And it is that I do not love you (and I probably always will)

by listenup_folks

Summary

Every time it feels like something is snapping into place. But even if in the end that means it'll piece together, the snapping still hurts a little.

(Or the many time Blair and Serena get carried away with the definition of 'best friends')

Notes

I know that there is like nobody left who ships these two but I do. And I am hoping that I will meet other people who do through this so please comment! Thanks!

it will be multi chapter but there isn't any schedule

*** also this is an au in which Serena never goes to boarding school and Blair and chuck never happen ***
Chapter 1

And umm yah I do not own the characters used in this they belong to the gossip girl tv creators and Cecily von Ziegesar

The first time it happens is the summer after ninth grade. There was a pool party at Kati's Hamptons house and to say things got out of hand was an understatement.

Usually at least Blair was there to ensure that Serena didn't cause a spectacle with her drunken table dancing and attempts at skinny dipping in public while intoxicated, but this time Blair was right there with her, grinding against her best friend without a care left in the world, or a drop left in her glass. There was something with Nate and a girl in Maine when he visited his vacation house last week and a whole other drama with her mother, but she couldn't remember the details of that, especially with Serena's arms wrapped around her from behind. Not with Serena's hands sliding against her stomach. Not with Serena's hips grinding against her ass like they're not two fifteens year older.

Because really if they were that old this wouldn't lead to sex. This would lead to giggles and exhaustion and slut shaming from other girls. Which is at first what happens. It isn't bad exactly, but Blair can feel all eyes on them and can here the low whispers from everybody.

Which of course is why Serena insists they go back to Serena's house since "Nobody is there B, it'll be relaxing cmon!" And then Blair is being tugged down the street towards the street over (because really what's the point of having a Hampton house if it isn't in walking distance to all of your friends' Hampton houses?). They both ignore the fact that their feet are going to be bleeding from the heels, and their dresses are indecently disoriented due to the dancing and skip home like they're back in their childhood with no worries and no alcohol poisoning.

By the time they get to the driveway they're heavily leaning against each other in attempt to make it to the entrance, and once they're finally collapsing on Serena's bed after shedding their dresses Blair can't help but be relieved to finally be off her feet. Then she can't think at all because Serena's lips are against hers flushing out the rest of the world. The first swipe of Serena's tongue is as much asking as she needs to do because Blair instantly opens her mouth, sweeping her own tongue out to meet Serena's as a moan breaks from her throat.

This is fine. Blair can't even begin to recall how many times Serena has gotten so drunk that she'll swap breath with the first person willing and if she's honest with herself, Blair is basically always willing. What sets this apart is the grip Serena has on her thigh moving upward with each stroke of her tongue until reaching the curve of Blair's ass and pulling Blair astride her lap.

At the point at which Serena has both hands kneading Blair's backside through her thin panties which is new. Sure they make out a lot but openly groping with such little clothing has never been a Serena thing because she knows Blair's boundaries. But Blair is too drunk to process any of this before another moan erupts. Blair decides the need for air is more important than the taste of Serena so she reluctantly pulls back, ready for Serena's dazed smile and last peck before bed, however when she pulls her mouth away instead of air she feels warm lips descend on her neck.
She can't help another moan from escaping her throat or her hands from tangling in long blonde strands as Serena's hot moth sucks down the length of her throat stopping to suck at the hollow between collarbones.

She means to ask what's happening.
Why Serena's still progressing.
But then warm breath makes its way to the edge of a bra cup and a soft tongue sneaks it's way under to a puckered nipple and the words don't come out right. 
"God harder S."

It's funny how with three accidentally uttered words so much can change.
In a mere two seconds Blair's bra is thrown somewhere across the room and Serena's mouth is attached to the hardened peak on Blair's breast, sucking and licking and lightly biting down on the nub, then making her way to the other in a trail of open mouthed hot kisses.

Blair can't do anything but moan and whimper, grinding herself down into Serena's lap until eventually Serena bends her leg so a strong thigh settles between Blair's.

She doesn't ask herself why this is a bad idea.

Doesn't push Serena to the side like she should.
In Blair's defense she did have just as much to drink tonight and if Serena should get to do this why shouldn't she.

Serena's bra slides off just as easily as hers did and once she's resettled onto Serena's leg, she also has a thigh wedged between Serena's, earning a low groan from the blonde and a thrust of overly excited hips up to meet her, sending the thigh up between her own.

They continue for a while just grinding against each other earning small groans, moans, and whimpers.

Long enough for Blair to reason that it isn't sex, it's just two friends getting carried away with a humping situation.
They grind all the time.
At clubs, parties, any where they dance basically.
To tease Nate, to taunt Chuck, to piss off whatever girls are trying to catch any attention whatsoever.
It's fine because all best friends do it.
"Fuck B, I'm gonna come"
But maybe it's not fine.
But Serena's lips are attached to her jawline. And she can feel nipples just as hard as her own rubbing against hers. And she can feel how wet Serena is through her panties, smell her arousal.
And Blair knows this isn't normal for two best friends getting carried away.
But she can't bring herself to care.

She forces her thigh harder into Serena's open legs and feels the blondes grip on her back tighten. Feeling Serena's done a lot to help her, she opts to return the favor by gripping Serena's ass with one hand for better leverage, and pinching a nipple hard with her other.
She feels herself tighten just as Serena's nails rake down her back, hard enough to break skin, and that's enough to push her over the edge, moaning out Serena's name with a followed groan at the same time Serena buries her face in her neck sucking on the skin hard to keep her shouts in.
Once the air has settled, she rolls off of Serena slowly and curls at her side when a long arm pulls her closer.
"Love you B."
"Love you too S."
They don't talk about it in the morning.
Chapter 2

The second time isn't the trashiest, but very well could have been.

It's later that same summer at a club that Serena's fake id and long legs got them into.

After one too many cosmos, Blair knows she's on the dance floor with Nate, but she doesn't know when she loses him and she certainly doesn't know the grubby looking twenty something year old who is attempting to get behind her.

That's how she ends up pressed against the bathroom stall door with Serena's fingers buried knuckle deep inside her.

Well not exactly how.

When she had tried to escape the greasy old guy, there hadn't really been anyone around and after his many attempts to touch her Serena "Wonder Woman" van Der Woodsen came out of nowhere to save the day.

She was just as drunk as usual, if not more so, but when she caught glimpse of Blair's distressed face she snapped out of it and tugged her arm pulling Blair into her side.

Before she could react her mouth was full of Serena's tongue and her hands Serena's hair.

The guy obviously got the point and retracted a minute later muttering a "damn sorry" over the music but Serena didn't pull away and who was Blair to stop her.

Besides, she was too busy focused on the heat of Serena's hands as they curved around her waist pulling her closer then shifting over her hips, leaving trails of goosebumps even through the clothes. After a few minutes though the need for air became necessary and Serena pulled back tugging Blair's bottom lip with her, then grasping her hand and just pulling to the bathroom.

Blair hadn't thought about what was going to happen but they both new. So when they got in and Serena pushed her into one of the small empty stalls Blair could care less about who else could be in there and instead decided to let Serena take control, backing up herself against the shut stall door.

The first thing Serena did, besides reconnect their lips in a bruising kiss, was grip the hem of Blair's short tight dress and tug it up. Her hand became fast and insistent on the thin fabric of Blair's panties, rubbing at her clit until Blair's vision is becoming blurry and her legs feel about to collapse beneath her.

But then she stops, earning a whimper at the loss of contact from the brunette. But the whimper is cut short when slender fingered slip into the waist band of her panties and tug down, pulling them to knee level and abandoning them. For a second Serena looks up.

It's the first eye contact they have made so far and Blair can see a billion thoughts behind Serena’s stare, however almost all of them are covered by the deep shade of desire. There's something else too and Blair can only place it as questioning, like she's asking permission, which is why Blair lets herself speak, even if it does break a moment.

"Inside S."
And inside she goes.
It's gentle compared to their previous touches, mainly because even while drunk Serena knows Blair's never done this before.
So she's gentle with slipping one finger up to her knuckle.
She halts movement for a moment to make sure Blair is okay and when she receives a nod she slips in a second finger and attaches their lips in a softer kiss.
The previous ones had been full of teeth and aggression, but this one is gentle with the soft stroke of tongue against tongue, tangling briefly before the slow exploration as Serena picks up speed with her fingers.

Blair knows her back will hurt tomorrow from the knob of he stall door digging in.
Her legs are starting to be weak with standing, which Serena must notice because she wraps her spare arm around the small of Blair's back to support her weight.
Blair also knows Serena's motions should not be so precise, should not feel this good considering how drunk she is, but decided not to think about that as lips attach to a soft spot behind her ear and suck.

It only takes few moments for Blair to fall over the edge, her orgasm hitting her as Serena twists her lengthy fingers to hit deeper.
Serena continues a slow thrust while Blair's inner walls clench around the offered digits until she comes down from her high and Serena slowly withdraws bringing the fingers up to her lips, making a show of sucking them clean.

"You okay?" Serena asks softly as she pushes forward, attaching their lips in a teasing kiss and staying there, just breathing in the after glow.
"Yah," Blair says pushing closer to Serena's body, "but we should get back before Nate suspects something."

They both share a laugh at the thought. Nate is so dense they could actually have sex in front of him and he wouldn't think anything off, just be extremely turned on.

Before Blair can turn around she feel Serena's hands on her hips.
"Dress B." She says with a small giggle, then pulling Blair's ruined panties up firm thighs and tugging her dress back in before Blair can do so herself.

Ignoring the crimson red spreading through her cheeks Blair leans to connect their lips one more time.

"Let's go." With that reluctantly turning around to open the stall door and pull Serena out after her.

They walk back to the booth hand in hand, Blair ignores the stickiness on Serena's fingers.
Hey guys,
Still don't know if anyone is really reading this.?
Please review, comment, like, and feedback really.thanks!

The first time that full clothing removal occurs isn't until Blair's 16th birthday party, after months of heavy petting through tight dresses or scanty lingerie.

They never discuss any of it. There isn't a need to, it's just too friends having a little drunk fun with what Blair likes to deem experimenting.

It's after the remaining guests leave, and surprisingly both girls are considerably sober, not that they would admit to that though.

By this point in high school life Blair and Nate's short lived affair is small over and Serena hasn't officially dated anybody in weeks, so it only makes sense that the best friends would end the night together curled up with Tiffany's as usual.

This time is really not easily explained. The rest were clumsy drunken mistakes, but this isn't anywhere near a clumsy drunken mistake.

"How was it tonight?"

The question is mumbled into her hair, breaking the silence they lapsed into after starting Tiffany's. Serena will always tolerate the constant watching, even enjoy it, but Blair knows Serena can't sit still for long periods of time.

That's why the touching and cuddling during movies became such a natural occurrence to her.

Tonight alone she had been basically manhandled into every position over Serena's lap that's possible varying from curled into her side, to basically straddling her, to her head resting on a her chest so Serena can play with her hair, leading up to her current place in between the blondes legs, leaning back against her.

It's just a Serena thing. Blair has always got it.

"It was nice. It feels good, having a party that's more grown up, you know?"

Small talk is another great way to distract the blonde from falling asleep.

"Can I take this off?" The blonde asks, boldly reaching for the hem of Blair's nightie. Ever daring Serena. Leave it to her to just sweep in and change the subject to a bigger stretch.

Blair knows how little they had to drink. She's almost ashamed in herself when that's the only reason that they shouldn't be doing this that she can think of. Blair could never understand why Serena did it. What was in it for her? Surely she already
experimented enough with random girls at random clubs, why Blair?

At this point Serena's impatience has sky rocketed and when Blair escapes her thoughts it's to hands gripping her inner thighs and kisses being laced on her shoulders.

"B?"

All Blair can get out is a nod and then Serena is pushing her forward to drag the night gown completely over her head and tossing it to the floor.

Of course Blair has nothing underneath, that's the point of a nightie, duh.

But Serena of course in her of her moods seems to not have processed how fast this is skipping. She slowly switches their positions lying Blair on her back on the bed and hovering at her side.

Blair goes to cross her arms instinctively trying to block the view of her naked torso, but Serena's gentle hands find hers and intertwine their fingers as Serena lets her gaze trail up and down Blair's body.

"Tell me if I go to far."

It's all the warning Blair gets before Serena's head ducks taking a soft nipple between her lips then just sucks for a long moment. Blair's hands immediately tangle in golden hair and pin Serena to her chest.

Serena continues to suck and lick at one side while her hand comes to stroke the neglected breast, pinching and twisting the nipple ever so slightly.

Her other hand hovers hotly at her stomach, stroking the soft skin there but not daring to go lower.

Letting out a groan full of arousal and agitation Blair fists her hand more securely in Serena's hair tugging.

"God Serena."

Blair wants her to move on to the next step, but is too afraid to ask.

Serena sucks harder until that nipple slips from between her lips easily and Blair realizes how sore it's become from the blondes insistent tongue.

Serena goes to envelope the bud again but Blair tugs up harder and directs Serena's mouth to her other nipple.

"Hmm just like that S." Is softly whimpered as the ever giving lips enclose again following the same process as the prior nipple underwent.

When she has most definitively given the same amount of attention if not more so Blair expects Serena to finally drop a hand lower to where the heat has not stopped flaring, but the blonde just drifts back to the other breast, sucking between the two for a moment before enrapturing the first nipple and despite its soreness sucking the bud for another shift, lasting what feels like weeks to the brunette.

It's not until a hand dips lower and strokes between Blair's thighs that she realizes how wet she's become over the abundant amount of nipple play Serena seems to be dedicated to.

"S I need you now."
It's punctuated with a sharp lift of the hips to meet the gentle strokes and a tug on blonde strands.

"Can I put my mouth on you?"

Blair looks up and has to take a moment not to ravage the girl before her.

Serena's hair is tousled and her lips are swollen and slick. Her eyes look glazed over and they're a shade so dark Blair almost wonders if she got contacts put in.

The sight is enough to make Blair change her mind about oral sex, which she always thought to be plain unsanitary.

"Please."

It's out one second followed a second later by a deep moan as Serena's lips wrap around her clit and suck up. Two long fingers find their way inside of her and start a quick pace as the lips continue to tug.

"God don't stop."

The fingers continue their pace and the lips open leaving licks and nips a sucking when necessary, but what throws Blair over the edge is Serena's warm tongue slipping in beside her fingers and flicking against her inner walls.

With her hands pulling almost violently at blonde hair, Blair bites her lip to stifle the loud moans threatening to fall out.

Serena lets her come down from her high with light strokes and slowed licks until the hands in her hair give a small tug upward. She hovers over Blair with glossy lips, a slick chin, and an award winning smile and Blair can't not pull Serena down against her and into a kiss, moan escaping as she tastes herself.

She flips Serena over, quickly straddling her waist and tugs her pajama shirt off her head.

With a moment of mutual understanding through brief eye contact, Serena pushes at her pajama bottoms and underwear while Blair takes the weight of her breasts into small hands and slowly kneads the flash earning soft moans from Serena as she finally kicks her pants off the bottom of the bed.

"What do you want me to do?"

She means for it to sound confident, like she's capable of any answer, but she hears herself quietly mumble it against Serena's lips, resulting in a shiver down the blondes body.

Suddenly there's a hand grasping one of hers and a leg wrapped around her waist. "Here B, like this." Serena says as she uses her own hand to guide Blair's against her mound.

Blair can't have Serena win everything though, so immediately attaches her lips to the blondes neck, sucking and nipping as she slips her fingers away from Serena's and into the blondes entrance, dipping in with one, two then three fingers before pushing in knuckle deep.

Blair may not have as much experience, but being a perfectionist, her strokes are precise and measured, hitting all the right spots at all the right times, which has the blonde crying out her orgasm within minutes.
A long moment passes between them in which Serena's muscles clench against Blair's fingers and Blair's lips suck at the sensitive spot between collar bones, before Blair rolls off of Serena and turns her back to her.

Blair wasn't surprised when breasts pressed against her spine and a lithe body pressed itself completely against her back.

What she was surprised by however is the morning events.

She wakes with a mouth full of blonde hair and a thigh heavily settled between her own. She goes to move, to get up and shower and pretend this never happened as usual, but can't stop the whimper from falling out when her breast hits the mattress.

"You okay B?" Serena asks with a giggle, which is okay, but if Serena is awake enough to giggle, and no she isn't just a morning person Blair would know, then how come she hadn't moved first. "My nipples kill S, try not to suck so hard next time, Jesus."

The frustration from her previous thoughts comes out before she can stop it, but before she can apologize and run to the bathroom Serena giggles again and tugs Blair back down into her, settling her thigh back in between Blair's and wrapping an arm securely around her waist.

"I'll remember that. But twenty more minutes to cuddle before brunch."

That's bound to change things right?
Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

Short chapter, kinda a filler, just kinda want this to be more than just sex and not sure where to take it yet.
(Not that "just sex" for Waldsen is anything other than pleasing)

Although they addressed what was actually happening for the first time, both refuse to put any label on it. Sure jokes are exchanged and there's clearly more acceptance of it, but neither want to say what it means.

Things change on a physical level though.

Before that night of Blair's birthday party, everything had been quick, hard, and rushed in a cramped space while drunk enough to pass off as a mistake.

However once it occurs they take their time.

Sure there's still the occasional quickie in a bathroom or closet, but getting completely undressed becomes a mutual thing, and by the time that school year is close to over it becomes basically a weekly thing.

There are still unspoken rules just different.

For example, it's always on a Saturday.

They don't hangout prior that day and they don't talk about what they did in the morning or afternoon after.

Another rule that's been in place since the beginning is that Blair makes the rules during. She picks where, picks whether or not they're actually going to, and most importantly how it happens.

Some nights when Blair gets in from a date and is feeling flirty she'll tease Serena first. This is somewhat cruel and she knows it. Serena always gets anxious that after each time, Blair will call everything off, and for the hours upon hours in total that Blair has made her wait, she's had a fair share of mini panic attack.

After days out with the minions, she often feels demanding and pins Serena to the door kissing down her body.

Other days, when she's had a bad date or a lunch with her mother she lets Serena take control. It's amazingly cheesy to say Serena knows her better than herself, but in all honesty, when Serena walks in and presses a tender kiss against her lips, she feels as if Serena has taken and aced every course their is on Blair Waldorf's emotions.

On rare days Serena gets rough with her. This can involve anywhere form just fast fucking to pinning her hands above her head while relentlessly teasing her.
It comes to her attention that the latter is on days where nothing happens, which leads her to conclude due to the neutral affect, this must be her deep down favorite, or else why would she let
Serena do it.

The first time Serena tries to experiment with anything other than plain sex, Blair is of course hesitant, but also well aware of Serena’s unexplained sexual knowledge (Blair knows about the rumors but 90% of them aren’t completely true).

It's one of the days that Serena has her pinned to the bed, but Blair herself is feeling grabby and although has already given the right to Serena to dominate, feels it necessary to grope whatever skin she can.

Serena pulls away a few times to playfully scold but what Blair doesn’t expect is for her to pull away and off completely. Turning to rummage through Blair's drawers she speaks after a long moment of silence.

"I wasn't expecting to have to do this but you leave me no choice B."
Her words seem serious but Blair knows her tone, and it's letting her knows she doesn't have to.

"Strip."

Blair does, slowly pulling her already unbuttoned shirt off her shoulders and swiftly pulling her bra away.

Pushing down her panties she lies back on the bed and closes her eyes, knowing whatever Serena is going to do is gonna be fine and she should just enjoy it.

What she doesn't expect is for a smooth hand to grab her wrist and bring it to the post.
"S what-"
"Shhh B, just relax, if you really don't wanna we can stop, I've just always wondered."

She's more confident now as she ties Blair's second wrist to the other post. Quickly checking over both knots before straddling Blair again and taking the weight of her breasts into smooth palms.

Blair has never been into this, never even thought of it.
Especially not with Serena.
What they did was purely for pleasure, that's what they had to tell themselves and moving into an experimental zone always made it feel like more.
Blair doesn't have sexual hang ups, but anything more than plain sex seems too intimate for her to have with just a sex buddy, and although they've been pushing limits for weeks, this manages to cross the line in her head.

Her thoughts are cut off by Serena's lips pressed harshly against hers and a tongue prying her lips open.
Serena just kisses her for a while, taking her time in exploring Blair's mouth with the control she craves and the languid almost lazy motions that drive Blair insane. All she wants is to wrap her fingers around blonde strands and tug until Serena gets the point but she can't.

All she wants is to guide Serena to the right places and force her to focus, but as Serena finally pulls away and kisses a trail to her jaw, Blair remembers that Serena knows those spots already. Knows how impatient Blair can get.

She realizes this is more about control then sex.

And if what they’re doing is just for sex (and okay maybe it isn't but who is she to make that decision), then should it be about anything else?
Serena is definitely in the room.
The door is definitely locked.
Dorota is definitely off for the evening along with any other staff.
Her mother is definitely in Paris.
Serena is definitely in the room.

The only other thing she is sure of is the brand of the ties around her wrists and the type of silk strapped around her eyes.

Also the new weight on the end of the bed. That too.

"So you're sure this is okay?"
That's one thing Blair wouldn't change about Serena, despite how much it pisses her off. Serena always double checks. And yes it's sweet but it kinda kills the whole role playing aspect of two people who aren't best friends. Two people who actually talk about this.

And sure, they went to the store to pick out the bindings together but that wasn't because they were openly addressing that they would use them together. That was just two friends helping each other with their sex lives and the softest type of silk. (Despite what Gossip Girl hinted at)

That's only part of the issue. Not that gossip girl knows, which is an issue itself, but she'll get back to that. The issue addressed now is that they refuse to talk about it.
It's not that "it" could mean anything more than sex, but even if it is just sex that's still something that she's pretty sure best friends aren't supposed to have.

"Yah S, just stop talking."
And she does. Starting at Blair's calves and kissing up slowly, peppering kisses on each inch of exposed skin.

It's always like this. No conversation is supposed to happen during but Serena has always been bad with directions. It's not her fault, she just needs Blair to remind her sometimes. Sometimes is usually all the time. Like today, and on Monday when is happened in Serena's living room. Or last Friday in the jacuzzi tub in Blair's bathroom.

The point is it's happening a lot lately. Too much for Blair to easily explain, (but apparently not enough for either of them to feel the need to talk about it). Blair can tell Serena is getting impatient, and if she's being honest so is she.

Serena holds a fascination with everything she does. From her effortless beauty, to her childish personality, and everything around and between has always caught Blair off guard. But she never acknowledged any of it. She couldn't. Hell, she's sleeping with Serena at least three nights a week and she still refuses to acknowledge this seemingly undying lust for her best friend. But Serena has always been the pretty one. She's always been the one people wanted. Her mom, Nate, the girls at school, and most of all Blair herself. But right now with her lips skimming along Blair's inner thighs and a tongue sneaking out to taste, it seemed all Serena wanted was Blair. And although this isn't exactly normal Blair can't seem to ever push away because being wanted by the most wanted person she knows is refreshing. And a little painful. But mostly refreshing. (But still painful).

"Hmm, S right there."
Another thing is that despite Blair being bonded and blindfolded and completely at Serena's mercy, Blair is running the show.

She controls where and how Serena's tongue licks through her folds. Controls when Serena sneaks her tongue inside. Serena listens to her always.

Serena brings her back to reality with a moan against her heated flesh and she knows she about to come.

The blondes pumping a single finger into her entrance along with her tongue, which occasionally slips up to join her thumb in drawing circles around her clit.

When a second finger unexpectedly joins the first, it's Blair's undoing and she pulls hard on the restraints as her thighs try to clench together.

Serena hovers by her thigh for a moment, pressing her cool cheek against tender flesh, then she's up.

"B, can I umm..."

She's stopped talking and Blair knew why. Not specifically, but whenever Serena wants to try something new she's hesitant. Maybe out of fear of rejection in the field, maybe out of fear that Blair might not let this continue.

"What S? Spit it out."

And Blair doesn't mean to sound harsh it's just that Serena requires tough love, straightforward talk.

"Could I like umm sit..." She stops there biting her lip and chuckling lightly. "Like could I maybe on your mouth...?" She trails off, not entirely finishing but Blair gets it.

"While I'm like bound down?" And Blair isn't one to be embarrassed of this talk because somebody has to do it.

"I mean only if that's okay I don't wanna suffocate you..."

"Okay."

Serena is slow to straddle Blair's stomach, bending to kiss lightly along Blair's jaw while she pulls her shirt over her head, stripping herself bare while she slowly grinds into Blair's chest, right below her breast. Once she's nude she continues to grind and Blair groans lightly at the feel of wetness against her hot skin.

Serena's slow in her progression upward and makes move to swing a leg over Blair's shoulder but Blair speaks before she can.

"Wait S, I don't really know how to-"

"It's okay B, just like lick-or suck I just- it's okay B I just need you to touch me." Serena cuts her off with a gentle hand brushing Blair's hair back.

She makes eye contact and maintains it until Blair gives a nod and Serena quickly moves on both knees straddling Blair's head.

She slowly lowers herself until Blair licks out and runs her tongue down the length of Serena's slit, cause the blonde to release a deep moan.

Blair licks deep and slow before sucking Serena's clit into her moth and flicking at it with her tongue. Serena can't quite help the rolling of her hips against Blair's mouth until she reaches her orgasm quickly with Blair's hot mouth against her.

She moves off of Blair after a moment of heavy breathing from both.

"You okay?"
It's whispered through raspiness left behind from moaning but Serena manages to say it because Blair's just lying with her eyes closed.

She doesn't reply at first, but after a moment smiles lightly and licks around her lips.

She giggles lightly then and opens her eyes, lifting her head slightly to peer at Serena.

"Yah, can you untie me though?"

Serena giggles and obliges as Blair wipes her face clean then licks off her fingers.

Once Serena has the restraints off she lightly brings their lips together before molding into the press of Blair's body, ready for round two.
The first time they get caught is surprisingly (and Blair will deny it to her dying breath) the most exciting.

It's mid terms week with an open campus and to say Serena is getting fidgety is an understatement.

She's used to Blair being uptight about grades, and she's used to having to study herself, but since things got more intense with Blair she hasn't had it in her to be with anyone else, and with Blair in full study mode 24/7 there hasn't been a lot of time to get off.

As in she hadn't come in nearly a week and that's not a long time but she's used to Blair being at her service whenever necessary and vice versa so by the time it's the last day of testing Serena can barely control herself when the bell rings for lunch hour.

It's not only her own need to come but her need to draw the low moans and high whimpers from Blair. She's gotten used to that side of her and needs that one to even out the bitchy, lovable, but completely insane school girl.

"S, what are you doing I have chemistry next and I really wanted to cram in some last minute library time."

Blair all but whines as Serena drags her to some unknown location.

Serena wouldn't be doing this if she wasn't positive Blair already knew everything she needed to, but she knows Blair's a Chem genius and justifies dragging Blair into a janitor closet with that.

"S I don't think-"

but Serena's already got her lifted into a shelf and has a thigh wedged between hers and before she can finish she also has a tongue in her mouth.

She stops arguing there, instead tangling her hands in blonde hair and kissing back with just as much craving. Serena's hands are quick in unbuttoning her shirt swiftly (making sure not to tear any buttons) and pushing it off her shoulders before hastily pulling her bra away.

Blair pulls away for air and let's out a long moan when warm hands cup her breasts, roughly squeezing the soft flesh.

"Mm S, wait we shouldn't in here."

But her hands run down Serena's back reaching for her shirt hem to pull up defeating her words. Serena doesn't reply until she's topless herself.

"B cmon I've been waiting all week I need you. Just be quiet." And we'll Blair can't deny her that.
She has to push her own hand over her mouth when Serena attaches her lips to Blair's nipple and tugs hard, sucking for a long moment then moving to the other.

Serena spends a long amount of time lavishing her lovers breasts that she had missed so much, but she can't help her hands from pulling at the panties under Blair's skirt and pushing the skirt around her waist to leave Blair bare to her eye.

Serena pulls back from Blair's rack to simply look at her, but can't help but immediately leaning in to taste between swollen folds and dip her tongue in.

Blair quickly loops her legs around Serena's shoulders and wraps one hand in blonde tresses while the other stays at her mouth.

Serena licks into her eagerly, savoring the taste she had longed for at nights, putting every bit of effort into it while her hands slipped under Blair to grip her ass firmly squeezing the taut flesh between her fingers while she sucks and licks and nibbles on Blair's flesh.

It takes only a minute to get Blair close and with an added finger into Blair's heat she's coming, harder than she has in months, but can only enjoy it for a moment because the door abruptly opens to a boy from dalton pulling a freshman from Constance, apparently with a similar goal to Serena.

"Fuck" Serena is quick to stand before the boy turns, covering Blair for the most part, but her bra and panties are left on the ground and it takes only a second for Blair to know who it is and know that he will know what happened.

The girl notices first and pulls away startled, causing the boy to turn and-
"Holy shit, I knew you two were close but seriously? In a janitors closet?"

"Oh shut up Chuck you're doing the same exact thing you're in no place to-"
"Chuck please don't say anything we'll leave just let us get our stuff."

Serena sweeps in obviously not wanting Blair to piss him off enough to make him leak the info.

"An invite would be nice next time ladies."
He says pulling whatever blonde freshman he entered with out.

Serena turns quickly and drops her head to Blair's shoulder groaning in frustration.
"S? You okay? He won't tell anyone you know? We have more dirt on him anyways I mean-"
Serena cuts her off quickly with a short kiss.

"Sorry B. Didn't mean to get us busted. I know you said not at school but I-"
Serena's voice is low and rushed and her head drops back to Blair's chest lightly pressing a kiss to her breastbone.
"S it's fine seriously did I seem to be complaining?"
"Ahaha, not exactly B... But what if he tells Nate or someone?"
She says finally meeting Blair's eyes.
"Well we'll need more dirt on Nate then won't we?"
Chapter 7

It's been a while, busy with school and work sorry about that, but thanks so much for all the rivers and likes db sorry if I'm not replying to yours but I appreciate all the feedback.

Luckily Chuck doesn't say anything.

They didn't expect him to leak it but he has been consistent in his pervy comments about threesomes or invitations to watch. But Blair thinks they do a moderately good job at ignoring him.

So far this affair has been exciting enough.

Not exactly what she expected going into high school, but she can't lie about the fact that being with Serena feels good, right, better than any time she kissed Nate, or any of those boys during truth or dare or spin the bottle during scandalous games during drinking nights.

Serena was always there lately.

Whether she was right next to Blair curled up with Tiffany's playing in the background while they dosed off, or had her pinned to the mattress while she drew shapes with the edge of her nail into Blair's inner thigh, or if she was sitting next to Blair on the steps at lunch with her ankle innocently crossed over Blair's.

She was always there.

And it was overwhelming at first.

Blair knew it wasn't normal for two best friends to act that way but she couldn't bring herself to care, and neither could Serena apparently. Everything was going fine but she knew it wasn't okay that it was.

The first time Serena tries to talk about it things don't go as planned for her.

They don't go bad.

No bad would be if Blair had yelled and she had cried and they hadn't talked again ever.

Having four fingers in Blair's tight opening, and her thumb and tongue in Blair's ass isn't exactly bad.

It's actually something she's been wanting to try for a while.

But it just isn't as she planned.

It starts off like any other Sunday for them.

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"I brought croissants, is Tiffany's in?" Serena asks, peeling her coat off and sitting on the mattress to take her shoes off.
Blair gives her a telling look and hits play on the remote from under her covers cause when isn't Tiffany's in?

Serena just smirks and pulls the blanket back to curl in next to Blair.

She passes Blair half the first croissant and begins peeling her own part apart, watching as Blair studies hers for a moment before picking at it and putting it down.

She watches Blair pick at the pastry for at least twenty minutes of the movie before reaching over Blair to grab the remote and pause the film.

"What are you doing? The party is gonna start soon I wanna know what-"

"B we've seen this movie a hundred times you know what happens." Serena says leveling her with a look before starting again. "Why aren't you eating?"

Blair opens her mouth but shuts it again looking down at the pastry again before shrugging nonchalantly.

"B cmon look at me whatever's wrong you can tell me."

Serena knows about her bulimia and her mother and her insecurities and everything that goes with all of it and even if it seems pushy she knows Blair needs it forced out of her.

"Not that it's any of your business but my mom is coming home later and I just... I don't know.. can I hit play now?" Blair starts snappy but trials off uncertainly in the end.

"B you're perfect, you don't need to do this, you could eat a hundred croissants and still be too skinny." She cups Blair's chin forcing eye contact as she finishes, making sure to convey her meaning behind her words.

Blair turns away though. She always does at first, she doesn't like falling back into it but news about her mother and her new line and the models coming by for fittings had been a bit unsettling to her.

"Look I don't know why you care so much, it's not like it effects you God Serena just drop it"

Blair starts moving from the bed to fold her dress from yesterday that had been left.

"No B, I care about you so you need to listen to me. You're perfect and I don't understand how you can't let me try to help you see it." She finishes sternly while grabbing Blair's arm and pulling her back onto the bed to face her.

Blair doesn't say anything. She doesn't get up. But she does pick up her croissant and take a bite.

Which in Serena's eyes is success.

Sensing a change in subject needed Serena takes the slot she's been looking for.

"Speaking of, I do care about you Blair, a lot. And I really think we need to talk about this t-"

She's cut off by fingers pressed against against her lips.
"I know S, but I just need you right now okay?"

Then she surges forward attaching their lips in an attempted distraction.

Serena knows that's what this is, but as Blair's tongue slips into her mouth she can't find a reason to care.
Serena pitches forward to move Blair onto her back and slips a thigh between Blair's, pulling wreck leaky at Blair's slip until it's over over shoulders leaving Blair nude beneath her.

Blair isn't far behind, making quick work of Serena's shirt and unclasping her bra releasing her breasts and immediately becoming distracted with the blondes nipples pinching and twisting as Serena breaks the kiss in a moan.

Blair immediately attached her lips to Serena's nipple, sucking and licking at the hard nub, then moving to the next, but before she can get ahead of Serena, the blonde is pulling her up to her knees and kissing her into new found breathlessness.

She feels hands on her ass pulling her closer and a thigh slip between her own as the blonde bends her head to suck at the tender flesh between her breasts.

"Fuck Serena please."

She hadn't actually needed sex when she said it at first, she needed Serena to be close to her, and she didn't want to talk about her eating problem. She didn't know what to do besides sex, but now she couldn't stop the moan form escaping.

Serena immediately dipped her head sucking Blair's clit into her mouth and flicking her tongue against it, before slipping lower and plunging in.

She continued like that for a minute before pulling back and moving Blair's to a new position on her hands and knees.

She has to stop for a minute to just look at Blair.

She's never had her in this position and it may be the hottest thing she's seen in her life.

She allows her hands to cup Blair's ass again and spread her cheeks before running her hand between til it met wet lips.

Blair's moaning nonsense but Serena isn't concerned with anything other than plunging two fingers into Blair's soaking center, quickly adding a third when the brunette demands she go harder.

Serena finds herself curling into Blair at first, reaching around with her free hand to cup a breast, only to find Blair's already pinching at her own nipple.

"More S."

Serena isn't sure she's ever done more than three. Blair is wet as ever but she's still tight and delicate and she doesn't want to hurt Blair, especially in a new position, so she eases her way back down and licks between her fingers slowly to tests the waters.

She finds resistance when trying to force a fourth finger in so takes another approach.

"God Serena like that don't stop."

It's basically said in a screech as Serena pushes her tongue further into Blair's ass hole, met with even tighter resistance, but clearly the brunette isn't in pain.

If Serena's honest with herself, she's been meaning to do something like this for a while. Maybe that's why she wants to talk about it, so she can ask about more positioning. (She knows that's not all it is but it is an advantage, and feeling Blair like this is blinding her ability to think.)
She hadn't tried it before because Blair isn't that unconventional.

She's already forcing her luck and this seemed too much, but she can't resist pushing her thumb into the tight opening too and Blair lets out a basically primal moan with that and the added forth finger into her.

She finds a rythm and continues to pump roughly into Blair as the brunette tightens around her fingers repetitively, unable to stop curses and groans from spilling form her lips.

It takes a moment, but then Blair's coming, and Serena isn't always cocky but she's pretty sure it's the hardest anyone could ever come.

She waits until the convulsions stop them pulls out completely. Blair flops into her back completely spent and Serena pulls her to leans between her legs against her chest.

"Hit play?"
And Serena can't say no to that.
It's starting to worry Blair. It's not the sex. The sex is great. It's fun and unpredictable and Serena makes her feel good, always has.

It's everything else.

The way Serena will curl up at her side almost every night of the week now (more often than not, they're naked).
The way Serena will lock their hands as she used to when they're near each other more tightly.
The way Serena will place suspiciously chaste kisses to her lips when watching movies, or getting ready to go out.
The way that this isn't just sex anymore and it hasn't been in a while.

She denies it at first. Tries to push all these thoughts from her mind just cause it makes her happy.

The pecks and soft kisses become more over time, but there are few times that really worry her more than others.

Like that one time on Serena's couch after school.
Lily and Eric aren't home and America's Got Talent is on the tv, but neither are paying attention to that.
Serena's straddling Blair's waist on the seat as their tongues tangle and explore.
It's not long before Serena has Blair pinned down lying on the couch as her hands skin up and down her sides.
It's been close to twenty minutes of lazy, passionate kissing when Serena finally pulls away resting against Blair more comfortably and mumbling something about Lily coming home.

Nothing more that day, except the lingering kiss when Blair went home to attempt studying.

There was another time in the bathroom before school.
They didn't go with the plan to make out but somehow Serena ended up lifting Blair onto the countertop and kissing her zealously.
This time they kissed for five minutes before Blair pushed up and turned to fix her makeup, scolding Serena for distracting her.

And they still haven't talked about any of it.

She thinks the innocent touches are what's going to break her.

Serena's her best friend, she knows that Serena knows how to tease. But when hands land high on her thigh, or too low on her back, she can't help the surprise.

Serena's hand isn't the issue, Blair actually loves them there. It's the timing. Luckily they've always been tactile friends, but she thinks Kati and Is are beginning to catch on.

Sometimes at dinner party's Blair will be close enough to Serena on the chaise to consider her in Serena's lap. But Serena won't mind, she'll even slip her hand to Blair's ass most of the time to squeeze and knead and just caress until Blair can't take the teasing and has to move to "get a drink". (That's another thing that worries her, Serena knows exactly how Blair likes everything. Know that
there's no form of foreplay Blair likes more than having her ass played with). When Serena meets her in the bathroom five minutes later, Blair makes sure to tease her twice as long as normal to get back at her.

Sometimes when they're on the MET steps Serena will stroke along her thigh, moving higher until Blair has to put her coat over Serena's hand so Kati and Is don't see. Only one time does Serena dare go under Blair's panties to run along heated flesh. (It's only once because Blair makes sure to tie her up as punishment after school).

So she lets Serena do what she wants with her body. Let's her do whatever she wants with her mind too. But this isn't going anywhere good with this much denial. And they both know that.

Blair isn't gay. She knows that she's always been more attractive to guys on a general basis. But she likes Serena's body. Likes the noises Serena makes high in her throat. Likes the way Serena tastes. Likes everything about Serena's presence really.

It's odd. The press of breasts against her back at night, against her own when Serena's pressing down on her. Another thing is the wetness that grinds against her thigh when she slips it up against Serena.

But still.
She's not gay.

That's why she allows herself a minor move of indecency.

It's not like her and Serena are dating. It's not like they're exclusive. And it's not like she can just ignore Chuck's hand on her thigh at this sleepy club she's somehow ended up in on a Friday night.

He's not exactly what she had in mind, but he's not too bad. Perverted yes. Manipulative yes. As good in bed as everyone says? She doesn't know. Cause she can't get her dumb blonde best friends out of her head. The same best friend she's been fucking for almost three years with no discussion.

And it's not like her and Serena are dating. But she peels herself out of his bed after his breathing slows and can't help the guilty tears from falling as she dresses.

She doesn't know how it happened. He asked her to come home with him, and she couldn't say no. Not when she's still a virgin in the way that counts (no not the strap on Serena bought for them last month). Not when she needs something to get this feeling out on.

And it doesn't work. She feels like shit. Especially when she gets home and plays her voicemail. It's not uncommon for Serena to come over on Friday nights now and the message is as vague as ever.

"B? Hey umm wondering if you're up for anything later. Movies, shopping, clubs? Call me back, I'm down for anything."

Blair usually would've replied within ten minutes. But she didn't that time.

She tries to ignore Serena for that weekend and it's surprising when Gossip Girl doesn't post about "B slipping out of the bar with C".

Chuck tells Nate. That's how it happens. Because Nate's now dating that Jenny girl and attention is always good when you're a slutty freshman.

Blair doesn't know why she didn't think Serena would find out. But she didn't think Serena would find out.
She isn't expecting a reaction as small as what she gets.

There's no bleary eyed Serena in her door, no yelling about "respect" and "what we had going".

In fact there's nothing at all. Nothing.

They hadn't talked about any of the sex. And Blair assumes that's how Serena justifies not having sex anymore.

The second time Serena tries to talk about it? She doesn't. Because it's over. Not their friendship. That's still there slightly. But Serena won't touch her. Barely looks at her. Hasn't slept over since that post.

Blair also takes note that Eric won't talk to her, and now feels worse than she could have because it meant something to Serena. She told her brother and Blair doesn't know what Serena told him but she told him something and that means something.

The damn gossip girl post. It was ironically as Serena was pulling her sweater back on and leaning in for a goodbye kiss that Blair was willingly waiting to give.

Serena pulled out her phone and Blair didn't bother to check hers. Figured Serena would tell her if it was something good. But Serena didn't. She just pulled Blair in for one last kiss.

And really, that's how it ends.

Chapter End Notes

I was feeling angsty tonight. Sorry I didn't warn earlier in series but yah this was always going down in flames. I just feel that Blair and Serena are the most tragic of tragedies when it comes to ships because no matter what they would never ever end up. So yeah one more chapter that's kinda a ten years later type thing idk comments, reviews, kudos? Let me know, thanks so much for support and I will be working on a more au fic after this with Waldsen
Chapter 9

Marrying had always been the plan.

After Yale, law school, professions reached, it was always marriage.

She had never planned with who. She just knew the maid of honor had blonde hair and a bright enough smile to distract from the husband.

Chuck Bass isn't what she had in mind, but after high school he swept her away for a summer in Madrid and really, how could she not fall for him? (she can think of one reason).

Her and Serena grow into old habits (no not sexual ones, just best friend ones). She's around more often than not, especially since she's Chuck's sister officially and it's nice. Because Blair didn't expect to get her back.

But Chuck knew about Serena, after all he had walked in on them before, and he knew why she held back. He also knew why his girlfriend was snore interested in mani pedis with his sister than a dinner date. So that love story was one heading for disaster from the start.

Dan Humphrey is a familiar face at Yale. And he doesn't know about her past besides some slanderous gossip posts.

It's a fresh start. And she takes it.

And he's not Chuck, and he doesn't have long blonde hair that earns a moan if you tug hard enough. But he's smart, and nice, and he's what she settles for.

The week before her wedding is the most stressful thing she could imagine. There's still so much to do, so much to plan for, and she doesn't know how she's going to deal with all of it.

Until Serena's back. Then she knows how because Serena can make anything easier.

She didn't expect Carter Baizen to tag along, or to share the guest room with Serena. But she supposed she doesn't have room to complain.

So she lets Serena fix her. Wipe her tears, fix her makeup. Take her out to coffee every morning that week even though there's so much more to do.

She lets Serena throw her a bachelorette party as trashy as she always thought they were.

She even lets Serena linger in her wedding chambers, even though she knows it'll make the schedule late.

When Serena places a chaste kiss against her lips? She doesn't complain about her lipstick. Doesn't push Serena away. Just tries to hold back the sob threatening to break through.

"I love you B."

And when she hugs Serena on her way to the waiting limo (Serena's the last in line, and for Blair she probably always will be), she knows it might be the last hug for a while.
So she savors it.

So choosing to sleep with Chuck wasn't the worst decision she's made, because it led to this. (It is, she's sure of it). And Dan's loft is a perfect place to curl up in summer nights. (Not as perfect as Serena's Hampton house bed).
And she's happy with what she's come to know as her life. (Only she's not).
And she probably always will be. (Except she isn't).

Because that thing she never talked about with that person she never appreciated enough? It was love. It was honest to god love. And that's one thing she's positive of. (And that ones true).

Chapter End Notes

Please everyone I would like to say I am not a Dair shipper, I just used t cause I feel in this au it's realistic. So pleas comment, review, kudos? Let me know!!
And thanks you so much to everyone who has been following this and commenting!!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!