “You had to put that image in my head didn't you?”

“Consider it revenge for agreeing with Humphrey’s comment! Now we need to get back to this. We have to make this perfect for my mother.”

“Sure thing B, just give me a sec.” Serena bit at one of her well manicured nails. “Why don't you take a break and check in with Kennedy while I call my mom? I’m sure he could definitely use a friendly voice right about now.”

“Fine, but you’re footing his coffee bill if he goes all emo on me.”

“Sure thing, it can’t be that bad. Nothing worse than you and your macaroons or my mac and
“No it’s not,” Blair said as a grin fought its way up her face. “Its way beyond that,” she whispered to herself as either way she was coming out on top of Serena.

As Blair walked away, Serena texted Dan. So many thoughts rushed through her mind as she thought of the brunette.

| :------------------: |
| You ok? |
| -S |

Moments later he responded. It was simple and to the point, but it spoke volumes from the few words he sent her. Dan was like no one else she had ever known. She was glad that she now had him in her life. For once Serena had someone who saw the good in her instead of all of the flaws she possessed. She wanted to call him and reassure him things were going to be fine, but she couldn’t afford to let Blair know what she was doing right now. If Blair knew she took a break to chat with Dan, things would get very ugly.

| :------------------: |
| “Pick up, pick up,” Blair mumbled. |
| “Hello?” a scratchy voice responded. |
| “That’s not how you greet me.” |
| “Fine,” the sigh was quite loud and over the top. “Thank you for taking out time out of you busy schedule and bestowing charity upon me by calling a welp like me Blair.” |
| “Now was that so hard?” she asked imagining the male on the other end rolling his eyes. His flair for the dramatic was greatly appreciated by the female. |
| “Yes, now what do you want Blair? I have a package of macaroons, a pot of coffee, and a stack of dvds calling me.” |
| “Macaroons you say?” Blair said intrigued. There was something about the teen that always left her wanting to know more about him and dare we say get to know him better? |
| “Well they’re coconut macaroons… You’d call them knock offs if I know you… A package of real ones should be making their way to you as we speak from this new little place Connor showed me the other day.” |
| “You spoil me so Kennedy. Here I am checking in on you, and you’re the one taking care of me.” |
| “Live a little Blair… The stress is going to get to you if you keep it up. We brunettes must maintain our cool.” |
| “I have no clue what you’re talking about,” she feigned. |
| “Mrs. Windsor mentioned something about your mom’s line possibly going retail. You’d be the perfect face for the campaign if you stopped worrying about everything. When you take away all the expensive clothes, you have that natural, timeless, girl next door beauty going on for you. You

cheese with truffles.”
just need to let loose a little and stop being so prim and proper. You're a lot more beautiful when you let your guard down and are just the real you, or have you forgotten last week?"

“How are you so all knowing?” she giggled for a moment as a genuine smile took over. She was truly enjoying having a male friend who saw through Serena and preferred her!

Blair Waldorf was rarely so free and happy, but there was something about her fellow brunette that brought out the best and took away all of the worst without fully burying it under the rug. It was if they were two pieces to the same puzzle that is life. They simply got each other but were far from being the other's perfect match.

“I have friends in high places,” he joked.

“I’m sure you do. Chuck lives in a penthouse or has your coffee addiction affected your memory?”

“Very funny Blair. Now if you don’t mind me, my coffee’s getting cold and you need to get back to your plan to take the fashion world by storm.”

“Well when you put it that way…”

“Just listen to what Serena says, she’s got that whole natural model thing down pat… Well unless its something like taking heroin to lose weight. Then if that happens call me.”

“You sure you don't want to come help?”

“No, I’m good unless you’re modeling swimsuits.”

“You’re such a boy.”

“How did you not notice that before Waldorf?”

“I don’t know, your love of shopping disproved that.”

“Blair, if you don’t get off the phone Serena will likely ditch you for Dan Humphrey and we both know you don't want that for I am not putting on pants.”

Realization dawned on Blair’s face as that conclusion was definitely in the realm of possibilities. The final part about her companion being sans pants went completely over her head thankfully, or at least he hoped it did.

“You’re right. I’ll text you later.”

“I’m sure you will Blair.”

“Bye.”

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Looks like a certain new little bakery is going to be getting the business of St. Jude's and Constance now that I have this yummy little tidbit for you. And no I am not talking about that drop dead gorgeous delivery man who handed Queen B his package.

Seems like K and B are those rare platonic friends that are all too sickingly thoughtful and sweet with each other without actually being in love with her. What will S say when she learns of this culinary indiscretion?
I want to know how K always seems to be ahead of the curve on the culinary scene.

Those macaroons are so B, but those blue B’s and red K’s are too sickingly preppy to be remotely healthy. Though I would chance it to have one of those sugar cookies... How S didn't catch any of this is truly beyond me... unless she's the one who sent this tip.

Jealous much?

XOXO, Gossip Girl

What did you think? Blair and Kennedy are quickly forming what I hope to be a good dynamic that was briefly touched upon with the Blair-Dan pairing seasons later. There is some foreshadowing hidden in here if you looked hard enough, but it’s definitely not what you would typically be looking for.

I didn't mean to go so long without posting but I had to rewatch the corresponding episode a few times when I got a chance to try to get things to fit better. Hopefully this is going in the right direction and was more than worth the wait.

-griff
Bad News Blair Part Two

Chapter Summary

And someone's going down... The FBI is yelling timber. They better move... Someone certainly knows how to dance. Is it time to test a certain bromance? But which one? Gambling, drugs, alcohol, sex. Which poison is yours?

Disclaimer: I don’t own any of the Gossip Girl Universe outside of any original characters, concepts, or locations not seen in the actual books or TV show.

N sure looks worse for wear. Good thing C was there to bail him out. Good friends will have your back through thick and thin. Maybe you would be better off being like Lonely Boy or Mystery Boy and staying in more often. Your family’s legacy can only keep you out of so much trouble.

XOXO, Gossip Girl

Blair cracked a smile as she got back to work while Kennedy was about to be in for a rude awakening courtesy of a certain resident bad boy and a certain blast… Things were going to be fine... She would show her mother tomorrow that she would be the future face of Waldorf Designs in more than one way. Blair had never felt more confident in how she looked than at this moment.

Kennedy was technically barely above Humphrey on the social ladder at school due to his lack of his own wealth, but he was a breath of fresh air that the Non-Judgmental Breakfast Club needed. Even Chuck and Serena seemed more relaxed and into school! Twilight Zone maybe, but it was still nice to see everything play out like one of her favorite movies rather than the train wreck that typically transpired between Chuck's libido and Serena's lack of concern for others.

Something still unnerved her about him, but it was far less troubling than solving the conundrum of someone willingly giving up wealth to live in poverty... But only if they knew...

Flashback

“Carter, behave yourself. There are a few kids here your age. Try to have fun and stay out of trouble. May I remind you what happened at the Lexington's?”

“No father,” the young Baizen heir replied as he scoped out the attendees

“Then try to have some fun Carter, I have enough to do without worrying about any faux paus you make with your peers.”

“That was one time Father,” Carter put particular stress on the final word of that statement.
“Regardless you need to start building connections. It is never too soon to start building your empire and your inner circle. If you keep on acting the way you are with these transgressions, there will be no one willing you to associate with you even with our fortune and family legacy.”

“I will do my best father as I have mentioned before.”

“Maxwell!” Mr. Baizen called out, abandoning his son in search of his next meal ticket.

“You look like you'd rather be somewhere else... In fact I bet you'd rather be anywhere but here based on your facial expression,” a snarky voice teased.

“And what business do you have with what I may or may not feel?’”

The stranger smiled. “I don’t know about you, but I'm feeling 22.”

“OK...” Color Carter confused.

“Well I'm going to have a drink. Care to join me Carter?”

Carter was now caught off guard. This complete stranger knew who he was, granted his father did use his name moments before, but there was no one around when that particular conversation had transpired.

“Don't worry Baizen, I just like knowing everyone of interest that is on my turf.”

“Courtesy is that you share your own name.”

“Well I never was one for good manners. Proper etiquette has a time and place, and it's definitely not here... You have a choice Mr. Baizen... Stay here with all those stuffy peers of yours or you can have a few drinks with me... Afraid of jail bait?”

“What?”

“Those girls you have your eyes on by the pool, they're 15 just so you know. I'd be careful if I were you.”

“They're not my type.”

“And what exactly is your type Mr. Baizen?”

“Mr. Baizen is my father. Maybe you'll find out when I get your name over a few drinks,” Carter said with confidence, using every inch he had over the other male to his advantage.

The other male chuckled. “I knew you had it in you Carter, but know this... Once you start, there's no ending this... This isn't something you can just forget when you head back home.”

“Do your worst!”

“Careful what you wish for Carter, I bite.”

End Flashback
Carter had no regrets. He knew what he was doing... The Archibald kid was a convenient pawn. Everything had been building up to this. Being that cool older brother figure to all of the sibling-less cool kids of the Upper East Side was finally paying off. A blunt here and a slutty girl's number there had created him a great network of contacts. Fortunately his plans did not always work so well for him... Mainly his biggest blunder of all.

Renouncing his family's fame and wealth was not his brightest moment. But he had truthfully thought it was for the best when he had first done it. Everything had been leading up to that point. He knew that it was the right decision at the time as nothing but trouble came with being rich in his world. Money caused countless problems as well as getting one out of sticky situations that a normal individual would never have been able to wiggle their way out of even with a top notch lawyer.

The Bass kid had definitely been unexpected. He didn't like having unknown variables come in and mess up everything. But thankfully he did for Carter had no idea that the Archibald heir had nothing to his name... Then he would have really been in deep shit... So he let Chuck Bass trade that Babe Ruth baseball and watch for Nate's debt, but no there was more... Much more.

“Good evening gentlemen... It's such a shame you'll all be rotting in jail cells for embezzlement,” a chipper voice said as the sound of heels clicking against the floor echoed throughout the room. All of the occupants of the card game became nervous. They were unsure of whether this was retribution from Chuck or the real deal.

“Carter, you have been such a naughty boy. Looks like you and your friends need to be taught a lesson or two by me and my friends.”

The misguided Upper East Sider felt chills run down his spine. That voice was familiar... He couldn't pinpoint from where, but it was not good.

“Give up now and maybe you'll get to see the light of day in a decade or two... The choice is yours.”

All of the occupants, bar Carter, grew panicked and each headed for one of the different exits. And each was met by men in black suits.

“Tsk tsk Carter. This is not the kind of welcoming I was expecting when I heard you were in town Baizen. I expected a much warmer reception. Too bad your playmates are all heading to the slammer for their involvement.”

The different men took that as their cue as they overwhelmed and arrested the various card-sharks that Carter had used against Nate.

“You got this Chief?” one of the remaining suited men asked after the other members of the card game had been cuffed and escorted out of the room.

“Alpha squad can remain stationed outside the exits. I will be only a few moments with Mr. Baizen, but be on alert if he pulls something.”

The suited man in charged nodded and his men did as told, closing all exits behind them.

“It's good to see you.”

“What do you want with me?”
“What could you mean?” the male joked.

“You could have gotten me arrested with the rest of them... They have extensive criminal histories individually... Together even I could have been locked away as an accessory.”

The other male smiled as Carter sweated.

“I want you.”

“Excuse me?”

“You are far too valuable to me to waste away in jail.”

“And you never knew how to play nice.”

“What can I say? I don't like sharing Carter.”

“What do you want me to do?” the irritated male replied knowing full well that the other man had him by the balls.

“Give me back Bass' baseball and watch.”

“But...”

“They're all in jail and will remain so... Take this as your way out...”

“They'll kill me...”

“Kind of hard to when you were bringing the ring down for national security,” the male said placing an envelope in Carter's hand.

“Excuse me?”

“This should be enough for the items in questions as well as keep you afloat for a while.”

“But...”

“They don't have to know how you got the money, not that it really matters since everything has been seized... Just take it Carter and don't think too hard about it.”

“You don't mean...”

“Crime scene Baizen.”

“You are such a little bitch you know that right?”

The other male grinned. “Well I wasn't the one moaning like a cheap whore the last time we met... The decision is yours Baizen. I will be in contact with you. Keep your phone on as this offer won't last forever.”

The mystery male turned around and walked out the room the way Chuck had used to whisk Nate away. After closing the door behind him the leader of “Alpha squad” addressed his commanding office.

“Sir.”

“Let's get back to base, Westmoreland.”
“But Sir.”
“Now.”
“But Sir.”
“Baizen is not a threat... Unless... never mind Westy.”
“Sir?”
“Unless you want in my pants, you don't have to worry about a thing.”
“Sir?”
“If you do want in you're not going to find yourself a promotion.”
“Wouldn't dream of it Sir.”
“You're incorrigible Westy.”
“But you're the one who always insists we use all assets at hand to complete our mission.”
“So conquering me is your mission Westy? I'm sure HE would be glad to know that.”
“HE insisted I do it Sir.”
“Well you are quite attractive.”
“Sir...” the nervous male said as his chin was cupped by the shorter male.
“You have one shot Westmoreland.”
“Sir.”
“I could use a challenge. Things have gotten far to peaceful not that Middlebrooks has been transferred.”
“So what do you have in mind?”
“What do you know about Kennedy Blake?”

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Meanwhile Nate and Chuck were having their heart to heart. Nate could not believe everything that had gone down... He should have known better than to trust Carter, but Carter was his friend... He gave Chuck and him their first blunt... He brought him to his first high school party when he was still in middle school. In fact sometimes it felt like more than a simple friendship as Baizen had taken quite the liking toward Archibald.

Carter was that cool kid all of Nate's class aspired to be, but to actually be approached by and associated with said individual only further added to Nate's golden boy reputation. Well the getting away with everything part... After all there's only so many times an eight grader can get away with being caught for being drunk or high scott free at school or in high society.

“I warned you Nathaniel.”
“I know man... I really messed up.”
“Just be glad Kennedy doesn't know,” Chuck added for good measure.

“Chuck you wouldn't?” a desperate Nate pleaded.

“I would Nathaniel... Your actions cost you a lot more than you realize.”

“That's rich coming from you Chuck.”

“I'm in a whole other league than you Nathaniel, especially when it comes to our favorite 'Bro.' He won't be too pleased to hear you were getting your family into further debt... Gambling no less.”

“Chuck...”

“Get some sleep Nathaniel. I have some damage control to do to ensure he doesn't learn of this or we are both in deep shit.”

“Fine,” Nate yawned, giving up in defeat. He knew full well Chuck wouldn't rat him out... Carter on the other hand he wasn't sure. For despite being a proud individual formerly of socialite status, Carter now apparently was in trouble of his own.

When he was certain Nate was sleeping, Chuck texted a number on his phone. The message was short and to the point, but it left him unsettled nonetheless. This was no laughing matter. Things were far worse than they thought. He knew Nate was kind of pathetic on many levels, not that he should have really been talking, but this whole gambling thing was on another level.

He had two real options. Borrow money from Chuck as one friend to another or gamble his way with the shady ass Carter Baizen. Of course Golden Boy took the traditional Archibald approach and did the highly illegal choice. Was it in their genes to gamble away things that didn't truly belong to them? Chuck's headache only intensified as he poured himself another drink.

That baseball and watch were precious to him, and Nate truly violated his sense of trust, but they were basically family and all would be forgiven eventually. The matter at hand now was whether he should rat his friend out to his other friend or not... Well that went two ways... Chuck got Nate into his penthouse relatively undetected, not that blonder male would remember any of this come tomorrow. But on the other hand, Kennedy would believe that he had partied a little too hard if it really came down to it...

:--------------------:

“Thanks again,” Chuck replied as Kennedy walked through his door.

“Well all it cost me was my dignity,” the athlete replied as held his phone up.

“A half naked Mystery Boy wandering about in the middle of the night was apparently enough to keep Gossip Girl and her followers busy for a few hours.”

“Well you're lucky I was in the mood for a run. You owe me Chuck, I don't like being eyed like a piece of meat.”

“Unless its Nathaniel doing the eying right?”

The other male began to turn red.

“It's fine Kennedy. Nathaniel is going to be as damaged as me soon enough.”

“Chuck, that's no way to talk about your best friend,” Kennedy admonished.
“Well he's in the dog house at the moment. Why don't we have a drink?”

“Why not... I'm sure you wouldn't mind if I showered first?”

“No, I should have some things that will fit you. Use my bathroom so HE doesn't find you in the odd chance he wakes up from his alcohol induced coma.”

The smile was there. Kennedy knew Chuck wasn't truly too furious with their friend, but Nate had really messed up more levels than usual. This wasn't something a slap on the wrist... or rather ass could rectify. They were now approaching intervention level trouble with their friend. Things weren't good, but this was something in a league of its own. Willingly associating with Carter Baizen and his shady mystery associates in a secret high stakes card game was completely idiotic and Nate had truly done a lot of stupid things over the years.

Kennedy shuddered as he stripped in Chuck's bathroom. He could only begin to imagine how many bodily fluids were exchanged on each surface, particularly with how that little black book catered to all tastes... In fact Kennedy was kind of surprised to see how many males were listed there. Chuck talked a big talk, but this was more than living up to one's persona. One name in particular unnerved him, but he didn't say anything because technically he was not supposed to have seen said book, but Chuck had carelessly (out of character we may add) left it out one day when Kennedy was supposed to drop off something...

IT may have been a test of trust... Which he had now obviously failed, but Kennedy wasn't all that worried about how the Basstard would take it because Chuck had done far worse things to Kennedy over the years, particularly the one they were currently living in.

The cascade of hot water was unlike anything else the teen had ever experienced. It hit all the right places literally. Without much effort he could feel himself beginning to salute.

'Shit he thought to himself.'

"Don't stop on account of me," came the snarky voice of Chuck as he snuck in behind the teen scaring the hell out of him.

“Didn't hear you come in.” Kennedy blushed as he turned down the spray to better hear his still dressed friend.

“Rub one out if you want Kennedy, you wouldn't be the first one to do it in here.”

“You sure you don't want to join me,” Kennedy said breathing onto the other male's face as rivulets began to drip down onto Chuck's infamous pajamas.

“Not this time... I don't think Nathaniel would appreciate it,” Chuck said stepping away from the shower.

“Don't you mean Blair?” Kennedy said turning away from his friend to protect the remaining bit of dignity he had, though he quickly questioned that thought considering who he was associating with and where they were.

“Have a nice shower Kennedy. The lavender shower gel is particularly relaxing. You're lucky Nate's left a few of his things behind or you would have had to go home naked. You're a lot bigger than I remembered.”

Kennedy rolled his eyes, not even giving his friend the satisfaction of his current predicament. The trio were all of similar sizes, but he knew Chuck was doing this to play with his head. The Bass
heir was unafraid of using and flaunting his wealth when he needed to so it wouldn't be out of character to have someone pull some garments from his favorite retailer at this time of night, but there was more to this.

The athlete shook his head once more as he turned up the water pressure and turned on some of the additional shower heads as he found the shower gel in question. This whole thing wreaked of a bad setup... It was too clean to not be blackmail, but the sore teen was willing to be putty in his friend's hands. Chuck knew better than to double cross his friend right?


Meanwhile Chuck was busy attending to some things when he heard Kennedy's phone began to ring. It was innocent enough, but it kept on ringing and ringing. So eventually the dark knight got up from where he was seated and approached the device that was in his friend's Chuck approved running shorts.

The name on the phone did not please the teen one instant.

What was Blair Waldorf doing calling his friend like some needy girlfriend. After the fourth attempt, Chuck answered Queen B's call.

“Kennedy's phone, Chuck speaking.”

“Chuck, what are you doing with his phone?”

“She's currently in my shower waiting for me.”

“Eww, I don't even know what is going on in your head because he wouldn't be dumb enough to sleep with one of your one night stands... When he's finished he better call me back motherChucker or you'll pay for it.”

“Anything for you Blair,” he drawled.

“Chuck, I'm not kidding. I need to speak to him pronto.”

“I'll do my best.”

Chuck ended the call, instantly cursing himself that he didn't know the other teen's password. Kennedy was too paranoid for his own good sometimes, not that he would have time to even focus on this as he had much bigger fish to fry.


Eventually the toned teen came out of the bathroom much more relaxed and ready to talk to Chuck.

“That must have been a good one. Should I call housekeeping?”

“Probably, I made quite the mess. My pipes have been blocked up for a while.”

Chuck smiled.

“Blair requires your presence on your phone at your earliest convenience.”

The other teen cursed.

“My, my. What a potty mouth you have there?”
“Shut up motherChucker!” Kennedy snapped.

“You even speak like her now... No wonder you are replacing Serena at her side.”

“Not funny,” the teen replied as he plopped down on the bed next to his friend.

“Aren't you going to call her back?”

“No... It can wait for the morning. It's late and she would trust you to leave it to then or forget completely than actually tell me, right?”

Chuck sadly had to admit his friend's train of thought was far from inaccurate.

“Well let's get down to business as we're burning moonlight Bass.”

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Looks like K is giving everyone a free show tonight ladies and gents. No shirt and sinfully short running shorts. Is it hot in here or just me? Those athletic shorts are hardly St. Jude's issued. Have a good night my lovely followers. That's enough inspiration for quite a while ladies and gents. Too bad they weren't white and in the rain... then we would have a real show.

XOXO, Gossip Girl

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I AM WICKED SORRY. I didn’t mean for an update to take this long, but over the past few months my hands have become progressively chapped and cracked to the point where they hurt from the constant hand washing I am required to do at work. The last few weeks in particular have been painful as they have finally begun to heal. I know this is neither my greatest or longest chapter, but I wanted to make sure I got something out there to let you all know I am still alive and invested in this story. As my hands get better I will do my best to update more frequently (i.e. back to my original once a week) but for now I think it will be more like once every three or four weeks... now back to the story!

And here comes a few new characters. Carter gets a bigger role here but its the original characters that really shine. This is not the last you will see of Westmoreland. The mystery man he was talking with (and whom Carter also spoke with) is key to Kennedy's past. The real question is what is he up to on the Upper East Side now since he appears to be quite familiar with all of Carter's bullshit.

This episode will be a little differently ordered to simplify things. I will take care of the whole photo shoot thing after the Nate situation is taken care of a little better than on the show.

-griff

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