The Private Love Song of a Slightly Tarnished Golden Boy

by bgrrl

Summary

Selected scenes from the private private life of Chace Crawford. In his world people come and go.

Notes

My deepest apologies to Mr. Elliot, but he's so brilliant I couldn't help it. I own none of these people and everything you are about to read is a dirty lie :) I took some liberties with the timing of events, both on and off the show. I hope I'll be forgiven.

There will be time, there will be time/To prepare a face to meet the faces that you meet

Chace doesn't understand celebrities who bitch about being celebrities. Didn't they go to high school? Being a celebrity is a lot like being in high school, well if you were popular. Everybody wants to be your friend/date/fuckbuddy. They want to get next to you however they can hoping that they'll catch the light that shines on you. As long as you remember it's not about you, you're good. Ninety-nine percent of the time you're popular or famous because you won the genetic lottery. Talent and brains are also-rans when it comes down to fame. The rules of survival are simple. Don't believe
your own hype, know you're only as good as your last project, and who you are doesn't matter as much as who they think you are. It's not hard and a lot of people have it a hell of a lot worse. Chace thinks he's lucky to be a celebrity. If he ever starts complaining about not being able to go to some over-priced paparazzi magnet of a restaurant, that valet parks his Bentley, he sincerely hopes somebody punches him in the face, hard.

Granted some days the paparazzi are on him like a real life Gossip Girl. In those moments he feels like Nate Archibald is creeping around the corners of his life. True your pain and your shame are public record forever, thank you internet. You can never forget your exes thanks again internet. Even your errors have to be chosen wisely. Mostly though it's that when you're famous there's your private life, well what would be private if you weren't famous, and you get caught with your pants down occasionally. Then there's your private private life, the things you guard because you don't trust them, because they might embarrass you, because they make you look a little too broken, or ugly, because you need something just for you, just because.

Among the porcelain, among some talk of you and me/Would it have been worthwhile

Ed wasn't part of his private private life, not at first. People suspect, and they gossip. There's tabloid innuendo and flat out accusations. There is speculation, but he and Ed were never a provable fact, in the press. They weren't boyfriends. They were roommates. True they were sleeping together. Neither was seeing anyone, and they slipped into a routine. Sunday mornings were, blow jobs and Starbucks, and football, and sex. Whoever comes first does the dishes. It's only the dirty words Ed whispers in his ear that make him forgive the awful things said about football in general and the Cowboys in particular. They eat dinner together more often than not. Chace learns to make a quote proper unquote, cup of tea. This involves loose leaves and preheated pots and no mention of Lipton, ever. They sleep in each others beds and rarely alone. The thing between them happens, because Chace is easy, and Ed is free. It's a private private thing. They don't talk about it.

Ed's lips look like they need to be kissed. Ed tries halfheartedly to brush him off and Jessica giggles and snaps pics with her phone. When Glamorous comes on the jukebox, Chace starts singing along. Ed and Jessica haul him away after they get enough footage for blackmail. They pour him into the cab and tumble after. At their apartment Jessica asks if they smoke as she pulls two dimes out her purse. Chace declares her his favorite person in the entire world, Ed just says yes. The three of them sit on Chace's bed and smoke. They take turns kissing until the weed runs out and then nobody waits for a turn. Lips and hands are everywhere in the smoke filled room. They pass out with most of their clothes still on before things can get complicated. They wake up to Jessica shaking them and saying only assholes have six boxes of cereal and no milk.

After that they keep milk in the house. She hangs out at the apartment and gets scary good at Halo, placing Chace's high score in mortal danger. After that the three of them always smoke in Chace's bed because Jessica says his is bigger than Ed's. Chace kisses her for that and Ed insists their beds are the same size. Jessica rolls her eyes and lights the joint. After that the clothes come off. Chace is in the middle. This isn't how he pictured it but he's not complaining. Not when Ed's tongue is in him so deep it's making him shake, lighting up every nerve in his body. He'd be begging Ed to fuck him if his face wasn't buried between Jessica's legs, fingers slipping in easy as she writhes beneath him. He thinks he might come just from this, when Ed pulls him to his knees. Jessica gives them both dirty looks until Chace slides inside her, and she gets to watch his face as Ed pushes into him. Jessica pulls him down for a kiss tasting herself on his lips. A litany of dirty words from Ed tells them both in explicit detail just how amazing Chace's ass feels. Then they fall into a rhythm, a push and a pull that's uniquely them. It's too good and too much for all of them when they're already loose and high. They come and collapse and drift off to sleep in a tangled mess. After that it gets complicated.
It's not always the three of them. Sometimes he's alone with Jessica, and they kiss. Sometimes he goes down on her because he loves the way she sounds when she comes. It never gets beyond that if Ed isn't around. Sometimes they just talk. She tells him he's pretty. He always rolls his eyes when she says that and she always laughs. It's a Sunday afternoon when he comes home from some ridiculous photo shoot for a magazine he doesn't even read. He hears them before he sees them but his brain doesn't catch up with his feet in time. The door to Ed's room is open and they invite him in. He shouldn't feel awkward but he does, because he stood there a good minute before they noticed him. He doubts they realize what's between them yet. When Ed and Jessica fall asleep Chace goes to his own bedroom. One person always has to be a stranger. He cringes at Nate's wisdom popping into his own head, but he knows it's true. It's simply that Jessica isn't the stranger anymore.

Eventually Ed and Jessica keep their door shut, and he starts sleeping alone. Jessica is still his favorite person in the world. He doesn't want to change that so he decides to move out. It lasted almost a year. Ed and Jessica still come down to Texas for Thanksgiving. She flies out Friday afternoon to Wisconsin, something about snowboarding and family traditions. Sunday morning Ed whispers I miss you in his ear, while Chace is making tea. Ed kisses him then, up against the counter in the kitchen that still smells like his mother's pumpkin pie. They kiss slow, Ed's fingers digging into Chace's hips like they used to. They kiss until Chace goes pliant against him and he can feel Ed's smile against his neck. They kiss until they're breathless and overheated. They kiss like they never want to stop. They kiss until he hears his parents' car pull up in the driveway. After that things aren't the same. They don't talk about it, because there is nothing to say.

And I have known the eyes already, known them all.

The bar is filled with models and trust fund babies. An unseen DJ spins a familiar tune. It's a place where he can be recognized but not fawned over. He spots her at the other end of the bar. Long dark hair pulled back into a ponytail, black strapless dress in the middle of winter, stylish boredom on a pretty face, definitely a model. She's eating the olive from her martini, definitely a new model. He sends, her a drink and a smile. She walks over to his side of the bar, impossibly long legs, slightly unsteady in her five inch stilettos. She looks younger up close. She tells him she loves the show. Nate's her favorite. The bar is loud and she has to lean in to talk to him. He slips an arm around her waist and gets a pretty spectacular view of her breasts. He asks what she does and pulls her closer. She actually tells him, in detail. He catches something about modeling, Milan, and maybe applying to NYU next year. Possibly she's from Chicago. Possibly she isn't old enough to be in this bar.

Inevitably she asks him back to her place. She waits for his answer, uncertain, as though the conclusion of this evening was ever in doubt. Her roommate is in Prague, Paris, Sri Lanka some place that isn't her apartment. She told him on the ride over but he can't remember. He can't remember anything right now, because he's lost in the incredibly tight, hot, wet, softness of her body beneath him. Moans and gasps mingle with the muted sounds of late night traffic in her tiny room. Her short, dark, painted, fingernails dig into his arms as he slips deeper into her. Chace tastes himself when he kisses her swollen, lipstick smeared mouth goodbye. It's three in the morning and as he hails a cab, he thinks maybe he would call her if he knew her name.

"That is not it at all. That is not what I meant at all."

If the coat check girl hadn't been on break it never would have happened. He really needs a smoke and the coat check girl is nowhere to be found. He doesn't feel like waiting so he goes in search of his coat. He wanders aimlessly through the dimly lit room for a good five minutes before he finally finds his coat. Chace has his coat in one hand, and his cigarettes in the other when he sees Kelly. She's sitting on the floor, legs stretched out in front of her with a bottle of vodka and a copy of
Vanity Fair. He's just buzzed enough to laugh. She looks up over the glasses on the end of her nose and when she speaks her speech is slow enough to indicate she's at least tipsy.

“You can stay if you share those, and be quiet.” She's pointing at his cigarettes.

He drops down on the floor next to her, because he has nothing else to do and she has vodka. He gives her the cigarettes and takes the bottle.

She takes her first drag and the way she sighs afterward is vaguely obscene.

“God I haven't had one of these in two years. Damned kids.” She immediately claps both hands to her mouth and giggles after she says it. She swears Chace to secrecy. They smoke and get drunk, and silly. He likes her laugh and her legs. He tries not to stare and plays with her hair. Their fingers brush as they pass the bottle back and forth. Kelly wonders if Rufus and Lily will get a divorce.

Something about art imitating life. Chace says he thinks Nate and Serena had sex in a coatroom.

Kelly rolls her eyes, “I'm not having sex in the coatroom.”

She puts out her cigarette and starts pulling on her coat. He stands up to help her and he thinks he pissed her off until she kisses him. Kisses him like they are definitely going to have sex, even if it's not in the coatroom. It takes about about three seconds for the shock to subside, then he's on board kissing her back and sliding his hands over her ass pulling her closer. When she pulls back they're both breathing hard. She tugs his arm and he follows her out of a backdoor he didn't even notice. Her driver doesn't bat an eye at his presence. Chace gives his address and the driver raises the partition without a word. The traffic is slow because it's a Saturday night. Neither of them has the patience to wait. When he slides her dress up, he thinks that the tiny bit of lace she's wearing underneath can't seriously be considered panties. He touches her feeling the lace grow wet beneath his fingers. Her mouth is filthy, but not profane. When he goes down on her, he has to concentrate not to come from the taste of her and the way she says his name. He's halfway to orgasm number two when the car stops. They fuck in the living room. She's bent over the couch her dress a rumpled mess around her waist and his pants around his knees. They manage to get their clothes off for round two. There is still a failure to reach the bedroom. He's pretty sure that had been the plan.

It should of have been a one time thing but he finds himself watching her on set when he thinks nobody is paying attention. He can still feel her lips around his cock and her hair in his hands. He catches her watching him too, so finally he says fuck it and sends her a text.

Drinks? - C

He knows he said something once about not dating married women, but she's in the middle of a divorce so it's good enough for him. She responds three hours later.

I don't need a drink, your place 9. -K

She shows up at nine-fifteen.

“It's only this.” she says before she kisses him and slips her hands underneath his shirt.

She's always gone in the morning. Sometimes they end up talking, because she never leaves while he's awake. Sometimes he falls asleep listening to her voice. Her southern accent peaks out when she's particularly tired, and he teases her about it. It's only a sometime thing, but he gives her a key to his place because it seems easier. Sometimes he comes home and she's laying on the couch reading. Those days he flips on the TV and pulls her legs across his lap. He teases and tickles until she puts down her book and kisses him. Sometimes she's asleep when he gets there. He doesn't wake her up. When she wakes up he always says he just walked in. Once he catches her while she's in the shower. He watches her through the frosted glass before sliding the door open and pulling her back against
him. He makes her a cup of coffee to go and she kisses him on the cheek. She smells like his shampoo. Their sometime thing lasts five months.

They're laying in bed bitching about the New York winter and he mentions a premiere in L.A. Does she want to come? He doesn't expect her to say yes. She goes silent and still beside him. Kelly props herself up on one elbow and looks at him.

“I want to, but I can't.” She sighs deep and bites her lip. She looks at him like she's making a decision “I think Blake will be there, maybe you two should go.”

It's the first awkward silence they ever share. He kisses her to end it. That night she tells him she likes to be home before Hermés and Helena wake up. When he gets up she's gone as usual. Her key is on the dresser.

Of restless nights in one-night cheap hotels.

Chace is standing at the bar, drinking a vodka and Red Bull, wishing he'd just stayed home and read a book. He's half drunk and sleep deprived. He doesn't know who this party is for, or why he's here. He's bored, but it's nine o'clock, and he can't bring himself to go home. Some model with long dark hair, is talking to him. He feels like he should remember her, but he doesn't. He's contemplating taking her home, when he sees them. His Disney doppelganger, seated across from his rockstar princess. This night could be interesting after all. Chace excuses himself politely, so he doesn't know why the disappointed look in her eye makes him feel vaguely guilty.

Even from across the room he can see Zoë, talking a mile a minute and Zac just watching her. Sometimes you just have to watch Zoë when she talks because it's music, art, literature, gossip, multiple threads that you have to follow quickly and unravel before you're lost. Keeping up with her conversationally is too much after a few drinks. Talking to Zoë, can make you dizzy, and fucking her is the wildest ride he's ever had. Zoë sees him first, interrupting herself. “OhmygodChace!” She gives him the biggest hug someone so tiny can manage.

“Hey Zoë.” He doesn't even pretend not to check her out and he can feel Zac's eyes on him.

“Have you met Zac?” She says met like she means fucked.

“Yeah,” Zac says glancing at Chace, “we've met, kind of.”

They've exchanged blowjobs but not phone numbers, so Chace thinks Zac's reply is about right. Chace asks how they know each other. Zac says they met at an Oscar party. Zoë mock whispers that she caught him fucking Dustin Lance Black. She laughs. Zac blushes and says she's only joking. Chace wonders. When he sits down Zac slides way too close for his good boy image. It might be alcohol, it might be drugs, it might be something else. Chace doesn't care what it is, Zac is loose and relaxed, practically melting against him. They watch Zoë talk. Chace thinks her lips are perfect. Zac's hand is on his thigh, a warm distraction.


He and Zac follow Zoë, outside the club, and into a cab. The destination is a packed penthouse with a fantastic view. He thinks they pass Jared Leto on their way up the stairs. Zoe opens a random door and waves them inside, locking the door behind her. She turns on the light and they're in somebody's master bedroom. She kisses Zac first. The way Zac's hands wrap in her hair and she pushes into him, Chace can tell it's not their first kiss. Zac is the one who grabs Chace's arm and pulls him into it. Zoë says she wants to watch. Zac tells her to sit back and enjoy. Chace would be having a major “what the fuck” moment about that, but Zac has decided to suck his dick. Zoë is an appreciative and vocal audience. When he pushes into Zac he sees her fingers slip inside her panties. Blue satin on brown skin, she's beautiful. Her gasps and sighs, make a counterpoint to Zac's moans as he rides Chace hard. He's watching Zac watch Zoë watch them fuck. It's some bizarre feedback loop cranking up the intensity of every stroke, touch, and kiss.

It's still dark when they put Zoë in her cab. She blows them a kiss as it pulls away. They both smile
at her. As they each hail their own rides, Zac pulls out his phone to check the time. Chace takes it from him and quickly adds his number to Zac's contact list. Chace has just gotten his front door unlocked when he feels his phone vibrate in his pocket. The number doesn't look familiar. Chace opens the message, anyway. He smiles when he reads it.

*I guess now I can say we've met.*-Zac

*Time for you and time for me/And time yet for a hundred indecisions*

When he wakes up Blake is making breakfast. He learns to never again question her culinary skills when she nails him with an orange without leaving the stove. He eats the orange and feels the bruise form on his arm. This should be awkward but it isn't. The rightness of the moment sends him out on the balcony to clear his head. Blake is beautiful, a golden girl without tarnish, and one you can't forget. His mother loves her, and she's seen his baby pictures. She says all the right things and laughs at the right times. She makes him forget about everyone else in the room. She's smart and she's funny. She's his friend. The sun is up and he's shirtless on her balcony. It's Los Angeles, sunny and warm even in February. He laughs, because of course Blake would be from a place where the sun always shines. He leans over the railing, and the glint from the empty Krug bottle, catches his eye.

Last night, was a premiere and the red carpet, separate arrivals, a boring after party and champagne larceny. They slip out the back door together and go to her place. They drink straight from the bottle and laugh and dance and get high on some of Jessica's best stuff. On the balcony she says she really likes him, and blows smoke in his face. He kisses her and she pulls him inside. She's still wearing her shoes and her heels dig into him as she wraps her legs around him. It hurts but she feels good underneath him. Her nails dig into his hips as she pushes him deeper into her. He slips a hand between them. When he touches her she moans and arches into his touch. He thinks he could get high just from this. She bites his shoulder when she comes.

He rubs absently at the marks on his shoulder and smiles. He wants Blake for as long as he can have her. He's not naive enough to think they'll make it to forever, he isn't Nate and she's not Serena. He thinks they can be amazing while they last. She joins him on the balcony and bumps his shoulder with hers.

“Don't tell me you're not eating breakfast or I'll kick your ass.”

She laughs and the breeze blows her hair across her face. He follows her inside. There are blueberry pancakes and strawberry syrup, and more champagne. They fly back to NYC together, and she falls asleep on his shoulder. They leave the airport separately but they wake up in his bed together. She eats her cereal dry from the box while she watches the morning news and insists on keeping Lipton at his place because it's the best. His life can not get better than this and it feels like Nate Archibald is smiling at him from the corner of his private, private life.

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