just surrender (it won't hurt at all)

by supersonicmen

Summary

the events that take place before and after the Live Aid show

or: Freddie is more nervous than he wants to let on, and Jim knows exactly what to do to calm him down. (lots of fluff, eventual smutty time)

title taken from "hammer to fall" by Queen

Notes

hi!!! apologies that it's been so long, i've been in sort of a bad spot? (in terms of creativity) and i've been drained from work as I'm off school at the moment, but i've brought you this! a freddie & jim fic centered around the live aid show!! I hope you enjoy this first bit and I'm not sure how many parts it's going to be so we'll just have to wait and see!! this is for my new friend who's amazing ok yep.

See the end of the work for more notes
before

— 12 July, 1985

Freddie is sat awake, listening to the pattern of steady breathing coming from the man lying next to him. The morning sun is practically blinding him as it makes its way through the large bedroom window. He can’t help but want to wake Jim, tell him he’s about to lose his mind from the nerves, but he decides against it and instead quietly gets up from his spot and paces into the kitchen.

Tomorrow’s date has been engraved in his head for a while now. He knows that it’s all going to turn out fine and he’s sure that it will be a breeze once they begin their set, but he’s never liked the time before hand, the waiting.

His thoughts are interrupted when he hears footsteps coming down the staircase, the familiar feel of the weighted steps bringing a smile to his face.

“Freddie?” Jim calls out softly as he rounds the hallway.

“In here darling!” He replies softly and waits for the other man to come into view. Freddie can’t help but smile sheepishly when he sees that Jim wore one of his shirts to bed, (sharing clothes has become a necessity in their relationship.) “I woke up to an empty bed, doesn’t happen very often.” Jim says as he makes his way toward the counter to start the tea.

Freddie chuckles and moves closer so he can press a light kiss to his lips. “I thought you would enjoy the extra room.” He says when he pulls away, his eyes fluttering open again.

Jim just shoots him a small smile and shakes his head as he yawns. “You could’ve slept longer you know, I hope I didn’t wake you!” Even when he tries to be as quiet as possible, somehow Jim notices his absence and usually wakes up soon after — although most of the time he’s up first to work in the garden.

“I’m just wondering why you’re up so early, that’s all.” Jim’s obviously pretending to be oblivious to the fact that Freddie is quite anxious for tomorrow’s events. He’s come to realize that it’s better for both of them if he lets him sort out his feelings in his own head before they get to talking them out.

Jim can sense that he’s nervous, he’s come to know the signs. At the moment, the dead giveaway being that Freddie hasn’t even made a mumble in reply to his last words. He’s stood against the counter, bouncing his tea bag in and out of the mug with a blank expression.

Jim contemplates leaving him be for a few minutes and letting him speak when he’s ready, but ultimately he knows that if he doesn’t bring it up, things could bubble over and become worse.

Throughout the whole of their relationship Jim has learned that Freddie is very open with the few people he trusts most, although getting himself to that vulnerable side isn’t without its challenges and doubts.

“Do you want to talk about it?” He questions after a few more moments of silence. Freddie glances toward him at that, knowing exactly what he means. Jim just watches as the man he loves tries to find the correct words to describe his thoughts. He hadn’t really expected him to be this anxious, but he knows this isn’t just another one of their gigs on a scheduled tour. The show tomorrow is massive, and it seems like the size of the occasion has finally hit him.

Jim does the first thing that comes to his mind, knowing that sometimes certain actions speak much
louder than words. He’s wrapping his arms around his small waist and pulling him toward him, their bodies fitting together like they were made to be in this exact spot forever. Jim smiles when he feels him melt into his touch, moving his hands to his neck. It seems like they stay that way for ages — bodies together, arms tangled, almost existing in their own little universe. Soon though Freddie is pulling them apart and quickly connects their lips. The kiss is slow and gentle and Jim revels in the feeling, it’s as if he’s saying everything spinning around in his head through this moment.

Jim tries constantly to understand everything Freddie is feeling. He always tries to put himself in his shoes, but it’s practically impossible to even imagine himself having to do what Fred does. He could never be in that position, having thousands of people watching his every move night after night.

The warmth fades from his lips as Freddie pulls away. He smiles shyly, and it reminds Jim of the first time they kissed all those nights ago, the memory still prominent in his mind. Sometimes he has to stop himself and snap back into the reality that this is the same Freddie he watches on stage. He has to remember that the same man who captivates every single person in a sold out arena within hours can do the same with him in a millisecond.

“Your tea is cold my love.” Freddie blurts out, causing Jim to snap out of his trance. (He tends to get lost in his own thoughts while looking at him.) He is so goddamn beautiful.

Jim just chuckles and quickly moves his eyes from the man in front of him toward his mug. Honestly he had completely forgotten about their usual affairs in the kitchen, all his attention currently on Freddie and making sure he knew that everything would work out amazingly.

“You don’t need to worry about me darling — I’m going to be just fine.” Soon he’s moving his hand and it’s on Jim’s face, his thumb pressing the spot near his earlobe.

“I know that Freddie, I have nothing but faith in you. I just want to make sure you know it as well.” With that he’s pressing a light kiss to Freddie’s forehead, and making his way up toward the staircase.
Chapter Summary

what takes place after Live Aid.

okay so Um this is smutty. Don’t read if that offends you!!

Chapter Notes

Hi!! I hope you all like this next part of this fic, sorry it's long overdue!!! Thank you for reading!!!
the heat of the moment.

Jim suddenly pulls back with a curious look plastered across his face. “We can’t — not here Freddie.” His voice is hoarse. Freddie curses out loud when he feels Jim’s cock growing hard against the inside of his thigh.

Freddie just sighs, knowing he’s right. The band was probably making their way back to the room as they speak, and the door doesn’t have a lock.

“We can head home?” Freddie questions quickly. And Jim has to admit he’s a bit shocked at the enthusiasm, usually he would want to at least stay and have a few drinks, and I mean this is bloody Live Aid for christ’s sake. But he’s also incredibly happy that Freddie wants to leave all of this on an impulse just to be with him. It might be selfish, but right now — he couldn’t care less.

Jim shifts his body to stand up, carrying Freddie with him like he weighs absolutely nothing at all. *He loves being manhandled.*

He presses another quick but firm kiss to his lips before he lets him go, the smaller man’s feet landing against the floor with a thud.

Freddie is in a daze as they make their way out toward the cars, he ignored quite a few people on the way out. He’s also pretty sure there were some individuals staring and wondering about his quick exit. He’s thinking they most likely took a guess. His flushed features being evident along with his massive hard-on prominent in his jeans.

Chapter End Notes

AH sorry for the cliffhanger - I hope you all liked this chapter though. Let me know in the form of kudos or comments if you want! They always make my day!! - come and find me on tumblr if you want! @/supersonicmen
I LOVE each one of you always.
-lindsey
an update for you all! thank you for waiting so very patiently!!! I have been so incredibly busy but I've been well!! I hope the same for each of you! My soft boys are back AH

See the end of the chapter for more notes

On a normal day, Freddie wouldn’t ever find himself clinging onto Jim in the back of the car, but today isn’t a normal day.

As soon as they had gotten into the car they were moving, he had heard Fred mumble something to Terry, the only thing he could make out clearly being the word “quickly.”

Jim’s not usually one for public affection, and Freddie knows this. He must figure since they’re in the back of a speeding car with tinted windows, that he won’t mind. He’s right, but it’s less because of the tinted windows and more because of the fact that he’s so turned on. Jim hates being flustered like this. He hates the fact that Freddie can just jump onto his lap and get him going within a minute, it’s not something he’s ever had before in his life. Maybe that’s a sign?

Ever since he’s been with Freddie, he always gets overwhelmed with lots of different emotions all at once, and usually, it’s at the most random times. He feels that way right now, with Freddie clung onto him, whispering God knows what into his ear.

“Jesus Fred, you’ve gotta stop that.” Jim whines, a bright blush coming to his face and neck.

“I love seeing you like this.” He replies softly, pressing a kiss to his cheek. Thank God one of them has enough composure to speak in a normal tone. Jim’s learned quickly that Freddie’s self-control can vary greatly.

He looks down and see’s Fred isn’t as composed as he initially thought, and can’t help but let out a quiet chuckle.

“What’s so funny?” He hears almost immediately.

Jim smiles before turning to look directly at the man next to him. “Silly of me to think I was the only one who couldn’t control himself.”

“I have no idea what you’re talking about.” Freddie’s voice is hoarse, and Jim laughs again at his failing effort to keep a straight face.

He contemplates it for a split second but before he can stop himself Jim’s brushing his hand over Freddie, eliciting a moan from him that’s most likely loud enough for Terry to hear.

“Are you sure about that?” Jim questions innocently.

“You fucker.” Fred breathes, he’s trying to sound harsh but it ends up sounding more like a whine.

They feel the car coming to a halt and both men sigh in relief. Honestly, Freddie had a feeling Terry
was speeding because it felt as if they’d only been in the car for about five minutes, but he’s not at all complaining.

Jim tugs him out of the backseat and they make their way into the large house, almost stumbling over each other’s feet as they go.

It’s moments like these that Freddie has come to love — hearing the way Jim laughs as he jumbles his hand through his pocket and shoves the wrong key up to the door. He loves seeing the flush spread across his cheeks, the evident redness from a mixture of embarrassment and arousal.

He never thought he would have this, especially at this point in his life. He never could’ve imagined that he would be where he is now, standing at the doorway of the home he shares with the man he has come to love so deeply.

He lets the words fall from his mouth gracefully as Jim is still fumbling, trying to get the key turned in the lock. “I love you.” He smiles.

The words have become so familiar, but they’ve never lost their meaning. When Freddie says them, he means it with every fiber of his being.

And at that exact moment, the door pushes open. Freddie begins to step inside but a hand catches at his hip and spins him around.

“I love you, Freddie. So much.” Jim is smiling in that goofy way, and it reminds the other man of the look he received the very first time that he admitted his love for him. Every time he looks at him this way, Freddie feels as if the breath is stolen from his lungs. The moment is so intimate and indescribable.

Freddie grabs a hold of Jim’s hand, guiding both of them into the dim lodge.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope that you enjoyed this chapter! Please let me know if you did as always! I will have the next part uploaded in the near future hahah! The paper that has been absorbing all of my free time is due soon :-)

come find me on tumblr? @/supersonicmen

p.s. LOVE YOU ALL so much

End Notes

ahh ok! you made it to the end, I hope you enjoyed this first part! It's sort of a preview to the story lol. anyway - please as always let me know if you would like to read more, (in the form of kudos & comments is great hahah) it usually makes me want to write more if I know someone else besides me is enjoying it hah. thanks so much for reading!! expect more of this pretty soon okay!
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!